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THE FORERUNNER, A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

by

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

VOLUME ONE, November 1909-December 1910 (14 issues)

CONTENTS

Volume 1 No. 1 November 1909

Then This (poem)
A Small God And a Large Goddess (essay)
Arrears (poem)
Three Thanksgivings (story)
How Doth The Hat (poem)
Introducing the World, the Flesh And the Devil (sketch)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
Where the Heart Is (sketch)
Thanksgiving (poem)
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
Comment And Review
Personal Problems
Thanksong (poem)
Advertisements: Lowney's, Fels-Naptha Soap, Holeproof Hoisery, Moore's
Fountain Pen, The Forerunner, A Toilet Preparation, Calendula

Volume 1 No. 2 December 1909

Love (poem)
According To Solomon (story)
An Obvious Blessing (essay)
Steps (poem)
Why We Honestly Fear Socialism (essay)
Child Labor (poem)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
The Poor Relation (sketch)
His Crutches (poem)
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
Comment And Review
Personal Problems
Get Your Work Done (poem)
Advertisements: Lowney's, Soapine, Woman's Era, The Forerunner, Calendula

Volume 1 No. 3 January 1910

A Central Sun, a song (poem)
Reasonable Resolutions (essay)
Her Housekeeper (story)

Locked Inside (poem)
Private Morality And Pulic Immorality (essay)
"With God Above" (poem)
The Humanness Of Women (essay)
Here Is The Earth (poem)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
The "Anti" And The Fly (poem)
The Barrel (sketch)
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
Comment and Review
Personal Problems
Play-Time: The Melancholy Rabbit (poem)
Advertisements: The Forerunner, Confidential Remarks About Our
Advertising, Things we wish to Advertise, Calendula

Volume 1 No. 4 February 1910

Two Prayers (poem)
An Offender (story)
Before Warm February Winds (poem)
Kitchen-Mindedness (esssay)
Two Storks (sketch)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
Little Leafy Brothers (poem)
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
Comment and Review
Personal Problems
Play-Time: A Walk Walk Walk (poem)
Ode To a Fool (poem)

Volume 1 No. 5 March 1910

The Sands (poem)
A Middle-Sized Artist (story)
The Minor Birds (poem)
Parlor-Mindedness (essay)
Naughty (sketch)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
Erratum
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
Water-Lure (poem)
Comment and Review
Personal Problems
Play-Time: Aunt Eliza (poem)
The Cripple (poem)

Volume 1 No. 6 April 1910

When Thou Gainest Happiness (poem)
Martha's Mother (story)
For Fear (poem)
Nursery-Mindedness (essay)
A Village Of Fools (sketch)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
"I gave myself to God" (poem)
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
His Agony (poem)
Comment and Review

Personal Problems
Advertisements: The Forerunner, A Summer Cottage

Volume 1 No. 7 May 1910

Brain Service (poem)
When I Was A Witch (story)
Quotation: Eugene Wood
Believing And Knowing (essay)
The Kingdom (poem)
Heaven Forbid! (poem)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
The House of Apples (sketch)
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
Comment and Review
Personal Problems
Suffrage (editorial)
Advertisements: The Forerunner, A Summer Cottage

Volume 1 No. 8 June 1910

The Puritan (poem)
Making a Living (story)
Ten Suggestions (essay)
The Malingerer (poem)
Genius, Domestic and Maternal, part I (essay)
Prisoners (sketch)
May Leaves (poem)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
The Room At The Top (poem)
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
Comment and Review
Personal Problems
Advertisement: The Forerunner

Volume 1 No. 9 July 1910

The Bawling World (poem)
A Coincidence (story)
Shares (poem)
Genius, Domestic and Maternal, part II (essay)
Improved Methods of Habit Culture (essay)
O Faithful Clay! (poem)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
We Eat At Home (poem)
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
Only an Hour (sketch)
Comment and Review
Personal Problems
Advertisements: Books by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, The Forerunner

Volume 1 No. 10 August 1910

The Earth's Entail (poem)
The Cottagette (story)
Wholesale Hypnotism (essay)

"Sit up and think!" (poem)
The Kitchen Fly (essay)
Alas! (poem)
Her Pets (sketch)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
"The Outer Reef!" (poem)
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
Comment and Review
Personal Problems
The Editor's Problem (editorial)
Advertisements: Books by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, The Forerunner

Volume 1 No. 11 September 1910

To-morrow Night (poem)
Mr. Robert Grey Sr. (story)
What Virtues Are Made Of (essay)
Animals In Cities (essay)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
The Waiting-Room (poem)
While the King Slept (sketch)
The Housewife (poem)
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
The Beauty Women Have Lost (essay)
Comment and Review
Personal Problems
The Editor's Problem (editorial)
From Letters Of Subscribers
Advertisements: Some Of Our Exchanges, Books by Charlotte Perkins
Gilman, The Forerunner

Volume 1 No. 12 October 1910

Only Mine (poem)
The Boys and the Butter (story)
A Question (poem)
Is It Wrong To Take Life? (essay)
The World and the Three Artists (sketch)
In How Little Time (poem)
Woman and the State (essay)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
The Socialist and the Suffragist (poem)
Comment and Review
Personal Problems
Our Bound Volume As A Christmas Present (editorial)
To Those Specially Interested... (editorial)
If You Renew (editorial)
If You Discontinue (editorial)
Advertisements: The Woman's Journal, Some Of Our Exchanges, Books
by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, The Crux

Volume 1 No. 13 November 1910

Worship (poem)
My Astonishing Dodo (story)
Why Texts? (essay)
The Little White Animals (poem)
Women Teachers, Married and Unmarried (essay)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
The Good Man (sketch)

Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
A Frequent Question (sketch)
Boys Will Be Boys (poem)
Many Windows (poem)
Comment and Review
From Letters Of Subscribers
A Friendly Response (editorial)
Our Bound Volume As A Christmas Present (editorial)
To Those Specially Interested... (editorial)
If You Renew (editorial)
If You Discontinue (editorial)
Advertisements: The Woman's Journal, Some Of Our Exchanges, Books by
Charlotte Perkins Gilman, The Crux

Volume 1 No. 14 December 1910

In As Much (poem)
A Word In Season (story)
Christmas Love (essay)
What Diantha Did (serial fiction)
Our Overworked Instincts (essay)
Love's Highest (poem)
The Permanent Child (sketch)
The New Motherhood (essay)
How We Waste Three-Fourths Of Our Money (essay)
Our Androcentric Culture; or, The Man-Made World (serial non-fiction)
The Nun In The Kitchen (essay)
Letters From Subscribers (editorial)
Comment and Review
Advertisements: Success Magazine, The Co-Operative Press, Woman
and Socialism, The Woman's Journal, Some Of Our Exchanges
From Letters of Forerunner Subscribers
Advertisements: Books by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, The Crux

INDEX

SERIALS AND COLUMNS

Our Androcentric Culture, or The Man-Made World, non-fiction (1:1 - 1:14)
What Diantha Did, novel (1:1 - 1:14)
Comment and Review (1:1 - 1:14)
Personal Problems (1:1 - 1:12)
Play-Time (1:3 - 1:5)

STORIES

According To Solomon (1:2)
The Boys and the Butter (1:12)
A Coincidence (1:9)
The Cottagette (1:10)
Her Housekeeper (1:3)
Making a Living (1:8)
Martha's Mother (1:6)
A Middle-Sized Artist (1:5)
Mr. Robert Grey Sr. (1:11)
My Astonishing Dodo (1:13)
An Offender (1:4)
Three Thanksgivings (1:1)

When I Was A Witch (1:7)

A Word In Season (1:14)

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES

Animals In Cities (1:11)

The Barrel (1:3)

The Beauty Women Have Lost (1:11)

Believing And Knowing (1:7)

Christmas Love (1:14)

A Frequent Question (1:13)

Genius, Domestic and Maternal (1:8, 1:9)

The Good Man (1:13)

Her Pets (1:10)

The House of Apples (1:7)

How We Waste Three-Fourths Of Our Money (1:14)

The Humanness Of Women (1:3)

Improved Methods of Habit Culture (1:9)

Introducing the World, the Flesh And the Devil (1:1)

Is It Wrong To Take Life? (1:12)

The Kitchen Fly (1:10)

Kitchen-Mindedness (1:4)

Naughty (1:5)

The New Motherhood (1:14)

The Nun In The Kitchen (1:14)

Nursery-Mindedness (1:6)

An Obvious Blessing (1:2)

Only an Hour (1:9)

Our Overworked Instincts (1:14)

Parlor-Mindedness (1:5)

The Permanent Child (1:14)

The Poor Relation (1:2)

Prisoners (1:8)

Private Morality And Pulic Immorality (1:3)

Reasonable Resolutions (1:3)

A Small God And a Large Goddess (1:1)

Ten Suggestions (1:8)

A Village Of Fools (1:6)

What Virtues Are Made Of (1:11)

Where the Heart Is (1:1)

Wholesale Hypnotism (1:10)

While the King Slept (1:11)

Why Texts? (1:13)

Why We Honestly Fear Socialism (1:2)

Woman and the State (1:12)

Women Teachers, Married and Unmarried (1:13)

The World and the Three Artists (1:12)

POEMS

Alas! (1:10)

The "Anti" And The Fly (1:3)

Arrears (1:1)

Aunt Eliza (1:5)

The Bawling World, a sestina (1:9)

Before Warm February Winds (1:4)

Boys Will Be Boys (1:13)

Brain Service (1:7)

A Central Sun, a song (1:3)

Child Labor (1:2)

The Cripple (1:5)

The Earth's Entail (1:10)

For Fear (1:6)

Get Your Work Done (1:2)

Heaven Forbid! (1:7)
His Agony (1:6)
His Crutches (1:2)
Here Is The Earth (1:3)
The Housewife (1:11)
How Doth The Hat (1:1)
"I gave myself to God" (1:6)
In As Much (1:14)
In How Little Time (1:12)
The Kingdom (1:7)
Little Leafy Brothers (1:4)
The Little White Animals (1:13)
Locked Inside (1:3)
Love (1:2)
Love's Highest (1:14)
The Malingerer (1:8)
Many Windows (1:13)
May Leaves (1:8)
The Melancholy Rabbit (1:3)
The Minor Birds (1:5)
O Faithful Clay! (1:9)
Ode To a Fool (1:4)
Only Mine (1:12)
"The Outer Reef!" (1:10)
Play-Time: Aunt Eliza (1:5)
Play-Time: The Melancholy Rabbit (1:3)
Play-Time: A Walk Walk Walk (1:4)
The Puritan (1:8)
A Question (1:12)
The Room At The Top (1:8)
The Sands (1:5)
Shares (1:9)
"Sit up and think!" (1:10)
The Socialist and the Suffragist (1:12)
Steps (1:2)
Thanksgiving (1:1)
Thanksong (1:1)
Then This (1:1)
To-morrow Night (1:11)
Two Prayers (1:4)
The Waiting-Room (1:11)
A Walk Walk Walk (1:5)
Water-Lure (1:5)
We Eat At Home (1:9)
When Thou Gainest Happiness (1:6)
"With God Above" (1:3)
Worship (1:13)

ADVERTISEMENTS AND MISC.

Editorial: The Editor's Problem (1:10, 1:11)
Editorial: A Friendly Response (1:13)
Editorial: If You Discontinue (1:12, 1:13)
Editorial: If You Renew (1:12, 1:13)
Editorial: Letters From Subscribers (1:14)
Editorial: Our Bound Volume As A Christmas Present (1:12, 1:13)
Editorial: Suffrage (1:7)
Editorial: To Those Specially Interested... (1:12, 1:13)
Erratum (1:5)
From Letters Of Subscribers (1:11, 1:13, 1:14)
Masthead tags (1:1, 1:3 - 1:7)
Quotation: Eugene Wood (1:7)
Advertisement: Books by Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1:9 - 1:14)
Advertisement: Calendula (1:1 - 1:3)
Advertisement: Confidential Remarks About Our Advertising (1:3)

Advertisement: The Co-Operative Press (1:14)
Advertisement: The Crux (1:12 - 1:14)
Advertisement: Fels-Naptha Soap (1:1)
Advertisement: The Forerunner (1:1 - 1:3, 1:6 - 1:11)
Advertisement: Holeproof Hoisery (1:1)
Advertisement: Lowney's (1:1: 1:2)
Advertisement: Moore's Fountain Pen (1:1)
Advertisement: Soapine (1:2)
Advertisement: Some Of Our Exchanges (1:11 - 1:14)
Advertisement: Success Magazine (1:14)
Advertisement: A Summer Cottage (1:6, 1:7)
Advertisement: Things we wish to Advertise (1:3)
Advertisement: A Toilet Preparation (1:1)
Advertisement: Woman's Era (1:2)
Advertisement: Woman and Socialism (1:14)
Advertisement: The Woman's Journal (1:12 - 1:14)

WORKS REVIEWED

"The American Magazine", illustrations (1:1)
Jessie H. Childs, "The Sea of Matrimony" (1:3)
Stanton Coit, "Woman in Church and State" (1:9)
"The Common Cause," magazine (1:11)
Lavinia L. Dock, "Hygiene and Morality" (1:13)
"The Englishwoman," magazine (1:10)
"The Ethical World", magazine (1:9)
Cicely Hamilton, "Marriage as a Trade" (1:13)
Alexander Irvine, "From The Bottom Up" (1:11)
Mary Jonston, "The Wise Housekeeper" (1:13)
Ellen Key, "The Century of the Child" (1:14)
Ingraham Lovell, "Margharita's Soul" (1:2)
"Philemon's Verses" (author unknown) (1:5)
Sarah Harvey Porter, "The Life and Times of Anne Royall" (1:2)
"The Progressive Woman," magazine (1:11)
Gerald Stanley Lee, "Inspired Millionaires" (1:7)
Prince Morrow, "Social Diseases and Marriage" (1:6)
Meredith Nicholson, "The Lords of High Decision" (1:5)
William Robinson, "Never Told Tales" (1:6)
Thomas W. Salmon, "Two Preventable Causes of Insanity" (1:10)
Nancy Musselman Schoonmaker, "The Eternal Fires" (1:9)
Molly Elliot Sewell, "The Ladies' Battle" (1:14)
Ida Tarbell, "The American Woman" (1:8)
"To-day's Problems," various authors (1:13)
"The Union Labor Advocate," magazine (1:11)
"Votes for Women," magazine (1:11)
Lester F. Ward, "Pure Sociology" (1:12)
H. G. Wells, "Ann Veronica" (1:3)
Harvey White, "A Ship Of Souls" (1:12)
"The Woman's Journal" (1:3, 1:10)

THE FORERUNNER, VOLUME ONE

THE FORERUNNER

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BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN OWNER AND PUBLISHER

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Said the New Minister: "I shall not give you a text this morning. If you listen closely, you will discover what the sermon is about by what I say."

THEN THIS

The news-stands bloom with magazines,
They flame, they blaze indeed;
So bright the cover-colors glow,
So clear the startling stories show,
So vivid their pictorial scenes,
That he who runs may read.

Then This: It strives in prose and verse,
Thought, fancy, fact and fun,
To tell the things we ought to know,
To point the way we ought to go,
So audibly to bless and curse,
That he who reads may run.

A SMALL GOD AND A LARGE GODDESS

The ancient iconoclast pursued his idol-smashing with an ax. He did not regard the feelings of the worshippers, and they, with similar indifference to his, promptly destroyed him.

The modern iconoclast, wiser from long experience, practices the kindergarten art of substitution; enters without noise, and dexterously replaces the old image with a new one.

Often the worshippers do not notice the change. They never spend their time in discriminating study of their idol, being exclusively occupied in worshipping it.

The task herein undertaken is not so easy. We can hardly expect to remove the particular pet deity of millions of people for thousands of years—an especially conspicuous little image at that, differing from other gods and goddesses; and substitute another figure, three times his size, of the opposite sex, and thirty years older—without somebody's noticing it.

Yet this is precisely what is required of us, by the new knowledge of to-day. We are called upon to dislodge what is easily the most popular god in the calendar, albeit the littlest; that fat fluttering small boy, congenitally blind, with his haphazard archery playthings; that undignified conception, type of folly change and irresponsible mischief, which so amazingly usurps the name and place of love. Never was there a more absurd misrepresentation.

Suppose we worshipped Fire, the great sun for our over-lord, all lesser lights in varying majesty, each hearth-fire as the genius and guardian of the home. So worshipping, suppose we chose, as ever present image of the great idea, to be pictured and sculptured far and wide, to fill all literature, to be accepted even by science as type and symbol of the Fire Divine—a match-box!

So slight, so transient, so comparatively negligible in importance, is the flickering chance-sown spark

typified in this pretty chimera of flying immaturity, compared with the majestic quenchless flame of life and love we ought to worship.

We have taken the assistant for the principal, a tributary for the main stream; we have exalted Eros, the god of man's desire, and paid no heed to that great goddess of mother love to whom young Eros is but a running footman.

We are right to worship love, in all its wide, diverging branches; the love that is gratitude, love that is sympathy. love that is admiration, love that is gift and service; even the love that is but hunger—mere desire.

But when we talk of the Life Force, the strong stream of physical immortality, which has replaced form with form and kept the stream unbroken through the ages, we ought to understand whereof we speak.

That force is predominant. Under its ceaseless, upward pressure have all creatures risen from the first beginning. Resistlessly it pushes through the ages; stronger than pain or fear or anger, stronger than selfishness or pride, stronger than death. It rises like a mighty tree, branching and spreading through the changing seasons.

Death gnaws at it in vain. Death destroys the individual, not the race; death plucks the leaves, the tree lives on. That tree is motherhood.

The life process replaces one generation with another, each equal to, yes, if possible, superior to, the last. This mighty process has enlarged and improved throughout the ages, until it has grown from a mere division of the cell—its first step still—to the whole range of education by which the generations are replenished socially as well as physically. From that vague impulse which sets afloat a myriad oyster germs, to the long patience of a brooding bird; from the sun-warmed eggs of a reptile to the nursed and guarded young of the higher mammals; so runs the process and the power through lengthening years of love and service, lives by service, grows with service. The longer the period of infancy, the greater the improvement of species.

The fish or insect, rapidly matured, reaches an early limit. He must be competent to live as soon as he begins, and is no more competent at his early ending. The higher life form, less perfect at beginning, spending more time dependent on its mother, receives from her more power. First from her body's shelter, the full, long upbuilding; safety while she is safe; the circling guard of wise, mature, strong life, of conscious care, besides the unconscious bulwark of self-interest. Contrast this with the floating chances of the spawn!

Then the rich, sure food of mother-milk, the absolute adaptation, the whole great living creature an alembic to gather from without, and distil to sweet perfection, what the child needs. Contrast this with the chances of new-born fish or fly, or even those of the bird baby, whose mother must search wide for the food she brings. The mammal has it with her.

Then comes the highest stage of all, where the psychic gain of the race is transmitted to the child as well as the physical. This last and noblest step in the life process we call education. education is differentiated motherhood. It is social motherhood. It is the application to the replenishment and development of the race of the same great force of ever-growing life which made the mother's milk.

Here are the three governing laws of life: To Be; To Re-Be; To Be Better. The life force demands Existence. And we strain every nerve to keep ourselves alive. The life force demands Reproduction. And our physical machinery is shifted and rearranged repeatedly, with arrayed impulses to suit—to keep the race alive. Then, most imperative of all, the life force demands Improvement. And all creation groaneth and travaileth in this one vast endeavor. Not merely this thing—permanently; not merely more of this thing—continuously; but better things, ever better and better types, has been the demand of life upon us, and we have fulfilled it.

Under this last and highest law, as the main factor in securing to the race its due improvement, comes that supreme officer of the life process, the Mother. Her functions are complex, subtle, powerful, of measureless value.

Her first duty is to grow nobly for her mighty purpose. Her next is to select, with inexorable high standard, the fit assistant for her work. The third—to fitly bear, bring forth, and nurse the child. Following these, last and highest of all, comes our great race-process of social parentage, which transmits to each new generation the gathered knowledge, the accumulated advantages of the past.

When mother and father labor and save for years to give their children the "advantages" of civilization; when a whole state taxes itself to teach its children; that is the Life Force even more than

the direct impulse of personal passion. The pressure of progress, the resistless demand of better conditions for our children, is life's largest imperative, the fullest expression of motherhood.

But even if we confine ourselves for the time being to the plane of mere replenishment, to that general law under which animals continue in existence upon earth, even here the brief period of pre-paternal excitement is but a passing hour compared to the weeks and months, yes, years, in the higher species, of maternal service, love and care. The human father, too, toils for his family; but the love, the power, the pride of fatherhood are not symbolized by the mischievous butterfly baby we have elected to worship.

Cupid has nothing to do with either motherhood or fatherhood in the large human sense. His range is far short of the mark, he suggests nothing of the great work to which he is but the pleasing preliminary. Even for marriage we must bring in another god little heard of—Master Hymen. This personage has made but small impression upon literature and art; we have concentrated our interest on the God of First Sensation, leaving none for ultimate results.

It is as if we were impressed by the intricate and indispensable process of nutrition (upon which, as anyone can see, all life continuously depends) and then had fixed our attention upon the palate, as chief functionary. The palate is useful, even necessary. Without that eager guide and servant we might be indifferent to the duty of eating, or might eat what was useless or injurious, or at best eat mechanically and without pleasure.

In the admirable economy of nature we are led to perform necessary acts by the pleasure which accompanies them; so the "pleasures of the palate" rightly precede the uses of the stomach; but we should not mistake them for the chief end. In point of fact, this is precisely what we have done. It not an analogy, it is a real truth. In nutrition as in reproduction we have been quite taken up with accompaniments and assistants, and have ignored the real business in hand. That is why the whole world is so unwisely fed. It considers only the taste of things, the pleasure of eating them, and ignores the real necessities of the process.

And why, if this standard of doorstep satisfaction does not really measure values in food, should we continue to set the same standard for the mighty work of love? Love is mighty, but little Master Cupid is not Love. The love that warms and lights and builds the world is Motherlove. It is aided and paralleled by Fatherlove (that new development distinctive of our race, that ennobling of the father by his taking up so large a share of what was once all motherwork).

But why, so recognizing and reverencing this august Power, why should we any longer be content to accept as its symbol this godlet of transient sensation? No man who has ever loved a woman fully, as only human beings can love, through years of mutual care and labor, through sickness, age, and death, can honestly accept, as type of that long, strong, enduring Love, this small blind fly-by-night.

There is, unquestionably, a stage of feeling which he fitly represents. There is an inflammable emotionality in youth and its dreary continuance into middle life, when as the farcial old governor in the play exclaims, "Every day is ladies' day to me." Such a state of mind—or body, rather—is common enough, harmless enough, perhaps, for a few light, ineffectual years; but it is a poor compliment to call it Love, to let this state of shuffling indecision, this weather-cock period, this blindfold chance-shot game of hit or miss, hold such high place in our hearts.

The explanation of it all is plain. In those slow, ignorant ages when the spark of life was supposed to be transmitted by the male, he naturally was taken to typify the life force. As this force was most imperious in youth, so youth was taken to represent it. And as, even in the eyes of the supposed chief actor, his feelings were changeable and fleeting and his behavior erratic and foolish in the extreme—therefore Cupid!

Therefore, seeing the continuous unreason of the love-driven male, we say, "Love is blind"; seeing his light-mindedness, we say, "Love has wings"; seeing his evident lack of intelligence and purpose, we make him a mere child; seeing the evil results of his wide license, we euphemistically indicate some pain by that bunch of baby arrows.

It is easy to see the origin of this deification of the doorstep. It is not so easy to justify its persistence now that long years of knowledge show us the great Door.

The Door of Life is Motherhood. She is the gate of entrance. Her work is the great work as moulder and builder. She carries in her the Life Power which this absurd infant is supposed to typify; and her love is greater than his, even as a wise, strong mother is greater than a little child.

Consider the imperative law that demands motherhood, that gives motherhood, that holds motherhood to its great continuing task; where short pleasure is followed by long discomfort crowned

with pain; where even the rich achievement of new-made life is but the beginning of years of labor and care. Here is the life force. Here is power and passion. Not the irritable, transient impulse, however mighty, but the staying power, the passion that endures, the spirit which masters weakness, slays selfishness, holds its ministrant to a lifelong task.

This is not appetite, hunger, desire. Desire may lead to it, and usefully. Desire is the torchbearer, Motherhood is the Way.

Give Baby Love his due. He is not evil; he is good. He is a joy forever. He is vitally necessary in the scheme of things. Happy are they who in the real great work of life can carry with them this angel visitant, fluttering free along their path, now close and sweet, now smiling mischievously at a distance, yet returning ever.

But with all that can be said of him he is out of place as chief deity in this high temple. Let a little shrine be made at the gate outside the door. Let him smile there and take his tribute of red roses. But when we put the shoes from off our feet and enter, we should see before us, tall and grave, glorious in strong beauty, majestic in her amplitude of power, the Goddess Motherhood.

Such love should shine from her deep eyes that children would crowd to that temple and feel at home; learning to understand a little of what had brought them there. Such beauty in this body of great womanhood that men would worship as for long they have worshipped her of Melos. Such high pride that girls, gazing, would feel strong to meet and bear their splendid task. And such power—such living, overmastering power that man, woman and child alike should bow in honor and rise in strength.

Then will Love be truly worshipped.

ARREARS

Our gratitude goes up in smoke,
In incense smoke of prayer;
We thank the Underlying Love,
The Overarching Care—
We do not thank the living men
Who make our lives so fair.

For long insolvent centuries
We have been clothed and fed,
By the spared captive, spared for once,
By inches slain instead;
He gave his service and is gone;
Unthanked, unpaid, and dead.

His labor built the world we love;
Our highest flights to-day
Rest on the service of the past,
Which we can never pay;
A long repudiated debt
Blackens our upward way.

Our fingers owed his fathers dead—
Disgrace beyond repair!
No late remorse, no new-found shame
Can save our honor there:
But we can now begin to pay
The starved and stunted heir!

We thank the Power above for all—
Gladly we do, and should.
But might we not save out a part
Of our large gratitude,
And give it to the power on earth—
Where it will do some good?

THREE THANKSGIVINGS

Andrew's letter and Jean's letter were in Mrs. Morrison's lap. She had read them both, and sat looking at them with a varying sort of smile, now motherly and now unmotherly.

"You belong with me," Andrew wrote. "It is not right that Jean's husband should support my mother. I can do it easily now. You shall have a good room and every comfort. The old house will let for enough to give you quite a little income of your own, or it can be sold and I will invest the money where you'll get a deal more out of it. It is not right that you should live alone there. Sally is old and liable to accident. I am anxious about you. Come on for Thanksgiving—and come to stay. Here is the money to come with. You know I want you. Annie joins me in sending love. ANDREW."

Mrs. Morrison read it all through again, and laid it down with her quiet, twinkling smile. Then she read Jean's.

"Now, mother, you've got to come to us for Thanksgiving this year. Just think! You haven't seen baby since he was three months old! And have never seen the twins. You won't know him—he's such a splendid big boy now. Joe says for you to come, of course. And, mother, why won't you come and live with us? Joe wants you, too. There's the little room upstairs; it's not very big, but we can put in a Franklin stove for you and make you pretty comfortable. Joe says he should think you ought to sell that white elephant of a place. He says he could put the money into his store and pay you good interest. I wish you would, mother. We'd just love to have you here. You'd be such a comfort to me, and such a help with the babies. And Joe just loves you. Do come now, and stay with us. Here is the money for the trip.—Your affectionate daughter, JEANNIE."

Mrs. Morrison laid this beside the other, folded both, and placed them in their respective envelopes, then in their several well-filled pigeon-holes in her big, old-fashioned desk. She turned and paced slowly up and down the long parlor, a tall woman, commanding of aspect, yet of a winningly attractive manner, erect and light-footed, still imposingly handsome.

It was now November, the last lingering boarder was long since gone, and a quiet winter lay before her. She was alone, but for Sally; and she smiled at Andrew's cautious expression, "liable to accident." He could not say "feeble" or "ailing," Sally being a colored lady of changeless aspect and incessant activity.

Mrs. Morrison was alone, and while living in the Welcome House she was never unhappy. Her father had built it, she was born there, she grew up playing on the broad green lawns in front, and in the acre of garden behind. It was the finest house in the village, and she then thought it the finest in the world.

Even after living with her father at Washington and abroad, after visiting hall, castle and palace, she still found the Welcome House beautiful and impressive.

If she kept on taking boarders she could live the year through, and pay interest, but not principal, on her little mortgage. This had been the one possible and necessary thing while the children were there, though it was a business she hated.

But her youthful experience in diplomatic circles, and the years of practical management in church affairs, enabled her to bear it with patience and success. The boarders often confided to one another, as they chatted and tatted on the long piazza, that Mrs. Morrison was "certainly very refined."

Now Sally whisked in cheerfully, announcing supper, and Mrs. Morrison went out to her great silver tea-tray at the lit end of the long, dark mahogany table, with as much dignity as if twenty titled guests were before her.

Afterward Mr. Butts called. He came early in the evening, with his usual air of determination and a somewhat unusual spruceness. Mr. Peter Butts was a florid, blonde person, a little stout, a little pompous, sturdy and immovable in the attitude of a self-made man. He had been a poor boy when she was a rich girl; and it gratified him much to realize—and to call upon her to realize—that their positions had changed. He meant no unkindness, his pride was honest and unveiled. Tact he had none.

She had refused Mr. Butts, almost with laughter, when he proposed to her in her gay girlhood. She had refused him, more gently, when he proposed to her in her early widowhood. He had always been her friend, and her husband's friend, a solid member of the church, and had taken the small mortgage of the house. She refused to allow him at first, but he was convincingly frank about it.

"This has nothing to do with my wanting you, Delia Morrison," he said. "I've always wanted you—and I've always wanted this house, too. You won't sell, but you've got to mortgage. By and by you can't pay

up, and I'll get it—see? Then maybe you'll take me—to keep the house. Don't be a fool, Delia. It's a perfectly good investment."

She had taken the loan. She had paid the interest. She would pay the interest if she had to take boarders all her life. And she would not, at any price, marry Peter Butts.

He broached the subject again that evening, cheerful and undismayed. "You might as well come to it, Delia," he said. "Then we could live right here just the same. You aren't so young as you were, to be sure; I'm not, either. But you are as good a housekeeper as ever—better—you've had more experience."

"You are extremely kind, Mr. Butts," said the lady, "but I do not wish to marry you."

"I know you don't," he said. "You've made that clear. You don't, but I do. You've had your way and married the minister. He was a good man, but he's dead. Now you might as well marry me."

"I do not wish to marry again, Mr. Butts; neither you nor anyone."

"Very proper, very proper, Delia," he replied. "It wouldn't look well if you did—at any rate, if you showed it. But why shouldn't you? The children are gone now—you can't hold them up against me any more."

"Yes, the children are both settled now, and doing nicely," she admitted.

"You don't want to go and live with them—either one of them—do you?" he asked.

"I should prefer to stay here," she answered.

"Exactly! And you can't! You'd rather live here and be a grandee—but you can't do it. Keepin' house for boarders isn't any better than keepin' house for me, as I see. You'd much better marry me."

"I should prefer to keep the house without you, Mr. Butts."

"I know you would. But you can't, I tell you. I'd like to know what a woman of your age can do with a house like this—and no money? You can't live eternally on hens' eggs and garden truck. That won't pay the mortgage."

Mrs. Morrison looked at him with her cordial smile, calm and non-committal. "Perhaps I can manage it," she said.

"That mortgage falls due two years from Thanksgiving, you know."

"Yes—I have not forgotten."

"Well, then, you might just as well marry me now, and save two years of interest. It'll be my house, either way—but you'll be keepin' it just the same."

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Butts. I must decline the offer none the less. I can pay the interest, I am sure. And perhaps—in two years' time—I can pay the principal. It's not a large sum."

"That depends on how you look at it," said he. "Two thousand dollars is considerable money for a single woman to raise in two years—and interest."

He went away, as cheerful and determined as ever; and Mrs. Morrison saw him go with a keen, light in her fine eyes, a more definite line to that steady, pleasant smile.

Then she went to spend Thanksgiving with Andrew. He was glad to see her. Annie was glad to see her. They proudly installed her in "her room," and said she must call it "home" now.

This affectionately offered home was twelve by fifteen, and eight feet high. It had two windows, one looking at some pale gray clapboards within reach of a broom, the other giving a view of several small fenced yards occupied by cats, clothes and children. There was an ailanthus tree under the window, a lady ailanthus tree. Annie told her how profusely it bloomed. Mrs. Morrison particularly disliked the smell of ailanthus flowers. "It doesn't bloom in November," said she to herself. "I can be thankful for that!"

Andrew's church was very like the church of his father, and Mrs. Andrew was doing her best to fill the position of minister's wife—doing it well, too—there was no vacancy for a minister's mother.

Besides, the work she had done so cheerfully to help her husband was not what she most cared for, after all. She liked the people, she liked to manage, but she was not strong on doctrine. Even her husband had never known how far her views differed from his. Mrs. Morrison had never mentioned

what they were.

Andrew's people were very polite to her. She was invited out with them, waited upon and watched over and set down among the old ladies and gentlemen—she had never realized so keenly that she was no longer young. Here nothing recalled her youth, every careful provision anticipated age. Annie brought her a hot-water bag at night, tucking it in at the foot of the bed with affectionate care. Mrs. Morrison thanked her, and subsequently took it out—airing the bed a little before she got into it. The house seemed very hot to her, after the big, windy halls at home.

The little dining-room, the little round table with the little round fern-dish in the middle, the little turkey and the little carving-set—game-set she would have called it—all made her feel as if she was looking through the wrong end of an opera-glass.

In Annie's precise efficiency she saw no room for her assistance; no room in the church, no room in the small, busy town, prosperous and progressive, and no room in the house. "Not enough to turn round in!" she said to herself. Annie, who had grown up in a city flat, thought their little parsonage palatial. Mrs. Morrison grew up in the Welcome House.

She stayed a week, pleasant and polite, conversational, interested in all that went on.

"I think your mother is just lovely," said Annie to Andrew.

"Charming woman, your mother," said the leading church member.

"What a delightful old lady your mother is!" said the pretty soprano.

And Andrew was deeply hurt and disappointed when she announced her determination to stay on for the present in her old home. "Dear boy," she said, "you mustn't take it to heart. I love to be with you, of course, but I love my home, and want to keep it as long as I can. It is a great pleasure to see you and Annie so well settled, and so happy together. I am most truly thankful for you."

"My home is open to you whenever you wish to come, mother," said Andrew. But he was a little angry.

Mrs. Morrison came home as eager as a girl, and opened her own door with her own key, in spite of Sally's haste.

Two years were before her in which she must find some way to keep herself and Sally, and to pay two thousand dollars and the interest to Peter Butts. She considered her assets. There was the house—the white elephant. It *was* big—very big. It was profusely furnished. Her father had entertained lavishly like the Southern-born, hospitable gentleman he was; and the bedrooms ran in suites—somewhat deteriorated by the use of boarders, but still numerous and habitable. Boarders—she abhorred them. They were people from afar, strangers and interlopers. She went over the place from garret to cellar, from front gate to backyard fence.

The garden had great possibilities. She was fond of gardening, and understood it well. She measured and estimated.

"This garden," she finally decided, "with the hens, will feed us two women and sell enough to pay Sally. If we make plenty of jelly, it may cover the coal bill, too. As to clothes—I don't need any. They last admirably. I can manage. I can *live*—but two thousand dollars—*and* interest!"

In the great attic was more furniture, discarded sets put there when her extravagant young mother had ordered new ones. And chairs—uncounted chairs. Senator Welcome used to invite numbers to meet his political friends—and they had delivered glowing orations in the wide, double parlors, the impassioned speakers standing on a temporary dais, now in the cellar; and the enthusiastic listeners disposed more or less comfortably on these serried rows of "folding chairs," which folded sometimes, and let down the visitor in scarlet confusion to the floor.

She sighed as she remembered those vivid days and glittering nights. She used to steal downstairs in her little pink wrapper and listen to the eloquence. It delighted her young soul to see her father rising on his toes, coming down sharply on his heels, hammering one hand upon the other; and then to hear the fusilade of applause.

Here were the chairs, often borrowed for weddings, funerals, and church affairs, somewhat worn and depleted, but still numerous. She mused upon them. Chairs—hundreds of chairs. They would sell for very little.

She went through her linen room. A splendid stock in the old days; always carefully washed by Sally;

surviving even the boarders. Plenty of bedding, plenty of towels, plenty of napkins and tablecloths. "It would make a good hotel—but I *can't* have it so—I *can't!* Besides, there's no need of another hotel here. The poor little Haskins House is never full."

The stock in the china closet was more damaged than some other things, naturally; but she inventoried it with care. The countless cups of crowded church receptions were especially prominent. Later additions these, not very costly cups, but numerous, appallingly.

When she had her long list of assets all in order, she sat and studied it with a clear and daring mind. Hotel—boarding-house—she could think of nothing else. School! A girls' school! A boarding school! There was money to be made at that, and fine work done. It was a brilliant thought at first, and she gave several hours, and much paper and ink, to its full consideration. But she would need some capital for advertising; she must engage teachers—adding to her definite obligation; and to establish it, well, it would require time.

Mr. Butts, obstinate, pertinacious, oppressively affectionate, would give her no time. He meant to force her to marry him for her own good—and his. She shrugged her fine shoulders with a little shiver. Marry Peter Butts! Never! Mrs. Morrison still loved her husband. Some day she meant to see him again—God willing—and she did not wish to have to tell him that at fifty she had been driven into marrying Peter Butts.

Better live with Andrew. Yet when she thought of living with Andrew, she shivered again. Pushing back her sheets of figures and lists of personal property, she rose to her full graceful height and began to walk the floor. There was plenty of floor to walk. She considered, with a set deep thoughtfulness, the town and the townspeople, the surrounding country, the hundreds upon hundreds of women whom she knew—and liked, and who liked her.

It used to be said of Senator Welcome that he had no enemies; and some people, strangers, maliciously disposed, thought it no credit to his character. His daughter had no enemies, but no one had ever blamed her for her unlimited friendliness. In her father's wholesale entertainments the whole town knew and admired his daughter; in her husband's popular church she had come to know the women of the countryside about them. Her mind strayed off to these women, farmers' wives, comfortably off in a plain way, but starving for companionship, for occasional stimulus and pleasure. It was one of her joys in her husband's time to bring together these women—to teach and entertain them.

Suddenly she stopped short in the middle of the great high-ceiled room, and drew her head up proudly like a victorious queen. One wide, triumphant, sweeping glance she cast at the well-loved walls—and went back to her desk, working swiftly, excitedly, well into the hours of the night.

*

Presently the little town began to buzz, and the murmur ran far out into the surrounding country. Sunbonnets wagged over fences; butcher carts and pedlar's wagon carried the news farther; and ladies visiting found one topic in a thousand houses.

Mrs. Morrison was going to entertain. Mrs. Morrison had invited the whole feminine population, it would appear, to meet Mrs. Isabelle Carter Blake, of Chicago. Even Haddleton had heard of Mrs. Isabelle Carter Blake. And even Haddleton had nothing but admiration for her.

She was known the world over for her splendid work for children—for the school children and the working children of the country. Yet she was known also to have lovingly and wisely reared six children of her own—and made her husband happy in his home. On top of that she had lately written a novel, a popular novel, of which everyone was talking; and on top of that she was an intimate friend of a certain conspicuous Countess—an Italian.

It was even rumored, by some who knew Mrs. Morrison better than others—or thought they did—that the Countess was coming, too! No one had known before that Delia Welcome was a school-mate of Isabel Carter, and a lifelong friend; and that was ground for talk in itself.

The day arrived, and the guests arrived. They came in hundreds upon hundreds, and found ample room in the great white house.

The highest dream of the guests was realized—the Countess had come, too. With excited joy they met her, receiving impressions that would last them for all their lives, for those large widening waves of reminiscence which delight us the more as years pass. It was an incredible glory—Mrs. Isabelle Carter Blake, *and* a Countess!

Some were moved to note that Mrs. Morrison looked the easy peer of these eminent ladies, and treated the foreign nobility precisely as she did her other friends.

She spoke, her clear quiet voice reaching across the murmuring din, and silencing it.

"Shall we go into the east room? If you will all take chairs in the east room, Mrs. Blake is going to be so kind as to address us. Also perhaps her friend—"

They crowded in, sitting somewhat timorously on the unfolded chairs.

Then the great Mrs. Blake made them an address of memorable power and beauty, which received vivid sanction from that imposing presence in Parisian garments on the platform by her side. Mrs. Blake spoke to them of the work she was interested in, and how it was aided everywhere by the women's clubs. She gave them the number of these clubs, and described with contagious enthusiasm the inspiration of their great meetings. She spoke of the women's club houses, going up in city after city, where many associations meet and help one another. She was winning and convincing and most entertaining—an extremely attractive speaker.

Had they a women's club there? They had not.

Not *yet*, she suggested, adding that it took no time at all to make one.

They were delighted and impressed with Mrs. Blake's speech, but its effect was greatly intensified by the address of the Countess.

"I, too, am American," she told them; "born here, reared in England, married in Italy." And she stirred their hearts with a vivid account of the women's clubs and associations all over Europe, and what they were accomplishing. She was going back soon, she said, the wiser and happier for this visit to her native land, and she should remember particularly this beautiful, quiet town, trusting that if she came to it again it would have joined the great sisterhood of women, "whose hands were touching around the world for the common good."

It was a great occasion.

The Countess left next day, but Mrs. Blake remained, and spoke in some of the church meetings, to an ever widening circle of admirers. Her suggestions were practical.

"What you need here is a 'Rest and Improvement Club,'" she said. "Here are all you women coming in from the country to do your shopping—and no place to go to. No place to lie down if you're tired, to meet a friend, to eat your lunch in peace, to do your hair. All you have to do is organize, pay some small regular due, and provide yourselves with what you want."

There was a volume of questions and suggestions, a little opposition, much random activity.

Who was to do it? Where was there a suitable place? They would have to hire someone to take charge of it. It would only be used once a week. It would cost too much.

Mrs. Blake, still practical, made another suggestion. Why not combine business with pleasure, and make use of the best place in town, if you can get it? I *think* Mrs. Morrison could be persuaded to let you use part of her house; it's quite too big for one woman."

Then Mrs. Morrison, simple and cordial as ever, greeted with warm enthusiasm by her wide circle of friends.

"I have been thinking this over," she said. "Mrs. Blake has been discussing it with me. My house is certainly big enough for all of you, and there am I, with nothing to do but entertain you. Suppose you formed such a club as you speak of—for Rest and Improvement. My parlors are big enough for all manner of meetings; there are bedrooms in plenty for resting. If you form such a club I shall be glad to help with my great, cumbersome house, shall be delighted to see so many friends there so often; and I think I could furnish accommodations more cheaply than you could manage in any other way.

Then Mrs. Blake gave them facts and figures, showing how much clubhouses cost—and how little this arrangement would cost. "Most women have very little money, I know," she said, "and they hate to spend it on themselves when they have; but even a little money from each goes a long way when it is put together. I fancy there are none of us so poor we could not squeeze out, say ten cents a week. For a hundred women that would be ten dollars. Could you feed a hundred tired women for ten dollars, Mrs. Morrison?"

Mrs. Morrison smiled cordially. "Not on chicken pie," she said, "But I could give them tea and coffee,

crackers and cheese for that, I think. And a quiet place to rest, and a reading room, and a place to hold meetings."

Then Mrs. Blake quite swept them off their feet by her wit and eloquence. She gave them to understand that if a share in the palatial accommodation of the Welcome House, and as good tea and coffee as old Sally made, with a place to meet, a place to rest, a place to talk, a place to lie down, could be had for ten cents a week each, she advised them to clinch the arrangement at once before Mrs. Morrison's natural good sense had overcome her enthusiasm.

Before Mrs. Isabelle Carter Blake had left, Haddleton had a large and eager women's club, whose entire expenses, outside of stationary and postage, consisted of ten cents a week *per capita*, paid to Mrs. Morrison. Everybody belonged. It was open at once for charter members, and all pressed forward to claim that privileged place.

They joined by hundreds, and from each member came this tiny sum to Mrs. Morrison each week. It was very little money, taken separately. But it added up with silent speed. Tea and coffee, purchased in bulk, crackers by the barrel, and whole cheeses—these are not expensive luxuries. The town was full of Mrs. Morrison's ex-Sunday-school boys, who furnished her with the best they had—at cost. There was a good deal of work, a good deal of care, and room for the whole supply of Mrs. Morrison's diplomatic talent and experience. Saturdays found the Welcome House as full as it could hold, and Sundays found Mrs. Morrison in bed. But she liked it.

A busy, hopeful year flew by, and then she went to Jean's for Thanksgiving.

The room Jean gave her was about the same size as her haven in Andrew's home, but one flight higher up, and with a sloping ceiling. Mrs. Morrison whitened her dark hair upon it, and rubbed her head confusedly. Then she shook it with renewed determination.

The house was full of babies. There was little Joe, able to get about, and into everything. There were the twins, and there was the new baby. There was one servant, over-worked and cross. There was a small, cheap, totally inadequate nursemaid. There was Jean, happy but tired, full of joy, anxiety and affection, proud of her children, proud of her husband, and delighted to unfold her heart to her mother.

By the hour she babbled of their cares and hopes, while Mrs. Morrison, tall and elegant in her well-kept old black silk, sat holding the baby or trying to hold the twins. The old silk was pretty well finished by the week's end. Joseph talked to her also, telling her how well he was getting on, and how much he needed capital, urging her to come and stay with them; it was such a help to Jeannie; asking questions about the house.

There was no going visiting here. Jeannie could not leave the babies. And few visitors; all the little suburb being full of similarly overburdened mothers. Such as called found Mrs. Morrison charming. What she found them, she did not say. She bade her daughter an affectionate good-bye when the week was up, smiling at their mutual contentment.

"Good-bye, my dear children," she said. "I am so glad for all your happiness. I am thankful for both of you."

But she was more thankful to get home.

Mr. Butts did not have to call for his interest this time, but he called none the less.

"How on earth'd you get it, Delia?" he demanded. "Screwed it out o' these club-women?"

"Your interest is so moderate, Mr. Butts, that it is easier to meet than you imagine," was her answer. "Do you know the average interest they charge in Colorado? The women vote there, you know."

He went away with no more personal information than that; and no nearer approach to the twin goals of his desire than the passing of the year.

"One more year, Delia," he said; "then you'll have to give in."

"One more year!" she said to herself, and took up her chosen task with renewed energy.

The financial basis of the undertaking was very simple, but it would never have worked so well under less skilful management. Five dollars a year these country women could not have faced, but ten cents a week was possible to the poorest. There was no difficulty in collecting, for they brought it themselves; no unpleasantness in receiving, for old Sally stood at the receipt of custom and presented the covered

cash box when they came for their tea.

On the crowded Saturdays the great urns were set going, the mighty array of cups arranged in easy reach, the ladies filed by, each taking her refectation and leaving her dime. Where the effort came was in enlarging the membership and keeping up the attendance, and this effort was precisely in the line of Mrs. Morrison's splendid talents.

Serene, cheerful, inconspicuously active, planning like the born statesman she was, executing like a practical politician, Mrs. Morrison gave her mind to the work, and thrived upon it. Circle within circle, and group within group, she set small classes and departments at work, having a boys' club by and by in the big room over the woodshed, girls' clubs, reading clubs, study clubs, little meetings of every sort that were not held in churches, and some that were—previously.

For each and all there was, if wanted, tea and coffee, crackers and cheese; simple fare, of unvarying excellence, and from each and all, into the little cashbox, ten cents for these refreshments. From the club members this came weekly; and the club members, kept up by a constant variety of interests, came every week. As to numbers, before the first six months was over The Haddleton Rest and Improvement Club numbered five hundred women.

Now, five hundred times ten cents a week is twenty-six hundred dollars a year. Twenty-six hundred dollars a year would not be very much to build or rent a large house, to furnish five hundred people with chairs, lounges, books, and magazines, dishes and service; and with food and drink even of the simplest. But if you are miraculously supplied with a club-house, furnished, with a manager and servant on the spot, then that amount of money goes a long way.

On Saturdays Mrs. Morrison hired two helpers for half a day, for half a dollar each. She stocked the library with many magazines for fifty dollars a year. She covered fuel, light, and small miscellanies with another hundred. And she fed her multitude with the plain viands agreed upon, at about four cents apiece.

For her collateral entertainments, her many visits, the various new expenses entailed, she paid as well; and yet at the end of the first year she had not only her interest, but a solid thousand dollars of clear profit. With a calm smile she surveyed it, heaped in neat stacks of bills in the small safe in the wall behind her bed. Even Sally did not know it was there.

The second season was better than the first. There were difficulties, excitements, even some opposition, but she rounded out the year triumphantly. "After that," she said to herself, "they may have the deluge if they like."

She made all expenses, made her interest, made a little extra cash, clearly her own, all over and above the second thousand dollars.

Then did she write to son and daughter, inviting them and their families to come home to Thanksgiving, and closing each letter with joyous pride: "Here is the money to come with."

They all came, with all the children and two nurses. There was plenty of room in the Welcome House, and plenty of food on the long mahogany table. Sally was as brisk as a bee, brilliant in scarlet and purple; Mrs. Morrison carved her big turkey with queenly grace.

"I don't see that you're over-run with club women, mother," said Jeannie.

"It's Thanksgiving, you know; they're all at home. I hope they are all as happy, as thankful for their homes as I am for mine," said Mrs. Morrison.

Afterward Mr. Butts called. With dignity and calm unruffled, Mrs. Morrison handed him his interest—and principal.

Mr. Butts was almost loath to receive it, though his hand automatically grasped the crisp blue check.

"I didn't know you had a bank account," he protested, somewhat dubiously.

"Oh, yes; you'll find the check will be honored, Mr. Butts."

"I'd like to know how you got this money. You *can't* 'a' skinned it out o' that club of yours."

"I appreciate your friendly interest, Mr. Butts; you have been most kind."

"I believe some of these great friends of yours have lent it to you. You won't be any better off, I can tell you."

"Come, come, Mr. Butts! Don't quarrel with good money. Let us part friends."

And they parted.

HOW DOTHTHE HAT

How doth the hat loom large upon her head!
Furred like a busby; plumed as hearses are;
Armed with eye-spearing quills; bewebbed and hung
With lacy, silky, downy draperies;
With spread, wide-wagging feathers froned high
In bosky thickets of Cimmerian gloom.

How doth the hat with colors dare the eye!
Arrest—attract—allure—affront—appall!
Vivid and varied as are paroquets;
Dove-dull; one mass of white; all solid red;
Black with the blackness of a mourning world—
Compounded type of "Chaos and Old Night"!

How doth the hat expand: wax wide, and swell!
Such is its size that none can predicate
Or hair, or head, or shoulders of the frame
Below this bulk, this beauty-burying bulk;
Trespassing rude on all who walk beside,
Brutally blinding all who sit behind.

How doth the hat's mere mass more monstrous grow
Into a riot of repugnant shapes!
Shapes ignominious, extreme, bizarre,
Bulbous, distorted, unsymmetrical—
Of no relation to the human head—
To beauty, comfort, dignity or grace.

Shape of a dishpan! Of a pail! A tub!
Of an inverted wastebasket wherein
The head finds lodgment most appropriate!
Shape of a wide-spread wilted griddlecake!
Shape of the body of an octopus
Set sideways on a fireman's misplaced brim!

How doth the hat show callous cruelty
In decoration costing countless deaths;
Carrying corpses for its ornaments;
Wreath of dead humming-birds, dismembered gulls,
The mother heron's breastknot, stiffened wings;
Torn fragments of a world of wasted life.

How doth the hat effect the minds of men?
Patient bill-payers, chivalrously dumb!
What does it indicate of woman's growth;
Her sense of beauty, her intelligence,
Her thought for others measured with herself,
Her place and grade in human life to-day?

INTRODUCING THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

"O, no—Please don't—I'd rather not meet them!"

I'm sorry but you have to meet them, constantly.

"But I don't have to know them, surely!"

You will find it safer and easier if you do.

"But they are not proper persons to meet—I've heard awful things about them."

Those stories come from people who never really knew them. They have been much maligned I assure you. Let me tell you a little about them before they come up.

The World yonder is really an excellent fellow, but sulky and erratic because he's not well used. Think of a beautiful, fruitful, home garden used for nothing but to play ball and fight in—and then blamed for its condition. That's the way he feels.

Then there's the Flesh. Never was a good fellow more abused! He's been brought up wrong, from babyhood—but he's all right inside.

As to the Devil—we really ought to be ashamed of treating him so. He'd have died centuries ago, but we will keep him going—and then blame him because his behavior's out of date!

Here they come. Allow me to present:

The World—Just Us; We and our Workshop.

The Flesh—Just Us; Our Natural Vehicle and Servant.

The Devil—Just Us; but an Anachronism—an artificially preserved Extinct Ancestor!

WHAT DIANTHA DID

CHAPTER I.

HANDICAPPED

One may use the Old Man of the Sea,
For a partner or patron,
But helpless and hapless is he
Who is ridden, inextricably,
By a fond old mer-matron.

The Warden house was more impressive in appearance than its neighbors. It had "grounds," instead of a yard or garden; it had wide pillared porches and "galleries," showing southern antecedents; moreover, it had a cupola, giving date to the building, and proof of the continuing ambitions of the builders.

The stately mansion was covered with heavy flowering vines, also with heavy mortgages. Mrs. Roscoe Warden and her four daughters reposed peacefully under the vines, while Roscoe Warden, Jr., struggled desperately under the mortgages.

A slender, languid lady was Mrs. Warden, wearing her thin but still brown hair in "water-waves" over a pale high forehead. She was sitting on a couch on the broad, rose-shaded porch, surrounded by billowing masses of vari-colored worsted. It was her delight to purchase skein on skein of soft, bright-hued wool, cut it all up into short lengths, tie them together again in contrasting colors, and then crochet this hashed rainbow into afghans of startling aspect. California does not call for afghans to any great extent, but "they make such acceptable presents," Mrs. Warden declared, to those who questioned the purpose of her work; and she continued to send them off, on Christmases, birthdays, and minor weddings, in a stream of pillowy bundles. As they were accepted, they must have been acceptable, and the stream flowed on.

Around her, among the gay blossoms and gayer wools, sat her four daughters, variously intent. The mother, a poetic soul, had named them musically and with dulcet rhymes: Madeline and Adeline were the two eldest, Coraline and Doraline the two youngest. It had not occurred to her until too late that those melodious terminations made it impossible to call one daughter without calling two, and that "Lina" called them all.

"Mis' Immerjin," said a soft voice in the doorway, "dere pos'tively ain't no butter in de house fer supper."

"No butter?" said Mrs. Warden, incredulously. "Why, Sukey, I'm sure we had a tub sent up last—last Tuesday!"

"A week ago Tuesday, more likely, mother," suggested Dora.

"Nonsense, Dora! It was this week, wasn't it, girls?" The mother appealed to them quite earnestly, as if the date of that tub's delivery would furnish forth the supper-table; but none of the young ladies save Dora had even a contradiction to offer.

"You know I never notice things," said the artistic Cora; and "the de-lines," as their younger sisters called them, said nothing.

"I might borrow some o' Mis' Bell?" suggested Sukey; "dat's nearer 'n' de sto'."

"Yes, do, Sukey," her mistress agreed. "It is so hot. But what have you done with that tubful?"

"Why, some I tuk back to Mis' Bell for what I borrered befo'—I'm always most careful to make return for what I borrs—and yo' know, Mis' Warden, dat waffles and sweet potaters and cohn bread dey do take butter; to say nothin' o' them little cakes you all likes so well—*an'* de fried chicken, *an'*—"

"Never mind, Sukey; you go and present my compliments to Mrs. Bell, and ask her for some; and be sure you return it promptly. Now, girls, don't let me forget to tell Ross to send up another tub."

"We can't seem to remember any better than you can, mother," said Adeline, dreamily. "Those details are so utterly uninteresting."

"I should think it was Sukey's business to tell him," said Madeline with decision; while the "a-lines" kept silence this time.

"There! Sukey's gone!" Mrs. Warden suddenly remarked, watching the stout figure moving heavily away under the pepper trees. "And I meant to have asked her to make me a glass of shrub! Dora, dear, you run and get it for mother."

Dora laid down her work, not too regretfully, and started off.

"That child is the most practical of any of you," said her mother; which statement was tacitly accepted. It was not extravagant praise.

Dora poked about in the refrigerator for a bit of ice. She ho no idea of the high cost of ice in that region—it came from "the store," like all their provisions. It did not occur to her that fish and milk and melons made a poor combination in flavor; or that the clammy, sub-offensive smell was not the natural and necessary odor of refrigerators. Neither did she think that a sunny corner of the back porch near the chimney, though convenient, was an ill-selected spot for a refrigerator. She couldn't find the ice-pick, so put a big piece of ice in a towel and broke it on the edge of the sink; replaced the largest fragment, used what she wanted, and left the rest to filter slowly down through a mass of grease and tea-leaves; found the raspberry vinegar, and made a very satisfactory beverage which her mother received with grateful affection.

"Thank you, my darling," she said. "I wish you'd made a pitcherful."

"Why didn't you, Do?" her sisters demanded.

"You're too late," said Dora, hunting for her needle and then for her thimble, and then for her twist; "but there's more in the kitchen."

"I'd rather go without than go into the kitchen," said Adeline; "I do despise a kitchen." And this seemed to be the general sentiment; for no one moved.

"My mother always liked raspberry shrub," said Mrs. Warden; "and your Aunt Leicester, and your Raymond cousins."

Mrs. Warden had a wide family circle, many beloved relatives, "connections" of whom she was duly proud and "kin" in such widening ramifications that even her carefully reared daughters lost track of them.

"You young people don't seem to care about your cousins at all!" pursued their mother, somewhat severely, setting her glass on the railing, from whence it was presently knocked off and broken.

"That's the fifth!" remarked Dora, under breath.

"Why should we, Ma?" inquired Cora. "We've never seen one of them—except Madam Weatherstone!"

"We'll never forget *her!*" said Madeline, with delicate decision, laying down the silk necktie she was knitting for Roscoe. "What *beautiful* manners she had!"

"How rich is she, mother? Do you know?" asked Dora.

"Rich enough to do something for Roscoe, I'm sure, if she had a proper family spirit," replied Mrs. Warden. "Her mother was own cousin to my grandmother—one of the Virginia Paddingtons. Or she might do something for you girls."

"I wish she would!" Adeline murmured, softly, her large eyes turned to the horizon, her hands in her lap over the handkerchief she was marking for Roscoe.

"Don't be ungrateful, Adeline," said her mother, firmly. "You have a good home and a good brother; no girl ever had a better."

"But there is never anything going on," broke in Coraline, in a tone of complaint; "no parties, no going away for vacations, no anything."

"Now, Cora, don't be discontented! You must not add a straw to dear Roscoe's burdens," said her mother.

"Of course not, mother; I wouldn't for the world. I never saw her but that once; and she wasn't very cordial. But, as you say, she might do *something*. She might invite us to visit her."

"If she ever comes back again, I'm going to recite for her," said, Dora, firmly.

Her mother gazed fondly on her youngest. "I wish you could, dear," she agreed. "I'm sure you have talent; and Madam Weatherstone would recognize it. And Adeline's music too. And Cora's art. I am very proud of my girls."

Cora sat where the light fell well upon her work. She was illuminating a volume of poems, painting flowers on the margins, in appropriate places—for Roscoe.

"I wonder if he'll care for it?" she said, laying down her brush and holding the book at arm's length to get the effect.

"Of course he will!" answered her mother, warmly. "It is not only the beauty of it, but the affection! How are you getting on, Dora?"

Dora was laboring at a task almost beyond her fourteen years, consisting of a negligee shirt of outing flannel, upon the breast of which she was embroidering a large, intricate design—for Roscoe. She was an ambitious child, but apt to tire in the execution of her large projects.

"I guess it'll be done," she said, a little wearily. "What are you going to give him, mother?"

"Another bath-robe; his old one is so worn. And nothing is too good for my boy."

"He's coming," said Adeline, who was still looking down the road; and they all concealed their birthday work in haste.

A tall, straight young fellow, with an air of suddenly-faced maturity upon him, opened the gate under the pepper trees and came toward them.

He had the finely molded features we see in portraits of handsome ancestors, seeming to call for curling hair a little longish, and a rich profusion of ruffled shirt. But his hair was sternly short, his shirt severely plain, his proudly carried head spoke of effort rather than of ease in its attitude.

Dora skipped to meet him, Cora descended a decorous step or two. Madeline and Adeline, arm in arm, met him at the piazza edge, his mother lifted her face.

"Well, mother, dear!" Affectionately he stooped and kissed her, and she held his hand and stroked it lovingly. The sisters gathered about with teasing affection, Dora poking in his coat-pocket for the stick candy her father always used to bring her, and her brother still remembered.

"Aren't you home early, dear?" asked Mrs. Warden.

"Yes; I had a little headache"—he passed his hand over his forehead—"and Joe can run the store till after supper, anyhow." They flew to get him camphor, cologne, a menthol-pencil. Dora dragged forth the wicker lounge. He was laid out carefully and fanned and fussed over till his mother drove them all

away.

"Now, just rest," she said. "It's an hour to supper time yet!" And she covered him with her latest completed afghan, gathering up and carrying away the incomplete one and its tumultuous constituents.

He was glad of the quiet, the fresh, sweet air, the smell of flowers instead of the smell of molasses and cheese, soap and sulphur matches. But the headache did not stop, nor the worry that caused it. He loved his mother, he loved his sisters, he loved their home, but he did not love the grocery business which had fallen so unexpectedly upon him at his father's death, nor the load of debt which fell with it.

That they need never have had so large a "place" to "keep up" did not occur to him. He had lived there most of his life, and it was home. That the expenses of running the household were three times what they needed to be, he did not know. His father had not questioned their style of living, nor did he. That a family of five women might, between them, do the work of the house, he did not even consider.

Mrs. Warden's health was never good, and since her husband's death she had made daily use of many afghans on the many lounges of the house. Madeline was "delicate," and Adeline was "frail"; Cora was "nervous," Dora was "only a child." So black Sukey and her husband Jonah did the work of the place, so far as it was done; and Mrs. Warden held it a miracle of management that she could "do with one servant," and the height of womanly devotion on her daughters' part that they dusted the parlor and arranged the flowers.

Roscoe shut his eyes and tried to rest, but his problem beset him ruthlessly. There was the store—their one and only source of income. There was the house, a steady, large expense. There were five women to clothe and keep contented, beside himself. There was the unappeasable demand of the mortgage—and there was Diantha.

When Mr. Warden died, some four years previously, Roscoe was a lad of about twenty, just home from college, full of dreams of great service to the world in science, expecting to go back for his doctor's degree next year. Instead of which the older man had suddenly dropped beneath the burden he had carried with such visible happiness and pride, such unknown anxiety and straining effort; and the younger one had to step into the harness on the spot.

He was brave, capable, wholly loyal to his mother and sisters, reared in the traditions of older days as to a man's duty toward women. In his first grief for his father, and the ready pride with which he undertook to fill his place, he had not in the least estimated the weight of care he was to carry, nor the time that he must carry it. A year, a year or two, a few years, he told himself, as they passed, and he would make more money; the girls, of course, would marry; he could "retire" in time and take up his scientific work again. Then—there was Diantha.

When he found he loved this young neighbor of theirs, and that she loved him, the first flush of happiness made all life look easier. They had been engaged six months—and it was beginning to dawn upon the young man that it might be six years—or sixteen years—before he could marry.

He could not sell the business—and if he could, he knew of no better way to take care of his family. The girls did not marry, and even when they did, he had figured this out to a dreary certainty, he would still not be free. To pay the mortgages off, and keep up the house, even without his sisters, would require all the money the store would bring in for some six years ahead. The young man set his teeth hard and turned his head sharply toward the road.

And there was Diantha.

She stood at the gate and smiled at him. He sprang to his feet, headacheless for the moment, and joined her. Mrs. Warden, from the lounge by her bedroom window, saw them move off together, and sighed.

"Poor Roscoe!" she said to herself. "It is very hard for him. But he carries his difficulties nobly. He is a son to be proud of." And she wept a little.

Diantha slipped her hand in his offered arm—he clasped it warmly with his, and they walked along together.

"You won't come in and see mother and the girls?"

"No, thank you; not this time. I must get home and get supper. Besides, I'd rather see just you."

He felt it a pity that there were so many houses along the road here, but squeezed her hand, anyhow.

She looked at him keenly. "Headache?" she asked.

"Yes; it's nothing; it's gone already."

"Worry?" she asked.

"Yes, I suppose it is," he answered. "But I ought not to worry. I've got a good home, a good mother, good sisters, and—you!" And he took advantage of a high hedge and an empty lot on either side of them.

Diantha returned his kiss affectionately enough, but seemed preoccupied, and walked in silence till he asked her what she was thinking about.

"About you, of course," she answered, brightly. "There are things I want to say; and yet—I ought not to."

"You can say anything on earth to me," he answered.

"You are twenty-four," she began, musingly.

"Admitted at once."

"And I'm twenty-one and a half."

"That's no such awful revelation, surely!"

"And we've been engaged ever since my birthday," the girl pursued.

"All these are facts, dearest."

"Now, Ross, will you be perfectly frank with me? May I ask you an—an impertinent question?"

"You may ask me any question you like; it couldn't be impertinent."

"You'll be scandalised, I know—but—well, here goes. What would you think if Madeline—or any of the girls—should go away to work?"

He looked at her lovingly, but with a little smile on his firm mouth.

"I shouldn't allow it," he said.

"O—allow it? I asked you what you'd think."

"I should think it was a disgrace to the family, and a direct reproach to me," he answered. "But it's no use talking about that. None of the girls have any such foolish notion. And I wouldn't permit it if they had."

Diantha smiled. "I suppose you never would permit your wife to work?"

"My widow might have to—not my wife." He held his fine head a trifle higher, and her hand ached for a moment.

"Wouldn't you let me work—to help you, Ross?"

"My dearest girl, you've got something far harder than that to do for me, and that's wait."

His face darkened again, and he passed his hand over his forehead. "Sometimes I feel as if I ought not to hold you at all!" he burst out, bitterly. "You ought to be free to marry a better man."

"There aren't any!" said Diantha, shaking her head slowly from side to side. "And if there were—millions—I wouldn't marry any of 'em. I love *you*," she firmly concluded.

"Then we'll just *wait*," said he, setting his teeth on the word, as if he would crush it. "It won't be hard with you to help. You're better worth it than Rachael and Leah together." They walked a few steps silently.

"But how about science?" she asked him.

"I don't let myself think of it. I'll take that up later. We're young enough, both of us, to wait for our happiness."

"And have you any idea—we might as well face the worst—how many years do you think that will be,

dearest?"

He was a little annoyed at her persistence. Also, though he would not admit the thought, it did not seem quite the thing for her to ask. A woman should not seek too definite a period of waiting. She ought to trust—to just wait on general principles.

"I can face a thing better if I know just what I'm facing," said the girl, quietly, "and I'd wait for you, if I had to, all my life. Will it be twenty years, do you think?"

He looked relieved. "Why, no, indeed, darling. It oughtn't to be at the outside more than five. Or six," he added, honest though reluctant.

"You see, father had no time to settle anything; there were outstanding accounts, and the funeral expenses, and the mortgages. But the business is good; and I can carry it; I can build it up." He shook his broad shoulders determinedly. "I should think it might be within five, perhaps even less. Good things happen sometimes—such as you, my heart's delight."

They were at her gate now, and she stood a little while to say good-night. A step inside there was a seat, walled in by evergreen, roofed over by the wide acacia boughs. Many a long good-night had they exchanged there, under the large, brilliant California moon. They sat there, silent, now.

Diantha's heart was full of love for him, and pride and confidence in him; but it was full of other feelings, too, which he could not fathom. His trouble was clearer to her than to him; as heavy to bear. To her mind, trained in all the minutiae of domestic economy, the Warden family lived in careless wastefulness. That five women—for Dora was older than she had been when she began to do housework—should require servants, seemed to this New England-born girl mere laziness and pride. That two voting women over twenty should prefer being supported by their brother to supporting themselves, she condemned even more sharply. Moreover, she felt well assured that with a different family to "support," Mr. Warden would never have broken down so suddenly and irrecoverably. Even that funeral—her face hardened as she thought of the conspicuous "lot," the continual flowers, the monument (not wholly paid for yet, that monument, though this she did not know)—all that expenditure to do honor to the man they had worked to death (thus brutally Diantha put it) was probably enough to put off their happiness for a whole year.

She rose at last, her hand still held in his. "I'm sorry, but I've got to get supper, dear," she said, "and you must go. Good-night for the present; you'll be round by and by?"

"Yes, for a little while, after we close up," said he, and took himself off, not too suddenly, walking straight and proud while her eyes were on him, throwing her a kiss from the corner; but his step lagging and his headache settling down upon him again as he neared the large house with the cupola.

Diantha watched him out of sight, turned and marched up the path to her own door, her lips set tight, her well-shaped head as straightly held as his. "It's a shame, a cruel, burning shame!" she told herself rebelliously. "A man of his ability. Why, he could do anything, in his own work! And he loved it so!

"To keep a grocery store—

""And nothing to show for all that splendid effort!

"They don't do a thing? They just *live*—and 'keep house!' All those women!

"Six years? Likely to be sixty! But I'm not going to wait!"

WHERE THE HEART IS

I.

A small stone city, very old, built upon rock, rock-paved, rock-bound with twenty centuries of walls.

A Ghetto, an age-old Ghetto, crowded into a stony corner of the crowded stony city; its steep and narrow confines not more a boundary than the iron prejudices that built them.

In the Ghetto—life, human life; close-pressed, kept to its elemental forms, with a vitality purchased at nature's awful price—by surviving slow extinction.

This life, denied all larger grouping, finds its sole joy in fierce deep love of family and home. This home a room, a low and narrow room, unwholesome, dark, incredibly filled up, yet overflowing most

with love.

Here was peace. Here was Honor wherewith to face the outer Scorn. Here was Safety—the only safety known. Here, most of all was Love, Love, wound and interwound with the blood-tie, deepened by religion, intensified by centuries of relentless pressure, strengthened a thousandfold by the unbroken cruelty of the environment. Love, one with the family; the family one with the home; the home, for generation after generation—one room!

*

A miracle! Some daughter of this house, strayed as a child, found by eccentric travellers, taken to England, reared with love and care to strange exotic beauty, marrying a great landowner so lost in passionate devotion that he gave her all he had, and, dying, left her heir to vast estates.

She following, her family inherit the estate, and come to take possession.

They enter the tall pillared gates; they wander up the shaded avenue, a little group, huddled and silent, timid, ill at ease. They mount the wide, white marble-terraced steps, the children crowding close, the mother frightened, the father striving to hold up this new strange pride under his time-swollen burden of humility and fear.

These towering halls, these broad-curved stairways, these lofty chambers, even the great kitchens and their clustering offices, are to this timid group as wide and desolate as deserts or the sea.

They seek a room, a room that shall be small enough and low enough and dark enough; they reach at last one friendly sheltering little room—crowd into it with tumultuous affection, and find a home!

*

It is home where the heart is!

II.

A new age where new power has conquered a new element, and sky-sailors seek for large discoveries compared to which the old "new world" was but a dooryard venture. Our little world now known from coast to coast and pole to pole; its problems solved, its full powers mastered; its sweet serviceableness and unfailing comfort the common joy of all.

Later science, piling wonder upon wonder, handling radiant energy, packing compressed air for long excursions into outer space, sends out some skyship on tremendous errands of interstellar search. Days, weeks, they flit, with speed incredible, our earth a speck, our moon invisible, our sun a star among the others now; then having done their work, turn the sharp prow and study their vast charts for the return.

Out of that blackness, wider than our minds, back from the awful strangeness of new stars, they turn and fly. All know their charts, all have their telescopes, all see that old familiar system swinging nearer. They greet the sun as we Fire Island—the moon like Sandy Hook.

But that small star, bigger and bigger now, its heavenly radiance fading softly down to the warm glow of earthly beauty, coming out round and full at last—ah! how they choke, how they cry out to see it!

Nearer—the blue skin of the all-enclosing sea, the green of interrupting continents; now they can recognize the hemisphere—the tears come—this is home!

*

It is home where the heart is.

THANKSGIVING

I never thought much of the folks who pray
The Lord to make them thankful for a meal
Expecting Him to furnish all the food
And then provide them with the gratitude
They haven't grace to feel.

I never thought much of this yearly thanks,
Either for what once happened long ago,
Or for "our constant mercies." To my mind
If we're to thank a Power that's daily kind,
Our annual's too slow.

Suppose we spread Thanksgiving—hand it round—
Give God an honest heartfelt every day;
And, while we're being thankful, why not give
Some gratitude to those by whom we live—
As well as stingy pay?

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE, or THE MAN-MADE WORLD

I.

AS TO HUMANNESS.

Let us begin, inoffensively, with sheep. The sheep is a beast with which we are all familiar, being much used in religious imagery; the common stock of painters; a staple article of diet; one of our main sources of clothing; and an everyday symbol of bashfulness and stupidity.

In some grazing regions the sheep is an object of terror, destroying grass, bush and forest by omnipresent nibbling; on the great plains, sheep-keeping frequently results in insanity, owing to the loneliness of the shepherd, and the monotonous appearance and behavior of the sheep.

By the poet, young sheep are preferred, the lamb gambolling gaily; unless it be in hymns, where "all we like sheep" are repeatedly described, and much stress is laid upon the straying propensities of the animal.

To the scientific mind there is special interest in the sequacity of sheep, their habit of following one another with automatic imitation. This instinct, we are told, has been developed by ages of wild crowded racing on narrow ledges, along precipices, chasms, around sudden spurs and corners, only the leader seeing when, where and how to jump. If those behind jumped exactly as he did, they lived. If they stopped to exercise independent judgment, they were pushed off and perished; they and their judgment with them.

All these things, and many that are similar, occur to us when we think of sheep. They are also ewes and rams. Yes, truly; but what of it? All that has been said was said of sheep, *genus ovis*, that bland beast, compound of mutton, wool, and foolishness. so widely known. If we think of the sheep-dog (and dog-ess), the shepherd (and shepherd-ess), of the ferocious sheep-eating bird of New Zealand, the Kea (and Kea-ess), all these herd, guard, or kill the sheep, both rams and ewes alike. In regard to mutton, to wool, to general character, we think only of their sheepishness, not at all of their ramishness or eweishness. That which is ovine or bovine, canine, feline or equine, is easily recognized as distinguishing that particular species of animal, and has no relation whatever to the sex thereof.

Returning to our muttons, let us consider the ram, and wherein his character differs from the sheep. We find he has a more quarrelsome disposition. He paws the earth and makes a noise. He has a tendency to butt. So has a goat—Mr. Goat. So has Mr. Buffalo, and Mr. Moose, and Mr. Antelope. This tendency to plunge head foremost at an adversary—and to find any other gentleman an adversary on sight—evidently does not pertain to sheep, to *genus ovis*; but to any male creature with horns.

As "function comes before organ," we may even give a reminiscent glance down the long path of evolution, and see how the mere act of butting—passionately and perpetually repeated—born of the beligerent spirit of the male—produced horns!

The ewe, on the other hand, exhibits love and care for her little ones, gives them milk and tries to guard them. But so does a goat—Mrs. Goat. So does Mrs. Buffalo and the rest. Evidently this mother instinct is no peculiarity of *genus ovis*, but of any female creature.

Even the bird, though not a mammal, shows the same mother-love and mother-care, while the father bird, though not a butter, fights with beak and wing and spur. His competition is more effective through display. The wish to please, the need to please, the overmastering necessity upon him that he secure the favor of the female, has made the male bird blossom like a butterfly. He blazes in gorgeous plumage, rears haughty crests and combs, shows drooping wattles and dangling blobs such as the

turkey-cock affords; long splendid feathers for pure ornament appear upon him; what in her is a mere tail-effect becomes in him a mass of glittering drapery.

Partridge-cock, farmyard-cock, peacock, from sparrow to ostrich, observe his mien! To strut and languish; to exhibit every beauteous lure; to sacrifice ease, comfort, speed, everything—to beauty—for her sake—this is the nature of the he-bird of any species; the characteristic, not of the turkey, but of the cock! With drumming of loud wings, with crow and quack and bursts of glorious song, he woos his mate; displays his splendors before her; fights fiercely with his rivals. To butt—to strut—to make a noise—all for love's sake; these acts are common to the male.

We may now generalize and clearly state: That is masculine which belongs to the male—to any or all males, irrespective of species. That is feminine which belongs to the female, to any or all females, irrespective of species. That is ovine, bovine, feline, canine, equine or asinine which belongs to that species, irrespective of sex.

In our own species all this is changed. We have been so taken up with the phenomena of masculinity and femininity, that our common humanity has largely escaped notice. We know we are human, naturally, and are very proud of it; but we do not consider in what our humanness consists; nor how men and women may fall short of it, or overstep its bounds, in continual insistence upon their special differences. It is "manly" to do this; it is "womanly" to do that; but what a human being should do under the circumstances is not thought of.

The only time when we do recognize what we call "common humanity" is in extreme cases, matters of life and death; when either man or woman is expected to behave as if they were also human creatures. Since the range of feeling and action proper to humanity, as such, is far wider than that proper to either sex, it seems at first somewhat remarkable that we have given it so little recognition.

A little classification will help us here. We have certain qualities in common with inanimate matter, such as weight, opacity, resilience. It is clear that these are not human. We have other qualities in common with all forms of life; cellular construction, for instance, the reproduction of cells and the need of nutrition. These again are not human. We have others, many others, common to the higher mammals; which are not exclusively ours—are not distinctively "human." What then are true human characteristics? In what way is the human species distinguished from all other species?

Our human-ness is seen most clearly in three main lines: it is mechanical, psychical and social. Our power to make and use things is essentially human; we alone have extra-physical tools. We have added to our teeth the knife, sword, scissors, mowing machine; to our claws the spade, harrow, plough, drill, dredge. We are a protean creature, using the larger brain power through a wide variety of changing weapons. This is one of our main and vital distinctions. Ancient animal races are traced and known by mere bones and shells, ancient human races by their buildings, tools and utensils.

That degree of development which gives us the human mind is a clear distinction of race. The savage who can count a hundred is more human than the savage who can count ten.

More prominent than either of these is the social nature of humanity. We are by no means the only group-animal; that ancient type of industry the ant, and even the well-worn bee, are social creatures. But insects of their kind are found living alone. Human beings never. Our human-ness begins with some low form of social relation and increases as that relation develops.

Human life of any sort is dependent upon what Kropotkin calls "mutual aid," and human progress keeps step absolutely with that interchange of specialized services which makes society organic. The nomad, living on cattle as ants live on theirs, is less human than the farmer, raising food by intelligently applied labor; and the extension of trade and commerce, from mere village market-places to the world-exchanges of to-day, is extension of human-ness as well.

Humanity, thus considered, is not a thing made at once and unchangeable, but a stage of development; and is still, as Wells describes it, "in the making." Our human-ness is seen to lie not so much in what we are individually, as in our relations to one another; and even that individuality is but the result of our relations to one another. It is in what we do and how we do it, rather than in what we are. Some, philosophically inclined, exalt "being" over "doing." To them this question may be put: "Can you mention any form of life that merely 'is,' without doing anything?"

Taken separately and physically, we are animals, *genus homo*; taken socially and psychically, we are, in varying degree, human; and our real history lies in the development of this human-ness.

Our historic period is not very long. Real written history only goes back a few thousand years, beginning with the stone records of ancient Egypt. During this period we have had almost universally what is here called an Androcentric Culture. The history, such as it was, was made and written by men.

The mental, the mechanical, the social development, was almost wholly theirs. We have, so far, lived and suffered and died in a man-made world. So general, so unbroken, has been this condition, that to mention it arouses no more remark than the statement of a natural law. We have taken it for granted, since the dawn of civilization, that "mankind" meant men-kind, and the world was theirs.

Women we have sharply delimited. Women were a sex, "the sex," according to chivalrous toasts; they were set apart for special services peculiar to femininity. As one English scientist put it, in 1888, "Women are not only not the race—they are not even half the race, but a subspecies told off for reproduction only."

This mental attitude toward women is even more clearly expressed by Mr. H. B. Marriot-Watson in his article on "The American Woman" in the "Nineteenth Century" for June, 1904, where he says: "Her constitutional restlessness has caused her to abdicate those functions which alone excuse or explain her existence." This is a peculiarly happy and condensed expression of the relative position of women during our androcentric culture. The man was accepted as the race type without one dissentient voice; and the woman—a strange, diverse creature, quite disharmonious in the accepted scheme of things—was excused and explained only as a female.

She has needed volumes of such excuse and explanation; also, apparently, volumes of abuse and condemnation. In any library catalogue we may find books upon books about women: physiological, sentimental, didactic, religious—all manner of books about women, as such. Even to-day in the works of Marholm—poor young Weininger, Moebius, and others, we find the same perpetual discussion of women—as such.

This is a book about men—as such. It differentiates between the human nature and the sex nature. It will not go so far as to allege man's masculine traits to be all that excuse, or explain his existence: but it will point out what are masculine traits as distinct from human ones, and what has been the effect on our human life of the unbridled dominance of one sex.

We can see at once, glaringly, what would have been the result of giving all human affairs into female hands. Such an extraordinary and deplorable situation would have "feminized" the world. We should have all become "effeminate."

See how in our use of language the case is clearly shown. The adjectives and derivatives based on woman's distinctions are alien and derogatory when applied to human affairs; "effeminate"—too female, connotes contempt, but has no masculine analogue; whereas "emasculate"—not enough male, is a term of reproach, and has no feminine analogue. "Virile"—manly, we oppose to "puerile"—childish, and the very word "virtue" is derived from "vir"—a man.

Even in the naming of other animals we have taken the male as the race type, and put on a special termination to indicate "his female," as in lion, lioness; leopard, leopardess; while all our human scheme of things rests on the same tacit assumption; man being held the human type; woman a sort of accompaniment and subordinate assistant, merely essential to the making of people.

She has held always the place of a preposition in relation to man. She has been considered above him or below him, before him, behind him, beside him, a wholly relative existence—"Sydney's sister," "Pembroke's mother"—but never by any chance Sydney or Pembroke herself.

Acting on this assumption, all human standards have been based on male characteristics, and when we wish to praise the work of a woman, we say she has "a masculine mind."

It is no easy matter to deny or reverse a universal assumption. The human mind has had a good many jolts since it began to think, but after each upheaval it settles down as peacefully as the vine-growers on Vesuvius, accepting the last lava crust as permanent ground.

What we see immediately around us, what we are born into and grow up with, be it mental furniture or physical, we assume to be the order of nature.

If a given idea has been held in the human mind for many generations, as almost all our common ideas have, it takes sincere and continued effort to remove it; and if it is one of the oldest we have in stock, one of the big, common, unquestioned world ideas, vast is the labor of those who seek to change it.

Nevertheless, if the matter is one of importance, if the previous idea was a palpable error, of large and evil effect, and if the new one is true and widely important, the effort is worth making.

The task here undertaken is of this sort. It seeks to show that what we have all this time called "human nature" and deprecated, was in great part only male nature, and good enough in its place; that

what we have called "masculine" and admired as such, was in large part human, and should be applied to both sexes: that what we have called "feminine" and condemned, was also largely human and applicable to both. Our androcentric culture is so shown to have been, and still to be, a masculine culture in excess, and therefore undesirable.

In the preliminary work of approaching these facts it will be well to explain how it can be that so wide and serious an error should have been made by practically all men. The reason is simply that they were men. They were males, and saw women as females—and not otherwise.

So absolute is this conviction that the man who reads will say, "Of course! How else are we to look at women except as females? They are females, aren't they?" Yes, they are, as men are males unquestionably; but there is possible the frame of mind of the old marquise who was asked by an English friend how she could bear to have the footman serve her breakfast in bed—to have a man in her bed-chamber—and replied sincerely, "Call you that thing there a man?"

The world is full of men, but their principal occupation is human work of some sort; and women see in them the human distinction preponderantly. Occasionally some unhappy lady marries her coachman—long contemplation of broad shoulders having an effect, apparently; but in general women see the human creature most; the male creature only when they love.

To the man, the whole world was his world; his because he was male; and the whole world of woman was the home; because she was female. She had her prescribed sphere, strictly limited to her feminine occupations and interests; he had all the rest of life; and not only so, but, having it, insisted on calling it male.

This accounts for the general attitude of men toward the now rapid humanization of women. From her first faint struggles toward freedom and justice, to her present valiant efforts toward full economic and political equality, each step has been termed "unfeminine" and resented as an intrusion upon man's place and power. Here shows the need of our new classification, of the three distinct fields of life—masculine, feminine and human.

As a matter of fact, there is a "woman's sphere," sharply defined and quite different from his; there is also a "man's sphere," as sharply defined and even more limited; but there remains a common sphere—that of humanity, which belongs to both alike.

In the earlier part of what is known as "the woman's movement," it was sharply opposed on the ground that women would become "unsexed." Let us note in passing that they have become unsexed in one particular, most glaringly so, and that no one has noticed or objected to it.

As part of our androcentric culture we may point to the peculiar reversal of sex characteristics which make the human female carry the burden of ornament. She alone, of all human creatures, has adopted the essentially masculine attribute of special sex-decoration; she does not fight for her mate as yet, but she blooms forth as the peacock and bird of paradise, in poignant reversal of nature's laws, even wearing masculine feathers to further her feminine ends.

Woman's natural work as a female is that of the mother; man's natural work as a male is that of the father; their mutual relation to this end being a source of joy and well-being when rightly held: but human work covers all our life outside of these specialties. Every handicraft, every profession, every science, every art, all normal amusements and recreations, all government, education, religion; the whole living world of human achievement: all this is human.

That one sex should have monopolized all human activities, called them "man's work," and managed them as such, is what is meant by the phrase "Androcentric Culture."

COMMENT AND REVIEW

Why criticize?

Why does anybody criticize anything? And why does THE FORERUNNER criticize—the things herein treated?

On examination, we find several sources of criticism. The earliest and commonest is the mere expression of personal opinion, as is heard where young persons are becoming acquainted, the voluble "I like this!" and "Don't you like that?" and "Isn't such a thing horrid?" For hours do the impressionable young exchange their ardent sentiments; and the same may be heard from older persons in everyday discussion.

This form of criticism has its value. It serves to show, even relentlessly to expose, the qualities and deficiencies of the critic. What one "likes" merely shows what one is like.

The vitality dies out of it, however, when one learns two things; first, that likings change with growth of character and new experience, and, second, that few people are interested in an inventory of limitations.

Following this comes another painfully common source of criticism—the desire to exhibit superiority. The aged are prone to this fault in discussion of the young and their achievements. The elect in general show it, seeking to prove to common people that these are not as they are; the conservative rests his objection to anything new and different on the same broad base; and the critic, the real, professional critic, can hardly trust himself to approve warmly of anything, lest it weaken his reputation. If he does, it must be something which is caviar to the general.

Then comes that amiable desire to instruct and assist, born of parental instinct, fostered by pedagogy, intrusted by St. Paul to the "husband at home." Moved by this feeling, we point out the errors of our friends and mark examination papers; and thus does the teacher of painting move among his pupils and leave them in ranks of glimmering hope or dark despair.

Another fruitful source of criticism is a natural wish to free one's mind; as the hapless public sputters on the street, or in letters to the papers, protesting against the stupidity and cruelty of its many aggressors. Under this impulse bursts forth the chattering flood of discussion after play or lecture, merely to relieve the pressure.

Then comes a very evil cause—the desire to give pain, to injure. Certain persons, and publications, use their critical ability with great effect to this end. In England it seems to be a sort of game, great literary personages rush out into the open and belabor each other mercilessly; while the public rejoices as at a prize-fight. We sometimes see a newspaper offering its readers a form of entertainment which is not even a fight, nor yet a prompt and needed execution, but a sort of torture-chamber exhibition, where the dumb victim is vilified and ridiculed, grilled and "roasted," to make an American holiday.

There is one more cause of criticism—the need of money. Some people are hired to criticize others, the nature of their attentions wholly dictated by the employer. A shadowy bridge is opened here, connecting criticism with advertisement. Many cross it.

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For any criticism to have value it must rest clearly and honestly upon a definite point of view.

"The Toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth point goes.
The Butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that Toad."

If one elects, for instance, to criticize an illustration in particular—or a particular illustration—or the present status of popular illustration in general—the position of the critic must be frankly chosen and firmly held. If it is that of the technician, either the original artist or the reproducer or even the publisher, then a given picture in a magazine may be discussed merely as a picture, as a half-tone, or as a page effect, intelligently and competently. If the purely aesthetic viewpoint is chosen, all the above considerations may be waived and the given picture judged as frankly ugly, or as beautiful, quite apart from its technique. If, again, the base of judgment is that of the reader, in whose eyes an illustration should illustrate—i.e., give light, make clear the meaning of the text—then we look at a given picture to see if it carries out the ideas expressed in the tale or article, and value it by that.

On this base also stands the author, only one person, to be sure, as compared with the multitude of readers, but not a dog, for all that. The author, foaming at the mouth, remote and helpless, here makes common ground with the reader and expects an illustration to illustrate. Perhaps, we should say, "the intelligent reader"—leaving out such as the young lady in the tale, who said they might read her anything, "if it was illustrated by Christie."*

[*—This does not by any means deny intelligence to all appreciators of Mr. Christie's work, but merely to such as select literature for the pictures attached.]

THE FORERUNNER believes that it may voice the feelings of many writers and more readers; almost all readers, in fact, if it here and now records a protest against an all too frequent illustrative sin: where the gentleman, or lady, who is engaged and paid to illustrate a story, prefers to insert pictures of

varying attractiveness which bear no relation to the text. This is not illustration. It is not even honest business. It does not deliver the goods paid for. It takes advantage of author, publisher and public, and foists upon them all an art exhibition which was not ordered.

To select a recent popular, easily obtainable, instance of vice and virtue in illustration, let us take up the "American Magazine" for August. Excellent work among the advertisements—there the artist is compelled to "follow copy"; his employer will take no nonsense. That's one reason why people like to look at them—the pictures are intelligible. Admirable pictures by Worth Brehm to Stewart White's story—perfect. You see the people, Mr. White's people, see them on the page as you saw them in your mind, and better. Good drawing, and *personal character*—those special people and not others. The insight and appreciation shown in the frontispiece alone makes as fine an instance of what illustration ought to be as need be given.

Those light sketches to the airy G. G. Letters are good, too—anything more definite would not belong to that couple.

But Mr. Cyrus Cuneo shows small grasp of what Mr. Locke was writing about in his "Moonlight Effect." The tailpiece, by somebody else, is the best picture of the lot.

Mr. Leone Brackner does better in Jack London's story, though falling far short of the extreme loathsomeness Mr. London heaps so thickly. J. Scott Williams follows "Margherita's Soul" with a running accompaniment and variations, in pleasant accord with the spirit of that compelling tale. He gives more than the scene represented, gives it differently, and yet gives it.

Mr. McCutcheon and George Fitch are also harmonious in clever fooling of pen and pencil, and Thomas Fogarty, though by no means convincing, goes well enough with Mr. O'Higgins' story, which is not convincing, either. The hat and dress pictures are photographs, and do artificial justice to their artificial subjects in Mrs. Woodrow's arraignment of the Fantastic Feminine.

But—. Go to your library after, or send your ten cents for, or look up on your own shelves, that August number, and turn to Lincoln Colcord's story of "Anjer," to see what an illustrator dare do. Here's a story, the merits of which need not be discussed, but in which great stress is laid on a certain Malay Princess, the free nobility of whose savage love healed the sick heart of an exhausted man. "I saw how beautiful she was," says the narrator: "her breast was bare in a long slit, and shadowed like the face of the pool." "The most glorious native woman of the East I've ever seen." "She walked like a tiger, with a crouching step of absolute grace." "Her eyes called as if they'd spoken words of love: the beauty of her face was beyond speech—almost beyond thought." Thus Mr. Colcord.

And how Mr. Townshend? It is on Page 334, Mr. Townshend's "illustration." ("Whit way do we ca' it the Zoo?" "If it wasna' ca'd the Zoo, what would we ca' it?") A bit of railing and a pillar is the only concession to the scene described; that and the fact that there is a man and a woman there. One more detail is granted—a forehead ornament, as alleged. For the rest?

Since the picture is so unjust to the words of the author, can the words of the critic do any justice to the picture? The man will do, as well one man as another, apparently. The big blob of an object that seems to have been suggested by a Gargantuan ginger jar, and to be put in for tropical effect, as also a set of wooden bananas, may be forgiven.

But the Princess—the tigress—the free, graceful, passionate woman—the beauty beyond speech. Look at it.

A crooked, crouching, awkward negroid type, a dress of absurd volume and impossible outlines, the upper part a swathed bath towel, one stiff, ugly arm hung helpless, one lifted and ending in a *hoof*, a plain pig's hoof; the head bent, chin sunk on chest like a hunchback's; and the face—! One could forgive the gross, unusual ugliness; but why no hint of interest in her lover? Why this expression as of a third generation London pauper in a hospital? What explanation is there of this meagre, morbid, deformed female in the midst of that story?

Frank incapacity on the part of an artist is possible. To try and try and try again and utterly fail is possible. To write to the author and say, "I cannot visualize your character, or express it, and must decline to undertake the order," or to the editor and refuse the job, is possible. But to take the order, to read the story (if he did read it), to send in and accept pay for a picture like that—"Whit way would ye ca' it?"

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

A passionate interest is shown by many persons in consulting anonymous advisers through the columns of various publications. Their inquiries are mainly as to small matters of etiquette, and the care of the complexion.

In one of the current women's papers we find such questions as these: "When one is introduced, how does one acknowledge the introduction? Must it be by a mention of the weather? How should one receive a small gift?" (x) All these by one breathless inquirer.

Another asks pathetically: "Will you tell me how soon after a husband's death it is permitted to a widow to return formal calls? What is the present form of visiting cards for a widow?" (y)

Another rudderless ship, in a somewhat less recent issue of a very popular woman's paper, writes: "I am wearing mourning. In the hot weather I find the veil very heavy and close, and wish to throw it back. What shall I do?" (z)

These are apparently bona fide questions, but in most cases they are answered in a style too palpably oracular. If the questioners are genuine and want help they get precious little. If it is merely a game, it seems rather a flat one. But the popularity of the pastime continues.

The Forerunner will give no answers to foolish questions; unless at peril of the asker. But to sincere inquirers, who are interested in some moot point of conduct, some balance of conflicting duties, honest attention will be given, and their questions answered as sincerely.

The intention is to promote discussion of the real problems of life, and to apply to them the new standards afforded by the larger knowledge and deeper religious sense of to-day.

If any of the above questions were sent to this office they would be thus dismissed:

(x) Read "How To Do It," by E. E. Hale. Learn to be sincere; have real feelings and express them honestly.

(y) If you are truly prostrated by grief you cannot return calls. If you are able—and like to do it—what are you afraid of? Whose "permission" are you asking? See answer to x.

(z) Mourning is a relic of barbarism, kept up by women because of their retarded social development. But if you must wear a heavy veil and wish to throw it back—why don't you?

These persons would be displeased and not write again. Truly. Such questions are not wanted by The Forerunner. They would discontinue their subscription. Doubtless. But this is a waste of anxiety, for such would never have subscribed for The Forerunner in the first place.

Suppose, however, that a question like this is sent in:

"I am a girl of twenty. My mother is an invalid. My father is in business difficulties. They want me to marry an old friend of father's—a good man, but forty years older than I am. Is it my duty to marry him—for their sake?" (B)

Answer. (B) Marriage is not an institution for the support of parents, or the settling of business difficulties. If you loved that old man you would not be asking advice. To marry a man you do not love is immoral. Marriage is to serve the best interests of children and to give happiness to the contracting parties. If your parents need your financial aid go to work and give them your earnings, but do not make a business of matrimony.

Or again: Query. "My mother is a widow living on a moderate income. She has two married children, but does not like to live with them. I am a college graduate and wish to work at a profession. She says it is not necessary for me to work, and wants me to live with her—says she needs me, claims my filial duty. Is this right?" (F)

Answer. (F) No, it is dead wrong. Parental duty is a natural obligation—not a loan. Filial duty is the same from son and daughter. You owe your mother care and service if needed, just as your brother would. She has no more right to prevent your going to work than if you were a son. By all means live with her if you both like it, but live your own life. You have a duty of citizenship as well as of daughtership.

Or again: Query. "My wife is spending more of my income on dress than I can afford. How can I stop her?" (G)

There is not room to answer this in this issue.

THANKSONG

Thankful are we for life
And the joy of living.
Baby-pleasure of taking;
Mother-glory of giving.

Thankful are we for light
And the joy of seeing.
Stir of emotion strong,
And the peace of being.

Thankful are we for power,
And the pride ensuing;
Baby-pleasure of having,
Father-glory of doing.

[Advertisement]

LOWNEY'S

I speak as one who has cared little for candy of any kind and less for chocolate candy.

I don't like chocolate cake, nor chocolate *blanc mange*, nor chocolate pudding, nor chocolate to drink—unless it is cocoa, very hot, not too sweet, and strained carefully.

Nevertheless I fell in with friends, who feasted upon Lowney's; they beguiled me into feasting upon Lowney's, and since then my attitude has changed as to candy.

I had a box of Lowney's, a particularly well-made, attractive box, that is still kept to put small treasures in, and brought it home for my family to eat.

Always before, I had looked on with the unselfishness of a pelican, to see others eat candy; but now I strove with them, like a frigate bird, and made them give up some of it. I wanted it myself.

Furthermore, I bought a small box of Lowney's chocolate almonds in Portland, Oregon, on the fourteenth of June, and with severe self-denial, brought it home on the twenty-ninth of July.

Then it was eaten, largely by me, and every single one of those chocolate almonds was fresh and good.

I can state further, on the evidence of personal friends, that all the Lowney preparations are pure and honest and perfectly reliable.

They are as good as the best in the world.

As to the candy,—That's better.

C. P. G.

Walter M. Lowney Co.

BOSTON, MASS.

Please mention THE FORERUNNER when purchasing

[Advertisement]

FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP

I took a trolley trip in New England, one Summer, carrying for my only baggage a neat thin German "mappe"—about 15 by 12 by 2.

"But what do you do for clean underwear?" inquired my friends.

Then I produced from one corner of that restricted space, a neat small box, and a piece of a cake of Fels-Naptha.

"Wash 'em over night, they are dry in the morning," said I.

"But are they clean?"

"Of course, they are clean, chemically clean,—if you use Fels-Naptha."

Suppose you are camping, and hot water is hard to come by; or travelling in places where it may not be had at all; or that you merely live in the country and have to heat it "by hand," as it were; it is warm weather, very warm weather, and the mere thought of hot water is unpleasant; or that you burn gas,—and gas costs money, as indeed does other fuel; or that your laundress is unreliable and will not boil the clothes:—

In any or all of these cases, use Fels-Naptha, and use it according to directions.

It is easy, it is quick, it is inexpensive, and the clothes are clean, artistically and antiseptically clean.

This soap has been a solid comfort my kitchen for years. It is a steady travelling companion, and I have recommended it to many grateful friends before now.

C. P. G.

Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please mention THE FORERUNNER when purchasing

[Advertisement]

HOLEPROOF HOISERY

Few women like to darn stockings, but most women have to.

They have to darn their own,—not many; their husband's—more; and their childrens'—most.

The amount of time they waste in this Sisyphean task would, even at charwoman's wages, buy socks and stockings for a dozen families.

Spent in reading, it would improve their minds—darning doesn't. Spent in rest, it would improve their health—darning doesn't. Darning stockings is one of the most foolish things women are expected to do.

"But what are we to do? Stockings will wear out," protest the darners.

Buy new ones.

"But they wear out so fast!"

That is where you are wrong; they do not wear out fast—if you buy the Holeproof.

I bought some once. Did they wear out? They did not wear out. I wore them and wore them and wore them, till I was so tired of those deathless, impervious, unnaturally whole stockings that I gave them away!

Seriously, the Holeproof Hosiery does what it promises. I have used it, other members of my family have used it, friends of mine have used it and I have never heard any complaint, except of the monotony of whole stockings.

If you don't believe it, try it—but be sure and get the real thing; of your dealer or

The Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Please mention THE FORERUNNER when purchasing

C. P. G.

[Advertisement]

MOORE'S FOUNTAIN PEN

I have had, and lost, perhaps a dozen fountain pens, of various kinds. Never one of them that didn't distribute ink where—and when—it wasn't wanted, till I happened on Moore's.

I didn't notice the name of it till after considerable use, with perfect satisfaction; and then I looked to see who was responsible for this wonder.

It is all very well for men, with vest pockets, to carry a sort of leather socket, or a metal clip that holds the pen to that pocket safely—so long as the man is vertical.

But women haven't vest pockets—and do not remain continuously erect.

A woman stoops over to look in the oven—to pick up her thimble—to take the baby off the floor—and if she carries a fountain pen, it stoops over too and spills its ink.

If the woman carries it about in a little black bag, it is horizontal, and the ink ebbs slowly from the pen into the cap, afterwards swiftly to her fingers.

With Moore's you pull the pen into the handle, and then the cap screws on.

That's all.

The ink can not get out.

You can carry that pen up, or down, or sideways; it doesn't care.

I use it with joy, with comfort, with clean hands. It is a constant satisfaction.

American Fountain Pen Co.

168 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

Please mention THE FORERUNNER when purchasing

C. P. G.

[Advertisement]

THE FORERUNNER CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S MAGAZINE CHARLTON CO., 67 WALL ST., NEW YORK

AS TO PURPOSE:

What is The Forerunner? It is a monthly magazine, publishing stories short and serial, article and essay; drama, verse, satire and sermon; dialogue, fable and fantasy, comment and review. It is written entirely by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

What is it For? It is to stimulate thought: to arouse hope, courage and impatience; to offer practical suggestions and solutions, to voice the strong assurance of better living, here, now, in our own hands to make.

What is it about? It is about people, principles, and the questions of every-day life; the personal and public problems of to-day. It gives a clear, consistent view of human life and how to live it.

Is it a Woman's magazine? It will treat all three phases of our existence—male, female and human. It

will discuss Man, in his true place in life; Woman, the Unknown Power; the Child, the most important citizen.

Is it a Socialist Magazine? It is a magazine for humanity, and humanity is social. It holds that Socialism, the economic theory, is part of our gradual Socialization, and that the duty of conscious humanity is to promote Socialization.

Why is it published? It is published to express ideas which need a special medium; and in the belief that there are enough persons interested in those ideas to justify the undertaking.

AS TO ADVERTISING:

We have long heard that "A pleased customer is the best advertiser." The Forerunner offers to its advertisers and readers the benefit of this authority. In its advertising department, under the above heading, will be described articles personally known and used. So far as individual experience and approval carry weight, and clear truthful description command attention, the advertising pages of The Forerunner will be useful to both dealer and buyer. If advertisers prefer to use their own statements The Forerunner will publish them if it believes them to be true.

AS TO CONTENTS:

The main feature of the first year is a new book on a new subject with a new name:—

"Our Androcentric Culture." this is a study of the historic effect on normal human development of a too exclusively masculine civilization. It shows what man, the male, has done to the world: and what woman, the more human, may do to change it.

"What Diantha Did." This is a serial novel. It shows the course of true love running very crookedly—as it so often does—among the obstructions and difficulties of the housekeeping problem—and solves that problem. (NOT by co-operation.)

Among the short articles will appear:

"Private Morality and Public Immorality."
"The Beauty Women Have Lost"
"Our Overworked Instincts."
"The Nun in the Kitchen."
"Genius: Domestic and Maternal."
"A Small God and a Large Goddess."
"Animals in Cities."
"How We Waste Three-Fourths Of Our Money."
"Prize Children"
"Kitchen-Mindedness"
"Parlor-Mindedness"
"Nursery-Mindedness"

There will be short stories and other entertaining matter in each issue. The department of "Personal Problems" does not discuss etiquette, fashions or the removal of freckles. Foolish questions will not be answered, unless at peril of the asker.

AS TO VALUE:

If you take this magazine one year you will have:

One complete novel . . . By C. P. Gilman
One new book . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve short stories . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve-and-more short articles . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve-and-more new poems . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve Short Sermons . . . By C. P. Gilman
Besides "Comment and Review" . . . By C. P. Gilman
"Personal Problems" . . . By C. P. Gilman
And many other things . . . By C. P. Gilman

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S WORTH A DOLLAR?

THE FORERUNNER CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S MAGAZINE CHARLTON CO., 67 WALL ST., NEW YORK

___ 19__

Please find enclosed \$___ as subscription to "The Forerunner" from ___ 19__ to ___ 19__

[Advertisement]

A TOILET PREPARATION

I cannot give the name of this article, because they have not given me the advertisement—yet.

But I hope to get it later on; for it is supremely good. It is scientifically and honestly made, by good people in a good place; a place comfortable and pretty enough to live in.

It claims a good deal as to what it is good for, and as far as I have tried it, in several capacities, it does the things it claims to do, does them well.

It is clean and sweet to use, isn't sticky or greasy, is reasonable in price, smells good and is nice to look at.

You can get it anywhere—it is an old standby.

I have used it exclusively for years and years, and my mother used it before me.

And I cannot recommend any other—for I don't use any other!

[Advertisement]

C A L E N D U L A

CHILDREN CEASE TO CRY FOR IT.

This is a gratuitous advertisement, benefitting

- a) The Child; whose pain stops;
- b) The Mother; who doesn't have to hear him cry;
- c) The Nearest Druggist—a little.

CALENDULA is a good standard old drug—made of marigolds—in the *materia medica*. You buy a little bottle of tincture of calendula, and keep it on the shelf. Nobody will drink it by mistake—it doesn't taste good.

Presently Johnny falls down hard—he was running—he fell on a gritty place—his poor little knee is scraped raw. And he howls, how he howls! square-mouthed and inconsolable.

Then you hastily get a half a tea-cupful of water, a little warm if you have it, and put in a few drops of calendula. Wet a soft clean rag in it, bind it softly on the wound, keep it wet—and the pain stops.

Many many times has this quieted my infant anguish; also have I used it as a grown up. The effect is the same.

THE FORERUNNER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN OWNER AND PUBLISHER

1.00 A YEAR .10 A COPY

Volume 1. No. 2 DECEMBER, 1909 The Charlton Company, 67 Wall Street, New York Copyright for 1909, C. P. Gilman

LOVE

Not the child-god of our most childish past,
Nor sympathy, nor worship, passionless;
Nor gratitude, nor tenderest caress:
Nor the post-mortal glamor priests have cast
With "This to hope! Surrender what thou hast!"
These are but parts and can but partly bless;
We in our new-born common consciousness
Are learning Law and Life and Love at last.

The age-old secret of the sphinx's holding,
Incarnate triumph, infinitely strong;
The mother's majesty, grown wide and long,
In the full power and fire of life's unfolding;
The conscious splendor and ripe joy thereof—
Glad world-wide, life-long service—this is Love!

ACCORDING TO SOLOMON

"He that rebuketh a man afterwards shall find more favor than he that flattereth with his tongue," said Mr. Solomon Bankside to his wife Mary.

"Its the other way with a woman, I think;" she answered him, "you might put that in."

"Tut, tut, Molly," said he; "Add not unto his words,—do not speak lightly of the wisdom of the great king."

"I don't mean to, dear, but—when you hear it all the time"—

"He that turneth away his ear from the law, even his prayer shall be an abomination," answered Mr. Bankside.

"I believe you know every one of those old Proverbs by heart," said his wife with some heat. "Now that's not disrespectful!—they *are* old!—and I do wish you'd forget some of them!"

He smiled at her quizzically, tossing back his heavy silver-gray hair with the gesture she had always loved. His eyes were deep blue and bright under their bushy brows; and the mouth was kind—in its iron way. "I can think of at least three to squelch you with, Molly," said he, "but I won't."

"O I know the one you want! 'A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentions woman are alike!' I'm *not* contentious, Solomon!"

"No, you are not," he frankly admitted. "What I really had in mind was this—'A prudent wife is from the Lord,' and 'He that findeth a wife findeth a good thing; and obtaineth favor of the Lord.'"

She ran around the table in the impulsive way years did not alter, and kissed him warmly.

"I'm not scolding you, my dear," he continued: "but if you had all the money you'd like to give away—there wouldn't be much left!"

"But look at what you spend on me!" she urged.

"That's a wise investment—as well as a deserved reward," her husband answered calmly. "'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth,' you know, my dear; 'And there is that withholdeth more than is meet—and it tendeth to poverty!' Take all you get my dear—its none too good for you."

He gave her his goodbye kiss with special fondness, put on his heavy satin-lined overcoat and went to the office.

Mr. Solomon Bankside was not a Jew; though his last name suggested and his first seemed to prove it; also his proficiency in the Old Testament gave color to the idea. No, he came from Vermont; of generations of unbroken New England and old English Puritan ancestry, where the Solomons and Isaacs and Zedekiahs were only mitigated by the Standfasts and Praise-the-Lords. Pious, persistent pigheaded folk were they, down all the line.

His wife had no such simple pedigree. A streak of Huguenot blood she had (some of the best in France, though neither of them knew that), a grandmother from Albany with a Van to her name; a great grandmother with a Mac; and another with an O'; even a German cross came in somewhere. Mr. Bankside was devoted to genealogy, and had been at some pains to dig up these facts—the more he found the worse he felt, and the lower ran his opinion of Mrs. Bankside's ancestry.

She had been a fascinating girl; pretty, with the dash and piquancy of an oriole in a May apple-tree; clever and efficient in everything her swift hands touched; quite a spectacular housekeeper; and the sober, long-faced young downeasterner had married her with a sudden decision that he often wondered about in later years. So did she.

What he had not sufficiently weighed at the time, was her spirit of incorrigible independence, and a light-mindedness which, on maturer judgment, he could almost term irreligious. His conduct was based on principle, all of it; built firmly into habit and buttressed by scriptural quotations. Hers seemed to him as inconsequent as the flight of a moth. Studying it, in his solemn conscientious way, in the light of his genealogical researches, he felt that all her uncertainties were accounted for, and that the error was his—in having married too many kinds of people at once.

They had been, and were, very happy together none the less: though sometimes their happiness was a little tottery. This was one of the times. It was the day after Christmas, and Mrs. Bankside entered the big drawing room, redolent of popcorn and evergreen, and walked slowly to the corner where the fruits of yesterday were lovingly arranged; so few that she had been able to give—so many that she had received.

There were the numerous pretty interchangeable things given her by her many friends; "presents," suitable to any lady. There were the few perfectly selected ones given by the few who knew her best. There was the rather perplexing gift of Mrs. MacAvelly. There was her brother's stiff white envelope enclosing a check. There were the loving gifts of children and grand-children.

Finally there was Solomon's.

It was his custom to bestow upon her one solemn and expensive object, a boon as it were, carefully selected, after much thought and balancing of merits; but the consideration was spent on the nature of the gift—not on the desires of the recipient. There was the piano she could not play, the statue she did not admire, the set of Dante she never read, the heavy gold bracelet, the stiff diamond brooch—and all the others. This time it was a set of sables, costing even more than she imagined.

Christmas after Christmas had these things come to her; and she stood there now, thinking of that procession of unvalued valuables, with an expression so mixed and changeful it resembled a kaleidoscope. Love for Solomon, pride in Solomon, respect for Solomon's judgment and power to pay, gratitude for his unflinching kindness and generosity, impatience with his always giving her this one big valuable permanent thing, when he knew so well that she much preferred small renewable cheap ones;

her personal dislike of furs, the painful conviction that brown was not becoming to her—all these and more filled the little woman with what used to be called "conflicting emotions."

She smoothed out her brother's check, wishing as she always did that it had come before Christmas, so that she might buy more presents for her beloved people. Solomon liked to spend money on her—in his own way; but he did not like to have her spend money on him—or on anyone for that matter. She had asked her brother once, if he would mind sending her his Christmas present beforehand.

"Not on your life, Polly!" he said. "You'd never see a cent of it! You can't buy 'em many things right on top of Christmas, and it'll be gone long before the next one."

She put the check away and turned to examine her queerest gift. Upon which scrutiny presently entered the donor.

"I'm ever so much obliged, Benigna," said Mrs. Bankside. "You know how I love to do things. It's a loom, isn't it? Can you show me how it works?"

"Of course I can, my dear; that's just what I ran in for—I was afraid you wouldn't know. But you are so clever with your hands that I'm sure you'll enjoy it. I do."

Whereat Mrs. MacAvelly taught Mrs. Bankside the time-honored art of weaving. And Mrs. Bankside enjoyed it more than any previous handicraft she had essayed.

She did it well, beginning with rather coarse and simple weaves; and gradually learning the finer grades of work. Despising as she did the more modern woolens, she bought real wool yarn of a lovely red—and made some light warm flannelly stuff in which she proceeded to rapturously enclose her little grandchildren.

Mr. Bankside warmly approved, murmuring affectionately, "She seeketh wool and flax—she worketh willingly with her hands."

He watched little Bob and Polly strenuously "helping" the furnace man to clear the sidewalk, hopping about like red-birds in their new caps and coats; and his face beamed with the appositeness of his quotation, as he remarked, "She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet!" and he proffered an extra, wholly spontaneous kiss, which pleased her mightily.

"You dear man!" she said with a hug; "I believe you'd rather find a proverb to fit than a gold mine!"

To which he triumphantly responded: "Wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."

She laughed sweetly at him. "And do you think wisdom stopped with that string of proverbs?"

"You can't get much beyond it," he answered calmly. "If we lived up to all there is in that list we shouldn't be far out, my dear!"

Whereat she laughed again smoothed his gray mane, and kissed him in the back of his neck. "You *dear* thing!" said Mrs. Bankside.

She kept herself busy with the new plaything as he called it. Hands that had been rather empty were now smoothly full. Her health was better, and any hint of occasional querulousness disappeared entirely; so that her husband was moved to fresh admiration of her sunny temper, and quoted for the hundredth time, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

Mrs. MacAvelly taught her to make towels. But Mrs. Bankside's skill outstripped hers; she showed inventive genius and designed patterns of her own. The fineness and quality of the work increased; and she joyfully replenished her linen chest with her own handiwork.

"I tell you, my dear," said Mrs. MacAvelly, "if you'd be willing to sell them you could get almost any price for those towels. With the initials woven in. I know I could get you orders—through the Woman's Exchange, you know!"

Mrs. Bankside was delighted. "What fun!" she said. "And I needn't appear at all?"

"No, you needn't appear at all—do let me try."

So Mrs. Bankside made towels of price, soft, fine, and splendid, till she was weary of them; and in the opulence of constructive genius fell to devising woven belts of elaborate design.

These were admired excessively. All her women friends wanted one, or more; the Exchange got hold

of it, there was a distinct demand; and finally Mrs. MacAvelly came in one day with a very important air and a special order.

"I don't know what you'll think, my dear," she said, "but I happen to know the Percy's very well—the big store people, you know; and Mr. Percy was talking about those belts of yours to me;—of course he didn't know they are yours; but he said (the Exchange people told him I knew, you see) he said, 'If you can place an order with that woman, I can take all she'll make and pay her full price for them. Is she poor?' he asked. 'Is she dependent on her work?' And I told him, 'Not altogether.' And I think he thinks it an interesting case! Anyhow, there's the order. Will you do it?"

Mrs. Bankside was much excited. She wanted to very much, but dreaded offending her husband. So far she had not told him of her quiet trade in towels; but hid and saved this precious money—the first she had ever earned.

The two friends discussed the pros and cons at considerable length; and finally with some perturbation, she decided to accept the order.

"You'll never tell, Benigna!" she urged. "Solomon would never forgive me, I'm afraid."

"Why of course I won't—you needn't have a moment's fear of it. You give them to me—I'll stop with the carriage you see; and I take them to the Exchange—and he gets them from there."

"It seems like smuggling!" said Mrs. Bankside delightedly. "I always did love to smuggle!"

"They say women have no conscience about laws, don't they?" Mrs. MacAvelly suggested.

"Why should we?" answered her friend. "We don't make 'em—nor God—nor nature. Why on earth should we respect a set of silly rules made by some men one day and changed by some more the next?"

"Bless us, Polly! Do you talk to Mr. Bankside like that?"

"Indeed I don't!" answered her hostess, holding out a particularly beautiful star-patterned belt to show to advantage. "There are lots of things I don't say to Mr. Bankside—'A man of understanding holdeth his peace' you know—or a woman."

She was a pretty creature, her hair like that of a powdered marchioness, her rosy checks and firm slight figure suggesting a charmer in Dresden china.

Mrs. MacAvelly regarded her admiringly. "'Where there is no wood the fire goeth out; so where there is no tale bearer the strife ceaseth,'" she proudly offered, "I can quote that much myself."

But Mrs. Bankside had many misgivings as she pursued her audacious way; the busy hours flying away from her, and the always astonishing checks flying toward her in gratifying accumulation. She came down to her well-planned dinners gracious and sweet; always effectively dressed; spent the cosy quiet evenings with her husband, or went out with him, with a manner of such increased tenderness and charm that his heart warmed anew to the wife of his youth; and he even relented a little toward her miscellaneous ancestors.

As the days shortened and darkened she sparkled more and more; with little snatches of song now and then; gay ineffectual strumming on the big piano; sudden affectionate darts at him, with quaintly distributed caresses.

"Molly!" said he, "I don't believe you're a day over twenty! What makes you act so?"

"Don't you like it, So?" she asked him. That was the nearest she ever would approximate to his name.

He did like it, naturally, and even gave her an extra ten dollars to buy Christmas presents with; while he meditated giving her an electric runabout;—to her!—who was afraid of a wheelbarrow!

When the day arrived and the family were gathered together, Mrs. Bankside, wearing the diamond brooch, the gold bracelet, the point lace handkerchief—everything she could carry of his accumulated generosity—and such an air of triumphant mystery that the tree itself was dim beside her; handed out to her astonished relatives such an assortment of desirable articles that they found no words to express their gratitude.

"Why, *Mother!*" said Jessie, whose husband was a minister and salaried as such, "Why, *Mother!*—how did you know we wanted just that kind of a rug!—and a sewing-machine *too!* And this lovely suit—and—and—why *Mother!*"

But her son-in-law took her aside and kissed her solemnly. He had wanted that particular set of sociological books for years—and never hoped to get them; or that bunch of magazines either.

Nellie had "married rich;" she was less ostentatiously favored; but she had shown her thankfulness a week ago—when her mother had handed her a check.

"Sh, sh! my dear!" her mother had said, "Not one word. I know! What pleasant weather we're having."

This son-in-law was agreeably surprised, too; and the other relatives, married and single; while the children rioted among their tools and toys, taking this Christmas like any other, as a season of unmitigated joy.

Mr. Solomon Bankside looked on with growing amazement, making computations in his practiced mind; saying nothing whatever. Should he criticize his wife before others?

But when his turn came—when gifts upon gifts were offered to him—sets of silken handkerchiefs (he couldn't bear the touch of a silk handkerchief!), a cabinet of cards and chips and counters of all sorts (he never played cards), an inlaid chess-table and ivory men (the game was unknown to him), a gorgeous scarf-pin (he abominated jewelery), a five pound box of candy (he never ate it), his feelings so mounted within him, that since he would not express, and could not repress them, he summarily went up stairs to his room.

She found him there later, coming in blushing, smiling, crying a little too—like a naughty but charming child.

He swallowed hard as he looked at her; and his voice was a little strained.

"I can take a joke as well as any man, Molly. I guess we're square on that. But—my dear!—where did you get it?"

"Earned it," said she, looking down, and fingering her lace handkerchief.

"Earned it! My wife, earning money! How—if I may ask?"

"By my weaving, dear—the towels and the belts—I sold 'em. Don't be angry—nobody knows—my name didn't appear at all! Please don't be angry!—It isn't wicked, and it was such fun!"

"No—it's not wicked, I suppose," said he rather grimly. "But it is certainly a most mortifying and painful thing to me—most unprecedented."

"Not so unprecedented, Dear," she urged, "Even the woman you think most of did it! Don't you remember 'She maketh fine linen and selleth it—and delivereth girdles unto the merchants!'"

Mr. Bankside came down handsomely.

He got used to it after a while, and then he became proud of it. If a friend ventured to suggest a criticism, or to sympathize, he would calmly respond, "'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.'"

AN OBVIOUS BLESSING

We are told, on the authority of the Greatest Sociologist, that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

So patent and commonplace a fact as this ought to meet with general acceptance. Anyone can see that it is so, by a little study or by less practice. To give implies having. You must be in possession before you can give. To receive implies wanting, at its best—to receive what you do not want is distinctly unpleasant. To have is more blessed than to want. Of course it is.

To give gratifies several natural feelings; the mother-instinct of supplying needs, the pride of superior power and the generosity; and, if you are a sordid soul, the desire to "lay up treasure in heaven" or, as the Buddhists frankly put it—to "acquire merit."

None of these pleasures pertain to receiving. There is a certain humiliation about it always, a childish sense of dependence and inferiority. Only children can continuously receive without degradation; and as soon as they begin to realize life at all they delight to give as we all do. "Let me help!" says the child,

and plans birthday presents for mama as eagerly as he hopes for them himself.

The instinct of giving is the pressure of the surplus; the natural outgo of humanity, its fruit. We are not mere receptacles, we are productive engines, of immense capacity; and, having produced, we must distribute the product. To give, naturally, is to shed, to bear fruit; a healthy and pleasurable process.

What has confused us so long on this subject? Why have we been so blind to this glaring truth that we have stultified our giving instinct and made of it an abnormal process called "Charity," or a much restricted pleasure only used in families or at Christmas time?

Two things have combined to prevent our easy acceptance of this visible truth; one the time-honored custom of "sacrifice," and the other our ignorance of social economics.

Sacrificing is not giving. That black remnant of lowest savagery dates back to the time when a pursuing beast was placated by the surrender of something, or somebody; and a conqueror bought off by tribute. The medicine man made play with this race habit, and gross idols were soothed and placated by sacrifices—on which the medicine man lived. Always the best and finest were taken naturally by the hungry beast; as naturally by the greedy conqueror; and not unnaturally by the dependent priesthood. Sacrificing is a forced surrender with personal hope as the reason. It is not giving.

Our economic ignorance and confusion is partly based on this same old period of cruelty and darkness. Labor was extorted as the price of life; and the fruits of labor taken by force through warring centuries. A guarded and grudging system of exchange gradually developed; the robbing instinct slowly simmering down to legally limited extortion; but each party surrendering his goods reluctantly, and only with the purpose of gaining more than he lost. Here also is the basic spirit of sacrifice—to get something now or in the far future—always the trading spirit at the bottom. Selling is not giving.

The real basis of giving is motherhood; and that is merely the orderly expression of life's progressive force. Living forms must increase—spread—grow—improve. The biological channel for this force is through mother-love; and, later, father-love. The sociological channel is in the pouring flood of productive activity, which fills the world with human fruit—the million things we make and do.

This ceaseless output is not dragged out of us as a sacrifice, it is not produced by want and hunger and the grasping spirit of exchange. It is the natural expression of social energy; blossoming in every form of art, stirring the brain to ceaseless action, filling the world with the rich fruit of human handiwork.

Having produced, we must distribute—we must discharge, we must *give*.

To be human is to be a producer, to make, to do, to have some output either in goods or services whereby the sum of welfare is increased. To have this productive energy and to use it normally, is to give. Not to have it, not to use it, is not to be human—to be a minus quantity; to live parasitically on the labor of others—to receive.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

STEPS

I was a slave, because I could not see
That work for one another is our law;
I hated law. I work? I would be free!
Therefore the heavy law laid hands on me
And I was forced to work in slavery—
Until I saw.

I was a hireling, for I could not see
That work was natural as the breath I drew,
Natural? I would not work without the fee!
So nature laid her heavy hands on me
And I was forced by fear of poverty—
Until I knew.

Now I am free. Life is new-seen, recast
To work is to enjoy, to love, to live!
The shame and pain of slavery are past,

Dishonor and extortion follow fast,
I am not owned, nor hired, full-born at last,
My power I give.

WHY WE HONESTLY FEAR SOCIALISM

A peaceable elderly Englishman of a bald and scholarly aspect, inquired, following a lecture on Socialism, "Will the speaker state in one sentence what Socialism is?" He wore an air of mild gentlemanly triumph; apparently imagining that he had demanded the impossible.

But the speaker, seeming unconscious of any difficulty replied, "Certainly; Socialism is the public ownership of all natural monopolies and the means of production."

This simple definition is advanced to start with, that we may know what we are talking about. This is the essence of Socialism—public ownership of public things; the real point at issue being "What things are public?"

The vast majority of us do not yet understand this easy and clear definition; and no wonder; for the Socialists themselves are for the most part so lost in grief over the sufferings of the poor and in rage over the misbehavior of the rich, that they find it hard to speak gently. Most of us, having but vague ideas of Socialism, fear it on several grounds, some of them easily removable as mere mistakes; others requiring careful treatment.

The mistakes are these:

ERROR I. "Socialism will abolish private property."

ANSWER. Quite wrong. It will do no such thing. You are thinking of Communism. The early Communists, like the early Christians, held all things in common, but Socialism urges no such doctrine. It does, however, restrict our definition of what is private property; just as was done when human slavery was abolished.

Slavery was once universal, and still exists in many countries. It was held legal and honest to personally own human beings—they were property. In our great civil contest of half a century since, the north—from a southern point of view—confiscated property when the slaves were freed. But from the northern point of view the slave was not property at all. This is a very vivid instance of change of opinion on property rights. Such "rights" are wholly of our own making; and change from age to age.

Parents once held property rights in children and men "owned" their wives; they could be punished, imprisoned, sold—even killed, at will of the owner. The larger public sense has long since said, "Women and children are not private property."

Laws about property are not God's laws; not Nature's laws; they are just rules and regulations people make from time to time according to their standards of justice. There is nothing novel in proposing to change them—they have often been changed. There is nothing immoral or dangerous in changing them; it is constantly done in all legislatures, in varying degree, as when private estates are "condemned" for public use.

Socialism advances the idea that private property rights do not legitimately apply to public necessities like coal, water, oil and land. As a matter of fact we do not really "own" land now—we only rent it of the government, calling our rent "taxes." If we do not pay our rent the government gets it again, like any other owner.

The utmost restriction of private property under Socialism leaves us still every article of personal use and pleasure. One may still "own" land by paying the government for it as now; with such taxation, however, as would make it very expensive to own too much! One may own one's house and all that is in it; one's clothes and tools and decorations; one's horses, carriages and automobiles; one's flying machines—presently. All "personal property" remains in our personal hands.

But no man or group of men could own the country's coal and decide how much the public can have, and what we must pay for it. Private holding of public property would be abolished.

ERROR 2. Socialism would reduce us all to a dead level.

ANSWER. Quite wrong. Eating at the same table in the same family does not reduce brothers and sisters to the same level; some remain far smarter and stronger than others. By a wiser system of

education we may greatly increase the difference in people—Socialism would not hinder it. A higher average level of income—which is what Socialism ensures, will give people a chance to differ more than they do now. Our machine-like educational system, long hours of labor, specialized monotony of mill work, and "the iron law of wages" do tend to reduce us to a dead level. Socialism does not.

ERROR 3. Socialists are atheists.

ANSWER. How anyone can say this when they know of the immense organization of Christian Socialists is amazing; but then it is always amazing to see how queerly people think. Some Socialists are atheists. So are some monarchists and some republicans. A Socialist may be an atheist, or a homeopathist, or a Holy Roller—it has nothing to do with Socialism.

ERROR 4. Socialists are immoral.

ANSWER. Again—some are; but so are some other people. The immorality of which we hear most in the papers is by no means that of Socialists; but of most prominent capitalists.

ERROR 5. Socialism is unnatural—you must "alter human nature" before it would be possible.

ANSWER. This is a very common position, based like most of the foregoing, on lack of understanding. It assumes that Socialism requires a state of sublime unselfishness and mutual deference, in which all men are willing to work for nothing. But why assume this? It is no product of Socialism. Our socialistic public parks and libraries do not presuppose that people shall be angels. They may tend to make them such, but the progress is not rapid enough to alarm us. In regard to this particular error we should learn that Socialism is not a totally new and different scheme of things; but a gradual and legitimate extension of previous tendencies. Human nature is socialistic—and is progressively extending socialism.

ERROR 5. Socialism will pay every one alike and so destroy the incentive of personal ambition.

ANSWER. This idea of equal payment is not Socialism. Some socialists hold it—more do not. The essential idea of public ownership and management of public property does not include this notion of equal payment.

ERROR 7. Socialism will destroy competition. Competition, most of us believe, "is the life of trade;" in other words we are supposed to work, not merely to get something for ourselves, but to get ahead of other people.

ANSWER. Admitting that we do; admitting that such an incentive is useful; the simple answer is that Socialism would not destroy competition.

Even in financial reward some would still be paid more than others; and far beyond this lies the larger competition for fame and glory and public esteem, which has always moved men more strongly than the love of money. This remains always open.

MAIN ERROR. Passing over all these minor objections, due to mere ignorance and easily understood, we come to the one major objection, honestly held by intelligent people; that under Socialism people would not work. This is why so many good and intelligent persons do honestly distrust and fear it. Their position is this:

PREMISE A. Work must be done to keep civilization going. Work is done by individuals in order to get something they want. Work would not be done by anyone without the immediate stimulus of personal desire.

PREMISE B. Socialism, in some mysterious way will supply the needs of the people gratuitously.

CONCLUSION. The people being so provided for would not work. Then follows the downfall of civilization.

This is the honest opinion of the individualist, the older economist, and is entitled to respect and fair answer.

If the premises were correct the terrible conclusion would be correct, and the Socialist position visionary and dangerous. Of course people are afraid of anything that controverts the laws of economics and human nature—they ought to be. But are those premises correct?

To remove the easiest one first let us observe the absurdity of the idea, that Socialism will provide for people without their working. Provide them with what, pray? All wealth is produced by human labor—there is no socialist patent for drawing bread and circuses from the sky. People must always and

forever work for what they have, and have in proportion to the quantity and quality of their work.

So thoroughly is this true that the socialist grieves to see so many people living to-day without working; receiving wealth out of all proportion to their usefulness. If this was common to all of us it would mean the downfall of civilization. As we live now a great many people work too hard, too long, under unsanitary conditions, a sort of living sacrifice to the rest of the world; and a few people do visibly and ostentatiously consume and waste the very things the workers so painfully lack.

Socialism claims to ensure decent payment for all labor, and see that we all receive it—all of us; not the same for everyone; but enough for everyone. Further, Socialism claims that by such procedure the quantity and quality of human work would be improved; that more wealth would be produced—far more.

By thus removing Premise B, Premise A becomes a *non sequitur*. We will, however, remove this also, to make a clean sweep.

It is not true that work is only done in order to get something. Some work is done that way by some people. But it is not the only kind of work—and they are not the only kind of people. Even the savage, having exerted himself to get his dinner, and having had his dinner, and being, in a small way, human, begins to exert himself further to decorate his tools and weapons, his canoes and totem poles—because he likes to. Nobody pays him for it. He enjoys the act of doing it, and the results.

The reason any ordinary man prefers any one kind of work to another is that he experiences a certain pleasure in the performance of certain actions—more than others. He is beginning to specialize.

The reason the highly specialized social servant, artist, teacher, preacher, scientific student, true physician, inventor, chooses his work, follows it often under disadvantages; and in the case of the enthusiast, even under conditions of danger, pain and death—is that he likes that kind of work, enjoys doing it, indeed *has to do it*—is uncomfortable if prevented.

This is a social instinct which our earlier economists have not recognized. It is proven an instinct by the fact that children have it—all normal children. They like any kind of ordinary work, want to learn how, want to help, long before they attach any idea of gain to the labor.

The little girl in the kitchen wants to make cookies—as well as eat them; longs to print little figures around the pies, and then hold the plate on poised spread fingers and trim off that long broken ribbon of superfluous pastry—wants to do things, as well as to have things. The one instinct is as natural as the other.

The reasons so many of us to-day hate and despise work, avoid it, give it up as soon as possible, are simple and clear. First because of the cruel difficulties with which we have loaded what should be a pleasure—the monotony, the long hours, the disagreeable surroundings, the danger and early death, and the grossly insufficient pay. Any normal boy enjoys working with carpenter's tools, or blacksmith's tools; enjoys running a machine; but when such work is saddled with the above conditions, he does not like it. Of course. It is not the work we are averse to, it is what goes with it;—difficulties of our own making.

Further; besides the physical disadvantages, we have loaded this great natural process of human labor with a mass of superstitions and degrading lies. The lazy old orientals called it a curse! Work, a curse! Work; which is the essential process of human life; man's natural function and means of growth!

We have despised it because women did it. Glory to the women—without them we should have had no industry. We have despised it because slaves did it. Glory to the slaves! They built the pyramids—not Cheops. They built every one of the marvelous relics and ruins of the past—the slaves built Athens!

We despise it now because the low and ignorant do it. If there was ever an instance of consummate folly, of churlish ingratitude, it is our general attitude toward work and the workers. Here are three millions of laboring benefactors; feeding us; clothing us; building our houses; spinning and weaving and sewing for us;—hewing wood and drawing water;—keeping the world alive and moving; and we look down on the work and the workers. As we are not really brutes and fools, how is this absurd position to be accounted for?

By that old fallacy of Premise A. "They are only doing it for themselves," we say. "They are paid for what they do. They wouldn't do it if they weren't paid for it!" That is the vital core of the real opposition to Socialism, this erroneous economic idea about work.

If that can ever be changed, if we can look at work with new eyes, then we can look at Socialism with new eyes too; and not be afraid. Then cautiously and rationally, we shall say:

"So this new system of yours proposes to increase human wealth, does it? To promote and develop all kinds of legitimate work and to distribute the product so as to improve the people? That sounds pretty good to me. But how do you know you can do it? I'm from Missouri myself—you'll have to show me."

And then perhaps our wiser Socialists will appeal to the people as a whole, of every grade and class; and teach the natural orderly development of this simple and practical system of economics; teach its splendid benefits to all classes; and the methods of its legitimate and gradual introduction; by careful massing of the facts; by visible proof of things already accomplished. They must show us that we are not facing a great leap in the dark, but clear straight steps in the light, in the orderly progress of social evolution.

CHILD LABOR

The children in the Poor House
May die of many an ill,
But the Poor House does not profit
By their labor in the mill!

The children in the Orphanage
Wear raiment far from fine,
But no Orphanage is financed
By child labor in a mine.

The Cruel Law may send them
To Reform School's iron sway,
But it does not set small children
To hard labor by the day.

Only the Loving Family,
Which we so much admire,
Is willing to support itself
On little children's hire.

Only the Human Father,
A man, with power to think,
Will take from little children
The price of food and drink.

Only the Human Mother—
Degraded, helpless thing!
Will make her little children work
And live on what they bring!

No fledgling feeds the father-bird!
No chicken feeds the hen!
No kitten mouses for the cat—
This glory is for men.

We are the Wisest, Strongest Race—
Loud my our praise be sung!—
The only animal alive
That lives upon its young!

We make the poverty that takes
The lives of babies so.
We can awake! rebuild! remake!—
And let our children grow!

WHAT DIANTHA DID

CHAPTER II.

AN UNNATURAL DAUGHTER

The brooding bird fulfills her task,
Or she-bear lean and brown;
All parent beasts see duty true,
All parent beasts their duty do,
We are the only kind that asks
For duty upside down.

The stiff-rayed windmill stood like a tall mechanical flower, turning slowly in the light afternoon wind; its faint regular metallic squeak pricked the dry silence wearily. Rampant fuchsias, red-jewelled, heavy, ran up its framework, with crowding heliotrope and nasturtiums. Thick straggling roses hung over the kitchen windows, and a row of dusty eucalyptus trees rustled their stiff leaves, and gave an ineffectual shade to the house.

It was one of those small frame houses common to the northeastern states, which must be dear to the hearts of their dwellers. For no other reason, surely, would the cold grey steep-roofed little boxes be repeated so faithfully in the broad glow of a semi-tropical landscape. There was an attempt at a "lawn," the pet ambition of the transplanted easterner; and a further attempt at "flower-beds," which merely served as a sort of springboard to their far-reaching products.

The parlor, behind the closed blinds, was as New England parlors are; minus the hint of cosiness given by even a fireless stove; the little bedrooms baked under the roof; only the kitchen spoke of human living, and the living it portrayed was not, to say the least, joyous. It was clean, clean with a cleanness that spoke of conscientious labor and unremitting care. The zinc mat under the big cook-stove was scoured to a dull glimmer, while that swart altar itself shone darkly from its daily rubbing.

There was no dust nor smell of dust; no grease spots, no litter anywhere. But the place bore no atmosphere of contented pride, as does a Dutch, German or French kitchen, it spoke of Labor, Economy and Duty—under restriction.

In the dead quiet of the afternoon Diantha and her mother sat there sewing. The sun poured down through the dangling eucalyptus leaves. The dry air, rich with flower odors, flowed softly in, pushing the white sash curtains a steady inch or two. Ee-errr!—Ee-errr!—came the faint whine of the windmill.

To the older woman rocking in her small splint chair by the rose-draped window, her thoughts dwelling on long dark green grass, the shade of elms, and cows knee-deep in river-shallows; this was California—hot, arid, tedious in endless sunlight—a place of exile.

To the younger, the long seam of the turned sheet pinned tightly to her knee, her needle flying firmly and steadily, and her thoughts full of pouring moonlight through acacia boughs and Ross's murmured words, it was California—rich, warm, full of sweet bloom and fruit, of boundless vitality, promise, and power—home!

Mrs. Bell drew a long weary sigh, and laid down her work for a moment.

"Why don't you stop it Mother dear? There's surely no hurry about these things."

"No—not particularly," her mother answered, "but there's plenty else to do." And she went on with the long neat hemming. Diantha did the "over and over seam" up the middle.

"What *do* you do it for anyway, Mother—I always hated this job—and you don't seem to like it."

"They wear almost twice as long, child, you know. The middle gets worn and the edges don't. Now they're reversed. As to liking it—" She gave a little smile, a smile that was too tired to be sarcastic, but which certainly did not indicate pleasure.

"What kind of work do you like best—really?" her daughter inquired suddenly, after a silent moment or two.

"Why—I don't know," said her mother. "I never thought of it. I never tried any but teaching. I didn't like that. Neither did your Aunt Esther, but she's still teaching."

"Didn't you like any of it?" pursued Diantha.

"I liked arithmetic best. I always loved arithmetic, when I went to school—used to stand highest in that."

"And what part of housework do you like best?" the girl persisted.

Mrs. Bell smiled again, wanly. "Seems to me sometimes as if I couldn't tell sometimes what part I like

least!" she answered. Then with sudden heat—"O my Child! Don't you marry till Ross can afford at least one girl for you!"

Diantha put her small, strong hands behind her head and leaned back in her chair. "We'll have to wait some time for that I fancy," she said. "But, Mother, there is one part you like—keeping accounts! I never saw anything like the way you manage the money, and I believe you've got every bill since you were married."

"Yes—I do love accounts," Mrs. Bell admitted. "And I can keep run of things. I've often thought your Father'd have done better if he'd let me run that end of his business."

Diantha gave a fierce little laugh. She admired her father in some ways, enjoyed him in some ways, loved him as a child does if not ill-treated; but she loved her mother with a sort of passionate pity mixed with pride; feeling always nobler power in her than had ever had a fair chance to grow. It seemed to her an interminable dull tragedy; this graceful, eager, black-eyed woman, spending what to the girl was literally a lifetime, in the conscientious performance of duties she did not love.

She knew her mother's idea of duty, knew the clear head, the steady will, the active intelligence holding her relentlessly to the task; the chafe and fret of seeing her husband constantly attempting against her judgment, and failing for lack of the help he scorned. Young as she was, she realized that the nervous breakdown of these later years was wholly due to that common misery of "the square man in the round hole."

She folded her finished sheet in accurate lines and laid it away—taking her mother's also. "Now you sit still for once, Mother dear, read or lie down. Don't you stir till supper's ready."

And from pantry to table she stepped, swiftly and lightly, setting out what was needed, greased her pans and set them before her, and proceeded to make biscuit.

Her mother watched her admiringly. "How easy you do it!" she said. "I never could make bread without getting flour all over me. You don't spill a speck!"

Diantha smiled. "I ought to do it easily by this time. Father's got to have hot bread for supper—or thinks he has!—and I've made 'em—every night when I was at home for this ten years back!"

"I guess you have," said Mrs. Bell proudly. "You were only eleven when you made your first batch. I can remember just as well! I had one of my bad headaches that night—and it did seem as if I couldn't sit up! But your Father's got to have his biscuit whether or no. And you said, 'Now Mother you lie right still on that sofa and let me do it! I can!' And you could!—you did! They were better'n' mine that first time—and your Father praised 'em—and you've been at it ever since."

"Yes," said Diantha, with a deeper note of feeling than her mother caught, "I've been at it ever since!"

"Except when you were teaching school," pursued her mother.

"Except when I taught school at Medville," Diantha corrected. "When I taught here I made 'em just the same."

"So you did," agreed her mother. "So you did! No matter how tired you were—you wouldn't admit it. You always were the best child!"

"If I was tired it was not of making biscuits anyhow. I was tired enough of teaching school though. I've got something to tell you, presently, Mother."

She covered the biscuits with a light cloth and set them on the shelf over the stove; then poked among the greasewood roots to find what she wanted and started a fire. "Why *don't* you get an oil stove? Or a gasoline? It would be a lot easier."

"Yes," her mother agreed. "I've wanted one for twenty years; but you know your Father won't have one in the house. He says they're dangerous. What are you going to tell me, dear? I do hope you and Ross haven't quarrelled."

"No indeed we haven't, Mother. Ross is splendid. Only—"

"Only what, Dinah?"

"Only he's so tied up!" said the girl, brushing every chip from the hearth. "He's perfectly helpless there, with that mother of his—and those four sisters."

"Ross is a good son," said Mrs. Bell, "and a good brother. I never saw a better. He's certainly doing

his duty. Now if his father'd lived you two could have got married by this time maybe, though you're too young yet."

Diantha washed and put away the dishes she had used, saw that the pantry was in its usual delicate order, and proceeded to set the table, with light steps and no clatter of dishes.

"I'm twenty-one," she said.

"Yes, you're twenty-one," her mother allowed. "It don't seem possible, but you are. My first baby!" she looked at her proudly

"If Ross has to wait for all those girls to marry—and to pay his father's debts—I'll be old enough," said Diantha grimly.

Her mother watched her quick assured movements with admiration, and listened with keen sympathy. "I know it's hard, dear child. You've only been engaged six months—and it looks as if it might be some years before Ross'll be able to marry. He's got an awful load for a boy to carry alone."

"I should say he had!" Diantha burst forth. "Five helpless women!—or three women, and two girls. Though Cora's as old as I was when I began to teach. And not one of 'em will lift a finger to earn her own living."

"They weren't brought up that way," said Mrs. Bell. "Their mother don't approve of it. She thinks the home is the place for a woman—and so does Ross—and so do I," she added rather faintly.

Diantha put her pan of white puff-balls into the oven, sliced a quantity of smoked beef in thin shavings, and made white sauce for it, talking the while as if these acts were automatic. "I don't agree with Mrs. Warden on that point, nor with Ross, nor with you, Mother," she said, "What I've got to tell you is this—I'm going away from home. To work."

Mrs. Bell stopped rocking, stopped fanning, and regarded her daughter with wide frightened eyes.

"Why Diantha!" she said. "Why Diantha! You wouldn't go and leave your Mother!"

Diantha drew a deep breath and stood for a moment looking at the feeble little woman in the chair. Then she went to her, knelt down and hugged her close—close.

"It's not because I don't love you, Mother. It's because I do. And it's not because I don't love Ross either:—it's because I *do*. I want to take care of you, Mother, and make life easier for you as long as you live. I want to help him—to help carry that awful load—and I'm going—to—do—it!"

She stood up hastily, for a step sounded on the back porch. It was only her sister, who hurried in, put a dish on the table, kissed her mother and took another rocking-chair.

"I just ran in," said she, "to bring those berries. Aren't they beauties? The baby's asleep. Gerald hasn't got in yet. Supper's all ready, and I can see him coming time enough to run back. Why, Mother! What's the matter? You're crying!"

"Am I?" asked Mrs. Bell weakly; wiping her eyes in a dazed way.

"What are you doing to Mother, Diantha?" demanded young Mrs. Peters. "Bless me! I thought you and she never had any differences! I was always the black sheep, when I was at home. Maybe that's why I left so early!"

She looked very pretty and complacent, this young matron and mother of nineteen; and patted the older woman's hand affectionately, demanding, "Come—what's the trouble?"

"You might as well know now as later," said her sister. "I have decided to leave home, that's all."

"To leave home!" Mrs. Peters sat up straight and stared at her. "To leave home!—And Mother!"

"Well?" said Diantha, while the tears rose and ran over from her mother's eyes. "Well, why not? You left home—and Mother—before you were eighteen."

"That's different!" said her sister sharply. "I left to be married,—to have a home of my own. And besides I haven't gone far! I can see Mother every day."

"That's one reason I can go now better than later on," Diantha said. "You are close by in case of any trouble."

"What on earth are you going for? Ross isn't ready to marry yet, is he?"

"No—nor likely to be for years. That's another reason I'm going."

"But what *for*, for goodness sake."

"To earn money—for one thing."

"Can't you earn money enough by teaching?" the Mother broke in eagerly. "I know you haven't got the same place this fall—but you can get another easy enough."

Diantha shook her head. "No, Mother, I've had enough of that. I've taught for four years. I don't like it, I don't do well, and it exhausts me horribly. And I should never get beyond a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a year if I taught for a lifetime."

"Well, I declare!" said her sister. "What do you *expect* to get? I should think fifteen hundred dollars a year was enough for any woman!"

Diantha peered into the oven and turned her biscuit pan around.

"And you're meaning to leave home just to make money, are you?"

"Why not?" said Diantha firmly. "Henderson did—when he was eighteen. None of you blamed him."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," her mother ventured. "Henderson's a boy, and boys have to go, of course. A mother expects that. But a girl—Why, Diantha! How can I get along without you! With my health!"

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself to think of such a thing!" said young Mrs. Peters.

A slow step sounded outside, and an elderly man, tall, slouching, carelessly dressed, entered, stumbling a little over the rag-mat at the door.

"Father hasn't got used to that rug in fourteen years!" said his youngest daughter laughingly. "And Mother will straighten it out after him! I'm bringing Gerald up on better principles. You should just see him wait on me!"

"A man should be master in his own household," Mr. Bell proclaimed, raising a dripping face from the basin and looking around for the towel—which his wife handed him.

"You won't have much household to be master of presently," said Mrs. Peters provokingly. "Half of it's going to leave."

Mr. Bell came out of his towel and looked from one to the other for some explanation of this attempted joke, "What nonsense are you talking?" he demanded.

"I think it's nonsense myself," said the pretty young woman—her hand on the doorknob. "But you'd better enjoy those biscuits of Di's while you can—you won't get many more! There's Gerald—good night!" And off she ran.

Diantha set the plateful on the table, puffy, brown, and crisply crusted. "Supper's ready," she said. "Do sit down, Mother," and she held the chair for her. "Minnie's quite right, Father, though I meant not to tell you till you'd had supper. I am going away to work."

Mr. Bell regarded his daughter with a stern, slow stare; not so much surprised as annoyed by an untimely jesting. He ate a hot biscuit in two un-Fletcherized mouthfuls, and put more sugar in his large cup of tea. "You've got your Mother all worked up with your nonsense," said he. "What are you talking about anyway?"

Diantha met his eyes unflinchingly. He was a tall old man, still handsome and impressive in appearance, had been the head of his own household beyond question, ever since he was left the only son of an idolizing mother. But he had never succeeded in being the head of anything else. Repeated failures in the old New England home had resulted in his ruthlessly selling all the property there; and bringing his delicate wife and three young children to California. Vain were her protests and objections. It would do her good—best place in the world for children—good for nervous complaints too. A wife's duty was to follow her husband, of course. She had followed, willy nilly; and it was good for the children—there was no doubt of that.

Mr. Bell had profited little by his venture. They had the ranch, the flowers and fruit and ample living

of that rich soil; but he had failed in oranges, failed in raisins, failed in prunes, and was now failing in wealth-promising hens.

But Mrs. Bell, though an ineffectual housekeeper, did not fail in the children. They had grown up big and vigorous, sturdy, handsome creatures, especially the two younger ones. Diantha was good-looking enough. Roscoe Warden thought her divinely beautiful. But her young strength had been heavily taxed from childhood in that complex process known as "helping mother." As a little child she had been of constant service in caring for the babies; and early developed such competence in the various arts of house work as filled her mother with fond pride, and even wrung from her father some grudging recognition. That he did not value it more was because he expected such competence in women, all women; it was their natural field of ability, their duty as wives and mothers. Also as daughters. If they failed in it that was by illness or perversity. If they succeeded—that was a matter of course.

He ate another of Diantha's excellent biscuits, his greyish-red whiskers slowly wagging; and continued to eye her disapprovingly. She said nothing, but tried to eat; and tried still harder to make her heart go quietly, her cheeks keep cool, and her eyes dry. Mrs. Bell also strove to keep a cheerful countenance; urged food upon her family; even tried to open some topic of conversation; but her gentle words trailed off into unnoticed silence.

Mr. Bell ate until he was satisfied and betook himself to a comfortable chair by the lamp, where he unfolded the smart local paper and lit his pipe. "When you've got through with the dishes, Diantha," he said coldly, "I'll hear about this proposition of yours."

Diantha cleared the table, lowered the leaves, set it back against the wall, spreading the turkey-red cloth upon it. She washed the dishes,—her kettle long since boiling, scalded them, wiped them, set them in their places; washed out the towels, wiped the pan and hung it up, swiftly, accurately, and with a quietness that would have seemed incredible to any mistress of heavy-footed servants. Then with heightened color and firm-set mouth, she took her place by the lamplit table and sat still.

Her mother was patiently darning large socks with many holes—a kind of work she specially disliked. "You'll have to get some new socks, Father," she ventured, "these are pretty well gone."

"O they'll do a good while yet," he replied, not looking at them. "I like your embroidery, my dear."

That pleased her. She did not like to embroider, but she did like to be praised.

Diantha took some socks and set to work, red-checked and excited, but silent yet. Her mother's needle trembled irregularly under and over, and a tear or two slid down her cheeks.

Finally Mr. Bell laid down his finished paper and his emptied pipe and said, "Now then. Out with it."

This was not a felicitous opening. It is really astonishing how little diplomacy parents exhibit, how difficult they make it for the young to introduce a proposition. There was nothing for it but a bald statement, so Diantha made it baldly.

"I have decided to leave home and go to work," she said.

"Don't you have work enough to do at home?" he inquired, with the same air of quizzical superiority which had always annoyed her so intensely, even as a little child.

She would cut short this form of discussion: "I am going away to earn my living. I have given up school-teaching—I don't like it, and, there isn't money enough in it. I have plans—which will speak for themselves later."

"So," said Mr. Bell, "Plans all made, eh? I suppose you've considered your Mother in these plans?"

"I have," said his daughter. "It is largely on her account that I'm going."

"You think it'll be good for your Mother's health to lose your assistance, do you?"

"I know she'll miss me; but I haven't left the work on her shoulders. I am going to pay for a girl—to do the work I've done. It won't cost you any more, Father; and you'll save some—for she'll do the washing too. You didn't object to Henderson's going—at eighteen. You didn't object to Minnie's going—at seventeen. Why should you object to my going—at twenty-one."

"I haven't objected—so far," replied her father. "Have your plans also allowed for the affection and duty you owe your parents?"

"I have done my duty—as well as I know how," she answered. "Now I am twenty-one, and self-supporting—and have a right to go."

"O yes. You have a right—a legal right—if that's what you base your idea of a child's duty on! And while you're talking of rights—how about a parent's rights? How about common gratitude! How about what you owe to me—for all the care and pains and cost it's been to bring you up. A child's a rather expensive investment these days."

Diantha flushed. she had expected this, and yet it struck her like a blow. It was not the first time she had heard it—this claim of filial obligation.

"I have considered that position, Father. I know you feel that way—you've often made me feel it. So I've been at some pains to work it out—on a money basis. Here is an account—as full as I could make it." She handed him a paper covered with neat figures. The totals read as follows:

Miss Diantha Bell,
To Mr. Henderson R. Bell, Dr.

To medical and dental expenses . . . \$110.00
To school expenses . . . \$76.00
To clothing, in full . . . \$1,130.00
To board and lodging at \$3.00 a week . . . \$2,184.00
To incidentals . . . \$100.00

\$3,600.00

He studied the various items carefully, stroking his beard, half in anger, half in unavoidable amusement. Perhaps there was a tender feeling too, as he remembered that doctor's bill—the first he ever paid, with the other, when she had scarlet fever; and saw the exact price of the high chair which had served all three of the children, but of which she magnanimously shouldered the whole expense.

The clothing total was so large that it made him whistle—he knew he had never spent \$1,130.00 on one girl's clothes. But the items explained it.

Materials, three years at an average of \$10 a year . . . \$30.00
Five years averaging \$20 each year . . . \$100.00
Five years averaging \$30 each year . . . \$50.00
Five years averaging \$50 each year . . . \$250.00

\$530.00

The rest was "Mother's labor, averaging twenty full days a year at \$2 a day, \$40 a year. For fifteen years, \$600.00. Mother's labor—on one child's, clothes—footing up to \$600.00. It looked strange to see cash value attached to that unailing source of family comfort and advantage.

The school expenses puzzled him a bit, for she had only gone to public schools; but she was counting books and slates and even pencils—it brought up evenings long passed by, the sewing wife, the studying children, the "Say, Father, I've got to have a new slate—mine's broke!"

"Broken, Dina," her Mother would gently correct, while he demanded, "How did you break it?" and scolded her for her careless tomboy ways. Slates—three, \$1.50—they were all down. And slates didn't cost so much come to think of it, even the red-edged ones, wound with black, that she always wanted.

Board and lodging was put low, at \$3.00 per week, but the items had a footnote as to house-rent in the country, and food raised on the farm. Yes, he guessed that was a full rate for the plain food and bare little bedroom they always had.

"It's what Aunt Esther paid the winter she was here," said Diantha.

Circuses—three . . . \$1.50
Share in melodeon . . . \$50.00

Yes, she was one of five to use and enjoy it.

Music lessons . . . \$30.00

And quite a large margin left here, called miscellaneous, which he smiled to observe made just an even figure, and suspected she had put in for that purpose as well as from generosity.

"This board account looks kind of funny," he said—"only fourteen years of it!"

"I didn't take table-board—nor a room—the first year—nor much the second. I've allowed \$1.00 a

week for that, and \$2.00 for the third—that takes out two, you see. Then it's \$156 a year till I was fourteen and earned board and wages, two more years at \$156—and I've paid since I was seventeen, you know."

"Well—I guess you did—I guess you did." He grinned genially. "Yes," he continued slowly, "I guess that's a fair enough account. 'Cording to this, you owe me \$3,600.00, young woman! I didn't think it cost that much to raise a girl."

"I know it," said she. "But here's the other side."

It was the other side. He had never once thought of such a side to the case. This account was as clear and honest as the first and full of exasperating detail. She laid before him the second sheet of figures and watched while he read, explaining hurriedly:

"It was a clear expense for ten years—not counting help with the babies. Then I began to do housework regularly—when I was ten or eleven, two hours a day; three when I was twelve and thirteen—real work you'd have had to pay for, and I've only put it at ten cents an hour. When Mother was sick the year I was fourteen, and I did it all but the washing—all a servant would have done for \$3.00 a week. Ever since then I have done three hours a day outside of school, full grown work now, at twenty cents an hour. That's what we have to pay here, you know."

Thus it mounted up:

Mr. Henderson R. Bell,
To Miss Diantha Bell, Dr.

For labor and services—

Two years, two hours a day at 10c. an hour . . .	\$146.00
Two years, three hours a day at 10c. an hour . . .	\$219.00
One year, full wages at \$5.00 a week . . .	\$260.00
Six years and a half, three hours a day at 20c . . .	\$1423.50

	\$2048.50

Mr. Bell meditated carefully on these figures. To think of that child's labor footing up to two thousand dollars and over! It was lucky a man had a wife and daughters to do this work, or he could never support a family.

Then came her school-teaching years. She had always been a fine scholar and he had felt very proud of his girl when she got a good school position in her eighteenth year.

California salaries were higher than eastern ones, and times had changed too; the year he taught school he remembered the salary was only \$300.00—and he was a man. This girl got \$600, next year \$700, \$800, \$900; why it made \$3,000 she had earned in four years. Astonishing. Out of this she had a balance in the bank of \$550.00. He was pleased to see that she had been so saving. And her clothing account—little enough he admitted for four years and six months, \$300.00. All incidentals for the whole time, \$50.00—this with her balance made just \$900. That left \$2,100.00.

"Twenty-one hundred dollars unaccounted for, young lady!—besides this nest egg in the bank—I'd no idea you were so wealthy. What have you done with all that?"

"Given it to you, Father," said she quietly, and handed him the third sheet of figures.

Board and lodging at \$4.00 a week for 4 1/2 years made \$936.00, that he could realize; but "cash advance" \$1,164 more—he could not believe it. That time her mother was so sick and Diantha had paid both the doctor and the nurse—yes—he had been much cramped that year—and nurses come high. For Henderson, Jr.'s, expenses to San Francisco, and again for Henderson when he was out of a job—Mr. Bell remembered the boy's writing for the money, and his not having it, and Mrs. Bell saying she could arrange with Diantha.

Arrange! And that girl had kept this niggardly account of it! For Minnie's trip to the Yosemite—and what was this?—for his raisin experiment—for the new horse they simply had to have for the drying apparatus that year he lost so much money in apricots—and for the spraying materials—yes, he could not deny the items, and they covered that \$1,164.00 exactly.

Then came the deadly balance, of the account between them:

Her labor . . . \$2,047.00

Her board . . . \$936.00
Her "cash advanced" . . . \$1,164.00

\$4,147.00
His expense for her . . . \$3,600

Due her from him . . . \$547.00

Diantha revolved her pencil between firm palms, and looked at him rather quizzically; while her mother rocked and darned and wiped away an occasional tear. She almost wished she had not kept accounts so well.

Mr. Bell pushed the papers away and started to his feet.

"This is the most shameful piece of calculation I ever saw in my life," said he. "I never heard of such a thing! You go and count up in cold dollars the work that every decent girl does for her family and is glad to! I wonder you haven't charged your mother for nursing her?"

"You notice I haven't," said Diantha coldly.

"And to think," said he, gripping the back of a chair and looking down at her fiercely, "to think that a girl who can earn nine hundred dollars a year teaching school, and stay at home and do her duty by her family besides, should plan to desert her mother outright—now she's old and sick! Of course I can't stop you! You're of age, and children nowadays have no sense of natural obligation after they're grown up. You can go, of course, and disgrace the family as you propose—but you needn't expect to have me consent to it or approve of it—or of you. It's a shameful thing—and you are an unnatural daughter—that's all I've got to say!"

Mr. Bell took his hat and went out—a conclusive form of punctuation much used by men in discussions of this sort.

THE POOR RELATION

A certain man had a Poor Relation, who was only kept in the family as a Servant, who was certainly open to criticism, and who got it.

"He is so dirty!" said the Head of the Family, "That is why we make him sleep over the stable."

"He is careless and clumsy—he soils, breaks and loses things—that is why his furniture and clothing are so poor."

"He is a stupid fellow—not to be trusted with any important business—that is why he does the scullery work!"

"He is a sickly wretch too—it costs us a deal of money to have him cared for in the hospital and his defects attended to."

"Worst of all he has criminal tendencies—he is a disgrace and an expense to the Family on this account alone."

"Why do you keep him at all?" I asked.

"We have to—he is after all a relation. Besides—someone must do the scullery work."

"What do you pay him?" I asked.

"We don't really pay him anything; we just keep him alive—and clothed—so that he can do his work."

"Was he born defective?" I asked.

"No—I've heard my mother say he was as good a baby as I."

"And what relation did you say he was?"

"I rather hate to own it—but he's my brother!"

HIS CRUTCHES

Why should the Stronger Sex require,
To hold him to his tasks,
Two medicines of varied fire?
The Weaker Vessel asks.

Hobbling between the rosy cup
And dry narcotic brown,—
One daily drug to stir him up
And one to soothe him down.

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE; or, THE MAN-MADE WORLD

II.

THE MAN-MADE FAMILY.

The family is older than humanity, and therefore cannot be called a human institution. A post office, now, is wholly human; no other creature has a post office, but there are families in plenty among birds and beasts; all kinds permanent and transient; monogamous, polygamous and polyandrous.

We are now to consider the growth of the family in humanity; what is its rational development in humanness; in mechanical, mental and social lines; in the extension of love and service; and the effect upon it of this strange new arrangement—a masculine proprietor.

Like all natural institutions the family has a purpose; and is to be measured primarily as it serves that purpose; which is, the care and nurture of the young. To protect the helpless little ones, to feed and shelter them, to ensure them the benefits of an ever longer period of immaturity, and so to improve the race—this is the original purpose of the family.

When a natural institution becomes human it enters the plane of consciousness. We think about it; and, in our strange new power of voluntary action do things to it. We have done strange things to the family; or, more specifically, men have.

Balsac, at his bitterest, observed, "Women's virtue is man's best invention." Balsac was wrong. Virtue—the unswerving devotion to one mate—is common among birds and some of the higher mammals. If Balsac meant celibacy when he said virtue, why that is one of man's inventions—though hardly his best.

What man has done to the family, speaking broadly, is to change it from an institution for the best service of the child to one modified to his own service, the vehicle of his comfort, power and pride.

Among the heavy millions of the stirred East, a child—necessarily a male child—is desired for the credit and glory of the father, and his fathers; in place of seeing that all a parent is for is the best service of the child. Ancestor worship, that gross reversal of all natural law, is of wholly androcentric origin. It is strongest among old patriarchal races; lingers on in feudal Europe; is to be traced even in America today in a few sporadic efforts to magnify the deeds of our ancestors.

The best thing any of us can do for our ancestors is to be better than they were; and we ought to give our minds to it. When we use our past merely as a guide-book, and concentrate our noble emotions on the present and future, we shall improve more rapidly.

The peculiar changes brought about in family life by the predominance of the male are easily traced. In these studies we must keep clearly in mind the basic masculine characteristics: desire, combat, self-expression—all legitimate and right in proper use; only mischievous when excessive or out of place. Through them the male is led to strenuous competition for the favor of the female; in the overflowing ardours of song, as in nightingale and tomcat; in wasteful splendor of personal decoration, from the pheasant's breast to an embroidered waistcoat; and in direct struggle for the prize, from the stag's locked horns to the clashing spears of the tournament.

It is earnestly hoped that no reader will take offence at the necessarily frequent, reference to these essential features of maleness. In the many books about women it is, naturally, their femaleness that has been studied and enlarged upon. And though women, after thousands of years of such discussion, have become a little restive under the constant use of the word female: men, as rational beings, should not object to an analogous study—at least not for some time—a few centuries or so.

How, then, do we find these masculine tendencies, desire, combat and self-expression, affect the home and family when given too much power?

First comes the effect in the preliminary work of selection. One of the most uplifting forces of nature is that of sex selection. The males, numerous, varied, pouring a flood of energy into wide modifications, compete for the female, and she selects the victor, this securing to the race the new improvements.

In forming the proprietary family there is no such competition, no such selection. The man, by violence or by purchase, does the choosing—he selects the kind of woman that pleases him. Nature did not intend him to select; he is not good at it. Neither was the female intended to compete—she is not good at it.

If there is a race between males for a mate—the swiftest gets her first; but if one male is chasing a number of females he gets the slowest first. The one method improves our speed: the other does not. If males struggle and fight with one another for a mate, the strongest secures her; if the male struggles and fights with the female—(a peculiar and unnatural horror, known only among human beings) he most readily secures the weakest. The one method improves our strength—the other does not.

When women became the property of men; sold and bartered; "given away" by their paternal owner to their marital owner; they lost this prerogative of the female, this primal duty of selection. The males were no longer improved by their natural competition for the female; and the females were not improved; because the male did not select for points of racial superiority, but for such qualities as pleased him.

There is a locality in northern Africa, where young girls are deliberately fed with a certain oily seed, to make them fat,—that they may be the more readily married,—as the men like fat wives. Among certain more savage African tribes the chief's wives are prepared for him by being kept in small dark huts and fed on "mealies" and molasses; precisely as a Strasbourg goose is fattened for the gourmand. Now fatness is not a desirable race characteristic; it does not add to the woman's happiness or efficiency; or to the child's; it is merely an accessory pleasant to the master; his attitude being much as the amorous monad ecstatically puts it, in Sill's quaint poem, "Five Lives,"

"O the little female monad's lips!
O the little female monad's eyes!
O the little, little, female, female monad!"

This ultra littleness and ultra femaleness has been demanded and produced by our Androcentric Culture.

Following this, and part of it, comes the effect on motherhood. This function was the original and legitimate base of family life; and its ample sustaining power throughout the long early period of "the mother-right;" or as we call it, the matriarchate; the father being her assistant in the great work. The patriarchate, with its proprietary family, changed this altogether; the woman, as the property of the man was considered first and foremost as a means of pleasure to him; and while she was still valued as a mother, it was in a tributary capacity. Her children were now his; his property, as she was; the whole enginery of the family was turned from its true use to this new one, hitherto unknown, the service of the adult male.

To this day we are living under the influence of the proprietary family. The duty of the wife is held to involve man-service as well as child-service, and indeed far more; as the duty of the wife to the husband quite transcends the duty of the mother to the child.

See for instance the English wife staying with her husband in India and sending the children home to be brought up; because India is bad for children. See our common law that the man decides the place of residence; if the wife refuses to go with him to howsoever unfit a place for her and for the little ones, such refusal on her part constitutes "desertion" and is ground for divorce.

See again the idea that the wife must remain with the husband though a drunkard, or diseased; regardless of the sin against the child involved in such a relation. Public feeling on these matters is indeed changing; but as a whole the ideals of the man-made family still obtain.

The effect of this on the woman has been inevitably to weaken and overshadow her sense of the real purpose of the family; of the relentless responsibilities of her duty as a mother. She is first taught duty to her parents, with heavy religious sanction; and then duty to her husband, similarly buttressed; but her duty to her children has been left to instinct. She is not taught in girlhood as to her preeminent power and duty as a mother; her young ideals are all of devotion to the lover and husband: with only

the vaguest sense of results.

The young girl is reared in what we call "innocence;" poetically described as "bloom;" and this condition is held one of her chief "charms." The requisite is wholly androcentric. This "innocence" does not enable her to choose a husband wisely; she does not even know the dangers that possibly confront her. We vaguely imagine that her father or brother, who do know, will protect her. Unfortunately the father and brother, under our current "double standard" of morality do not judge the applicants as she would if she knew the nature of their offenses.

Furthermore, if her heart is set on one of them, no amount of general advice and opposition serves to prevent her marrying him. "I love him!" she says, sublimely. "I do not care what he has done. I will forgive him. I will save him!"

This state of mind serves to forward the interests of the lover, but is of no advantage to the children. We have magnified the duties of the wife, and minified the duties of the mother; and this is inevitable in a family relation every law and custom of which is arranged from the masculine viewpoint.

From this same viewpoint, equally essential to the proprietary family, comes the requirement that the woman shall serve the man. Her service is not that of the associate and equal, as when she joins him in his business. It is not that of a beneficial combination, as when she practices another business and they share the profits; it is not even that of the specialist, as the service of a tailor or barber; it is personal service—the work of a servant.

In large generalization, the women of the world cook and wash, sweep and dust, sew and mend, for the men.

We are so accustomed to this relation; have held it for so long to be the "natural" relation, that it is difficult indeed to show that it is distinctly unnatural and injurious. The father expects to be served by the daughter, a service quite different from what he expects of the son. This shows at once that such service is no integral part of motherhood, or even of marriage; but is supposed to be the proper industrial position of women, as such.

Why is this so? Why, on the face of it, given a daughter and a son, should a form of service be expected of the one, which would be considered ignominious by the other?

The underlying reason is this. Industry, at its base, is a feminine function. The surplus energy of the mother does not manifest itself in noise, or combat, or display, but in productive industry. Because of her mother-power she became the first inventor and laborer; being in truth the mother of all industry as well as all people.

Man's entrance upon industry is late and reluctant; as will be shown later in treating his effect on economics. In this field of family life, his effect was as follows:

Establishing the proprietary family at an age when the industry was primitive and domestic; and thereafter confining the woman solely to the domestic area, he thereby confined her to primitive industry. The domestic industries, in the hands of women, constitute a survival of our remotest past. Such work was "woman's work" as was all the work then known; such work is still considered woman's work because they have been prevented from doing any other.

The term "domestic industry" does not define a certain kind of labor, but a certain grade of labor. Architecture was a domestic industry once—when every savage mother set up her own tepee. To be confined to domestic industry is no proper distinction of womanhood; it is an historic distinction, an economic distinction, it sets a date and limit to woman's industrial progress.

In this respect the man-made family has resulted in arresting the development of half the field. We have a world wherein men, industrially, live in the twentieth century; and women, industrially, live in the first—and back of it.

To the same source we trace the social and educational limitations set about women. The dominant male, holding his women as property, and fiercely jealous of them, considering them always as *his*, not belonging to themselves, their children, or the world; has hedged them in with restrictions of a thousand sorts; physical, as in the crippled Chinese lady or the imprisoned odalisque; moral, as in the oppressive doctrines of submission taught by all our androcentric religions; mental, as in the enforced ignorance from which women are now so swiftly emerging.

This abnormal restriction of women has necessarily injured motherhood. The man, free, growing in the world's growth, has mounted with the centuries, filling an ever wider range of world activities. The woman, bound, has not so grown; and the child is born to a progressive fatherhood and a stationary

motherhood. Thus the man-made family reacts unfavorably upon the child. We rob our children of half their social heredity by keeping the mother in an inferior position; however legalized, hallowed, or ossified by time, the position of a domestic servant is inferior.

It is for this reason that child culture is at so low a level, and for the most part utterly unknown. Today, when the forces of education are steadily working nearer to the cradle, a new sense is wakening of the importance of the period of infancy, and its wiser treatment; yet those who know of such a movement are few, and of them some are content to earn easy praise—and pay—by belittling right progress to gratify the prejudices of the ignorant.

The whole position is simple and clear; and easily traceable to its root. Given a proprietary family, where the man holds the woman primarily for his satisfaction and service—then necessarily he shuts her up and keeps her for these purposes. Being so kept, she cannot develop humanly, as he has, through social contact, social service, true social life. (We may note in passing, her passionate fondness for the child-game called "society" she has been allowed to entertain herself with; that poor simiacrum of real social life, in which people decorate themselves and madly crowd together, chattering, for what is called "entertainment.") Thus checked in social development, we have but a low grade motherhood to offer our children; and the children, reared in the primitive conditions thus artificially maintained, enter life with a false perspective, not only toward men and women, but toward life as a whole.

The child should receive in the family, full preparation for his relation to the world at large. His whole life must be spent in the world, serving it well or ill; and youth is the time to learn how. But the androcentric home cannot teach him. We live to-day in a democracy—the man-made family is a despotism. It may be a weak one; the despot may be dethroned and overmastered by his little harem of one; but in that case she becomes the despot—that is all. The male is esteemed "the head of the family;" it belongs to him; he maintains it; and the rest of the world is a wide hunting ground and battlefield wherein he competes with other males as of old.

The girl-child, peering out, sees this forbidden field as belonging wholly to men-kind; and her relation to it is to secure one for herself—not only that she may love, but that she may live. He will feed, clothe and adorn her—she will serve him; from the subjection of the daughter to that of the wife she steps; from one home to the other, and never enters the world at all—man's world.

The boy, on the other hand, considers the home as a place of women, an inferior place, and longs to grow up and leave it—for the real world. He is quite right. The error is that this great social instinct, calling for full social exercise, exchange, service, is considered masculine, whereas it is human, and belongs to boy and girl alike.

The child is affected first through the retarded development of his mother, then through the arrested condition of home industry; and further through the wrong ideals which have arisen from these conditions. A normal home, where there was human equality between mother and father, would have a better influence.

We must not overlook the effect of the proprietary family on the proprietor himself. He, too, has been held back somewhat by this reactionary force. In the process of becoming human we must learn to recognize justice, freedom, human rights; we must learn self-control and to think of others; have minds that grow and broaden rationally; we must learn the broad mutual interservice and unbounded joy of social intercourse and service. The petty despot of the man-made home is hindered in his humanness by too much manness.

For each man to have one whole woman to cook for and wait upon him is a poor education for democracy. The boy with a servile mother, the man with a servile wife, cannot reach the sense of equal rights we need to-day. Too constant consideration of the master's tastes makes the master selfish; and the assault upon his heart direct, or through that proverbial side-avenue, the stomach, which the dependent woman needs must make when she wants anything, is bad for the man, as well as for her.

We are slowly forming a nobler type of family; the union of two, based on love and recognized by law, maintained because of its happiness and use. We are even now approaching a tenderness and permanence of love, high pure enduring love; combined with the broad deep-rooted friendliness and comradeship of equals; which promises us more happiness in marriage than we have yet known. It will be good for all the parties concerned—man, woman and child: and promote our general social progress admirably.

If it needs "a head" it will elect a chairman pro tem. Friendship does not need "a head." Love does not need "a head." Why should a family?

COMMENT AND REVIEW

I watched and waited for Margharita's Soul through eleven glittering chapters of fair words; and when it appeared at last, in the twelfth chapter, it was the funniest little by-product, born of imminent peril and ice-water.

A beautiful great body had Margharita and a beautiful great voice; but her long-delayed soul was the size of a small island and one family. Funny notion of a soul! A hen might have it. No, not a hen—she is a light-minded promiscuous creature; but a stork, let us say; she is monogamous and quite bound up in her family. No—not a stork either—storks migrate; no island would satisfy her. Apparently it takes a human creature to be proud of a soul that size.

It is a very pretty story.

Thesis: the only thing a woman is for is matrimony and much childbearing! If she don't like it—no soul.

To develop thesis: Some unusual conditions; and a weird feminine product, of such sort that her lover's sudden surrender and frantic marriage is as it were involuntary. It is of the kind that requires no soul in the beloved object, a soul might have been a little in the way in that violent attack.

Then—to sharply accent and enforce the thesis, our soulless charmer—(her overwhelming allure for the men about her, during this period, casts a sharp sidelight on the value of Soul as an Attraction!) is given a Golden Voice.

This Voice is evidently one to give measureless pleasure to thousands; not only so, but is shown to have such power as to touch hard hearts and lead them heavenward; she with no soul assisting the souls of others; long careful chapters are given to this voice; evidently as one decks out a sacrifice; for the world comforting voice is only given her that she may give it up—for Roger!

It seems a pity—with all this arranged, to ruin that voice by the shock and exposure which aroused her Soul, She herself regretted it—having so much less to give up—for Roger. She meant to give it up anyway, she said. Perhaps the author didn't trust that new Soul completely—knowing her previous character. Anyway there she is, plus a soul and minus a voice; living on the island and populating it as rapidly as possible, perfectly happy, and a lesson for us all.

But is there not also Madam Schumann-Heinck? A great sweet voice and a great sweet mother too? Has she not a Soul?

*

This Duty of Childbearing is evidently weighing on the minds of men, in these days. The thing must be done—they can't do it themselves, and they are mightily afraid we won't, if we have half a chance to do anything else. If a woman was by way of being a Dante or a Darwin, she had better give it up—for Roger—and take to replenishing the earth. She can't do both—that is the main assumption; and if she chooses to serve the world outside of the home that is sheer loss.

Says this wise Searcher of Feminine Souls: "For if all the wisdom and experience and training that the wonderful sex is to gain by its exodus from the home does not get back into it ultimately, I can't (in my masculine stupidity) quite see how it's going to get back into the race at all! And then what good has it done?"

The gentleman does not see any way of advancing the human race except by physical heredity—or by domestic influence.

What Shakespeare wrought into the constitution and character of his daughter Judy is all that matters of his life and work. Keats, having no children, contributed nothing to the world. George Washington, childless, was of no social service. Lincoln is to be measured by the number and quality of his offspring. Florence Nightingale, in lifting the grade of nursing for the world, accomplished nothing. Uncle Tom's Cabin was of no service except as it might in some mysterious way "get back into the home." What mortal perversity is it that cannot see Humanity in women as well as Sex; see that Social Service is something in itself, quite over and above all the domestic and personal relations.

This getting back into the race means only the boys. It would do no good for generations of Margaritas to inherit that Golden Voice—each and all must give it up—for Roger. The race gets no music till the bass, barytone or tenor appear.

Books like this are pathetic in their little efforts to check social progress.

We suspect the author's name to be Mr. Partington.

*

(The Life and Times of Anne Royall. By Sarah Harvey Porter, M.A. 12mo. Cloth, 209 pp. \$1.50 net; postage 12 cents.)

Biography has never been a favorite study with me; but I was interested in this book because the woman whose life it described seemed worth while. Reading it, I found not only the life of Anne Royall, but the life of America in the early part of the nineteenth century, in our young, crude, dangerous days of national formation. A novel has been defined as "a corner of life seen through a temperament." If that is a true definition, then this is a novel, for Anne Royall had "temperament" if ever anyone had, and she saw a large corner of life through it.

Who was Anne Royall? An American woman, pioneer born and bred, familiar with the life-and-death struggle of the frontier, and full of the spirit of '76. She was born in 1769, and lived through the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and almost up to the Civil War, dying in 1854. In 1797 she was married to Captain William Royall, an exceptional man, a Virginian, cultivated, liberal, singularly broad-minded and public-spirited, and life with him added years of genuine culture to the energy of a naturally bright mind. Left a widow at the age of forty-four, and, after ten years of travel and experience, defrauded of the property left to her by her husband, she began to live a brave self-supporting independent life at an age when most of the women of her years were white-capped grandmothers.

Instead of sinking into the position of a dependent female relative, she insisted on earning her own living. This she did as so many women do to-day, by the use of her pen, a rarer profession in those times. The more remarkable thing is that in the face of overwhelming odds she stood for a religion, at a period when old-fashioned Calvinism was still a dominant power. The most remarkable, is her absolute devotion to the public interests, to social service as she saw it.

There were a good many women writers even at that time, some of high merit, but there were few publicists among them. Some espoused this or that "Cause" and gave to it the passionate devotion so natural to a woman's heart. But Anne Royall, while she also was passionately devoted to several well-defined "Causes," was unique in that she kept in view the general situation of her country, political, economic, geographic, and educational, and wrote steadily for thirty-one years on matters of national importance.

It is not a question of whether she was right or wrong—though she was mostly right, as history has proved; but the impressive thing is that this old woman, with "troubles of her own," was overwhelmingly interested in her country and its service. There are not so many, either men or women, of this mind, that we can afford to overlook this sturdy pioneer "new woman." She had virtues, too, good solid Christian virtues of the rarer sort; she visited the sick and afflicted, gave to him that asked, and from him that would borrow turned not away. Even to her own weaker sisters she was a strength and comfort, greatly injuring her own position by this unusual charity. Also she was brave, honest, truthful, persevering, industrious—"manly" virtues these.

But—and here we have the reason why Anne Royall made no greater mark, why she was "unsuccessful," why most of us never heard of her—she attacked great powers, and she fought unwisely. Her abusive writing sounds abominably to-day, but must be judged, of course, by the standard of her time. The worst things she said were not as bad as things Shelley said—as the bitter invective and scurrilous attacks common to pamphleteers of the time. If our newspapers are yellow, theirs were orange in the matter of personalities.

But even then this woman had a keen-cutting weapon, and used it unsparingly. Being alone, with no male relative to defend her; being poor, and so further defenceless; being old, thus lacking weak woman's usual protection of beauty, she had absolutely nothing to fall back on when her enemies retaliated.

This picture of one lone woman defying and blackguarding what was almost an established church, is much like Jack the Giantkiller—with a different result. It was deemed necessary to crush this wasp that stung so sharply; and in 1829, in the capitol city of the United States of America, a court of men tried—and convicted—this solitary woman of sixty as a Common Scold. They raked up obsolete laws, studied and strove to wrest their meanings to apply to this case, got together some justification, or what seemed to them justification for their deeds, and succeeded in irretrievably damaging her reputation.

She was not to be extinguished, however. In 1831 she started a newspaper, with the ill-chosen name of PAUL PRY. In 1836 another took its place, called THE HUNTRESS. And on the sale of these

newspapers and her books, the indomitable old lady lived to fight and fought to live till she was eighty-five.

She is well worth reading about. The history of her times rises and lives around her. In her vivid description we see the new rugged country, over which she travelled from end to end; in her accounts of current literature we pick up stray bits of information as to new authors and new words. "Playfulness," for instance, is one which she stigmatizes as "silly in sound and significance," and declares that she does not read the new novels "with the exception of Walter Scott's." More interesting still to most of us is to study over the long lists of her pen-portraits and see our ancestors as the others saw them. Few Americans of three generations but can find some grandfather or great uncle halo-ed or pilloried by this clear-eyed observer.

Miss Porter has done her work well. It is clear, strong and entertaining—this biography. If the writer seems more enthusiastic about Anne Royall than the reader becomes, that is clearly due to an unusual perception of life-values; a recognition of the noble devotion and high courage of her subject, and an intense sympathy with such characteristics.

*

The discussion as to whether we should or should not teach children the Santa Claus myth pops up anew with Christmas time; and puzzles anew anyone who regards this festival from a religious viewpoint.

If it was a choice between Santa Claus and nothing, we might prefer Santa Claus; but here we have before us three things: first, the basis of fact, the world old festival of the turn of the year, the coming of the sun; second, a history of rejoicing peoples throughout all the ages, keeping up the celebration under changing gods and dogmas; and third, the story of beauty and wonder about the birth of Jesus.

Any child could be taught the meaning of the Coming of the Sun. The growing light, the longer days, the beautiful future of flowers and birds and playing in the grass; the joy of the young year. If we want legends and stories, every religion behind us is full of them; stories of sun-gods and their splendid triumph; stories of the great earth mother and her bounty; stories of elves and gnomes and druids and all manner of fairy tales.

But why avoid our own religion—the first which has emphatically taught Love as the Law of Life—peace on earth and good-will to men. Are we ashamed of our religion or don't we believe it any more? If we do accept it in all the long-told tales of miracle and wonder, then we have stories enough to tell our children; stories of simple human beauty, stories of heavenly glory, stories of mystery and magic and delight.

If we do not wish to tell them these things as literally true; or even as beautiful legends, there remains enough historic foundation to begin with; and enough of the enduring glory of human love to last us a lifetime.

"What is Christmas, Mama?"

"Christmas is a festival as old as the world, dear child—as old as our human world; historic people have feasted and danced and sung for thousands upon thousands of years, at this time of the year; and offered gifts."

"Why do they give things at Christmas, Mama?"

"Because they are happy, dear; because they feel rich and glad and loving now that the sun is coming back. As if Mama had been away—and you could just see her—a long, long way off. You had seen her go—and go—and go—farther and farther; and then she stopped a while—with her back to you—and then all of a sudden she turned round and came toward you! Wouldn't you be glad?"

Then if the child wants to know about the tree and the candles and all the details of ceremony, there are facts and fancies to account for them all.

But if he says, "Why do they call it Christmas, Mama?"—then you must tell him the secret of Christianity—which is love.

Now, can anyone explain—or defend, in face of all this, our preference for a shallow local myth about St. Nicholas, and the corruption of that into a mere comic supplement character; a bulbous benevolent goblin, red-nosed and gross, doing impossible tricks with reindeers and chimneys, and half the time degraded to a mere adjunct of nursery government? Why do we think it beautiful? Or interesting? Or beneficial? The children like it, we say.

Children like what they are used to, generally. Also, like older people, they are prone to like what isn't good for them. They like brandy-drops among sweetmeats, but that is no reason we should supply them.

*

This brings us to a strange characteristic of most of us; we seem to prefer small cheap shallow outside things to the deep glowing beauty of life. We seem afraid to take life at its splendid best; choosing rather to live in a litter of petty ideas and feelings, and save the big ones for Sundays—or annual holidays.

*

Yet in our hearts we all love great sweeps of emotion; and children especially. Prof. Thomas, of Chicago, has given us a sidelight on this in his clever book about women, "Sex and Society." He shows how in our long pre-social period we were accustomed to strong excitement, long hours of quivering suspense, mad rushes of blind fear, and orgies of wild triumph. Our nerve channels were like the beds of mountain streams, in dry warm lands; lying shallow or even empty at times; and again roaring torrents. So that nowadays, on the paved levels of our civilized life, the well-graduated dribble of small steady feelings, the organism itself cries out for a change in the pressure.

Children and young people feel this more than older ones; the very old, indeed, resent an unusual emotion. Yet when the young grow restless and fretfully "wish something would happen!" we rebuke them; from the heights of our enforced contentment; and call this natural and healthy feeling a mere "thirst for excitement."

*

We need excitement. We have a vast capacity for it. It is a most useful thing—this excitement; and we ought to have more of it, much more. These young people are perfectly right in their uneasy feeling that it would be nice to have something happen!

With all this to bank on, why so overlook the splendid possibilities of Christmas? Why continue to make our helpless children's minds the submissive channels for poor worn-out thin old stories? Are there no gorgeous glowing truths in life—real life—now?

Then we tired aged people—born and reared in this atmosphere of cold weariness; shake our heads and say—

"No. Life is hard. Life is dreary. Life is one long grind!"

That is where we are wrong, and the children are right. They come in new every time. The earth is as young to them as it was to Adam.

If we would but once face the dignity and beauty of childhood instead of looking down on it as we do—then we could take advantage of that constant influx of force, instead of doing our best to crush it down.

This brings us sharply back to our Christmas—the festival of the Child.

It is. It celebrates the real new year; the new-born year, the opening of another season of Life.

Dimly, very dimly, we have glimpsed this now and then, in the old triune godhead of Isis, Osiris and Horus; and in our modern worship of the Madonna and Child.

The time is coming very near when we shall see the meaning of The Child more fully; and make our worship wiser.

What we see in all our thousand homes is "my child." What the doll-taught mother sees is a sweet pretty dressable object; far more time and effort being given—even before its birth—to the making of clothing, than to the making of its constitution or character.

Then we see children as "a care," and a care they are to our worldwide incompetence. How pathetic is the inadequacy of the young mother! She would never dare to undertake to run a racing stable with no more knowledge and experience than she brings to run a family.

She loves them—?

Yes, she loves them. And Mother love is so mighty a power that we all love and honor Motherhood—in spite of its obvious deficiencies. But none of these feelings; not even the deepest mother-love, is all that

we should give the child.

He needs Understanding—and Honor.

He needs to be recognized as the forefront of the world—the world of to-morrow—the world we are making.

As we bear and rear him—and her!—as we guide and teach them both, so stand the Men and Women who follow us.

*

Of course we do the best we can for our own little ones. That goes without saying.

So does a monkey.

It is far more than that the child needs.

This Young Life, celebrated in our Christian Festival; this New Life, Better Life, Life to Come, deserves more respect.

And the first meed of honor which we owe to our Successor, is to tell him the truth!

*

That ought to put an end to our paltry old story of the Benign Chimney Climber.

What we are here for, all of us, is to make the world better and the people better. It is an easy and a pleasant game, if we would but give our minds to it. The whole swiftly spreading enchantment of our varied arts and industries is making a garden out of a wilderness; and even the limited and defective education we now offer to our children, makes better people than we used to have.

But what we have done for them is nothing to what we may do! The best brains in the world should proudly serve the child. We should consider him as a nation does its crown Prince—not a mere pet and darling—but a coming Ruler.

*

Christmas will have a rejuvenation when it is recognized in this sense as the Child's Festival. Every beautiful myth of the past remains to decorate it; every beautiful truth to vivify it. It should be a domestic, religious, civic, national and international festival.

It should mean Joy—and Hope—and Love; and teach them.

*

And Gifts?

Yes, gifts. There could be no more appropriate testimony to Joy and Hope and Love than these visible fruits. Gifts to the happy child to make him happier. Gifts *from* the happy child—and the new joy of giving. Gifts everywhere—from each to each—as showing the rich overflow of Love and joy.

And more than that—Gifts from Each to All! There is a custom worth initiating! Not charity nor anything of that sort. Not the mere visiting of the sick and the prisoner. But a yearly practice of giving something to the Community—to show you love it!

*

And suppose you don't?

If you had been properly taught as a child you would. If you teach our children properly they will. Should we not gratefully recognize the care and service that gives us everything we have? It is the most glaring lesson in life—this universal help of each to all.

Every day of our lives we are served and guarded and generally blessed by—the Community.

*

It is perfectly easy to teach this to a child. Everything that he sees about him—that is not "a natural object," some of us dead or alive have made. The accumulated services of all the people gone have

given us the world as it is; those now here keep it up for us; and we—and our children may build it better.

Not love the people who have given you the world? How ungrateful!

*

At which you will remark disgustedly, "Given! Not much? They were paid for it."

That is our mistake.

In the first place they never were paid for it—and are not now—not by a long way. And further—if we had outgrown this temporary custom of paying for this—we should still have to serve each other—to live.

If we were all multi-millionaires—and so perfectly "independent"—why we'd have to have some millionaire sailors and house-builders and blacksmiths—that's all. Their money would build no houses and sail no ships.

Service is what counts—giving—the outpouring of strength and good-will.

That is what Christmas means. It is the Festival of Life. Love and Service—Loving and Giving—for the Coming Race.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

We have one, a mere sample, left over from last time.

Query: "My wife is spending more of my income on dress than I can afford. How can I stop her? G."

Answer: G. "By letting her earn her own income and spend it as she pleases."

G. would never be content with that. G. would get back at us and say—

Query: "How can a woman do her duty as a mother and earn her own living?"

Answer: "If your wife was doing her duty as a mother she wouldn't be spending so much money on dress!"

Answer further: Motherhood is "piecework"—it is not done by the hour. The value of a mother to her children is not to be measured by quantity, but by quality. If a mother understood any business thoroughly, she would begin to understand her mother-work better than she does now.

Query: "But how can a mother leave her children and go to work?"

Answer: "She does not have to. She could be a milliner or dressmaker at home just as well as a cook."

But these problems are general rather than personal. Here is a personal one.

Query: "I am about thirty—a woman. I wish very much to be married. All the nice men in our town have left it—or are married. There are thirty or forty more unmarried women than men. What shall I do? X."

Answer: "Leave that town and go to some place where there are more men. Go as a matter of business, earning your own living. Keep well, be as good as you know how, and trust in Providence."

GET YOUR WORK DONE

Get your work DONE, to remember,—

Nothing can take it away,

Then shall the sun of December

Shine brighter than goldenest May.

What is the Spring-time of flowers for?

Why does the sunshine come down?

What are the harvest-day hours for
But fruit? In the fruit is the crown.

Why should we grieve over losses?
Why should we fret over sin?
Death is the smallest of crosses
To the worker whose harvest is in.

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I speak as one who has cared little for candy of any kind and less for chocolate candy.

I don't like chocolate cake, nor chocolate *blanc mange*, nor chocolate pudding, nor chocolate to drink—unless it is cocoa, very hot, not too sweet, and strained carefully.

Nevertheless I fell in with friends, who feasted upon Lowney's; they beguiled me into feasting upon Lowney's, and since then my attitude has changed as to candy.

I had a box of Lowney's, a particularly well-made, attractive box, that is still kept to put small treasures in, and brought it home for my family to eat.

Always before, I had looked on with the unselfishness of a pelican, to see others eat candy; but now I strove with them, like a frigate bird, and made them give up some of it. I wanted it myself.

Furthermore, I bought a small box of Lowney's chocolate almonds in Portland, Oregon, on the fourteenth of June, and with severe self-denial, brought it home on the twenty-ninth of July.

Then it was eaten, largely by me, and every single one of those chocolate almonds was fresh and good.

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What is it For? It is to stimulate thought: to arouse hope, courage and impatience; to offer practical suggestions and solutions, to voice the strong assurance of better living, here, now, in our own hands to

make.

What is it about? It is about people, principles, and the questions of every-day life; the personal and public problems of to-day. It gives a clear, consistent view of human life and how to live it.

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- b) The Mother; who doesn't have to hear him cry;
- c) The Nearest Druggist—a little.

CALENDULA is a good standard old drug—made of marigolds—in the *materia medica*. You buy a little bottle of tincture of calendula, and keep it on the shelf. Nobody will drink it by mistake—it doesn't taste good.

Presently Johnny falls down hard—he was running—he fell on a gritty place—his poor little knee is scraped raw. And he howls, how he howls! square-mouthed and inconsolable.

Then you hastily get a half a tea-cupful of water, a little warm if you have it, and put in a few drops of calendula. Wet a soft clean rag in it, bind it softly on the wound, keep it wet—and the pain stops.

Many many times has this quieted my infant anguish; also have I used it as a grown up. The effect is the same.

C A L E N D U L A TAKES THE PAIN FROM A R A W W O U N D

THE FORERUNNER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

1.00 A YEAR .10 A COPY

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Forgive the Past—and forget it!—don't carry a grudge against graveyards.

Accept the Present—you have to—here it is.

Concentrate on the Future—still yours to make—and get busy!

A CENTRAL SUN

A Song

Given a central sun—and a rolling world;
Into the light we whirl—and call it day;
Into the dark we turn—and call it night;
Glow of the dawn—glory of midday light—
Shadow of eve—rest of the fragrant night
And the dawn again!

Given a constant Power—and a passing frame;
Into the light we grow—and call it life;
Into the dark we go—and call it death;
Glory of youth—beauty and pride and power—
Shadow of age—rest of the final hour—
And are born again!

REASONABLE RESOLUTIONS

The trouble with our "New Year Resolutions" is that they are too personal. We are always fussing about our little individual tempers and weaknesses and bad habits.

While we, Socially, behave as badly as we do, we individually can accomplish little.

Says the wiseacre—"Ah! but if each of us was individually perfect Society would be perfect!"

Not at all! You can amass any number of perfect parts of a mechanism—or organism—but if they do not *work together right* the thing is no good.

And you can't learn to work together by trying to be perfect separately.
Can you?

We need collective aims, collective efforts, collective attainments.

Let us collectively resolve:

That we will stop wasting our soil and our forests and our labor!

*

That we will stop poisoning and clogging our rivers and harbors.

*

That we will stop building combustible houses.

*

That we will *now—this year*—begin in good earnest to prevent all preventable diseases.

*

That we will do our duty by our children and young people, as a wise Society should, and cut off the crop of criminals by not making them.

*

That—; no; here are quite enough resolutions for one year.

HER HOUSEKEEPER

On the top floor of a New York boarding-house lived a particularly attractive woman who was an actress. She was also a widow, not divorcee, but just plain widow; and she persisted in acting under her real name, which was Mrs. Leland. The manager objected, but her reputation was good enough to carry the point.

"It will cost you a great deal of money, Mrs. Leland," said the manager.

"I make money enough," she answered.

"You will not attract so many—admirers," said the manager.

"I have admirers enough," she answered; which was visibly true.

She was well under thirty, even by daylight—and about eighteen on the stage; and as for admirers—they apparently thought Mrs. Leland was a carefully selected stage name.

Besides being a widow, she was a mother, having a small boy of about five years; and this small boy did not look in the least like a "stage child," but was a brown-skinned, healthy little rascal of the ordinary sort.

With this boy, an excellent nursery governess, and a maid, Mrs. Leland occupied the top floor above mentioned, and enjoyed it. She had a big room in front, to receive in; and a small room with a skylight, to sleep in. The boy's room and the governess' rooms were at the back, with sunny south windows, and the maid slept on a couch in the parlor. She was a colored lady, named Alice, and did not seem to care where she slept, or if she slept at all.

"I never was so comfortable in my life," said Mrs. Leland to her friends. "I've been here three years and mean to stay. It is not like any boarding-house I ever saw, and it is not like any home I ever had. I have the privacy, the detachment, the carelessness of a boarding-house, and 'all the comforts of a home.' Up I go to my little top flat as private as you like. My Alice takes care of it—the housemaids only come in when I'm out. I can eat with the others downstairs if I please; but mostly I don't please; and up come my little meals on the dumbwaiter—hot and good."

"But—having to flock with a lot of promiscuous boarders!" said her friends.

"I don't flock, you see; that's just it. And besides, they are not promiscuous—there isn't a person in the house now who isn't some sort of a friend of mine. As fast as a room was vacated I'd suggest somebody—and here we all are. It's great."

"But do you *like* a skylight room?" Mrs. Leland's friends further inquired of her?"

"By no means!" she promptly replied. "I hate it. I feel like a mouse in a pitcher!"

"Then why in the name of reason—?"

"Because I can sleep there! *Sleep!*—It's the only way to be quiet in New York, and I have to sleep late if I sleep at all. I've fixed the skylight so that I'm drenched with air—and not drenched with rain!—and there I am. Johnny is gagged and muffled as it were, and carried downstairs as early as possible. He gets his breakfast, and the unfortunate Miss Merton has to go out and play with him—in all weathers—except kindergarten time. Then Alice sits on the stairs and keeps everybody away till I ring."

Possibly it was owing to the stillness and the air and the sleep till near lunchtime that Mrs. Leland kept her engaging youth, her vivid uncertain beauty. At times you said of her, "She has a keen intelligent face, but she's not pretty." Which was true. She was not pretty. But at times again she

overcame you with her sudden loveliness.

All of which was observed by her friend from the second floor who wanted to marry her. In this he was not alone; either as a friend, of whom she had many, or as a lover, of whom she had more. His distinction lay first in his opportunities, as a co-resident, for which he was heartily hated by all the more and some of the many; and second in that he remained a friend in spite of being a lover, and remained a lover in spite of being flatly refused.

His name in the telephone book was given "Arthur Olmstead, real estate;" office this and residence that—she looked him up therein after their first meeting. He was rather a short man, heavily built, with a quiet kind face, and a somewhat quizzical smile. He seemed to make all the money he needed, occupied the two rooms and plentiful closet space of his floor in great contentment, and manifested most improper domesticity of taste by inviting friends to tea. "Just like a woman!" Mrs. Leland told him.

"And why not? Women have so many attractive ways—why not imitate them?" he asked her.

"A man doesn't want to be feminine, I'm sure," struck in a pallid, overdressed youth, with openwork socks on his slim feet, and perfumed handkerchief.

Mr. Olmstead smiled a broad friendly smile. He was standing near the young man, a little behind him, and at this point he put his hands just beneath the youth's arms, lifted and set him aside as if he were an umbrella-stand. "Excuse me, Mr. Masters," he said gravely, but you were standing on Mrs. Leland's gown."

Mr. Masters was too much absorbed in apologizing to the lady to take umbrage at the method of his removal; but she was not so oblivious. She tried doing it to her little boy afterwards, and found him very heavy.

When she came home from her walk or drive in the early winter dusk, this large quietly furnished room, the glowing fire, the excellent tea and delicate thin bread and butter were most restful. "It is two more stories up before I can get my own;" she would say—"I must stop a minute."

When he began to propose to her the first time she tried to stop him. "O please don't!" she cried. "*Please* don't! There are no end of reasons why I will not marry anybody again. Why can't some of you men be nice to me and not—that! Now I can't come in to tea any more!"

"I'd like to know why not," said he calmly. "You don't have to marry me if you don't want to; but that's no reason for cutting my acquaintance, is it?"

She gazed at him in amazement.

"I'm not threatening to kill myself, am I? I don't intend going to the devil. I'd like to be your husband, but if I can't—mayn't I be a brother to you?"

She was inclined to think he was making fun of her, but no—his proposal had had the real ring in it. "And you're not—you're not going to—?" it seemed the baldest assumption to think that he was going to, he looked so strong and calm and friendly.

"Not going to annoy you? Not going to force an undesired affection on you and rob myself of a most agreeable friendship? Of course not. Your tea is cold, Mrs. Leland—let me give you another cup. And do you think Miss Rose is going to do well as 'Angelina?'"

So presently Mrs. Leland was quite relieved in her mind, and free to enjoy the exceeding comfortableness of this relation. Little Johnny was extremely fond of Mr Olmstead; who always treated him with respect, and who could listen to his tales of strife and glory more intelligently than either mother or governess. Mr. Olmstead kept on hand a changing supply of interesting things; not toys—never, but real things not intended for little boys to play with. No little boy would want to play with dolls for instance; but what little boy would not be fascinated by a small wooden lay figure, capable of unheard-of contortions. Tin soldiers were common, but the flags of all nations—real flags, and true stories about them, were interesting. Noah's arks were cheap and unreliable scientifically; but Barye lions, ivory elephants, and Japanese monkeys in didactic groups of three, had unfailing attraction. And the books this man had—great solid books that could be opened wide on the floor, and a little boy lie down to in peace and comfort!

Mrs. Leland stirred her tea and watched them until Johnny was taken upstairs.

"Why don't you smoke?" she asked suddenly. "Doctor's orders?"

"No—mine," he answered. "I never consulted a doctor in my life."

"Nor a dentist, I judge," said she.

"Nor a dentist."

"You'd better knock on wood!" she told him.

"And cry 'Uncle Reuben?' he asked smilingly.

"You haven't told me why you don't smoke!" said she suddenly.

"Haven't I?" he said. "That was very rude of me. But look here. There's a thing I wanted to ask you. Now I'm not pressing any sort of inquiry as to myself; but as a brother, would you mind telling me some of those numerous reasons why you will not marry anybody?"

She eyed him suspiciously, but he was as solid and calm as usual, regarding her pleasantly and with no hint of ulterior purpose. "Why—I don't mind," she began slowly. "First—I have been married—and was very unhappy. That's reason enough."

He did not contradict her; but merely said, "That's one," and set it down in his notebook.

"Dear me, Mr. Olmstead! You're not a reporter, are you!"

"O no—but I wanted to have them clear and think about them," he explained. "Do you mind?" And he made as if to shut his little book again.

"I don't know as I mind," she said slowly. "But it looks so—businesslike."

"This is a very serious business, Mrs. Leland, as you must know. Quite aside from any personal desire of my own, I am truly 'your sincere friend and well-wisher,' as the Complete Letter Writer has it, and there are so many men wanting to marry you."

This she knew full well, and gazed pensively at the toe of her small flexible slipper, poised on a stool before the fire.

Mr. Olmstead also gazed at the slipper toe with appreciation.

"What's the next one?" he said cheerfully.

"Do you know you are a real comfort," she told him suddenly. "I never knew a man before who could—well leave off being a man for a moment and just be a human creature."

"Thank you, Mrs. Leland," he said in tones of pleasant sincerity. "I want to be a comfort to you if I can. Incidentally wouldn't you be more comfortable on this side of the fire—the light falls better—don't move." And before she realized what he was doing he picked her up, chair and all, and put her down softly on the other side, setting the footstool as before, and even daring to place her little feet upon it—but with so businesslike an air that she saw no opening for rebuke. It is a difficult matter to object to a man's doing things like that when he doesn't look as if he was doing them.

"That's better," said he cheerfully, taking the place where she had been. "Now, what's the next one?"

"The next one is my boy."

"Second—Boy," he said, putting it down. "But I should think he'd be a reason the other way. Excuse me—I wasn't going to criticize—yet! And the third?"

"Why should you criticize at all, Mr. Olmstead?"

"I shouldn't—on my own account. But there may come a man you love." He had a fine baritone voice. When she heard him sing Mrs. Leland always wished he were taller, handsomer, more distinguished looking; his voice sounded as if he were. And I should hate to see these reasons standing in the way of your happiness," he continued.

"Perhaps they wouldn't," said she in a reverie.

"Perhaps they wouldn't—and in that case it is no possible harm that you tell me the rest of them. I won't cast it up at you. Third?"

"Third, I won't give up my profession for any man alive."

"Any man alive would be a fool to want you to," said he setting down,
"Third—Profession."

"Fourth—I like *Freedom!*" she said with sudden intensity. "You don't know!—they kept me so tight!—so *tight*—when I was a girl! Then—I was left alone, with a very little money, and I began to study for the stage—that was like heaven! And then—O what *idiots* women are!" She said the word not tragically, but with such hard-pointed intensity that it sounded like a gimlet. "Then I married, you see—I gave up all my new-won freedom to *marry!*—and he kept me tighter than ever." She shut her expressive mouth in level lines—stood up suddenly and stretched her arms wide and high. "I'm free again, free—I can do exactly as I please!" The words were individually relished. "I have the work I love. I can earn all I need—am saving something for the boy. I'm perfectly independent!"

"And perfectly happy!" he cordially endorsed her. "I don't blame you for not wanting to give it up."

"O well—happy!" she hesitated. "There are times, of course, when one isn't happy. But then—the other way I was unhappy all the time."

"He's dead—unfortunately," mused Mr. Olmstead.

"Unfortunately?—Why?"

He looked at her with his straightforward, pleasant smile. "I'd have liked the pleasure of killing him," he said regretfully.

She was startled, and watched him with dawning alarm. But he was quite quiet—even cheerful. "Fourth—Freedom," he wrote. "Is that all?"

"No—there are two more. Neither of them will please you. You won't think so much of me any more. The worst one is this. I like—lovers! I'm very much ashamed of it, but I do! I try not to be unfair to them—some I really try to keep away from me—but honestly I like admiration and lots of it."

"What's the harm of that?" he asked easily, setting down,
"Fifth—Lovers."

"No harm, so long as I'm my own mistress," said she defiantly. "I take care of my boy, I take care of myself—let them take care of themselves! Don't blame me too much!"

"You're not a very good psychologist, I'm afraid," said he.

"What do you mean?" she asked rather nervously.

"You surely don't expect a man to blame you for being a woman, do you?"

"All women are not like that," she hastily asserted. "They are too conscientious. Lots of my friends blame me severely."

"Women friends," he ventured.

"Men, too. Some men have said very hard things of me."

"Because you turned 'em down. That's natural."

"You don't!"

"No, I don't. I'm different."

"How different?" she asked.

He looked at her steadily. His eyes were hazel, flecked with changing bits of color, deep, steady, with a sort of inner light that grew as she watched till presently she thought it well to consider her slipper again; and continued, "The sixth is as bad as the other almost. I hate—I'd like to write a dozen tragic plays to show how much I hate—Housekeeping! There! That's all!"

"Sixth—Housekeeping," he wrote down, quite unmoved. "But why should anyone blame you for that—it's not your business."

"No—thank goodness, it's not! And never will be! I'm *free*, I tell you and I stay free!—But look at the clock!" And she whisked away to dress for dinner.

He was not at table that night—not at home that night—not at home for some days—the landlady said he had gone out of town; and Mrs. Leland missed her afternoon tea.

She had it upstairs, of course, and people came in—both friends and lovers; but she missed the quiet and cosiness of the green and brown room downstairs.

Johnny missed his big friend still more. "Mama, where's Mr. Olmstead? Mama, why don't Mr. Olmstead come back? Mama! When is Mr. Olmstead coming back? Mama! Why don't you write to Mr. Olmstead and tell him to come back? Mama!—can't we go in there and play with his things?"

As if in answer to this last wish she got a little note from him saying simply, "Don't let Johnny miss the lions and monkeys—he and Miss Merton and you, of course, are quite welcome to the whole floor. Go in at any time."

Just to keep the child quiet she took advantage of this offer, and Johnnie introduced her to all the ins and outs of the place. In a corner of the bedroom was a zinc-lined tray with clay in it, where Johnnie played rapturously at making "making country." While he played his mother noted the quiet good taste and individuality of the place.

"It smells so clean!" she said to herself. "There! he hasn't told me yet why he doesn't smoke. I never told him I didn't like it."

Johnnie tugged at a bureau drawer. "He keeps the water in here!" he said, and before she could stop him he had out a little box with bits of looking-glass in it, which soon became lakes and rivers in his clay continent.

Mrs. Leland put them back afterward, admiring the fine quality and goodly number of garments in that drawer, and their perfect order. Her husband had been a man who made a chowder of his bureau drawers, and who expected her to find all his studs and put them in for him.

"A man like this would be no trouble at all," she thought for a moment—but then she remembered other things and set her mouth hard. "Not for mine!" she said determinedly.

By and by he came back, serene as ever, friendly and unassuming.

"Aren't you going to tell me why you don't smoke?" she suddenly demanded of him on another quiet dusky afternoon when tea was before them.

He seemed so impersonal, almost remote, though nicer than ever to Johnny; and Mrs. Leland rather preferred the personal note in conversation.

"Why of course I am," he replied cordially. "That's easy," and he fumbled in his inner pocket.

"Is that where you keep your reasons?" she mischievously inquired.

"It's where I keep yours," he promptly answered, producing the little notebook. "Now look here—I've got these all answered—you won't be able to hold to one of 'em after this. May I sit by you and explain?"

She made room for him on the sofa amiably enough, but defied him to convince her. "Go ahead," she said cheerfully.

"First," he read off, "Previous Marriage. This is not a sufficient objection. Because you have been married you now know what to choose and what to avoid. A girl is comparatively helpless in this matter; you are armed. That your first marriage was unhappy is a reason for trying it again. It is not only that you are better able to choose, but that by the law of chances you stand to win next time. Do you admit the justice of this reasoning?"

"I don't admit anything," she said. "I'm waiting to ask you a question."

"Ask it now."

"No—I'll wait till you are all through. Do go on."

"Second—The Boy," he continued. "Now Mrs. Leland, solely on the boy's account I should advise you to marry again. While he is a baby a mother is enough, but the older he grows the more he will need a father. Of course you should select a man the child could love—a man who could love the child."

"I begin to suspect you of deep double-dyed surreptitious designs, Mr. Olmstead. You know Johnnie loves you dearly. And you know I won't marry you," she hastily added.

"I'm not asking you to—now, Mrs. Leland. I did, in good faith, and I would again if I thought I had the shadow of a chance—but I'm not at present. Still, I'm quite willing to stand as an instance. Now, we

might resume, on that basis. Objection one does not really hold against me—now does it?"

He looked at her cheerily, warmly, openly; and in his clean, solid strength and tactful kindness he was so unspeakably different from the dark, fascinating slender man who had become a nightmare to her youth, that she felt in her heart he was right—so far. "I won't admit a thing," she said sweetly. "But, pray go on."

He went on, unabashed. "'Second—Boy,' Now if you married me I should consider the boy as an added attraction. Indeed—if you do marry again—someone who doesn't want the boy—I wish you'd give him to me. I mean it. I think he loves me, and I think I could be of real service to the child."

He seemed almost to have forgotten her, and she watched him curiously.

"Now, to go on," he continued. "'Third—Profession.' As to your profession," said he slowly, clasping his hands over one knee and gazing at the dark soft-colored rug, "if you married me, and gave up your profession I should find it a distinct loss, I should lose my favorite actress."

She gave a little start of surprise.

"Didn't you know how much I admire your work?" he said. "I don't hang around the stage entrance—there are plenty of chappies to do that; and I don't always occupy a box and throw bouquets—I don't like a box anyhow. But I haven't missed seeing you in any part you've played yet—some of 'em I've seen a dozen times. And you're growing—you'll do better work still. It is sometimes a little weak in the love parts—seems as if you couldn't quite take it seriously—couldn't let yourself go—but you'll grow. You'll do better—I really think—after you're married "

She was rather impressed by this, but found it rather difficult to say anything; for he was not looking at her at all. He took up his notebook again with a smile.

"So—if you married me, you would be more than welcome to go on with your profession. I wouldn't stand in your way any more than I do now. 'Fourth—Freedom,'" he read slowly. "That is easy in one way—hard in another. If you married me,"—She stirred resentfully at this constant reference to their marriage; but he seemed purely hypothetical in tone; "I wouldn't interfere with your freedom any. Not of my own will. But if you ever grew to love me—or if there were children—it would make *some* difference. Not much. There mightn't be any children, and it isn't likely you'd ever love me enough to have that stand in your way. Otherwise than that you'd have freedom—as much as now. A little more; because if you wanted to make a foreign tour, or anything like that, I'd take care of Johnnie. 'Fifth—Lovers.'" Here he paused leaning forward with his chin in his hands, his eyes bent down. She could see the broad heavy shoulders, the smooth fit of the well-made, coat, the spotless collar, and the fine, strong, clean-cut neck. As it happened she particularly disliked the neck of the average man—either the cordy, the beefy or the adipose, and particularly liked this kind, firm and round like a Roman's, with the hair coming to a clean-cut edge and stopping there.

"As to lovers," he went on—"I hesitate a little as to what to say about that. I'm afraid I shall shock you. Perhaps I'd better leave out that one."

"As insuperable?" she mischievously asked.

"No, as too easy," he answered.

"You'd better explain," she said.

"Well then—it's simply this: as a man—I myself admire you more because so many other men admire you. I don't sympathize with them, any!—Not for a minute. Of course, if you loved any one of them you wouldn't be my wife. But if you were my wife—"

"Well?" said she, a little breathlessly. "You're very irritating! What would you do? Kill 'em all? Come—If I were your wife?—"

"If you were my wife—" he turned and faced her squarely, his deep eyes blazing steadily into hers, "In the first place the more lovers you had that you didn't love the better I'd be pleased."

"And if I did?" she dared him.

"If you were my wife," he pursued with perfect quietness, "you would never love anyone else."

There was a throbbing silence.

"'Sixth—Housekeeping,'" he read.

At this she rose to her feet as if released. "Sixth and last and all-sufficient!" she burst out, giving herself a little shake as if to waken. "Final and conclusive and admitting no reply!"—I will not keep house for any man. Never! Never!! Never!!!"

"Why should you?" he said, as he had said it before; "Why not board?"

"I wouldn't board on any account!"

"But you are boarding now. Aren't you comfortable here?"

"O yes, perfectly comfortable. But this is the only boarding-house I ever saw that was comfortable."

"Why not go on as we are—if you married me?"

She laughed shrilly. "With the other boarders round them and a whole floor laid between," she parodied gaily. "No, sir! *If* I ever married again—and I wont—I'd want a home of my own—a whole house—and have it run as smoothly and perfectly as this does. With no more care than I have now!"

"If I could give you a whole house, like this, and run it for you as smoothly and perfectly as this one—then would you marry me?" he asked.

"O, I dare say I would," she said mockingly.

"My dear," said he, "I have kept this house—for you—for three years."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, flushing.

"I mean that it is my business," he answered serenely. "Some men run hotels and some restaurants: I keep a number of boarding houses and make a handsome income from them. All the people are comfortable—I see to that. I planned to have you use these rooms, had the dumbwaiter run to the top so you could have meals comfortably there. You didn't much like the first housekeeper. I got one you liked better; cooks to please you, maids to please you. I have most seriously tried to make you comfortable. When you didn't like a boarder I got rid of him—or her—they are mostly all your friends now. Of course if we were married, we'd fire 'em all." His tone was perfectly calm and business like. "You should keep your special apartments on top; you should also have the floor above this, a larger bedroom, drawing-room, and bath and private parlor for you;—I'd stay right here as I am now—and when you wanted me—I'd be here."

She stiffened a little at this rather tame ending. She was stirred, uneasy, dissatisfied. She felt as if something had been offered and withdrawn; something was lacking.

"It seems such a funny business—for a man," she said.

"Any funnier than Delmonico's?" he asked. "It's a business that takes some ability—witness the many failures. It is certainly useful. And it pays—amazingly."

"I thought it was real estate," she insisted.

"It is. I'm in a real estate office. I buy and sell houses—that's how I came to take this up!"

He rose up, calmly and methodically, walked over to the fire, and laid his notebook on it. "There wasn't any strength in any of those objections, my dear," said he. "Especially the first one. Previous marriage, indeed! You have never been married before. You are going to be—now."

It was some weeks after that marriage that she suddenly turned upon him—as suddenly as one can turn upon a person whose arms are about one—demanding.

"And why don't you smoke?—You never told me!"

"I shouldn't like to kiss you so well if you smoked!"—said he.

"I never had any idea," she ventured after a while, "that it could be—like this."

LOCKED INSIDE

She beats upon her bolted door,

With faint weak hands;
Drearly walks the narrow floor;
Sullenly sits, blank walls before;
Despairing stands.

Life calls her, Duty, Pleasure, Gain—
Her dreams respond;
But the blank daylights wax and wane,
Dull peace, sharp agony, slow pain—
No hope beyond.

Till she comes a thought! She lifts her head,
The world grows wide!
A voice—as if clear words were said—
"Your door, o long imprisoned,
Is locked inside!"

PRIVATE MORALITY AND PUBLIC IMMORALITY

There is more sense in that convenient trick of blaming "the old Adam" for our misbehavior than some of us have thought. That most culpable sinner we no longer see as a white-souled adult baby, living on uncooked food in a newmade garden, but as a husky, hairy, highly carnivorous and bloodthirsty biped, just learning his giant strength, and exercising it like a giant.

Growing self-conscious and intelligent, he developed an ethical sense, and built up system after system of morals, all closely calculated to advance his interests in this world or the next. The morals of the early Hebrews, for instance, with which we are most familiar, were strictly adjusted to their personal profit; their conception of Diety definitely engaging to furnish protection and reward in return for specified virtuous conduct.

This is all reasonable and right in its way. If good conduct were not ultimately advantageous it would not be good. The difficulty with the ancient scheme of morality lies in its narrow range. "The soul that sinneth it shall die," is the definite statement; the individual is the one taken to task, threatened, promised, exhorted and punished. Our whole race-habit of thought on questions of morality is personal. When goodness is considered it is "my" goodness or "your" goodness—not ours; and sins are supposed to be promptly traceable to sinners; visible, catchable, hangable sinners in the flesh. We have no mental machinery capable of grasping the commonest instances of collective sin; large, public continuing sin, to which thousands contribute, for generations upon generations; and under the consequences of which more thousands suffer for succeeding centuries. Yet public evils are what society suffer from most to-day, and must suffer from most in increasing ratio, as years pass.

In concrete instance, we are most definitely clear as to the verb "to steal." This is wrong. It says so in the Bible. It is a very simple commandment. If a man steals he is a thief. And our law following slowly along after our moral sense, punishes stealing. But it is one man stealing from one other man who is a thief. It is the personal attack upon personal property, done all at once, which we can see, feel, and understand. Let a number of men in combination gradually alienate the property of a number of other men—a very large number of other men, and our moral sense makes no remark. This is not intended in any ironic sense—it is a plain fact, a physiological, or psychological fact.

The racial mind, long accustomed to attach moral values to personal acts only, cannot, without definite effort, learn to attach them to collective acts. We can do it, in crude instances, when mere numbers are in question and the offence is a plain one. If a number of men in a visible moving group commit murder or arson before our eyes, we had as lief hang a dozen as one: but when it comes to tracing complicity and responsibility in the deaths of a few screaming tenants of firetrap tenements, a death unnecessary perhaps, but for the bursting of the fire hose—then we are at fault. The cringing wretch who lit the oilsoaked rags in the cellar we seize in triumph. He did it. Him we can hang. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." But if the fire is "an accident," owing to "a defective flue," if the fire-escape breaks, the stairs give away under a little extra weight, or ill-built walls crumble prematurely—who can we lay hands on? Where is the soul that sinneth?

Our brains are not trained to follow a complex moral relation; we travel in the deep ruts of mental habit as old as Adam aforesaid. Our sense of duty, of obligation, of blame or praise is all hopelessly egotistic. "Who is to blame?" we continue to say; when we should say, "Who are to blame?" One heavy dose of poison resulting in one corpse shows us murder. A thousand tiny doses of poison, concealed in

parcels of food, resulting in the lowered vitality, increased illness and decreased efficiency of thousands of persons, shows us nothing. There is need to-day for very honest mental effort in readjusting our moral sense so that we may recognize social evils, social offenders and social responsibility.

Here we are all together, rising and falling in masses under the influence of other person's conduct, with no possibility of tracing the death of this particular baby to the dirty hands of that particular milker of far-off cows. It wasn't murder—he never saw the baby. You can't hang a man for not washing his hands. We see babies die, look in vain for the soul that sinneth, and do nothing.

We should have a poor opinion of any state where there was no moral sense at all, no weight of public opinion to uphold standards, no measures to protect innocence and punish crime. This we should call barbarism or savagery, and feel proud of our Christian civilization, where we legislate so profusely and punish so severely—when we can lay hands on individual offenders, whose crimes, though small, are at least whole ones. But we are in precisely that state of barbarism in regard to the fractional crimes of our complex social life.

If seven doctors in succession refuse to answer a poor man's call and he dies for lack of medical aid—who has killed him? Has he seven murderers—or is each doctor one-seventh of a murderer? Or is it not murder at all just to let a man die?

If again, the doctor does his duty and the man dies because the medicine given him was different from what the doctor ordered—a cheaper, weaker drug, an adulteration or substitute—then who killed him? The druggist who sold—the clerk who put up the prescription—the advertiser of the stuff—the manufacturer of it—or those who live on money invested in the manufacturing company? "The clerk!" we cry, delightedly. "He put up the poison! He knew it was not what was ordered! He did it with his hands!" "The soul that sinneth *it* shall die." And perhaps it does—or at least the body of it. Yet the same drug goes on poisoning.

We might perhaps pass on from that shaggy Adam of our remote past and his necessary limitations, and begin to study the real relation of human beings in modern life, learning at last that human conduct changes as society develops, that morality is no longer a mere matter of "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not," but a vast complex of mutually interactive conduct in which personal responsibility has small place.

Take an evil like our railroad management with its yearly tale of bloodshed and dismemberment, its hundreds and thousands of killed and wounded. We cannot pick out and hang a director or president when the dead brakeman is dragged out from between the cars that did not have automatic couplers. The man is dead, is killed, is murdered—but we cannot fix responsibility. Can we arrest for murder the poor mother who is caring for her boy sick with typhoid fever; just because she empties slops on a watershed that feeds a little brook, that feeds a river, that feeds a city—and thousands die of that widespread disease? She is not personally guilty of murder. There are others in plenty between her and the victim and many back of her to blame for her ignorance. Who can untangle the responsibility for the ruin of a girl who was utterly untaught, underpaid, improperly dressed, ill-fed, influenced by every gorgeously dressed idle woman who stood before her counter, and tempted by many men in turn? There is the one "sin"—but is she the only "sinner"?

Consider the two awful instances of recent date—the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago, the Slocum disaster in New York. Even if it were possible to "fix responsibility," to find the one person, or more than one whom we could prove to blame for these holocausts, what could we do to these persons as fit punishment for such an injury to society? If we could devise tortures prolonged and painful enough to make such criminals feel as felt their dying victims, what good would that do? It would raise no dead, restore no health, prevent no repetition of similar horrors. That much has been established by the history of our primitive systems—punishment does not prevent.

What does?

Here is the real question for society to ask—Adam did not know enough. The age of personal morals is the age of personal punishment. The age of recognized public evils is the age of prevention. This we are beginning to see, beginning to do. After the Iroquois fire we were more stringent in guarding our theatres. After the Slocum disaster the inspection of steamships was more thorough. After the slaughter of the innocents in the burning schoolhouse, many other school buildings were condemned and more were safeguarded.

But this is only a beginning—a feeble, temporary, ineffectual effort. Social morality does not consist in spasmodic attempts to be good, following upon some terrible catastrophe. A mother's duty to a child is not mere passionate protection after it has fallen through the ice; the soldier's duty is not confined to wild efforts to recover the flag after it has been lost. We have a constant definite active duty to society,

each one of us; there lies our responsibility and failing therein is our fault.

When men or women fail in full honest efficient performance of their social service, which means their special kind of work, they sin—if we must call it sin—against society. Better drop the very name and thought of "sin" and say merely, "Why are we to-day so inefficient and unreliable in our social duty?" For reason good. We are not taught social duty. For further reason that we are taught much that militates against it. Our social instinct is not yet strong enough to push and pull us into perfect relation with one another without conscious effort. We need to be taught from infancy, which way our duty lies—the most imperative duty of a human creature—to give his life's best service to humanity.

This would call for new standards in the nursery, the school and the shop, as well as the platform, press and pulpit. That is our crying need; a truer standard of duty, and the proper development of it. The School City is a step this way, a long one; as is the George Junior Republic and other specific instances of effort to bring out the social sense.

But it is in our work that we need it most. From babyhood we should be taught that we are here dependent on one another, beautifully specialized that we may serve one another; owing to the State, our great centralized body, the whole service of our lives. What every common soldier knows and most of them practice is surely not too difficult for a common business man. Our public duty is most simple and clear—to do our best work for the service of the world. And our personal sin—the one sin against humanity—is to let that miserable puny outgrown Ego—our exaggerated sense of personality—divert us from that service.

[Untitled]

With God Above—Beneath—Beside—
Without—Within—and Everywhere;
Rising with the resistless tide
Of life, and Sure of Getting There.

Patient with Nature's long delay,
Proud of our conscious upward swing;
Not sorry for a single day,
And Not Afraid of Anything!

With Motherhood at last awake—
With Power to Do and Light to See—
Women may now begin to Make
The People we are Meant to Be!

THE HUMANNESSE OF WOMEN

A woman by the river's brim,
A wife and servant is to him—
And she is nothing more.

We have made mistakes, as old as humanity, about the world, and about women.

First, as to the world:

This we have assumed to be a general battlefield for men to struggle in; a place for free competition; full of innumerable persons whose natural mode of life was to struggle, for existence, with one another.

This is the individualist view, and is distinctly masculine.

Males are essentially individualistic—born to vary and compete; and an exclusively masculine world must be individualistic and competitive.

We have been wrong. The new Social Philosophy recognizes Society as an orderly life-form, having its own laws of growth; and that we, as individuals, live only as active parts of Society. Instead of accepting this world of warfare, disease, and crime, of shameful, unnecessary poverty and pain, as natural and right, we now see that all these evils may be removed, and we propose to remove them. Humanity is waking up, is beginning to understand its own nature, is beginning to face a new and a

possible problem, instead of the dark enigma of the past.

Second, as to the woman:

Our mistake about her was a very strange one. No one knows yet how or why it was made; yet there it stands; one of the most colossal blunders ever made by mankind. In the face of all creation, where the female is sometimes found quite self-sufficient, often superior, and always equal to the male, our human race set up the "andro-centric theory," holding that man alone is the race type; and that woman was "his female." In what "Mr. Venus" described as "the vicious pride of his youth," our budding humanity distinguished itself by discrediting its mother. "You are a female," said Ancient Man, "and that's all. We are the People!"

This is the alpha and omega of the old idea about woman. It saw in her only sex—not Humanity.

The New Woman is Human first, last and always. Incidentally she is female; as man is male. As a male he has done his small share in the old physical process of reproduction; but as a Human Creature he has done practically all in the new Social processes which make civilization.

He has been Male—and Human:—She has been Female—and nothing else;—that is, in our old idea.

Holding this idea; absurd, erroneous, and mischievous to a terrible degree; we strove to carry it out in our behavior; and human history so far is the history of a wholly masculine world, competing and fighting as males must, forever seeking and serving the female as males must, yet building this our world as best they could alone.

Theirs is the credit—and the shame—of the world behind us, the world around us; but the world before us has a new element—the Humanness of Woman.

For a little over a century we have become increasingly conscious of a stir, an uprising, and protest among women. The long-suppressed "better half" of humanity has begun to move and push and lift herself. This Woman's movement is as natural, as beneficial, as irresistible as the coming of spring; but it has been misunderstood and opposed from the first by the glacial moraine of old ideas, the inert force of sheer blank ignorance, and prejudice as old as Adam.

At first the women strove for a little liberty, for education; then for some equality before the law, for common justice; then, with larger insight, for full equal rights with men in every human field; and as essential base of these, for the right of suffrage.

Woman suffrage is but one feature of the movement, but it is a most important one. The opposition to it is wholly one of sex-prejudice, of feeling, not of reason; the opposition of a masculine world; and of an individualism also masculine. The male is physiologically an individualist. It is his place in nature to vary, to introduce new characteristics, and to strive mightily with his rivals for the favor of the females. A world of males must fight.

With the whole of history of this combative sort; with masculinity and humanity identical, in the average mind; there is something alien, unnatural, even revolting, in the claim of woman to her share in the work and management of the world. Against it he brings up one constant cry—that woman's progress will injure womanhood. All that he sees in woman is her sex; and he opposes her advance on the ground that "as a woman" she is unfit to take part in "a man's world"—and that if she did, it would mysteriously but inevitably injure her "as a woman."

Suggest that she might be able to take part in "a woman's world,"—and has as much right to a world made her way as he has to his man-made world! Suggest that without any such extreme reversal, she has a right to half the world; half the work, half the pay, half the care, half the glory!

To all this replies the Male-individualist:

"The World has to be as it is. It is a place to fight in; fight for life, fight for money. Work is for slaves and poor people generally. Nobody would work unless they had to. You are females and no part of the world at all. Your place is at home: to bear and rear children—and to cook."

Now what is the position toward women of this new philosophy that sees Society as one thing, and the main thing to be considered; that sees the world as a place open to ceaseless change and improvement; that sees the way so to change and improve it that the major part of our poor silly sins and sorrows will disappear utterly for lack of cause?

From this viewpoint male and female fall into two lower positions, both right and proper; useful, beautiful, essential for the replenishment of the race on earth. From this viewpoint men and women rise, together, from that lower relation, to the far higher one of Humanness, that common Humanness

which is hers as much as his. Seeing Society as the real life-form; and our individual lives as growing in glory and power as we serve and develop Society; the movement of women becomes of majestic importance. It is the advance of an entire half the race, from a position of arrested development, into full humanness.

The world is no longer seen as a battlefield, where it is true, women do not belong; but as a garden—a school—a church—a home, where they visibly do belong. In the great task of cultivating the earth they have an equal interest and an equal power. Equality is not identity. There is work of all kinds and sizes—and half of it is woman's.

In that vast labor of educating humanity, till all of us understand one another; till the thoughts and feelings necessary to our progress can flow smooth and clear through the world-mind, women have preeminent part. They are the born teachers, by virtue of their motherhood, as well as in the human joy of it.

In the power of organization which is essential to our progress we have special need of women, and their rapid and universal movement in this direction is one of the most satisfactory proofs of our advance. In every art, craft and profession they have the same interests, the same power. We rob the world of half its service when we deny women their share in it.

In direct political action there is every reason for women's voting that there is for men's; and every reason for a spreading universal suffrage that there is for democracy. As far as any special power in government is called for, the mother is the natural ruler, the natural administrator and executive. The functions of democratic government may be wisely and safely shared between men and women.

Here we have our great position fairly before us:—the improvement of the world is ours to make; women are coming forward to help make it; women are human with every human power; democracy is the highest form of government—so far; and the use of the ballot is essential to democracy; therefore women should vote!

Against this rises the tottering fortress of the ultra-masculine, abetted by a petty handful of witless traitors—those petticoated creatures who also see in women nothing but their sex. They may be, in some cases, honest in their belief; but their honesty does no credit to their intelligence. They are obsessed by this dominant idea of sex; due clearly enough to the long period of male dominance—to our androcentric culture. The male naturally sees in the female, sex; first, last and always. For all these centuries she has been restricted to the exercise of feminine duties only, with the one addition of house-service.

The wife-and-mother sex, the servant sex, she is to him; and nothing more. The woman does not look at men in this light. She has to consider them as human creatures, because they monopolize the human functions. She does not consider the motorman and conductor as males, but as promoters of travel; she does not chuck the bellboy under the chin and kiss the waiter!

Inextricably mingled with the masculine view is the individualist view, seeing the world forever and ever as a place of struggle.

Then comes this great change of our time, the dawning of the Social consciousness. Here is a world of combination, of ordered grouping and inter-service. Here is a world now wasting its wealth like water—all this waste may be saved. Here is a world of worse than unnecessary war. We will stop this warfare. Here is a world of hideous diseases. We will exterminate them. Here is a world of what we call "Sin"—almost all of which is due to Ignorance, Ill-health, Unhappiness, Injustice.

When the world learns how to take care of itself decently; when there are no dirty evil places upon it, with innocent children born daily and hourly into conditions which inevitably produce a certain percentage of criminality; when the intelligence and good breeding which now distinguish some of us are common to all of us—we shan't hear so much about sin!

A socially conscious world, intelligent, courageous, earnest to improve itself, seeking to establish a custom of peaceful helpful interservice—such a world has no fear of woman, and no feeling that she is unfit to participate in its happy labors. The new social philosophy welcomes woman suffrage.

*

But suppose you are not in any sense Socialistically inclined. Suppose you are still an Individualist, albeit a believer in votes for women. Even so, merely from the woman's point of view, enough can be said to justify the promise of a New World.

What makes the peace and beauty of the Home—its order—comfort—happiness?—the Woman.

Her service is given, not hired. Her attitude is of one seeking to administer a common fund for the common good. She does not set her children to compete for their dinner—does not give most to the strongest and leave the weakest to go to the wall. It is only in her lowest helplessness; under the degrading influence of utter poverty, that she is willing to exploit her children and let them work before their time.

If she, merely as Woman, merely as wife and mother, comes forward to give the world the same service she has given the home, it will be wholly to its advantage.

Go and look at the legislation initiated or supported by women in every country where women vote—and you will see one unbroken line of social service. Not self-interest—not mercenary profit—not competition; but one steady upward pressure; the visible purpose to uplift and help the world.

This world is ours as much as man's. We have not only a right to half its management but a duty to half its service. It is our duty as human beings to help make the world better—quickly! It is our duty as Women to bring our Motherhood to comfort and help humanity—our children every one!

HERE IS THE EARTH

Here is the earth: As big, as fresh, as clean,
As when it first grew green;
Our little spots of dirt walled in,
As easy to outgrow as sin,
In the swift, sweet, triumphal hour
Of nature's power.

We have not hurt the world: Still safe we rest
On that great loving breast.
Proud, patient mother! Strong and still!
Our little years of doing ill
Lost in her smooth, unmeasured time
Of life sublime.

We need not grieve, nor kneel our faults to own;
She has not even known
That we offended! Our misdeeds
She covers with one summer's weeds:
Her love we thought so long away—
Is ours to-day.

And here are we. Our bodies are as new
As ever Adam grew:
Replenished still with daily touch,
By the fair mother, loving much.
Glad living things! Still conscious part
Of earth's rich heart!

And for the soul which these fair bodies give
Increasing room to live—?
It is the same soul that was born
In the dim, lovely, unknown morn
Of Nature's waking—the same soul—
Still here, and whole!

Strong? `Tis the force that governs ring on ring
Where quiet planets swing.
Glad? `Tis the joy of riotous flowers
And meadow-larks in May, now ours,
Ours endlessly—to have—to give—
To all who live!

No grief behind have we, no fear before
But only more and more
The splendid passion of the soul
In new creation to unroll:

All life, poured new in all the lands,
Through our glad hands!

WHAT DIANTHA DID

CHAPTER III.

BREAKERS

Duck! Dive! Here comes another one!
Wait till the crest-ruffles show!
Beyond is smooth water in beauty and wonder—
Shut your mouth! Hold your breath! Dip your head under!
Dive through the weight and the wash, and the thunder—
Look out for the undertow!

If Diantha imagined that her arithmetical victory over a too-sordid presentation of the parental claim was a final one, she soon found herself mistaken.

It is easy to say—putting an epic in an epigram—"She seen her duty and she done it!" but the space and time covered are generally as far beyond our plans as the estimates of an amateur mountain climber exceed his achievements.

Her determination was not concealed by her outraged family. Possibly they thought that if the matter was well aired, and generally discussed, the daring offender might reconsider. Well-aired it certainly was, and widely discussed by the parents of the little town before young people who sat in dumbness, or made faint defense. It was also discussed by the young people, but not before their parents.

She had told Ross, first of all, meaning to have a quiet talk with him to clear the ground before arousing her own family; but he was suddenly away just as she opened the subject, by a man on a wheel—some wretched business about the store of course—and sent word that night that he could not come up again. Couldn't come up the next night either. Two long days—two long evenings without seeing him. Well—if she went away she'd have to get used to that.

But she had so many things to explain, so much to say to make it right with him; she knew well what a blow it was. Now it was all over town—and she had had no chance to defend her position.

The neighbors called. Tall bony Mrs. Delafield who lived nearest to them and had known Diantha for some years, felt it her duty to make a special appeal—or attack rather; and brought with her stout Mrs. Schlosster, whose ancestors and traditions were evidently of German extraction.

Diantha retired to her room when she saw these two bearing down upon the house; but her mother called her to make a pitcher of lemonade for them—and having entered there was no escape. They harried her with questions, were increasingly offended by her reticence, and expressed disapproval with a fullness that overmastered the girl's self-control.

"I have as much right to go into business as any other citizen, Mrs. Delafield," she said with repressed intensity. "I am of age and live in a free country. What you say of children no longer applies to me."

"And what is this mysterious business you're goin' into—if one may inquire? Nothin you're ashamed to mention, I hope?" asked Mrs. Delafield.

"If a woman refuses to mention her age is it because she's ashamed of it?" the girl retorted, and Mrs. Delafield flushed darkly.

"Never have I heard such talk from a maiden to her elders," said Mrs. Schlosster. "In my country the young have more respect, as is right."

Mrs. Bell objected inwardly to any reprimand of her child by others; but she agreed to the principle advanced and made no comment.

Diantha listened to quite a volume of detailed criticism, inquiry and condemnation, and finally rose to her feet with the stiff courtesy of the young.

"You must excuse me now," she said with set lips. "I have some necessary work to do."

She marched upstairs, shut her bedroom door and locked it, raging inwardly. "It's none of their business! Not a shadow! Why should Mother sit there and let them talk to me like that! One would think childhood had no limit—unless it's matrimony!"

This reminded her of her younger sister's airs of superior wisdom, and did not conduce to a pleasanter frame of mind. "With all their miserable little conventions and idiocies! And what 'they'll say,' and 'they'll think'! As if I cared! Minnie'll be just such another!"

She heard the ladies going out, still talking continuously, a faint response from her mother now and then, a growing quiet as their steps receded toward the gate; and then another deeper voice took up the theme and heavily approached.

It was the minister! Diantha dropped into her rocker and held the arms tight. "Now I'll have to take it again I suppose. But he ought to know me well enough to understand."

"Diantha!" called her mother, "Here's Dr. Major;" and the girl washed her face and came down again.

Dr. Major was a heavy elderly man with a strong mouth and a warm hand clasp. "What's all this I hear about you, young lady?" he demanded, holding her hand and looking her straight in the eye. "Is this a new kind of Prodigal Daughter we're encountering?"

He did not look nor sound condemnatory, and as she faced him she caught a twinkle in the wise old eyes.

"You can call it that if you want to," she said, "Only I thought the Prodigal Son just spent his money—I'm going to earn some."

"I want you to talk to Diantha, Doctor Major," Mrs. Bell struck in. "I'm going to ask you to excuse me, and go and lie down for a little. I do believe she'll listen to you more than to anybody."

The mother retired, feeling sure that the good man who had known her daughter for over fifteen years would have a restraining influence now; and Diantha braced herself for the attack.

It came, heavy and solid, based on reason, religion, tradition, the custom of ages, the pastoral habit of control and protection, the father's instinct, the man's objection to a girl's adventure. But it was courteous, kind, and rationally put, and she met it point by point with the whole-souled arguments of a new position, the passionate enthusiasm of her years.

They called a truce.

"I can see that you *think* it's your duty, young woman—that's the main thing. I think you're wrong. But what you believe to be right you have to do. That's the way we learn my dear, that's the way we learn! Well—you've been a good child ever since I've known you. A remarkably good child. If you have to sow this kind of wild oats—" they both smiled at this, "I guess we can't stop you. I'll keep your secret —"

"It's not a secret really," the girl explained, "I'll tell them as soon as I'm settled. Then they can tell—if they want to." And they both smiled again.

"Well—I won't tell till I hear of it then. And—yes, I guess I can furnish that document with a clean conscience."

She gave him paper and pen and he wrote, with a grin, handing her the result.

She read it, a girlish giggle lightening the atmosphere. "Thank you!" she said earnestly. "Thank you ever so much. I knew you would help me."

"If you get stuck anywhere just let me know," he said rising. "This Proddy Gal may want a return ticket yet!"

"I'll walk first!" said Diantha.

"O Dr. Major," cried her mother from the window, "Don't go! We want you to stay to supper of course!"

But he had other calls to make, he said, and went away, his big hands clasped behind him; his head bent, smiling one minute and shaking his head the next.

Diantha leaned against a pearly eucalyptus trunk and watched him. She would miss Dr. Major. But who was this approaching? Her heart sank miserably. Mrs. Warden—and *all* the girls.

She went to meet them—perforce. Mrs. Warden had always been kind and courteous to her; the girls she had not seen very much of, but they had the sweet Southern manner, were always polite. Ross's mother she must love. Ross's sisters too—if she could. Why did the bottom drop out of her courage at sight of them?

"You dear child!" said Mrs. Warden, kissing her. "I know just how you feel! You want to help my boy! That's your secret! But this won't do it, my dear!"

"You've no idea how badly Ross feels!" said Madeline. "Mrs. Delafield dropped in just now and told us. You ought to have seen him!"

"He didn't believe it of course," Adeline put in. "And he wouldn't say a thing—not a thing to blame you."

"We said we'd come over right off—and tried to bring him—but he said he'd got to go back to the store," Coraline explained.

"He was mad though!" said Dora—"I know."

Diantha looked from one to the other helplessly.

"Come in! Come in!" said Mrs. Bell hospitably. "Have this rocker, Mrs. Warden—wouldn't you like some cool drink? Diantha?"

"No indeed!" Mrs. Warden protested. "Don't get a thing. We're going right back, it's near supper time. No, we can't think of staying, of course not, no indeed!—But we had to come over and hear about this dear child's idea!—Now tell us all about it, Diantha!"

There they sat—five pairs of curious eyes—and her mother's sad ones—all kind—all utterly incapable of understanding.

She moistened her lips and plunged desperately. "It is nothing dreadful, Mrs. Warden. Plenty of girls go away to earn their livings nowadays. That is all I'm doing."

"But why go away?"

"I thought you were earning your living before!"

"Isn't teaching earning your living?"

"What *are* you going to do?" the girls protested variously, and Mrs. Warden, with a motherly smile, suggested—

"That doesn't explain your wanting to leave Ross, my dear—and your mother!"

"I don't want to leave them," protested Diantha, trying to keep her voice steady. "It is simply that I have made up my mind I can do better elsewhere."

"Do what better?" asked Mrs. Warden with sweet patience, which reduced Diantha to the bald statement, "Earn more money in less time."

"And is that better than staying with your mother and your lover?" pursued the gentle inquisitor; while the girls tried, "What do you want to earn more money for?" and "I thought you earned a lot before."

Now Diantha did not wish to state in so many words that she wanted more money in order to marry sooner—she had hardly put it to herself that way. She could not make them see in a few moments that her plan was to do far more for her mother than she would otherwise ever be able to. And as to making them understand the larger principles at stake—the range and depth of her full purpose—that would be physically impossible.

"I am sorry!" she said with trembling lips. "I am extremely sorry. But—I cannot explain!"

Mrs. Warden drew herself up a little. "Cannot explain to me?—Your mother, of course, knows?"

"Diantha is naturally more frank with me than with—anyone," said Mrs. Bell proudly, "But she does not wish her—business—plans—made public at present!"

Her daughter looked at her with vivid gratitude, but the words "made public" were a little unfortunate perhaps.

"Of course," Mrs. Warden agreed, with her charming smile, "that we can quite understand. I'm sure I should always wish my girls to feel so. Madeline—just show Mrs. Bell that necktie you're making—she was asking about the stitch, you remember."

The necktie was produced and admired, while the other girls asked Diantha if she had her fall dressmaking done yet—and whether she found wash ribbon satisfactory. And presently the whole graceful family withdrew, only Dora holding her head with visible stiffness.

Diantha sat on the floor by her mother, put her head in her lap and cried. "How splendid of you, Mother!" she sobbed. "How simply splendid! I will tell you now—if—if—you won't tell even Father—yet."

"Dear child" said her Mother, "I'd rather not know in that case. It is—easier."

"That's what I kept still for!" said the girl. "It's hard enough, goodness knows—as it is! Its nothing wicked, or even risky, Mother dear—and as far as I can see it is right!"

Her mother smiled through her tears. "If you say that, my dear child, I know there's no stopping you. And I hate to argue with you—even for your own sake, because it is so much to my advantage to have you here. I—shall miss you—Diantha!"

"Don't, Mother!" sobbed the girl.

"Its natural for the young to go. We expect it—in time. But you are so young yet—and—well, I had hoped the teaching would satisfy you till Ross was ready."

Diantha sat up straight.

"Mother! can't you see Ross'll never be ready! Look at that family! And the way they live! And those mortgages! I could wait and teach and save a little even with Father always losing money; but I can't see Ross wearing himself out for years and years—I just *can't* bear it!"

Her mother stroked her fair hair softly, not surprised that her own plea was so lost in thought of the brave young lover.

"And besides," the girl went on "If I waited—and saved—and married Ross—what becomes of *you*, I'd like to know? What I can't stand is to have you grow older and sicker—and never have any good time in all your life!"

Mrs. Bell smiled tenderly. "You dear child!" she said; as if an affectionate five-year old had offered to get her a rainbow, "I know you mean it all for the best. But, O my *dearest!* I'd rather have you—here—at home with me—than any other 'good time' you can imagine!"

She could not see the suffering in her daughter's face; but she felt she had made an impression, and followed it up with heart-breaking sincerity. She caught the girl to her breast and held her like a little child. "O my baby! my baby! Don't leave your mother. I can't bear it!"

A familiar step outside, heavy, yet uncertain, and they both looked at each other with frightened eyes.

They had forgotten the biscuit.

"Supper ready?" asked Mr. Bell, with grim humor.

"It will be in a moment, Father," cried Diantha springing to her feet. "At least—in a few moments."

"Don't fret the child, Father," said Mrs. Henderson softly. "She's feeling bad enough."

"Sh'd think she would," replied her husband. "Moreover—to my mind—she ought to."

He got out the small damp local paper and his pipe, and composed himself in obvious patience: yet somehow this patience seemed to fill the kitchen, and to act like a ball and chain to Diantha's feet.

She got supper ready, at last, making griddle-cakes instead of biscuit, and no comment was made of the change: but the tension in the atmosphere was sharply felt by the two women; and possibly by the tall old man, who ate less than usual, and said absolutely nothing.

"I'm going over to see Edwards about that new incubator," he said when the meal was over, and departed; and Mrs. Bell, after trying in vain to do her mending, wiped her clouded glasses and went to bed.

Diantha made all neat and tidy; washed her own wet eyes again, and went out under the moon. In that broad tender mellow light she drew a deep breath and stretched her strong young arms toward the sky in dumb appeal.

"I knew it would be hard," she murmured to herself, "That is I knew the facts—but I didn't know the feeling!"

She stood at the gate between the cypresses, sat waiting under the acacia boughs, walked restlessly up and down the path outside, the dry pepper berries crush softly under foot; bracing herself for one more struggle—and the hardest of all.

"He will understand!" he told herself, over and over, but at the bottom of her heart she knew he wouldn't.

He came at last; a slower, wearier step than usual; came and took both her hands in his and stood holding them, looking at her questioningly. Then he held her face between his palms and made her look at him. Her eyes were brave and steady, but the mouth trembled in spite of her.

He stilled it with a kiss, and drew her to a seat on the bench beside him. "My poor Little Girl! You haven't had a chance yet to really tell me about this thing, and I want you to right now. Then I'm going to kill about forty people in this town! *Somebody* has been mighty foolish."

She squeezed his hand, but found it very difficult to speak. His love, his sympathy, his tenderness, were so delicious after this day's trials—and before those further ones she could so well anticipate. She didn't wish to cry any more, that would by no means strengthen her position, and she found she couldn't seem to speak without crying.

"One would think to hear the good people of this town that you were about to leave home and mother for—well, for a trip to the moon!" he added. "There isn't any agreement as to what you're going to do, but they're unanimous as to its being entirely wrong. Now suppose you tell me about it."

"I will," said Diantha. "I began to the other night, you know, you first of course—it was too bad! your having to go off at that exact moment. Then I had to tell mother—because—well you'll see presently. Now dear—just let me say it *all*—before you—do anything."

"Say away, my darling. I trust you perfectly."

She flashed a grateful look at him. "It is this way, my dear. I have two, three, yes four, things to consider:—My own personal problem—my family's—yours—and a social one."

"My family's?" he asked, with a faint shade of offence in his tone.

"No no dear—your own," she explained.

"Better cut mine out, Little Girl," he said. "I'll consider that myself."

"Well—I won't talk about it if you don't want me to. There are the other three."

"I won't question your second, nor your imposing third, but isn't the first one—your own personal problem—a good deal answered?" he suggested, holding her close for a moment.

"Don't!" she said. "I can't talk straight when you put it that way."

She rose hurriedly and took a step or two up and down. "I don't suppose—in spite of your loving me, that I can make you see it as I do. But I'll be just as clear as I can. There are some years before us before we can be together. In that time I intend to go away and undertake a business I am interested in. My purpose is to—develop the work, to earn money, to help my family, and to—well, not to hinder you."

"I don't understand, I confess," he said. "Don't you propose to tell me what this 'work' is?"

"Yes—I will—certainly. But not yet dear! Let me try to show you how I feel about it."

"Wait," said he. "One thing I want to be sure of. Are you doing this with any quixotic notion of helping me—in *my* business? Helping me to take care of my family? Helping me to—" he stood up now, looking

very tall and rather forbidding, "No, I won't say that to you."

"Would there be anything wrong in my meaning exactly that?" she asked, holding her own head a little higher; "both what you said and what you didn't?"

"It would be absolutely wrong, all of it," he answered. "I cannot believe that the woman I love would—could take such a position."

"Look here, Ross!" said the girl earnestly. "Suppose you knew where there was a gold mine—*knew it*—and by going away for a few years you could get a real fortune—wouldn't you do it?"

"Naturally I should," he agreed.

"Well, suppose it wasn't a gold mine, but a business, a new system like those cigar stores—or—some patent amusement specialty—or *anything*—that you knew was better than what you're doing—wouldn't you have a right to try it?"

"Of course I should—but what has that to do with this case?"

"Why it's the same thing! Don't you see? I have plans that will be of real benefit to all of us, something worth while to *do*—and not only for us but for *everybody*—a real piece of progress—and I'm going to leave my people—and even you!—for a little while—to make us all happier later on."

He smiled lovingly at her but shook his head slowly. "You dear, brave, foolish child!" he said. "I don't for one moment doubt your noble purposes. But you don't get the man's point of view—naturally. What's more you don't seem to get the woman's."

"Can you see no other point of view than those?" she asked.

"There are no others," he answered. "Come! come! my darling, don't add this new difficulty to what we've got to carry! I know you have a hard time of it at home. Some day, please God, you shall have an easier one! And I'm having a hard time too—I don't deny it. But you are the greatest joy and comfort I have, dear—you know that. If you go away—it will be harder and slower and longer—that's all. I shall have you to worry about too. Let somebody else do the gold-mine, dear—you stay here and comfort your Mother as long as you can—and me. How can I get along without you?"

He tried to put his arm around her again, but she drew back. "Dear," she said. "If I deliberately do what I think is right—against your wishes—what will you do?"

"Do?" She laughed bitterly. "What can I do? I'm tied by the leg here—I can't go after you. I've nothing to pull you out of a scrape with if you get in one. I couldn't do anything but—stand it."

"And if I go ahead, and do what you don't like—and make you—suffer—would you—would you rather be free?" Her voice was very low and shaken, but he heard her well enough.

"Free of you? Free of *you*?" He caught her and held her and kissed her over and over.

"You are mine!" he said. "You have given yourself to me! You cannot leave me. Neither of us is free—ever again." But she struggled away from him.

"Both of us are free—to do what we think right, *always* Ross! I wouldn't try to stop you if you thought it was your duty to go to the North Pole!" She held him a little way off. "Let me tell you, dear. Sit down—let me tell you all about it." But he wouldn't sit down.

"I don't think I want to know the details," he said. "It doesn't much matter what you're going to do—if you really go away. I can't stop you—I see that. If you think this thing is your 'duty' you'll do it if it kills us all—and you too! If you have to go—I shall do nothing—can do nothing—but wait till you come back to me! Whatever happens, darling—no matter how you fail—don't ever be afraid to come back to me."

He folded his arms now—did not attempt to hold her—gave her the freedom she asked and promised her the love she had almost feared to lose—and her whole carefully constructed plan seemed like a child's sand castle for a moment; her heroic decision the wildest folly.

He was not even looking at her; she saw his strong, clean-cut profile dark against the moonlit house, a settled patience in its lines. Duty! Here was duty, surely, with tenderest happiness. She was leaning toward him—her hand was seeking his, when she heard through the fragrant silence a sound from her mother's room—the faint creak of her light rocking chair. She could not sleep—she was sitting up with her trouble, bearing it quietly as she had so many others.

The quiet everyday tragedy of that distasteful life—the slow withering away of youth and hope and ambition into a gray waste of ineffectual submissive labor—not only of her life, but of thousands upon thousands like her—it all rose up like a flood in the girl's hot young heart.

Ross had turned to her—was holding out his arms to her. "You won't go, my darling!" he said.

"I am going Wednesday on the 7.10," said Diantha.

THE "ANTI" AND THE FLY

The fly upon the Cartwheel
Thought he made all the Sound;
He thought he made the Cart go on—
And made the wheels go round.

The Fly upon the Cartwheel
Has won undying fame
For Conceit that was colossal,
And Ignorance the same.

But to-day he has a Rival
As we roll down History's Track—
For the "Anti" on the Cartwheel
Thinks she makes the Wheels go back!

THE BARREL

I was walking, peacefully enough, along a plain ordinary road, when I lifted my head and observed an impressive gateway. The pillars were of stone, high, carven, massive; mighty gates of wrought iron hung between them, the gray wall stretched away on either side.

As the gates were open and there was no prohibitory sign, I entered, and for easy miles walked on; under the springing arches of tall elms, flat roofs of beech, and level fans of fir and pine; through woodland, park and meadow, with glimpses of starred lily-ponds, blue lakelets, and bright brooks; seeing the dappled deer, the swans and pheasants—a glorious place indeed.

Then a smooth turn, and across velvet lawns and statued gardens I saw a towering palace, so nobly beautiful, so majestic, I took off my hat involuntarily. Approaching it I was met by courteous servingmen; told that it was open to visitors; and shown from hall to hall, from floor to floor; where every object was a work of art; where line, color and proportion, perfect architecture and fitting decoration made an overwhelming beauty.

"Whose it is?" I inquired. "Some Duke?—King?—Emperor? Who owns this palace?—this glorious estate?"

They bowed and offered to lead me to him.

Downward and toward the back; through servants' apartments; through workroom, scullery and stable; out to the last and least and meanest little yard; narrow and dark, stone-paved, stone-walled, shadowed by caves of barns; there, huddled in a barrel, they pointed out a man.

They bowed to him, they called him master. They told me he was the owner of this vast estate.

I could not believe it—but they stood bowing—and he ordered them away.

"What!" I cried. "*You!*—you are the owner—the master of all this wealth of beauty—this beauty of wealth! You own these miles of breezy upland and rich valley—still forests and bright lakes! You own these noble trees—those overflowing flowers—those glades of browsing deer! You own this palace—a joy to the eye and uplift to the soul! This majesty and splendor—this comfort, beauty, form, you own all this—and are living—*here.*"

He regarded me superciliously, with a weary expression.

"Young man," he said, "you are a dreamer—a visionary—a Utopian!—an idealist! You should consider

Facts, my young sir; fix your mind on Facts! The *Fact* is that I live in this Barrel."

It was a fact;—he did visibly live in the Barrel.

It was also a fact that he owned that vast estate.

And there was no lid on the Barrel.

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE; or, THE MAN-MADE WORLD

III.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

NOTE—The word "Androcentric" we owe to Prof. Lester F. Ward. In his book, "Pure Sociology," Chap. 14, he describes the Androcentric Theory of life, hitherto universally accepted; and introduces his own "Gyneacocentric Theory." All who are interested in the deeper scientific aspects of this question are urged to read that chapter. Prof. Ward's theory is to my mind the most important that has been offered the world since the Theory of Evolution; and without exception the most important that has ever been put forward concerning women.

Among the many paradoxes which we find in human life is our low average standard of health and beauty, compared with our power and knowledge. All creatures suffer from conflict with the elements; from enemies without and within—the prowling devourers of the forest, and "the terror that walketh in darkness" and attacks the body from inside, in hidden millions.

Among wild animals generally, there is a certain standard of excellence; if you shoot a bear or a bird, it is a fair sample of the species; you do not say, "O what an ugly one!" or "This must have been an invalid!"

Where we have domesticated any animal, and interfered with its natural habits, illness has followed; the dog is said to have the most diseases second to man; the horse comes next; but the wild ones put us to shame by their superior health and the beauty that belongs to right development.

In our long ages of blind infancy we assume that sickness was a visitation from the gods; some still believe this, holding it to be a special prerogative of divinity to afflict us in this way. We speak of "the ills that flesh is heir to" as if the inheritance was entailed and inalienable. Only of late years, after much study and long struggle with this old belief which made us submit to sickness as a blow from the hand of God, we are beginning to learn something of the many causes of our many diseases, and how to remove some of them.

It is still true, however, that almost every one of us is to some degree abnormal; the features asymmetrical, the vision defective, the digestion unreliable, the nervous system erratic—we are but a job lot even in what we call "good health"; and are subject to a burden of pain and premature death that would make life hideous if it were not so ridiculously unnecessary.

As to beauty—we do not think of expecting it save in the rarely exceptional case. Look at the faces—the figures—in any crowd you meet; compare the average man or the average woman with the normal type of human beauty as given us in picture and statue; and consider if there is not some general cause for so general a condition of ugliness.

Moreover, leaving our defective bodies concealed by garments; what are those garments, as conducive to health and beauty? Is the practical ugliness of our men's attire, and the impractical absurdity of our women's, any contribution to human beauty? Look at our houses—are they beautiful? Even the houses of the rich?

We do not even know that we ought to live in a world of overflowing loveliness; and that our contribution to it should be the loveliest of all. We are so sodden in the dull ugliness of our interiors, so used to calling a tame weary low-toned color scheme "good taste," that only children dare frankly yearn for Beauty—and they are speedily educated out of it.

The reasons specially given for our low standards of health and beauty are ignorance, poverty, and the evil effects of special trades. The Man with the Hoe becomes brother to the ox because of over-much hoeing; the housepainter is lead-poisoned because of his painting; books have been written to

show the injurious influence of nearly all our industries upon workers.

These causes are sound as far as they go; but do not cover the whole ground.

The farmer may be muscle-bound and stooping from his labor; but that does not account for his dyspepsia or his rheumatism.

Then we allege poverty as covering all. Poverty does cover a good deal. But when we find even a half-fed savage better developed than a well paid cashier; and a poor peasant woman a more vigorous mother than the idle wife of a rich man, poverty is not enough.

Then we say ignorance explains it. But there are most learned professors who are ugly and asthmatic; there are even doctors who can boast no beauty and but moderate health; there are some of the petted children of the wealthy, upon whom every care is lavished from birth, and who still are ill to look at and worse to marry.

All these special causes are admitted, given their due share in lowering our standards, but there is another far more universal in its application and its effects. Let us look back on our little ancestors the beasts, and see what keeps them so true to type.

The type itself set by that balance of conditions and forces we call "natural selection." As the environment changes they must be adapted to it, if they cannot so adapt themselves they die. Those who live are, by living, proven capable of maintaining themselves. Every creature which has remained on earth, while so many less effective kinds died out, remains as a conqueror. The speed of the deer—the constant use of speed—is what keeps it alive and makes it healthy and beautiful. The varied activities of the life of a leopard are what have developed the sinuous gracile strength we so admire. It is what the creature does for its living, its daily life-long exercise which makes it what it is.

But there is another great natural force which works steadily to keep all animals up to the race standard; that is sexual selection. Throughout nature the male is the variant, as we have already noted. His energy finds vent not only in that profuse output of decorative appendages Ward defines as "masculine efflorescence" but in variations not decorative, not useful or desirable at all.

The female, on the other hand, varies much less, remaining nearer the race type; and her function is to select among these varying males the specimens most valuable to the race. In the intense masculine competition the victor must necessarily be stronger than his fellows; he is first proven equal to his environment by having lived to grow up, then more than equal to his fellows by overcoming them. This higher grade of selection also develops not only the characteristics necessary to make a living; but secondary ones, often of a purely aesthetic nature, which make much of what we call beauty. Between the two, all who live must be up to a certain grade, and those who become parents must be above it; a masterly arrangement surely!

Here is where, during the period of our human history, we in our newborn consciousness and imperfect knowledge, have grievously interfered with the laws of nature. The ancient proprietary family, treating the woman as a slave, keeping her a prisoner and subject to the will of her master, cut her off at once from the exercise of those activities which alone develop and maintain the race type.

Take the one simple quality of speed. We are a creature built for speed, a free swift graceful animal; and among savages this is still seen—the capacity for running, mile after mile, hour after hour. Running is as natural a gait for *genus homo* as for *genus cervus*. Now suppose among deer, the doe was prohibited from running; the stag continuing free on the mountain; the doe living in caves and pens, unequal to any exercise. The effect on the species would be, inevitably, to reduce its speed.

In this way, by keeping women to one small range of duties, and in most cases housebound, we have interfered with natural selection and its resultant health and beauty. It can easily be seen what the effect on the race would have been if all men had been veiled and swathed, hidden in harems, kept to the tent or house, and confined to the activities of a house-servant. Our stalwart laborers, our proud soldiers, our athletes, would never have appeared under such circumstances. The confinement to the house alone, cutting women off from sunshine and air, is by itself an injury; and the range of occupation allowed them is not such as to develop a high standard of either health or beauty. Thus we have cut off half the race from the strengthening influence of natural selection, and so lowered our race-standards in large degree.

This alone, however, would not have hid such mischievous effects but for our further blunder in completely reversing nature's order of sexual selection. It is quite possible that even under confinement and restriction women could have kept up the race level, passably, through this great function of selection; but here is the great fundamental error of the Androcentric Culture. Assuming to be the possessor of women, their owner and master, able at will to give, buy and sell, or do with as he pleases,

man became the selector.

It seems a simple change; and in those early days, wholly ignorant of natural laws, there was no suspicion that any mischief would result. In the light of modern knowledge, however, the case is clear. The woman was deprived of the beneficent action of natural selection, and the man was then, by his own act, freed from the stern but elevating effect of sexual selection. Nothing was required of the woman by natural selection save such capacity as should please her master; nothing was required of the man by sexual selection save power to take by force, or buy, a woman.

It does not take a very high standard of feminine intelligence, strength, skill, health, or beauty to be a houseservant, or even a housekeeper; witness the average.

It does not take a very high standard of masculine, intelligence, strength, skill, health or beauty to maintain a woman in that capacity—witness average.

Here at the very root of our physiological process, at the beginning of life, we have perverted the order of nature, and are suffering the consequences.

It has been held by some that man as the selector has developed beauty, more beauty than we had before; and we point to the charms of our women as compared with those of the squaw. The answer to this is that the squaw belongs to a decadent race; that she too is subject to the man, that the comparison to have weight should be made between our women and the women of the matriarchate—an obvious impossibility. We have not on earth women in a state of normal freedom and full development; but we have enough difference in their placing to learn that human strength and beauty grows with woman's freedom and activity.

The second answer is that much of what man calls beauty in woman is not human beauty at all, but gross overdevelopment of certain points which appeal to him as a male. The excessive fatness, previously referred to, is a case in point; that being considered beauty in a woman which is in reality an element of weakness, inefficiency and ill-health. The relatively small size of women, deliberately preferred, steadfastly chosen, and so built into the race, is a blow at real human progress in every particular. In our upward journey we should and do grow larger, leaving far behind us our dwarfish progenitors. Yet the male, in his unnatural position as selector, preferring for reasons both practical and sentimental, to have "his woman" smaller than himself, has deliberately striven to lower the standard of size in the race. We used to read in the novels of the last generation, "He was a magnificent specimen of manhood"—"Her golden head reached scarcely to his shoulder"—"She was a fairy creature—the tiniest of her sex." Thus we have mated, and yet expected that by some hocus pocus the boys would all "take after their father," and the girls, their mother. In his efforts to improve the breed of other animals, man has never tried to deliberately cross the large and small and expect to keep up the standard of size.

As a male he is appealed to by the ultra-feminine, and has given small thought to effects on the race. He was not designed to do the selecting. Under his fostering care we have bred a race of women who are physically weak enough to be handed about like invalids; or mentally weak enough to pretend they are—and to like it. We have made women who respond so perfectly to the force which made them, that they attach all their idea of beauty to those characteristics which attract men; sometimes humanly ugly without even knowing it.

For instance, our long restriction to house-limits, the heavy limitations of our clothing, and the heavier ones of traditional decorum, have made women disproportionately short-legged. This is a particularly undignified and injurious characteristic, bred in women and inherited by men, most seen among those races which keep their women most closely. Yet when one woman escapes the tendency and appears with a normal length of femur and tibia, a normal height of hip and shoulder, she is criticized and called awkward by her squatty sisters!

The most convenient proof of the inferiority of women in human beauty is shown by those composite statues prepared by Mr. Sargent for the World's Fair of '93. These were made from gymnasium measurements of thousands of young collegians of both sexes all over America. The statue of the girl has a pretty face, small hands and feet, rather nice arms, though weak; but the legs are too thick and short; the chest and shoulders poor; and the trunk is quite pitiful in its weakness. The figure of the man is much better proportioned.

Thus the effect on human beauty of masculine selection.

Beyond this positive deteriorative effect on women through man's arbitrary choice comes the negative effect of woman's lack of choice. Bought or stolen or given by her father, she was deprived of the innately feminine right and duty of choosing. "Who giveth this woman?" we still inquire in our

archaic marriage service, and one man steps forward and gives her to another man.

Free, the female chose the victor, and the vanquished went unmated—and without progeny. Dependent, having to be fed and cared for by some man, the victors take their pick perhaps, but the vanquished take what is left; and the poor women, "marrying for a home," take anything. As a consequence the inferior male is as free to transmit his inferiority as the superior to give better qualities, and does so—beyond computation. In modern days, women are freer, in some countries freer than in others; here in modern America freest of all; and the result is seen in our improving standards of health and beauty.

Still there remains the field of inter-masculine competition, does there not? Do not the males still struggle together? Is not that as of old, a source of race advantage?

To some degree it is. When life was simple and our activities consisted mainly in fighting and hard work; the male who could vanquish the others was bigger and stronger. But inter-masculine competition ceases to be of such advantage when we enter the field of social service. What is required in organized society is the specialization of the individual, the development of special talents, not always of immediate benefit to the man himself, but of ultimate benefit to society. The best social servant, progressive, meeting future needs, is almost always at a disadvantage besides the well-established lower types. We need, for social service, qualities quite different from the simple masculine characteristics—desire, combat, self-expression.

By keeping what we call "the outside world" so wholly male, we keep up masculine standards at the expense of human ones. This may be broadly seen in the slow and painful development of industry and science as compared to the easy dominance of warfare throughout all history until our own times.

The effect of all this ultra masculine competition upon health and beauty is but too plainly to be seen. Among men the male idea of what is good looking is accentuated beyond reason. Read about any "hero" you please; or study the products of the illustrator and note the broad shoulders, the rugged features, the strong, square, determined jaw. That jaw is in evidence if everything else fails. He may be cross-eyed, wide-eared, thick-necked, bandy-legged—what you please; but he must have a more or less prognathous jaw.

Meanwhile any anthropologist will show you that the line of human development is away from that feature of the bulldog and the alligator, and toward the measured dignity of the Greek type. The possessor of that kind of jaw may enable male to conquer male, but does not make him of any more service to society; of any better health or higher beauty.

Further, in the external decoration of our bodies, what is the influence here of masculine dominance.

We have before spoken of the peculiar position of our race in that the woman is the only female creature who carries the burden of sex ornament. This amazing reversal of the order of nature results at its mildest in a perversion of the natural feminine instincts of love and service, and an appearance of the masculine instincts of self-expression and display. Alone among all female things do women decorate and preen themselves and exhibit their borrowed plumage (literally!) to attract the favor of the male. This ignominy is forced upon them by their position of economic dependence; and their general helplessness. As all broader life is made to depend, for them, on whom they marry, indeed as even the necessities of life so often depend on their marrying someone, they have been driven into this form of competition, so alien to the true female attitude.

The result is enough to make angels weep—and laugh. Perhaps no step in the evolution of beauty went farther than our human power of making a continuous fabric; soft and mobile, showing any color and texture desired. The beauty of the human body is supreme, and when we add to it the flow of color, the ripple of fluent motion, that comes of a soft, light garment over free limbs—it is a new field of loveliness and delight. Naturally this should have filled the whole world with a new pleasure. Our garments, first under right natural selection developing perfect use, under right sex selection developing beauty; and further, as our human aesthetic sense progresses, showing a noble symbolism, would have been an added strength and glory, a ceaseless joy.

What is the case?

Men, under a too strictly inter-masculine environment, have evolved the mainly useful but beautiless costume common to-day; and women—?

Women wear beautiful garments when they happen to be the fashion; and ugly garments when they are the fashion, and show no signs of knowing the difference. They show no added pride in the beautiful, no hint of mortification in the hideous, and are not even sensitive under criticism, or open to any persuasion or argument. Why should they be?

Their condition, physical and mental, is largely abnormal, their whole passionate absorption in dress and decoration is abnormal, and they have never looked, from a frankly human standpoint, at their position and its peculiarities, until the present age.

In the effect of our wrong relation on the world's health, we have spoken of the check to vigor and growth due to the housebound state of women and their burdensome clothes. There follow other influences, similar in origin, even more evil in result. To roughly and briefly classify we may distinguish the diseases due to bad air, to bad food, and that field of cruel mischief we are only now beginning to discuss—the diseases directly due to the erroneous relation between men and women.

We are the only race where the female depends on the male for a livelihood. We are the only race that practices prostitution. From the first harmless-looking but abnormal general relation follows the well recognized evil of the second, so long called "a social necessity," and from it, in deadly sequence, comes the "wages of sin;" death not only of the guilty, but of the innocent. It is no light part of our criticism of the Androcentric Culture that a society based on masculine desires alone, has willingly sacrificed such an army of women; and has repaid the sacrifice by the heaviest punishments.

That the unfortunate woman should sicken and die was held to be her just punishment; that man too should bear part penalty was found unavoidable, though much legislation and medical effort has been spent to shield him; but to the further consequences society is but now waking up.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

Mr. H. G. Wells is an author whose work I have followed with delight, interest and respect for years—since first I read that sinister vision of dead worlds, "The Time Machine." He is a successful craftsman, an artist of power; and has that requisite so often missing in our literary craftsmen and artists—something to say. In his mighty work of electrifying the world's slow mind to the splendid possibilities of life as it might be, may be, will be, as soon as we wake up, he has my admiring sympathy.

But alas! and alas! Like many another great man, Mr. Wells loses his perspective and clear vision when he considers women. He sees women as females—and does not see that they are human; the universal mistake of the world behind us; but one unworthy of a mind that sees the world before us so vividly.

He has knowledge, the scientific habit of mind, an enormous imagination and the courage to use it; he is not, usually, afraid of facts, even when an admission carries reproach. But in this field he shows simply the old race-mind, that attitude which considers women as mothers, potential, active, and in retrospect; and as nothing else. He likes them as mothers. He honors them as mothers. He wants to have them salaried, as mothers. But he thinks it quite beyond reason that they should appear as regular members of the working world; their motherhood, to his mind, would prevent it.

In this attitude he has produced a vivid novel called *Ann Veronica*; a book of keen analysis and delicate observation, full of amusing darts and flashes; seeing and showing much that is absurd in our modern uneasiness and wavering discussion; and thus explained by himself in *The Spectator* (which had denounced the work as "poisonous").

"My book was written primarily to express the resentment and distress which many women feel nowadays at their unavoidable practical dependence upon some individual man not of their deliberate choice"; and he further says he sympathizes with the woman who lives with a man she does not love; and respects her natural desire to prefer some one man as her husband and father of her children—a harmless position surely.

To carry out these feelings he has described a girl, vigorous and handsome, a nice, normal girl, who is crushed and stultified in her home life and wants to get out of it; as is the case with so many girls today. She wants freedom—room to grow—more knowledge and power—again as is so common nowadays. We read with sympathy, admiring his keen sure touch, hoping much for this brave woman in her dash for freedom.

Then he makes this girl, so strong and intelligent, deliberately refuse various kinds of work she might have done because they did not please her; and borrow money from a man in preference to earning her living. She exposes herself to insult and even danger with an idiocy that even a novel-reared child of sixteen would have scorned. She falls in love, healthfully enough, with a fine strong man; and sees no reason for avoiding him when she learns he is married. She cheerfully elopes with him—quite forgetting the money she had borrowed, and when she remembers about that abhorrent debt, expects her companion to pay it, without a qualm apparently.

The ex-wife must have conveniently died after a while; and the man develops a sudden new talent as a playwright; for they wind up very respectably in a nice flat, having Ann Veronica's father and aunt to dinner, and regarding them as a pair of walking mummies. Nothing more is said of any desire on the part of the heroine for freedom, knowledge, independence; having attained her man she has attained all; indeed Mr. Wells goes to the pains to fully express his idea of the case, by describing her early struggle and outburst as like "the nuptial flight of an ant."

It is hard to see why Mr. Wells, in seeking "to express the resentment and distress which many women feel nowadays" at their dependence; and in showing sympathy with their natural right of choice, should have burdened himself with all this unnecessary complication of special foolishness on the part of his heroine which alienates our sympathy; and special illegality on the man's position. Perhaps this is to add heroism to her effort to secure the right mate, to indicate how small are any other considerations in comparison to this primary demand of life.

Waiving all objections to this framework of the story, there remains the painful exhibition of Mr. Wells's misapprehension of the larger causes of the present unrest among women. What later historians will point out as the most distinguishing feature of our time, its importance shared only by the movement towards economic democracy, is the sudden and irresistible outburst of human powers, human feeling, human activities, and in that half the world hitherto denied such experiences.

Ann Veronica, as at first portrayed, shared in this world impulse. She wanted to be human, and tried to be. Her masculine interpreter, seeing no possible interests in the woman's life except those of sex, dismisses all that passionate outgoing as comparable to the mating impulse of insects. He overestimates the weight of this department of life, a mistake common to most men and some women.

When opposed, the protagonists of this position cry that their opponent wishes to unsex women; to repudiate motherhood; and see in all the natural development of the modern woman only a threat of decreased population.

Cannot Mr. Wells, as one acquainted with zoology, see that both male and female of a species are alike in the special qualities of that species, although differing in sex? Can he not see that the area of human life, the social development of humanity, is one quite common to both men and women; and that a woman, however amply occupied in wife and mother-hood, suffers from lack of human relation, if denied it, even as a man would, whose activities were absolutely limited to husband- and father-hood?

*

If you are a believer in women's voting why don't you take the best equal suffrage paper in the country? Not the Forerunner—which is only a suffrage paper because of its interest in women, and only a woman's paper because of its interest in humanity, but this one:

Vol. XL.

The Woman's Journal

FOUNDED BY LUCY STONE AND HENRY B. BLACKWELL

A weekly newspaper published every Saturday in Boston, devoted to the interests of women—to their educational, industrial, legal and political equality, and especially to their right of suffrage

Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter

EDITOR: ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: FLORENCE M. ADKINSON, CATHARINE WILDE

OFFICE: NO. 6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS. ROOM 1018

The love and faith, the hope and courage, the steady unflinching devotion of forty years of solid work, and the quality of brain power, which have fed this lamp of liberty, make a light that is worth following.

Two noble lives have been given to it, and the daughter of one of those two is carrying it on superbly. It is a paper that will broaden, live and grow, and carry on its larger work long after this one political question is rightly settled.

It carries news—the kind of news progressive women want. It is broad and bright, and interesting; full of short and memorable bits that prick the mind to understanding.

I have read this paper, myself, many years, and know its merits well.

Try it.

*

The Sea of Matrimony. By Jessie H. Childs. Broadway Pub. Co., New York and Baltimore.

Here is quite another kind of a novel. Earnest, thoughtful, sincere, lacking in humor and in technical finish, yet holding one's attention by the complete preoccupation of the author in her theme, and by the common interests of the discussion.

It reminds one vaguely of "Together," giving pair after pair of ill-mated persons, but one happy marriage in the lot, and that a childless one, and offering no solution to the problem raised save in that searching philosophy we seek to cover by the term New Thought.

There is much keen observation in this book; and so intimate an analysis of character that one wonders who this person and that may be; and the courage shown in giving spades their names is worthy of respect

The author shows a power of keen appreciation of the daily problems of life. The description of the woman who tried to change even her husband's cigars to the brand her father used to smoke is particularly good.

Many men and women may see their troubles reflected in this study of the intricate difficulties of married life; and some will find strength and hope in its conclusions.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

Here is a question of financial ethics sent by one of our readers: "A woman is sent out on a trip of inspection for her State School, or for her Club. She is told to keep accurate accounts of her expenditures, and is expected to send in an itemized account. Shall she send in the regular two or three dollars a day account? Or shall she itemize each street carfare and meal? Shall she not be justified in using a dollar to-day which she did not spend on yesterday's dinner, in livening up her mind by a visit to the theatre? Or shall she eat, whether hungry or not, and pay all her own minor expenses?"

This is a good long question, and seems open to some discussion. The simplest answer seems to be, "If the woman is required to send in an itemized account, she should do so, accurately. If her expenses are within the usual amount allowed it should make no difference to the employer whether the money is spent on a dinner or a theatre.

She visibly could not suppress the theatre expense and yet have an accurate account; nor could she call it a dinner—and be truthful.

If it is simply a matter of having such and such an allowance for expenses, then it is no one's business how she spends it; but if she has agreed to itemize she ought to do so.

PLAY-TIME

THE MELANCHOLY RABBIT

(A Pantoum.)

A melancholy rabbit in distress,
Was heard complaining on the moonlit mead,
And neither we, nor anyone, could guess
If he were ill at ease, or ill indeed

We heard complaining on the moonlit mead,
We sought the lonely wanderer to relieve;
If he were ill at ease or ill indeed
We did not ask—sufficient he should grieve.

We sought the lonely wanderer to relieve
With sundry bundles of electric hay;
We did not ask—sufficient he should grieve—
If he were used to dieting that way.

With sundry bundles of electric hay
The suffering hare was speedily supplied;
If he were used to dieting that way
It could not be the reason that he died.

The suffering hare was speedily supplied—
A melancholy rabbit in distress;
It could not be the reason that he died—
And neither we, nor anyone, could guess.

[Advertisement]

THE FORERUNNER CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S MAGAZINE CHARLTON CO., 67 WALL ST., NEW YORK

AS TO PURPOSE:

What is The Forerunner? It is a monthly magazine, publishing stories short and serial, article and essay; drama, verse, satire and sermon; dialogue, fable and fantasy, comment and review. It is written entirely by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

What is it For? It is to stimulate thought: to arouse hope, courage and impatience; to offer practical suggestions and solutions, to voice the strong assurance of better living, here, now, in our own hands to make.

What is it about? It is about people, principles, and the questions of every-day life; the personal and public problems of to-day. It gives a clear, consistent view of human life and how to live it.

Is it a Woman's magazine? It will treat all three phases of our existence—male, female and human. It will discuss Man, in his true place in life; Woman, the Unknown Power; the Child, the most important citizen.

Is it a Socialist Magazine? It is a magazine for humanity, and humanity is social. It holds that Socialism, the economic theory, is part of our gradual Socialization, and that the duty of conscious humanity is to promote Socialization.

Why is it published? It is published to express ideas which need a special medium; and in the belief that there are enough persons interested in those ideas to justify the undertaking.

AS TO ADVERTISING:

We have long heard that "A pleased customer is the best advertiser." The Forerunner offers to its advertisers and readers the benefit of this authority. In its advertising department, under the above heading, will be described articles personally known and used. So far as individual experience and approval carry weight, and clear truthful description command attention, the advertising pages of The Forerunner will be useful to both dealer and buyer. If advertisers prefer to use their own statements The Forerunner will publish them if it believes them to be true.

AS TO CONTENTS:

The main feature of the first year is a new book on a new subject with a new name:—

"Our Androcentric Culture." this is a study of the historic effect on normal human development of a too exclusively masculine civilization. It shows what man, the male, has done to the world: and what woman, the more human, may do to change it.

"What Diantha Did." This is a serial novel. It shows the course of true love running very crookedly—as it so often does—among the obstructions and difficulties of the housekeeping problem—and solves that

problem. (NOT by co-operation.)

Among the short articles will appear:

"Private Morality and Public Immorality."
"The Beauty Women Have Lost"
"Our Overworked Instincts."
"The Nun in the Kitchen."
"Genius: Domestic and Maternal."
"A Small God and a Large Goddess."
"Animals in Cities."
"How We Waste Three-Fourths Of Our Money."
"Prize Children"
"Kitchen-Mindedness"
"Parlor-Mindedness"
"Nursery-Mindedness"

There will be short stories and other entertaining matter in each issue. The department of "Personal Problems" does not discuss etiquette, fashions or the removal of freckles. Foolish questions will not be answered, unless at peril of the asker.

AS TO VALUE:

If you take this magazine one year you will have:

One complete novel . . . By C. P. Gilman
One new book . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve short stories . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve-and-more short articles . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve-and-more new poems . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve Short Sermons . . . By C. P. Gilman
Besides "Comment and Review" . . . By C. P. Gilman
"Personal Problems" . . . By C. P. Gilman
And many other things . . . By C. P. Gilman

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S WORTH A DOLLAR?

THE FORERUNNER CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S MAGAZINE CHARLTON CO., 67 WALL ST., NEW YORK

____ 19__

Please find enclosed \$ ____ as subscription to "The Forerunner" from ____ 19__ to ____ 19__

[Advertisement]

Confidential Remarks About Our Advertising

This magazine was planned to carry twenty-four pages of reading matter and eight of advertising matter.

A careful list was made of about twenty first class articles, personally known and used by the editor; and the offer was made to write absolutely true descriptions and recommendations of them.

The value of this form of advertisement was not in the extent of the circulation, but in

a. The unique and attractive method.

- b. The select class of goods.
- c. The select class of readers.
- d. The weight of a personal authority specially known to these select readers.

Our readers as far as heard from have almost without exception spoken highly of our advertisements and declared they would purchase the goods.

If, however, the amount of sales secured does not equal the price of the advertisement, there is no reason whatever why any dealer should use our pages.

*

There is a tooth-paste, specially recommended by physicians, well used and found of marked value, noticeably checking decay of the teeth and improving mouth and throat conditions.

Now, suppose the makers take one page in one issue of *The Forerunner* at \$25.00. Then suppose that only one thousand of our readers spend 25 cents each to try that tooth-paste. That makes \$250.00; and the makers ought to get at least half of it.

if only two hundred did it, the makers would still get their money back—to say nothing of the additional advertising given by each new purchaser who likes it.

*

Here is an experiment *The Forerunner* would like to try.

If all the readers who did purchase goods on the strength of these recommendations would waste a cent in sending me a post card saying they had done so, it would definitely show whether this small experiment in honesty has any practical value.

Meanwhile *The Forerunner* will continue to run one or two as samples; put in real ones when it gets them; and may find it necessary to take out the eight pages which would have been so useful if properly filled.

Best of all; if enough subscriptions come in, we can get along without any advertising whatever—and furnish more reading matter.

For this ideal state we look forward hopefully.

[Advertisement]

Things we wish to Advertise

This is the list of articles the editor wishes to secure, having known and used them for from two to forty years; some were used by her mother before her. They are things you can buy anywhere or order by mail.

A TOILET PREPARATION: Used by mother and self.
 A COURTPLASTER: Used from infancy, perfect.
 SOMETHING SIMILAR TO ABOVE, Most excellent.
 A SILVER CLEANER: Very satisfactory.
 SEVEN KINDS OF SOAP—and such like—all good.
 A BREAKFAST FOOD: Used unvaryingly for nine years.
 SIX OTHER BREAKFAST FOODS: All first-rate.
 ONE VARIETY OF SOUPS: Absolutely good.
 FOUR OTHER FOOD-MAKERS: Safe to recommend.
 FOUR KINDS OF COCOA: All very good.
 A HAIRBRUSH: A real delight—if you have hair.
 MY TYPEWRITER: I *would* have this kind.
 A PEN: All my books were written with this pen.
 A VOICE TABLOID: A blessing to a speaker.
 A TOOTHPASTE: The best out of many.
 PERFECTION IN HAIRPINS.
 TWO KINDS OF UNDERWEAR: Good ones.

TWO KINDS OF HOSIERY: They wear well.
A HOUSEHOLD COMFORT AND TIME-SAVER.
A MATTRESS: Continuously satisfactory.
BOOKCASES: The kind you want.
A MUSIC MACHINE: Or how to keep the boys at home.
FIVE FOOD ARTICLES: Long valued.
A DRESS SHIELD: That can be trusted.
SOMETHING BETTER THAN WHALEBONE.
TWO KINDS OF SKIRT-BINDING: Always reliable.
THE BEST OF CRACKERS.
FOUNTAIN PEN THAT NEVER LEAKS.

These are "preferred stock." More may be tried and found worthy; but these have been used long and continuously—just because they were good.

If this list could be filled out at reasonable rates, it would form a very useful little collection, to seller and buyer. And to

THE FORERUNNER CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S MAGAZINE CHARLTON CO., 67 WALL ST., NEW YORK

[Advertisement]

C A L E N D U L A

CHILDREN CEASE TO CRY FOR IT.

This is a gratuitous advertisement, benefitting

- a) The Child; whose pain stops;
- b) The Mother; who doesn't have to hear him cry;
- c) The Nearest Druggist—a little.

CALENDULA is a good standard old drug—made of marigolds—in the *materia medica*. You buy a little bottle of tincture of calendula, and keep it on the shelf. Nobody will drink it by mistake—it doesn't taste good.

Presently Johnny falls down hard—he was running—he fell on a gritty place—his poor little knee is scraped raw. And he howls, how he howls! square-mouthed and inconsolable.

Then you hastily get a half a tea-cupful of water, a little warm if you have it, and put in a few drops of calendula. Wet a soft clean rag in it, bind it softly on the wound, keep it wet—and the pain stops.

Many many times has this quieted my infant anguish; also have I used it as a grown up. The effect is the same.

C A L E N D U L A TAKES THE PAIN FROM A R A W W O U N D

THE FORERUNNER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN
AUTHOR, OWNER & PUBLISHER

There is one large obstacle to woman suffrage which has nothing to do with sex.

Men, the governing class, hesitate in extending equal political responsibility and power to their domestic servants. Do you wonder?

TWO PRAYERS

Only for these I pray,
Pray with assurance strong:
Light to discover the way,
Power to follow it long.

Let me have light to see,
Light to be sure and know,
When the road is clear to me
Willingly I go.

Let me have Power to do,
Power of the brain and nerve,
Though the task is heavy and new
Willingly I will serve.

My prayers are lesser than three,
Nothing I pray but two;
Let me have light to see,
Let me have power to do.

AN OFFENDER

"Where's Harry?" was Mr. Gortlandt's first question.

"He's gone to the country, to mother. It was so hot this last day or two, I've sent him out, with Miss Colton. I'm going Saturday. Sit down."

"I miss him," said her visitor, "more than I thought I could. I've learned more in these seven years than I thought there was to know. Or in the last two perhaps, since I've found you again."

She looked at him with a little still smile, but there was a puzzled expression behind it, as of one whose mind was not made up.

They sat in the wide window of a top floor apartment, awning-shaded. A fresh breeze blew in upon them, and the city dust blew in upon them also, lying sandy on the broad sill.

She made little wavy lines in it with one finger—

"These windows ought to be shut tight, I suppose, and the blinds, and the curtains. Then we should be cleaner."

"As to furniture," he agreed, "but not as to our lungs."

"I don't know about that," she said; "we get plenty of air—but see what's in it."

"A city is a dirty place at the best; but Mary—I didn't come to consider the ethics of the dust—how much longer must I wait?" he asked, after a little pause. "Isn't two years courting, re-courting—enough? Haven't I learned my lesson yet?"

"Some of it, I think," she admitted, "but not all."

"What more do you ask?" he pursued earnestly. "Can't we come to a definite understanding? You'll be chasing off again in a few days; it's blessed luck that brought you to town just now, and that I happened to be here too."

"I don't know about the luck," said she. "It was business that brought me. I never was in town before when it was so hot."

"Why don't you go to a hotel? This apartment is right under the roof, gets the sun all day."

"It gets the breeze too, and sunlight is good. No, I'm better off in the apartment, with Harry. It was very convenient of the Grants to be away, and let me have it."

"How does Hal stand the weather?"

"Pretty well. But he was getting rather fretful, so I sent him off two hours ago. I do hope he won't run away from Miss Colton again. She's as nervous as I am about him."

"Don't you think he is fond of me?" asked the man. "I've got to catch up, you see. He can't help being mine—half mine," he hastily added, seeing a hint of denial in her look.

"Why yes, he seems fond of you, he is fond of you," she conceded. "I hope he always will be, and I believe you are beginning to love him."

"A pretty strong beginning, Mary," said the man. "Of course I don't pretend to have cared much at first, but now!—why he's so handsome, and quick, and such a good little duffer; and so affectionate! When he gives a jump and gets his arms around my neck and his legs around my waist and 'hugs me all over' as he calls it, I almost feel as if I was a mother! I can't say more than that, can I?"

"No, you certainly can't say more than that. I believe you, I'm not questioning," for he looked up sharply at her tone.

"I've never had much to do with children, you see," he went on slowly, "no little brothers or sisters, and then only— What astonishes me is how good they feel in your arms! The little fellow's body is so firm and sinewy—he wriggles like a fish—a big fish that you're trying to hold with both hands."

The mother smiled tenderly. She knew the feel of the little body so well! From the soft pink helplessness, the little head falling so naturally into the hollow of the arm or neck, the fumbling little hands; then the gradual gain in size and strength, till now she held that eager bounding little body, almost strong enough to get away from her—but not wanting to. He still loved to nestle up to "Muzz," and was but newly and partially won by this unaccustomed father.

"It's seven years Mary! That makes a man all over, they say. I'm sure it has made me over. I'm an older man—and I think, wiser. I've repented, I've outgrown my folly and seen the justice of my punishment. I don't blame you an atom for divorcing me—I think you did right, and I respect you for it. The biggest lesson I've learned is to love you! I can see—now—that I didn't before.

Her face hardened as she looked at him. "No, you didn't, Harry, you certainly didn't, nor the child—When I think of what I was when you married me! Of my proud health!—"

"*You* are not hurt!" he cried. "I don't mean that you haven't been hurt, I could kill myself when I think of how I made you suffer! But you are a finer woman now than you were then; sweeter, stronger, wiser, and more beautiful. When I found you again in Liverpool two years ago it was a revelation. Now see—I don't even ask you to forgive me! I ask you to try me again and let me prove I can make it up to you and the boy!"

"It's not easy for me to forgive," she answered slowly— "I'm not of the forgiving nature. But there is a good deal of reason in your position. You were my husband, you are Hal's father, there's no escaping that."

"Perhaps, if you will let the rest of my life make up for that time of my Godforsaken meanness, you won't want to escape it, Mary! See—I have followed you about for two years. I accepted your terms, you did not promise me anything, but for the child's sake I might try once more, try only as one of many, to see if I could win you—again. And I love you now a hundred times better than I did when I married you!"

She fanned herself slowly with a large soft fan, and looked out across the flickering roofs. Below them lay the highly respectable street on which the house technically fronted, and the broad, crowded, roaring avenue which it really overlooked.

The rattle of many drays and more delivery wagons rose up to them. An unusual jangle drowned his words just then and she smilingly interpreted "that's railroad iron—or girders, I can tell lots of them now. About four A. M. there is a string of huge milk wagons. But the worst is the cars. Hear that now—that's a flat wheel. How do you like it?"

"Mary—why do you bring up these cars again when I'm trying my best to show you my whole heart? Don't put things like that between us!"

"But they are between us, Henry, all the time. I hear you tell me you love me, and I don't doubt you do in a way; yes, as well as you can, very much indeed!—I know. But when it comes to this car question; when I talk to you of these juggernauts of yours; you are no more willing to do the right thing than you were when I first knew you."

Mr. Cortlandt's face hardened. He drew himself up from the eager position in which he had leaned forward, and evidently hesitated for a moment as to his words.

In spite of his love for this woman, who, as he justly said, was far more beautiful and winsome than the strong, angular, over-conscientious girl he had married, neglected and shamed, his feelings as a business man were strong within him.

"My dear—I am not personally responsible for the condition of these cars."

"You are President of the Company. You hold controlling shares of the stock. It was your vote that turned down the last improvement proposition."

He looked at her sharply.

"I'm afraid someone has been prejudicing you against me Mary. You have more technical information than seems likely to have reached you by accident."

"It's not prejudice, but it is information; and Mr. Graham did tell me, if that's what you mean. But he cares. You know how hard the Settlement has worked to get the Company to make the streets safer for children—and you wouldn't do a thing."

Mr. Cortlandt hesitated. It would never do to pile business details on his suit for a love once lost and not yet regained.

"You make it hard for me Mary," he said. "Hard because it is difficult to explain large business questions to a—to anyone not accustomed to them. I cannot swing the affairs of a great corporation for personal ends, even to please you."

"That is not the point," she said quickly.

He flushed, and hastily substituted "Even to suit the noblest humanitarian feelings."

"Why not?" said she.

"Because that is not what street cars are run for," he pursued patiently. "But why must we talk of this? It seems to put you so far away. And you have given me no answer."

"I am sorry, but I am not ready yet."

"Is it Hugh Graham?" he demanded. The hot color leaped to her face, but she met his eyes steadily. "I am much interested in Mr. Graham," she said, "and in the noble work he is doing. I think I should really be happier with him than with you. We care for the same things, he calls out the best in me. But I have made no decision in his favor yet, nor in yours. Both of you have a certain appeal to my heart, both to my duty. With you the personal need, with him the hope of greater service. But—you are the father of the child, and that gives you a great claim. I have not decided."

The man looked relieved, and again drew his chair a little closer. The sharp clangor of the cars rose between the,

"You think I dragged in this car question," she said. "Really, I did it because it is that sort of thing which does most to keep us apart, and—I would like to remove it."

He leaned forward, playing with her big fan. "Let's remove it by all means!" he said.

She looked at his bent head, the dark hair growing somewhat thin on top, almost tenderly.

"If I could feel that you were truly on the right side, that you considered your work as social service,

that you tried to run your cars to carry people—not to kill them!—If you could change your ground here I think—almost—” she stopped, smiling up at him, her fan in her lap, her firm delicate white hands eagerly clasped; then went on,

“Don't you care at all for the lives lost every day in this great city—under your cars?”

“It cannot be helped, my dear. Our men are as careful as men can be. But these swarming children will play in the streets—”

“Where else can they play!” she interjected.

“And they get right in front of the cars. We are very sorry; we pay out thousands of dollars in damages: but it cannot be helped!”

She leaned back in her chair and her face grew cold.

“You speak as if you never heard of such things as fenders,” she said.

“We have fenders!—almost every car—”

“Fenders! Do you call that piece of rat-trap a fender! Henry Cortlandt! We were in Liverpool when this subject first came up between us! They have fenders there that *fend* and no murder list!”

“Conditions are different there,” said he with an enforced quiet. “Our pavement is different.”

“Our children are not so different, are they?” she demanded. “Our mothers are made of the same stuff I suppose?”

“You speak as if I wanted to kill them! As if I liked to!”

“I thought at first it would hurt you as it did me,” she said warmly. “I turned to you with real hope when we met in Liverpool. I was glad to think I knew you, and I had not been glad of that for long! I thought you would care, would do things.”

Do what he would, his mouth set hard in its accustomed lines. “Those English fender are not practicable in this country, Mary. They have been tried.”

“When? Where? By whom?” she threw at him. “I have read about it, and heard about it. I know there was an effort to get them adopted, and that they were refused. They cost more than this kind!” and she pointed disdainfully at the rattling bit of stub-toed slat-work in front of a passing car.

“Do you expect me to make a revolution in the street car system of America—to please you? Do you make it a condition? Perhaps I can accomplish it. Is it a bargain? Come—”

“No,” she said slowly. “I'm not making bargains. I'm only wishing, as I have wished so often in years past—that you were a different kind of man—”

“What kind do you want me to be?”

“I want you to be—I wish you were—a man who cared to give perfect service to his country, in his business.”

“Perhaps I can be yet. I can try. If I had you to help me, with your pure ideals, and the boy to keep my heart open for the children. I don't know much about these things, but I can learn. I can read, you can tell me what to read. We could study together. And in my position perhaps, I could really be of some service after all.”

“Perhaps?” She watched him, the strong rather heavy face, the attractive smile, the eyes that interested and compelled. He was an able, masterful man. He surely loved her now. She could feel a power over him that her short miserable marriage had never given her; and her girlhood's attraction toward him reasserted itself.

A new noise rose about them, a dissonant mingled merry outcry, made into a level roaring sound by their height above the street.

“That's when the school up here lets out,” she said. “We hear it every day. Just see the crowds of them!”

They leaned on the broad sill and watched the many-colored torrent of juveniles pouring past.

“One day it was different,” she said. “A strange jarring shrillness in it, a peculiar sound. I looked out,

and there was a fight going on; two boys tumbling about from one side of the street to the other, with a moving ring around them, a big crowd, all roaring in one key."

"You get a birdseye view of life in these streets, don't you. Can you make out that little chap with the red hair down there?"

"No—we are both near-sighted, you know. I can't distinguish faces at this distance. Can you?"

"Not very clearly," he said. "But what a swarm they are!"

"Come away," said she, "I can't bear to look at them. So many children in that stony street, and those cars going up and down like roaring lions!"

They drew back into the big sunny room, and she seated herself at the piano and turned over loose sheets of music.

He watched her with a look of intensest admiration, she was so tall, so nobly formed, her soft rich gown flowed and followed as she walked, her white throat rose round and royal from broad smooth shoulders.

He was beside her; he took away the music, laid it out of reach, possessed himself of her hands.

"Give them back to me, Mary," he pleaded. "Come to me and help me to be a better man! Help me to be a good father. I need you!"

She looked at him almost pleadingly. His eyes, his voice, his hands,—they had their old-time charm for her. Yet he had only said "Perhaps"—and he *might* study, *might* learn.

He asked her to help him, but he did not say "I will do this"—only "I may."

In the steady bright June sunshine, in the sifting dust of a city corner, in the dissonant, confused noise of the traffic below, they stood and looked at one another.

His eyes brightened and deepened as he watched her changing color. Softly he drew her towards him. "Even if you do not love me now, you shall in time, you shall, my darling!"

But she drew back from him with a frightened start, a look of terror.

"What has happened!" she cried. "It's so still!"

They both rushed to the window. The avenue immediately below them was as empty as midnight, and as silent. A great stillness widened and spread for the moment around one vacant motionless open car. Without passenger, driver, or conductor, it stood alone in the glaring space; and then, with a gasp of horror, they both saw.

Right under their eyes, headed towards them, under the middle of the long car—a little child.

He was quite still, lying face downward, dirty and tumbled, with helpless arms thrown wide, the great car holding him down like a mouse in a trap.

Then people came rushing.

She turned away, choking, her hands to her eyes.

"Oh!" she cried, "Oh! It's a child, a little child!"

"Steady, Mary, steady!" said he, "the child's dead. It's all over. He's quite dead. He never knew what hit him." But his own voice trembled.

She made a mighty effort to control herself, and he tried to take her in his arms, to comfort her, but she sprang away from him with fierce energy.

"Very well!" she said. "You are right! The child is dead. We can not save him. No one can save him. Now come back—come here to the window—and see what follows. I want to see with my own eyes—and have you see—what is done when your cars commit murder! Child murder!"

She held up her watch. "It's 12:10 now," she said.

She dragged him back to the window, and so evident was the struggle with which she controlled herself, so intense her agonized excitement, that he dared not leave her.

"Look!" she cried. "Look! See the them crowd now!"

The first horrified rush away from the instrument of death was followed by the usual surging multitude.

From every direction people gathered thickly in astonishing numbers, hustling and pushing about the quiet form upon the ground; held so flat between iron rails and iron wheels, so great a weight on so small a body! The car, still empty, rose like an island from the pushing sea of heads. Men and women cried excited directions. They tried with swarming impotent hands to lift the huge mass of wood and iron off the small broken thing beneath it, so small that it did not raise the crushing weight from the ground.

A whole line of excited men seized the side rail and strove to lift the car by it, lifting only the rail.

The crowd grew momentarily, women weeping, children struggling to see, men pushing each other, policemen's helmets rising among them. And still the great car stood there, on the body of the child.

"Is there no means of lifting these monsters?" she demanded. "After they have done it, can't they even get off."

He moistened his lips to answer.

"There is a jacking crew," he said. "They will be here presently."

"Presently!" she cried. "Presently! Couldn't these monsters use their own power to lift themselves somehow? not even that?"

He said nothing.

More policemen came, and made a scant space around the little body, covering it with a dark cloth. The motorman was rescued from many would be avengers, and carried off under guard.

"Ten minutes," said she looking at her watch. "Ten minutes and it isn't even off him yet!" and she caught her breath in a great sob.

Then she turned on the man at her side: "Suppose his mother is in that crowd! She may be! Their children go to this school, they live all about below here, she can't even get in to see! And if she could, if she knew it was her child, she can't *get him out!*"

Her voice rose to a cry.

"Don't, Mary," said he, hoarsely. "It's—it's horrible! Don't make it worse!"

She kept her eyes on her watch-face, counting the minutes. She looked down at the crowd shudderingly, and said over and over, under breath, "A little child! A little soft child!"

It was twelve minutes and a-half before the jacking crew drove up, with their tools. It was a long time yet before they did their work, and that crushed and soiled little body was borne to a near-by area grating and laid there, wrapped in its dingy shroud, and guarded by a policeman.

It was a full half hour before the ambulance arrived to take it away.

She drew back then and crouched sobbing by the sofa. "O the poor mother! God help his mother!"

He sat tense and white for a while; and when she grew quieter he spoke.

"You were right, Mary. I—naturally, I never—visualized it! It is horrible! I am going to have those fenders on every car of the four systems!"

She said nothing. He spoke again.

"I hate to leave you feeling so, Dear. Must I go?"

She raised a face that was years older, but did not look at him.

"You must go. And you must never come back. I cannot bear to see your face again!"

And she turned from him, shuddering.

Before warm February winds
Arouse an April dream—
Or sudden rifts of azure sky
Suggest the bluebird's gleam;

Before the reddening woods awake,
Before the brooks are free—
Here where all things are sold and hired,
The driven months we see.

Wither along our snow-soiled streets,
Or under glass endure,
Fruits of the days that have not come,
Exotic—premature.

I hear in raw, unwelcome dawns
The sordid sparrows sing,
And in the florist's windows watch
The forced and purchased spring.

KITCHEN-MINDEDNESS

It is physically possible to see through a knot-hole. If the eye be near enough, and the board be movable, one can, with patient rotation, see the universe in spots, through a knot-hole. Such a purview is limited of necessity, and while suitable to the microscope, is not congenial to the study of life in general.

When those who would save the forests of America began their work, the burden of effort lay in so stimulating and stretching the mental vision of our people, that they could see wider than their own immediate acreage, deeper than their own immediate profit, further than their own immediate time. Some such struggle was no doubt gone through, when that far-seeing iconoclast of early times strove to prove to the greedy hunter that more food was to be attained by breeding cattle than by killing them all at once; that meat kept better when alive. What mental labor, what arduous conflict between that prehistoric ant and grasshopper!

Steadily up the ages the mind of man has had to stretch, and sturdily has he resisted the process. That protoplasmic substance of the brain, used so much and understood so little, astonishes us no less by its infinite capacity for new extension, for endless fluent combination, than by its leaden immobility. Here are some, open-minded, sensitive and hospitable to new impressions; and here are others, an innumerable majority, preferring always to know only what they have known, to think only what they have thought before. The distinction does not seem innate. A normal child provided with proper stimulus, responds with ever fresh interest as field after field of new fact and new idea opens before him.

Twenty years later that same child has lost this capacity, has become dull, inert, conventional, conservative, contented. Upon his growing mind have been imposed in long succeeding years, the iron limitations of his "elders and betters"; only in the rarest of cases has he the mental strength to resist these influences and "think new," think for himself.

Here we all are, living together in relations as complex as the pattern of some mighty tapestry; each of us, seeing only his own part in it, considering the pattern from the point of view of a stitch. This attitude is exquisitely expressed by the reply of a dull student to the earnest teacher who strove to arouse in him some spontaneous opinion on human conduct. With enthusiasm and dramatic force, this instructor exhibited the career of Nero,—showed his list of crimes natural and unnatural, personal and political; his indecency, and cruelty, demanding what should be said of the monster. The student, spurred by questions, some-what fretfully responded, "He never did anything to me!"

Consciousness is of varying range. We know its gradual development, its narrow field in childhood, its permanent restriction in idiocy. We know how it may be developed, even in animals, how we have added to the dog's field of consciousness a deep and passionate interest in his master's life; how a well-befriended cat becomes desperately uneasy, when the family begins to pack for a journey. We know personally the difference between our range of thought at one age, and at another; how one's consciousness may include wider and wider fields of knowledge, longer ranges of time, deeper causal relations; and how the same object, viewed by different minds, may arouse in one as it were, a square

inch, and in the other a square mile of consciousness. Those of us, who have the larger area under cultivation,—who are accustomed to think of human life as age-long, world-wide, and in motion, learn to see human conduct, not as something in neat detachable strata, like a pile of plates, but as having long roots and longer branches, and requiring careful handling to alter.

To these, studying the world's affairs, clear lines of causal sequence present themselves. Is it a thousand cases of typhoid? They trace the fever to its lair as one would hunt a tiger; they point out every step of its course; they call on the citizens to rise and fight the enemy, to save their lives. Do the citizens do it? Not they. Individually they suffer and die. Individually they grieve and mourn, bury, their dead (when they should cremate them), and pay the doctor and the undertaker. Hundreds of dollars they pay as individuals to nurses, doctors, graveyard men, and monument makers. If, collectively they would put up a tenth of the sum to ensure a pure water and milk supply, they would save not only hundreds for themselves, but thousands and millions for those after them.—to say nothing of grief!

But they look at life through a knot-hole. They see their own personal affairs as things of sky-shadowing importance, and those same affairs, taken collectively, become as remote and uninteresting as the Milky Way.

Now in the mere labor of intellectual comprehension our average citizen of common-school education is able to see that where so much tuberculous milk is fed into so many babies, that such a proportion will surely die. He sees, but it does interest him. Show him tubercular bacilli from the autopsy of his dead baby, show him the same in the bottle of milk reposing in his refrigerator, and show him the man who put them there—and you may get results.

He could see the larger facts, but only feel the smaller ones. It is a limitation of consciousness.

All workers for human advance know this. Whatever the cause upheld, those who work for it find everywhere the same difficulty; they have to stretch the minds, to stimulate the consciousness, to arouse the interest of their hearers, so that they will take action for the common good.

In one field it is easy, that of public danger from war. The reason is clear. Wars are carried on by men, and men have reacted to conflict stimuli collectively, for so many ages, that it is a race habit with them. Only in the last extreme of terror is this habit broken, and the battle turns to rout, with every man for himself. Then comes the officer and strives to rekindle that common consciousness without which is no human victory.

In the economic world our habits of organization are not so old. We have fought in company since we fought at all, as humans; but we have worked, for the most part alone. The comradeship of shop and factory is of yesterday, compared to the solitary spindle, loom and forge of earlier centuries. Yet in that comradeship wherever found, comes the new consciousness, that recognizes common danger or common gain, and substitutes the army for the mob, the victory for the rout.

This effect is so strong, so clear, so quick in appearance, that even with one poor century or two of economic combination, we ought to find much better results than we do. Where the common interest is as clear as day, where the common strength is so irresistible, where the loss and the danger lie so wholly in isolation, one wonders over and over at the lack of comprehension which keeps us so helplessly apart.

We can see the immense activities of the nation, the multiplication of national wealth, power, and progress,—the saving of life, the elimination of disease, the development of art and science, of beauty and of health and glorious living that we might have, but we cannot feel these things. Therefore we do not act.

Can there be still among us some general cause, acting on everyone, which mysteriously checks out progress, which makes us "penny-wise and pound-foolish," makes us "save at the spigot and spend at the bung-hole," which continually intensifies our consciousness of personal interest and continually prevents the recognition of social interests?

It may seem almost grotesque to make so heavy a complaint as this, and then to put forward as chief offender our old companion the kitchen.

Briefly the charge is this: that in the private kitchen, we maintain in our civilization an economic institution as old as house-building, almost as old as the use of fire. The results of this surviving rudiment of a remote past are many. The one presented here is the effect of the kitchen on the mind.

The condition is practically universal. For each house a kitchen. Be it the merest hut, the smallest tenement, one room; wherever the family is found, there is the kitchen. For each man there is a cook. In the great majority of cases the man's wife is his cook, and as she must spend most of her time in the

kitchen, there must be her little ones also. In fifteen-sixteenths of American families, the children are thus reared,—by cooks in kitchens.

We, in our fatuous acceptance of race habits, have ceaselessly perpetuated this kitchen-bred population, and even defended it as an educational influence of no mean importance. "Children brought up by their mothers in the kitchen," we say, "early acquire knowledge and skill in various occupations; they see things done, and learn how to do them themselves."

This seems to the superficial listener like good sense. He never looks below the allegation for the evidence. He sees that daily observation, and practice should develop knowledge and skill, and fails to inquire further to see if it does.

Surely if all children were brought up in blacksmith shops, it would make them good blacksmiths; if they were brought up in dental parlors they would become good dentists!

Waiving the desirability of a form of training calculated to turn out an unvarying population of cooks, let us see if this daily association with the maternal house-servant in her workshop does educate as stated. On this point one clear comment has been made: "If kitchen life is such good training to mind and hand, why is it that so few of us are willing to follow the kitchen trades when we are grown? and why is it that competence in the kitchen is so rare?" This is a most practical observation. If fifteen-sixteenths of our women followed incessantly the occupation of shoemaking, and brought up their children in the shoe shop, we should hardly claim great educational advantages for that arrangement. If we did, would it not be disappointing to find that the trade of shoemaking was universally disliked and despised, and that good shoemakers were hard to find at any price?

Yet this is precisely the case in hand. Our kitchen-bred children, boy and girl alike, prefer almost any other trade, and when we wish to secure competent workers in the kitchen we find them extremely scarce.

Moreover, in its own special activities, the private kitchen makes no advance. Advance comes to it from outside; from the wider and more progressive professionalism of its various industries; specialized and socialized one by one. But, left to itself, domestic cook hands down to domestic cook the recipes of female ancestors, occasionally added to by obliging friends. It is endless repetition, but not progress.

The purpose of this discussion, however, is not to show the inefficacy of this ancient workshop, as a means of carrying on that great art, science, handicraft, and business—the preparation of food; but to point out the effect of the kitchen on the human mind.

The one dominant note of kitchen work is personality. Its products are all prepared for home consumption only. Its provisions are all secured and its processes directed with a view to pleasing a small group. It does not and cannot consider the general questions of hygiene, of nutrition, of the chemistry of improved processes of preparation, and the immense and pressing problems of pure food.

The kitchen mind, focussed continually upon close personal concerns, limited in time, in means, in capacity, and in mechanical convenience, can consider only; a, what the family likes; b, what the family can afford; and, c, what the cook can accomplish.

The most perfect type of organization we have is the military. Military success depends most absolutely on the commissary and sanitary departments. "An army travels on its belly," is the famous dictum.

Is there any difference in this respect between soldiers and other people? Are we not all gasteropods whether singly or in regiments? Is not the health and strength of the productive workers of the world, at least as valuable as that of the cumbrous forces of destruction?

In our last little war, and in the big one before that, disease killed more than sword and steel. We lament this—in armies. We prefer to keep our soldiers healthy that they may fight more strongly, and die more efficaciously, and this sick list is pure waste.

Is it any less waste in private life? Can we easily afford the loss in money—annual billions; the loss in strength, the loss in intellect, the loss in love, that falls on us so heavily from year to year? Study the record of man's fight with disease. See how the specialists devoting not only lifetimes, but the accumulating succession of lifetimes to the study of causes, cures and preventions, announce to us at last, "thus and thus are you made sick. Thus may you be cured, and thus may you so live as to be well."

See then the sanitary work of an aroused public; a truth is discovered; a truth is announced; a law is made; the law is enforced—a disease is conquered.

This is vividly shown in the work of our Government against pleuro-pneumonia—in cattle. The Federal Government, furnishing information and funds, and cooperating with the various States, attacked that disease, and stamped it out completely.

There is an effort now to rouse our government to fight the White Plague, in people as well as in cattle. And, as always, the difficulty is to stir and stretch and rouse our kitchen minds, to make us see things in common instead of individually. The men whose cattle had pleuro-pneumonia, kept them in herds, and lost them in herds, losing much money thereby. Many men were so afflicted. Therefore these many men got together, and, using the machinery of the State, they together destroyed their enemy. Cattle-raising is a business, a social industry.

But child-raising, husband-feeding, the care of the lives and health of all our families, is a domestic industry, in the management of the kitchen mind.

It has been shown recently that 72 per cent. of the cattle in New York State are tuberculous. This does not kill them quickly like pleuro-pneumonia. They live and may be sold. They live and may give milk. It has been shown recently (as stated in our unimpeachable daily press), that in some of the milk sold in New York City, there were more germs to the cubic millimeter, than in the same amount of sewage!

This milk, and most of the milk in all our cities, goes into the kitchen; the blind, brainless, family-feeding kitchen, and from there is given us to drink.

What protest rises from the kitchens of New York, or Chicago, or any city? What mass-meeting of angry women, presenting to their legislators the horrible facts of strong men poisoned and babies slain by this or any other abomination in the food supply?

A young man writes a novel exhibiting the badness of our meat supply. Men become excited. Men take action. Men legislate. The great meat industries stagger under the shock, recover, and go on smiling. Before this meanwhile, and afterwards, the meat went into our kitchens and we ate it.

Being kitchen-minded we cannot see that health is a public concern; that the feeding of our people is one of the most vital factors in their health, and that the private kitchen with its private cook is not able to keep the public well.

Ask the physician, the sanitary expert. He will tell you that the great advance in sanitary science is in its battle with the filth diseases; and that we die worse than ever from food diseases.

In fighting the filth diseases we have the public forces to work with; compulsory systems of sewage and drainage, quarantine, isolation hospitals, and all the other maneuvers by which an enlightened public protects itself.

But who shall say what a child shall eat, or a man or woman? Is it not wholly their own affair?

We cry out upon our women for the falling birth rate;—why not say something about the death rate of their babies? The average family must have four, merely to maintain a stationary population, said Grant Allen; "two to replace themselves and two to die." The doctor will tell you that they die mostly of what are called "preventable diseases" and that those diseases are mainly of the alimentary canal.

Kitchen-fed are we all, and those of us who survive it, who become immune to it, cry loudly of its excellence! If we could once see outside of these ancient limits, once figure to ourselves the vision of a healthy world, and the noble duty of making it,—then we should no longer be kitchen-minded.

Our narrowness of vision, our petty self-interest, does not end its injuries with our bodily health. Its leaden limitation is felt in all the economic field.

Not a business have we in the world but needs to be considered as a matter of public service; needs to be studied, helped, restricted, generally managed for the public good. Not a business in the world but is crippled and distorted by the childish self-interest of its promoters. Kitchen-bred men born of kitchen-bred mothers are we, and inevitably must we consider the main duty of life to be the service of our own body. What else does the child see his mother do, but work, work, work to cover the family table with food three times a day, and clear up afterward? What else can he grow up to do but work, work, work, to provide the wherewithal for another woman to do the same?

A million women are making bread as their mothers made it. How many women are trying to lift the standard of bread-making for their country? How many even know the difference in nutriment and digestibility between one bread and another?

They do not think "bread," but only "my bread." Their view of the staff of life is kitchen-minded. When

our kitchen trades become world trades, when we are fed, not by the most ignorant, but by the wisest; when personal whims and painfully acquired habits give place to the light of science, and the fruit of wide experience; when, instead of dragging duty or sordid compulsion, we have wisdom and art to feed us; the change will be far greater than that of improved health. It will be a great and valuable advance even there. We shall become healthy, clean-fleshed people, intelligent eaters, each generation improving in strength and beauty, but we shall be helped in wider ways than that. We shall have the enlarged mental capacity that comes of a wider area of work and responsibility. We shall have in each man and woman the habitual power of organization, the daily recognition of mutual service and world-duty.

When the world comes out of the kitchen for good and all, and for that primitive little shop is substituted the cool glittering laboratory, wherein the needs of bodily replenishment are fully and beautifully met, it will give to the growing child a different background for his thought processes. At last we shall mark the great division between production, which is the social function, and consumption which is personal.

As we now emerge from the warm and greasy confines of our ancient cookshop, we begin to see with new eyes its true place as an economic factor. We are learning the unbridled waste of it; how it costs struggling humanity about forty-three per cent. of its productive labor, and two-thirds of its living expenses; how it does not conserve the very end for which we uphold it,—the health of the family; how it leaves us helpless before the adulterators of food, the purveyors of impure milk, diseased meat, and all unpleasantness. We are beginning to see how, most dangerous of all, it works against our economic progress, by perpetuating a primitive selfishness.

Public interest grows in public service. Self-interest is maintained by self-service. We can neither rightly estimate social gain, nor rightly condemn social evil, because we are so soddenly habituated to consider only personal gain, personal good and personal evil; because we are kitchen-minded.

TWO STORKS

Two storks were nesting.

He was a young stork—and narrow-minded. Before he married he had consorted mainly with striplings of his own kind, and had given no thought to the ladies, either maid or matron.

After he married his attention was concentrated upon his All-Satisfying Wife; upon that Triumph of Art, Labor, and Love—their Nest, and upon those Special Creations—their Children. Deeply was he moved by the marvellous instincts and processes of motherhood. Love, reverence, intense admiration, rose in his heart for Her of the Well-built Nest; Her of the Gleaming Treasure of Smooth Eggs; Her of the Patient Brooding Breast, the Warming Wings, the downy wide-mouthed Group of Little Ones.

Assiduously he labored to help her build the nest, to help her feed the young; proud of his impassioned activity in her and their behalf; devoutly he performed his share of the brooding, while she hunted in her turn. When he was o-wing he thought continually of Her as one with the Brood—His Brood. When he was on the nest he thought all the more of Her, who sat there so long, so lovingly, to such noble ends.

The happy days flew by, fair Spring—sweet Summer—gentle Autumn. The young ones grew larger and larger; it was more and more work to keep their lengthening, widening beaks shut in contentment. Both parents flew far afield to feed them.

Then the days grew shorter, the sky greyer, the wind colder; there was less hunting and small success. In his dreams he began to see sunshine, broad, burning sunshine day after day; skies of limitless blue; dark, deep, yet full of fire; and stretches of bright water, shallow, warm, fringed with tall reeds and rushes, teeming with fat frogs.

They were in her dreams too, but he did not know that.

He stretched his wings and flew farther every day; but his wings were not satisfied. In his dreams came a sense of vast heights and boundless spaces of the earth streaming away beneath him; black water and white land, grey water and brown land, blue water and green land, all flowing backward from day to day, while the cold lessened and the warmth grew.

He felt the empty sparkling nights, stars far above, quivering, burning; stars far below, quivering more in the dark water; and felt his great wings wide, strong, all sufficient, carrying him on and on!

This was in her dreams too, but he did not know that.

"It is time to Go!" he cried one day. "They are coming! It is upon us! Yes—I must Go! Goodbye my wife! Goodbye my children!" For the Passion of Wings was upon him.

She too was stirred to the heart. "Yes! It is time to Go! To Go!" she cried. "I am ready! Come!"

He was shocked; grieved; astonished. "Why, my Dear!" he said. "How preposterous! You cannot go on the Great Flight! Your wings are for brooding tender little ones! Your body is for the Wonder of the Gleaming Treasure!—not for days and nights of ceaseless soaring! You cannot go!"

She did not heed him. She spread her wide wings and swept and circled far and high above—as, in truth, she had been doing for many days, though he had not noticed it.

She dropped to the ridge-pole beside him where he was still muttering objections. "Is it not glorious!" she cried. "Come! They are nearly ready!"

"You unnatural Mother!" he burst forth. "You have forgotten the Order of Nature! You have forgotten your Children! Your lovely precious tender helpless Little Ones!" And he wept—for his highest ideals were shattered.

But the Precious Little Ones stood in a row on the ridge-pole and flapped their strong young wings in high derision. They were as big as he was, nearly; for as a matter of fact he was but a Young Stork himself.

Then the air was beaten white with a thousand wings, it was like snow and silver and seafoam, there was a flashing whirlwind, a hurricane of wild joy and then the Army of the Sky spread wide in due array and streamed Southward.

Full of remembered joy and more joyous hope, finding the high sunlight better than her dreams, she swept away to the far summerland; and her children, mad with the happiness of the First Flight, swept beside her.

"But you are a Mother!" he panted, as he caught up with them.

"Yes!" she cried, joyously, "but I was a Stork before I was A Mother! and afterward!—and All the Time!"

And the Storks were Flying.

WHAT DIANTHA DID

CHAPTER IV.

A CRYING NEED

"Lovest thou me?" said the Fair Ladye;
And the Lover he said, "Yea!"
"Then climb this tree—for my sake," said she,
"And climb it every day!"
So from dawn till dark he abrazed the bark
And wore his clothes away;
Till, "What has this tree to do with thee?"
The Lover at last did say.

It was a poor dinner. Cold in the first place, because Isabel would wait to thoroughly wash her long artistic hands; and put on another dress. She hated the smell of cooking in her garments; hated it worse on her white fingers; and now to look at the graceful erect figure, the round throat with the silver necklace about it, the soft smooth hair, silver-filleted, the negative beauty of the dove-colored gown, specially designed for home evenings, one would never dream she had set the table so well—and cooked the steak so abominably.

Isabel was never a cook. In the many servantless gaps of domestic life in Orchardina, there was

always a strained atmosphere in the Porne household.

"Dear," said Mr. Porne, "might I petition to have the steak less cooked? I know you don't like to do it, so why not shorten the process?"

"I'm sorry," she answered, "I always forget about the steak from one time to the next."

"Yet we've had it three times this week, my dear."

"I thought you liked it better than anything," she with marked gentleness. "I'll get you other things—oftener."

"It's a shame you should have this to do, Isabel. I never meant you should cook for me. Indeed I didn't dream you cared so little about it."

"And I never dreamed you cared so much about it," she replied, still with repression. "I'm not complaining, am I? I'm only sorry you should be disappointed in me."

"It's not *you*, dear girl! You're all right! It's just this everlasting bother. Can't you get *anybody* that will stay?"

I can't seem to get anybody on any terms, so far. I'm going again, to-morrow. Cheer up, dear—the baby keeps well—that's the main thing."

He sat on the rose-bowered porch and smoked while she cleared the table. At first he had tried to help her on these occasions, but their methods were dissimilar and she frankly told him she preferred to do it alone.

So she slipped off the silk and put on the gingham again, washed the dishes with the labored accuracy of a trained mind doing unfamiliar work, made the bread, redressed at last, and joined him about nine o'clock.

"It's too late to go anywhere, I suppose?" he ventured.

"Yes—and I'm too tired. Besides—we can't leave Eddie alone."

"O yes—I forget. Of course we can't."

His hand stole out to take hers. "I *am* sorry, dear. It's awfully rough on you women out here. How do they all stand it?"

"Most of them stand it much better than I do, Ned. You see they don't want to be doing anything else."

"Yes. That's the mischief of it!" he agreed; and she looked at him in the clear moonlight, wondering exactly what he thought the mischief was.

"Shall we go in and read a bit?" he offered; but she thought not.

"I'm too tired, I'm afraid. And Eddie'll wake up as soon as we begin."

So they sat awhile enjoying the soft silence, and the rich flower scents about them, till Eddie did wake presently, and Isabel went upstairs.

She slept little that night, lying quite still, listening to her husband's regular breathing so near her, and the lighter sound from the crib. "I am a very happy woman," she told herself resolutely; but there was no outpouring sense of love and joy. She knew she was happy, but by no means felt it. So she stared at the moon shadows and thought it over.

She had planned the little house herself, with such love, such hope, such tender happy care! Not her first work, which won high praise in the school in Paris, not the prize-winning plan for the library, now gracing Orchardina's prettiest square, was as dear to her as this most womanly task—the making of a home.

It was the library success which brought her here, fresh from her foreign studies, and Orchardina accepted with western cordiality the youth and beauty of the young architect, though a bit surprised at first that "I. H. Wright" was an Isabel. In her further work of overseeing the construction of that library, she had met Edgar Porne, one of the numerous eager young real estate men of that region, who showed a liberal enthusiasm for the general capacity of women in the professions, and a much warmer feeling for the personal attractions of this one.

Together they chose the lot on pepper-shaded Inez Avenue; together they watched the rising of the concrete walls and planned the garden walks and seats, and the tiny precious pool in the far corner. He was so sympathetic! so admiring! He took as much pride in the big "drawing room" on the third floor as she did herself. "Architecture is such fine work to do at home!" they had both agreed. "Here you have your north light—your big table—plenty of room for work! You will grow famouser and famouser," he had lovingly insisted. And she had answered, "I fear I shall be too contented, dear, to want to be famous."

That was only some year and a-half ago,—but Isabel, lying there by her sleeping husband and sleeping child, was stark awake and only by assertion happy. She was thinking, persistently, of dust. She loved a delicate cleanliness. Her art was a precise one, her studio a workshop of white paper and fine pointed hard pencils, her painting the mechanical perfection of an even wash of color. And she saw, through the floors and walls and the darkness, the dust in the little shaded parlor—two days' dust at least, and Orchardina is very dusty!—dust in the dining-room gathered since yesterday—the dust in the kitchen—she would not count time there, and the dust—here she counted it inexorably—the dust of eight days in her great, light workroom upstairs. Eight days since she had found time to go up there.

Lying there, wide-eyed and motionless, she stood outside in thought and looked at the house—as she used to look at it with him, before they were married. Then, it had roused every blessed hope and dream of wedded joy—it seemed a casket of uncounted treasures. Now, in this dreary mood, it seemed not only a mere workshop, but one of alien tasks, continuous, impossible, like those set for the Imprisoned Princess by bad fairies in the old tales. In thought she entered the well-proportioned door—the Gate of Happiness—and a musty smell greeted her—she had forgotten to throw out those flowers! She turned to the parlor—no, the piano keys were gritty, one had to clean them twice a day to keep that room as she liked it.

From room to room she flitted, in her mind, trying to recall the exquisite things they meant to her when she had planned them; and each one now opened glaring and blank, as a place to work in—and the work undone.

"If I were an abler woman!" she breathed. And then her common sense and common honesty made her reply to herself: "I am able enough—in my own work! Nobody can do everything. I don't believe Edgar'd do it any better than I do.—He don't have to!—and then such a wave of bitterness rushed over her that she was afraid, and reached out one hand to touch the crib—the other to her husband.

He awakened instantly. "What is it, Dear?" he asked. "Too tired to sleep, you poor darling? But you do love me a little, don't you?"

"O *yes!*" she answered. "I do. Of *course* I do! I'm just tired, I guess. Goodnight, Sweetheart."

She was late in getting to sleep and late in waking.

When he finally sat down to the hurriedly spread breakfast-table, Mr. Porne, long coffeeless, found it a bit difficult to keep his temper. Isabel was a little stiff, bringing in dishes and cups, and paying no attention to the sounds of wailing from above.

"Well if you won't I will!" burst forth the father at last, and ran upstairs, returning presently with a fine boy of some eleven months, who ceased to bawl in these familiar arms, and contented himself, for the moment, with a teaspoon.

"Aren't you going to feed him?" asked Mr. Porne, with forced patience.

"It isn't time yet," she announced wearily. "He has to have his bath first."

"Well," with a patience evidently forced farther, "isn't it time to feed me?"

"I'm very sorry," she said. "The oatmeal is burned again. You'll have to eat cornflakes. And—the cream is sour—the ice didn't come—or at least, perhaps I was out when it came—and then I forgot it. . . . I had to go to the employment agency in the morning! . . . I'm sorry I'm so—so incompetent."

"So am I," he commented drily. "Are there any crackers for instance? And how about coffee?"

She brought the coffee, such as it was, and a can of condensed milk. Also crackers, and fruit. She took the baby and sat silent.

"Shall I come home to lunch?" he asked.

"Perhaps you'd better not," she replied coldly.

"Is there to be any dinner?"

"Dinner will be ready at six-thirty, if I have to get it myself."

"If you have to get it yourself I'll allow for seven-thirty," said he, trying to be cheerful, though she seemed little pleased by it. "Now don't take it so hard, Ellie. You are a first-class architect, anyhow—one can't be everything. We'll get another girl in time. This is just the common lot out here. All the women have the same trouble."

"Most women seem better able to meet it!" she burst forth. "It's not my trade! I'm willing to work, I like to work, but I can't *bear* housework! I can't seem to learn it at all! And the servants will not do it properly!"

"Perhaps they know your limitations, and take advantage of them! But cheer up, dear. It's no killing matter. Order by phone, don't forget the ice, and I'll try to get home early and help. Don't cry, dear girl, I love you, even if you aren't a good cook! And you love me, don't you?"

He kissed her till she had to smile back at him and give him a loving hug; but after he had gone, the gloom settled upon her spirits once more. She bathed the baby, fed him, put him to sleep; and came back to the table. The screen door had been left ajar and the house was buzzing with flies, hot, with a week's accumulating disorder. The bread she made last night in fear and trembling, was hanging fatly over the pans; perhaps sour already. She clapped it into the oven and turned on the heat.

Then she stood, undetermined, looking about that messy kitchen while the big flies bumped and buzzed on the windows, settled on every dish, and swung in giddy circles in the middle of the room. Turning swiftly she shut the door on them. The dining-room was nearly as bad. She began to put the cups and plates together for removal; but set her tray down suddenly and went into the comparative coolness of the parlor, closing the dining-room door behind her.

She was quite tired enough to cry after several nights of broken rest and days of constant discomfort and irritation; but a sense of rising anger kept the tears back.

"Of course I love him!" she said to herself aloud but softly, remembering the baby, "And no doubt he loves me! I'm glad to be his wife! I'm glad to be a mother to his child! I'm glad I married him! But—*this* is not what he offered! And it's not what I undertook! He hasn't had to change his business!"

She marched up and down the scant space, and then stopped short and laughed drily, continuing her smothered soliloquy.

"'Do you love me?' they ask, and, 'I will make you happy!' they say; and you get married—and after that it's Housework!"

"They don't say, 'Will you be my Cook?' 'Will you be my Chamber maid?' 'Will you give up a good clean well-paid business that you love—that has big hope and power and beauty in it—and come and keep house for me?'"

"Love him? I'd be in Paris this minute if I didn't! What has 'love' to do with dust and grease and flies!"

Then she did drop on the small sofa and cry tempestuously for a little while; but soon arose, fiercely ashamed of her weakness, and faced the day; thinking of the old lady who had so much to do she couldn't think what to first—so she sat down and made a pincushion.

Then—where to begin!

"Eddie will sleep till half-past ten—if I'm lucky. It's now nearly half-past nine," she meditated aloud. "If I do the upstairs work I might wake him. I mustn't forget the bread, the dishes, the parlor—O those flies! Well—I'll clear the table first!"

Stepping softly, and handling the dishes with slow care, she cleaned the breakfast table and darkened the dining-room, flapping out some of the flies with a towel. Then she essayed the parlor, dusting and arranging with undecided steps. "It *ought* to be swept," she admitted to herself; "I can't do it—there isn't time. I'll make it dark—"

"I'd rather plan a dozen houses!" she fiercely muttered, as she fussed about. "Yes—I'd rather build 'em—than to keep one clean!"

Then were her hopes dashed by a rising wail from above. She sat quite still awhile, hoping against hope that he would sleep again; but he wouldn't. So she brought him down in full cry.

In her low chair by the window she held him and produced bright and jingling objects from the tall workbasket that stood near by, sighing again as she glanced at its accumulated mending.

Master Eddy grew calm and happy in her arms, but showed a growing interest in the pleasing materials produced for his amusement, and a desire for closer acquaintance. Then a penetrating odor filled the air, and with a sudden "O dear!" she rose, put the baby on the sofa, and started toward the kitchen.

At this moment the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Porne stopped in her tracks and looked at the door. It remained opaque and immovable. She looked at the baby—who jiggled his spools and crowed. Then she flew to the oven and dragged forth the bread, not much burned after all. Then she opened the door.

A nice looking young woman stood before her, in a plain travelling suit, holding a cheap dress-suit case in one hand and a denim "roll-bag" in the other, who met her with a cheerful inquiring smile.

"Are you Mrs. Edgar Porne?" she asked.

"I am," answered that lady, somewhat shortly, her hand on the doorknob, her ear on the baby, her nose still remorsefully in the kitchen, her eyes fixed sternly on her visitor the while; as she wondered whether it was literature, cosmetics, or medicine.

She was about to add that she didn't want anything, when the young lady produced a card from the Rev. Benjamin A. Miner, Mrs. Porne's particularly revered minister, and stated that she had heard there was a vacancy in her kitchen and she would like the place.

"Introducing Mrs. D. Bell, well known to friends of mine."

"I don't know—" said Mrs. Porne, reading the card without in the least grasping what it said. "I—"

Just then there was a dull falling sound followed by a sharp rising one, and she rushed into the parlor without more words.

When she could hear and be heard again, she found Mrs. Bell seated in the shadowy little hall, serene and cool. "I called on Mr. Miner yesterday when I arrived," said she, "with letters of introduction from my former minister, told him what I wanted to do, and asked him if he could suggest anyone in immediate need of help in this line. He said he had called here recently, and believed you were looking for someone. Here is the letter I showed him," and she handed Mrs. Porne a most friendly and appreciative recommendation of Miss D. Bell by a minister in Jopalez, Inca Co., stating that the bearer was fully qualified to do all kinds of housework, experienced, honest, kind, had worked seven years in one place, and only left it hoping to do better in Southern California.

Backed by her own pastor's approval this seemed to Mrs. Porne fully sufficient. The look of the girl pleased her, though suspiciously above her station in manner; service of any sort was scarce and high in Orchardina, and she had been an agelong week without any. "When can you come?" she asked.

"I can stop now if you like," said the stranger. "This is my baggage. But we must arrange terms first. If you like to try me I will come this week from noon to-day to noon next Friday, for seven dollars, and then if you are satisfied with my work we can make further arrangements. I do not do laundry work, of course, and don't undertake to have any care of the baby."

"I take care of my baby myself!" said Mrs. Porne, thinking the new girl was presuming, though her manner was most gently respectful. But a week was not long, she was well recommended, and the immediate pressure in that kitchen where the harvest was so ripe and the laborers so few—"Well—you may try the week," she said. "I'll show you your room. And what is your name?"

"Miss Bell."

LITTLE LEAFY BROTHERS

Little, leafy brothers! You can feel
Warmth o' the sun,
Cool sap-streams run,
The slow, soft, nuzzling creep
Of roots sent deep,

And a close-anchored flowing
In winds smooth-blowing.
And in the Spring! the Spring!
When the stars sing—
The world's love in you grows
Into the rose!

Little hairy brothers! You can feel
The kind sun too;
Winds play with you,
Water is live delight;
In your swift flight
Of wings or leaping feet
Life rushes sweet—
And in the Spring! the Spring!
When the stars sing—
The world's love stirs you first
To wild, sweet thirst,
Mad combat glorious, and so
To what you know
Of love in living. Yes, to you first came
The joy past name
Of interchange—the small mouth pressed
To the warm, willing breast.

But O! the human brothers! We can feel
All, all below
These small ones know;
Earth fair and good,
The bubbling flood
Of life a-growing—in us multiplied
As man spreads wide;
Not into leaves alone,
Nor flesh and bone,
But roof and wall and wheel
Of stone and steel;
Soft foliage and gorgeous bloom
Of humming loom;
And fruit of joy o'er-burdened heart
Poured forth in Art!
We can not only leap in the sun,
Wrestle and run,
But know the music-measured beat
Of dancing feet,
The interplay of hands—we hold
Delight of doing, myriad-fold.
Joy of the rose, we know—
To bloom—to grow!—
Joy of the beast we prove—
To strive—to move!
And in the Spring! the Spring!
When the stars sing,
Wide gladness of all living men
Comes back again,
A conscious universe at rest
In one's own breast!
The world's love! Wholly ours;
Through breathing flowers,
Through all the living tumult of the wood,
In us made good;
Through centuries that rise and fall—
We hold it all!
The world's love! Given music, fit
To carry it.
The world's love! Given words at last, to speak,

Though yet so weak.
The world's love! Given hands that hold so much,
Lips that may touch!
The world's love! Sweet!—it lies
In your dear eyes!

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE; or, THE MAN-MADE WORLD

IV.

MEN AND ART.

Among the many counts in which women have been proven inferior to men in human development is the oft-heard charge that there are no great women artists. Where one or two are proudly exhibited in evidence, they are either pooh-poohed as not very great, or held to be the trifling exceptions which do but prove the rule.

Defenders of women generally make the mistake of over-estimating their performances, instead of accepting, and explaining, the visible facts. What are the facts as to the relation of men and women to art? And what, in especial, has been the effect upon art of a solely masculine expression?

When we look for the beginnings of art, we find ourselves in a period of crude decoration of the person and of personal belongings. Tattooing, for instance, is an early form of decorative art, still in practice among certain classes, even in advanced people. Most boys, if they are in contact with this early art, admire it, and wish to adorn themselves therewith; some do so—to later mortification. Early personal decoration consisted largely in direct mutilation of the body, and the hanging upon it, or fastening to it, of decorative objects. This we see among savages still, in its gross and primitive forms monopolized by men, then shared by women, and, in our time, left almost wholly to them. In personal decoration today, women are still near the savage. The "artists" developed in this field of art are the tonsorial, the sartorial, and all those specialized adorners of the body commonly known as "beauty doctors."

Here, as in other cases, the greatest artists are men. The greatest milliners, the greatest dressmakers and tailors, the greatest hairdressers, and the masters and designers in all our decorative toilettes and accessories, are men. Women, in this as in so many other lines, consume rather than produce. They carry the major part of personal decoration today; but the decorator is the man. In the decoration of objects, woman, as the originator of primitive industry, originated also the primitive arts; and in the pottery, basketry, leatherwork, needlework, weaving, with all beadwork, dyeing and embroideries of ancient peoples we see the work of the woman decorator. Much of this is strong and beautiful, but its time is long past. The art which is part of industry, natural, simple, spontaneous, making beauty in every object of use, adding pleasure to labor and to life, is not Art with a large A, the Art which requires Artists, among whom are so few women of note.

Art as a profession, and the Artist as a professional, came later; and by that time women had left the freedom and power of the matriarchate and become slaves in varying degree. The women who were idle pets in harems, or the women who worked hard as servants, were alike cut off from the joy of making things. Where constructive work remained to them, art remained, in its early decorative form. Men, in the proprietary family, restricting the natural industry of women to personal service, cut off their art with their industry, and by so much impoverished the world.

There is no more conspicuously pathetic proof of the aborted development of women than this commonplace—their lack of a civilized art sense. Not only in the childish and savage display upon their bodies, but in the pitiful products they hang upon the walls of the home, is seen the arrest in normal growth.

After ages of culture, in which men have developed Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Music and the Drama, we find women in their primitive environment making flowers of wax, and hair, and worsted; doing mottoes of perforated cardboard, making crazy quilts and mats and "tidies"—as if they lived in a long past age, or belonged to a lower race.

This, as part of the general injury to women dating from the beginning of our androcentric culture, reacts heavily upon the world at large. Men, specializing, giving their lives to the continuous pursuit of one line of service, have lifted our standard in aesthetic culture, as they have in other matters; but by refusing the same growth to women, they have not only weakened and reduced the output, but ruined

the market as it were, hopelessly and permanently kept down the level of taste.

Among the many sides of this great question, some so terrible, some so pathetic, some so utterly absurd, this particular phase of life is especially easy to study and understand, and has its own elements of amusement. Men, holding women at the level of domestic service, going on themselves to lonely heights of achievement, have found their efforts hampered and their attainments rendered barren and unsatisfactory by the amazing indifference of the world at large. As the world at large consists half of women, and wholly of their children, it would seem patent to the meanest understanding that the women must be allowed to rise in order to lift the world. But such has not been the method—heretofore.

We have spoken so far in this chapter of the effect of men on art through their interference with the art of women. There are other sides to the question. Let us consider once more the essential characteristics of maleness, and see how they have affected art, keeping always in mind the triune distinction between masculine, feminine and human. Perhaps we shall best see this difference by considering what the development of art might have been on purely human terms.

The human creature, as such, naturally delights in construction, and adds decoration to construction as naturally. The cook, making little regular patterns around the edge of the pie, does so from a purely human instinct, the innate eye-pleasure in regularity, symmetry, repetition, and alternation. Had this natural social instinct grown unchecked in us, it would have manifested itself in a certain proportion of specialists—artists of all sorts—and an accompanying development of appreciation on the part of the rest of us. Such is the case in primitive art; the maker of beauty is upheld and rewarded by a popular appreciation of her work—or his.

Had this condition remained, we should find a general level of artistic expression and appreciation far higher than we see now. Take the one field of textile art, for instance: that wide and fluent medium of expression, the making of varied fabrics, the fashioning of garments and the decoration of them—all this is human work and human pleasure. It should have led us to a condition where every human being was a pleasure to the eye, appropriately and beautifully clothed.

Our real condition in this field is too patent to need emphasis; the stiff, black ugliness of our men's attire; the irritating variegated folly of our women's; the way in which we spoil the beauty and shame the dignity of childhood by modes of dress.

In normal human growth, our houses would be a pleasure to the eye; our furniture and utensils, all our social products, would blossom into beauty as naturally as they still do in those low stages of social evolution where our major errors have not yet borne full fruit.

Applied art in all its forms is a human function, common to every one to some degree, either in production or appreciation, or both. "Pure art," as an ideal, is also human; and the single-hearted devotion of the true artist to this ideal is one of the highest forms of the social sacrifice. Of all the thousand ways by which humanity is specialized for inter-service, none is more exquisite than this; the evolution of the social Eye, or Ear, or Voice, the development of those whose work is wholly for others, and to whom the appreciation of others is as the bread of life. This we should have in a properly developed community; the pleasure of applied art in the making and using of everything we have; and then the high joy of the Great Artist, and the noble work thereof, spread far and wide.

What do we find?

Applied art at a very low level; small joy either for the maker or the user. Pure art, a fine-spun specialty, a process carried on by an elect few who openly despise the unappreciative many. Art has become an occult profession requiring a long special education even to enjoy, and evolving a jargon of criticism which becomes more esoteric yearly.

Let us now see what part in this undesirable outcome is due to our Androcentric Culture.

As soon as the male of our species assumed the exclusive right to perform all social functions, he necessarily brought to that performance the advantages—and disadvantages—of maleness, of those dominant characteristics, desire, combat, self-expression.

Desire has overweighted art in many visible forms; it is prominent in painting and music, almost monopolizes fiction, and has pitifully degraded dancing.

Combat is not so easily expressed in art, where even competition is on a high plane; but the last element is the main evil, self-expression. This impulse is inherently and ineradicably masculine. It rests on that most basic of distinctions between the sexes, the centripetal and centrifugal forces of the

universe. In the very nature of the sperm-cell and the germ-cell we find this difference: the one attracts, gathers, draws in; the other repels, scatters, pushes out. That projective impulse is seen in the male nature everywhere; the constant urge toward expression, to all boasting and display. This spirit, like all things masculine, is perfectly right and admirable in its place.

It is the duty of the male, as a male, to vary; bursting forth in a thousand changing modifications—the female, selecting, may so incorporate beneficial changes in the race. It is his duty to thus express himself—an essentially masculine duty; but masculinity is one thing, and art is another. Neither the masculine nor the feminine has any place in art—Art is Human.

It is not in any faintest degree allied to the personal processes of reproduction; but is a social process, a most distinctive social process, quite above the plane of sex. The true artist transcends his sex, or her sex. If this is not the case, the art suffers.

Dancing is an early, and a beautiful art; direct expression of emotion through the body; beginning in subhuman type, among male birds, as the bower-bird of New Guinea, and the dancing crane, who swing and caper before their mates. Among early peoples we find it a common form of social expression in tribal dances of all sorts, religious, military, and other. Later it becomes a more explicit form of celebration, as among the Greeks; in whose exquisite personal culture dancing and music held high place.

But under the progressive effects of purely masculine dominance we find the broader human elements of dancing left out, and the sex-element more and more emphasized. As practiced by men alone dancing has become a mere display of physical agility, a form of exhibition common to all males. As practiced by men and women together we have our social dances, so lacking in all the varied beauty of posture and expression, so steadily becoming a pleasant form of dalliance.

As practiced by women alone we have one of the clearest proofs of the degrading effect of masculine dominance:—the dancing girl. In the frank sensualism of the Orient, this personage is admired and enjoyed on her merits. We, more sophisticated in this matter, joke shamefacedly about "the bald-headed row," and occasionally burst forth in shrill scandal over some dinner party where ladies clad in a veil and a bracelet dance on the table. Nowhere else in the whole range of life on earth, is this degradation found—the female capering and prancing before the male. It is absolutely and essentially his function, not hers. That we, as a race, present this pitiful spectacle, a natural art wrested to unnatural ends, a noble art degraded to ignoble ends, has one clear cause.

Architecture, in its own nature, is least affected by that same cause. The human needs secured by it, are so human, so unescapably human, that we find less trace of excessive masculinity than in other arts. It meets our social demands, it expresses in lasting form our social feeling, up to the highest; and it has been injured not so much by an excess of masculinity as by a lack of femininity.

The most universal architectural expression is in the home; the home is essentially a place for the woman and the child; yet the needs of woman and child are not expressed in our domestic architecture. The home is built on lines of ancient precedent, mainly as an industrial form; the kitchen is its working centre rather than the nursery.

Each man wishes his home to preserve and seclude his woman, his little harem of one; and in it she is to labor for his comfort or to manifest his ability to maintain her in idleness. The house is the physical expression of the limitations of women; and as such it fills the world with a small drab ugliness. A dwelling house is rarely a beautiful object. In order to be such, it should truly express simple and natural relations; or grow in larger beauty as our lives develop.

The deadlock for architectural progress, the low level of our general taste, the everlasting predominance of the commonplace in buildings, is the natural result of the proprietary family and its expression in this form.

In sculpture we have a noble art forcing itself into some service through many limitations. Its check, as far as it comes under this line of study, has been indicated in our last chapter; the degradation of the human body, the vicious standards of sex-consciousness enforced under the name of modesty, the covered ugliness, which we do not recognize, all this is a deadly injury to free high work in sculpture.

With a nobly equal womanhood, stalwart and athletic; with the high standards of beauty and of decorum which we can never have without free womanhood; we should show a different product in this great art.

An interesting note in passing is this: when we seek to express socially our noblest, ideas, Truth; Justice; Liberty; we use the woman's body as the highest human type. But in doing this, the artist, true to humanity and not biassed by sex, gives us a strong, grand figure, beautiful indeed, but never

decorated. Fancy Liberty in ruffles and frills, with rings in her ears—or nose.

Music is injured by a one-sided handling, partly in the excess of the one dominant masculine passion, partly by the general presence of egoism; that tendency to self-expression instead of social expression, which so disfigures our art; and this is true also of poetry.

Miles and miles of poetry consist of the ceaseless outcry of the male for the female, which is by no means so overwhelming as a feature of human life as he imagines it; and other miles express his other feelings, with that ingenuous lack of reticence which is at its base essentially masculine. Having a pain, the poet must needs pour it forth, that his woe be shared and sympathized with.

As more and more women writers flock into the field there is room for fine historic study of the difference in sex feeling, and the gradual emergence of the human note.

Literature, and in especial the art of fiction, is so large a field for this study that it will have a chapter to itself; this one but touching on these various forms; and indicating lines of observation.

That best known form of art which to my mind needs no qualifying description—painting—is also a wide field; and cannot be done full justice to within these limits. The effect upon it of too much masculinity is not so much in choice of subject as in method and spirit. The artist sees beauty of form and color where the ordinary observer does not; and paints the old and ugly with as much enthusiasm as the young and beautiful—sometimes. If there is in some an over-emphasis of feminine attractions it is counterbalanced in others by a far broader line of work.

But the main evils of a too masculine art lie in the emphasis laid on self-expression. The artist, passionately conscious of how he feels, strives to make other people aware of these sensations. This is now so generally accepted by critics, so seriously advanced by painters, that what is called "the art world" accepts it as established.

If a man paints the sea, it is not to make you see and feel as a sight of that same ocean would, but to make you see and feel how he, personally, was affected by it; a matter surely of the narrowest importance. The ultra-masculine artist, extremely sensitive, necessarily, and full of the natural urge to expression of the sex, uses the medium of art as ingenuously as the partridge-cock uses his wings in drumming on the log; or the bull moose stamps and bellows; not narrowly as a mate call, but as a form of expression of his personal sensations.

The higher the artist the more human he is, the broader his vision, the more he sees for humanity, and expresses for humanity, and the less personal, the less ultra-masculine, is his expression.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

The literary output of the ancient Hebrews must have been great, since we are told by their critical philosopher, "Of the making of many books there is no end."

There must have been some limit, however, because their books were hand made, and not everyone could do it. Since the printing press relieved this mechanical restriction, and educational facilities made reading and writing come, if not by nature, at least with general compulsion, the making of books has increased to the present output—which would have made the ancient philosopher blush for his premature complaint.

In this, as in all social functions, we have the normal and the abnormal growth before us; but so far we have not learned to divide them. There is no harm at all in having anybody and everybody write books if they choose, any more than in having anybody and everybody talk if they choose. Literature is only preserved speech.

Freedom of speech is dear to our hearts; it is an easy privilege, and costs little—to the speaker. People are free to talk, privately and publicly, and free to write, privately and publicly.

The harm comes, in this as in other processes, by the door of economic interest. It is not the desire to write which crowds our market so disadvantageously; it is the desire to sell.

Though a fair capacity in the art of literature were even more general than to-day, if our social conditions were normal only a certain proportion of us would naturally prefer that form of expression. Our literary output is abnormally increased by two influences; the hereditary and inculcated idea of superiority in this profession, and the emoluments thereof. These last are greatly over-estimated, as, in truth, is the first also.

There is nothing essentially more worthy in the art of saying things than in the art of doing things. The basic merit in literature, as in speech, lies in the thing said. This the makers of many books have utterly forgotten. "She's a beautiful talker!" we might say of someone. "It's perfectly lovely! Such language! Such expression! It's a joy to hear her!"

Then an unenthusiastic person might rudely inquire, "Yes—but what does she say?"

Talking is not fancy-work. It is not an exhibition of skill in the use of the vocal chords, in knowledge of grammar and rhetoric. Speech is developed in our race as a medium of transmission of thought and feelings. The greater or less ease and proficiency with which we elaborate the function should always be held subordinate to the real use. Literature is to be similarly judged by its initial purpose, the preservation and transmission of ideas and feelings. Even the picture-work of fiction must carry a certain content of ideas, else it cannot be read; it does not, as the children say, "make sense."

Now take up your current magazine—the largest medium of literary expression to-day—and consider it from this point of view.

The modern magazine is a distinctly new product. When the slow, thick stream of book-making first began to spread and filter out through the new channels of periodic publication, a magazine was a serious literary production. The word "magazine" implies an armory, a storehouse, a collection of valuable pieces of literature. Now we need a new word for the thing. It has become a more and more fluent and varied mouthpiece of popular expression. It is a halfway-house between the newspaper and the book. The older, higher-priced, more impressive of them, keep up, or try to keep up, the standards of the past; but the world of to-day is by no means so much interested in "beautiful letters" as in the fresh current of knowledge and feeling belonging to our times.

Articles about flying machines may or may not be "literature" but they are small doses of information highly desirable to persons who have not time enough, nor money enough, to read books.

If you have time, you can go to the libraries. If you have money, you can order from your dealer.

If you have only ten cents—no, fifteen, it takes in these days of prosperity—you can with that purchase a deal of valuable and interesting matter, coming on fresh every month—or week.

Sweeping aside all the "instructive" articles as hopelessly without the lofty pale of literature, we have left an overwhelming mass of fiction. This, too, is ruthlessly condemned by the austere upholder of high standards. This, too, is not literature.

What is literature?

Literature, in the esoteric sense of lofty criticism, is a form of writing which, like the higher mathematics, must be free from any taint of utility. Pure literature must perforce be a form of expression, but must not condescend to express anything.

To write with the narrow and vulgar purpose of saying something, is to be cut off hopelessly from the elect few who produce literature. This attitude of sublime superiority as an art is responsible for our general scorn of what we call,

"The Novel With a Purpose."

Have any of us fairly faced the alternative? Are we content to accept delightedly the "Novel Without a Purpose"?

Do you remember the Peterkin Papers? How Solomon John, the second son, thought he would like to write a book? How Agammemnon, the oldest son, and Elizabeth Eliza, the sister, and the Little Boys, in their beloved rubber boots, as also the parents, were all mightily impressed with the ambition of Solomon John? How a table was secured, and placed in the proper light? How a chair was brought, paper was procured, and pens and ink? How finally all was ready, and the entire family stood about in rapt admiration to see Solomon John begin?

He drew the paper before him; he selected a pen; he dipped it in the ink and poised it before him.

Then he looked from one to another, and an expression of pained surprise spread over his features.

"Why," said Solomon John, "I have nothing to say!"

(I quote from memory, not having the classics at hand.)

There was great disappointment in the Peterkin family, and the project was given up. But why so? Solomon John need not have been so easily discouraged. He was in the exact position to produce

literature—pure, high, legitimate literature—the Novel Without a Purpose.

In the effort to preserve the purity of the Pierian Springs, those guardians of this noble art, who arbitrate in the "standard magazines," condemn and exclude what they define as "controversial literature."

Suppose someone comes along with a story advocating euthanasia, showing with all the force of the art of fiction the slow, hideous suffering of some helpless cancer patient or the like, the blessed release that might be humanly given; showing it so as to make an indelible impression—this story is refused as "controversial," as being written with a purpose.

Yet the same magazine will print a story no better written, showing the magnificent heroism of the man who slowly dies in year-long torment, helpless himself and steady drain on everyone about him, virtuously refusing to shorten his torments—and theirs.

What is a controversy? A discussion, surely. It has two sides.

Why isn't a story upholding one side of a controversy as controversial as a story upholding the other side?

Is it only a coincidence that magazines of large circulation and established reputation so consistently maintain that side of the controversy already popularly held as right?

Time passes. Minds develop. New knowledge comes. People's ideas and feelings change—some people's. These new ideas and feelings seek expression in the natural forms—speech and literature, as is legitimate and right.

But the canons of taste and judgement say No.

The ideas and feelings of the peoples of past times found expression in this way, and are preserved in literature. But our ideas and feelings, so seeking expression, do not make literature.

It is not the first time that the canons were wrong. Straight down the road of historic progress, from the dim old days we can hardly see, into the increasing glare of the calcium-lighted present, there have always stood the Priesthood of the Past, making human progress into an obstacle race.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

QUERY: "I am a woman of about forty; my children are pretty well grown up; my home does not take all my time. I could do some work in the world, but I do not know what to do. Can you advise me?"

QUERY: "I appreciate the need of women's working, and am free to do so, but cannot make up my mind what work to undertake. It is very easy for you people with 'a mission' and talents, but what is an ordinary woman to do?"

ANSWER: These two questions belong together, and may be answered together. Neither of the questioners seem to be driven by necessity, which simplifies matters a good deal.

Work has to be done for two real reasons. One is the service of humanity, of society, which cannot exist without our functional activity. Work is social service.

The other is personal development. One cannot be fully human without this functional social activity.

In choosing work, there are two governing factors always, and generally the third one of pressing necessity. Of the two, one is personal fitness—the instinctive choice of those who are highly specialized in some one line. This makes decision easy, but does not always make it easy to get the work. You may be divinely ordained to fiddle—but if no one wants to hear you, you are badly off. The other is far more general; it is the social demand—the call of the work that *needs doing*.

If you are able to work, free to work, and not hampered by a rigid personal bent, just look about and see what other people need. Study your country, town, village, your environment, near or distant; and take hold of some social need, whether it is a better school board or the preservation of our forests. So long as the earth or the people on it need service, there is work for all of us.

PLAY-TIME

A WALK WALK WALK

I.

I once went out for a walk, walk, walk,
For a walk beside the sea;
And all I carried for to eat, eat, eat,
Was a jar of ginger snaps so sweet,
And a jug of ginger tea.

For I am fond of cinnamon pie,
And peppermint pudding, too;
And I dearly love to bake, bake, bake,
A mighty mass of mustard cake,
And nutmeg beer to brew.

II.

And all I carried for drink, drink, drink,
That long and weary way,
Was a dozen little glasses
Of boiled molasses
On a Cochin China tray.

For I am fond of the sugar of the grape,
And the sugar of the maple tree;
But I always eat
The sugar of the beet
When I'm in company.

III.

And all I carried for to read, read, read,
For a half an hour or so,
Was Milman's Rome, and Grote on Greece,
And the works of Dumas, pere et fils,
And the poems of Longfellow.

For I am fond of the Hunting of the Snark,
And the Romaunt of the Rose;
And I never go to bed
Without Webster at my head
And Worcester at my toes.

ODE TO A FOOL

"Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly."—Prov. 17th, 12th.

Singular insect! Here I watch thee spin
Upon my pin;
And know that thou hast not the least idea
I have thee here.
Strange is thy nature! For thou mayst be slain
Once and again;
Dismembered, tortured, torn with tortures hot—
Yet know it not!
As well pour hate and scorn upon the dead
As on thy head.
While I discuss thee here I plainly see
Thee sneer at me.

Marvellous creature! What mysterious power
In idle hour

Arranged the mighty elements whence came
Thy iron frame!
In every item of thy outward plan
So like a man!
But men are mortal, dying every day,
And thou dost stay.
The nations rise and die with passing rule,
But thou, O Fool!
Livedst when drunken Noah asleeping lay,
Livest to-day.

Invulnerable Fool! Thy mind
Is deaf and blind;
Impervious to sense of taste and smell
And touch as well.
Thought from without may vainly seek to press
Thy consciousness;
Man's hard-won knowledge which the ages pile
But makes thee smile;
Thy vast sagacity and blatant din
Come from within;
Thy voice doth fill the world from year to year,
Helpless we hear.

Wisdom and wit 'gainst thee have no avail;
O Fool—All Hail!

THE FORERUNNER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN
AUTHOR, OWNER & PUBLISHER

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How many a useless stone we find
Swallowed in that capacious, blind,
Faith-swollen gullet, our ancestral mind!

THE SANDS

It runs—it runs—the hourglass turning;
Dark sands glooming, bright sands burning;
I turn—and turn—with heavy or hopeful hands;
So must I turn as long as the Voice commands;
But I lose all count of the hours for watching the sliding sands.

Or fast—or slow—it ceases turning;
Ceases the flow, or bright or burning—

"What have you done with the hours?" the Voice demands.
What can I say of eager or careless hands?—
I had forgotten the hours in watching the sliding sands.

A MIDDLE-SIZED ARTIST

When Rosamond's brown eyes seemed almost too big for her brilliant little face, and her brown curls danced on her shoulders, she had a passionate enthusiasm for picture books. She loved "the reading," but when the picture made what her young mind was trying to grasp suddenly real before her, the stimulus reaching the brain from two directions at once, she used to laugh with delight and hug the book.

The vague new words describing things she never saw suggested "castle," a thing of gloom and beauty; and then upon the page came The Castle itself, looming dim and huge before her, with drooping heavy banners against the sunset calm.

How she had regretted it, scarce knowing why, when the pictures were less real than the description; when the princess, whose beauty made her the Rose of the World (her name was Rosamond, too!), appeared in visible form no prettier, no, not as pretty, as The Fair One with The Golden Locks in the other book! And what an outcry she made to her indifferent family when first confronted by the unbelievable blasphemy of an illustration that differed from the text!

"But, Mother—see!" she cried. "It says, 'Her beauty was crowned by rich braids of golden hair, wound thrice around her shapely head,' and this girl has black hair—in curls! Did the man forget what he just said?"

Her mother didn't seem to care at all. "They often get them wrong," she said. "Perhaps it was an old plate. Run away, dear, Mama is very busy."

But Rosamond cared.

She asked her father more particularly about this mysterious "old plate," and he, being a publisher, was able to give her much information thereanent. She learned that these wonderful reinforcements of her adored stories did not emanate direct from the brain of the beneficent author, but were a supplementary product by some draughtsman, who cared far less for what was in the author's mind than for what was in his own; who was sometimes lazy, sometimes arrogant, sometimes incompetent; sometimes all three. That to find a real artist, who could make pictures and was willing to make them like the picture the author saw, was very unusual.

"You see, little girl," said Papa, "the big artists are too big to do it—they'd rather make their own pictures; and the little artists are too little—they can't make real ones of their own ideas, nor yet of another's."

"Aren't there any middle-sized artists?" asked the child.

"Sometimes," said her father; and then he showed her some of the perfect illustrations which leave nothing to be desired, as the familiar ones by Teniel and Henry Holiday, which make Alice's Adventures and the Hunting of the Snark so doubly dear, Dore and Retsch and Tony Johannot and others.

"When I grow up," said Rosamond decidedly, "I'm going to be a middle-sized artist!"

Fortunately for her aspirations the line of study required was in no way different at first from that of general education. Her parents explained that a good illustrator ought to know pretty much everything. So she obediently went through school and college, and when the time came for real work at her drawing there was no objection to that.

"It is pretty work," said her mother, "a beautiful accomplishment. It will always be a resource for her."

"A girl is better off to have an interest," said her father, "and not marry the first fool that asks her. When she does fall in love this won't stand in the way; it never does; with a woman. Besides—she may need it sometime."

So her father helped and her mother did not hinder, and when the brown eyes were less disproportionate and the brown curls wreathed high upon her small fine head, she found herself at twenty-one more determined to be a middle-sized artist than she was at ten.

Then love came; in the person of one of her father's readers; a strenuous new-fledged college graduate; big, handsome, domineering, opinionative; who was accepting a salary of four dollars a week for the privilege of working in a publishing house, because he loved books and meant to write them some day.

They saw a good deal of each other, and were pleasantly congenial. She sympathized with his criticisms of modern fiction; he sympathized with her criticisms of modern illustration; and her young imagination began to stir with sweet memories of poetry and romance; and sweet hopes of beautiful reality.

There are cases where the longest way round is the shortest way home; but Mr. Allen G. Goddard chose differently. He had read much about women and about love, beginning with a full foundation from the ancients; but lacked an understanding of the modern woman, such as he had to deal with.

Therefore, finding her evidently favorable, his theories and inclinations suiting, he made hot love to her, breathing, "My Wife!" into her ear before she had scarce dared to think "my darling!" and suddenly wrapping her in his arms with hot kisses, while she was still musing on "The Huguenot Lovers" and the kisses she dared dream of came in slow gradation as in the Sonnets From the Portuguese.

He was in desperate earnest. "O you are so beautiful!" he cried. "So unbelievably beautiful! Come to me, my Sweet!" for she had sprung away and stood panting and looking at him, half reproachful, half angry.

"You love me, Dearest! You cannot deny it!" he cried. "And I love you—Ah! You shall know!"

He was single-hearted, sincere; stirred by a very genuine overwhelming emotion. She on the contrary was moved by many emotions at once;—a pleasure she was half ashamed of; a disappointment she could not clearly define; as if some one had told her the whole plot of a promising new novel; a sense of fear of the new hopes she had been holding, and of startled loyalty to her long-held purposes.

"Stop!" she said—for he evidently mistook her agitation, and thought her silence was consent. "I suppose I do—love you—a little; but you've no right to kiss me like that!"

His eyes shone. "You Darling! *My Darling!*" he said. "You will give me the right, won't you? Now, Dearest—see! I am waiting!" And he held out his arms to her.

But Rosamond was more and more displeased. "You will have to wait. I'm sorry; but I'm not ready to be engaged, yet! You know my plans. Why I'm going to Paris this year! I'm going to work! It will be ever so long before I'm ready to—to settle down."

"As to that," he said more calmly, "I cannot of course offer immediate marriage, but we can wait for that—together! You surely will not leave me—if you love me!"

"I think I love you," she said conscientiously, "at least I did think so. You've upset it all, somehow—you hurry me so!—no—I can't bind myself yet."

"Do you tell me to wait for you?" he asked; his deep voice still strong to touch her heart. "How long, Dearest?"

"I'm not asking you to wait for me—I don't want to promise anything—nor to have you. But when I have made a place—am really doing something—perhaps then—"

He laughed harshly. "Do not deceive yourself, child, nor me! If you loved me there would be none of this poor wish for freedom—for a career. You don't love me—that's all!"

He waited for her to deny this. She said nothing. He did not know how hard it was for her to keep from crying—and from running to his arms.

"Very well," said he. "Goodby!"—And he was gone.

All that happened three years ago.

Allen Goddard took it very hard; and added to his earlier ideas about women another, that "the new woman" was a selfish heartless creature, indifferent to her own true nature.

He had to stay where he was and work, owing to the pressure of circumstances, which made it harder; so he became something of a mysogynyst; which is not a bad thing when a young man has to live on very little and build a place for himself.

In spite of this cynicism he could not remove from his mind those softly brilliant dark eyes; the

earnest thoughtful lines of the pure young face; and the changing lights and shadows in that silky hair. Also, in the course of his work, he was continually reminded of her; for her characteristic drawings appeared more and frequently in the magazines, and grew better, stronger, more convincing from year to year.

Stories of adventure she illustrated admirably; children's stories to perfection; fairy stories—she was the delight of thousands of children, who never once thought that the tiny quaint rose in a circle that was to be found in all those charming pictures meant a name. But he noticed that she never illustrated love stories; and smiled bitterly, to himself.

And Rosamond?

There were moments when she was inclined to forfeit her passage money and throw herself unreservedly into those strong arms which had held her so tightly for a little while. But a bud picked open does not bloom naturally; and her tumultuous feelings were thoroughly dissipated by a long strong attack of *mal de mer*. She derived two advantages from her experience: one a period of safe indifference to all advances from eager fellow students and more cautious older admirers; the other a facility she had not before aspired to in the making of pictures of love and lovers.

She made pictures of him from memory—so good, so moving, that she put them religiously away in a portfolio by themselves; and only took them out—sometimes. She illustrated, solely for her own enjoyment some of her girlhood's best loved poems and stories. "The Rhyme of the Duchess May," "The Letter L," "In a Balcony," "In a Gondola." And hid them from herself even—they rather frightened her.

After three years of work abroad she came home with an established reputation, plenty of orders, and an interest that would not be stifled in the present state of mind of Mr. Allen Goddard.

She found him still at work, promoted to fifteen dollars a week by this time, and adding to his income by writing political and statistical articles for the magazines. He talked, when they met, of this work, with little enthusiasm, and asked her politely about hers.

"Anybody can see mine!" she told him lightly. "And judge it easily."

"Mine too," he answered. "It to-day is—and to-morrow is cast into the waste-basket. He who runs may read—if he runs fast enough."

He told himself he was glad he was not bound to this hard, bright creature, so unnaturally self-sufficient, and successful.

She told herself that he had never cared for her, really, that was evident.

Then an English publisher who liked her work sent her a new novel by a new writer, "A. Gage." "I know this is out of your usual line," he said, "but I want a woman to do it, and I want you to be the woman, if possible. Read it and see what you think. Any terms you like."

The novel was called "Two and One;" and she began it with languid interest, because she liked that publisher and wished to give full reasons for refusing. It opened with two young people who were much in love with one another; the girl a talented young sculptor with a vivid desire for fame; and another girl, a cousin of the man, ordinary enough, but pretty and sweet, and with no desires save those of romance and domesticity. The first couple broke off a happy engagement because she insisted on studying in Paris, and her lover, who could neither go with her, nor immediately marry her, naturally objected.

Rosamond sat up in bed; pulled a shawl round her, swung the electric light nearer, and went on.

The man was broken-hearted; he suffered tortures of loneliness, disappointment, doubt, self-depreciation. He waited, held at his work by a dependent widowed mother; hoping against hope that his lost one would come back. The girl meanwhile made good in her art work; she was not a great sculptor but a popular portraitist and maker of little genre groups. She had other offers, but refused them, being hardened in her ambitions, and, possibly, still withheld by her early love.

The man after two or three years of empty misery and hard grinding work, falls desperately ill; the pretty cousin helps the mother nurse him, and shows her own affection. He offers the broken remnants of his heart, which she eagerly undertakes to patch up; and they become tolerably happy, at least she is.

But the young sculptor in Paris! Rosamond hurried through the pages to the last chapter. There was the haughty and triumphant heroine in her studio. She had been given a medal—she had plenty of orders—she had just refused a Count. Everyone had gone, and she sat alone in her fine studio, self-

satisfied and triumphant.

Then she picks up an old American paper which was lying about; reads it idly as she smokes her cigarette—and then both paper and cigarette drop to the floor, and she sits staring.

Then she starts up—her arms out—vainly. "Wait! O Wait!" she cries—"I was coining back,"—and drops into her chair again. The fire is out. She is alone.

Rosamond shut the book and leaned back upon her pillow. Her eyes were shut tight; but a little gleaming line showed on either cheek under the near light. She put the light out and lay quite still.

*

Allen G. Goddard, in his capacity as "reader" was looking over some popular English novels which his firm wished to arrange about publishing in America. He left "Two and One" to the last. It was the second edition, the illustrated one which he had not seen yet; the first he had read before. He regarded it from time to time with a peculiar expression.

"Well," he said to himself, "I suppose I can stand it if the others do."
And he opened the book.

The drawing was strong work certainly, in a style he did not know. They were striking pictures, vivid, real, carrying out in last detail the descriptions given, and the very spirit of the book, showing it more perfectly than the words. There was the tender happiness of the lovers, the courage, the firmness, the fixed purpose in the young sculptor insisting on her freedom, and the gay pride of the successful artist in her work.

There was beauty and charm in this character, yet the face was always turned away, and there was a haunting suggestion of familiarity in the figure. The other girl was beautiful, and docile in expression; well-dressed and graceful; yet somehow unattractive, even at her best, as nurse; and the man was extremely well drawn, both in his happy ardor as a lover, and his grinding misery when rejected. He was very good-looking; and here too was this strong sense of resemblance.

"Why he looks like *me!*" suddenly cried the reader—springing to his feet. "Confound his impudence!" he cried. "How in thunder!" Then he looked at the picture again, more carefully, a growing suspicion in his face; and turned hurriedly to the title page,—seeing a name unknown to him.

This subtle, powerful convincing work; this man who undeniably suggested him; this girl whose eyes he could not see; he turned from one to another and hurried to the back of the book.

"The fire was out—she was alone." And there, in the remorseless light of a big lamp before her fireless hearth, the crumpled newspaper beside her, and all hope gone from a limp, crouching little figure, sat—why, he would know her among a thousand—even if her face was buried in her hands, and sunk on the arm of the chair—it was Rosamond!

*

She was in her little downtown room and hard at work when he entered; but she had time to conceal a new book quickly.

He came straight to her; he had a book in his hand, open—he held it out.

"Did you do this?" he demanded. "Tell me—tell me!" His voice was very unreliable.

She lifted her eyes slowly to his; large, soft, full of dancing lights, and the rich color swept to the gold-lighted borders of her hair.

"Did you?" she asked.

He was taken aback. "I!" said he. "Why it's by—" he showed her the title-page. "By A. Gage," he read.

"Yes," said she, "Go on," and he went on, 'Illustrated by A. N. Other.'"

"It's a splendid novel," she said seriously. "Real work—great work. I always knew you'd do it, Allen. I'm so proud of you!" And she held out her hand in the sincere intelligent appreciation of a fellow craftsman.

He took it, still bewildered.

"Thank you," he said. "I value your opinion—honestly I do! And—with a sudden sweep of recognition.

"And yours is great work! Superb! Why you've put more into that story than I knew was there! You make the thing live and breathe! You've put a shadow of remorse in that lonely ruffian there that I was too proud to admit! And you've shown the—unconvincingness of that Other Girl; marvellously. But see here—no more fooling!"

He took her face between his hands, hands that quivered strongly, and forced her to look at him. "Tell me about that last picture! Is it—true?"

Her eyes met his, with the look he longed for. "It is true," she said.

*

After some time, really it was a long time, but they had not noticed it, he suddenly burst forth. "But how did you *know*?"

She lifted a flushed and smiling face: and pointed to the title page again.

"A. Gage.'—You threw it down."

"And you—" He threw back his head and laughed delightedly. "You threw down A-N-Other! O you witch! You immeasurably clever darling! How well our work fits. By Jove! What good times we'll have!"

And they did.

THE MINOR BIRDS

Shall no bird sing except the nightingale?
Must all the lesser voices cease?
Lark, thrush and blackbird hold their peace?
The woods wait dumb
Until he come?

Must we forego the voices of the field?
The hedgebird's twitter and the soft dove's cooing,
All the small songs of nesting, pairing, wooing,
Where each reveals
What joy he feels?

Should we know how to praise the nightingale,
Master of music, ecstasy and pain,
If he alone sang in the springtime rain?
If no one heard
A minor bird?

PARLOR-MINDEDNESS

"Won't you step in?"

You step in.

"She will be down in a moment. Won't you sit down?"

You sit down. You wait. You are in the parlor.

What is this room? What is it for?

It is not to sleep in, the first need of the home. Not to eat in, the second. Not to shelter young in, the third. Not to cook and wash in, to sew and mend in, to nurse and tend in; not for any of the trades which we still practice in the home.

It is a place for social intercourse. If the family is sufficiently intelligent they use it for this purpose, gathering there in peace and decorum, for rest and pleasure. Whether the family is of that order or not, they use the parlor, if they have one, for the entertainment of visitors. Our ancient Webster gives first: "The apartment in monastery or nunnery where the inmates are permitted to meet and converse with each other, or with visitors and friends from without," and second, "A room in a house which the family

usually occupy for society and conversation; the reception room for visitors." It is, as the derivation declares, "a talking room."

While you wait in the parlor you study it.

It is the best room. It has the best carpet, the best furniture, the pictures and decorations considered most worthy. It is adorned as a shrine for the service of what we feel rather than think to be a noble purpose—to promote social intercourse.

In the interchange of thought and feeling that form so large and essential a part of human life, these parlors are the vehicles provided. Are they all the vehicles provided? Is it in parlors that the sea of human thought ebbs and flows most freely? That mind meets mind, ideas are interchanged, and the soul grows by contact with its kind? Is it in parlors that art is talked? politics? business? affairs of state? new lights in science? the moving thoughts of the world?

If you could hide in a thousand parlors and listen to the talk therein what would you hear? When "she" has come down, greeted her friend with effusion or her caller with ample cordiality, and the talk begins, the interchange of thought, what does the parlor bring forth?

Alas and alas! It brings forth the kitchen, the nursery, and the dressmaker's shop. It furnishes shop-talk mostly, gossip of the daily concerns of the speakers.

Are there no men then in the parlors? Yes, frequently. The man of the house is there with his family in the evening; other men call with their wives; young men call on young women to court them; but in all these cases the men, talking to the women, must needs confine the conversation to their lines of work and thought. When men talk with men it is not in parlors. The women may be ignorant, knowing only household affairs; or they may be "cultivated," more highly educated than the men, talking glibly of books they have read, lectures they have heard, plays they have seen; while the men can talk well only of the work they have done.

When men wish to talk with men of world-business of any sort, they do not seek the parlor. The street, the barroom, the postoffice, some public place they want where they may meet freely on broader ground. For the parlor is the women's meeting ground—has been for long their only meeting ground except the church steps.

Its limits are sharp and clear. Only suitable persons may enter the parlor; only one's acquaintances and friends. Thus the social intercourse of women, for long years has been rigidly confined to parlor limits; they have conversed only with their own class and kind, forever rediscussing the same topics, the threadbare theme of their common trade; and the men who come to their parlor, talk politely to them there within prescribed lines.

It is interesting and pathetic to see the woman, when means allow, enlarge the size of her parlor, the number of her guests, seeking continually for that social intercourse for which the soul hungers, and which the parlor so meagerly provides. As we see the fakir;

"Eating with famished patience grain by grain,
A thousand grains of millet-seed a day,"—

So the woman talks incessantly with as many as she can—neither giving nor getting what is needed.

When we find an institution so common as the parlor, exerting a constant influence upon us from childhood up, carrying with it a code of manners, a system of conduct, a scheme of decoration, a steady prohibitive pressure upon progressive thought, we shall be wise to study that institution and in especial its effect upon the mind.

First, we may observe as in the kitchen the dominant note of personality.

In the parlor more than elsewhere are to be found the "traces of a woman's hand." It is her room, the Lady of the House and other Ladies of other Houses, having each their own to exhibit, all politely praise one another's display.

When a knowledge of art, a sense of beauty, grows in the world, and slowly affects the decorators and furnishers, then does it through the blandishments of the merchants filter slowly into a thousand parlors. But as easily when there is neither art nor beauty in such furnishings, are they foisted upon the purchasing housewife. Such as it is, provided through the limitations of the housewife's mind and the husband's purse, this "best room" becomes a canon of taste to the growing child.

"The parlor set" he must needs see held up as beautiful; the "reception chairs," the carefully shadowed carpet,—these and the "best dress" to go with them and the "company manners" added, are

unescapable aesthetic influences.

Few children like the parlor, few children are wanted or allowed in the parlor, yet it has a steady influence as a sort of social shrine.

Most rigidly it teaches the child exclusiveness, the narrow limits of one's "social acquaintances." As rigidly and most evilly it teaches him falsehood. Scarcely a child but hears the mother's fretful protest against the visitor, followed by the lightning change to cordial greeting. The white lie, the smiling fib, the steady concealment of the undesirable topic, the mutual steering off from all but a set allowance of themes, the artificial dragging in of these and their insufferable repetition—all this the silent, large-eyed child who has been allowed to stay if quiet, hears and remembers. See the little girl's "playing house." See the visitor arrive, the polite welcome, the inquiries after health, the babbling discussion of babies and dress and cookery and servants,—these they have well learned are proper subjects for parlor talk.

The foolish and false ideas of beauty held up to them as "best," they seek to perpetuate. The arbitrary "best dress" system, develops into a vast convention, a wearing of apparel not for beauty, and not for use, not for warmth, protection nor modesty (often quite the opposite of all these), but as a conventional symbol of respectability.

So interwoven with our inner consciousness are these purely arbitrary codes of propriety in costume, that we have such extremes as Kipling shows us in his remote Himalayan forests,—a white man thousands of miles from his kind, who "dressed for dinner every night to preserve his self-respect." No doubt a perfectly sincere conviction, and one sunk deep in the highbred British breast, but even so of a most shallow and ephemeral nature, based on nothing whatever but a temporary caprice of our parlor-mindedness.

Being reared in that state of mind, and half of us confined to it professionally, we are inevitably affected thereby, and react upon life—the real moving world-life, under its pitiful limitations.

If one's sense of beauty must be first, last and always personal, and confined to one's parlor,—for of course we cannot dictate as to other women's parlors,—then how is it to be expected that we should in any way notice, feel or see the ugliness of our town or city, schoolhouse or street-car?

See the woman who has had "an education," who has even "studied art," perhaps, and whose husband can pay for what she wants. Her parlor may become a drawing-room, or two, or more, but she does not grow to care that a public school-room is decorated in white plaster trimmed with a broad strip of blackboard.

The bald, cruel, wearing ugliness of the most of our schools, is worthy of penal institutions, yet we with cheerful unconcern submit growing children to such influences without ever giving it a thought.

"My parlor" must be beautiful, but "our school" is no business of mine. Is there any real reason, by the way, why blackboards must be black? A deep dull red or somber green would be restful and pleasant to the eye, and show chalk just as well. As is being now slowly discovered. There are no blackboards in our parlors. Our children leave home to go to school, and their mother's thoughts do not. In the small measure of parlor decoration grows no sense of public art.

Great art must be largely conceived, largely executed. For the temple and palace and forum rose the columns and statues of the past; for the church and castle the "frozen music" of mediaeval architecture; for church and palace again, the blazing outburst of pictorial art in the great re-birth. Now the struggling artist must cater to the tastes of parlor-bred patrons; must paint what suits the uses of that carpeted sanctuary, portraits of young ladies most successful! Or he must do for public buildings, if by chance he gets the opportunity, what meets the tastes of our universal parlor-mindedness.

With this parlor-mindedness, we repudiate and condemn in painting, literature, music, drama and the dance, whatever does not conform to the decorum of this shrine, whatsoever is not suitable to ladylike conversation. Be the book bad, it is unsuited to the parlor table. Be the book good—too good, or be it great, then it is equally unsuited. Controversy has no place in parlors, hence no controversial literature. Pleasant if possible, or sweetly sad, and not provocative of argument—this is the demeanor of the parlor table, and to this the editor conforms. To the editorial dictum the "reader" must submit; to the "readers" decisions the writer must submit; to the *menu* furnished by the magazines, the public must submit, and so grows up among us a canon of literary judgment, best described as "parlor-minded." This is by no means so damaging as kitchen-mindedness, for those who escape the influence of the parlor are many, and those who escape the influence of the kitchen are few; but it is quite damaging enough.

One of the main elements of beauty in our lives is the human body. Some keep swans, some peacocks,

and some deer, that they may delight their eyes with the beauty thereof. We ourselves are more beautiful than any beast or bird, we are the inspiration of poet, painter, and sculptor; yet we have deliberately foregone all this constant world of beauty and substituted for it a fluctuating nightmare.

In what sordid or discordant colors do we move about! What desolate blurring of outline and action, by our dragging masses of cloth, stiffened and padded like Chinese armor! What strange figures, conventionalized as a lotus pattern, instead of the moving glory of the human form!

Why do we do it? Having done it why do we bear it longer? Why not fill our streets with beauty, gladden our eyes and uplift our souls with the loveliness that is ours by nature, plus the added loveliness of the textile art? We have pictures of our beauty, we have statues of our beauty—why go without the real thing? Suppose our swans could show us in paint and marble the slow white grace of their plumed sailing, but in person paddled about in a costume of stovepipes. Suppose deer and hound,—but wait!—this we have seen, this extreme of human folly forced upon the helpless beast,—dogs dressed to suit the taste of their parlor-minded owners! Not men's dogs,—women's dogs.

To cover—at any cost, with anything, that is a major ideal of the parlor. There is an exception made, when, at any cost of health, beauty and decency, we uncover—but this too, is to meet one of the parlor purposes. In it and its larger spread of drawing and assembly rooms, we provide not only for "social intercourse"—but for that necessary meeting of men and women that shall lead to marriage.

A right and wholesome purpose, but not a right and wholesome place. Men and women should meet and meet freely in the places where they live, but they should not live in parlors. They should meet and know one another in their working clothes, in the actual character and habit of their daily lives.

Marriages may be "made in heaven," but they are mainly—shall we say "retailed"? in parlors. What can the parlor-loved young woman know of the parlor-bound young man? Parlor manners only are produced, parlor topics, parlor ideas. He had better court her in the kitchen, if she is one of the "fifteen sixteenths" of our families who keep no servants, to know what he is going to live with. She never knows what she is going to live with; for the nature of man is not truly exhibited either in kitchen or parlor. A co-educational college does much, a studio or business office or work-shop does more, to show men and women to each other as they are. Neither does enough, for the blurring shadow of our parlor-mindedness still lies between. It has so habituated us to the soft wavelets and glassy shallows of polite conversation, that we refuse to face and discuss the realities of life. With gifts of roses and bonbons, suppers and theatres that cost more than the cows of the Kaffir lover, and ought to make the girl feel like a Kaffir bride, the man woos the woman. With elaborate toilettes and all the delicate trickery of her unnatural craft, the woman woos the man. And the trail of the parlor is over it all.

Gaily to the gate of marriage they go, and through it—and never have they asked or answered the questions on which the whole truth of their union depends. Our standards of decorum forbid,—parlor standards all. We have woven and embroidered a veil over the facts of life; an incense-clouded atmosphere blinds us; low music and murmured litanies dull the mind, but not the senses. We drift and dream. In the girl's mind floats a cloud of literary ideals. He is like a "Greek god," a "Galahad," a "Knight of old." He is in some mystic way a Hero, a Master, a Protector. She pictures herself as fulfilling exquisite ideals of wifely devotion, "all in all" to him, and he to her.

She does not once prefigure to herself the plain common facts of the experience that lies before her. She does not know them. In parlors such things are not discussed,—no naked truths can be admitted there.

We live a marvellous life at home. Visibly we have the care and labor of housekeeping, the strain and anxiety of childbearing as it is practised, the elaborate convention of "receiving" and "entertaining." Under these goes on life. Our bodies are tired, overtaxed, ill-fed, grossly ill-treated. Our minds are hungry, unsatisfied, or drugged and calm. We live, we suffer and we die,—and never once do we face the facts. Birth and death are salient enough, one would think, but birth and death we particularly cover and hide, concealing from our friends with conventional phrases, lying about to our children. Over the strong ever-lasting life-processes, we spin veil on veil; drape and smother them till they become sufficiently remote and symbolic for the parlor to recognize.

In older nations than ours, we can see this web of convention thickened and hardened till life runs low within. Think what can be the state of mind in India which allows child-marriage—the mother concurrent! Think of the slow torture of little girls in foot-bound China, the mother concurrent! Then turning quickly, think of our own state of mind, which allows young girls to marry old reprobates,—the mother concurrent!

That mental attitude which maintains ancient conventions, which prefers symbol to fact, which prescribes limits to our conversation, and draws them narrowly down to what can be understood by

anybody, and can instruct, interest and inspire nobody, is parlor-mindedness. It does harm enough both in its low ideals of beauty and art, manners and morals, to its placid inmates and its complaisant visitors; it does more harm in its fallacious shallows as a promoter of marriage; it does most in its failure to promote the one thing it is for—social intercourse.

To meet freely; to talk, discuss, exchange and compare ideas, is a general human need. Those who do not know they need it, need it most.

Each of us alone, taps the reservoir of world-force, in some degree, and pours it forth in some expression. Often the intake seems to fail, the output is unsatisfying. Then we need one another, now this one and now that one, now several, now a crowd. In combination we receive new power. The human soul calls for contact and exchange with its kind. This contact should be fluent and free, spontaneous, natural; that we may go as we are drawn to those who feed us best.

Men need men and women women; men and women need one another; it is a general human condition. From such natural meeting arises personal relief, rest, pleasure, stimulus, and social gain beyond counting, in the growth of thought. The social battery is continually replenished by contact and exchange. Some friends draw out the best that is in us, some, though perhaps near and dear to us, do not.

No matter how "happily married," or how unhappily unmarried, we need social interchange. To quench this thirst, to meet this need, wide as the world and deep as life, we provide—the parlor.

Is it any wonder that our talk is mainly personality? That we love gossip, even when it bites and sours to scandal? Is it any wonder that women talk so much of their kitchen and nurseries, of their diseases, and their clothes, yet learn so little about better feeding, better dressing, better health and better child-culture? Is it any wonder that to our parlor-mindedness the daily press descends, gives us the pap we are used to, and then artfully peppers our pap, insinuating some sparkle of alcohol, some solace of insidious drug, that we may "get the habit" more firmly? Is it any wonder that we, parlor-bred and newspaper-fed, continue to cry out fiercely against personal, primitive, parlor sins, and remain calm and unshocked by world-sins that should rouse us to horror, shame and action?

In these small shrines, adorned with what, in our doll-house taste, we fondly imagine to be beautiful, we seek to keep ourselves, "unspotted from the world," but by no saving grace of a thousand parlors, do we succeed in keeping the world unspotted from ourselves! We make the world. We are the world. It might be a place of noble freedom, of ever-growing beauty, of a fluent, truthful radiant art, of broadening education, wide peace and culture, universal wealth and progress. And we miss even seeing this, living sedately, curtained, carpeted, well content, in our ancestral parlor-mindedness.

NAUGHTY

The young brain was awake and hungry. It was a vigorous young brain, well-organized; eager, receiving impressions with keen joy and storing them rapidly away in due relation.

Such a wonder world!

Sweetness and light were the first impressions—light which made his eyes laugh; and Sweetness Incarnate—that great soft Presence which was Food and Warmth and Rest and Comfort and something better still; for all of which he had no name as yet except "Ma-ma!"

He was growing, growing fast. He was satisfied with food. He was satisfied with sleep. But his brain was not satisfied. So the brain's first servant went forth to minister to it; small, soft, uncertain, searching for all knowledge—the little hand.

Something to hold! Ancestral reflexes awoke as the fingers closed upon it. Something to pull! The soft arm flexors tightened with a sense of pleasure. Sensations came flowing to the hungry brain—welcomed eagerly.

Then suddenly, a new sensation—Pain! He drew back his hand as a touched anemone draws in its tentacles, scarce softer than those pink fingers; but he did not know quite where the pain was—much less where it came from, or what it meant.

"More!" said the hungry brain. "More!" and the little hand went out again.

It was sharply spat. "No, No!" said a strange voice—he had never heard that kind of tone before. "No! No! Naughty! Don't touch!" He lifted his face unbelievably. Yes—it was Food and Warmth and

Comfort who was doing this to him.

The small moist mouth quivered grievingly—a cry rose in him.

"Here!" said the Presence, and gave him a rattle.

He had had that before. He knew all that it could do. He dropped it.

Over and over again, day after day, the little servant of the brain ran forth to minister, and met sharp pain; while the dim new concept "'Naughty'—something you want to do and mustn't"—was registered within.

The child grew and his brain grew faster. He learned new words, and behind the words, in the fresh untouched spaces, the swift brain placed ideas—according to its lights. He had learned that the Presence varied. It was not always Sweetness and Rest and Joy—sometimes it was Discomfort—Hindrance—even Pain. He had learned to look at it with doubt—when about to do something—to see which way it would react upon him.

"Isn't that baby cute?" said the Presence. "He knows just as well!"

But his brain grew stronger, and his hand grew stronger, and about him was a world of objects, rousing all manner of sensations which he fain would learn.

"I have to watch that child every minute to keep him out of mischief!" said the Presence.

She caught him sharply by the arm and drew him back.

"Don't touch that again! If you do I'll whip you!"

He stared at her, large-eyed, revolving the language. Language was so interesting. "Don't" he knew well, and "touch" and "that" and "again." "If you do" was harder. He was not at all sure about "if." And "whip"—that was quite new. He puckered his soft mouth and made a little whispering sound, trying to say it.

"Yes, Whip!" said the Presence. "Now you be good!" He knew "be good," too. It meant not doing anything. He couldn't be good very long—any more than the Proverbial Indian.

In the course of his growing he soon learned "Whip." It was very unpleasant. The busy brain, receiving, sorting, arranging, re-arranging, stored up this fierce experience without delay. "Whipping—Pain and Insult. It happens when you break anything. It is a Consequence."

The brain was kept very busy re-arranging this Consequence. "It happens when you spill the milk—when you soil your dress—when you tear it (dresses must be sacred!)—when you 'meddle'—when you run away—when you get wet—when you take sugar—when"—(this was a great discovery), "when Mama is Angry." He was older now, and found that the Presence varied a good deal. So the brain built up its group of ethical impressions.

And then—one memorable day—this neat arrangement of ethics, true, received a great shock.

There was the sugar—in easy reach—and sugar is All Good to the young body. Remembered pleasure, strong immediate desire, the eye's guidance, the hand's impulse—all urged to perform the natural act of eating. Against it,—what? The blurred remembrance of promiscuous pain, only by main force to be associated with that coveted, visible pleasure; and the dawning power of inhibition. To check strong natural desire by no better force than the memory of oral threat, or even of felt pain, is not easy always for adults.

He ate the sugar, fearing yet joyous. No one else was present. No one saw the act, nor learned it later.

He was not whipped.

Then rose the strong young brain to new occasion. It observed, deduced, even experimented, flushed with the pleasure of normal exercise. It established, before he was five years old, these conclusions:

"'Naughty' is a thing you're punished for doing—if you're not punished it isn't naughty.

"Punishment is a thing that happens if you're found out—if you're not found out you're not punished.

"Ergo—if you're not found out you're not naughty!"

And the child grew up to be a man.

CHAPTER V.

When the fig grows on the thistle,
And the silk purse on the sow;
When one swallow brings the summer,
And blue moons on her brow—

Then we may look for strength and skill,
Experience, good health, good will,
Art and science well combined,
Honest soul and able mind,
Servants built upon this plan,
One to wait on every man,
Patiently from youth to age,—
For less than a street cleaner's wage!

When the parson's gay on Mondays,
When we meet a month of Sundays,
We may look for them and find them—
But Not Now!

When young Mrs. Weatherstone swept her trailing crepe from the automobile to her friend's door, it was opened by a quick, soft-footed maid with a pleasant face, who showed her into a parlor, not only cool and flower-lit, but having that fresh smell that tells of new-washed floors.

Mrs. Porne came flying down to meet her, with such a look of rest and comfort as roused instant notice.

"Why, Belle! I haven't seen you look so bright in ever so long. It must be the new maid!"

"That's it—she's 'Bell' too—'Miss Bell' if you please!"

The visitor looked puzzled. "Is she a—a friend?" she ventured, not sure of her ground.

"I should say she was! A friend in need! Sit here by the window, Viva—and I'll tell you all about it—as far as it goes."

She gaily recounted her climax of confusion and weariness, and the sudden appearance of this ministering angel. "She arrived at about quarter of ten. I engaged her inside of five minutes. She was into a gingham gown and at work by ten o'clock!"

"What promptness! And I suppose there was plenty to do!"

Mrs. Porne laughed unblushingly. "There was enough for ten women it seemed to me! Let's see—it's about five now—seven hours. We have nine rooms, besides the halls and stairs, and my shop. She hasn't touched that yet. But the house is clean—*clean*! Smell it!"

She took her guest out into the hall, through the library and dining-room, upstairs where the pleasant bedrooms stretched open and orderly.

"She said that if I didn't mind she'd give it a superficial general cleaning today and be more thorough later!"

Mrs. Weatherstone looked about her with a rather languid interest. "I'm very glad for you, Belle, dear—but—what an endless nuisance it all is—don't you think so?"

"Nuisance! It's slow death! to me at least," Mrs. Porne answered. "But I don't see why you should mind. I thought Madam Weatherstone ran that—palace, of yours, and you didn't have any trouble at all."

"Oh yes, she runs it. I couldn't get along with her at all if she didn't. That's her life. It was my mother's too. Always fussing and fussing. Their houses on their backs—like snails!"

"Don't see why, with ten (or is it fifteen?) servants."

"Its twenty, I think. But my dear Belle, if you imagine that when you have twenty servants you have

neither work nor care—come and try it awhile, that's all!"

"Not for a millionaire baby's ransom!" answered Isabel promptly.

"Give me my drawing tools and plans and I'm happy—but this business"—she swept a white hand wearily about—"it's not my work, that's all."

"But you *enjoy* it, don't you—I mean having nice things?" asked her friend.

"Of course I enjoy it, but so does Edgar. Can't a woman enjoy her home, just as a man does, without running the shop? I enjoy ocean travel, but I don't want to be either a captain or a common sailor!"

Mrs. Weatherstone smiled, a little sadly. "You're lucky, you have other interests," she said. "How about our bungalow? have you got any farther?"

Mrs. Porne flushed. "I'm sorry, Viva. You ought to have given it to someone else. I haven't gone into that workroom for eight solid days. No help, and the baby, you know. And I was always dog-tired."

"That's all right, dear, there's no very great rush. You can get at it now, can't you—with this other Belle to the fore?"

"She's not Belle, bless you—she's 'Miss Bell.' It's her last name."

Mrs. Weatherstone smiled her faint smile. "Well—why not? Like a seamstress, I suppose."

"Exactly. That's what she said. "If this labor was as important as that of seamstress or governess why not the same courtesy—Oh she's a most superior *and* opinionated young person, I can see that."

"I like her looks," admitted Mrs. Weatherstone, "but can't we look over those plans again; there's something I wanted to suggest." And they went up to the big room on the third floor.

In her shop and at her work Isabel Porne was a different woman. She was eager and yet calm; full of ideas and ideals, yet with a practical knowledge of details that made her houses dear to the souls of women.

She pointed out in the new drawings the practical advantages of kitchen and pantry; the simple but thorough ventilation, the deep closets, till her friend fairly laughed at her. "And you say you're not domestic!"

"I'm a domestic architect, if you like," said Isabel; "but not a domestic servant.—I'll remember what you say about those windows—it's a good idea," and she made a careful note of Mrs. Weatherstone's suggestion.

That lady pushed the plans away from her, and went to the many cushioned lounge in the wide west window, where she sat so long silent that Isabel followed at last and took her hand.

"Did you love him so much?" she asked softly.

"Who?" was the surprising answer.

"Why—Mr. Weatherstone," said Mrs. Porne.

"No—not very much. But he was something."

Isabel was puzzled. "I knew you so well in school," she said, "and that gay year in Paris. You were always a dear, submissive quiet little thing—but not like this. What's happened Viva?"

"Nothing that anybody can help," said her friend. "Nothing that matters. What does matter, anyway? Fuss and fuss and fuss. Dress and entertain. Travel till you're tired, and rest till you're crazy! Then—when a real thing happens—there's all this!" and she lifted her black draperies disdainfully. "And mourning notepaper and cards and servant's livery—and all the things you mustn't do!"

Isabel put an arm around her. "Don't mind, dear—you'll get over this—you are young enough yet—the world is full of things to do!"

But Mrs. Weatherstone only smiled her faint smile again. "I loved another man, first," she said. "A real one. He died. He never cared for me at all. I cared for nothing else—nothing in life. That's why I married Martin Weatherstone—not for his old millions—but he really cared—and I was sorry for him. Now he's dead. And I'm wearing this—and still mourning for the other one."

Isabel held her hand, stroked it softly, laid it against her cheek.

"Oh, I'll feel differently in time, perhaps!" said her visitor.

"Maybe if you took hold of the house—if you ran things yourself,"—ventured Mrs. Porne.

Mrs. Weatherstone laughed. "And turn out the old lady? You don't know her. Why she managed her son till he ran away from her—and after he got so rich and imported her from Philadelphia to rule over Orchardina in general and his household in particular, she managed that poor little first wife of his into her grave, and that wretched boy—he's the only person that manages her! She's utterly spoiled him—that was his father's constant grief. No, no—let her run the house—she thinks she owns it."

"She's fond of you, isn't she?" asked Mrs. Porne.

"O I guess so—if I let her have her own way. And she certainly saves me a great deal of trouble. Speaking of trouble, there they are—she said she'd stop for me."

At the gate puffed the big car, a person in livery rang the bell, and Mrs. Weatherstone kissed her friend warmly, and passed like a heavy shadow along the rose-bordered path. In the tonneau sat a massive old lady in sober silks, with a set impassive countenance, severely correct in every feature, and young Mat Weatherstone, sulky because he had to ride with his grandmother now and then. He was not a nice young man.

*

Diantha found it hard to write her home letters, especially to Ross. She could not tell them of all she meant to do; and she must tell them of this part of it, at once, before they heard of it through others.

To leave home—to leave school-teaching, to leave love—and "go out to service" did not seem a step up, that was certain. But she set her red lips tighter and wrote the letters; wrote them and mailed them that evening, tired though she was.

Three letters came back quickly.

Her mother's answer was affectionate, patient, and trustful, though not understanding.

Her sister's was as unpleasant as she had expected.

"The *idea!*" wrote Mrs. Susie. "A girl with a good home to live in and another to look forward to—and able to earn money *respectably!* to go out and work like a common Irish girl! Why Gerald is so mortified he can't face his friends—and I'm as ashamed as I can be! My own sister! You must be *crazy*—simply *crazy!*"

It was hard on them. Diantha had faced her own difficulties bravely enough; and sympathized keenly with her mother, and with Ross; but she had not quite visualized the mortification of her relatives. She found tears in her eyes over her mother's letter. Her sister's made her both sorry and angry—a most disagreeable feeling—as when you step on the cat on the stairs. Ross's letter she held some time without opening.

She was in her little upstairs room in the evening. She had swept, scoured, scalded and carbolized it, and the hospitably smell was now giving way to the soft richness of the outer air. The "hoo! hoo!" of the little mourning owl came to her ears through the whispering night, and large moths beat noiselessly against the window screen. She kissed the letter again, held it tightly to her heart for a moment, and opened it.

"Dearest: I have your letter with its—somewhat surprising—news. It is a comfort to know where you are, that you are settled and in no danger.

"I can readily imagine that this is but the preliminary to something else, as you say so repeatedly; and I can understand also that you are too wise to tell me all you mean to be beforehand.

"I will be perfectly frank with you, Dear.

"In the first place I love you. I shall love you always, whatever you do. But I will not disguise from you that this whole business seems to me unutterably foolish and wrong.

"I suppose you expect by some mysterious process to "develope" and "elevate" this housework business; and to make money. I should not love you any better if you made a million—and I would not take money from you—you know that, I hope. If in the years we must wait before we can marry, you are happier away from me—working in strange kitchens—or offices—that is your affair.

"I shall not argue nor plead with you, Dear Girl; I know you think you are doing right; and I have no

right, nor power, to prevent you. But if my wish were right and power, you would be here to-night, under the shadow of the acacia boughs—in my arms!

"Any time you feel like coming back you will be welcome, Dear.

"Yours, Ross."

Any time she felt like coming back?

Diantha slipped down in a little heap by the bed, her face on the letter—her arms spread wide. The letter grew wetter and wetter, and her shoulders shook from time to time.

But the hands were tight-clenched, and if you had been near enough you might have heard a dogged repetition, monotonous as a Tibetan prayer mill: "It is right. It is right. It is right." And then. "Help me—please! I need it." Diantha was not "gifted in prayer."

When Mr. Porne came home that night he found the wifely smile which is supposed to greet all returning husbands quite genuinely in evidence. "O Edgar!" cried she in a triumphant whisper, "I've got such a nice girl! She's just as neat and quick; you've no idea the work she's done today—it looks like another place already. But if things look queer at dinner don't notice it—for I've just given her her head. I was so tired, and baby bothered so, and she said that perhaps she could manage all by herself if I was willing to risk it, so I took baby for a car-ride and have only just got back. And I *think* the dinner's going to be lovely!"

It was lovely. The dining-room was cool and flyless. The table was set with an assured touch. A few of Orchardina's ever ready roses in a glass bowl gave an air of intended beauty Mrs. Porne had had no time for.

The food was well-cooked and well-served, and the attendance showed an intelligent appreciation of when people want things and how they want them.

Mrs. Porne quite glowed with exultation, but her husband gently suggested that the newness of the broom was visibly uppermost, and that such palpable perfections were probably accompanied by some drawbacks. But he liked her looks, he admitted, and the cooking would cover a multitude of sins.

On this they rested, while the week went by. It was a full week, and a short one. Mrs. Porne, making hay while the sun shone, caught up a little in her sewing and made some conscience-tormenting calls.

When Thursday night came around she was simply running over with information to give her husband.

"Such a talk as I have had with Miss Bell! She is so queer! But she's nice too, and it's all reasonable enough, what she says. You know she's studied this thing all out, and she knows about it—statistics and things. I was astonished till I found she used to teach school. Just think of it! And to be willing to work out! She certainly does her work beautiful, but—it doesn't seem like having a servant at all. I feel as if I—boarded with her!"

"Why she seemed to me very modest and unassuming," put in Mr. Porne.

"O yes, she never presumes. But I mean the capable way she manages—I don't have to tell her one thing, nor to oversee, nor criticize. I spoke of it and she said, 'If I didn't understand the business I should have no right to undertake it.'"

"That's a new point of view, isn't it?" asked her husband. "Don't they usually make you teach them their trade and charge for the privilege?"

"Yes, of course they do. But then she does have her disadvantages—as you said."

"Does she? What are they?"

"Why she's so—rigid. I'll read you her—I don't know what to call it. She's written out a definite proposition as to her staying with us, and I want you to study it, it's the queerest thing I ever saw."

The document was somewhat novel. A clear statement of the hours of labor required in the position, the quality and amount of the different kinds of work; the terms on which she was willing to undertake it, and all prefaced by a few remarks on the status of household labor which made Mr. Porne open his eyes.

Thus Miss Bell; "The ordinary rate for labor in this state, unskilled labor of the ordinary sort, is \$2.00 a day. This is in return for the simplest exertion of brute force, under constant supervision and direction, and involving no serious risk to the employer."

"Household labor calls for the practice of several distinct crafts, and, to be properly done, requires thorough training and experience. Its performer is not only in a position of confidence, as necessarily entrusted with the care of the employer's goods and with knowledge of the most intimate family relations; but the work itself, in maintaining the life and health of the members of the household, is of most vital importance.

"In consideration of existing economic conditions, however, I am willing to undertake these intricate and responsible duties for a seven day week at less wages than are given the street-digger, for \$1.50 a day."

"Good gracious, my dear!" said Mr. Porne, laying down the paper, "This young woman does appreciate her business! And we're to be let off easy at \$45.00 a month, are we"

"And feel under obligations at that!" answered his wife. "But you read ahead. It is most instructive. We shall have to ask her to read a paper for the Club!"

"In further consideration of the conditions of the time, I am willing to accept part payment in board and lodging instead of cash. Such accommodations as are usually offered with this position may be rated at \$17.00 a month."

"O come now, don't we board her any better than that?"

"That's what I thought, and I asked her about it, and she explained that she could get a room as good for a dollar and a-half a week—she had actually made inquiries in this very town! And she could; really a better room, better furnished, that is, and service with it. You know I've always meant to get the girl's room fixed more prettily, but usually they don't seem to mind. And as to food—you see she knows all about the cost of things, and the materials she consumes are really not more than two dollars and a half a week, if they are that. She even made some figures for me to prove it—see."

Mr. Porne had to laugh.

"Breakfast. Coffee at thirty-five cents per pound, one cup, one cent. Oatmeal at fourteen cents per package, one bowl, one cent. Bread at five cents per loaf, two slices, one-half cent. Butter at forty cents per pound, one piece, one and a-half cents. Oranges at thirty cents per dozen, one, three cents. Milk at eight cents per quart, on oatmeal, one cent. Meat or fish or egg, average five cents. Total—thirteen cents."

"There! And she showed me dinner and lunch the same way. I had no idea food, just the material, cost so little. It's the labor, she says that makes it cost even in the cheapest restaurant."

"I see," said Mr. Porne. "And in the case of the domestic servant we furnish the materials and she furnishes the labor. She cooks her own food and waits on herself—naturally it wouldn't come high. What does she make it?"

'Food, average per day . . .	\$0.35
Room, \$1.50 per w'k, ave. per day22

	.57

Total, per month . . . \$17.10

\$1.50 per day, per month . . . \$45.00

"Remaining payable in cash, \$28.00.' Do I still live! But my dear Ellie, that's only what an ordinary first-class cook charges, out here, without all this fuss!"

"I know it, Ned, but you know we think it's awful, and we're always telling about their getting their board and lodging clear—as if we gave'em that out of the goodness of our hearts!"

"Exactly, my dear. And this amazing and arithmetical young woman makes us feel as if we were giving her wampum instead of money—mere primitive barter of ancient days in return for her twentieth century services! How does she do her work—that's the main question."

"I never saw anyone do it better, or quicker, or easier. That is, I thought it was easy till she brought me this paper. Just read about her work, and you'll feel as if we ought to pay her all your salary."

Mr. Porne read:

"Labor performed, average ten hours a day, as follows: Preparation of food materials, care of fires, cooking, table service, and cleaning of dishes, utensils, towels, stove, etc., per meal—breakfast two hours, dinner three hours, supper or lunch one hour—six hours per day for food service. Daily chamber work and dusting, etc., one and one-half hours per day. Weekly cleaning for house of nine rooms, with halls, stairs, closets, porches, steps, walks, etc., sweeping, dusting, washing windows, mopping, scouring, etc., averaging two hours per day. Door service, waiting on tradesmen, and extras one-half hour per day. Total ten hours per day."

"That sounds well. Does it take that much time every day?"

"Yes, indeed! It would take me twenty!" she answered. "You know the week I was here alone I never did half she does. Of course I had Baby, but then I didn't do the things. I guess when it doesn't take so long they just don't do what ought to be done. For she is quick, awfully quick about her work. And she's thorough. I suppose it ought to be done that way—but I never had one before."

"She keeps mighty fresh and bright-looking after these herculean labors."

"Yes, but then she rests! Her ten hours are from six-thirty a.m., when she goes into the kitchen as regularly as a cuckoo clock, to eight-thirty p.m. when she is all through and her kitchen looks like a—well it's as clean and orderly as if no one was ever in it."

"Ten hours—that's fourteen."

"I know it, but she takes out four. She claims time to eat her meals."

"Preposterous!"

"Half an hour apiece, and half an hour in the morning to rest—and two in the afternoon. Anyway she is out, two hours every afternoon, riding in the electric cars!"

"That don't look like a very hard job. Her day laborer doesn't get two hours off every afternoon to take excursions into the country!"

"No, I know that, but he doesn't begin so early, nor stop so late. She does her square ten hours work, and I suppose one has a right to time off."

"You seem dubious about that, my dear."

"Yes, that's just where it's awkward. I'm used to girls being in all the time, excepting their day out. You see I can't leave baby, nor always take him—and it interferes with my freedom afternoons."

"Well—can't you arrange with her somehow?"

"See if you can. She says she will only give ten hours of time for a dollar and a half a day—tisen't but fifteen cents an hour—I have to pay a woman twenty that comes in. And if she is to give up her chance of sunlight and fresh air she wants me to pay her extra—by the hour. Or she says, if I prefer, she would take four hours every other day—and so be at home half the time. I said it was difficult to arrange—with baby, and she was very sympathetic and nice, but she won't alter her plans."

"Let her go, and get a less exacting servant."

"But—she does her work so well! And it saves a lot, really. She knows all about marketing and things, and plans the meals so as to have things lap, and it's a comfort to have her in the house and feel so safe and sure everything will be done right."

"Well, it's your province, my dear. I don't profess to advise. But I assure you I appreciate the table, and the cleanness of everything, and the rested look in your eyes, dear girl!"

She slipped her hand into his affectionately. "It does make a difference," she said. "I *could* get a girl for \$20.00 and save nearly \$2.60 a week—but you know what they are!"

"I do indeed," he admitted fervently. "It's worth the money to have this thing done so well. I think she's right about the wages. Better keep her."

"O—she'll only agree to stay six months even at this rate!"

"Well—keep her six months and be thankful. I thought she was too good to last!"

They looked over the offered contract again. It closed with:

"This agreement to hold for six months from date if mutually satisfactory. In case of disagreement two weeks' notice is to be given on either side, or two weeks' wages if preferred by the employer." It was dated, and signed "Miss D. C. Bell."

And with inward amusement and great display of penmanship they added "Mrs. Isabel J. Porne," and the contract was made.

[Erratum]

Apology is due to Mr. Horace Traubel, by whose kind permission "Little Leafy Brothers," in our February issue, was reprinted from "The Conservator," for not giving proper acknowledgment. Also to our readers for the same omission.

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE; or, THE MAN-MADE WORLD

V.

MASCULINE LITERATURE.

When we are offered a "woman's" paper, page, or column, we find it filled with matter supposed to appeal to women as a sex or class; the writer mainly dwelling upon the Kaiser's four K's—Kuchen, Kinder, Kirche, Kleider. They iterate and reiterate endlessly the discussion of cookery, old and new; of the care of children; of the overwhelming subject of clothing; and of moral instruction. All this is recognized as "feminine" literature, and it must have some appeal else the women would not read it. What parallel have we in "masculine" literature?

"None!" is the proud reply. "Men are people! Women, being 'the sex,' have their limited feminine interests, their feminine point of view, which must be provided for. Men, however, are not restricted—to them belongs the world's literature!"

Yes, it has belonged to them—ever since there was any. They have written it and they have read it. It is only lately that women, generally speaking, have been taught to read; still more lately that they have been allowed to write. It is but a little while since Harriet Martineau concealed her writing beneath her sewing when visitors came in—writing was "masculine"—sewing "feminine."

We have not, it is true, confined men to a narrowly construed "masculine sphere," and composed a special literature suited to it. Their effect on literature has been far wider than that, monopolizing this form of art with special favor. It was suited above all others to the dominant impulse of self-expression; and being, as we have seen essentially and continually "the sex;" they have impressed that sex upon this art overwhelmingly; they have given the world a masculinized literature.

It is hard for us to realize this. We can readily see, that if women had always written the books, no men either writing or reading them, that would have surely "feminized" our literature; but we have not in our minds the concept, much less the word, for an overmasculinized influence.

Men having been accepted as humanity, women but a side-issue; (most literally if we accept the Hebrew legend!), whatever men did or said was human—and not to be criticized. In no department of life is it easier to contravert this old belief; to show how the male sex as such differs from the human type; and how this maleness has monopolized and disfigured a great social function.

Human life is a very large affair; and literature is its chief art. We live, humanly, only through our power of communication. Speech gives us this power laterally, as it were, in immediate personal contact. For permanent use speech becomes oral tradition—a poor dependence. Literature gives not only an infinite multiplication to the lateral spread of communion but adds the vertical reach. Through it we know the past, govern the present, and influence the future. In its servicable common forms it is the indispensable daily servant of our lives; in its nobler flights as a great art no means of human interchange goes so far.

In these brief limits we can touch but lightly on some phases of so great a subject; and will rest the case mainly on the effect of an exclusively masculine handling of the two fields of history and fiction. In poetry and the drama the same influence is easily traced, but in the first two it is so baldly prominent as to defy objection.

History is, or should be, the story of our racial life. What have men made it? The story of warfare and conquest. Begin at the very beginning with the carven stones of Egypt, the clay records of Chaldea, what do we find of history?

"I Pharaoh, King of Kings! Lord of Lords! (etc. etc.), "went down into the miserable land of Kush, and slew of the inhabitants thereof an hundred and forty and two thousands!" That, or something like it, is the kind of record early history gives us.

The story of Conquering Kings, who and how many they killed and enslaved; the grovelling adulation of the abased; the unlimited jubilation of the victor; from the primitive state of most ancient kings, and the Roman triumphs where queens walked in chains, down to our omni present soldier's monuments: the story of war and conquest—war and conquest—over and over; with such boasting and triumph, such cock-crow and flapping of wings as show most unmistakably the natural source.

All this will strike the reader at first as biased and unfair. "That was the way people lived in those days!" says the reader.

No—it was not the way women lived.

"O, women!" says the reader, "Of course not! Women are different."

Yea, women are different; and *men are different!* Both of them, as sexes, differ from the human norm, which is social life and all social development. Society was slowly growing in all those black blind years. The arts, the sciences, the trades and crafts and professions, religion, philosophy, government, law, commerce, agriculture—all the human processes were going on as well as they were able, between wars.

The male naturally fights, and naturally crows, triumphs over his rival and takes the prize—therefore was he made male. Maleness means war.

Not only so; but being male, he cares only for male interests. Men, being the sole arbiters of what should be done and said and written, have given us not only a social growth scarred and thwarted from the beginning by continual destruction; but a history which is one unbroken record of courage and red cruelty, of triumph and black shame.

As to what went on that was of real consequence, the great slow steps of the working world, the discoveries and inventions, the real progress of humanity—that was not worth recording, from a masculine point of view. Within this last century, "the woman's century," the century of the great awakening, the rising demand for freedom, political, economic, and domestic, we are beginning to write real history, human history, and not merely masculine history. But that great branch of literature—Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and all down later times, shows beyond all question, the influence of our androcentric culture.

Literature is the most powerful and necessary of the arts, and fiction is its broadest form. If art "holds the mirror up to nature" this art's mirror is the largest of all, the most used. Since our very life depends on some communication; and our progress is in proportion to our fullness and freedom of communication; since real communication requires mutual understanding; so in the growth of the social consciousness, we note from the beginning a passionate interest in other people's lives.

The art which gives humanity consciousness is the most vital art. Our greatest dramatists are lauded for their breadth of knowledge of "human nature," their range of emotion and understanding; our greatest poets are those who most deeply and widely experience and reveal the feelings of the human heart; and the power of fiction is that it can reach and express this great field of human life with no limits but those of the author.

When fiction began it was the legitimate child of oral tradition; a product of natural brain activity; the legend constructed instead of remembered. (This stage is with us yet as seen in the constant changes in repetition of popular jokes and stories.)

Fiction to-day has a much wider range; yet it is still restricted, heavily and most mischievously restricted.

What is the preferred subject matter of fiction?

There are two main branches found everywhere, from the Romaunt of the Rose to the Purplish Magazine;—the Story of Adventure, and the Love Story.

The Story-of-Adventure branch is not so thick as the other by any means, but it is a sturdy bough for

all that. Stevenson and Kipling have proved its immense popularity, with the whole brood of detective stories and the tales of successful rascality we call "picaresque" Our most popular weekly shows the broad appeal of this class of fiction.

All these tales of adventure, of struggle and difficulty; of hunting and fishing and fighting; of robbing and murdering, catching and punishing, are distinctly and essentially masculine. They do not touch on human processes, social processes, but on the special field of predatory excitement so long the sole province of men.

It is to be noted here that even in the overwhelming rise of industrial interests to-day, these, when used as the basis for a story, are forced into line with one, or both, of these two main branches of fiction;—conflict or love. Unless the story has one of these "interests" in it, there is no story—so holds the editor; the dictum being, put plainly, "life has no interests except conflict and love!"

It is surely something more than a coincidence that these are the two essential features of masculinity—Desire and Combat—Love and War.

As a matter of fact the major interests of life are in line with its major processes; and these—in our stage of human development—are more varied than our fiction would have us believe. Half the world consists of women, we should remember, who are types of human life as well as men, and their major processes are not those of conflict and adventure, their love means more than mating. Even on so poor a line of distinction as the "woman's column" offers, if women are to be kept to their four Ks, there should be a "men's column" also; and all the "sporting news" and fish stories be put in that; they are not world interests; they are male interests.

Now for the main branch—the Love Story. Ninety per cent. of fiction is in this line; this is preeminently the major interest of life—given in fiction. What is the love-story, as rendered by this art?

It is the story of the pre-marital struggle. It is the Adventures of Him in Pursuit of Her—and it stops when he gets her! Story after story, age after age, over and over and over, this ceaseless repetition of the Preliminaries.

Here is Human Life. In its large sense, its real sense, it is a matter of inter-relation between individuals and groups, covering all emotions, all processes, all experiences. Out of this vast field of human life fiction arbitrarily selects one emotion, one process, one experience, as its necessary base.

"Ah! but we are persons most of all!" protests the reader. "This is personal experience—it has the universal appeal!"

Take human life personally then. Here is a Human Being, a life, covering some seventy years; involving the changing growth of many faculties; the ever new marvels of youth, the long working time of middle life, the slow ripening of age. Here is the human soul, in the human body, Living. Out of this field of personal life, with all of its emotions, processes, and experiences, fiction arbitrarily selects one emotion, one process, one experience, mainly of one sex.

The "love" of our stories is man's love of woman. If any dare dispute this, and say it treats equally of woman's love for man, I answer, "Then why do the stories stop at marriage?"

There is a current jest, revealing much, to this effect:

The young wife complains that the husband does not wait upon and woo her as he did before marriage; to which he replies, "Why should I run after the street-car when I've caught it?"

Woman's love for man, as currently treated in fiction is largely a reflex; it is the way he wants her to feel, expects her to feel; not a fair representation of how she does feel. If "love" is to be selected as the most important thing in life to write about, then the mother's love should be the principal subject: This is the main stream. This is the general underlying, world-lifting force. The "life-force," now so glibly chattered about, finds its fullest expression in motherhood; not in the emotions of an assistant in the preliminary stages.

What has literature, what has fiction, to offer concerning mother-love, or even concerning father-love, as compared to this vast volume of excitement about lover-love? Why is the search-light continually focussed upon a two or three years space of life "mid the blank miles round about?" Why indeed, except for the clear reason, that on a starkly masculine basis this is his one period of overwhelming interest and excitement.

If the beehive produced literature, the bee's fiction would be rich and broad; full of the complex tasks of comb-building and filling; the care and feeding of the young, the guardian-service of the queen; and

far beyond that it would spread to the blue glory of the summer sky, the fresh winds, the endless beauty and sweetness of a thousand thousand flowers. It would treat of the vast fecundity of motherhood, the educative and selective processes of the group-mothers; and the passion of loyalty, of social service, which holds the hive together.

But if the drones wrote fiction, it would have no subject matter save the feasting of many; and the nuptial flight, of one.

To the male, as such, this mating instinct is frankly the major interest of life; even the belligerent instincts are second to it. To the female, as such, it is for all its intensity, but a passing interest. In nature's economy, his is but a temporary devotion, hers the slow processes of life's fulfillment.

In Humanity we have long since, not outgrown, but overgrown, this stage of feeling. In Human Parentage even the mother's share begins to pale beside that ever-growing Social love and care, which guards and guides the children of to-day.

The art of literature in this main form of fiction is far too great a thing to be wholly governed by one dominant note. As life widened and intensified, the artist, if great enough, has transcended sex; and in the mightier works of the real masters, we find fiction treating of life, life in general, in all its complex relationships, and refusing to be held longer to the rigid canons of an androcentric past.

This was the power of Balzac—he took in more than this one field. This was the universal appeal of Dickens; he wrote of people, all kinds of people, doing all kinds of things. As you recall with pleasure some preferred novel of this general favorite, you find yourself looking narrowly for the "love story" in it. It is there—for it is part of life; but it does not dominate the whole scene—any more than it does in life.

The thought of the world is made and handed out to us in the main. The makers of books are the makers of thoughts and feelings for people in general. Fiction is the most popular form in which this world-food is taken. If it were true, it would teach us life easily, swiftly, truly; teach not by preaching but by truly re-presenting; and we should grow up becoming acquainted with a far wider range of life in books than could even be ours in person. Then meeting life in reality we should be wise—and not be disappointed.

As it is, our great sea of fiction is steeped and dyed and flavored all one way. A young man faces life—the seventy year stretch, remember, and is given book upon book wherein one set of feelings is continually vocalized and overestimated. He reads forever of love, good love and bad love, natural and unnatural, legitimate and illegitimate; with the unavoidable inference that there is nothing else going on.

If he is a healthy young man he breaks loose from the whole thing, despises "love stories" and takes up life as he finds it. But what impression he does receive from fiction is a false one, and he suffers without knowing it from lack of the truer broader views of life it failed to give him.

A young woman faces life—the seventy year stretch remember; and is given the same books—with restrictions. Remember the remark of Rochefoucauld, "There are thirty good stories in the world and twenty-nine cannot be told to women." There is a certain broad field of literature so grossly androcentric that for very shame men have tried to keep it to themselves. But in a milder form, the spades all named teaspoons, or at the worst appearing as trowels—the young woman is given the same fiction. Love and love and love—from "first sight" to marriage. There it stops—just the fluttering ribbon of announcement, "and lived happily ever after."

Is that kind of fiction any sort of picture of a woman's life? Fiction, under our androcentric culture, has not given any true picture of woman's life, very little of human life, and a disproportioned section of man's life.

As we daily grow more human, both of us, this noble art is changing for the better so fast that a short lifetime can mark the growth. New fields are opening and new laborers are working in them. But it is no swift and easy matter to disabuse the race mind from attitudes and habits inculcated for a thousand years. What we have been fed upon so long we are well used to, what we are used to we like, what we like we think is good and proper.

The widening demand for broader, truer fiction is disputed by the slow racial mind: and opposed by the marketers of literature on grounds of visible self-interest, as well as lethargic conservatism.

It is difficult for men, heretofore the sole producers and consumers of literature; and for women, new to the field, and following masculine canons because all the canons were masculine; to stretch their minds to a recognition of the change which is even now upon us.

This one narrow field has been for so long overworked, our minds are so filled with heroes and heroes continually repeating the one-act play, that when a book like David Harum is offered the publisher refuses it repeatedly, and finally insists on a "heart interest" being injected by force.

Did anyone read David Harum for that heart interest? Does anyone remember that heart interest? Has humanity no interests but those of the heart?

Robert Ellesmere was a popular book—but not because of its heart interest.

Uncle Tom's Cabin appealed to the entire world, more widely than any work of fiction that was ever written; but if anybody fell in love and married in it they have been forgotten. There was plenty of love in that book, love of family, love of friends, love of master for servant and servant for master; love of mother for child; love of married people for each other; love of humanity and love of God.

It was extremely popular. Some say it was not literature. That opinion will live, like the name of Empedocles.

The art of fiction is being re-born in these days. Life is discovered to be longer, wider, deeper, richer, than these monotonous players of one June would have us believe.

The humanizing of woman of itself opens five distinctly fresh fields of fiction: First the position of the young woman who is called upon to give up her "career"—her humanness—for marriage, and who objects to it; second, the middle-aged woman who at last discovers that her discontent is social starvation—that it is not more love that she wants, but more business in life: Third the interrelation of women with women—a thing we could never write about before because we never had it before: except in harems and convents: Fourth the inter-action between mothers and children; this not the eternal "mother and child," wherein the child is always a baby, but the long drama of personal relationship; the love and hope, the patience and power, the lasting joy and triumph, the slow eating disappointment which must never be owned to a living soul—here are grounds for novels that a million mothers and many million children would eagerly read: Fifth the new attitude of the full-grown woman who faces the demands of love with the high standards of conscious motherhood.

There are other fields, broad and brilliantly promising, but this chapter is meant merely to show that our one-sided culture has, in this art, most disproportionately overestimated the dominant instincts of the male—Love and War—an offense against art and truth, and an injury to life.

WATER-LURE

We who were born of water, in the warm slow ancient years,
Love it to-day for all we pay
Of terror and loss and tears.

The child laughs loud at the fountain, laughs low in the April rain,
And the sea's bright brim is a lure to him
Where a lost life lives again.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

In a recent number of a leading "woman's" periodical is a disquisition on love—a girl's ideals of love, based on Elaine and the Sleeping Beauty.

This is a serious matter surely. Love being an essential preliminary to the best parenthood, and the major element of personal happiness, is a most commanding subject; and as the woman is the most important factor in both lines, her ideals are worth discussing.

We note that the author says "girl" instead of woman; but as boys and girls do have ideals they too are worth considering. What are these ideals as discussed in this worthy periodical?

We are told that the girl is often unfit to meet "the big grave questions of love itself;" and "to make sure that she has these ideals from the highest sources."

"What are these sources?" pursues this sagacious monitor; and then she offers—"fairy tales and old romance." For ideals of love—here—in America to-day—we are referred to Grimm's *Marchen*; to

Cinderella, the Goose Girl, Beauty and the Beast, and the Sleeping Beauty! Various heroines of mythology and fiction are adduced, and the crowning type of all is Elaine, The Lily Maid of Astolat.

A careful reading of fairy tales, however worthy, does not seem to throw much light on the problems of marriage; and right marriage is what all this love and its ideals are for. Here is a matter calling for the widest knowledge, the noblest purpose, the highest principles, the most practical action; a matter concerning not only the private happiness of two persons, but the lives of several others; a matter not only of individual appeal, but of the very broadest social duty; and for its ideals we are referred to old fairy tales!

The Sleeping Beauty is a most happy instance of woman's right attitude toward love and marriage—she is to remain starkly unconscious, using absolutely no discretion; and cheerfully marry the first man that kisses her! In the fairy story he was a noble prince—but the average sleeping beauty of to-day is often waked up by the wrong man!

Sometimes she is married first, and wakes up afterward; like the lady in Lear's limerick:

"There a an old man of Jamaica,
Who suddenly married a Quaker.
But she cried out, "O Lack!
I have married a Black!"
Which grieved that old man of Jamaica."

How does Elaine answer as an ideal? Almost as well as the Sleeping Beauty. Ignorance absolute; instant surrender to the first man appearing; no shadow of inquiry as to his being married or single; much less as to his morals. Then the apotheosis of the tidy-making instinct—embroidering a cover for a steel shield! a thing meant to bear the hardest kind of blows, made for that purpose, and she so afraid it will get "rust or soilure" that she constructs this decorated case for it.

Then the going forth to nurse her wounded hero, and the ingenuous proposal, when he offers to requite her.

Being refused, what then? Any thought of her duty in the world? Of her two good brothers? Of her aged father—very fond of her too, that old father? Not the slightest. Not even a glimmer of purpose to live on—if her love was so wonderful, and be of some use to the great man, by and by.

Nothing but herself. "I want something! I can't have it! I will die!"—and die she did, of set purpose, by a sort of flabby suicide; making the most careful arrangements for a spectacular funeral barge, and a letter that should wring the heart of the obdurate man.

Well, I can remember when I cried over it—at about thirteen. It does appeal to girls; but is it therefore an ideal to be held up as a High Source and followed?

It is time and more than time for us to recognize that marriage is for men and women, not girls and boys; that "love" is not a rosy dream but a responsible undertaking, with consequences; that no true ideals of love can be formed without full recognition of its purpose.

*

A thin small book of verse, a booklet, called "Philemon's Verses," from The Evergreen Press, Montrose, Pa., has been sent me for review.

Now I have a theory of my own in regard to what we are pleased to call "minor poets"; namely, that poetry is a natural form of expression to most human beings, and should be used as such.

Why do we imagine that the best method of ensuring our output of poetry is to have a few huge monoliths of poets—and no more? Is the great poet surer of recognition, safer in his unparalleled superiority because there is nothing between him and the unpoetical? Is a vast audience of the dumb and verseless, who do not care enough for poetry to write any of it, the best for the great poet?

According to my theory there is as much room for short-distance poetry as for the kind that rings around the world for centuries.

As I look over this small collection, I am impressed most with its clear sincerity, in feeling and expression. These verses are not cooked—they grew.

Then I feel anew the range of interests of the modern singer—so swiftly widening, so intensely human, and yet so sympathetic with nature. Democracy in literature is a good thing; not only in subject

matter but in universal participation.

So that the contribution be genuine, the real speech of an honest soul, it has its own place in the literature of the day; and that is evidently the case with Philemon's Verses.

*

"The Lords of High Decision" is a title more high-sounding than descriptive. If the story had been called "The Slaves of Low Decision" it would be more recognizable.

Here is a man who wabbles through some thirty years of life without coming to any decision at all; a woman who at no time had any decision; another who decided wrong, then right, then wrong again, and was finally let out by an accident; a first-class pitcher who gives up his chosen field to be a chauffeur and general attache of the wabblers, and finally loses his life to save another man—perhaps he was a Lord of High Decision.

Perhaps Paddock, the settlement-running clergyman was. Or Walsh,—the suppressed parent. Colonel Craighill, the father of the Wabblers, is well drawn, evidently from nature.

A highly Episcopalian attitude toward divorce is taken; the heroine, who has been for some years free of a husband casually married in youth, is led to see her duty in going back to him; even though she deeply loves another man. As her ex-husband has more sense than she, he refuses to accept this living sacrifice. She succeeds in giving up something, however, for her lover, a man of considerable wealth, makes his proposal in this wise:

"I know I ask a great deal when I ask you to give up your work for me—and yet I ask it. Remember, there is no gratitude in this—you are a woman, and I am a man—and I love you."

Poor girl! She has struggled through poverty, a broken marriage, long years of valiant endeavor for this work of hers; it was the innocent and easily domesticated task of drawing children's faces—she was an illustrator. Yet the first thing her "lover" does, in the very height of his new virtue, in the very act of offering himself, is to assume as a matter of course that she would give it up. And she did—for this Lord of High Decision.

"The Lords of High Decision," by Meredith Nicholson. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

Here is a "Personal" of distinct interest.

May it reach its mark!

"WANTED:

"By a Socialist woman of mature years, a congenial person of similar sex, education and tastes to share with her the expense of a country home in the mountains, and the study—as far as may be agreeable—of nature, music, literature, sociology and socialism. No objection to Suffragette or Vegetarian, but advocates of Anarchism or Free Love are hereby contra-indicated. Credentials to be frankly exchanged with personal history. Address: The Widow Baucis, Care of The Forerunner, 67 Wall St., New York City."

*

Apropos of the above, there are no more intimate and pressing problems than those of the business of living, the mere every day processes.

We are still so hampered by the customs and habits of the proprietary family that we assume as a matter of course that one must live, first, in childhood and youth, with one's parental family; second, in middle life, with one's matrimonial family; and third in age, with one's descendants.

Now suppose one is of age, unmarried, and not fond of living with one's parents. This is not wicked. It is not extremely unusual. One may be very fond of one's parents, as parents, yet prefer other society in daily life. Enforced residence in the same home of a number of grown people of widely different ages, interests, and ideas, is not made happy by the fact of blood-relationship.

There are many indications to show an increasing divergence of tastes between our rapidly changing

generations. Each set of young people seem to differ more sharply from their parents than they, in their youth, similarly differed.

Moreover, there are a number of persons who do not marry, and yet have a right to live—yes, and to enjoy living.

Men have long ago solved this problem to their own satisfaction. They leave home early; they have learned in cabin, camp and club to live in groups, without women; and many, with an apartment of their own as a base, seem to find enough society in visits among their friends.

But women are only beginning to realize that it is possible to live, yes, and to have a "home," even if one has not, in the original sense, "a family." The amount of happiness that really congenial friends can find in living together is fully as great as that of some marriages; and quite outside of daily contact in the household remains that boundless field of strength, stimulus and delight which comes of true social contact.

But the machinery of life is all arranged for married couples; who rightly constitute the majority; and the unmarried woman is not allowed for. She is, however, rapidly awakening to the fact that she has an actual individual existence—as well as a potential marital existence; and is learning how to use and enjoy it.

PLAYTIME

AUNT ELIZA

(This was done by two persons, in alternate lines, as a game.)

Seven days had Aunt Eliza
Read the Boston Advertiser,
Seven days on end;
But in spite of her persistence
Still she met with some resistance
From her bosom friend.

Thomas Brown, the Undertaker,
Who declared he'd have to shake her,
Daily called at ten;
Asking if dear Aunt's condition
Would allow of his admission,
With his corps of men.

Aunt Eliza heard him pleading,
Ceased an instant from her reading,
Softly downward stole;
Soon broke up the conversation,
Punctuating Brown's oration,
With a shower of coal.

THE CRIPPLE

There are such things as feet, human feet;
But these she does not use;
Firm and supple, white and sweet,
Softly graceful, lightly fleet,
For comfort, beauty, service meet—
There are feet, human feet,
These she does with scorn refuse—
Preferring shoes.

There are such things as shoes—human shoes;
Though scant and rare the proof;
Serviceable, soft and strong,
Pleasant, comely, wearing long,

Easy as a well-known song—
There are shoes, human shoes,
But from these she holds aloof—
Prefers the hoof!

There are such things as hoofs, sub-human hoofs,
High-heeled, sharp anomalies;
Small and pinching, hard and black,
Shiny as a beetle's back,
Cloven, clattering on the track,
There are hoofs, sub-human hoofs,
She cares not for truth, nor ease—
Preferring these!

THE FORERUNNER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN
AUTHOR, OWNER & PUBLISHER

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The human soul is built for the love and service of the whole world. We confine it to the love and service of five or six persons, and the salvation of one.

WHEN THOU GAINEST HAPPINESS

When thou gainest happiness,
Life's full cup of sweetest wine;
Dost thou stop in grieving blind
Over those dark years behind?
Bitter now, rebellious, mad,
For the things thou hast not had—
Before everything was thine?

Dost not rather wonder why
Nearing blaze of joy like this,
Some prevision had not lit
Those dark hours with hope of it?
That thou couldst in patient strength
Have endured that sorrow's length—
Nothing—to the coming bliss!

Now, awaken! Look ahead!
See the earth one garden fair!
See the evils of to-day
Like a child's faults put away!
See our little history seem
Like a short forgotten dream!

See a full-grown rising race
Find our joy their commonplace!
Find such new joy of their own
As our best hopes have not known!
And take shame for thy despair!

MARTHA'S MOTHER

It was nine feet long.

It was eight feet high.

It was six feet wide.

There was a closet, actually!—a closet one foot deep—that was why she took this room. There was the bed, and the trunk, and just room to open the closet door part way—that accounted for the length. There was the bed and the bureau and the chair—that accounted for the width. Between the bedside and the bureau and chair side was a strip extending the whole nine feet. There was room to turn around by the window. There was room to turn round by the door. Martha was thin.

One, two, three, four—turn.

One, two, three, four—turn.

She managed it nicely.

"It is a stateroom," she always said to herself. "It is a luxurious, large, well-furnished stateroom with a real window. It is *not* a cell."

Martha had a vigorous constructive imagination. Sometimes it was the joy of her life, her magic carpet, her Aladdin's lamp. Sometimes it frightened her—frightened her horribly, it was so strong.

The cell idea had come to her one gloomy day, and she had foolishly allowed it to enter—played with it a little while. Since then she had to keep a special bar on that particular intruder, so she had arranged a stateroom "set," and forcibly kept it on hand.

Martha was a stenographer and typewriter in a real estate office. She got \$12 a week, and was thankful for it. It was steady pay, and enough to live on. Seven dollars she paid for board and lodging, ninety cents for her six lunches, ten a day for carfare, including Sundays; seventy-five for laundry; one for her mother—that left one dollar and sixty-five cents for clothes, shoes, gloves, everything. She had tried cheaper board, but made up the cost in doctor's bills; and lost a good place by being ill.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor hall bedrooms a cage," said she determinedly. "Now then—here is another evening—what shall I do? Library? No. My eyes are tired. Besides, three times a week is enough. 'Tisn't club night. Will *not* sit in the parlor. Too wet to walk. Can't sew, worse'n reading—O good *land!* I'm almost ready to go with Basset!"

She shook herself and paced up and down again.

Prisoners form the habit of talking to themselves—this was the suggestion that floated through her mind—that cell idea again.

"I've got to get out of this!" said Martha, stopping short. "It's enough to drive a girl crazy!"

The driving process was stayed by a knock at the door. "Excuse me for coming up," said a voice. "It's Mrs. MacAvelly."

Martha knew this lady well. She was a friend of Miss Podder at the Girls' Trade Union Association. "Come in. I'm glad to see you!" she said hospitably. "Have the chair—or the bed's really more comfortable!"

"I was with Miss Podder this evening and she was anxious to know whether your union has gained any since the last meeting—I told her I'd find out—I had nothing else to do. Am I intruding?"

"Intruding!" Martha, gave a short laugh. "Why, it's a godsend, Mrs. MacAvelly! If you knew how dull the evenings are to us girls!"

"Don't you—go out much? To—to theaters—or parks?" The lady's tone was sympathetic and not inquisitive.

"Not very much," said Martha, rather sardonically. "Theaters—two girls, two dollars, and twenty cents carfare. Parks, twenty cents—walk your feet off, or sit on the benches and be stared at. Museums—not open evenings."

"But don't you have visitors—in the parlor here?"

"Did you see it?" asked Martha.

Mrs. MacAvelly had seen it. It was cold and also stuffy. It was ugly and shabby and stiff. Three tired girls sat there, two trying to read by a strangled gaslight overhead; one trying to entertain a caller in a social fiction of privacy at the other end of the room.

"Yes, we have visitors—but mostly they ask us out. And some of us don't go," said Martha darkly.

"I see, I see!" said Mrs. MacAvelly, with a pleasant smile; and Martha wondered whether she did see, or was just being civil.

"For instance, there's Mr. Basset," the girl pursued, somewhat recklessly; meaning that her visitor should understand her.

"Mr. Basset?"

"Yes, 'Pond & Basset'—one of my employers."

Mrs. MacAvelly looked pained. "Couldn't you—er—avoid it?" she suggested.

"You mean shake him?" asked Martha. "Why, yes—I could. Might lose my job. Get another place—another Basset, probably."

"I see!" said Mrs. MacAvelly again. "Like the Fox and the Swarm of Flies! There ought to be a more comfortable way of living for all you girls! And how about the union—I have to be going back to Miss Podder."

Martha gave her the information she wanted, and started to accompany her downstairs. They heard the thin jangle of the door-bell, down through the echoing halls, and the dragging feet of the servant coming up. A kinky black head was thrust in at the door.

"Mr. Basset, callin' on Miss Joyce," was announced formally.

Martha stiffened. "Please tell Mr. Basset I am not feeling well to-night—and beg to be excused.

She looked rather defiantly at her guest, as Lucy clattered down the long stairs; then stole to the railing and peered down the narrow well. She heard the message given with pompous accuracy, and then heard the clear, firm tones of Mr. Basset:

"Tell Miss Joyce that I will wait."

Martha returned to her room in three long steps, slipped off her shoes and calmly got into bed. "Good-night, Mrs. MacAvelly," she said. "I'm so sorry, but my head aches and I've gone to bed! Would you be so very good as to tell Lucy so as you're going down."

Mrs. MacAvelly said she would, and departed, and Martha lay conscientiously quiet till she heard the door shut far below.

She was quiet, but she was not contented.

*

Yet the discontent of Martha was as nothing to the discontent of Mrs. Joyce, her mother, in her rural home. Here was a woman of fifty-three, alert, vigorous, nervously active; but an automobile-agitated horse had danced upon her, and her usefulness, as she understood it, was over. She could not get about without crutches, nor use her hands for needlework, though still able to write after a fashion. Writing was not her *forte*, however, at the best of times.

She lived with a widowed sister in a little, lean dusty farmhouse by the side of the road; a hill road that went nowhere in particular, and was too steep for those who were going there.

Brisk on her crutches, Mrs. Joyce hopped about the little house, there was nowhere else to hop to. She had talked her sister out long since—Mary never had never much to say. Occasionally they quarreled and then Mrs. Joyce hopped only in her room, a limited process.

She sat at the window one day, staring greedily out at the lumpy rock-ribbed road; silent, perforce, and tapping the arms of her chair with nervous intensity. Suddenly she called out, "Mary! Mary Ames! Come here quick! There's somebody coming up the road!"

Mary came in, as fast as she could with eggs in her apron. "It's Mrs. Holmes!" she said. "And a boarder, I guess."

"No, it ain't," said Mrs. Joyce, eagerly. "It's that woman that's visiting the Holmes—she was in church last week, Myra Slater told me about her. Her name's MacDowell, or something."

"It ain't MacDowell," said her sister. "I remember; it's MacAvelly."

This theory was borne out by Mrs. Holmes' entrance and introduction of her friend.

"Have you any eggs for us, Mrs. Ames?" she said.

"Set down—set down," said Mrs. Ames cordially. "I was just getting in my eggs—but here's only about eight yet. How many was you wantin'?"

"I want all you can find," said Mrs. Holmes. "Two dozen, three dozen—all I can carry."

"There's two hens layin' out—I'll go and look them up. And I ain't been in the woodshed chamber yet. I'll go'n hunt. You set right here with my sister." And Mrs. Ames bustled off.

"Pleasant view you have here," said Mrs. MacAvelly politely, while Mrs. Holmes rocked and fanned herself.

"Pleasant! Glad you think so, ma'am. Maybe you city folks wouldn't think so much of views if you had nothing else to look at!"

"What would you like to look at?"

"Folks!" said Mrs. Joyce briefly. "Lots of folks! Somethin' doin'."

"You'd like to live in the city?"

"Yes, ma'am—I would so! I worked in the city once when I was a girl. Waitress. In a big restaurant. I got to be cashier—in two years! I like the business!"

"And then you married a farmer?" suggested Mrs. Holmes.

"Yes, I did. And I never was sorry, Mrs. Holmes. David Joyce was a mighty good man. We was engaged before I left home—I was workin' to help earn, so 't we could marry."

"There's plenty of work on a farm, isn't there?" Mrs. MacAvelly inquired.

Mrs. Joyce's eager eyes kindled. "There is *so!*" she agreed. "Lots to do. And lots to manage! We kept help then, and the farm hands, and the children growin' up. And some seasons we took boarders."

"Did you like that?"

"I did. I liked it first rate. I like lots of people, and to do for 'em. The best time I ever had was one summer I ran a hotel."

"Ran a hotel! How interesting!"

"Yes'm—it was interesting! I had a cousin who kept a summer hotel up here in the mountains a piece—and he was short-handed that summer and got me to go up and help him out. Then he was taken sick, and I had the whole thing on my shoulders! I just enjoyed it! And the place cleared more that summer'n it ever did! He said 'twas owin' to his advantageous buyin'. Maybe 'twas! But I could 'a bought more advantageous than he did—I could a' told him that. Point o' fact, I did tell him that—and he wouldn't have me again."

"That was a pity!" said Mrs. Holmes. "And I suppose if it wasn't for your foot you would do that now—and enjoy it!"

"Of course I could!" protested Mrs. Joyce. "Do it better 'n ever, city or country! But here I am, tied by

the leg! And dependent on my sister and children! It galls me terribly!"

Mrs. Holmes nodded sympathetically. "You are very brave, Mrs. Joyce," she said. "I admire your courage, and—" she couldn't say patience, so she said, "cheerfulness."

Mrs. Ames came in with more eggs. "Not enough, but some," she said, and the visitors departed therewith.

Toward the end of the summer, Miss Podder at the Girls' Trade Union Association, sweltering in the little office, was pleased to receive a call from her friend, Mrs. MacAvelly.

"I'd no idea you were in town," she said.

"I'm not, officially," answered her visitor, "just stopping over between visits. It's hotter than I thought it would be, even on the upper west side."

"Think what it is on the lower east side!" answered Miss Podder, eagerly. "Hot all day—and hot at night! My girls do suffer so! They are so crowded!"

"How do the clubs get on?" asked Mrs. MacAvelly. "Have your girls any residence clubs yet?"

"No—nothing worth while. It takes somebody to run it right, you know. The girls can't; the people who work for money can't meet our wants—and the people who work for love, don't work well as a rule."

Mrs. MacAvelly smiled sympathetically. "You're quite right about that," she said. "But really—some of those 'Homes' are better than others, aren't they?"

"The girls hate them," answered Miss Podder. "They'd rather board—even two or three in a room. They like their independence. You remember Martha Joyce?"

Mrs. MacAvelly remembered. "Yes," she said, "I do—I met her mother this summer."

"She's a cripple, isn't she?" asked Miss Podder. "Martha's told me about her."

"Why, not exactly. She's what a Westerner might call 'crippled up some,' but she's livelier than most well persons." And she amused her friend with a vivid rehearsal of Mrs. Joyce's love of the city and her former triumphs in restaurant and hotel.

"She'd be a fine one to run such a house for the girls, wouldn't she?" suddenly cried Miss Podder.

"Why—if she could," Mrs. MacAvelly admitted slowly.

"*Could!* Why not? You say she gets about easily enough. All she's have to do is *manage*, you see. She could order by 'phone and keep the servants running!"

"I'm sure she'd like it," said Mrs. MacAvelly. "But don't such things require capital?"

Miss Podder was somewhat daunted. "Yes—some; but I guess we could raise it. If we could find the right house!"

"Let's look in the paper," suggested her visitor. "I've got a *Herald*."

"There's one that reads all right," Miss Podder presently proclaimed. "The location's good, and it's got a lot of rooms—furnished. I suppose it would cost too much."

Mrs. MacAvelly agreed, rather ruefully.

"Come," she said, "it's time to close here, surely. Let's go and look at that house, anyway. It's not far."

They got their permit and were in the house very shortly. "I remember this place," said Miss Podder. "It was for sale earlier in the summer."

It was one of those once spacious houses, not of "old," but at least of "middle-aged" New York; with large rooms arbitrarily divided into smaller ones.

"It's been a boarding-house, that's clear," said Mrs. MacAvelly.

"Why, of course," Miss Podder answered, eagerly plunging about and examining everything. "Anybody could see that! But it's been done over—most thoroughly. The cellar's all whitewashed, and there's a new furnace, and new range, and look at this icebox!" It was an ice-closet, as a matter of fact,

of large capacity, and a most sanitary aspect.

"Isn't it too big?" Mrs. MacAvelly inquired.

"Not for a boarding-house, my dear," Miss Podder enthusiastically replied. "Why, they could buy a side of beef with that ice-box! And look at the extra ovens! Did you ever see a place better furnished—for what we want? It looks as if it had been done on purpose!"

"It does, doesn't it?" said Mrs. MacAvelly.

Miss Podder, eager and determined, let no grass grow under her feet. The rent of the place was within reason.

"If they had twenty boarders—and some "mealers," I believe it could be done! she said. "It's a miracle—this house. Seems as if somebody had done it just for us!"

*

Armed with a list of girls who would agree to come, for six and seven dollars a week, Miss Podder made a trip to Willettsville and laid the matter before Martha's mother.

"What an outrageous rent!" said that lady.

"Yes—New York rents *are* rather inconsiderate," Miss Podder admitted. "But see, here's a guaranteed income if the girls stay—and I'm sure they will; and if the cooking's good you could easily get table boarders besides."

Mrs. Joyce hopped to the bureau and brought out a hard, sharp-pointed pencil, and a lined writing tablet.

"Let's figger it out," said she. "You say that house rents furnished at \$3,200. It would take a cook and a chambermaid!"

"And a furnace man," said Miss Podder. "They come to about fifty a year. The cook would be thirty a month, the maid twenty-five, if you got first-class help, and you'd need it."

"That amounts to \$710 altogether," stated Mrs. Joyce.

"Fuel and light and such things would be \$200," Miss Podder estimated, "and I think you ought to allow \$200 more for breakage and extras generally."

"That's \$4,310 already," said Mrs. Joyce.

Then there's the food," Miss Podder went on. "How much do you think it would cost to feed twenty girls, two meals a day, and three Sundays?"

"And three more," Mrs. Joyce added, "with me, and the help, twenty-three. I could do it for \$2.00 a week apiece."

"Oh!" said Miss Podder. "*Could* you? At New York prices?"

"See me do it!" said Mrs. Joyce.

"That makes a total expense of \$6,710 a year. Now, what's the income, ma'am?"

The income was clear—if they could get it. Ten girls at \$6.00 and ten at \$7.00 made \$130.00 a week—\$6,700.00 a year.

"There you are!" said Mrs. Joyce triumphantly. "And the 'mealers'—if my griddle-cakes don't fetch 'em I'm mistaken! If I have ten—at \$5.00 a week and clear \$3.00 off 'em—that'll be another bit—\$1,560.00 more. Total income \$8,320.00. More'n one thousand clear! Maybe I can feed 'em a little higher—or charge less!"

The two women worked together for an hour or so; Mrs. Ames drawn in later with demands as to butter, eggs, and "eatin' chickens."

"There's an ice-box as big as a closet," said Miss Podder.

Mrs. Joyce smiled triumphantly. "Good!" she said. "I can buy my critters of Judson here and have him freight 'em down. I can get apples here and potatoes, and lots of stuff."

"You'll need, probably, a little capital to start with," suggested Miss Podder. "I think the Association could—"

"It don't have to, thank you just the same," said Mrs. Joyce. "I've got enough in my stocking to take me to New York and get some fuel. Besides, all my boarders is goin' to pay in advance—that's the one sure way. The mealers can buy tickets!"

Her eyes danced. She fairly coursed about the room on her nimble crutches.

"My!" she said, "it will seem good to have my girl to feed again."

*

The house opened in September, full of eager girls with large appetites long unsatisfied. The place was new-smelling, fresh-painted, beautifully clean. The furnishing was cheap, but fresh, tasteful, with minor conveniences dear to the hearts of women.

The smallest rooms were larger than hall bedrooms, the big ones were shared by friends. Martha and her mother had a chamber with two beds and space to spare!

The dining-room was very large, and at night the tables were turned into "settles" by the wall and the girls could dance to the sound of a hired pianola. So could the "mealers," when invited; and there was soon a waiting list of both sexes.

"I guess I can make a livin'," said Mrs. Joyce, "allowin' for bad years."

"I don't understand how you feed us so well—for so little," said Miss Podder, who was one of the boarders.

"Sh!" said Mrs. Joyce, privately. "Your breakfast don't really cost more'n ten cents—nor your dinner fifteen—not the way I order! Things taste good 'cause they're *cooked* good—that's all!"

"And you have no troubles with your help?"

"Sh!" said Mrs. Joyce again, more privately. "I work 'em hard—and pay 'em a bonus—a dollar a week extra, as long as they give satisfaction. It reduces my profits some—but it's worth it!"

"It's worth it to us, I'm sure!" said Miss Podder.

Mrs. MacAvelly called one evening in the first week, with warm interest and approval. The tired girls were sitting about in comfortable rockers and lounges, under comfortable lights, reading and sewing. The untired ones were dancing in the dining-room, to the industrious pianola, or having games of cards in the parlor.

"Do you think it'll be a success?" she asked her friend.

"It *is* a success!" Miss Podder triumphantly replied. "I'm immensely proud of it!"

"I should think you would be," aid Mrs. MacAvelly.

The doorbell rang sharply.

Mrs. Joyce was hopping through the hall at the moment, and promptly opened it.

"Does Miss Martha Joyce board here?" inquired a gentleman.

"She does."

"I should like to see her," said he, handing in his card.

Mrs. Joyce read the card and looked at the man, her face setting in hard lines. She had heard that name before.

"Miss Joyce is engaged," she replied curtly, still holding the door.

He could see past her into the bright, pleasant rooms. He heard the music below, the swing of dancing feet, Martha's gay laugh from the parlor.

The little lady on crutches blocked his path.

"Are you the housekeeper of this place?" he asked sharply.

"I'm more'n that!" she answered. "I'm Martha's mother."

Mr. Basset concluded he would not wait.

FOR FEAR

For fear of prowling beasts at night
They blocked the cave;
Women and children hid from sight,
Men scarce more brave.

For fear of warrior's sword and spear
They barred the gate;
Women and children lived in fear,
Men lived in hate.

For fear of criminals to-day
We lock the door;
Women and children still to stay
Hid evermore.

Come out! You need no longer hide!
What fear ye now?
No wolf nor lion waits outside—
Only a cow.

Come out! The world approaches peace,
War nears its end;
No warrior watches your release—
Only a friend.

Come out! The night of crime his fled—
Day is begun;
Here is no criminal to dread—
Only your son!

The world, half yours, demands your care,
Waken, and come!
Make it a woman's world, safe, fair,
Garden and home!

NURSERY-MINDEDNESS

Where do we get our first training in the field of common behavior, our earliest and strongest impressions of ethics?

In the nursery, in the early environment of the little child, in the daily influences that affect the opening mind; or, to put it in a phrase hallowed by poetic imagery, "at our mother's knee." We are accustomed to think highly of these early influences. Almost any man will say that his mother taught him what was right—it was his own evil nature that drove him wrong. So believing, we perpetuate these influences unchanged from age to age, and it is small wonder we think human nature to be inherently perverse if it continues to show such poor results from such good education.

Suppose for a moment we take down one more old idol, and look into his record, examining the environment of the little child as dispassionately as we would examine the environment of a college student.

The child is born into an atmosphere of personality, which is essential, and reared continuously in that atmosphere, which is not so essential. Owing to these early impressions; so deep and inefaceable, he grows to look at human life with a huge "I," and an almost as large "My Family," in his immediate foreground; so out of drawing as to throw the whole world into false perspective, seen as a generality, dim, confused and distant.

In this atmosphere of unbroken personality, he repeats continually the mistakes of the early savage, the animistic tendency we should as a race have long since outgrown. The family with the male head was the great hotbed of early religions.

In this primitive group, unchecked by any higher authority of king or governor, arose ancestor-worship—that unnatural religion which erases the laws of life and bids the chicken feed the hen—or rather the rooster. No matriarchal cult would have made that mistake. The patriarch owned his women, owned his children, owned all the property; he gave and took away at his pleasure. Therefore, looming vast in unchecked pride, he erected sacrificial religions all his own, demanding sons to perform sacred rites in his honor; and grew so inflated with superiority that he thanked his patriarchal God and Father every day that he was not born a woman.

This Personality has cast its shadow across heaven. It has deified its own traits and worships them. Through blind and selfish eyes it has mis-seen and misrepresented God, and forced dark dogmas on its children, age after age. Each child of us, though really born to the broad light of a democratic age, is reared in the patriarchate. Each child of us sees the father, dispenser of benefits, arbiter and ruler of the family; and, so reared, each child of us repeats from generation to generation the mistakes of personality.

The basic law of the patriarchal system was obedience, and is yet. The child's first ethical lesson is in the verb "to obey." Not with any convincing instance of right or wrong, though life bristles with them, but as the duty of submission. He is not taught to observe, to relate, to make his inference, to act, and to note results. He is taught that his one duty is not to think, observe, or experiment, but to do what he is told.

This is a convenient habit for those in authority; but not conducive to any true development of the ethical sense. We are turned out into a world of cause and effect, with no knowledge, no experience, no guide whatever, but the painfully acquired habit of doing what some one else tells us. We are not taught to study right and wrong conduct, to understand it, to see the wisdom of the one and the folly of the other.

The child's first notion of "being good" is either sheer inaction or prompt submission. What we call "a good baby" is one who does absolutely nothing. Here we have an explanation of the amazing inertia of people in general; of the smug immobility of those shining lights "the best people." We all have been taught—rigorously taught in our infancy—that to "keep quiet" was a virtue; and we keep quiet through life. This is one clear instance of our nursery-mindedness.

We are reared in a black and white world: sharp wrong,—to do almost anything amusing, and particularly and most of all, To Disobey; sharp right,—to do nothing whatever, and particularly and best of all, To Obey. We come out into a world that is all colors of the rainbow in every shade and blending, where the things people tell us to do are mostly wrong, and to do right requires the most strenuous and independent activity. Greatly are we hindered in the work of life to-day by our mis-taught infancy.

In the narrow round of family life, the inevitable repetitions, the natural ruts of usage, the child has forced upon him the conservatism he should have every help to out-grow. Habit uncriticized and unresisted; convention an unquestioned good; these are the rules of the little world. How he hates it! How he longs for something different—for something to happen! The world is full of differences and happenings, but he is helpless to meet them—he has been only trained in narrow routine.

The oldest status in life, that of serving woman, is about him in his infancy. That mother should do for him is right and natural, but why should his mother be waiting on these other persons? Why is she the house-servant as well as the mother? If she is but a fashionable person in gay attire, he still has about him women servants. He cannot think as yet, but he accepts from daily contact this serving womanhood as natural and right, grows up to demand it in his household and to rear his children in its shadow; and so perpetuate from age to age the patriarchal error.

Then deep into this infant soul sinks the iron weight of what we call Discipline. We women, having small knowledge of child-nature or world-nature, never studying nature at all, but each girl-mother handed on from nursery to nursery, a child teaching children, we undertake to introduce the new soul to life!

We show him, as "life," the nursery, kitchen and parlor group in which we live. We try to teach him the behavior required by these surroundings. Two of the heaviest crosses to both the child and mother lie in his bi- and tri-daily difficulties with clothing, and prolonged initiation to the sacred mysteries of the table. We seek, as best we may, to bend the new soul visiting this world to a correct fulfilment of the polite functions of our domestic shrine; and we succeed unhappily well. We rear a world of people who put manners before morals, conventions before principles, conformity before initiative. Sorely do

we strive with the new soul, to choke questionings and crush its resistance.

"Why?" says the child, "Why?" protesting with might and main against the mummery into which he is being forced.

"Because Mother says so!" is the reason given. "Because you must obey!" is the duty given; and to enforce the command comes punishment.

Punishment is a pitiful invention arbitrarily inserted in place of consequence. Its power is in giving pain. Its appeal is to terror. We, immovable and besotted in our ancient sanctuaries, deliberately give pain to little children, deliberately arouse in them that curse of old savagery, blind fear. To compel behavior which we cannot explain even to ourselves, to force the new wine of their young lives into the old bottles of our traditional habits, we keep alive in the little child an attitude of mind the whole world should seek to outgrow and forget forever.

The ethics of the nursery does not give us laws to be learned and understood; relations of cause and effect for instructive practice; matters of general use and welfare not to know and practice which argues a foolish ignorance. It gives command purely arbitrary and disconnected; their profit is not visible to the child; and their penalties, while painfully conspicuous, bear no real relation to offences.

Besides being arbitrary and disconnected, the penalties we give our children have this alarming weakness—they are wholly contingent upon discovery. No whipped child is too young to learn that his whipping did not follow on the act—unless his mother knew he did it. Thus with elaborate care, with trouble to ourselves and anguish to the child, we develop in him the attitude of mind with which our criminals, big and little, face the world—it is not what you do that matters—it is being found out. This is not the position of the thinking being—it is nursery-mindedness.

Pain and terror we teach our babies, and also shame. The child is pure, innocent, natural. One of the first efforts of nursery culture is to smear that white page with our self-made foulness. We labor conscientiously and with patience, to teach our babies shame. We degrade the human body, we befoul the habits of nature, we desecrate life, teaching evil and foolish falsehood to our defenceless little children. The "sex-taboos" of darkest savagery, the decencies and indecencies of primitive convention, we have preserved throughout the ages in our guarded temple of ancient idols, and in that atmosphere we rear the child.

The heaviest drag on progress is the persistence of race-habits and traditions, once natural and useful, but long since outgrown. The main stronghold of this body of tradition is in that uneducated, undeveloped, unorganized, lingering rudiment of earlier social forms—the woman-servant group of primitive industries, in which our children grow.

We have cried out against the crushing restriction of old religions; and, going farther, have seen that these religions have their strongest hold on the woman and the child. It is here suggested that it is not the religion that keeps down the woman and renews its grip on each new generation of children, but that it is the degraded status of the woman and her influence on the child which made possible such religions in the first instance, and which accounts for their astonishing persistence in modern times.

In the atmosphere of the nursery each child re-learns continually the mental habits of a remote and lowly past. His sense of duty is a personal one, it is obligation; and justified when we attempt to justify it by the beneficent services of the parent. This parental religion naturally pictures God as a parent—a father of course, and people as his children. We, as his children, are to love and serve and glorify him, and he to take care of us, parentally.

Coming out into the world of which he has been taught nothing, the young man finds no corroboration whatever for this theory. He does not see the alleged grounds of the religious views given him, and so he drops his religion altogether.

If he had early been shown God in a thousand beautiful common instances, as ever-present, unescapable, and beneficent Law—the sure, sound constant force of life, then he would find the same God still visibly at work in the world of love and labor, and not lose his religion by outgrowing his nursery.

Instead of personal gratitude for personal service as a cause for good behavior, he should be shown that his parents and teachers serve him and other children because so best is the human race improved; and that he, and the other children, owe their life's service to the same great body, to the human race. This ideal would need neither patching nor enlargement, but would last unbroken through life.

Our nursery-bred consciences suffer personally for personal sins, with morbid keenness, but are

stone blocks of indifference to the collective sins which are the major evils of life to-day. A man may be pointed out to us as a wholesale malefactor, a dealer in bad meat, a poisoner of the public mind through a degraded press, an extortioner, liar, doer of uncounted evil; we reply that he is a "moral man"—that his personal relations are excellent; and, if one continues to complain, we say, "What has he done to you?"

Personality is the limit of our moral sense, the steady check to growth in ethical understanding, as it is in economics, and in art. The normal growth of the human soul to-day is into a wide, fluent, general relation with mankind; and a deeper more satisfying and *workable* conception of God than we ever knew before. In our nursery-mindedness we face the problems of civic morality, catching visible offenders and shutting them in a closet, sending them supperless to bed, hurting and depriving them in various ways, as blindly, stupidly and unprofitably as a woman spans her child.

Children reared in a democratic, scientific, broadly educative atmosphere, would grow up able to see the absurdity of our primitive institutions—but such an atmosphere does not originate in and cannot be brought into the nursery.

As an inevitable reaction from nursery-government, the child finds joyous relief in sheer riot and self-will. The behavior of our boys in college shows well their previous uneducated and ill-educated condition. The persistence of "hazing" among twentieth century persons old enough to go to school, shows the weakness of nursery culture. This is a custom prevalent among low savage races, known as "initiation by torture." Its reason—if it ever had any—was to outdo nature's cruellest and most wasteful methods, and to prepare for a life of struggle and pain by a worse experience to begin with. About the age of puberty, when body and mind are both sensitive, this pleasant rite took place. Those who survived it, habituated to cruelty and unreason, were thereby fitted to live cruel and unreasonable lives—and did so.

Race-customs, as old as this, die hard. They have to be understood, condemned, opposed, and educated out of us. Our small children get no such education. They, as a class, get no influence tending to uplift and develop their sociological status. Clever and "well-trained" they may be; well-loved and well—at least, expensively-dressed. But as soon as they escape the nursery bounds, out pops the primeval savage, unrestrained. These young students, with their revolting practices, ought to know that they are in the social stage with cannibalism, voodooism, fetich-worship; and to be hot with shame at their condition. It is the race's babyhood,—a drooling, fumbling, infantile folly—manifested almost to adult age. That it endures is due to our nursery-mindedness.

About the little child should cluster and concentrate the noblest forces of our latest days, our highest wisdom and deepest experience, our most subtle skill. Such wisdom, skill and experience do not exist in the average young woman, albeit a mother; still less in her low-class, ignorant serving-maids. A wider, deeper love would desire better environment for the child, more foresight and more power would provide it. But our love, though intense, is narrow and largely childish—the mother has not long left the influence of her own nursery; and neither wisdom nor power grew there. Some day our women will see this. They will understand at last what womanhood is for, and the power and glory of civilized motherhood. They will see that the educative influences of the first few years are pre-eminently important, and prepare for them as assiduously as they prepare to give a college education to older children.

The baby is a new human soul, learning Life. He should have about him from the first, Truth and Order, with a sequence of impressions which great minds have labored to prepare. He should have his mother's love, his father's care, his brother's and sister's society; his home's seclusion; and he should also have from his earliest days, a place to share with many other children, and the love and care and service of such guides and teachers as are most fit to help the growing of the world.

We have gone far indeed in those things we learn after we leave home. In our trades and professions, our arts and sciences, in the broad avenues of the world's life, we have made great progress—albeit hampered always to some extent by our nursery-mindedness.

But in our own personal relations we are stagnant, hide-bound, inert. Our littleness, our morbidness, our self-consciousness, our narrowness, our short-sightedness, our oppressive, insistent, omnipresent personality—all these still crush us down. Bumptious with a good child's complacency, grieving with a bad child's remorse, indifferent and rebellious as ill-trained children are, we live unawakened among social laws. We enjoy when we can; we suffer much—and needlessly; but we seem incapable of taking hold of our large world-questions and settling them.

It is only an apparent limitation. We are quite capable were we but taught so. What hinders us is Nursery-Mindedness.

A VILLAGE OF FOOLS

There was a certain village, a little village on a little stream; and the inhabitants thereof were Fools.

By profession they were tillers of the soil; and they kept beasts, beasts of burden, and beasts to furnish meat. They lived upon the products of their tillage, and upon the beasts, and upon fish from the stream.

The Wise said, "This is a good village. There is land to furnish food, and beasts in plenty, and a good stream flowing steadily from the tree-clothed hills. These people should prosper well."

They did not know that the people of the village were Fools; Utter Fools. Observe now their Foolishness! They cut down the trees of the hills to make their fires withal; many and great fires, without stint or hindrance; and presently there was no more any forest upon the hills to cover them. Then the moist breath of the cloud-building forest was dried away; and the thick wet sponge about the roots of the forest was dried away; and the snow slid down the hills as it slides down steep roof gables; and the rain ran down the narrow valleys as it runs down gutter pipes; and the village was swept by floods in flood time, and lay parched and thirsty in the dry season. And the people of the village called the flood an Act of God, and they called the drought an Act of God; for they were Fools.

Their fields they tilled continuously, for they needs must eat; gathering from the good ground year after year, and generation after generation, till the ground became sour and stale, and was bad ground and bore no fruit.

"Surely," said the Wise, "they will gather from the stables of their beasts and from the village that which shall enrich their soil and make it bear fruit again."

They did not know that the people of the Village were Fools.

Thus did they with their beasts. They kept them thick in their village; draught animals and burden-bearers; and from the defiled streets arose a Plague of Flies, and tormented the people, so that they fell sick of divers diseases. And they themselves crowded together ever more thickly, till all the village became unsavory and unfit for human habitation. Then they arose, wagging their heads sagaciously; and with vast labor and expense they gathered together from their stables and their habitations all that which should enrich the soil and produce fruit again; and they poured it carefully into the stream. Now this was the stream from which they drank; and when they drank their diluted diseases they fell sick anew, and many died.

Also the fish fed upon this filth, and they also absorbed diseases; and the people fed upon the fish which had fed upon the filth, and again fell sick, and many died.

And those who died they carefully wrapped up in many coverings and laid in the ground—they and their diseases with them—that the seeds thereof might be fostered eternally, and continually came forth anew.

But the Wise burned their dead in clean fire, cherishing their memories in their hearts, but not their slowly deteriorating remains in the dark earth. And the wise kept their forests as a wild garden, planting as well as reaping; having wood therefrom at need, and always the green beauty and the cool shade, the moist winds and carpet of held water over the hill slopes.

Their streams were pure and steady, tree shadowed and grass bordered from end to end; for a tree beareth food as well as a field, and is planted in a moment and the young tree cometh up as the old tree dieth.

And their fields they fed continually, so that they bore more rather than less from year to year, and they prospered and did not die of hand-made diseases.

But they knew not their own wisdom, for these things it seemed to them that even Fools might see, and do accordingly.

Neither did the Fools know their own foolishness.

WHAT DIANTHA DID

CHAPTER VI.

THE CYNOSURE.

It's a singular thing that the commonest place
Is the hardest to properly fill;
That the labor imposed on a full half the race
Is so seldom performed with good will—
To say nothing of knowledge or skill!

What we ask of all women, we stare at in one,
And tribute of wonderment bring;
If this task of the million is once fitly done
We all hold our hands up and sing!
It's really a singular thing!

Isabel Porne was a cautious woman, and made no acclaim over her new acquisition until its value was proven. Her husband also bided his time; and when congratulated on his improved appearance and air of contentment, merely vouchsafed that his wife had a new girl who could cook.

To himself he boasted that he had a new wife who could love—so cheerful and gay grew Mrs. Porne in the changed atmosphere of her home.

"It is remarkable, Edgar," she said, dilating repeatedly on the peculiar quality of their good fortune. "It's not only good cooking, and good waiting, and a clean house—cleaner than I ever saw one before; and it's not only the quietness, and regularity and economy—why the bills have gone down more than a third!"

"Yes—even I noticed that," he agreed.

"But what I enjoy the most is the *atmosphere*," she continued. "When I have to do the work, the house is a perfect nightmare to me!" She leaned forward from her low stool, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, and regarded him intently.

"Edgar! You know I love you. And I love my baby—I'm no unfeeling monster! But I can tell you frankly that if I'd had any idea of what housework was like I'd never have given up architecture to try it."

"Lucky for me you hadn't!" said he fondly. "I know it's been hard for you, little girl. I never meant that you should give up architecture—that's a business a woman could carry on at home I thought, the designing part anyway. There's your 'drawing-room' and all your things—"

"Yes," she said, with reminiscent bitterness, "there they are—and there they might have stayed, untouched—if Miss Bell hadn't come!"

"Makes you call her "Miss Bell" all the time, does she?"

Mrs. Porne laughed. "Yes. I hated it at first, but she asked if I could give her any real reason why the cook should be called by her first name more than the seamstress or governess. I tried to say that it was shorter, but she smiled and said that in this case it was longer!—Her name is Diantha—I've seen it on letters. And it is one syllable longer. Anyhow I've got used to Miss Bell now."

"She gets letters often?"

"Yes—very often—from Topolaya where she came from. I'm afraid she's engaged." Mrs. Porne sighed ruefully.

"I don't doubt it!" said Mr. Porne. "That would account for her six months' arrangement! Well, my dear—make hay while the sun shines!"

"I do!" she boasted. "Whole stacks! I've had a seamstress in, and got all my clothes in order and the baby's. We've had lot of dinner-parties and teas as you know—all my "social obligations" are cleared off! We've had your mother for a visit, and mine's coming now—and I wasn't afraid to have either of them! There's no fault to be found with my housekeeping now! And there are two things better than that—yes, three."

"The best thing is to see you look so young and handsome and happy again," said her husband, with a kiss.

"Yes—that's one. Another is that now I feel so easy and lighthearted I can love you and baby—as—as I *do*! Only when I'm tired and discouraged I can't put my hand on it somehow.

He nodded sympathetically. "I know, dear," he said. "I feel that way myself—sometimes. What's the other?"

"Why that's best of all!" she cried triumphantly. "I can Work again! When Baby's asleep I get hours at a time; and even when he's awake I've fixed a place where he can play—and I can draw and plan—just as I used to—*better* than I used to!"

"And that is even more to you than loving?" he asked in a quiet inquiring voice.

"It's more because it means *both*!" She leaned to him, glowing, "Don't you see? First I had the work and loved it. Then you came—and I loved you—better! Then Baby came and I loved him—best? I don't know—you and baby are all one somehow."

There was a brief interim and then she drew back, blushing richly. "Now stop—I want to explain. When the housework got to be such a nightmare—and I looked forward to a whole lifetime of it and *no* improvement; then I just *ached* for my work—and couldn't do it! And then—why sometimes dear, I just wanted to run away! Actually! From *both* of you!—you see, I spent five years studying—I was a *real* architect—and it did hurt to see it go. And now—O now I've got It and You too, darling! *And* the Baby!—O I'm so happy!"

"Thanks to the Providential Miss Bell," said he. "If she'll stay I'll pay her anything!"

The months went by.

Peace, order, comfort, cleanliness and economy reigned in the Porne household, and the lady of the house blossomed into richer beauty and happiness; her contentment marred only by a sense of flying time.

Miss Bell fulfilled her carefully specified engagement to the letter; rested her peaceful hour in the morning; walked and rode in the afternoon; familiarized herself with the length and breadth of the town; and visited continuously among the servants of the neighborhood, establishing a large and friendly acquaintance. If she wore rubber gloves about the rough work, she paid for them herself; and she washed and ironed her simple and pretty costumes herself—with the result that they stayed pretty for surprising periods.

She wrote letters long and loving, to Ross daily; to her mother twice a week; and by the help of her sister's authority succeeded in maintaining a fairly competent servant in her deserted place.

"Father was bound he wouldn't," her sister wrote her; "but I stood right up to him, I can now I'm married!—and Gerald too—that he'd no right to take it out of mother even if he was mad with you. He made a fuss about your paying for the girl—but that was only showing off—*he* couldn't pay for her just now—that's certain. And she does very well—a good strong girl, and quite devoted to mother." And then she scolded furiously about her sister's "working out."

Diantha knew just how hard it was for her mother. She had faced all sides of the question before deciding.

"Your mother misses you badly, of course," Ross wrote her. "I go in as often as I can and cheer her up a bit. It's not just the work—she misses you. By the way—so do I." He expressed his views on her new employment.

Diantha used to cry over her letters quite often. But she would put them away, dry her eyes, and work on at the plans she was maturing, with grim courage. "It's hard on them now," she would say to herself. "Its hard on me—some. But we'll all be better off because of it, and not only us—but everybody!"

Meanwhile the happy and unhappy households of the fair town buzzed in comment and grew green with envy.

In social circles and church circles and club circles, as also in domestic circles, it was noised abroad that Mrs. Edgar Porne had "solved the servant question." News of this marvel of efficiency and propriety was discussed in every household, and not only so but in barber-shops and other downtown meeting places mentioned. Servants gathered it at dinner-tables; and Diantha, much amused, regathered it from her new friends among the servants.

Does she keep on just the same?" asked little Mrs. Ree of Mrs. Porne in an awed whisper.

"Just the same if not better. I don't even order the meals now, unless I want something especial. She

keeps a calendar of what we've had to eat, and what belongs to the time of year, prices and things. When I used to ask her to suggest (one does, you know: it is so hard to think up a variety!), she'd always be ready with an idea, or remind me that we had had so and so two days before, till I asked her if she'd like to order, and she said she'd be willing to try, and now I just sit down to the table without knowing what's going to be there."

"But I should think that would interfere with your sense of freedom," said Mrs. Ellen A Dankshire, "A woman should be mistress of her own household."

"Why I am! I order whenever I specially want anything. But she really does it more—more scientifically. She has made a study of it. And the bills are very much lower."

"Well, I think you are the luckiest woman alive!" sighed Mrs. Ree. "I wish I had her!"

Many a woman wished she had her, and some, calling when they knew Mrs. Porne was out, or descending into their own kitchens of an evening when the strange Miss Bell was visiting "the help," made flattering propositions to her to come to them. She was perfectly polite and agreeable in manner, but refused all blandishments.

"What are you getting at your present place—if I may ask?" loftily inquired the great Mrs. Thaddler, ponderous and beaded.

"There is surely no objection to your asking, madam," she replied politely. "Mrs. Porne will not mind telling you, I am sure."

"Hm!" said the patronizing visitor, regarding her through her lorgnette.

"Very good. Whatever it is I'll double it. When can you come?"

"My engagement with Mrs. Porne is for six months," Diantha answered, "and I do not wish to close with anyone else until that time is up. Thank you for your offer just the same."

"Peculiarly offensive young person!" said Mrs. Thaddler to her husband. "Looks to me like one of these literary imposters. Mrs. Porne will probably appear in the magazines before long."

Mr. Thaddler instantly conceived a liking for the young person, "sight unseen."

Diantha acquired quite a list of offers; places open to her as soon as she was free; at prices from her present seven dollars up to the proposed doubling.

"Fourteen dollars a week and found!—that's not so bad," she meditated. "That would mean over \$650 clear in a year! It's a wonder to me girls don't try it long enough to get a start at something else. With even two or three hundred ahead—and an outfit—it would be easier to make good in a store or any other way. Well—I have other fish to fry!"

So she pursued her way; and, with Mrs. Porne's permission—held a sort of girl's club in her spotless kitchen one evening a week during the last three months of her engagement. It was a "Study and Amusement Club." She gave them short and interesting lessons in arithmetic, in simple dressmaking, in easy and thorough methods of housework. She gave them lists of books, referred them to articles in magazines, insidiously taught them to use the Public Library.

They played pleasant games in the second hour, and grew well acquainted. To the eye or ear of any casual visitor it was the simplest and most natural affair, calculated to "elevate labor" and to make home happy.

Diantha studied and observed. They brought her their poor confidences, painfully similar. Always poverty—or they would not be there. Always ignorance, or they would not stay there. Then either incompetence in the work, or inability to hold their little earnings—or both; and further the Tale of the Other Side—the exactions and restrictions of the untrained mistresses they served; cases of withheld wages; cases of endless requirements; cases of most arbitrary interference with their receiving friends and "followers," or going out; and cases, common enough to be horrible, of insult they could only escape by leaving.

"It's no wages, of course—and no recommendation, when you leave like that—but what else can a girl do, if she's honest?"

So Diantha learned, made friends and laid broad foundations.

The excellence of her cooking was known to many, thanks to the weekly "entertainments." No one refused. No one regretted acceptance. Never had Mrs. Porne enjoyed such a sense of social

importance.

All the people she ever knew called on her afresh, and people she never knew called on her even more freshly. Not that she was directly responsible for it. She had not triumphed cruelly over her less happy friends; nor had she cried aloud on the street corners concerning her good fortune. It was not her fault, nor, in truth anyone's. But in a community where the "servant question" is even more vexed than in the country at large, where the local product is quite unequal to the demand, and where distance makes importation an expensive matter, the fact of one woman's having, as it appeared, settled this vexed question, was enough to give her prominence.

Mrs. Ellen A. Dankshire, President of the Orchardina Home and Culture Club, took up the matter seriously.

"Now Mrs. Porne," said she, settling herself vigorously into a comfortable chair, "I just want to talk the matter over with you, with a view to the club. We do not know how long this will last—"

"Don't speak of it!" said Mrs. Porne.

"—and it behooves us to study the facts while we have them."

"So much is involved!" said little Mrs. Ree, the Corresponding Secretary, lifting her pale earnest face with the perplexed fine lines in it. "We are all so truly convinced of the sacredness of the home duties!"

"Well, what do you want me to do?" asked their hostess.

"We must have that remarkable young woman address our club!" Mrs. Dankshire announced. "It is one case in a thousand, and must be studied!"

"So noble of her!" said Mrs. Ree. "You say she was really a school-teacher? Mrs. Thaddler has put it about that she is one of these dreadful writing persons—in disguise!"

"O no," said Mrs. Porne. "She is perfectly straightforward about it, and had the best of recommendations. She was a teacher, but it didn't agree with her health, I believe."

"Perhaps there is a story to it!" Mrs. Ree advanced; but Mrs. Dankshire disagreed with her flatly.

"The young woman has a theory, I believe, and she is working it out. I respect her for it. Now what we want to ask you, Mrs. Porne, is this: do you think it would make any trouble for you—in the household relations, you know—if we ask her to read a paper to the Club? Of course we do not wish to interfere, but it is a remarkable opportunity—very. You know the fine work Miss Lucy Salmon has done on this subject; and Miss Frances Kellor. You know how little data we have, and how great, how serious, a question it is daily becoming! Now here is a young woman of brains and culture who has apparently grappled with the question; her example and influence must not be lost! We must hear from her. The public must know of this."

"Such an ennobling example!" murmured Mrs. Ree. "It might lead numbers of other school-teachers to see the higher side of the home duties!"

"Furthermore," pursued Mrs. Dankshire, "this has occurred to me. Would it not be well to have our ladies bring with them to the meeting the more intelligent of their servants; that they might hear and see the—the dignity of household labor—so ably set forth?"

"Isn't it—wouldn't that be a—an almost dangerous experiment?" urged Mrs. Ree; her high narrow forehead fairly creped with little wrinkles: "She might—say something, you know, that they might—take advantage of!"

"Nonsense, my dear!" replied Mrs. Dankshire. She was very fond of Mrs. Ree, but had small respect for her judgment. "What could she say? Look at what she does! And how beautifully—how perfectly—she does it! I would wager now—*may* I try an experiment Mrs. Porne?" and she stood up, taking out her handkerchief.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Porne, "with pleasure! You won't find any!"

Mrs. Dankshire climbed heavily upon a carefully selected chair and passed her large clean plain-hemmed handkerchief across the top of a picture.

"I knew it!" she proclaimed proudly from her eminence, and showed the cloth still white. "That," she continued in ponderous descent, "that is Knowledge, Ability and Conscience!"

"I don't see how she gets the time!" breathed Mrs. Ree, shaking her head in awed amazement, and reflecting that she would not dare trust Mrs. Dankshire's handkerchief on her picture tops.

"We must have her address the Club," the president repeated. "It will do worlds of good. Let me see—a paper on—we might say 'On the True Nature of Domestic Industry.' How does that strike you, Mrs. Ree?"

"Admirable!" said Mrs. Ree. "So strong! so succinct."

"That certainly covers the subject," said Mrs. Porne. "Why don't you ask her?"

"We will. We have come for that purpose. But we felt it right to ask you about it first," said Mrs. Dankshire.

"Why I have no control over Miss Bell's movements, outside of working hours," answered Mrs. Porne. "And I don't see that it would make any difference to our relations. She is a very self-poised young woman, but extremely easy to get along with. And I'm sure she could write a splendid paper. You'd better ask her, I think."

"Would you call her in?" asked Mrs. Dankshire, "or shall we go out to the kitchen?"

"Come right out; I'd like you to see how beautifully she keeps everything."

The kitchen was as clean as the parlor; and as prettily arranged. Miss Bell was making her preparation for lunch, and stopped to receive the visitors with a serenely civil air—as of a country store-keeper.

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss Bell, very glad indeed," said Mrs. Dankshire, shaking hands with her warmly. "We have at heard so much of your beautiful work here, and we admire your attitude! Now would you be willing to give a paper—or a talk—to our club, the Home and Culture Club, some Wednesday, on The True Nature of Domestic Industry?"

Mrs. Ree took Miss Bell's hand with something of the air of a Boston maiden accosting a saint from Hindoostan. "If you only would!" she said. "I am sure it would shed light on this great subject!"

Miss Bell smiled at them both and looked at Mrs. Porne inquiringly.

"I should be delighted to have you do it," said her employer. "I know it would be very useful."

"Is there any date set?" asked Miss Bell.

"Any Wednesday after February," said Mrs. Dankshire.

"Well—I will come on the first Wednesday in April. If anything should happen to prevent I will let you know in good season, and if you should wish to postpone or alter the program—should think better of the idea—just send me word. I shall not mind in the least."

They went away quite jubilant, Miss Bell's acceptance was announced officially at the next club-meeting, and the Home and Culture Club felt that it was fulfilling its mission.

[Untitled]

I gave myself to God.—
With humility and contrition,
In sacrifice and submission.
"Take me! Do not refuse me!
Order me—govern me—use me!
Nothing I ask for my own—
I pray to be thine alone!—"
And God smiled.

I gave myself to mankind.—
With sorrow and sympathy deep,
With pity that would not sleep.
"To serve you and save you, brothers!
To give my life for the others!
I ask no price—no place—

I seek but to help the race!—"
And God smiled.

I gave myself to Myself.—
In the knowledge that opens power;
In the truth's unfolding hour;
In the glory of service free;
The joy that such life can be:—
My life—that is never done!
For my neighbor and I are One!—
And God smiled.

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE; or, THE MAN-MADE WORLD

VI.

GAMES AND SPORTS

One of the sharpest distinctions both between the essential characters and the artificial positions of men and women, is in the matter of games and sports. By far the greater proportion of them are essentially masculine, and as such alien to women; while from those which are humanly interesting, women have been largely debarred by their arbitrary restrictions.

The play instinct is common to girls and boys alike; and endures in some measure throughout life. As other young animals express their abounding energies in capricious activities similar to those followed in the business of living, so small children gambol, physically, like lambs and kids; and as the young of higher kinds of animals imitate in their play the more complex activities of their elders, so do children imitate whatever activities they see about them. In this field of playing there is no sex.

Similarly in adult life healthy and happy persons, men and women, naturally express surplus energy in various forms of sport. We have here one of the most distinctively human manifestations. The great accumulation of social energy, and the necessary limitations of one kind of work, leave a human being tired of one form of action, yet still uneasy for lack of full expression; and this social need has been met by our great safety valve of games and sports.

In a society of either sex, or in a society without sex, there would still be both pleasure and use in games; they are vitally essential to human life. In a society of two sexes, wherein one has dictated all the terms of life, and the other has been confined to an extremely limited fraction of human living, we may look to see this great field of enjoyment as disproportionately divided.

It is not only that we have reduced the play impulse in women by restricting them to one set of occupations, and overtaxing their energies with mother-work and housework combined; and not only that by our androcentric conventions we further restrict their amusements; but we begin in infancy, and forcibly differentiate their methods of play long before any natural distinction would appear.

Take that universal joy the doll, or puppet, as an instance. A small imitation of a large known object carries delight to the heart of a child of either sex. The worsted cat, the wooden horse, the little wagon, the tin soldier, the wax doll, the toy village, the "Noah's Ark," the omnipresent "Teddy Bear," any and every small model of a real thing is a delight to the young human being. Of all things the puppet is the most intimate, the little image of another human being to play with. The fancy of the child, making endless combinations with these visible types, plays as freely as a kitten in the leaves; or gravely carries out some observed forms of life, as the kitten imitates its mother's hunting.

So far all is natural and human.

Now see our attitude toward child's play—under a masculine culture. Regarding women only as a sex, and that sex as manifest from infancy, we make and buy for our little girls toys suitable to this view. Being females—which means mothers, we must needs provide them with babies before they cease to be babies themselves; and we expect their play to consist in an imitation of maternal cares. The doll, the puppet, which interests all children, we have rendered as an eternal baby; and we foist them upon our girl children by ceaseless millions.

The doll, as such, is dear to the little boy as well as the girl, but not as a baby. He likes his jumping-jack, his worsted Sambo, often a genuine rag-doll; but he is discouraged and ridiculed in this. We do not expect the little boy to manifest a father's love and care for an imitation child—but we do expect the

little girl to show maternal feelings for her imitation baby. It has not yet occurred to us that this is monstrous.

Little children should not be expected to show, in painful precocity, feelings which ought never to be experienced till they come at the proper age. Our kittens play at cat-sports, little Tom and Tabby together; but little Tabby does not play she is a mother!

Beyond the continuous dolls and their continuous dressing, we provide for our little girls tea sets and kitchen sets, doll's houses, little work-boxes—the imitation tools of their narrow trades. For the boy there is a larger choice. We make for them not only the essentially masculine toys of combat—all the enginery of mimic war; but also the models of human things, like boats, railroads, wagons. For them, too, are the comprehensive toys of the centuries, the kite, the top, the ball. As the boy gets old enough to play the games that require skill, he enters the world-lists, and the little sister, left inside, with her everlasting dolls, learns that she is "only a girl," and "mustn't play with boys—boys are so rough!" She has her doll and her tea set. She "plays house." If very active she may jump rope, in solitary enthusiasm, or in combination of from two to four. Her brother is playing games. From this time on he plays the games of the world. The "sporting page" should be called "the Man's Page" as that array of recipes, fashions and cheap advice is called "the Woman's Page."

One of the immediate educational advantages of the boy's position is that he learns "team work." This is not a masculine characteristic, it is a human one; a social power. Women are equally capable of it by nature; but not by education. Tending one's imitation baby is not team-work; nor is playing house. The little girl is kept forever within the limitations of her mother's "sphere" of action; while the boy learns life, and fancies that his new growth is due to his superior sex.

Now there are certain essential distinctions in the sexes, which would manifest themselves to some degree even in normally reared children; as for instance the little male would be more given to fighting and destroying; the little female more to caring for and constructing things.

"Boys are so destructive!" we say with modest pride—as if it was in some way a credit to them. But early youth is not the time to display sex distinction; and they should be discouraged rather than approved.

The games of the world, now the games of men, easily fall into two broad classes—games of skill and games of chance.

The interest and pleasure in the latter is purely human, and as such is shared by the two sexes even now. Women, in the innocent beginnings or the vicious extremes of this line of amusement, make as wild gamblers as men. At the races, at the roulette wheel, at the bridge table, this is clearly seen.

In games of skill we have a different showing. Most of these are developed by and for men; but when they are allowed, women take part in them with interest and success. In card games, in chess, checkers, and the like, in croquet and tennis, they play, and play well if well-trained. Where they fall short in so many games, and are so wholly excluded in others, is not for lack of human capacity, but for lack of masculinity. Most games are male. In their element of desire to win, to get the prize, they are male; and in their universal attitude of competition they are male, the basic spirit of desire and of combat working out through subtle modern forms.

There is something inherently masculine also in the universal dominance of the projectile in their games. The ball is the one unescapable instrument of sport. From the snapped marble of infancy to the flying missile of the bat, this form endures. To send something forth with violence; to throw it, bat it, kick it, shoot it; this impulse seems to date back to one of the twin forces of the universe—the centrifugal and centripetal energies between which swing the planets.

The basic feminine impulse is to gather, to put together, to construct; the basic masculine impulse to scatter, to disseminate, to destroy. It seems to give pleasure to a man to bang something and drive it from him; the harder he hits it and the farther it goes the better pleased he is.

Games of this sort will never appeal to women. They are not wrong; not necessarily evil in their place; our mistake is in considering them as human, whereas they are only masculine.

Play, in the childish sense is an expression of previous habit; and to be studied in that light. Play in the educational sense should be encouraged or discouraged to develop desired characteristics. This we know, and practice; only we do it under androcentric canons; confining the girl to the narrow range we consider proper for women, and assisting the boy to cover life with the expression of masculinity, when we should be helping both to a more human development.

Our settled conviction that men are people—the people, and that masculine qualities are the main

desideratum in life, is what keeps up this false estimate of the value of our present games. Advocates of football, for instance, proudly claim that it fits a man for life. Life—from the wholly male point of view—is a battle, with a prize. To want something beyond measure, and to fight to get—that is the simple proposition. This view of life finds its most naive expression in predatory warfare; and still tends to make predatory warfare of the later and more human processes of industry. Because they see life in this way they imagine that skill and practice in the art of fighting, especially in collective fighting, is so valuable in our modern life. This is an archaism which would be laughable if it were not so dangerous in its effects.

The valuable processes to-day are those of invention, discovery, all grades of industry, and, most especially needed, the capacity for honest service and administration of our immense advantages. These are not learned on the football field. This spirit of desire and combat may be seen further in all parts of this great subject. It has developed into a cult of sportsmanship; so universally accepted among men as of superlative merit as to quite blind them to other standards of judgment.

In the Cook-Peary controversy of 1909, this canon was made manifest. Here, one man had spent a lifetime in trying to accomplish something; and at the eleventh hour succeeded. Then, coming out in the rich triumph long deferred, he finds another man, of character well known to him, impudently and falsely claiming that he had done it first. Mr. Peary expressed himself, quite restrainedly and correctly, in regard to the effrontery and falsity of this claim—and all the country rose up and denounced him as "unsportsmanlike!"

Sport and the canons of sport are so dominant in the masculine mind that what they considered a deviation from these standards was of far more importance than the question of fact involved; to say nothing of the moral obliquity of one lying to the whole world, for money; and that at the cost of another's hard-won triumph.

If women had condemned the conduct of one or the other as "not good house-wifery," this would have been considered a most puerile comment. But to be "unsportsmanlike" is the unpardonable sin.

Owing to our warped standards we glaringly misjudge the attitude of the two sexes in regard to their amusements. Of late years more women than ever before have taken to playing cards; and some, unfortunately, play for money. A steady stream of comment and blame follows upon this. The amount of card playing among men—and the amount of money lost and won, does not produce an equivalent comment.

Quite aside from this one field of dissipation, look at the share of life, of time, of strength, of money, given by men to their wide range of recreation. The primitive satisfaction of hunting and fishing they maintain at enormous expense. This is the indulgence of a most rudimentary impulse; pre-social and largely pre-human, of no service save as it affects bodily health, and of a most deterring influence on real human development. Where hunting and fishing is of real human service, done as a means of livelihood, it is looked down upon like any other industry; it is no longer "sport."

The human being kills to eat, or to sell and eat from the returns; he kills for the creature's hide or tusks, for use of some sort; or to protect his crops from vermin, his flocks from depredation; but the sportsman kills for the gratification of a primeval instinct, and under rules of an arbitrary cult. "Game" creatures are his prey; bird, beast or fish that is hard to catch, that requires some skill to slay; that will give him not mere meat and bones, but "the pleasure of the chase."

The pleasure of the chase is a very real one. It is exemplified, in its broad sense in children's play. The running and catching games, the hiding and finding games, are always attractive to our infancy, as they are to that of cubs and kittens. But the long continuance of this indulgence among mature civilized beings is due to their masculinity. That group of associated sex instincts, which in the woman prompts to the patient service and fierce defence of the little child, in the man has its deepest root in seeking, pursuing and catching. To hunt is more than a means of obtaining food, in his long ancestry; it is to follow at any cost, to seek through all difficulties, to struggle for and secure the central prize of his being—a mate.

His "protective instincts" are far later and more superficial. To support and care for his wife, his children, is a recent habit, in plain sight historically; but "the pleasure of the chase" is older than that. We should remember that associate habits and impulses last for ages upon ages in living forms; as in the tree climbing instincts of our earliest years, of Simian origin; and the love of water, which dates back through unmeasured time. Where for millions of years the strongest pleasure a given organism is fitted for, is obtained by a certain group of activities, those activities will continue to give pleasure long after their earlier use is gone.

This is why men enjoy "the ardor of pursuit" far more than women. It is an essentially masculine

ardor. To come easily by what he wants does not satisfy him. He wants to want it. He wants to hunt it, seek it, chase it, catch it. He wants it to be "game." He is by virtue of his sex a sportsman.

There is no reason why these special instincts should not be gratified so long as it does no harm to the more important social processes; but it is distinctly desirable that we should understand their nature. The reason why we have the present overwhelming mass of "sporting events," from the ball game to the prize fight, is because our civilization is so overwhelmingly masculine. We shall criticize them more justly when we see that all this mass of indulgence is in the first place a form of sex-expression, and in the second place a survival of instincts older than the oldest savagery.

Besides our games and sports we have a large field of "amusements" also worth examining. We not only enjoy doing things, but we enjoy seeing them done by others. In these highly specialized days most of our amusement consists in paying two dollars to sit three hours and see other people do things.

This in its largest sense is wholly human. We, as social creatures, can enjoy a thousand forms of expression quite beyond the personal. The birds must each sing his own song; the crickets chirp in millionfold performance; but human being feels the deep thrill of joy in their special singers, actors, dancers, as well as in their own personal attempts. That we should find pleasure in watching one another is humanly natural, but what it is we watch, the kind of pleasure and the kind of performance, opens a wide field of choice.

We know, for instance, something of the crude excesses of aboriginal Australian dances; we know more of the gross license of old Rome; we know the breadth of the jokes in medieval times, and the childish brutality of the bull-ring and the cockpit. We know, in a word, that amusements vary; that they form a ready gauge of character and culture; that they have a strong educational influence for good or bad. What we have not hitherto observed is the predominant masculine influence on our amusements. If we recall once more the statement with regard to entertaining anecdotes, "There are thirty good stories in the world, and twenty-nine of them cannot be told to women," we get a glaring sidelight on the masculine specialization in jokes.

"Women have no sense of humor" has been frequently said, when "Women have not a masculine sense of humor" would be truer. If women had thirty "good stories" twenty-nine of which could not be told to men, it is possible that men, if they heard some of the twenty-nine, would not find them funny. The overweight of one sex has told in our amusements as everywhere else.

Because men are further developed in humanity than women are as yet, they have built and organized great places of amusement; because they carried into their humanity their unchecked masculinity, they have made these amusements to correspond. Dramatic expression, in its true sense, not only a human distinction, but one of our noblest arts. It is allied with the highest emotions; is religious, educational, patriotic, covering the whole range of human feeling. Through it we should be able continually to express, in audible, visible forms, alive and moving, whatever phase of life we most enjoyed or wished to see. There was a time when the drama led life; lifted, taught, inspired, enlightened. Now its main function is to amuse. Under the demand for amusement, it has cheapened and coarsened, and now the thousand vaudevilles and picture shows give us the broken fragments of a degraded art of which our one main demand is that it shall make us laugh.

There are many causes at work here; and while this study seeks to show in various fields one cause, it does not claim that cause is the only one. Our economic conditions have enormous weight upon our amusements, as on all other human phenomena; but even under economic pressure the reactions of men and women are often dissimilar. Tired men and women both need amusement, the relaxation and restful change of irresponsible gayety. The great majority of women, who work longer hours than any other class, need it desperately and never get it. Amusement, entertainment, recreation, should be open to us all, enjoyed by all. This is a human need, and not a distinction of either sex. Like most human things it is not only largely monopolized by men, but masculinized throughout. Many forms of amusement are for men only; more for men mostly; all are for men if they choose to go.

The entrance of women upon the stage, and their increased attendance at theatres has somewhat modified the nature of the performance; even the "refined vaudeville" now begins to show the influence of women. It would be no great advantage to have this department of human life feminized; the improvement desired is to have it less masculinized; to reduce the excessive influence of one, and to bring out those broad human interests and pleasures which men and women can equally participate in and enjoy.

A Human Being goes past my house
Day after day, hour after hour,
Screaming in agony.
It is dreadful to hear him.
He beats the air with his hands, blindly, despairingly.
He shrieks with pain.
The passers-by do not notice him.
The woman who is with him does not notice him.
The policeman does not notice him.
No ambulance comes ringing.
No doctor rushes out of a house—no crowd collects.
He screams and screams.
No one notices him.
I bear him coming again.
It is terrible—one day after another.
I look out of my window.
Yes—the same Human Being—the same agony.
I cannot bear it. I rush down—out into the street.
I say to the woman who is with him—
"Why do you not do something?"
She says there is nothing to be done. She resents my interference.
She is a hired person, hired by the owner of the Human Being.
That is why no one does anything—
We dare not interfere with the Owner.
He is a very young Human Being,
That is why no one notices—
We are used to the sound of agony and the indifference of hired persons.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

The spread of social ethics among the medical profession is cause for great rejoicing. Long and justly celebrated as benefactors of humanity, and upholding with devotion the high ideals of their profession, they have now begun to widen their usefulness and extend their ideals under the general social awakening of our time.

Social sanitation is a rapidly extending process; as fast as our discoveries reveal the nature of disease or new remedies therefor, our governments, local and national, are beginning to safeguard the community.

In the general movement to lengthen and strengthen human life, doctors are necessarily most prominent because of their special knowledge. They have long been necessary. They have become more and more valuable, but their usefulness is still checked (as is true of all of us) by the persistence of conservatism and old ideas.

Very recently the advance of bacteriological science has thrown new light on a group of especially dangerous diseases; and still more recently the doctors themselves, with a splendid exertion of social conscience against tradition and habit, have begun to disseminate this new light to the general public.

Those special payments of the "wages of sin," spoken of in varying euphemisms, most commonly as "social diseases" are now better understood by physicians; and they are making noble efforts to spread this understanding among the people. Their efforts are gravely hindered by two obstacles; one the professional tradition known as "the medical secret," the other the universal prevalence of that primordial superstition—the sex tabu.

This last belongs to the very deepest sedimentary deposit in the human mind. The first rules the lowest savage peoples began to make were the sex tabus and food tabus. Secrecy, mystery, all manner of childish hocus pocus, were used to establish these primitive ideas; and the weight of that black past is upon its yet.

The less developed a race, the less educated a class, the more solemn and earnest they are in preserving the sex tabus; whereas with wide scientific knowledge this field of facts is seen to be like others; important and worth understanding; but not as special arcana to be concealed and avoided.

If the doctors come forward to tell us how the typhoid bacillus is disseminated, how dangerous it is,

and how it is to be avoided, we are interested, grateful, and more or less willing to profit by the instruction. But when they try to tell us how the gonococcus attacks humanity, how dangerous it, and how it is to be avoided, we say, "Sh! That is something you mustn't talk about!"

To the credit of the profession they have kept on talking, many of them. To the credit of some of our bravest and wisest editors the talk has been widely published. And right here I wish to pay a well deserved tribute to the "Ladies' Home Journal," which ought to have a Nobel prize for great public service.

That paper—long scorned by me as the arch-type of all small ultra-feminine backwardness, did the bravest thing a paper can do, risked its whole position by flying in the face of the public and printing the clearest, fullest, most enlightening accounts of the present status of these "social diseases," their terrible effects, and our duty toward them. It lost subscribers by the thousand and hundred thousand, but it did the work; and did it better than any other publication could; not only on account of its enormous circulation, but because it went into the homes of pious and unenlightened persons who would never have seen the information in more progressive magazines.

The negative inertia and positive resistance of the popular mind cannot forever resist the constantly increasing pressure of knowledge now poured forth on this subject.

But there is that other obstacle—the tradition of secrecy in the medical profession.

Doctors take the Hippocratic oath. They solemnly swear not to reveal the confidences of their patients; or, more properly their innocent confidences. They are not bound like priests in the confessional; if a patient tells the doctor he has poisoned his mother or is about to poison his father, the doctor is not bound to conceal the facts.

Nevertheless, if a patient afflicted with one of these highly contagious diseases tells his doctor that he has poisoned his wife, or is to poison his child—the doctor feels professionally bound to keep silence.

What puzzles an outsider is to see why the medical mind discriminates so sharply here between the conduct required in cases of small pox or scarlet fever, and in this case. If you tell the doctor you have leprosy—there's nothing sacred about that. Off with you to the pest house, at any cost of pain and shame to you or your family. Is the whole community to be exposed to infection just to save your feelings?

So even with measles, with diphtheria, with yellow fever. The privacy of the home is invaded, families are ruthlessly separated, the strong arm of the law is reached out to protect the public against this danger; and the doctor, so far from conniving with the patient, is legally required to record all cases of this sort.

Now where is the difference?

These special diseases are more dangerous—and far more common, than most of these mentioned above; and their effects, hereditary as well as contagious, of measureless evil.

We are told that the difference is one of moral obliquity.

But surely there is no veil of secrecy about moral obliquity! If a man is a thief or a murderer we do not respect his confidence and conceal his offence. The papers justify their fierce blazonry of crimes and sins by saying that it strengthens public opinion—protects the people. No, it is not because of moral obliquity.

It is for precisely the same reason that you must not make inquiries of a Chinaman as to his wife's health, or see a Turkish lady without her veil—it is "improper!"

The doctors and the boards of health together can soon change this silly convention, and the physician be required to register every case of this sort as he does in other contagious diseases.

All this is called up at this time by a little book named "Never Told Tales," sent me by the author, Dr. William Robinson of New York City.

It is a brave little book. Dr. Robinson is not a novelist by profession, but his heart is so wrung and his brain so roused by the hidden tragedy he sees all about him that he has reached out into literature for aid. Everywhere this mischief creeps about, centering rankly in every large city; carried everywhere by those infected; bringing death, deformity, and hideous diseases into thousands of innocent families; spreading, growing, and nobody saying anything about it!

Dr. Robinson has said something. He has thrown out the little book of stories, hoping that in the vivid

narrative form it may reach and appeal to those who would not read "medical literature"; or even the new and impressive books now to be had on this subject.

For solid information of a clear and serious sort, readable and clean, Dr. Prince Morrow's book, "Social Diseases and Marriage" is the best I know. Dr. Morrow is the founder of the American Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis in New York City; a splendid effort on the part of the medical profession to spread even to unwilling ears this necessary knowledge.

The New York Federation of Women's Clubs has lately taken action on the subject; passing resolutions urging in this state an amendment to the Domestic Relations law requiring every marriage certificate to be accompanied by a medical certificate also, certifying the applicant to be free from contagious disease. This is already required in several western states. It seems a simple and righteous proposition. If a man wishes to join the army or navy, or to have his life insured, he has to pass a physical examination, and is refused if he is unfit. Is not marriage and parenthood as important as carrying life insurance?

There is a large and growing interest in these matters among intelligent women; and it is a natural and proper one. If a woman is to unite her life with a man, she surely has a right to know whether her own life is to be risked by the union. If she looks forward to motherhood as every normal woman should, she should be safeguarded from this terrible possibility.

It is time there was wide, full public knowledge on this subject.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

This from a recent newspaper: "When a reporter called at the address, Miss Doe or Mrs. Roe appeared in a highly nervous state as a result of her struggles during the day to keep out of the way of reporters. It took half an hour's argument to induce her to acknowledge the marriage."

As the whole story treats of this lady's marriage, the calling her "Miss" appears to be a needlessly elaborate insult; but what seems most prominent here is the naive brutality of the inquisitor.

Here is a runaway match; the groom being a student and the son of a somewhat prominent man; it is a bit of gossip, of no general importance whatever, the publication of which is sure to cause intense distress to the bride, the groom, the father, and the heads of the institution where the young man was being educated.

In pursuit of this utterly unnecessary "news" the young bride is hounded into a "highly nervous condition" by the person hired to meddle in private affairs for trade purposes. The effect of her previous "struggle to keep out of the way" is calmly noted by the successful intruder; he forces himself in where he was not wanted; he remains admittedly against the will of the occupier; he talks like a book-agent and wears out the already nervous woman till he makes her "acknowledge the marriage."

As a personal problem, why should any citizen submit to be exploited in this manner for trade purposes?

As a public problem, why should any tradesman be allowed to practice this sort of psychic assault and battery?

The position was well expressed by a wise man as follows: "If the newspaper is a public business for public service, by what right do personal owners make fortunes out of it? If it is a personal business for personal profit, by what right does it meddle with my private affairs?"

This might be made an extremely debatable question: What right has anyone to keep to himself some process, drug, or special knowledge of real value to humanity? Patents or royalties may be allowed, with full freedom to use, but has he the right to conceal and withhold his benefaction? Or suppose again, that one has some distinction of no use to humanity, yet of sufficient interest to the gaping crowd to command a price for exhibition; if one is a Bearded Lady, say, or a Living Skeleton, or a Fat Boy, and if one makes a living by exhibiting these peculiarities and selling one's photograph—then would it be just to allow any and every photographer to forcibly take one's picture and sell it?

Further, suppose one has a private history rich in biographical revelations, and intended to publish the same, after the manner of those major and minor ego-maniacs of the astounding "confessions"; then is it right that the public scandal pedlars be allowed to chase their prey into his or her private house, and by a sort of "third degree" process wring from the exhausted and irritated victim these biographical tidbits, that they may go and sell them to their own profit?

"The public is interested in these things," we are gravely told by these who thus make a living.

The Public might, conceivably, be interested in the table manners of certain noted persons, or their expressions while shaving, or "doing their hair."

Is it therefore permissible that dealers in picture post-cards, or makers of moving picture. shows, come in with cameras at mealtimes or toilette hours, and photograph the lifted soup-spoon, the purchased hair, or cheek stretched under the razor?

The right of society to the best service of all, we must accept as paramount; but what right has a private individual to exploit the secrets of other private individuals merely for his own financial profit? And how can he claim "social service" as his excuse, when what he does is no benefit but an injury to society?

Do we not need a wide and thorough revision of our ideas as to social and personal rights?

[Advertisement]

THE FORERUNNER CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S MAGAZINE CHARLTON CO., 67 WALL ST., NEW YORK

AS TO PURPOSE:

What is The Forerunner? It is a monthly magazine, publishing stories short and serial, article and essay; drama, verse, satire and sermon; dialogue, fable and fantasy, comment and review. It is written entirely by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

What is it For? It is to stimulate thought: to arouse hope, courage and impatience; to offer practical suggestions and solutions, to voice the strong assurance of better living, here, now, in our own hands to make.

What is it about? It is about people, principles, and the questions of every-day life; the personal and public problems of to-day. It gives a clear, consistent view of human life and how to live it.

Is it a Woman's magazine? It will treat all three phases of our existence—male, female and human. It will discuss Man, in his true place in life; Woman, the Unknown Power; the Child, the most important citizen.

Is it a Socialist Magazine? It is a magazine for humanity, and humanity is social. It holds that Socialism, the economic theory, is part of our gradual Socialization, and that the duty of conscious humanity is to promote Socialization.

Why is it published? It is published to express ideas which need a special medium; and in the belief that there are enough persons interested in those ideas to justify the undertaking.

AS TO ADVERTISING:

We have long heard that "A pleased customer is the best advertiser." The Forerunner offers to its advertisers and readers the benefit of this authority. In its advertising department, under the above heading, will be described articles personally known and used. So far as individual experience and approval carry weight, and clear truthful description command attention, the advertising pages of The Forerunner will be useful to both dealer and buyer. If advertisers prefer to use their own statements The Forerunner will publish them if it believes them to be true.

AS TO CONTENTS:

The main feature of the first year is a new book on a new subject with a new name:—

"Our Androcentric Culture." this is a study of the historic effect on normal human development of a too exclusively masculine civilization. It shows what man, the male, has done to the world: and what woman, the more human, may do to change it.

"What Diantha Did." This is a serial novel. It shows the course of true love running very crookedly—as

it so often does—among the obstructions and difficulties of the housekeeping problem—and solves that problem. (NOT by co-operation.)

Among the short articles will appear:

"Private Morality and Public Immorality."
"The Beauty Women Have Lost"
"Our Overworked Instincts."
"The Nun in the Kitchen."
"Genius: Domestic and Maternal."
"A Small God and a Large Goddess."
"Animals in Cities."
"How We Waste Three-Fourths Of Our Money."
"Prize Children"
"Kitchen-Mindedness"
"Parlor-Mindedness"
"Nursery-Mindedness"

There will be short stories and other entertaining matter in each issue. The department of "Personal Problems" does not discuss etiquette, fashions or the removal of freckles. Foolish questions will not be answered, unless at peril of the asker.

AS TO VALUE:

If you take this magazine one year you will have:

One complete novel . . . By C. P. Gilman
One new book . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve short stories . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve-and-more short articles . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve-and-more new poems . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve Short Sermons . . . By C. P. Gilman
Besides "Comment and Review" . . . By C. P. Gilman
"Personal Problems" . . . By C. P. Gilman
And many other things . . . By C. P. Gilman

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S WORTH A DOLLAR?

THE FORERUNNER CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S MAGAZINE CHARLTON CO., 67 WALL ST., NEW YORK

____ 19__

Please find enclosed \$ ____ as subscription to "The Forerunner" from ____ 19__ to ____ 19__

[Advertisement]

TO RENT

A Summer Cottage on Lake Champlain Near the Adirondacks

This is a six-room two-story cottage, natural wood finish, unplastered, on two and a half acres of land, 600 feet on the lake, with an old apple orchard and many other trees. It has on two sides covered piazzas, outside blinds, open fireplaces in two rooms; and new white enameled open plumbing, with hot and cold water. It is about a mile and a half from Essex Village, and about one-quarter of a mile from the post office, at the Crater Club, an exclusive summer colony. Access by boat and train.

I have not seen this cottage, but I've seen plans, elevations and photographs of it, and of views from it. It stands on a bluff, close to the lake, the Green Mountains far in the east, and the Adirondacks some twelve miles to the west. The people who own it will answer further questions and state facts fully on request, both advantages and disadvantages.

The list of furnishings is accurate and circumstantial, as follows:

INVENTORY OF CONTENTS OF COTTAGE

LIVING ROOM

Mahogany sofa, small mahogany table
Marble-topped table and "Crowning of Esther"
4 rosewood chairs, steamer chair
Whatnot, wall-bracket, books, basket
Mahogany table, small round 3-legged
Long mantel mirror, gilt frame
3 oil paintings, 3 engravings
Rustic seat (filled with wood)
Old-fashioned heating stove, crated
Candle-lantern, 2 Japanese trays
Door-scraper, woodbasket
Tongs-holder, hearth brush
Child's garden tools
2 sofa cushions
Various small ornaments

KITCHEN

Ironing Table, stand, wax, bosom board Tin pail, dipper, basin 1 new broom, 1 old broom Tool box, tools, nails, saw, hatchet Hammock, barrel hammock, tie ropes Soap rack, dustpan, scrap basket Folding hat rack, ladder Carving set, 6 knives (very old) Coffee pot, toaster, egg whip, egg beater 5 large white china plates 5 medium and 6 small ditto 6 demi tasse and saucers, same 2 tea cups, 6 saucers, same 2 egg stands, green; 2 sugar bowls 1 butterfly cup and saucer 6 glasses, 1 lemon squeezer 1 mechanical red-glass lamp 2 reading lamps, 3 small hand lamps 3 small bracket lamps, 1 shade White shades at all windows

GREEN BEDROOM

Green bedstead (three-quarter)
2 mattresses, 2 pillows, madras cover
Green bureau; green washstand
Green table; green rocking chair
Oak chair; 2 pictures; 1 chamber

LARGE EAST BEDROOM

Oak bedstead (double) Oak bureau, oak washstand 2 mattresses, 2 feather beds, 1 bolster 2 pillows, madras spread 1 box cot, 1 mattress, straw pillow 2 chairs, 2 towel racks Bureau cover, pen cushion, etc. 3 pictures

SOUTHWEST BEDROOM

Black walnut single bedstead
1 hair mattress and bolster
1 pillow, 1 feather bed, 1 madras spread
Bureau (mirror broken), 2 towel racks
Mahogany washstand, mirror
Small 3-legged table
3 rosewood chairs
Bureau cover, pin cushion, etc.
Shoebag on wall

Oil painting, on copper
Brass stair rods, in closet

NORTHWEST BEDROOM

2 mahogany bureaus, empty trunk Portable bath-tub, clothes basket On shelves: 7 sheets, 7 pillow cases 3 table cloths, 10 doilies 4 towels, dish cloths and towels Bureau and tray cloths Curtains, enough for doors Curtains for some windows

Apply to "Summer Cottage," care of The Forerunner or to John B. Burnham, Agent, Essex, N.Y.

THE FORERUNNER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN
AUTHOR, OWNER & PUBLISHER

1.00 A YEAR .10 A COPY

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Having made pockets, we need not carry so many things in our hands.
Having made books, we need not carry so many things in our heads.

BRAIN SERVICE

We offer our hearts to God, contrite and broken;
Why not offer our brains, whole and alive?
Why follow the grovelling words wailing old races have spoken?
Bow and submit, when we ought to resist and strive!

What is this "heart" that you offer? A circulator,
An organ that quivers and starts at the fears of the hour.
Why not offer your head? And hold it straighter?
Bring to the service of God your noblest power?

When we learn to credit Him with our great ideals, and greater—
When we all stand up at last, stop kissing the rod—
When we bring the brains of to-day to seek and serve the Creator—
God will look better to us, and we shall look better to God.

WHEN I WAS A WITCH

If I had understood the terms of that one-sided contract with Satan, the Time of Witching would have lasted longer—you may be sure of that. But how was I to tell? It just happened, and has never happened again, though I've tried the same preliminaries as far as I could control them.

The thing began all of a sudden, one October midnight—the 30th, to be exact. It had been hot, really hot, all day, and was sultry and thunderous in the evening; no air stirring, and the whole house stewing with that ill-advised activity which always seems to move the steam radiator when it isn't wanted.

I was in a state of simmering rage—hot enough, even without the weather and the furnace—and I went up on the roof to cool off. A top-floor apartment has that advantage, among others—you can take a walk without the mediation of an elevator boy!

There are things enough in New York to lose one's temper over at the best of times, and on this particular day they seemed to all happen at once, and some fresh ones. The night before, cats and dogs had broken my rest, of course. My morning paper was more than usually mendacious; and my neighbor's morning paper—more visible than my own as I went down town—was more than usually salacious. My cream wasn't cream—my egg was a relic of the past. My "new" napkins were giving out.

Being a woman, I'm supposed not to swear; but when the motorman disregarded my plain signal, and grinned as he rushed by; when the subway guard waited till I was just about to step on board and then slammed the door in my face—standing behind it calmly for some minutes before the bell rang to warrant his closing—I desired to swear like a mule-driver.

At night it was worse. The way people paw one's back in the crowd! The cow-puncher who packs the people in or jerks them out—the men who smoke and spit, law or no law—the women whose saw-edged cart-wheel hats, swashing feathers and deadly pins, add so to one's comfort inside.

Well, as I said, I was in a particularly bad temper, and went up on the roof to cool off. Heavy black clouds hung low overhead, and lightning flickered threateningly here and there.

A starved, black cat stole from behind a chimney and mewed dolefully. Poor thing! She had been scalded.

The street was quiet for New York. I leaned over a little and looked up and down the long parallels of twinkling lights. A belated cab drew near, the horse so tired he could hardly hold his head up.

Then the driver, with a skill born of plenteous practice, flung out his long-lashed whip and curled it under the poor beast's belly with a stinging cut that made me shudder. The horse shuddered too, poor wretch, and jingled his harness with an effort at a trot.

I leaned over the parapet and watched that man with a spirit of unmitigated ill-will.

"I wish," said I, slowly—and I did wish it with all my heart—"that every person who strikes or otherwise hurts a horse unnecessarily, shall feel the pain intended—and the horse not feel it!"

It did me good to say it, anyhow, but I never expected any result. I saw the man swing his great whip again, and—lay on heartily. I saw him throw up his hands—heard him scream—but I never thought what the matter was, even then.

The lean, black cat, timid but trustful, rubbed against my skirt and mewed.

"Poor Kitty" I said; "poor Kitty! It is a shame!" And I thought tenderly of all the thousands of hungry, hunted cats who stink and suffer its a great city.

Later, when I tried to sleep, and up across the stillness rose the raucous shrieks of some of these same sufferers, my pity turned cold. "Any fool that will try to keep a cat in a city!" I muttered, angrily.

Another yell—a pause—an ear-torturing, continuous cry. "I wish," I burst forth, "that every cat in the city was comfortably dead!"

A sudden silence fell, and in course of time I got to sleep.

Things went fairly well next morning, till I tried another egg. They were expensive eggs, too.

"I can't help it!" said my sister, who keeps house.

"I know you can't," I admitted. "But somebody could help it. I wish the people who are responsible had to eat their old eggs, and never get a good one till they sold good ones!"

"They'd stop eating eggs, that's all," said my sister, "and eat meat."

"Let 'em eat meat!" I said, recklessly. "The meat is as bad as the eggs! It's so long since we've had a clean, fresh chicken that I've forgotten how they taste!"

"It's cold storage," said my sister. She is a peaceable sort; I'm not.

"Yes, cold storage!" I snapped. "It ought to be a blessing—to tide over shortages, equalize supplies, and lower prices. What does it do? Corner the market, raise prices the year round, and make all the food bad!"

My anger rose. "If there was any way of getting at them!" I cried. "The law don't touch 'em. They need to be cursed somehow! I'd like to do it! I wish the whole crowd that profit by this vicious business might taste their bad meat, their old fish, their stale milk—whatever they ate. Yes, and feel the prices as we do!"

"They couldn't you know; they're rich," said my sister.

"I know that," I admitted, sulkily. "There's no way of getting at 'em. But I wish they could. And I wish they knew how people hated 'em, and felt that, too—till they mended their ways!"

When I left for my office I saw a funny thing. A man who drove a garbage cart took his horse by the bits and jerked and wrenched brutally. I was amazed to see him clap his hands to his own jaws with a moan, while the horse philosophically licked his chops and looked at him.

The man seemed to resent his expression, and struck him on the head, only to rub his own poll and swear amazedly, looking around to see who had hit him. The horse advanced a step, stretching a hungry nose toward a garbage pail crowned with cabbage leaves, and the man, recovering his sense of proprietorship, swore at him and kicked him in the ribs. That time he had to sit down, turning pale and weak. I watched with growing wonder and delight.

A market wagon came clattering down the street; the hard-faced young ruffian fresh for his morning task. He gathered the ends of the reins and brought them down on the horse's back with a resounding thwack. The horse did not notice this at all, but the boy did. He yelled!

I came to a place where many teamsters were at work hauling dirt and crushed stone. A strange silence and peace hung over the scene where usually the sound of the lash and sight of brutal blows made me hurry by. The men were talking together a little, and seemed to be exchanging notes. It was too good to be true. I gazed and marvelled, waiting for my car.

It came, merrily running along. It was not full. There was one not far ahead, which I had missed in watching the horses; there was no other near it in the rear.

Yet the coarse-faced person in authority who ran it, went gaily by without stopping, though I stood on the track almost, and waved my umbrella.

A hot flush of rage surged to my face. "I wish you felt the blow you deserve," said I, viciously, looking after the car. "I wish you'd have to stop, and back to here, and open the door and apologize. I wish that would happen to all of you, every time you play that trick."

To my infinite amazement, that car stopped and backed till the front door was before me. The motorman opened it, holding his hand to his cheek. "Beg your pardon, madam!" he said.

I passed in, dazed, overwhelmed. Could it be? Could it possibly be that—that what I wished came true. The idea sobered me, but I dismissed it with a scornful smile. "No such luck!" said I.

Opposite me sat a person in petticoats. She was of a sort I particularly detest. No real body of bones and muscles, but the contours of grouped sausages. Complacent, gaudily dressed, heavily wigged and ratted, with powder and perfume and flowers and jewels—and a dog.

A poor, wretched, little, artificial dog—alive, but only so by virtue of man's insolence; not a real creature that God made. And the dog had clothes on—and a bracelet! His fitted jacket had a pocket—and a pocket-handkerchief! He looked sick and unhappy.

I meditated on his pitiful position, and that of all the other poor chained prisoners, leading unnatural lives of enforced celibacy, cut off from sunlight, fresh air, the use of their limbs; led forth at stated intervals by unwilling servants, to defile our streets; over-fed, under-exercised, nervous and unhealthy.

"And we say we love them!" said I, bitterly to myself. "No wonder they bark and howl and go mad. No wonder they have almost as many diseases as we do! I wish—" Here the thought I had dismissed struck me again. "I wish that all the unhappy dogs in cities would die at once!"

I watched the sad-eyed little invalid across the car. He dropped his head and died. She never noticed it till she got off; then she made fuss enough.

The evening papers were full of it. Some sudden pestilence had struck both dogs and cats, it would appear. Red headlines struck the eye, big letters, and columns were filled out of the complaints of those who had lost their "pets," of the sudden labors of the board of health, and interviews with doctors.

All day, as I went through the office routine, the strange sense of this new power struggled with reason and common knowledge. I even tried a few furtive test "wishes"—wished that the waste basket would fall over, that the inkstand would fill itself; but they didn't.

I dismissed the idea as pure foolishness, till I saw those newspapers, and heard people telling worse stories.

One thing I decided at once—not to tell a soul. "Nobody'd believe me if I did," said I to myself. "And I won't give 'em the chance. I've scored on cats and dogs, anyhow—and horses."

As I watched the horses at work that afternoon, and thought of all their unknown sufferings from crowded city stables, bad air and insufficient food, and from the wearing strain of asphalt pavements in wet and icy weather, I decided to have another try on horses.

"I wish," said I, slowly and carefully, but with a fixed intensity of purposes, "that every horse owner, keeper, hirer and driver or rider, might feel what the horse feels, when he suffers at our hands. Feel it keenly and constantly till the case is mended."

I wasn't able to verify this attempt for some time; but the effect was so general that it got widely talked about soon; and this "new wave of humane feeling" soon raised the status of horses in our city. Also it diminished their numbers. People began to prefer motor drays—which was a mighty good thing.

Now I felt pretty well assured in my own mind, and kept my assurance to my self. Also I began to make a list of my cherished grudges, with a fine sense of power and pleasure.

"I must be careful," I said to myself; "very careful; and, above all things, make the punishment fit the crime."

The subway crowding came to my mind next; both the people who crowd because they have to, and the people who make them. "I mustn't punish anybody, for what they can't help," I mused. "But when it's pure meanness!" Then I bethought me of the remote stockholders, of the more immediate directors, of the painfully prominent officials and insolent employees—and got to work.

"I might as well make a good job of it while this lasts," said I to myself. "It's quite a responsibility, but lots of fun." And I wished that every person responsible for the condition of our subways might be mysteriously compelled to ride up and down in them continuously during rush hours.

This experiment I watched with keen interest, but for the life of me I could see little difference. There were a few more well-dressed persons in the crowds, that was all. So I came to the conclusion that the general public was mostly to blame, and carried their daily punishment without knowing it.

For the insolent guards and cheating ticket-sellers who give you short change, very slowly, when you are dancing on one foot and your train is there, I merely wished that they might feel the pain their victims would like to give them, short of real injury. They did, I guess.

Then I wished similar things for all manner of corporations and officials. It worked. It worked amazingly. There was a sudden conscientious revival all over the country. The dry bones rattled and sat up. Boards of directors, having troubles enough of their own, were aggravated by innumerable communications from suddenly sensitive stockholders.

In mills and mints and railroads, things began to mend. The country buzzed. The papers fattened. The churches sat up and took credit to themselves. I was incensed at this; and, after brief consideration, wished that every minister would preach to his congregation exactly what he believed and what he thought of them.

I went to six services the next Sunday—about ten minutes each, for two sessions. It was most amusing. A thousand pulpits were emptied forthwith, refilled, re-emptied, and so on, from week to week. People began to go to church; men largely—women didn't like it as well. They had always supposed the ministers thought more highly of them than now appeared to be the case.

One of my oldest grudges was against the sleeping-car people; and now I began to consider them. How often I had grinned and borne it—with other thousands—submitting helplessly.

Here is a railroad—a common carrier—and you have to use it. You pay for your transportation, a good round sum.

Then if you wish to stay in the sleeping car during the day, they charge you another two dollars and a half for the privilege of sitting there, whereas you have paid for a seat when you bought your ticket. That seat is now sold to another person—twice sold! Five dollars for twenty-four hours in a space six feet by three by three at night, and one seat by day; twenty-four of these privileges to a car—\$120 a day for the rent of the car—and the passengers to pay the porter besides. That makes \$44,800 a year.

Sleeping cars are expensive to build, they say. So are hotels; but they do not charge at such a rate. Now, what could I do to get even? Nothing could ever put back the dollars into the millions of pockets; but it might be stopped now, this beautiful process.

So I wished that all persons who profited by this performance might feel a shame so keen that they would make public avowal and apology, and, as partial restitution, offer their wealth to promote the cause of free railroads!

Then I remembered parrots. This was lucky, for my wrath flamed again. It was really cooling, as I tried to work out responsibility and adjust penalties. But parrots! Any person who wants to keep a parrot should go and live on an island alone with their preferred conversationalist!

There was a huge, squawky parrot right across the street from me, adding its senseless, rasping cries to the more necessary evils of other noises.

I had also an aunt with a parrot. She was a wealthy, ostentatious person, who had been an only child and inherited her money.

Uncle Joseph hated the yelling bird, but that didn't make any difference to Aunt Mathilda.

I didn't like this aunt, and wouldn't visit her, lest she think I was truckling for the sake of her money; but after I had wished this time, I called at the time set for my curse to work; and it did work with a vengeance. There sat poor Uncle Joe, looking thinner and meeker than ever; and my aunt, like an overripe plum, complacent enough.

"Let me out!" said Polly, suddenly. "Let me out to take a walk!"

"The clever thing!" said Aunt Mathilda. "He never said that before."

She let him out. Then he flapped up on the chandelier and sat among the prisms, quite safe.

"What an old pig you are, Mathilda!" said the parrot.

She started to her feet—naturally.

"Born a Pig—trained a Pig—a Pig by nature and education!" said the parrot. "Nobody'd put up with you, except for your money; unless it's this long-suffering husband of yours. He wouldn't, if he hadn't the patience of Job!"

"Hold your tongue!" screamed Aunt Mathilda. "Come down from there! Come here!"

Polly cocked his head and jingled the prisms. "Sit down, Mathilda!" he said, cheerfully. "You've got to listen. You are fat and homely and selfish. You are a nuisance to everybody about you. You have got to feed me and take care of me better than ever—and you've got to listen to me when I talk. Pig!"

I visited another person with a parrot the next day. She put a cloth over his cage when I came in.

"Take it off!" said Polly. She took it off.

"Won't you come into the other room?" she asked me, nervously.

"Better stay here!" said her pet. "Sit still—sit still!"

She sat still.

"Your hair is mostly false," said pretty Poll. "And your teeth—and your outlines. You eat too much. You are lazy. You ought to exercise, and don't know enough. Better apologize to this lady for backbiting! You've got to listen."

The trade in parrots fell off from that day; they say there is no call for them. But the people who kept parrots, keep them yet—parrots live a long time.

Bored were a class of offenders against whom I had long borne undying enmity. Now I rubbed my hands and began on them, with this simple wish: That every person whom they bored should tell them

the plain truth.

There is one man whom I have specially in mind. He was blackballed at a pleasant club, but continues to go there. He isn't a member—he just goes; and no one does anything to him.

It was very funny after this. He appeared that very night at a meeting, and almost every person present asked him how he came there. "You're not a member, you know," they said. "Why do you butt in? Nobody likes you."

Some were more lenient with him. "Why don't you learn to be more considerate of others, and make some real friends?" they said. "To have a few friends who do enjoy your visits ought to be pleasanter than being a public nuisance."

He disappeared from that club, anyway.

I began to feel very cocky indeed.

In the food business there was already a marked improvement; and in transportation. The hubbub of reformation waxed louder daily, urged on by the unknown sufferings of all the profitters by iniquity.

The papers thrived on all this; and as I watched the loud-voiced protestations of my pet abomination in journalism, I had a brilliant idea, literally.

Next morning I was down town early, watching the men open their papers. My abomination was shamefully popular, and never more so than this morning. Across the top was printing in gold letters:

All intentional lies, in adv., editorial, news, or any other column. .
.Scarlet
All malicious matter. . .Crimson
All careless or ignorant mistakes. . .Pink
All for direct self-interest of owner. . .Dark green
All mere bait—to sell the paper. . .Bright green
All advertising, primary or secondary. . .Brown
All sensational and salacious matter. . .Yellow
All hired hypocrisy. . .Purple
Good fun, instruction and entertainment. . .Blue
True and necessary news and honest editorials. . .Ordinary print

You never saw such a crazy quilt of a paper. They were bought like hot cakes for some days; but the real business fell off very soon. They'd have stopped it all if they could; but the papers looked all right when they came off the press. The color scheme flamed out only to the bona-fide reader.

I let this work for about a week, to the immense joy of all the other papers; and then turned it on to them, all at once. Newspaper reading became very exciting for a little, but the trade fell off. Even newspaper editors could not keep on feeding a market like that. The blue printed and ordinary printed matter grew from column to column and page to page. Some papers—small, to be sure, but refreshing—began to appear in blue and black alone.

This kept me interested and happy for quite a while; so much so that I quite forgot to be angry at other things. There was *such* a change in all kinds of business, following the mere printing of truth in the newspapers. It began to appear as if we had lived in a sort of delirium—not really knowing the facts about anything. As soon as we really knew the facts, we began to behave very differently, of course.

What really brought all my enjoyment to an end was women. Being a woman, I was naturally interested in them, and could see some things more clearly than men could. I saw their real power, their real dignity, their real responsibility in the world; and then the way they dress and behave used to make me fairly frantic. 'Twas like seeing archangels playing jackstraws—or real horses only used as rocking-horses. So I determined to get after them.

How to manage it! What to hit first! Their hats, their ugly, inane, outrageous hats—that is what one thinks of first. Their silly, expensive clothes—their diddling beads and jewelry—their greedy childishness—mostly of the women provided for by rich men.

Then I thought of all the other women, the real ones, the vast majority, patiently doing the work of servants without even a servant's pay—and neglecting the noblest duties of motherhood in favor of house-service; the greatest power on earth, blind, chained, untaught, in a treadmill. I thought of what they might do, compared to what they did do, and my heart swelled with something that was far from

anger.

Then I wished—with all my strength—that women, all women, might realize Womanhood at last; its power and pride and place in life; that they might see their duty as mothers of the world—to love and care for everyone alive; that they might see their duty to men—to choose only the best, and then to bear and rear better ones; that they might see their duty as human beings, and come right out into full life and work and happiness!

I stopped, breathless, with shining eyes. I waited, trembling, for things to happen.

Nothing happened.

You see, this magic which had fallen on me was black magic—and I had wished white.

It didn't work at all, and, what was worse, it stopped all the other things that were working so nicely.

Oh, if I had only thought to wish permanence for those lovely punishments! If only I had done more while I could do it, had half appreciated my privileges when I was a Witch!

[Untitled]

"I can understand," says Eugene Wood, "how some women want to vote. And I can understand how some women do not want to vote."

"But I can't understand how some women do not want other women to vote."

BELIEVING AND KNOWING

What is Believing—psychologically? What does the brain do when it "believes" that is different from what it does when it "knows"?

There is a difference. When you know a thing you don't have to believe it. There is no effort, and no credit attached, in knowing; but this act of "believing" has long been held as both difficult and worthy.

There seems to be not only a clearly marked distinction between knowing and believing, but a direct incompatibility. It may be said roughly that the less we know the more we believe, and the more we know the less we believe. The credulity of the child, the savage, and the less educated classes in society, is in sharp contrast with the relative incredulity of the adult civilized human, and the more highly educated.

There is a difference also shown in our mental sensations as to a thing believed and a thing known. If a man tells you that grass is red and the sky yellow, you merely think him color blind—It does not anger you nor alter your opinion. If he tells you that two and two make ten, you think him ignorant, weak-minded, but your view is not changed, nor are you enraged by him. But if he contradicts you on some religious dogma you are hurt and angry. Why? As a matter of direct physicho-psychological action, why?

To make a physical comparison, it is like the difference between being pushed against when you stand square on your feet, and pushed when you stand on one leg.

Or again, the thing you know is like something nailed down, or planted and growing; the thing you believe like something held up by main force, and quite likely to be joggled or blown away. "Do not try to shake my faith!" protests the believer. He does not object to your trying to shake his knowledge.

If the new knowledge you bring him is evidently a matter of fact, if his brain rationally perceives that he was wrong about this thing, and you are right, he removes his incorrect idea and establishes the correct one, with no more disagreeable sensation than a little sense of shame:—not that, if he was wise enough to admit ignorance gracefully.

But the new faith you bring him is quite another matter. He hangs on to his old faith as if there was a virtue in the mental attitude of belief—aha! now we are on the track! He has been taught that there is!

We receive knowledge and faith in quite different ways, with quite different emphasis. The child learns—and learns—and learns—every day of his life; learns year after year, as long as his brain is able to receive impressions. This vast mass of knowledge is for the most part received indiscriminately and

assorted by the brain after its own fashion.

There are but few departments of knowledge to which we have attached arbitrary ideas of superiority; and those fortunately, are all old ones. Knowledge of "the classics" was once kept in the same box with social standing, if not with orthodoxy; and to this day an error in spelling or grammar will condemn a person far more than entire ignorance of physiology or mechanics. Knowledge is a vast range, an unlimited range, visibly subject to extension; each new peak surmounted showing us many more. We learn, unlearn, and relearn, without much opposition or criticism, so long as our little bunch of specialties is assured—the spelling, for instance.

But when it comes to believing, disbelieving, and rebelieving—that is a different matter. Certain things were given us to believe—in our racial infancy—before we knew much of anything, and were therefore far more capable of believing. These articles of belief were sincerely held to be the most important matters; and they were too; because, if any stronger minded race infant refused to believe them, he was ostracised—or executed. What a man believed, or disbelieved, was the keynote of life—in that interesting race infancy of ours. All the other mental processes were as nothing compared to this. Knowledge? There was none to speak of. Doubt was a crime. Inquiry was the beginning of doubt.

The dogmas inserted did change, though slowly; but their importance in the scheme of life did not change. Whatever else the man might or might not be the first question was, "Art thou a Believer?" And he was. What he believed might be the One Absolute Truth; or one of many contemptible heresies; but he was always a believer.

They began with the helpless little children, and told them as the most important basic truths, whatsoever religious doctrines were current at the time; and renewed this process with every generation until this very day—and are still at it. Many of the most pronounced free-thinkers not only prefer to have their women still "devout," but insist on putting their children through the old course of instruction.

So, in the course of these unbroken ages; under a combined treatment of rigid "natural selection"—the elimination of the unfit, who were burned or beheaded—and of the heaviest social pressure, in both education and imitation; we have developed in the race mind a special area for "believing" as distinct from knowing. This area is abnormally sensitive because in those long ages behind us, it was the very vital base of life itself. If your Belief was steady and intact, you were permitted to live. If it was in the least degree wavering you were in danger. Is it any wonder we object so automatically to anyone's trying to "shake our faith?"

The change of the last century in this regard has been not only in the sudden opening up of new fields of knowledge; not only in the adoption of entire new methods in the acquisition of knowledge; not only in the rapid popularization of knowledge; but most of all in a new relation of ideas. We are beginning dimly to grasp something of the real scheme of life; to get our sense of the basic verities from observation of facts. That underlying scheme of life which the brain as an organ hungers for, is now opening to us in the field of ascertained fact.

A broad deep satisfying conception of life may now be gathered from the open book of natural law, both the perception of and the inspiration to right living are to be found there; all matters of calm clear easily held knowledge. When one knows enough to build a working religion on established facts, one does not have so much need of that extra capacity of believing.

You may also believe what you know—but it isn't necessary.

It will be a wonderful thing for the world when in every mind the beautiful truths of life shall be common knowledge. You may believe in an alleged father you have never seen; but when you live with your father you know him.

THE KINGDOM

"Where is Heaven?" asked the Person.

"I want Heaven—to enjoy it;

I want Heaven, recompensing

For the evils I have suffered—

All the terrible injustice,

All the foolish waste and hunger—

Where is Heaven? Can I get there?"

Then the Priest expounded Heaven:
"Heaven is a place for dead men;
After you are dead you'll find it,
If"—and here the Priest was earnest—
"If you do the things I tell you—
Do exactly what is ordered!
It will cost you quite a little—
You must pay a price for Heaven—
You must pay before you enter."

"Am I sure of what I'm getting?"
Asked the mean, suspicious Person.
"What you urge is disagreeable;
What you ask is quite expensive;
Am I sure of getting Heaven?"

Then the Priest prepared a potion,
Made of Concentrated Ages,
Made of Many Mingled Feelings—
Highest Hope and Deepest Terror—
Mixed our best and worst together,
Reverence and Love and Service,
Coward Fear and rank Self-Interest—
Gave him this when he was little,
Pumped it in before the Person
Could examine his prescription.
So the Person, thus instructed,
Now believed the things he told him;
Paid the price as he was able,
Died—the Priest said, went to Heaven—
None came back to contradict him!

*

"We want Heaven," said the People;
We believe in God and Heaven;
Where God is, there must be Heaven;
God is Here—and this is Heaven."

Then they saw the earth was lovely;
Life was sweet, and love eternal;
Then they learned the joy of living,
Caught a glimpse of what Life might be,
What it could be—should be—would be—
When the People chose to have it!

Then they bought no further tickets
Of the sidewalk speculators;
They no longer gave their children
The "spring medicine" of Grandma.
They said, "We will take no chances
Of what happens after dying;
We perceive that Human Beings,
Wise, and sweet, and brave, and tender,
Strong, and beautiful, and noble,
Living peaceably together,
In a universal garden,
With the Sciences for Soldiers,
With the Allied Arts for Angels,
With the Crafts and Trades for Servants,
With all Nature for the Teacher,
And all People for the Students,
Make a very pleasant Heaven.
We can see and understand it,
We believe we'd really like some;
Now we'll set to work and make it!

So they set to work, together,
In the Faith that rests on Knowledge,
In the Hope that's born of Wisdom.
In the Love that grows with Practise
And proceeded to make Heaven.

*

And God smiled. He had been tired
Of the everlasting dead men,
Of the hungry, grasping dead men;
He had always wanted live ones—
Wanted them to build the Kingdom!

PRIZE CHILDREN

A prosperous farmer, driving a valuable horse, will exhibit with pride the "points" of his swift roadster—the fine action, the speed and endurance. He himself sits stoop-shouldered and muscle-bound; strong, it may be, but slow and awkward, with bad teeth and poor digestion; by no means a model human being either in "points" or "action."

He never thinks of these things.

A virtuous housewife, running a comfortable house, has a justifiable pride in the cleanliness, comfort and convenience of the place, in its beautiful appointments and conveniences, and in her own. fine clothes! She herself is stout, short-legged, incapable of any swift agility of action; a brief run leaves her panting; she would be grotesque as a statue; and her internal housekeeping is by no means as efficient as a doctor would approve.

She never thinks of these things.

The same farmer will show you his stock—sheep, swine, fowls, cattle; point out their superiority and talk learnedly of the best methods of improvement. The same housewife will show you her fine needlework, her fine cooking, and discuss patterns and recipes with gusto. Both the farmer and his wife took prizes at the county fair—he for pigs and poultry, she for pies.

Now look at their children.

She gathers little Johnny into her motherly arms. "Johnny was always delicate!" she says tenderly. "He's a little backward because he's delicate. Mother's boy!" And she kisses his smooth head as he nestles up to her. "Adelaide had better go and lie down. Adelaide's not strong. They work her too hard in school."

Jim looks sturdy enough, and makes noise enough, but the expert perceives that Jimmy has adenoids, breathes through his mouth, is really undersized.

Here is the oldest boy, a tall, heavy fellow; but what a complexion!
"Quite natural for boys of that age; yes, he's real sensitive about it."

*

Well? They are "good children." When properly dressed, they compare favorably with other people's children.

None of them would take any prizes in an exhibition of Human Stock. There are no such prizes. As to the exhibition—that is continuous. We are so used to the exhibition, and to its pitiful average, that we have no ideals left.

Neither the farmer nor his wife ever thought of a Human Standard; whether they came up to it, or if their children did, or of how they might improve the breed.

We take humanity as we find it. We admire "beauty," or what we call beauty; but we don't care enough for it to try to increase it. We are concerned about our health after we lose it, but give small thought to lifting the average. Young men vie with one another in athletic sports, and have certain ideals, perhaps, of "military bearing," and the kind of chest and chin a man should have; but all their ideals put together do not make us as beautiful and strong as we have a right to be.

Then arise those who come to us talking largely of eugenics; wanting us to breed super-men and super-women; talk[ing of improving] the race by right selection. There is a lot of sense in this; we could do wonders that way; of course, if we would. Certain obstacles arise, however. Men and women seem to love each other on other grounds than physical superiority. Those physically superior do not always have the most superior children. Then, again, the physically superior children do not always hold out through life, somehow.

This method of breeding and selection is nature's way. It works well—give it a chance; but it has to be accompanied by a ruthless slaughter of the unfit, and takes thousands upon thousands of years. We have a method worth two of that.

We can improve the species after it is born.

That's the great human power, the conscious ability to improve ourselves and our children. We have the power. We have the knowledge, too—some of us have it, and all of us can get it.

The trouble is, speaking generally, that we haven't the standards.

Here is where our mothers need new ideals, and new information. A person who is going to raise cattle ought to know something about cattle; know what to expect of cattle, and how to produce it. Suppose we had a course in Humaniculture to study. We have Agricultural colleges; we study Horticulture, and Floriculture, and Apiculture and Arboriculture. Why not have a Humanicultural College, and learn something about how to raise people?

Such a course of study would begin with the theory, illustrating by picture and model; and later should have practical illustration from the living model, in nursery and school. The graduate from such a course would have quite a different idea of human standards.

She would know the true proportions of the human body, and not call a No. 2 foot "beautiful" on a No. 10 body. She would know what the real shape of the human body is, and that to alter it arbitrarily is a habit of the lowest savagery. The shape of the body is the result of its natural activities, and cannot be altered without injury to them. She would learn that to interfere with the human shape, moulding it to lines that have nothing to do with the living structure and its complex functions, is as offensive and ridiculous as it would be to alter the shape of a horse.

Should we not laugh to see a horse in corsets? The time is coming when we shall so laugh to see a woman.

She would learn to measure beauty, human beauty, by full health and vigor first of all, right proportion, full possession of all natural power, and that the human animal is by nature swift, agile, active to a high degree, and should remain so throughout life. So trained, she would regard being "put on a car" by the elbow as an insult, not a compliment.

Then at last we should begin to have some notion of what to expect in children, and how to get it. The girl would look forward not merely to some vague little ones to love and care for, but to having finer children than anyone else—if she could! And she would naturally have a new standard of fatherhood, and sternly refuse to accept disease and the vice which makes disease.

Then, when the children came, she would know the size and weight that was normal, the way to feed and clothe the little body so as to promote the best growth; the kind of exercise and training essential to develop that legitimate human beauty and power which ought to belong to all of us.

We have our vulgar "Baby Shows," where fat-cheeked, over-fed younglings are proudly exhibited. A time is coming when, without public exhibitions, without prize-money or clamorous vote, we shall raise a new standard in child culture—and live up to it.

HEAVEN FORBID!

When I was seventeen, you'd find
No youth so brash as I;
Things must be settled to my mind,
Or I'd know why!

I knew it all, and somewhat more,
What I believed was true;
The future held no task in store

I could not do!

If I had died in my youthful pride—
And no man can say when—
Should I have been immortal
As I was then? (Heaven forbid!)

When I was forty-two I stood
Successful, proud and strong;
Little I cared for bad or good—
My purse was long.

My breakfast, newspaper and train,—
My office,—the Exchange—
My work, my pleasure, and my gain—
A narrow range.

If I had died in my business pride—
And no man can say when—
Should I have been immortal
As I was then? (Heaven forbid!)

Now I am old, and yet I keep
Intelligent content;
I wake and sleep in the quiet deep
Of disillusionment.

I don't believe, nor disbelieve—
I simply do not know.
I fear no grave—no heaven crave—
Am quite prepared to go.

But when I die—and I would not stay,
Though a friend should show me how,
Shall I become immortal,
As I am now? (Heaven forbid!)

WHAT DIANTHA DID

CHAPTER VII.

HERESY AND SCHISM.

You may talk about religion with a free and open mind,
For ten dollars you may criticize a judge;
You may discuss in politics the newest thing you find,
And open scientific truth to all the deaf and blind,
But there's one place where the brain must never budge!

CHORUS.

Oh, the Home is Utterly Perfect!
And all its works within!
To say a word about it—
To criticize or doubt it—
To seek to mend or move it—
To venture to improve it—
Is The Unpardonable Sin!

—"Old Song."

Mr. Porne took an afternoon off and came with his wife to hear their former housemaid lecture. As many other men as were able did the same. All the members not bedridden were present, and nearly all the guests they had invited.

So many were the acceptances that a downtown hall had been taken; the floor was more than filled, and in the gallery sat a block of servant girls, more gorgeous in array than the ladies below whispering excitedly among themselves. The platform recalled a "tournament of roses," and, sternly important among all that fragrant loveliness, sat Mrs. Dankshire in "the chair" flanked by Miss Torbus, the Recording Secretary, Miss Massing, the Treasurer, and Mrs. Ree, tremulous with importance in her official position. All these ladies wore an air of high emprise, even more intense than that with which they usually essayed their public duties. They were richly dressed, except Miss Torbus, who came as near it as she could.

At the side, and somewhat in the rear of the President, on a chair quite different from "the chair," discreetly gowned and of a bafflingly serene demeanor, sat Miss Bell. All eyes were upon her—even some opera glasses.

"She's a good-looker anyhow," was one masculine opinion.

"She's a peach," was another, "Tell you—the chap that gets her is well heeled!" said a third.

The ladies bent their hats toward one another and conferred in flowing whispers; and in the gallery eager confidences were exchanged, with giggles.

On the small table before Mrs. Dankshire, shaded by a magnificent bunch of roses, lay that core and crux of all parliamentary dignity, the gavel; an instrument no self-respecting chairwoman may be without; yet which she still approaches with respectful uncertainty.

In spite of its large size and high social standing, the Orchardina Home and Culture Club contained some elements of unrest, and when the yearly election of officers came round there was always need for careful work in practical politics to keep the reins of government in the hands of "the right people."

Mrs. Thaddler, conscious of her New York millions, and Madam Weatherstone, conscious of her Philadelphia lineage, with Mrs. Johnston A. Marrow ("one of the Boston Marrows!" was awesomely whispered of her), were the heads of what might be called "the conservative party" in this small parliament; while Miss Miranda L. Eagerson, describing herself as 'a journalist,' who held her place in local society largely by virtue of the tacit dread of what she might do if offended—led the more radical element.

Most of the members were quite content to follow the lead of the solidly established ladies of Orchard Avenue; especially as this leadership consisted mainly in the pursuance of a masterly inactivity. When wealth and aristocracy combine with that common inertia which we dignify as "conservatism" they exert a powerful influence in the great art of sitting still.

Nevertheless there were many alert and conscientious women in this large membership, and when Miss Eagerson held the floor, and urged upon the club some active assistance in the march of events, it needed all Mrs. Dankshire's generalship to keep them content with marking time.

On this auspicious occasion, however, both sides were agreed in interest and approval. Here was a subject appealing to every woman present, and every man but such few as merely "boarded"; even they had memories and hopes concerning this question.

Solemnly rose Mrs. Dankshire, her full silks rustling about her, and let one clear tap of the gavel fall into the sea of soft whispering and guttural murmurs.

In the silence that followed she uttered the momentous announcements: "The meeting will please come to order," "We will now hear the reading of the minutes of the last meeting," and so on most conscientiously through officer's reports and committees reports to "new business."

Perhaps it is their more frequent practice of religious rites, perhaps their devout acceptance of social rulings and the dictates of fashion, perhaps the lifelong reiterance of small duties at home, or all these things together, which makes women so seriously letter-perfect in parliamentary usage. But these stately ceremonies were ended in course of time, and Mrs. Dankshire rose again, even more solemn than before, and came forward majestically.

"Members—and guests," she said impressively, "this is an occasion which brings pride to the heart of every member of the Home and Culture Club. As our name implies, this Club is formed to serve the interests of The Home—those interests which stand first, I trust, in every human heart."

A telling pause, and the light patter of gloved hands.

"Its second purpose," pursued the speaker, with that measured delivery which showed that her custom, as one member put it, was to "first write and then commit," "is to promote the cause of Culture

in this community. Our aim is Culture in the broadest sense, not only in the curricula of institutions of learning, not only in those spreading branches of study and research which tempts us on from height to height"—("proof of arboreal ancestry that," Miss Eagerson confided to a friend, whose choked giggle attracted condemning eyes)—"but in the more intimate fields of daily experience."

"Most of us, however widely interested in the higher education, are still—and find in this our highest honor—wives and mothers." These novel titles called forth another round of applause.

"As such," continued Mrs. Dankshire, "we all recognize the difficult—the well-nigh insuperable problems of the"—she glanced at the gallery now paying awed attention—"domestic question."

"We know how on the one hand our homes yawn unattended"—("I yawn while I'm attending—eh?" one gentleman in the rear suggested to his neighbor)—while on the other the ranks of mercenary labor are overcrowded. Why is it that while the peace and beauty, the security and comfort, of a good home, with easy labor and high pay, are open to every young woman, whose circumstances oblige her to toil for her living, she blindly refuses these true advantages and loses her health and too often what is far more precious!—in the din and tumult of the factory, or the dangerous exposure of the public counter."

Madam Weatherstone was much impressed at this point, and beat her black fan upon her black glove emphatically. Mrs. Thaddler also nodded; which meant a good deal from her. The applause was most gratifying to the speaker, who continued:

"Fortunately for the world there are some women yet who appreciate the true values of life." A faint blush crept slowly up the face of Diantha, but her expression was unchanged. Whoso had met and managed a roomful of merciless children can easily face a woman's club.

"We have with us on this occasion one, as we may say, our equal in birth and breeding,"—Madam Weatherstone here looked painfully shocked as also did the Boston Marrow; possibly Mrs. Dankshire, whose parents were Iowa farmers, was not unmindful of this, but she went on smoothly, "and whose first employment was the honored task of the teacher; who has deliberately cast her lot with the domestic worker, and brought her trained intelligence to bear upon the solution of this great question—The True Nature of Domestic Service. In the interests of this problem she has consented to address us—I take pleasure in introducing Miss Diantha Bell."

Diantha rose calmly, stepped forward, bowed to the President and officers, and to the audience. She stood quietly for a moment, regarding the faces before her, and produced a typewritten paper. It was clear, short, and to some minds convincing.

She set forth that the term "domestic industry" did not define certain kinds of labor, but a stage of labor; that all labor was originally domestic; but that most kinds had now become social, as with weaving and spinning, for instance, for centuries confined to the home and done by women only; now done in mills by men and women; that this process of socialization has now been taken from the home almost all the manufactures—as of wine, beer, soap, candles, pickles and other specialties, and part of the laundry work; that the other processes of cleaning are also being socialized, as by the vacuum cleaners, the professional window-washers, rug cleaners, and similar professional workers; and that even in the preparation of food many kinds are now specialized, as by the baker and confectioner. That in service itself we were now able to hire by the hour or day skilled workers necessarily above the level of the "general."

A growing rustle of disapproval began to make itself felt, which increased as she went on to explain how the position of the housemaid is a survival of the ancient status of woman slavery, the family with the male head and the group of servile women.

"The keynote of all our difficulty in this relation is that we demand celibacy of our domestic servants," said Diantha.

A murmur arose at this statement, but she continued calmly:

"Since it is natural for women to marry, the result is that our domestic servants consist of a constantly changing series of young girls, apprentices, as it were; and the complicated and important duties of the household cannot be fully mastered by such hands."

The audience disapproved somewhat of this, but more of what followed. She showed (Mrs. Porne nodding her head amusedly), that so far from being highly paid and easy labor, house service was exacting and responsible, involving a high degree of skill as well as moral character, and that it was paid less than ordinary unskilled labor, part of this payment being primitive barter.

Then, as whispers and sporadic little spurts of angry talk increased, the clear quiet voice went on to

state that this last matter, the position of a strange young girl in our homes, was of itself a source of much of the difficulty of the situation.

"We speak of giving them the safety and shelter of the home,"—here Diantha grew solemn;—"So far from sharing our homes, she gives up her own, and has none of ours, but the poorest of our food and a cramped lodging; she has neither the freedom nor the privileges of a home; and as to shelter and safety—the domestic worker, owing to her peculiarly defenceless position, furnishes a terrible percentage of the unfortunate."

A shocked silence met this statement.

"In England shop-workers complain of the old custom of 'sleeping in'—their employers furnishing them with lodging as part payment; this also is a survival of the old apprentice method. With us, only the domestic servant is held to this antiquated position."

Regardless of the chill displeasure about her she cheerfully pursued:

"Let us now consider the economic side of the question. 'Domestic economy' is a favorite phrase. As a matter of fact our method of domestic service is inordinately wasteful. Even where the wife does all the housework, without pay, we still waste labor to an enormous extent, requiring one whole woman to wait upon each man. If the man hires one or more servants, the wastes increase. If one hundred men undertake some common business, they do not divide in two halves, each man having another man to serve him—fifty productive laborers, and fifty cooks. Two or three cooks could provide for the whole group; to use fifty is to waste 47 per cent. of the labor.

"But our waste of labor is as nothing to our waste of money. For, say twenty families, we have twenty kitchens with all their furnishings, twenty stoves with all their fuel; twenty cooks with all their wages; in cash and barter combined we pay about ten dollars a week for our cooks—\$200 a week to pay for the cooking for twenty families, for about a hundred persons!

"Three expert cooks, one at \$20 a week and two at \$15 would save to those twenty families \$150 a week and give them better food. The cost of kitchen furnishings and fuel, could be reduced by nine-tenths; and beyond all that comes our incredible waste in individual purchasing. What twenty families spend on individual patronage of small retailers, could be reduced by more than half if bought by competent persons in wholesale quantities. Moreover, our whole food supply would rise in quality as well as lower in price if it was bought by experts.

"To what does all this lead?" asked Diantha pleasantly.

Nobody said anything, but the visible attitude of the house seemed to say that it led straight to perdition.

"The solution for which so many are looking is no new scheme of any sort; and in particular it is not that oft repeated fore-doomed failure called "co-operative housekeeping."

At this a wave of relief spread perceptibly. The irritation roused by those preposterous figures and accusations was somewhat allayed. Hope was relit in darkened countenances.

"The inefficiency of a dozen tottering households is not removed by combining them," said Diantha. This was of dubious import. "Why should we expect a group of families to "keep house" expertly and economically together, when they are driven into companionship by the fact that none of them can do it alone."

Again an uncertain reception.

"Every family is a distinct unit," the girl continued. "Its needs are separate and should be met separately. The separate house and garden should belong to each family, the freedom and group privacy of the home. But the separate home may be served by a common water company, by a common milkman, by a common baker, by a common cooking and a common cleaning establishment. We are rapidly approaching an improved system of living in which the private home will no more want a cookshop on the premises than a blacksmith's shop or soap-factory. The necessary work of the kitchenless house will be done by the hour, with skilled labor; and we shall order our food cooked instead of raw. This will give to the employees a respectable well-paid profession, with their own homes and families; and to the employers a saving of about two-thirds of the expense of living, as well as an end of all our difficulties with the servant question. That is the way to elevate—to enoble domestic service. It must cease to be domestic service—and become world service."

Suddenly and quietly she sat down.

Miss Eagerson was on her feet. So were others.

"Madam President! Madam President!" resounded from several points at once. Madam Weatherstone—Mrs. Thaddler—no! yes—they really were both on their feet. Applause was going on—irregularly—soon dropped. Only, from the group in the gallery it was whole-hearted and consistent.

Mrs. Dankshire, who had been growing red and redder as the paper advanced, who had conferred in alarmed whispers with Mrs. Ree, and Miss Massing, who had even been seen to extend her hand to the gavel and finger it threateningly, now rose, somewhat precipitately, and came forward.

"Order, please! You will please keep order. You have heard the—we will now—the meeting is now open for discussion, Mrs. Thaddler!" And she sat down. She meant to have said Madam Weatherstone, by Mrs. Thaddler was more aggressive.

"I wish to say," said that much beaded lady in a loud voice, "that I was against this—unfortunate experiment—from the first. And I trust it will never be repeated!" She sat down.

Two tight little dimples flickered for an instant about the corners of Diantha's mouth.

"Madam Weatherstone?" said the President, placatingly.

Madam Weatherstone arose, rather sulkily, and looked about her. An agitated assembly met her eye, buzzing universally each to each.

"Order!" said Mrs. Dankshire, "ORDER, please!" and rapped three times with the gavel.

"I have attended many meetings, in many clubs, in many states," said Madam Weatherstone, "and have heard much that was foolish, and some things that were dangerous. But I will say that never in the course of all my experience have I heard anything so foolish and so dangerous, as this. I trust that the—doubtless well meant—attempt to throw light on this subject—from the wrong quarter—has been a lesson to us all. No club could survive more than one such lamentable mistake!" And she sat down, gathering her large satin wrap about her like a retiring Caesar.

"Madam President!" broke forth Miss Eagerson. "I was up first—and have been standing ever since—"

"One moment, Miss Eagerson," said Mrs. Dankshire superbly, "The Rev. Dr. Eltwood."

If Mrs. Dankshire supposed she was still further supporting the cause of condemnation she made a painful mistake. The cloth and the fine bearing of the young clergyman deceived her; and she forgot that he was said to be "advanced" and was new to the place.

"Will you come to the platform, Dr. Eltwood?"

Dr. Eltwood came to the platform with the easy air of one to whom platforms belonged by right.

"Ladies," he began in tones of cordial good will, "both employer and employed!—and gentlemen—whom I am delighted to see here to-day! I am grateful for the opportunity so graciously extended to me"—he bowed six feet of black broadcloth toward Mrs. Dankshire—"by your honored President.

"And I am grateful for the opportunity previously enjoyed, of listening to the most rational, practical, wise, true and hopeful words I have ever heard on this subject. I trust there will be enough open-minded women—and men—in Orchardina to make possible among us that higher business development of a great art which has been so convincingly laid before us. This club is deserving of all thanks from the community for extending to so many the privilege of listening to our valued fellow-citizen—Miss Bell."

He bowed again—to Miss Bell—and to Mrs. Dankshire, and resumed his seat, Miss Eagerson taking advantage of the dazed pause to occupy the platform herself.

"Mr. Eltwood is right!" she said. "Miss Bell is right! This is the true presentation of the subject, 'by one who knows.' Miss Bell has pricked our pretty bubble so thoroughly that we don't know where we're standing—but she knows! Housework is a business—like any other business—I've always said so, and it's got to be done in a business way. Now I for one—" but Miss Eagerson was rapped down by the Presidential gavel; as Mrs. Thaddler, portentous and severe, stalked forward.

"It is not my habit to make public speeches," she began, "nor my desire; but this is a time when prompt and decisive action needs to be taken. This Club cannot afford to countenance any such farrago of mischievous nonsense as we have heard to-day. I move you, Madam President, that a resolution of

condemnation be passed at once; and the meeting then dismissed!"

She stalked back again, while Mrs. Marrow of Boston, in clear, cold tones seconded the motion.

But another voice was heard—for the first time in that assembly—Mrs. Weatherstone, the pretty, delicate widower daughter-in-law of Madam Weatherstone, was on her feet with "Madam President! I wish to speak to this motion."

"Won't you come to the platform, Mrs. Weatherstone?" asked Mrs. Dankshire graciously, and the little lady came, visibly trembling, but holding her head high.

All sat silent, all expected—what was not forthcoming.

"I wish to protest, as a member of the Club, and as a woman, against the gross discourtesy which has been offered to the guest and speaker of the day. In answer to our invitation Miss Bell has given us a scholarly and interesting paper, and I move that we extend her a vote of thanks."

"I second the motion," came from all quarters.

"There is another motion before the house," from others.

Cries of "Madam President" arose everywhere, many speakers were on their feet. Mrs. Dankshire tapped frantically with the little gavel, but Miss Eagerson, by sheer vocal power, took and held the floor.

"I move that we take a vote on this question," she cried in piercing tones. "Let every woman who knows enough to appreciate Miss Bell's paper—and has any sense of decency—stand up!"

Quite a large proportion of the audience stood up—very informally. Those who did not, did not mean to acknowledge lack of intelligence and sense of decency, but to express emphatic disapproval of Miss Eagerson, Miss Bell and their views.

"I move you, Madam President," cried Mrs. Thaddler, at the top of her voice, "that every member who is guilty of such grossly unparliamentary conduct be hereby dropped from this Club!"

"We hereby resign!" cried Miss Eagerson. "*We drop you!* We'll have a New Woman's Club in Orchardina with some warmth in its heart and some brains in its head—even if it hasn't as much money in its pocket!"

Amid stern rappings, hissings, cries of "Order—order," and frantic "Motions to adjourn" the meeting broke up; the club elements dissolving and reforming into two bodies as by some swift chemical reaction.

Great was the rejoicing of the daily press; some amusement was felt, though courteously suppressed by the men present, and by many not present, when they heard of it.

Some ladies were so shocked and grieved as to withdraw from club-life altogether. Others, in stern dignity, upheld the shaken standards of Home and Culture; while the most conspicuous outcome of it all was the immediate formation of the New Woman's Club of Orchardina.

THE HOUSE OF APPLES

There was a certain King; young and inexperienced, but a man of resource and initiative; an efficacious King if he did but know it. Being new to his business, however, he did not, as yet, exert himself particularly.

This King, as it happened, was mightily fond of apples; but he was, as aforesaid, youthful and inexperienced; and too much overwhelmed with new duties, glories, and responsibilities, to be very exacting.

As a matter of expediency his stewards and servants strove to please him. As a matter of course they gave him what he wanted, when they could. As a matter of fact his table was provided with the best the market could afford.

The market, however, could not afford to do very well; at least its products did not satisfy the King.

"What is the trouble with these apples!" said the King, "Bring me another kind!"

They brought him several kinds—as many as three or four.

"Bring me more kinds!" said the King.

"These are all that the market affords, O King," they replied.

"Confound the market!" said the King, "I will consider this business myself."

Then the King consulted his books about apples; and the heads of departments in his Bureaus of horticulture and of Commerce. Having thus added to his information, he then went out to study the facts; and he found that the facts were these:

Apples grew as easily as ever they did; and there were really more kinds instead of less. People liked apples as well as ever they did, and there were more people instead of less.

Yet in the country the orchards were neglected and the apples fed to pigs or left to rot; and in the city, the fruit-stalls were loaded with the monotonous tasteless apples of commerce, cold-stored from time unknown; and those that were cheap were nasty, and those that were not nasty and not cheap were by no means as high in quality as they were in price.

Then the King issued a Mandate, ordering his subjects far and wide to send him samples of all kinds of apples that were grown; with their names and histories and habits.

After this he made a tour of state, visiting his kingdom far and wide, and studying Appleculture in every quarter. And he consulted the people separately, in different places, saying, "Why do you not raise more apples of this sort and of this?"

And with one accord the people answered him—"It does not pay!"

This his Financial Advisers explained to him, outwardly with deep respect, but inwardly with derision at his inexperience, that there was no market for these varieties of apples, and they discoursed on The Law of Supply and Demand.

Then the King called upon his people to write everyone a postal card to him, stating the kind of apples they would buy if they could; and how many barrels or bushels or pecks or quarts they would like to use in a season, if the price was \$2.00 a barrel, or five cents a quart.

This furnished employment to many mathematicians and staticians and tabulators for many days; but when all was done the King found that the desire of his people for apples averaged a barrel apiece per year. And the King briskly multiplied the number of his people by the price of a barrel of apples, and obtained a great sum.

"Ah!" said the King. "This is 'The Market,' is it not?"

But his Financial Advisers laughed in their sleeves, saying solemnly to him. "No, O King—this is merely an estimate of the idle desires of the people—with two large Ifs in it."

"But this is 'the Demand' is it not?" said the King.

And his Financial Advisers put down their sleeves and said, "No, O King this is but a desire—not a demand."

But the King was fond of apples, and obstinate.

So he caused to be built in every city a House of Apples; and appointed to each an Apple-Master, to carry out his will. And he commanded all his common carriers to carry apples in their season, so many carloads to a city, according to the desires of his people. And he offered to all fruit-raisers, from the humble Farmer to the haughty Horticulturist, such and such a price for such and such apples; the number thereof to increase as the population increased from year to year.

In the House of Apples was an Exhibition Hall, showing waxen examples of every Apple upon earth; and a market where Apples were sold; the short-lived Apples in their season, and the long-lived Apples the year around, and some were costly and some were cheap; and in the autumn the market was flooded—so that then all people could buy apples for a song—to their hearts' content and their bodies' comfort.

Golden Porters, crystalline and winy, were to be had in their brief season; and succulent sweetings, to bake with molasses; and gilliflowers, purple and mealy, and little scarlet sapsons, of which one eats

without counting. Then the people bought more even than they had intended; and the farms found apples were a paying crop and cultivated them; and the common carriers lost nothing, for their carrying grew greater and the payment was steady and sure.

Now the King was really pleased at this, for he loved Apples and he loved having his own way—as Kings do. Also he delighted in the glorious array of Apples in his Houses; to look at, to eat, and to smell.

"It is worth the Price!" said the King. "I know what I want and I'm willing to pay for it."

But when the Reports of The Apple Masters came in, Lo! There was a Great Profit for the King.

"There is no harm in that!" said he. And he showed the report to his Financial Advisers—and his sleeve was across his mouth.

And the name of that King was Demos.

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE; or, THE MAN-MADE WORLD

VII.

ETHICS AND RELIGION.

The laws of physics were at work before we were on earth, and continued to work on us long before we had intelligence enough to perceive, much less understand, them. Our proven knowledge of these processes constitutes "the science of physics"; but the laws were there before the science.

Physics is the science of material relation, how things and natural forces work with and on one another. Ethics is the science of social relation, how persons and social forces work with and on one another.

Ethics is to the human world what physics is to the material world; ignorance of ethics leaves us in the same helpless position in regard to one another that ignorance of physics left us in regard to earth, air, fire and water.

To be sure, people lived and died and gradually improved, while yet ignorant of the physical sciences; they developed a rough "rule of thumb" method, as animals do, and used great forces without understanding them. But their lives were safer and their improvement more rapid as they learned more, and began to make servants of the forces which had been their masters.

We have progressed, lamely enough, with terrible loss and suffering, from stark savagery to our present degree of civilization; we shall go on more safely and swiftly when we learn more of the science of ethics.

Let us note first that while the underlying laws of ethics remain steady and reliable, human notions of them have varied widely and still do so. In different races, ages, classes, sexes, different views of ethics obtain; the conduct of the people is modified by their views, and their prosperity is modified by their conduct.

Primitive man became very soon aware that conduct was of importance. As consciousness increased, with the power to modify action from within, instead of helplessly reacting to stimuli from without, there arose the crude first codes of ethics, the "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" of the blundering savage. It was mostly "Thou shalt not." Inhibition, the checking of an impulse proven disadvantageous, was an earlier and easier form of action than the later human power to consciously decide on and follow a course of action with no stimulus but one's own will.

Primitive ethics consists mostly of Tabus—the things that are forbidden; and all our dim notions of ethics to this day, as well as most of our religions, deal mainly with forbidding.

This is almost the whole of our nursery government, to an extent shown by the well-worn tale of the child who said her name was "Mary." "Mary what?" they asked her. And she answered, "Mary Don't." It is also the main body of our legal systems—a complex mass of prohibitions and preventions. And even in manners and conventions, the things one should not do far outnumber the things one should. A general policy of negation colors our conceptions of ethics and religion.

When the positive side began to be developed, it was at first in purely arbitrary and artificial form.

The followers of a given religion were required to go through certain motions, as prostrating themselves, kneeling, and the like; they were required to bring tribute to the gods and their priests, sacrifices, tithes, oblations; they were set little special performances to go through at given times; the range of things forbidden was broad; the range of things commanded was narrow. The Christian religion, practically interpreted, requires a fuller "change of heart" and change of life than any preceding it; which may account at once for its wide appeal to enlightened peoples, and to its scarcity of application.

Again, in surveying the field, it is seen that as our grasp of ethical values widened, as we called more and more acts and tendencies "right" and "wrong," we have shown astonishing fluctuations and vagaries in our judgment. Not only in our religions, which have necessarily upheld each its own set of prescribed actions as most "right," and its own special prohibitions as most "wrong"; but in our beliefs about ethics and our real conduct, we have varied absurdly.

Take, for instance, the ethical concept among "gentlemen" a century or so since, which put the paying of one's gambling debts as a well-nigh sacred duty, and the paying of a tradesman who had fed and clothed one as a quite negligible matter. If the process of gambling was of social service, and the furnishing of food and clothes was not, this might be good ethics; but as the contrary is true, we have to account for this peculiar view on other grounds.

Again, where in Japan a girl, to maintain her parents, is justified in leading a life of shame, we have a peculiar ethical standard difficult for Western minds to appreciate. Yet in such an instance as is described in "Auld Robin Gray," we see precisely the same code; the girl, to benefit her parents, marries a rich old man she does not love—which is to lead a life of shame. The ethical view which justifies this, puts the benefit of parents above the benefit of children, robs the daughter of happiness and motherhood, injures posterity to assist ancestors.

This is one of the products of that very early religion, ancestor worship; and here we lay a finger on a distinctly masculine influence.

We know little of ethical values during the matriarchate; whatever they were, they must have depended for sanction on a cult of promiscuous but efficient maternity. Our recorded history begins in the patriarchal period, and it is its ethics alone which we know.

The mother instinct, throughout nature, is one of unmixed devotion, of love and service, care and defence, with no self-interest. The animal father, in such cases as he is of service to the young, assists the mother in her work in similar fashion. But the human father in the family with the male head soon made that family an instrument of desire, and combat, and self-expression, following the essentially masculine impulses. The children were his, and if males, valuable to serve and glorify him. In his dominance over servile women and helpless children, free rein was given to the growth of pride and the exercise of irresponsible tyranny. To these feelings, developed without check for thousands of years, and to the mental habits resultant, it is easy to trace much of the bias of our early ethical concepts.

Perhaps it is worth while to repeat here that the effort of this book is by no means to attribute a wholly evil influence to men, and a wholly good one to women; it is not even claimed that a purely feminine culture would have advanced the world more successfully. It does claim that the influence of the two together is better than that of either one alone; and in especial to point out what special kind of injury is due to the exclusive influence of one sex heretofore.

We have to-day reached a degree of human development where both men and women are capable of seeing over and across the distinctions of sex, and mutually working for the advancement of the world. Our progress is, however, seriously impeded by what we may call the masculine tradition, the unconscious dominance of a race habit based on this long androcentric period; and it is well worth while, in the interests of both sexes, to show the mischievous effects of the predominance of one.

We have in our ethics not only a "double standard" in one special line, but in nearly all. Man, as a sex, has quite naturally deified his own qualities rather than those of his opposite. In his codes of manners, of morals, of laws, in his early concepts of God, his ancient religions, we see masculinity written large on every side. Confining women wholly to their feminine functions, he has required of them only what he called feminine virtues, and the one virtue he has demanded, to the complete overshadowing of all others, is measured by wholly masculine requirements.

In the interests of health and happiness, monogamous marriage proves its superiority in our race as it has in others. It is essential to the best growth of humanity that we practice the virtue of chastity; it is a human virtue, not a feminine one. But in masculine hands this virtue was enforced upon women under penalties of hideous cruelty, and quite ignored by men. Masculine ethics, colored by masculine instincts, always dominated by sex, has at once recognized the value of chastity in the woman, which is

right; punished its absence unfairly, which is wrong; and then reversed the whole matter when applied to men, which is ridiculous.

Ethical laws are laws—not idle notions. Chastity is a virtue because it promotes human welfare—not because men happen to prize it in women and ignore it themselves. The underlying reason for the whole thing is the benefit of the child; and to that end a pure and noble fatherhood is requisite, as well as such a motherhood. Under the limitations of a too masculine ethics, we have developed on this one line social conditions which would be absurdly funny if they were not so horrible.

Religion, be it noticed, does not bear out this attitude. The immense human need of religion, the noble human character of the great religious teachers, has always set its standards, when first established, ahead of human conduct.

Some there are, men of learning and authority, who hold that the deadening immobility of our religions, their resistance to progress and relentless preservation of primitive ideals, is due to the conservatism of women. Men, they say, are progressive by nature; women are conservative. Women are more religious than men, and so preserve old religious forms unchanged after men have outgrown them.

If we saw women in absolute freedom, with a separate religion devised by women, practiced by women, and remaining unchanged through the centuries; while men, on the other hand, bounded bravely forward, making new ones as fast as they were needed, this belief might be maintained. But what do we see? All the old religions made by men, and forced on the women whether they liked it or not. Often women not even considered as part of the scheme—denied souls—given a much lower place in the system—going from the service of their father's gods to the service of their husbands—having none of their own. We see religions which make practically no place for women, as with the Moslem, as rigidly bigoted and unchanging as any other.

We see also this: that the wider and deeper the religion, the more human, the more it calls for practical applications in Christianity—the more it appeals to women. Further, in the diverging sects of the Christian religion, we find that its progressiveness is to be measured, not by the numbers of its women adherents, but by their relative freedom. The women of America, who belong to a thousand sects, who follow new ones with avidity, who even make them, and who also leave them all as men do, are women, as well as those of Spain, who remain contented Romanists, but in America the status of women is higher.

The fact is this: a servile womanhood is in a state of arrested development, and as such does form a ground for the retention of ancient ideas. But this is due to the condition of servility, not to womanhood. That women at present are the bulwark of the older forms of our religions is due to the action of two classes of men: the men of the world, who keep women in their restricted position, and the men of the church, who take every advantage of the limitations of women. When we have for the first time in history a really civilized womanhood, we can then judge better of its effect on religion.

Meanwhile, we can see quite clearly the effect of manhood. Keeping in mind those basic masculine impulses—desire and combat—we see them reflected from high heaven in their religious concepts. Reward! Something to want tremendously and struggle to achieve! This is a concept perfectly masculine and most imperfectly religious. A religion is partly explanation—a theory of life; it is partly emotion—an attitude of mind, it is partly action—a system of morals. Man's special effect on this large field of human development is clear. He pictured his early gods as like to himself, and they behaved in accordance with his ideals. In the dimmest, oldest religions, nearest the matriarchate, we find great goddesses—types of Motherhood, Mother-love, Mother-care and Service. But under masculine dominance, Isis and Ashteroth dwindle away to an alluring Aphrodite—not Womanhood for the child and the World—but the incarnation of female attractiveness for man.

As the idea of heaven developed in the man's mind it became the Happy Hunting Ground of the savage, the beery and gory Valhalla of the Norseman, the voluptuous, many-houri-ed Paradise of the Mohammedan. These are men's heavens all. Women have never been so fond of hunting, beer or blood; and their houris would be of the other kind. It may be said that the early Christian idea of heaven is by no means planned for men. That is trite, and is perhaps the reason why it has never had so compelling an attraction for them.

Very early in his vague efforts towards religious expression, man voiced his second strongest instinct—that of combat. His universe is always dual, always a scene of combat. Born with that impulse, exercising it continually, he naturally assumed it to be the major process in life. It is not. Growth is the major process. Combat is a useful subsidiary process, chiefly valuable for its initial use, to transmit the physical superiority of the victor. Psychic and social advantages are not thus secured or transmitted.

In no one particular is the androcentric character of our common thought more clearly shown than in the general deification of what are now described as "conflict stimuli." That which is true of the male creature as such is assumed to be true of life in general; quite naturally, but by no means correctly. To this universal masculine error we may trace in the field of religion and ethics the great devil theory, which has for so long obscured our minds. A God without an Adversary was inconceivable to the masculine mind. From this basic misconception we find all our ideas of ethics distorted; that which should have been treated as a group of truths to be learned and habits to be cultivated was treated in terms of combat, and moral growth made an everlasting battle. This combat theory we may follow later into our common notions of discipline, government, law and punishment; here is it enough to see its painful effects in this primary field of ethics and religion?

The third essential male trait of self-expression we may follow from its innocent natural form in strutting cock or stamping stag up to the characteristics we label vanity and pride. The degradation of women in forcing them to adopt masculine methods of personal decoration as a means of livelihood, has carried with the concomitant of personal vanity: but to this day and at their worst we do not find in women the *naive* exultant glow of pride which swells the bosom of the men who march in procession with brass bands, in full regalia of any sort, so that it be gorgeous, exhibiting their glories to all.

It is this purely masculine spirit which has given to our early concepts of Deity the unadmirable qualities of boundless pride and a thirst for constant praise and prostrate admiration, characteristics certainly unbecoming any noble idea of God. Desire, combat and self-expression all have had their unavoidable influence on masculine religions. What deified Maternity a purely feminine culture might have put forth we do not know, having had none such. Women are generally credited with as much moral sense as men, and as much religious instinct; but so far it has had small power to modify our prevailing creeds.

As a matter of fact, no special sex attributes should have any weight in our ideas of right and wrong. Ethics and religion are distinctly human concerns; they belong to us as social factors, not as physical ones. As we learn to recognize our humanness, and to leave our sex characteristics where they belong, we shall at last learn something about ethics as a simple and practical science, and see that religions grow as the mind grows to formulate them.

If anyone seeks for a clear, simple, easily grasped proof of our ethics, it is to be found in a popular proverb. Struggling upward from beast and savage into humanness, man has seen, revered, and striven to attain various human virtues.

He was willing to check many primitive impulses, to change many barbarous habits, to manifest newer, nobler powers. Much he would concede to Humanness, but not his sex—that was beyond the range of Ethics or Religion. By the state of what he calls "morals," and the laws he makes to regulate them, by his attitude in courtship and in marriage, and by the gross anomaly of militarism, in all its senseless waste of life and wealth and joy, we may perceive this little masculine exception:

"All's fair in love and war."

COMMENT AND REVIEW

"Inspired Millionaires," by Gerald Stanley Lee, has certainly inspired one. We read among the quoted letters on the paper cover one from Mr. Joseph Fels saying, "I want twenty-five copies of the book to distribute among the millionaires here. If the books are well received I will increase the order."

The impression to the lay mind, not too profusely acquainted with millionaires, is of amazement at his opportunities; twenty-five among "the millionaires here," and a possible demand for more!

The impression deepens as we read Mr. Fels' second letter, "Please send fifty more copies. I am putting them where they tell."

Seventy-five millionaires "here"—wherever that was; and in other places more and more and even more of them! Among so many there must be some common humanity, possibly some uncommon humanity; it would appear as if Mr. Lee might be right.

He believes that a millionaire may be a good man, a social enthusiast, an artist and connoisseur, not in spite of his money, but because of it; not by giving it away, pre- or post mortem; but by using it *in his business*.

This is a simple thought after you see it; but it has been generally overlooked. Mr. Lee has clear eyes

and a silver tongue. His perceptions are important and his expressions convincing. He speaks plainly also, calling some millionaires by name, and designating others almost as plainly.

"What could be more pathetic, for instance," he says, "than Mr. —— as an educator—a man who is educating-and-mowing-down two hundred thousand (?) men a day, ten hours a day, for forty years of their lives; that is, who is separating the souls of his employees from their work, bullying them into being linked with a work and a method they despise, and who is trying to atone for it all—this vast terrible schooling, ten hours a day, forty years, two hundred thousand men's lives—by piecing together professors and scholars, putting up a little playhouse of learning, before the world, to give a few fresh young boys and girls four years with paper books?—a man the very thought of whom has ruined more men and devastated more faiths and created more cowards and brutes and fools in all walks of life than any other influence in the nineteenth century, and who is trying to eke out at last a spoonful of atonement for it all—all this vast baptism of the business world in despair and force and cursing and pessimism, by perching up before it —— University, like a dove cote on a volcano.

"It may blur people's eyes for a minute, but everyone really knows in his heart—every man in this nation—that the only real education Mr. —— has established, or ever can establish, is the way he has made his money. Everyone knows also that the only possible, the only real education Mr. —— can give to a man would have to be through the daily thing he gives the man to do, ten hours a day, through the way he lets him do it, through the spirit and expression he allows him to put into it ten hours a day. Mr. ——'s real school, the one with two hundred thousand men in it, and eighty million helpless spectators in the galleries, is a school which is working out a daily, bitter, lying curse upon the rich, and a bitter, lying curse upon the poor, which it is going to take the world generations to redeem."

This is a long quotation; but it shows our prophet is not blinded by sentiment; he knows an un-inspired millionaire when he sees him.

He makes this observation of one of the first important acts of Governor Hughes. "He did one of the most memorable and enlightened silences that has ever been done by any man in the United States." And then he goes on to show the power that lies in simply being right.

There are plenty of epigrams in the book, plenty of imagination, plenty of hard sense; and some mistakes. Various readers will assort these to suit their several minds. But it is funny, having so many men, with so much money, and so little idea of what to do with it, is it not?

Why shouldn't they, or some of them at least, really do business with it as Mr. Lee suggests?

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

Question:—What can one do with a bore? I am not over strong, and very sensitive to people. When some people come to see me—and stay—and they always do stay—it makes me ill—I cannot work well next day.

—Sufferer.

Answer:—My dear Sufferer. Your problem is a serious one. Bores are disagreeable to all and dangerous to some. They cannot be arrested or imprisoned; and kerosene does not lessen their numbers. They commit no active offence—it is not by doing that they affect us so painfully, but simply by being. Especially by being there.

Sub-question:—Can a bore be a bore when no one else is present.

Sub-answer:—We suspect they can. It is because he bores himself when alone that he seeks continually to bore others.

Yet some of them are well-intentioned persons who would be grieved to know they were injurious. Even the dull and thick-skinned are open to offence if it is forced upon them.

We suspect that the only real cure is courage on the part of the victim. If the suffering host or hostess frankly said, "My dear Sir—or Madam—you are making me very tired. I wish you would go away," the result would leave nothing to be desired. "But," says the sufferer in alarm, "they would never come to see us again!"

Well. Do you want them to?

"But—sometimes I like to see them." Or, "I cannot afford to quarrel with So and So!"

Ah! We will now quote Emerson. "It you want anything, pay for it and take it, says God."

Question:—"I have a sick parent. What is my whole duty in the case?"

—Filial Devotee.

Answer:—It depends on your sex. If you are a man, your duty is to provide a home for the patient, a servant, a nurse, a physician, food, medicine, and two short calls a day. You will be called "A Devoted Son."

If you are a woman, you need provide none of these things; but must wait upon the patient with your own hands as nurse and servant; regardless of your special ability. If you do at does a devoted son you will be called "An Unnatural Daughter."

Question:—"Why do the shapes of shoes change from year to year? Surely the shapes of our feet do not.

Answer:—This is one of the inscrutable minor problems of Fashion and The Market. The desire for novelty; the lack of a real feeling for beauty; a savage indifference to physical comfort, the pressure of necessity or greediness urging the manufacturer to sell more shoes than people need; the brow-beaten submissiveness of most purchasers and the persuasive—or insolent—compulsion of salesmen; all these combine to make our feet ugly and painful.

SUFFRAGE

I became an advocate of full suffrage for women as soon as I was old enough to understand the value of democratic government, to see that a true democracy requires the intelligent participation of all the people, and that women are people. With further knowledge I advocate woman suffrage on two grounds: first because a dependent and servile womanhood is an immovable obstacle to race development; second because the major defects of our civilization are clearly traceable to the degradation of the female and the unbalanced predominance of the male, which unnatural relation is responsible for the social evil, for the predatory and combative elements in our economic processes, and for that colossal mingling of folly, waste, and horror, that wholly masculine phenomenon—war.

[Advertisement]

THE FORERUNNER CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S MAGAZINE CHARLTON CO., 67 WALL ST., NEW YORK

AS TO PURPOSE:

What is The Forerunner? It is a monthly magazine, publishing stories short and serial, article and essay; drama, verse, satire and sermon; dialogue, fable and fantasy, comment and review. It is written entirely by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

What is it For? It is to stimulate thought: to arouse hope, courage and impatience; to offer practical suggestions and solutions, to voice the strong assurance of better living, here, now, in our own hands to make.

What is it about? It is about people, principles, and the questions of every-day life; the personal and public problems of to-day. It gives a clear, consistent view of human life and how to live it.

Is it a Woman's magazine? It will treat all three phases of our existence—male, female and human. It will discuss Man, in his true place in life; Woman, the Unknown Power; the Child, the most important citizen.

Is it a Socialist Magazine? It is a magazine for humanity, and humanity is social. It holds that Socialism, the economic theory, is part of our gradual Socialization, and that the duty of conscious humanity is to promote Socialization.

Why is it published? It is published to express ideas which need a special medium; and in the belief that there are enough persons interested in those ideas to justify the undertaking.

AS TO ADVERTISING:

We have long heard that "A pleased customer is the best advertiser." The Forerunner offers to its advertisers and readers the benefit of this authority. In its advertising department, under the above heading, will be described articles personally known and used. So far as individual experience and approval carry weight, and clear truthful description command attention, the advertising pages of The Forerunner will be useful to both dealer and buyer. If advertisers prefer to use their own statements The Forerunner will publish them if it believes them to be true.

AS TO CONTENTS:

The main feature of the first year is a new book on a new subject with a new name:—

"Our Androcentric Culture." this is a study of the historic effect on normal human development of a too exclusively masculine civilization. It shows what man, the male, has done to the world: and what woman, the more human, may do to change it.

"What Diantha Did." This is a serial novel. It shows the course of true love running very crookedly—as it so often does—among the obstructions and difficulties of the housekeeping problem—and solves that problem. (NOT by co-operation.)

Among the short articles will appear:

"Private Morality and Public Immorality."
"The Beauty Women Have Lost"
"Our Overworked Instincts."
"The Nun in the Kitchen."
"Genius: Domestic and Maternal."
"A Small God and a Large Goddess."
"Animals in Cities."
"How We Waste Three-Fourths Of Our Money."
"Prize Children"
"Kitchen-Mindedness"
"Parlor-Mindedness"
"Nursery-Mindedness"

There will be short stories and other entertaining matter in each issue. The department of "Personal Problems" does not discuss etiquette, fashions or the removal of freckles. Foolish questions will not be answered, unless at peril of the asker.

AS TO VALUE:

If you take this magazine one year you will have:

One complete novel . . . By C. P. Gilman
One new book . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve short stories . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve-and-more short articles . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve-and-more new poems . . . By C. P. Gilman
Twelve Short Sermons . . . By C. P. Gilman
Besides "Comment and Review" . . . By C. P. Gilman
"Personal Problems" . . . By C. P. Gilman
And many other things . . . By C. P. Gilman

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S WORTH A DOLLAR?

THE FORERUNNER CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S MAGAZINE CHARLTON CO., 67 WALL ST., NEW YORK

____ 19 ____

Please find enclosed \$ ____ as subscription to "The Forerunner" from ____ 19 ____ to ____ 19 ____

[Advertisement]

TO RENT

A Summer Cottage on Lake Champlain Near the Adirondacks

This is a six-room two-story cottage, natural wood finish, unplastered, on two and a half acres of land, 600 feet on the lake, with an old apple orchard and many other trees. It has on two sides covered piazzas, outside blinds, open fireplaces in two rooms; and new white enameled open plumbing, with hot and cold water. It is about a mile and a half from Essex Village, and about one-quarter of a mile from the post office, at the Crater Club, an exclusive summer colony. Access by boat and train.

I have not seen this cottage, but I've seen plans, elevations and photographs of it, and of views from it. It stands on a bluff, close to the lake, the Green Mountains far in the east, and the Adirondacks some twelve miles to the west. The people who own it will answer further questions and state facts fully on request, both advantages and disadvantages.

The list of furnishings is accurate and circumstantial, as follows:

INVENTORY OF CONTENTS OF COTTAGE

LIVING ROOM

Mahogany sofa, small mahogany table
Marble-topped table and "Crowning of Esther"
4 rosewood chairs, steamer chair
Whatnot, wall-bracket, books, basket
Mahogany table, small round 3-legged
Long mantel mirror, gilt frame
3 oil paintings, 3 engravings
Rustic seat (filled with wood)
Old-fashioned heating stove, crated
Candle-lantern, 2 Japanese trays
Door-scraper, woodbasket
Tongs-holder, hearth brush
Child's garden tools
2 sofa cushions
Various small ornaments

KITCHEN

Ironing Table, stand, wax, bosom board Tin pail, dipper, basin 1 new broom, 1 old broom Tool box, tools, nails, saw, hatchet Hammock, barrel hammock, tie ropes Soap rack, dustpan, scrap basket Folding hat rack, ladder Carving set, 6 knives (very old) Coffee pot, toaster, egg whip, egg beater 5 large white china plates 5 medium and 6 small ditto 6 demi tasse and saucers, same 2 tea cups, 6 saucers, same 2 egg stands, green; 2 sugar bowls 1 butterfly cup and saucer 6 glasses, 1 lemon squeezer 1 mechanical red-glass lamp 2 reading lamps, 3 small hand lamps 3 small bracket lamps, 1 shade White shades at all windows

GREEN BEDROOM

Green bedstead (three-quarter)
2 mattresses, 2 pillows, madras cover
Green bureau; green washstand
Green table; green rocking chair
Oak chair; 2 pictures; 1 chamber

LARGE EAST BEDROOM

Oak bedstead (double) Oak bureau, oak washstand 2 mattresses, 2 feather beds, 1 bolster 2 pillows, madras spread 1 box cot, 1 mattress, straw pillow 2 chairs, 2 towel racks Bureau cover, pen cushion, etc. 3 pictures

SOUTHWEST BEDROOM

Black walnut single bedstead
1 hair mattress and bolster
1 pillow, 1 feather bed, 1 madras spread
Bureau (mirror broken), 2 towel racks
Mahogany washstand, mirror
Small 3-legged table
3 rosewood chairs
Bureau cover, pin cushion, etc.
Shoebag on wall
Oil painting, on copper
Brass stair rods, in closet

NORTHWEST BEDROOM

2 mahogany bureaus, empty trunk Portable bath-tub, clothes basket On shelves: 7 sheets, 7 pillow cases 3 table cloths, 10 doilies 4 towels, dish cloths and towels Bureau and tray cloths Curtains, enough for doors Curtains for some windows

Apply to "Summer Cottage," care of The Forerunner or to John B. Burnham, Agent, Essex, N.Y.

THE FORERUNNER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN
AUTHOR, OWNER & PUBLISHER

1.00 A YEAR .10 A COPY

Volume 1. No. 8 JUNE, 1910 Copyright for 1910 C. P. Gilman

Clothing is for five purposes: Decoration, Protection, Warmth, Modesty, and Symbolism. Can you explain yours?

THE PURITAN

"Where is God?" I cried. "Let me hear!"
"I long for the voice of God!"
And I smote and trod
On all things clamoring near;
Small voices dear,
That wept and murmured and sung
Till my heart was wrung;
That shrieked, shrieked loud and clear,

As I with hammer and sword
Slew them in the name of the Lord.
Where is God?" I cried. "Let me hear!"
But my ears were ringing yet
With cries I could not forget;
The blood was flowing still,
From the thing I could not kill;
A smothered sobbing cry
Filled all the red, wet earth, the cold, hard sky—
God came not near.

Then long I lived alone,
On the desolate land; a stone
On the thing I could not kill.
I bent to my hardened will
All things that lived below;
I strove to climb above,
To the land of living love
I had dreamed of long ago,
But I could not see—not know.
"O God!" I cried, "Come near!
Speak! Let thy servant hear!
Have I not utterly slain
With tears of blood, with sweat of pain,
In this base heart of mine
All voices old and dear—to hear but Thine!
And if there struggleth still
The thing I could not kill,
Have I not put a stone
On its head? O Thou alone
Whom I would follow and fear—
Speak! Let Thy servant hear!"

Silent I lay, and weak;
Then did the darkness speak;
"Child of the World! My love
Is beneath as well as above!
Thou art not always led
By a light that shines ahead!
But pushed by an impulse blind—
A mighty Power behind!
Lifted, as all things grow,
By forces from below!
Fear not for thy long mistake—
Listen! And there shall wake
The voice that has found the way
From the beginning, upward ever, into the light of day!
Lo! I am with thee still—
The thing thou couldst not kill!

MAKING A LIVING

"There won't be any litigation and chicanery to help you out, young man. I've fixed that. Here are the title deeds of your precious country-place; you can sit in that hand-made hut of yours and make poetry and crazy inventions the rest of your life! The water's good—and I guess you can live on the chestnuts!"

"Yes, sir," said Arnold Blake, rubbing his long chin dubiously. "I guess I can."

His father surveyed him with entire disgust. "If you had wit enough you might rebuild that old saw-mill and make a living off it!"

"Yes, sir," said Arnold again. "I had thought of that."

"You had, had you?" sneered his father. "Thought of it because it rhymed, I bet you! Hill and mill, eh?"

Hut and nut, trees and breeze, waterfall—beat-'em-all? I'm something of a poet myself, you see! Well,—there's your property. And with what your Mother left you will buy books and writing paper! As for my property—that's going to Jack. I've got the papers for that too. Not being an idiot I've saved out enough for myself—no Lear business for mine! Well, boy—I'm sorry you're a fool. But you've got what you seem to like best."

"Yes, sir," said Arnold once more. "I have, and I'm really much obliged to you, Father, for not trying to make me take the business."

Then young John Blake, pattern and image of his father, came into possession of large assets and began to use them in the only correct way; to increase and multiply without end.

Then old John Blake, gazing with pride on his younger son, whose acumen almost compensated him for the bitter disappointment of being father to a poet; set forth for a season of rest and change.

"I'm going to see the world! I never had time before!" quoth he; and started off for Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Then Arnold Blake, whose eyes were the eyes of a poet, but whose mouth had a touch of resemblance to his father's, betook himself to his Hill.

But the night before they separated, he and his brother both proposed to Ella Sutherland. John because he had made up his mind that it was the proper time for him to marry, and this was the proper woman; and Arnold because he couldn't help it.

John got to work first. He was really very fond of Ella, and made hot love to her. It was a painful surprise to him to be refused. He argued with her. He told her how much he loved her.

"There are others!" said Miss Ella.

He told her how rich he was.

"That isn't the point," said Ella.

He told her how rich he was going to be.

"I'm not for sale!" said Ella, "even on futures!"

Then he got angry and criticised her judgement.

"It's a pity, isn't it," she said, "for me to have such poor judgment—and for you to have to abide by it!"

"I won't take your decision," said John. "You're only a child yet. In two years' time you'll be wiser. I'll ask you again then."

"All right," said Ella. "I'll answer you again then."

John went away, angry, but determined.

Arnold was less categorical.

"I've no right to say a word," he began, and then said it. Mostly he dilated on her beauty and goodness and his overmastering affection for her.

"Are you offering marriage?" she inquired, rather quizzically.

"Why yes—of course!" said he, "only—only I've nothing to offer."

"There's you!" said Ella.

"But that's so little!" said Arnold. "O! if you will wait for me!—I will work!—"

"What will you work at?" said Ella.

Arnold laughed. Ella laughed. "I love to camp out!" said she.

"Will you wait for me a year?" said Arnold.

"Ye-es," said Ella. "I'll even wait two—if I have to. But no longer!"

"What will you do then?" asked Arnold miserably.

"Marry you," said Ella.

So Arnold went off to his Hill.

What was one hill among so many? There they arose about him, far green, farther blue, farthest purple, rolling away to the real peaks of the Catskills. This one had been part of his mother's father's land; a big stretch, coming down to them from an old Dutch grant. It ran out like a promontory into the winding valley below; the valley that had been a real river when the Catskills were real mountains. There was some river there yet, a little sulky stream, fretting most of the year in its sunken stony bed, and losing its temper altogether when the spring floods came.

Arnold did not care much for the river—he had a brook of his own; an ideal brook, beginning with an over-flowing spring; and giving him three waterfalls and a lake on his own land. It was a very little lake and handmade. In one place his brook ran through a narrow valley or valleyette—so small it was; and a few weeks of sturdy work had damned the exit and made a lovely pool. Arnold did that years ago, when he was a great hulking brooding boy, and used to come up there with his mother in summer; while his father stuck to the office and John went to Bar Harbor with his chums. Arnold could work hard even if he was a poet.

He quarried stone from his hill—as everyone did in those regions; and built a small solid house, adding to it from year to year; that was a growing joy as long as the dear mother lived.

This was high up, near the dark, clear pool of the spring; he had piped the water into the house—for his mother's comfort. It stood on a level terrace, fronting south-westward; and every season he did more to make it lovely. There was a fine smooth lawn there now and flowering vines and bushes; every pretty wild thing that would grow and bloom of itself in that region, he collected about him.

That dear mother had delighted in all the plants and trees; she studied about them and made observations, while he enjoyed them—and made poems. The chestnuts were their common pride. This hill stood out among all the others in the flowering time, like a great pompon, and the odor of it was by no means attractive—unless you happened to like it, as they did.

The chestnut crop was tremendous; and when Arnold found that not only neighboring boys, but business expeditions from the city made a practice of rifling his mountain garden, he raged for one season and acted the next. When the first frost dropped the great burrs, he was on hand, with a posse of strong young fellows from the farms about. They beat and shook and harvested, and sack upon sack of glossy brown nuts were piled on wagons and sent to market by the owner instead of the depredator.

Then he and his mother made great plans, the eager boy full of ambition. He studied forestry and arboriculture; and grafted the big fat foreign chestnut on his sturdy native stocks, while his father sneered and scolded because he would not go into the office.

Now he was left to himself with his plans and hopes. The dear mother was gone, but the hill was there—and Ella might come some day; there was a chance.

"What do you think of it?" he said to Patsy. Patsy was not Irish. He was an Italian from Tuscany; a farmer and forester by birth and breeding, a soldier by compulsion, an American citizen by choice.

"Fine!" said Patsy. "Fine. Ver' good. You do well."

They went over the ground together. "Could you build a little house here?" said Arnold. "Could you bring your wife? Could she attend to my house up there?—and could you keep hens and a cow and raise vegetables on this patch here—enough for all of us?—you to own the house and land—only you cannot sell it except to me?"

Then Patsy thanked his long neglected saints, imported his wife and little ones, took his eldest daughter out of the box factory, and his eldest son out of the printing office; and by the end of the summer they were comfortably established and ready to attend to the chestnut crop.

Arnold worked as hard as his man. Temporarily he hired other sturdy Italians, mechanics of experience; and spent his little store of capital in a way that would have made his father swear and his brother jeer at him.

When the year was over he had not much money left, but he had by his second waterfall a small electrical plant, with a printing office attached; and by the third a solid little mill, its turbine wheel running merrily in the ceaseless pour. Millstones cost more money than he thought, but there they were—brought up by night from the Hudson River—that his neighbors might not laugh too soon. Over the mill were large light rooms, pleasant to work in; with the shade of mighty trees upon the roof; and

the sound of falling water in the sun.

By next summer this work was done, and the extra workmen gone. Whereat our poet refreshed himself with a visit to his Ella, putting in some lazy weeks with her at Gloucester, happy and hopeful, but silent.

"How's the chestnut crop?" she asked him.

"Fine. Ver' good," he answered. "That's what Patsy says—and Patsy knows."

She pursued her inquiries. "Who cooks for you? Who keeps your camp in order? Who washes your clothes?"

"Mrs. Patsy," said he. "She's as good a cook as anybody need want."

"And how is the prospect?" asked Ella.

Arnold turned lazily over, where he lay on the sand at her feet, and looked at her long and hungrily. "The prospect," said he, "is divine."

Ella blushed and laughed and said he was a goose; but he kept on looking.

He wouldn't tell her much, though. "Don't, dear," he said when she urged for information. "It's too serious. If I should fail—"

"You won't fail!" she protested. "You can't fail! And if you do—why—as I told you before, I like to camp out!"

But when he tried to take some natural advantage of her friendliness she teased him—said he was growing to look just like his father! Which made them both laugh.

Arnold returned and settled down to business. He purchased stores of pasteboard, of paper, of printers ink, and a little machine to fold cartons. Thus equipped he retired to his fastness, and set dark-eyed Caterlina to work in a little box factory of his own; while clever Guiseppe ran the printing press, and Mafalda pasted. Cartons, piled flat, do not take up much room, even in thousands.

Then Arnold loafed deliberately.

"Why not your Mr. Blake work no more?" inquired Mrs. Patsy of her spouse.

"O he work—he work hard," replied Patsy. "You women—you not understand work!"

Mrs. Patsy tossed her head and answered in fluent Italian, so that her husband presently preferred out of doors occupation; but in truth Arnold Blake did not seem to do much that summer. He loafed under his great trees, regarding them lovingly; he loafed by his lonely upper waterfall, with happy dreaming eyes; he loafed in his little blue lake—floating face to the sky, care free and happy as a child. And if he scribbled a great deal—at any sudden moment when the fit seized him, why that was only his weakness as a poet.

Toward the end of September, he invited an old college friend up to see him; now a newspaper man—in the advertising department. These two seemed to have merry times together. They fished and walked and climbed, they talked much; and at night were heard roaring with laughter by their hickory fire.

"Have you got any money left?" demanded his friend.

"About a thou—" said Arnold. "And that's got to last me till next spring, you know."

"Blow it in—blow in every cent—it'll pay you. You can live through the winter somehow. How about transportation?"

"Got a nice electric dray—light and strong. Runs down hill with the load to tidewater, you see, and there's the old motorboat to take it down. Brings back supplies."

"Great!—It's simply great! Now, you save enough to eat till spring and give me the rest. Send me your stuff, all of it! and as soon as you get in a cent above expenses—send me that—I'll 'tend to the advertising!"

He did. He had only \$800 to begin with. When the first profits began to come in he used them better; and as they rolled up he still spent them. Arnold began to feel anxious, to want to save money; but his friend replied: "You furnish the meal—I'll furnish the market!" And he did.

He began it in the subway in New York; that place of misery where eyes, ears, nose, and common self-respect are all offended, and even an advertisement is some relief.

"Hill" said the first hundred dollars, on a big blank space for a week.
"Mill" said the second. "Hill Mill Meal," said the third.

The fourth was more explicit.

"When tired of every cereal
Try our new material—
Hill Mill Meal."

The fifth—

"Ask your grocer if you feel
An interest in Hill Mill Meal.
Samples free."

The sixth—

"A paradox! Surprising! True!
Made of chestnuts but brand new!
Hill Mill Meal."

And the seventh—

"Solomon said it couldn't be done,
There wasn't a new thing under the sun—
He never ate Hill Mill Meal!"

Seven hundred dollars went in this one method only; and meanwhile diligent young men in automobiles were making arrangements and leaving circulars and samples with the grocer. Anybody will take free samples and everybody likes chestnuts. Are they not the crown of luxury in turkey stuffing? The gem of the confection as *marron glaces*? The sure profit of the corner-merchant with his little charcoal stove, even when they are half scorched and half cold? Do we not all love them, roast, or boiled—only they are so messy to peel.

Arnold's only secret was his process; but his permanent advantage was in the fine quality of his nuts, and his exquisite care in manufacture. In dainty, neat, easily opened cartons (easily shut too, so they were not left gaping to gather dust), he put upon the market a sort of sump, chestnuts perfectly shelled and husked, roasted and ground, both coarse and fine. Good? You stood and ate half a package out of your hand, just tasting of it. Then you sat down and ate the other half.

He made pocket-size cartons, filled with whole ones, crafty man! And they became "The Business Man's Lunch" forthwith. A pocketful of roast chestnuts—and no mess nor trouble! And when they were boiled—well, we all know how good boiled chestnuts are. As to the meal, a new variety of mush appeared, and gems, muffins, and pancakes that made old epicures feel young again in the joys of a fresh taste, and gave America new standing in the eyes of France.

The orders rolled in and the poetry rolled out. The market for a new food is as wide as the world; and Jim Chamberlin was mad to conquer it, but Arnold explained to him that his total output was only so many bushels a year.

"Nonsense!" said Jim. "You're a—a—well, a *poet*! Come! Use your imagination! Look at these hills about you—they could grow chestnuts to the horizon! Look at this valley, that rattling river, a bunch of mills could run here! You can support a fine population—a whole village of people—there's no end to it, I tell you!"

"And where would my privacy be then and the beauty of the place?" asked Arnold, "I love this green island of chestnut trees, and the winding empty valley, just freckled with a few farms. I'd hate to support a village!"

"But you can be a Millionaire!" said Jim.

"I don't want to be a Millionaire," Arnold cheerfully replied.

Jim gazed at him, opening and shutting his mouth in silence.
"You—confounded old—*poet*!" he burst forth at last.

"I can't help that," said Arnold.

"You'd better ask Miss Sutherland about it, I think," his friend drily suggested.

"To be sure! I had forgotten that—I will," the poet replied.

Then he invited her to come up and visit his Hill, met her at the train with the smooth, swift, noiseless, smell-less electric car, and held her hand in blissful silence as they rolled up the valley road. They wound more slowly up his graded avenue, green-arched by chestnut boughs.

He showed her the bit of meadowy inlet where the mill stood, by the heavy lower fall; the broad bright packing rooms above, where the busy Italian boys and girls chattered gaily as they worked. He showed her the second fall, with his little low-humming electric plant; a bluestone building, vine-covered, lovely, a tiny temple to the flower-god.

"It does our printing," said Arnold, "gives us light, heat and telephones. And runs the cars."

Then he showed her the shaded reaches of his lake, still, starred with lilies, lying dark under the curving boughs of water maples, doubling the sheer height of flower-crowned cliffs.

She held his hand tighter as they wound upward, circling the crown of the hill that she might see the splendid range of outlook; and swinging smoothly down a little and out on the green stretch before the house.

Ella gasped with delight. Gray, rough and harmonious, hung with woodbine and wildgrape, broad-porched and wide-windowed, it faced the setting sun. She stood looking, looking, over the green miles of tumbling hills, to the blue billowy far-off peaks swimming in soft light.

"There's the house," said Arnold, "furnished—there's a view room built on—for you, dear; I did it myself. There's the hill—and the little lake and one waterfall all for us! And the spring, and the garden, and some very nice Italians. And it will earn—my Hill and Mill, about three or four thousand dollars a year—above *all* expenses!"

"How perfectly splendid!" said Ella. "But there's one thing you've left out!"

"What's that?" he asked, a little dashed.

"*You!*" she answered. "Arnold Blake! My Poet!"

"Oh, I forgot," he added, after some long still moments. "I ought to ask you about this first. Jim Chamberlain says I can cover all these hills with chestnuts, fill this valley with people, string that little river with a row of mills, make breakfast for all the world—and be a Millionaire. Shall I?"

"For goodness sake—*No!*" said Ella. "Millionaire, indeed? And spoil the most perfect piece of living I ever saw or heard of!"

Then there was a period of bliss, indeed there was enough to last indefinitely.

But one pleasure they missed. They never saw even the astonished face, much less the highly irritated mind, of old John Blake, when he first returned from his two years of travel. The worst of it was he had eaten the stuff all the way home—and liked it! They told him it was Chestnut Meal—but that meant nothing to him. Then he began to find the jingling advertisements in every magazine; things that ran in his head and annoyed him.

"When corn or rice no more are nice,
When oatmeal seems to pall,
When cream of wheat's no longer sweet
And you abhor them all—"

"I do abhor them all!" the old man would vow, and take up a newspaper, only to read:

"Better than any food that grows
Upon or in the ground,
Strong, pure and sweet
And good to eat
Our tree-born nuts are found."

"Bah!" said Mr. Blake, and tried another, which only showed him:

"Good for mother, good for brother,
Good for child;
As for father—well, rather!

He's just wild."

He was. But the truth never dawned upon him till he came to this one:

"About my hut
There grew a nut
Nutritious;
I could but feel
'Twould make a meal
Delicious.

I had a Hill,
I built a Mill
Upon it.
And hour by hour
I sought for power
To run it.

To burn my trees
Or try the breeze
Seemed crazy;
To use my arm
Had little charm—
I'm lazy!

The nuts are here,
But coal!—Quite dear
We find it!
We have the stuff.
Where's power enough
To grind it?

What force to find
My nuts to grind?
I've found it!
The Water-fall
Could beat 'em all—
And ground it!

PETER POETICUS."

"Confound your impudence!" he wrote to his son. "And confound your poetic stupidity in not making a Big Business now you've got a start! But I understand you do make a living, and I'm thankful for that."

*

Arnold and Ella, watching the sunset from their hammock, laughed softly together, and lived.

TEN SUGGESTIONS

This is a sermon.

Its purpose is to point out the need of a clearer conception of right and wrong, based on knowledge.

Its text is from Ecclesiastes I, 13, "And I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven; this sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith."

(Let me remark here that I had my sermon in mind before I looked for the text; but a more expressive and beautifully apposite one I never saw!)

The Preacher of old is right; this sore travail was laid upon us, a most useful exercise; but we have lazily evaded it and taken other people's judgment as to our duties.

That would-be Empire Builder, Moses, legislated for his people with an unlimited explicitness that reflects small credit on their power to search out by wisdom.

His cut and dried rules went down to most delicate selection of ovine viscera for the sacrifice—"the fat and the rump, and the fat that covereth the inwards and the caul above the liver, and the two kidneys"; and into careful dietetics, which would cut out from our food list the hare and rabbit, the lobster, the crab, the turtle, the clam, oyster and scallop, indeed all shellfish.

The "fowls that creep, going upon all four," whatever they may be, are also considered an abomination; but locusts, bald locusts, and grasshoppers are recommended by name. Even in clothing we are carefully forbidden to use a garment of linen and woolen, yet among our pious Puritan ancestors "linsey-woolsey" was a very common and useful cloth.

All these secondary Mosaic directions have long since been relegated to their place in archaeology; at least by the Christian churches, but the ten commandments are still held as coming direct from God; and form the main basis of our ethics. Yet while tacitly accepted they are not studied, and few people have remarked how the pressure of social development has changed their weight and relative value.

At first they stood, imposing and alike, an even row, to break anyone of which was held an equal sin. Few persons now would hold disrespect to a patently disrespectable parent as wrong as murder; or a failure to "remember the Sabbath" as great a sin as adultery. Experience has taught us something, and those who have undertaken that sore travail—to seek and search out by wisdom—have found that some things are much more wrong than others—and why.

I met once a very pious man; dark, gloomy, violently virtuous. He looked like one of Cromwell's deacons; but was in fact a southerner and an Episcopalian. Mention was made of an enlightened jury, somewhere in the west, who had acquitted a man who stole bread for his starving children.

"Good!" said I; "good! we are at last learning to discriminate in our judgment of right and wrong."

He glowered at me forbiddingly. "There is no room for judgment," he said; as if he were Fate itself. "There is a Commandment which says, 'Thou shalt not steal!'"

"Do you mean that all the Commandments stand equally?" I inquired. "That we must hold all of the same importance, without qualification, and to break any is an equal sin?"

"I do!" he said, with solemn assurance.

I meditated a little, and then asked, "Did you not say to me the other day that if the negroes ever tried to assert social equality, you would be among the first to shoulder your gun and put them in their place?"

"I would!" he admitted proudly.

"But," said I, "is there not a commandment which says, 'Thou shalt not kill?'"

He was silent. He was much annoyed, and saw no way out of his morass of contradiction. Then I offered what looked like a plank, a stepping-stone to safety. "Surely," said I, "there is some room for judgment. The later and smaller laws and regulations give many directions for killing. All through ancient Hebraic history it was frequently a special mandate, the people being distinctly commanded to slay and destroy, sometimes even to kill women, children and the unborn. And to-day—even a Christian man, in the exercise of legal justice, in defence of his life, his family, his country,—surely he has a right to kill! Do you not think there are times when it is right to kill?"

With a long breath of relief he agreed.

"Then why may it not be sometimes right to commit adultery?"

The conversation lapsed. He knew the two offenses were not in the same category. He knew that the reasons adultery is wrong, and killing is wrong are older than Hebrew history, and rest on observed facts. It would be a hardy thinker who would defend adultery; but we all know—to quote Ecclesiastes again that "There is a time to kill and a time to heal."

It may be that that set of ten applied with beautiful precision to the special vices of that people and that time; but there is room for many more needed ones to-day. There is no commandment against gambling, for instance; one of the most universal and indefensible evils. Gambling does no one good; the winner of unearned money is corrupted and the loser both corrupted and deprived. Gambling undermines all habits of industry and thrift; it unsettles our reliance on care, patience, thoroughness, ability, and tempts us to rely on chance. It is an unmitigated social evil, but goes unforbidden by the Mosaic code, which was so careful about which kind of fat to sacrifice and how much uncleaner a girl baby was than a boy.

Speaking of social evil, *the* social evil is not referred to. Adultery is an offence to be sure, dangerous and destructive to family and social life; but prostitution is a greater evil; far more common—and goes unmentioned; unless in the original it meant the same thing.

Lying is not referred to. Of course some say that bearing false witness means lying; but surely malicious perjury is a special crime, distinctly described, and not the same thing as mere misrepresentation.

Another of the blackest sins known to man, always so recognized and punished, goes without notice in this list:—treason. To betray one's country—what could be worse! Is it not visibly wickeder than to play ball on Sunday?

On the positive side our whole code of ethics, Hebrew and Christian, fails to mention the main duty of life—to do your best work. This is the one constant social service; and its reverse is a constant social injury.

The old ethics is wholly personal, the new ethics (still unwritten) is social first—personal later. In the old list we find, on a par with adultery, theft and murder, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Does this mean common swearing? Is it as wrong to say 'damn' as to commit murder?

No, we do know better than that. We know that in those days, when lying was so universal a habit that no one thought of prohibiting it, the two most evil extremes were flat perjury with intent to harm, and the solemn invocation of God's name to bind a bargain or seal a vow, afterward broken. Both these were carefully forbidden. No one thought of believing anything unless it was sworn to—and if they broke their oath there was no reliance anywhere. To compel a slippery people to keep faith—that was good ethics; and then most necessary.

We do not run our business that way now; we do greater evil in new ways—and there is no commandment to forbid us. If that one read, "Thou shalt not break faith nor cheat," it would have applied equally well now.

The very first one is a curious proof of the then belief in many gods. Jehovah does not say, "I am the only God," He says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." That there were others is admitted, but it is forbidden to run after them.

Nowadays we do not care enough even for our own idea of God—to say nothing of other people's! And look at all that careful objection to images and likenesses, and idol worship generally. The Jews forebore painting and sculpture for many centuries because of that prohibition. Now everyone with a kodak breaks it. The growth of true religious feeling, as well as scientific thought, makes it impossible for civilized peoples to make images and worship them, as did those ingenious old Moabites and Midianites, Jebuzites and Perrizites, Hittites and Haggathites.

The rigorous prohibition of coveting has always puzzled me—to covet is such a private feeling. And if you keep it to yourself, what harm does it do? You may spend your life wishing you had your neighbor's large red automobile; but he is none the poorer. Of course if one sits up nights to covet; or does it daytimes, by the hour, to the exclusion of other business; it would interfere with industry and injure the health. Can it be that the ancient Hebrews were that covetous?

Now suppose we do in good earnest give our hearts to seek and search out all things that are done under heaven, to classify and study them, to find which are most injurious and which are most beneficial, and base thereon a farther code of ethics—by no means excluding the old.

The two great Christian laws will stand solidly. The absolute and all absorbing love of God and the love of the neighbor which is much the same thing—are good general directions. But in daily living; in confronting that ceaseless array of "all things that are done under heaven," the average person cannot stop to think out just how this game of bridge or that horse-race interferes with love of God or man. We need good hard honest scientific study; sore travail, which God hath given to the sons of men, to be exercised therewith; and a further code of ethics, not claimed as directly handed down from Heaven, but proven by plain facts of common experience. We do not need to imitate or parody the authoritative utterance of any priesthood; we want an exposition which a bright child can understand and a practical man respect.

We have succeeded before now in establishing elaborate codes of conduct—yes and enforcing them, without any better sanction than habit, prejudice, tradition. A schoolboy has his notion of right behavior, not traceable to Hebrew or Christian ethics; so has the grown man, putting his quaint ideas of "honor" and "sportsmanship" far beyond any religious teaching. Our scorn of the tell-tale and the coward is not based on the Bible, but on experience; our inhuman cruelty to "the woman who has sinned" is based on mere ignorance and falsehood.

Take that fatuous "unwritten law" which allows a man to murder another man and the wife who has offended what he calls "his honor." There is nothing about that honor of his in old or new testament. It is a notion of his own, which overrides, "Thou shalt not kill," as easily as "lying like a gentleman" overrides, "Thou shalt not bear false witness."

Since we have shown such simple capacity to invent and enforce codes of ethics, of questionable value, why not exercise our ingenuity in making some better ones? We know more now.

As a matter of fact we do not want commands, we want instructions; we want to know why things are wrong, which are the most wrong, and what are their respective consequences. But if a distinct set of prohibitions is preferred it is quite possible to make some that would fit our present day conditions more closely than the Hebraic list.

It would be an interesting thing to have earnest people give their minds to this and seek and search out for themselves a new light on everyday ethics. As a starter here is a tentative list to think about; open to alteration and addition by anyone.

And on what authority are these presented? some will ask. Not on "authority" at all; but on law, natural law, the right and wrong indicated being long since known to us. And are these set presumptuously in the place of the Divine Command? will be tremblingly inquired. By no means. The Ten stand as before—these are auxiliary and merely suggestive of study.

1. Thou shalt learn that human love is a natural law and obey it as the main condition of life: the service of man is the worship of God.

2. Thou shalt learn that the first duty of human life is to find thy work and do it; for by labor ye live and grow and in it is worship, pride and joy.

3. Thou shalt keep an open mind and use it, welcoming new knowledge and new truth and giving them to all.

4. Thou shalt maintain liberty and justice for everyone.

5. Thou shalt maintain thy health and thy chastity. Temperance and purity are required of all men.

6. Thou shalt not lie, break faith or cheat.

7. Thou shalt not gamble, nor live idly on the labor of others, nor by any usury.

8. Thou shalt not steal; nor take from one another save in fair exchange or as a free gift.

9. Thou shalt not do unnecessary hurt to any living thing.

10. Thou shalt not worship the past nor be content with the present, for growth is the law of life.

THE MALINGERER

Exempt! She "does not have to work!"

So might one talk
Defending long, bedridden ease,
Weak yielding ankles, flaccid knees,
With, "I don't have to walk!"

Not have to work. Why not? Who gave
Free pass to you?
You're housed and fed and taught and dressed
By age-long labor of the rest—
Work other people do!

What do you give in honest pay
For clothes and food?
Then as a shield, defence, excuse,
She offers her exclusive use—
Her function—Motherhood!

Is motherhood a trade you make
A living by?

And does the wealth you so may use,
Squander, accumulate, abuse,
Show motherhood as high?

Or does the motherhood of those
Whose toil endures,
The farmers' and mechanics' wives,
Hard working servants all their lives—
Deserve less price than yours?

We're not exempt! Man's world runs on,
Motherless, wild;
Our servitude and long duress,
Our shameless, harem idleness,
Both fail to serve the child.

GENIUS, DOMESTIC AND MATERNAL

Most of us believe the human race to be the highest form of life—so far. Not all of us know why. Because we do not properly realize the causes of our superiority and swift advance, we do not take advantage of them as we should.

Among various causes of human supremacy, none counts more than our social gift of genius, the special power that is given to some more than others, as part of social specialization. In social life, which is organic, we do not find each one doing the same work, but some, especially fitted for one thing, doing that thing for the service of the others. No creature approaches us in the degree of our specialization, and the crowning power of individual genius.

Because of this power we, as a whole, have benefited by the "genius for mechanics," for invention, for discovery, for administration, and all the commoner lines of work, as well as in the fine arts and professions. The great surgeon is a genius as well as the great painter or poet, and the world profits by the mighty works of these specialized servants.

For the development of genius we must allow it to specialize, of course. The genius of Beethoven would have done us little good if he had passed his life as a bookkeeper or dealer in ironware. The greatest of poets could produce little poetry if he worked twelve hours a day in a rolling mill. Genius may overcome some forms of opposition, but it must be allowed to do the work it has a genius for—or none will be manifested.

We can easily see what a loss it would have been to the world if all forms of genius had been checked and smothered; if we had no better poetry than the average man writes when he is in love, no better surgery than each of us could perform if he had to, no better music than the tunes we make up to amuse ourselves, no better machinery than each of us is capable of inventing. We know full well the limitation of the average mind.

Now, suppose we had no better guide than that, no specialization at all, no great financiers, no great administrators, no great astronomers or architects, no great anything—simply the average mind, doing everything for itself without any help from others. A nice, flat, low-grade world we would have! Think of the houses, each of them "the house that Jack built," and not a building on earth bigger or better than Jack alone could make! No sciences, no arts, no skilled trades (one cannot develop much special skill while doing everything for oneself); no teachers and leaders of any sort—just the strength and ingenuity of each one of us, trying to meet his own needs by his own efforts.

This would be stark savagery, not civilization.

All this is as true of women as it is of men; women also are human beings, and members of society. Women have capacity for specialization, for strong preference and high ability in certain kinds of work. But since a man's world has viewed women only as females, since their feminine functions were practically uniform, and since everything they did was considered a feminine function, therefore women have not been allowed to specialize and develop genius. All women were required to do the same work (a) "keep house"; (b) "rear children."

These things we have at no time viewed as arts, trades, sciences or professions; they were considered as feminine functions, and to be performed by "instinct." Instinct is hereditary habit. It is developed by the repeated action of identical conditions. It is a fine thing, for animals, who have nothing else.

In humanity, instinct disappears in proportion as reason develops. Our conditions vary, even more and rapidly, and we have to have something much more rapid and alterable than instinct. No great man runs a business by instinct; he learns how. For the performance of any social service of importance, three powers are required. First, special ability or genius; second, education; third, experience. When we are served by special ability, education and experience, we are well served. Any human business left without these is left at the bottom of the ladder.

That is where we find the two great branches of human service left to women, the domestic and the maternal. These universal services, of most vital importance not only to our individual lives but to our social development, are left to be performed by the average mind, by the average woman, by instinct.

Our shoemaking is done by a shoemaker, our blacksmithing by a blacksmith, our doctoring by a doctor; but our cooking is done not by a cook, but by the woman a man happens to marry. She may, by rare chance, have some genius for cooking; but even if she does, there is no education and experience, save such as she may get from a cook book and a lifetime of catering to one family. Quite aside from cooking, the management of our daily living is a form of social service which should be given by genius, education, and experience; and, like the cooking, it is performed by any pretty girl a man secures in marriage.

This vast field of comfort or discomfort, ease or disease, happiness or unhappiness, is cut off from the uplifting influence of specialization.

But it is in the tasks and cares we call "maternal" that our strange restriction of normal development does most damage. We have lumped under their large and generous term all the things done to the little child—by his mother. What his father does for him is not so limited.

A child needs a house to live in—but his father does not have to build it. A child needs shoes, hats, furniture, dishes, toys—his father does not have to make them. A child needs, above all things, instruction—his father does not have to give it.

No, the fathers, humanly specialized, developing great skill and making constant progress, give to the world's children human advantages. A partly civilized state, comparative peace, such and such religions and systems of education, such and such fruits of the industry, trade, commerce of the time, and the mighty works of genius; all these men give to children, not individually, as parents, but collectively, as human beings. The father who, as a savage, could give his children only a father's services, now gives them the services of carpenters and masons, farmers and graziers, doctors and lawyers, painters and glaziers, butchers and bakers, soldiers and sailors—all the multiplied abilities of modern specialization; while the mother is "only mother" still.

There are three exceptions: that most ancient division of labor which provided the nurse, the next oldest which gave the servant, and the very recent one which has lifted the world so wonderfully, the teacher. The first two are still unspecialized. As any woman is supposed to be a competent mother, so any woman is supposed to be a competent nursemaid or housemaid. The teacher, however, has to learn his business, is a skilled professional, and accomplishes much.

Teaching is a form of specialized motherhood. It gives "the mother love"—an attribute of all female animals toward their own young—a chance to grow to social form as a general love of children, and through specialization, training, experience, it makes this love far more useful. The teacher is to some degree a social mother, and the advantage of this social motherhood is so great that it would seem impossible to question it. Motherhood is common to all races of humanity, down to the Bushmen, as well as to beasts and birds. Education is found only with us; and in proportion to our stage of social progress. Where there is no education but the mother's—no progress. Where the teacher comes, and in proportion to the quantity and quality of teachers, so advances civilization. In Africa there are mothers, prolific and affectionate; in China, in India, everywhere. But the nations with the most and best education are those which lead the world.

Similarly in domestic service. Everywhere on earth, to the lowest savages, we find the individual woman serving the individual man. "Home cooking" varies with the home; from the oil-lamp of the Eskimo or brazier of the Oriental, up to the more elaborate stoves and ranges of to-day; but the art of cooking has grown through the men cooks, who made it a business, and gave to this valuable form of social service the advantages of genius, training and experience.

The whole people share in the development of architecture, of electric transportation and communication, of science and invention. But no such development is possible to the general public, in these basic necessities of child care and house care, for the obvious reason above stated, that these tasks are left to the unspecialized, untrained, unexperienced average woman.

The child should have from birth the advantages of civilization. The home should universally share in the progress of the age. To some extent this now takes place, as far as the advance in child-culture can spread and filter downward to the average mother, through the darkness of ignorance and the obstacles of prejudice, and as far as public statutes can enforce upon the private home the sanitary requirements of the age. But this is a slow and pitifully small advance; we need genius, for our children; genius to insure the health and happiness of our daily lives.

Motherhood pure and simple, the bearing, nursing, loving and providing for a child, is a feminine function, and should be common to all women. But that "providing" does not have to be done in person. The mother has long since deputed to the father the two main lines of child care—defence and maintenance. She has allowed her responsibility to shift in this matter on the ground that he could do it better than she could.

In instruction she has accepted the services of the school, and of the music-teacher, dancing-teacher, and other specialists; in case of illness, she relies on the doctor; in daily use, she is glad to patronize the shoemaker and hatter, seamstress and tailor. Yet in the position of nurse and teacher to the baby, she admits no assistance except a servant. But the first four or five years of a child's life are of preeminent importance. Here above all is where he needs the advantage of genius, training and experience, and is given but ignorant affection and hired labor.

Some, to-day, driven to the wall by glaring facts such as these, that babies die most of preventable diseases, and that their death rate is greatest while they are most absolutely in their mother's care, do admit the need of improvement. But they say, "The mother should engage this specialist to help her in the home," or, "The mother must be taught."

If all normal women are to be mothers, as they should, how are any specialists to be hired in private homes? A young nursemaid cannot reach the heights of training and experience needed. As to teaching the mother—*who is to teach her?*

Who understands this work? No one! And no one ever will until the natural genius for child culture of some women is improved by training, strengthened and deepened by experience, and recognized as social service. Such women should be mothers themselves, of course, They would be too few, by the laws of specialization, to be hired as private nurses, and too expensive, if they were not too few. The great Specialist in Child Culture should be as highly honored and paid as a college president—more so; no place on earth is more important.

The average mother is not, and never can be, an eminent specialist, any more than the average father can be. Averages do not attain genius. Our children need genius in their service. "Where are we to get it?" demand the carpers and doubters, clinging to their rocky fastnesses of tradition and habit like so many limpets.

It is here already.

Some women have a natural genius for the care and training of babies and little children. Some women have a natural genius for household management. All this wealth of genius is now lost to the world except in so far as it is advantageous to one family.

And here, by a paradox not surprising, it is often disadvantageous. A woman capable of smoothly administering a large hotel may be extremely wearing as a private housekeeper. Napoleon, as a drill sergeant, would have been hard to bear.

A woman with the real human love for children, the capacity for detail in their management, the profound interest in educational processes, which would make her a beneficent angel if she had the care of hundreds, may make her a positive danger if she has to focus all that capacity on two or three.

(To be concluded.)

PRISONERS

A MAN IN PRISON.

His cell is small.

His cell is dark.

His cell is cold.

His labor is monotonous and hard.

He is cut off from the light of day, from freedom of movement, from the meeting of friends, from all amusement and pleasure and variety.

His hard labor is the least of his troubles—without it he could not support life. What he most suffers from is the monotony—the confinement—from being in prison.

He longs for his wife. He longs for his children. He longs for his friends.

But first and last and always; highest and deepest and broadest, with all his body and soul and mind he longs for Freedom!

A WOMAN IN PRISON.

Her cell is small.

Her cell is dark.

Her cell is cold.

Her labor is monotonous and hard.

She is cut off from the light of day, from freedom of movement, from the meeting of friends, from all amusement and pleasure and variety.

Her hard labor is the least of her troubles—without it she could not support life. What she most suffers from is the monotony—the confinement—from being in prison.

She longs for her husband. She longs for her children. She longs for her friends.

But first and last and always; highest and deepest and broadest, with all her body and soul and mind she longs for Freedom!

THE MAN OF ALL WORK.

A man is doing all the housework of one family. He loves this family.
It is his family.

He loves his home.

He does not hate his work; but he does get tired of it.

He has to sleep at home all night, and he would prefer to go away from it in the morning; to go out into the air; to join his friends; to go to the shop, the office, the mill, the mine; to work with other men at more varied tasks.

He loves his children; and wishes to do his duty as a father, but he has them with him by night as well as by day; and even a father's patience sometimes gives out. Also he has to do the housework. And even a father, with all his love and strength cannot be a cook, a teacher, and a nurse at the same time.

Sometimes the cooking suffers, but more often it is the teaching or nursing or both—for his wife is rather exacting in the matter of food.

He has a kind wife and they are happy together.

He is proud of his children and they love him.

But when he was a young man he had a strange ambition—he wanted to Be Somebody—to Do Something—to be independent, to take hold of the world's work and help.

His children say, "We need you, Father—you cannot be spared—your duty is here!"

His wife says, "I need you, Husband! You cannot be spared. I like to feel that you are here with the children—keeping up our Home—your duty is here."

And the Voice of the Priest, and the Voice of the Past and the Voice of

Common Prejudice all say:

"The duty of a father is to his children. The duty of a husband is to his wife. Somebody must do the housework! Your duty is here!"

Yet the man is not satisfied.

THE WOMAN OF ALL WORK.

?????

MAY LEAVES

My whole heart grieves
To feel the thrashing winds of March
On the young May leaves—
The cold dry dust winds of March
On the tender, fresh May leaves.

WHAT DIANTHA DID

CHAPTER VIII.

See, "Locked Inside," January No.

Behind the straight purple backs and smooth purple legs on the box before them, Madam Weatherstone and Mrs. Weatherstone rolled home silently, a silence of thunderous portent. Another purple person opened the door for them, and when Madam Weatherstone said, "We will have tea on the terrace," it was brought them by a fourth.

"I was astonished at your attitude, Viva," began the old lady, at length. "Of course it was Mrs. Dankshire's fault in the first place, but to encourage that,—outrageous person! How could you do it!"

Young Mrs. Weatherstone emptied her exquisite cup and set it down.

"A sudden access of courage, I suppose," she said. "I was astonished at myself."

"I wholly disagree with you!" replied her mother-in-law. "Never in my life have I heard such nonsense. Talk like that would be dangerous, if it were not absurd! It would destroy the home! It would strike at the roots of the family."

Viva eyed her quietly, trying to bear in mind the weight of a tradition, the habits of a lifetime, the effect of long years of uninterrupted worship of household gods.

"It doesn't seem so to me," she said slowly, "I was much interested and impressed. She is evidently a young woman of knowledge and experience, and put her case well. It has quite waked me up."

"It has quite upset you!" was the reply. "You'll be ill after this, I am sure. Hadn't you better go and lie down now? I'll have some dinner sent to you."

"Thank you," said Viva, rising and walking to the edge of the broad terrace. "You are very kind. No. I do not wish to lie down. I haven't felt so thoroughly awake in—" she drew a pink cluster of oleander against her cheek and thought a moment—"in several years." There was a new look about her certainly.

"Nervous excitement," her mother-in-law replied. "You're not like yourself at all to-night. You'll certainly be ill to-morrow!"

Viva turned at this and again astonished the old lady by serenely kissing her. "Not at all!" she said gaily. "I'm going to be well to-morrow. You will see!"

She went to her room, drew a chair to the wide west window with the far off view and sat herself down to think. Diantha's assured poise, her clear reasoning, her courage, her common sense; and something of tenderness and consecration she discerned also, had touched deep chords in this woman's

nature. It was like the sound of far doors opening, windows thrown up, the jingle of bridles and clatter of hoofs, keen bugle notes. A sense of hope, of power, of new enthusiasm, rose in her.

Orchardina Society, eagerly observing "young Mrs. Weatherstone" from her first appearance, had always classified her as "delicate." Beside the firm features and high color of the matron-in-office, this pale quiet slender woman looked like a meek and transient visitor. But her white forehead was broad under its soft-hanging eaves of hair, and her chin, though lacking in prognathous prominence or bulldog breadth, had a certain depth which gave hope to the physiognomist.

She was strangely roused and stirred by the afternoon's events. "I'm like that man in 'Phantastes'," she thought contemptuously, "who stayed so long in that dungeon because it didn't occur to him to open the door! Why don't I—?" she rose and walked slowly up and down, her hands behind her. "I will!" she said at last.

Then she dressed for dinner, revolving in her mind certain suspicions long suppressed, but now flaming out in clear conviction in the light of Diantha's words. "Sleeping in, indeed!" she murmured to herself. "And nobody doing anything!"

She looked herself in the eye in the long mirror. Her gown was an impressive one, her hair coiled high, a gold band ringed it like a crown. A clear red lit her cheeks.

She rang. Little Ilda, the newest maid, appeared, gazing at her in shy admiration. Mrs. Weatherstone looked at her with new eyes. "Have you been here long?" she asked. "What is your name?"

"No, ma'am," said the child—she was scarce more. "Only a week and two days. My name is Ilda."

"Who engaged you?"

"Mrs. Halsey, ma'am."

"Ah," said Mrs. Weatherstone, musing to herself, "and I engaged Mrs. Halsey!" "Do you like it here?" she continued kindly.

"Oh yes, ma'am!" said Ilda. "That is—" she stopped, blushed, and continued bravely. "I like to work for you, ma'am."

"Thank you, Ilda. Will you ask Mrs. Halsey to come to me—at once, please."

Ilda went, more impressed than ever with the desirability of her new place, and mistress.

As she was about to pass the door of Mr. Matthew Weatherstone, that young gentleman stepped out and intercepted her. "Whither away so fast, my dear?" he amiably inquired.

"Please let one pass, sir! I'm on an errand. Please, sir?"

"You must give me a kiss first!" said he—and since there seemed no escape and she was in haste, she submitted. He took six—and she ran away half crying.

Mrs. Halsey, little accustomed to take orders from her real mistress, and resting comfortably in her room, had half a mind to send an excuse.

"I'm not dressed," she said to the maid.

"Well she is!" replied Ilda, "dressed splendid. She said 'at once, please.'"

"A pretty time o' day!" said the housekeeper with some asperity, hastily buttoning her gown; and she presently appeared, somewhat heated, before Mrs. Weatherstone.

That lady was sitting, cool and gracious, her long ivory paper-cutter between the pages of a new magazine.

"In how short a time could you pack, Mrs. Halsey?" she inquired.

"Pack, ma'am? I'm not accustomed to doing packing. I'll send one of the maids. Is it your things, ma'am?"

"No," said Mrs. Weatherstone. "It is yours I refer to. I wish you to pack your things and leave the house—in an hour. One of the maids can help you, if necessary. Anything you cannot take can be sent after you. Here is a check for the following month's wages."

Mrs. Halsey was nearly a head taller than her employer, a stout showy

woman, handsome enough, red-lipped, and with a moist and crafty eye.

This was so sudden a misadventure that she forgot her usual caution.

"You've no right to turn me off in a minute like this!" she burst forth.

"I'll leave it to Madam Weatherstone!"

"If you will look at the terms on which I engaged you, Mrs. Halsey, you will find that a month's warning, or a month's wages, was specified. Here are the wages—as to the warning, that has been given for some months past!"

"By whom, Ma'am?"

"By yourself, Mrs. Halsey—I think you understand me. Oscar will take your things as soon as they are ready."

Mrs. Halsey met her steady eye a moment—saw more than she cared to face—and left the room.

She took care, however, to carry some letters to Madam Weatherstone, and meekly announced her discharge; also, by some coincidence, she met Mr. Matthew in the hall upstairs, and weepingly confided her grievance to him, meeting immediate consolation, both sentimental and practical.

When hurried servants were sent to find their young mistress they reported that she must have gone out, and in truth she had; out on her own roof, where she sat quite still, though shivering a little now and then from the new excitement, until dinner time.

This meal, in the mind of Madam Weatherstone, was the crowning factor of daily life; and, on state occasions, of social life. In her cosmogony the central sun was a round mahogany table; all other details of housekeeping revolved about it in varying orbits. To serve an endless series of dignified delicious meals, notably dinners, was, in her eyes, the chief end of woman; the most high purpose of the home.

Therefore, though angry and astounded, she appeared promptly when the meal was announced; and when her daughter-in-law, serene and royally attired, took her place as usual, no emotion was allowed to appear before the purple footman who attended.

"I understood you were out, Viva," she said politely.

"I was," replied Viva, with equal decorum. "It is charming outside at this time in the evening—don't you think so?"

Young Matthew was gloomy and irritable throughout the length and breadth of the meal; and when they were left with their coffee in the drawing room, he broke out, "What's this I hear about Mrs. Halsey being fired without notice?"

"That is what I wish to know, Viva," said the grandmother. "The poor woman is greatly distressed. Is there not some mistake?"

"It's a damn shame," said Matthew.

The younger lady glanced from one to the other, and wondered to see how little she minded it. "The door was there all the time!" she thought to herself, as she looked her stepson in the eye and said, "Hardly drawing-room language, Matthew. Your grandmother is present!"

He stared at her in dumb amazement, so she went on, "No, there is no mistake at all. I discharged Mrs. Halsey about an hour before dinner. The terms of the engagement were a month's warning or a month's wages. I gave her the wages."

"But! but!" Madam Weatherstone was genuinely confused by this sudden inexplicable, yet perfectly polite piece of what she still felt to be in the nature of 'interference' and 'presumption.' "I have had no fault to find with her."

"I have, you see," said her daughter-in-law smiling. "I found her unsatisfactory and shall replace her with something better presently. How about a little music, Matthew? Won't you start the victrola?"

Matthew wouldn't. He was going out; went out with the word. Madam Weatherstone didn't wish to hear it—had a headache—must go to her room—went to her room forthwith. There was a tension in the atmosphere that would have wrung tears from Viva Weatherstone a week ago, yes, twenty-four hours ago.

As it was she rose to her feet, stretching herself to her full height, and walked the length of the great empty room. She even laughed a little. "It's open!" said she, and ordered the car. While waiting for it

she chatted with Mrs. Porne awhile over the all-convenient telephone.

*

Diantha sat at her window, watching the big soft, brilliant moon behind the eucalyptus trees. After the close of the strenuous meeting, she had withdrawn from the crowd of excited women anxious to shake her hand and engage her on the spot, had asked time to consider a number of good opportunities offered, and had survived the cold and angry glances of the now smaller but far more united Home and Culture Club. She declined to talk to the reporters, and took refuge first in an open car. This proved very unsatisfactory, owing to her sudden prominence. Two persistent newspaper men swung themselves upon the car also and insisted on addressing her.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," she said, "I am not acquainted with you."

They eagerly produced their cards—and said they were "newspaper men."

"I see," said Diantha, "But you are still men? And gentlemen, I suppose? I am a woman, and I do not wish to talk with you."

"Miss Bell Declines to Be Interviewed," wrote the reporters, and spent themselves on her personal appearance, being favorably impressed thereby.

But Miss Bell got off at the next corner and took a short cut to the house where she had rented a room. Reporters were waiting there, two being women.

Diantha politely but firmly declined to see them and started for the stairs; but they merely stood in front of her and asked questions. The girl's blood surged to her cheeks; she smiled grimly, kept absolute silence, brushed through them and went swiftly to her room, locking the door after her.

The reporters described her appearance—unfavorably this time; and they described the house—also unfavorably. They said that "A group of adoring-eyed young men stood about the doorway as the flushed heroine of the afternoon made her brusque entrance." These adorers consisted of the landlady's Johnny, aged thirteen, and two satellites of his, still younger. They *did* look at Diantha admiringly; and she *was* a little hurried in her entrance—truth must be maintained.

Too irritated and tired to go out for dinner, she ate an orange or two, lay down awhile, and then eased her mind by writing a long letter to Ross and telling him all about it. That is, she told him most of it, all the pleasant things, all the funny things; leaving out about the reporters, because she was too angry to be just, she told herself. She wrote and wrote, becoming peaceful as the quiet moments passed, and a sense grew upon her of the strong, lasting love that was waiting so patiently.

"Dearest," her swift pen flew along, "I really feel much encouraged. An impression has been made. One or two men spoke to me afterward; the young minister, who said such nice things; and one older man, who looked prosperous and reliable. 'When you begin any such business as you have outlined, you may count on me, Miss Bell,' he said, and gave me his card. He's a lawyer—P. L. Wiscomb; nice man, I should think. Another big, sheepish-looking man said, 'And me, Miss Bell.' His name is Thaddler; his wife is very disagreeable. Some of the women are favorably impressed, but the old-fashioned kind—my! 'If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence!'—but it don't."

She wrote herself into a good humor, and dwelt at considerable length on the pleasant episode of the minister and young Mrs. Weatherstone's remarks. "I liked her," she wrote. "She's a nice woman—even if she is rich."

There was a knock at her door. "Lady to see you, Miss."

"I cannot see anyone," said Diantha; "you must excuse me."

"Beg pardon, Miss, but it's not a reporter; it's—." The landlady stretched her lean neck around the door edge and whispered hoarsely, "It's young Mrs. Weatherstone!"

Diantha rose to her feet, a little bewildered. "I'll be right down," she said. But a voice broke in from the hall, "I beg your pardon, Miss Bell, but I took the liberty of coming up; may I come in?"

She came in, and the landlady perforce went out. Mrs. Weatherstone held Diantha's hand warmly, and looked into her eyes. "I was a schoolmate of Ellen Porne," she told the girl. "We are dear friends still; and so I feel that I know you better than you think. You have done beautiful work for Mrs. Porne; now I want you to do it for me. I need you."

"Won't you sit down?" said Diantha.

"You, too," said Mrs. Weatherstone. "Now I want you to come to me—right away. You have done me so much good already. I was just a New England bred school teacher myself at first, so we're even that far. Then you took a step up—and I took a step down."

Diantha was a little slow in understanding the quick fervor of this new friend; a trifle suspicious, even; being a cautious soul, and somewhat overstrung, perhaps. Her visitor, bright-eyed and eager, went on. "I gave up school teaching and married a fortune. You have given it up to do a more needed work. I think you are wonderful. Now, I know this seems queer to you, but I want to tell you about it. I feel sure you'll understand. At home, Madam Weatherstone has had everything in charge for years and years, and I've been too lazy or too weak, or too indifferent, to do anything. I didn't care, somehow. All the machinery of living, and no *living*—no good of it all! Yet there didn't seem to be anything else to do. Now you have waked me all up—your paper this afternoon—what Mr. Eltwood said—the way those poor, dull, blind women took it. And yet I was just as dull and blind myself! Well, I begin to see things now. I can't tell you all at once what a difference it has made; but I have a very definite proposition to make to you. Will you come and be my housekeeper, now—right away—at a hundred dollars a month?"

Diantha opened her eyes wide and looked at the eager lady as if she suspected her nervous balance.

"The other one got a thousand a year—you are worth more. Now, don't decline, please. Let me tell you about it. I can see that you have plans ahead, for this business; but it can't hurt you much to put them off six months, say. Meantime, you could be practicing. Our place at Santa Ulrica is almost as big as this one; there are lots of servants and a great, weary maze of accounts to be kept, and it wouldn't be bad practice for you—now, would it?"

Diantha's troubled eyes lit up. "No—you are right there," she said. "If I could do it!"

"You'll have to do just that sort of thing when you are running your business, won't you?" her visitor went on. "And the summer's not a good time to start a thing like that, is it?"

Diantha meditated. "No, I wasn't going to. I was going to start somewhere—take a cottage, a dozen girls or so—and furnish labor by the day to the other cottages."

"Well, you might be able to run that on the side," said Mrs. Weatherstone. "And you could train my girls, get in new ones if you like; it doesn't seem to me it would conflict. But to speak to you quite frankly, Miss Bell, I want you in the house for my own sake. You do me good."

They discussed the matter for some time, Diantha objecting mainly to the suddenness of it all. "I'm a slow thinker," she said, "and this is so—so attractive that I'm suspicious of it. I had the other thing all planned—the girls practically engaged."

"Where were you thinking of going?" asked Mrs. Weatherstone.

"To Santa Ulrica."

"Exactly! Well, you shall have your cottage and our girls and give them part time. Or—how many have you arranged with?"

"Only six have made definite engagements yet."

"What kind?"

"Two laundresses, a cook and three second maids; all good ones."

"Excellent! Now, I tell you what to do. I will engage all those girls. I'm making a change at the house, for various reasons. You bring them to me as soon as you like; but you I want at once. I wish you'd come home with me to-night! Why don't you?"

Diantha's scanty baggage was all in sight. She looked around for an excuse. Mrs. Weatherstone stood up laughing.

"Put the new address in the letter," she said, mischievously, "and come along!"

*

And the purple chauffeur, his disapproving back ineffectual in the darkness, rolled them home.

THE ROOM AT THE TOP

There is room at the top?
Ah yes! Were you ever there?
Do you know what they bear
Whose struggle does not stop
Till they reach the room at the top?

Think you first of the way,
How long from the bottom round,—
From the safe, warm, common ground
In the light of the common day—
'Tis a long way. A dark way.

And think of the fight.
It is not so hard to stand
And strive off the broad free land;
But to climb in the wind and night,
And fight,—and climb,—and fight!

And the top when you enter in!
Ah! the fog! The frost! The dark!
And the hateful voices—hark!
O the comfort that you win!
Yes, there's room at the top. Come in!

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE; or, THE MAN-MADE WORLD

VIII.

EDUCATION.

The origin of education is maternal. The mother animal is seen to teach her young what she knows of life, its gains and losses; and, whether consciously done or not, this is education. In our human life, education, even in its present state, is the most important process. Without it we could not maintain ourselves, much less dominate and improve conditions as we do; and when education is what it should be, our power will increase far beyond present hopes.

In lower animals, speaking generally, the powers of the race must be lodged in each individual. No gain of personal experience is of avail to the others. No advantages remain, save those physically transmitted. The narrow limits of personal gain and personal inheritance rigidly hem in sub-human progress. With us, what one learns may be taught to the others. Our life is social, collective. Our gain is for all, and profits us in proportion as we extend it to all. As the human soul develops in us, we become able to grasp more fully our common needs and advantages; and with this growth has come the extension of education to the people as a whole. Social functions are developed under natural laws, like physical ones, and may be studied similarly.

In the evolution of this basic social function, what has been the effect of wholly masculine influence?

The original process, instruction of individual child by individual mother, has been largely neglected in our man-made world. That was considered as a subsidiary sex-function of the woman, and as such, left to her "instinct." This is the main reason why we show such great progress in education for older children, and especially for youths, and so little comparatively in that given to little ones.

We have had on the one side the natural current of maternal education, with its first assistant, the nursemaid, and its second, the "dame-school"; and on the other the influence of the dominant class, organized in university, college, and public school, slowly filtering downward.

Educational forces are many. The child is born into certain conditions, physical and psychic, and "educated" thereby. He grows up into social, political and economic conditions, and is further modified by them. All these conditions, so far, have been of androcentric character; but what we call education as a special social process is what the child is deliberately taught and subjected to; and it is here we may see the same dominant influence so clearly.

This conscious education was, for long, given to boys alone, the girls being left to maternal influence, each to learn what her mother knew, and no more. This very clear instance of the masculine theory is glaring enough by itself to rest a case on. It shows how absolute was the assumption that the world was composed of men, and men alone were to be fitted for it. Women were no part of the world, and needed no training for its uses. As females they were born and not made; as human beings they were only servants, trained as such by their servant mothers.

This system of education we are outgrowing more swiftly with each year. The growing humanness of women, and its recognition, is forcing an equal education for boy and girl. When this demand was first made, by women of unusual calibre, and by men sufficiently human to overlook sex-prejudice, how was it met? What was the attitude of woman's "natural protector" when she began to ask some share in human life?

Under the universal assumption that men alone were humanity, that the world was masculine and for men only, the efforts of the women were met as a deliberate attempt to "unsex" themselves and become men. To be a woman was to be ignorant, uneducated; to be wise, educated, was to be a man. Women were not men, visibly; therefore they could not be educated, and ought not to want to be.

Under this androcentric prejudice, the equal extension of education to women was opposed at every step, and is still opposed by many. Seeing in women only sex, and not humanness, they would confine her exclusively to feminine interests. This is the masculine view, *par excellence*. In spite of it, the human development of women, which so splendidly characterizes our age, has gone on; and now both woman's colleges and those for both sexes offer "the higher education" to our girls, as well as the lower grades in school and kindergarten.

In the special professional training, the same opposition was experienced, even more rancorous and cruel. One would think that on the entrance of a few straggling and necessarily inferior feminine beginners into a trade or profession, those in possession would extend to them the right hand of fellowship, as comrades, extra assistance as beginners, and special courtesy as women.

The contrary occurred. Women were barred out, discriminated against, taken advantage of, as competitors; and as women they have had to meet special danger and offence instead of special courtesy. An unforgettable instance of this lies in the attitude of the medical colleges toward women students. The men, strong enough, one would think, in numbers, in knowledge, in established precedent, to be generous, opposed the newcomers first with absolute refusal; then, when the patient, persistent applicants did get inside, both students and teachers met them not only with unkindness and unfairness, but with a weapon ingeniously well chosen, and most discreditable—namely, obscenity. Grave professors, in lecture and clinic, as well as grinning students, used offensive language, and played offensive tricks, to drive the women out—a most androcentric performance.

Remember that the essential masculine attitude is one of opposition, of combat; his desire is obtained by first overcoming a competitor; and then see how this dominant masculinity stands out where it has no possible use or benefit—in the field of education. All along the line, man, long master of a subject sex, fought every step of woman toward mental equality. Nevertheless, since modern man has become human enough to be just, he has at last let her have a share in the advantages of education; and she has proven her full power to appreciate and use these advantages.

Then to-day rises a new cry against "women in education." Here is Mr. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, solemnly claiming that teaching women weakens the intellect of the teacher, and every now and then bursts out a frantic sputter of alarm over the "feminization" of our schools. It is true that the majority of teachers are now women. It is true that they do have an influence on growing children. It would even seem to be true that that is largely what women are for.

But the male assumes his influence to be normal, human, and the female influence as wholly a matter of sex; therefore, where women teach boys, the boys become "effeminate"—a grievous fall. When men teach girls, do the girls become ——? Here again we lack the analogue. Never has it occurred to the androcentric mind to conceive of such a thing as being too masculine. There is no such word! It is odd to notice that which ever way the woman is placed, she is supposed to exert this degrading influence; if the teacher, she effeminizes her pupils; if the pupil, she effeminizes her teachers.

Now let us shake ourselves free, if only for a moment, from the androcentric habit of mind.

As a matter of sex, the female is the more important. Her share of the processes which sex distinction serves is by far the greater. To be feminine—if one were nothing else, is a far more extensive and dignified office than to be masculine—and nothing else.

But as a matter of humanity the male of our species is at present far ahead of the female. By this

superior humanness, his knowledge, his skill, his experience, his organization and specialization, he makes and manages the world. All this is human, not male. All this is as open to the woman as the man by nature, but has been denied her during our androcentric culture.

But even if, in a purely human process, such as education, she does bring her special feminine characteristics to bear, what are they, and what are the results?

We can see the masculine influence everywhere still dominant and superior. There is the first spur, Desire, the base of the reward system, the incentive of self-interest, the attitude which says, "Why should I make an effort unless it will give me pleasure?" with its concomitant laziness, unwillingness to work without payment. There is the second spur, Combat, the competitive system, which sets one against another, and finds pleasure not in learning, not exercising the mind, but in getting ahead of one's fellows. Under these two wholly masculine influences we have made the educational process a joy to the few who successfully attain, and a weary effort, with failure and contumely attached, to all the others. This may be a good method in sex-competition, but is wholly out of place and mischievous in education. Its prevalence shows the injurious masculinization of this noble social process.

What might we look for in a distinctly feminine influence? What are these much-dreaded feminine characteristics?

The maternal ones, of course. The sex instincts of the male are of a preliminary nature, leading merely to the union preceding parenthood. The sex instincts of the female cover a far larger field, spending themselves most fully in the lasting love, the ceaseless service, the ingenuity and courage of efficient motherhood. To feminize education would be to make it more motherly. The mother does not rear her children by a system of prizes to be longed for and pursued; nor does she set them to compete with one another, giving to the conquering child what he needs, and to the vanquished, blame and deprivation. That would be "unfeminine."

Motherhood does all it knows to give to each child what is most needed, to teach all to their fullest capacity, to affectionately and efficiently develop the whole of them.

But this is not what is meant by those who fear so much the influence of women. Accustomed to a wholly male standard of living, to masculine ideals, virtues, methods and conditions, they say—and say with some justice—that feminine methods and ideals would be destructive to what they call "manliness." For instance, education to-day is closely interwoven with games and sports, all of an excessively masculine nature. "The education of a boy is carried on largely on the playground!" say the objectors to women teachers. Women cannot join them there; therefore, they cannot educate them.

What games are these in which women cannot join? There are forms of fighting, of course, violent and fierce, modern modifications of the instinct of sex-combat. It is quite true that women are not adapted, or inclined, to baseball or football or any violent game. They are perfectly competent to take part in all normal athletic development, the human range of agility and skill is open to them, as everyone knows who has been to the circus; but they are not built for physical combat; nor do they find ceaseless pleasure in throwing, hitting or kicking things.

But is it true that these strenuous games have the educational value attributed to them? It seems like blasphemy to question it. The whole range of male teachers, male pupils, male critics and spectators, are loud in their admiration for the "manliness" developed by the craft, courage, co-ordinative power and general "sportsmanship" developed by the game of football, for instance; that a few young men are killed and many maimed, is nothing in comparison to these advantages.

Let us review the threefold distinction on which this whole study rests, between masculine, feminine and human. Grant that woman, being feminine, cannot emulate man in being masculine—and does not want to. Grant that the masculine qualities have their use and value, as well as feminine ones. There still remain the human qualities shared by both, owned by neither, most important of all. Education is a human process, and should develop human qualities—not sex qualities. Surely our boys are sufficiently masculine, without needing a special education to make them more so.

The error lies here. A strictly masculine world, proud of its own sex and despising the other, seeing nothing in the world but sex, either male or female, has "viewed with alarm" the steady and rapid growth of humanness. Here, for instance, is a boy visibly tending to be an artist, a musician, a scientific discoverer. Here is another boy not particularly clever in any line, nor ambitious for any special work, though he means in a general way to "succeed"; he is, however, a big, husky fellow, a good fighter, mischievous as a monkey, and strong in the virtues covered by the word "sportsmanship." This boy we call "a fine manly fellow."

We are quite right. He is. He is distinctly and excessively male, at the expense of his humanness. He

may make a more prepotent sire than the other, though even that is not certain; he may, and probably will, appeal more strongly to the excessively feminine girl, who has even less humanness than he; but he is not therefore a better citizen.

The advance of civilization calls for human qualities, in both men and women. Our educational system is thwarted and hindered, not as Prof. Wendell and his life would have us believe, by "feminization," but by an overweening masculization.

Their position is a simple one. "We are men. Men are human beings. Women are only women. This is a man's world. To get on in it you must do it man-fashion—i.e., fight, and overcome the others. Being civilized, in part, we must arrange a sort of "civilized warfare," and learn to play the game, the old crude, fierce male game of combat, and we must educate our boys thereto." No wonder education was denied to women. No wonder their influence is dreaded by an ultra-masculine culture.

It will change the system in time. It will gradually establish an equal place in life for the feminine characteristics, so long belittled and derided, and give pre-eminent dignity to the human power.

Physical culture, for both boys and girls, will be part of such a modified system. All things that both can do together will be accepted as human; but what either boys or girls have to retire apart to practice will be frankly called masculine and feminine, and not encouraged in children.

The most important qualities are the human ones, and will be so named and honored. Courage is a human quality, not a sex-quality. What is commonly called courage in male animals is mere belligerence, the fighting instinct. To meet an adversary of his own sort is a universal masculine trait; two father cats may fight fiercely each other, but both will run from a dog as quickly as a mother cat. She has courage enough, however, in defence of her kittens.

What this world most needs to-day in both men and women, is the power to recognize our public conditions; to see the relative importance of measures; to learn the processes of constructive citizenship. We need an education which shall give its facts in the order of their importance; morals and manners based on these facts; and train our personal powers with careful selection, so that each may best serve the community.

At present, in the larger processes of extra-scholastic education, the advantage is still with the boy. From infancy we make the gross mistake of accentuating sex in our children, by dress and all its limitations, by special teaching of what is "ladylike" and "manly." The boy is allowed a freedom of experience far beyond the girl. He learns more of his town and city, more of machinery, more of life, passing on from father to son the truths as well as traditions of sex superiority.

All this is changing before our eyes, with the advancing humanness of women. Not yet, however, has their advance affected, to any large extent, the base of all education; the experience of a child's first years. Here is where the limitations of women have checked race progress most thoroughly. Here hereditary influence was constantly offset by the advance of the male. Social selection did develop higher types of men, though sex-selection reversed still insisted on primitive types of women. But the educative influence of these primitive women, acting most exclusively on the most susceptible years of life, has been a serious deterrent to race progress.

Here is the dominant male, largely humanized, yet still measuring life from male standards. He sees women only as a sex. (Note here the criticism of Europeans on American women. "Your women are so sexless!" they say, meaning merely that our women have human qualities as well as feminine.) And children he considers as part and parcel of the same domain, both inferior classes, "women and children."

I recall in Rimmer's beautiful red chalk studies, certain profiles of man, woman and child, and careful explanation that the proportion of the woman's face and head were far more akin to the child than to the man. What Mr. Rimmer should have shown, and could have, by profuse illustration, was that the faces of boy and girl differ but slightly, and the faces of old men and women differ as little, sometimes not at all; while the face of the woman approximates the human more closely than that of the man; while the child, representing race more than sex, is naturally more akin to her than to him. The male reserves more primitive qualities, the hairiness, the more pugnacious jaw; the female is nearer to the higher human types.

An ultra-male selection has chosen women for their femininity first, and next for qualities of submissiveness and patient service bred by long ages of servility.

This servile womanhood, or the idler and more excessively feminine type, has never appreciated the real power and place of the mother, and has never been able to grasp or to carry out any worthy system of education for little children. Any experienced teacher, man or woman, will own how rare it is to find

a mother capable of a dispassionate appreciation of educative values. Books in infant education and child culture generally are read by teachers more than mothers, so our public libraries prove. The mother-instinct, quite suitable and sufficient in animals, is by no means equal to the requirements of civilized life. Animal motherhood furnishes a fresh wave of devotion for each new birth; primitive human motherhood extends that passionate tenderness over the growing family for a longer period; but neither can carry education beyond its rudiments.

So accustomed are we to our world-old method of entrusting the first years of the child to the action of untaught, unbridled mother-instinct, that suggestions as to a better education for babies are received with the frank derision of massed ignorance.

That powerful and brilliant writer, Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, among others has lent her able pen to ridicule and obstruct the gradual awakening of human intelligence in mothers, the recognition that babies are no exception to the rest of us in being better off for competent care and service. It seems delightfully absurd to these reactionaries that ages of human progress should be of any benefit to babies, save, indeed, as their more human fathers, specialized and organized, are able to provide them with better homes and a better world to grow up in. The idea that mothers, more human, should specialize and organize as well, and extend to their babies these supreme advantages, is made a laughing stock.

It is easy and profitable to laugh with the majority; but in the judgment of history, those who do so, hold unenviable positions. The time is coming when the human mother will recognize the educative possibilities of early childhood, learn that the ability to rightly teach little children is rare and precious, and be proud and glad to avail themselves of it.

We shall then see a development of the most valuable human qualities in our children's minds such as would now seem wildly Utopian. We shall learn from wide and long experience to anticipate and provide for the steps of the unfolding mind, and train it, through carefully prearranged experiences, to a power of judgment, of self-control, of social perception, now utterly unthought of.

Such an education would begin at birth; yes, far before it, in the standards of a conscious human motherhood. It would require a quite different status of wifeness, womanhood, girlhood. It would be wholly impossible if we were never to outgrow our androcentric culture.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

With the May issue of the American Magazine closes the first set of papers on "The American Woman," by Miss Ida Tarbell. She has to a high degree the historian's power to collate facts and so marshal them as to give a clear picture of the time and scenes in question. I always read her work with admiration and respect, also with enjoyment, personal and professional. The strong, far-seeing mind at work; the direct style; and the value of the subject matter, place this writer high among our present day teachers.

For these reasons I was wholly unprepared for the painful shock caused by reading the opening page in the March number of these articles. Preceding issues had treated of the rise of the Equal Suffrage movement in this country; while not wholly sympathetic, these were fair, and ably treated.

The March number begins: "What was the American Woman doing in the '40's and '50's that she went on her way so serenely while a few of her sex struggled and suffered to gain for her what they believed to be her rights?" And she goes on to show for what reason she kept out of the Woman's Rights Movement, "reasons, on the whole, simple and noble."

Here are the reasons.

"She was too much occupied with preserving and developing the great traditions of life she had inherited and accepted. . . . She was firmly convinced that these traditions were the best the world had so far developed, not merely for women, but for society. She did not deny that women had not the full opportunity they should have; but as she saw it, no more did men. She saw civil and educational and social changes going on about her. She feared their coming too fast rather than too slow.

"And it was no unworthy thing that she was doing. Take that part of her life so often spoken of with contempt—her social life. Those who would pass society by as a frivolous and unworthy institution are those who have never learned its real functions—who confuse the selfish business of amusement with the serious task of providing *an intimate circle for the free exchange of ideals and of service*, for stimulus and enjoyment.

"It is through society that *the quickening of mind and heart best comes about—that the nature is aroused, the fancy heightened. It is the very foundation of civilization—society. The church and state work through it. Morals are made and unmade in it. Ideas find life or death there.*"

The italics are mine.

For so clear-headed a woman as Miss Tarbell to commit herself to statements like these was a keen disappointment to a sincere admirer. I have quoted at length that there may be no mistake as to her meaning. The "society" referred to is unmistakably that business of exchanging entertainments which most of us do pass by as "a frivolous and unworthy institution;" but which some find the sufficient occupation of a lifetime.

That human intercourse is profoundly important no one will deny; we know that contact and exchange does quicken the mind and heart, does give stimulus and enjoyment. It is even true in a large sociological sense that human intercourse is the foundation of civilization. But to call "society" the foundation of civilization does seem like putting a very long train of carts before the horse.

Women who work for suffrage, like other women, and men also, need to meet other people, need relaxation, need the stimulus of contact with differing minds, and get it. Being a suffragist is not like being a leper—or a pauper—or excommunicated. There is nothing about the belief itself to cut off the believer from her kind, and make it impossible to invite her to dinner.

"Society" is of course averse to meeting persons who talk seriously of important things. We are all taught as children that religion and politics must not be discussed in society—and the cause of woman suffrage is often both.

"The selfish business of amusement" is so predominant in "society" that amusing people are the preferred guests; and if some earnest and noteworthy person is drawn into "society" as a temporary exhibit, he is expected to be amusing if he can, and not talk "shop."

It may be admitted at once that Miss Tarbell's main contention is true. It was of course because most women were so occupied in "preserving and developing the great traditions of life" that they could not open their minds to new convictions. They were of course suspicious of change, so is the mass of people at all times, in proportion to their ignorance. The deadening effect of a ceaseless round of housework keeps most women from grasping general issues of importance; and the deadening effect of a ceaseless round of entertainments does the same thing to the few who represent "society." But to have that "society" presented to us as a noble soul-satisfying rightfully exclusive occupation, is a shock.

If it is a natural, simple right form of meeting together it is in no way forbidding to woman suffragists. If it is the "round of gaieties" to which our newspapers give columns—how does it accomplish all those invaluable achievements Miss Tarbell enumerates?

What are the occupations of "society?" Its members are always getting together in expensive clothes, to visit and receive, to eat and drink, to ride and drive, to dance and play games, to go to the opera; and to travel from town to country, from beach to mountain, from land to land, to repeat these things or to hire some one to invent new ones. But these pleasures cannot be in themselves the foundation of civilization! The "exchange of ideals and service" alleged to take place in "society" must be in conversation! It is by this medium that we get our minds and hearts quickened—our natures aroused—our fancy heightened—that the ideas find life and death, and morals are made and unmade.

During which process of "society" does the conversation which promotes the exchange of ideals and service best come about? Is it in the talk of women who are "paying calls?" Is it in the talk at a "tea" or reception? Is it in the talk at a luncheon or a dinner? Is it in the talk over the card-table, or while dancing? Is it in talk at the horse-show or opera? (The pressure of ideas in society is so great that its members do converse at the opera.)

Surely it cannot be "society" which Miss Tarbell means! She must mean human intercourse—the meeting of congenial minds. But no; that is open to the suffragist as well as to any; and no one ever called it a frivolous and unworthy institution.

The meaning is clear enough, but the claims made are to say the least unconvincing.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

My own, partly personal and partly professional.

Q. Why don't people send questions to this department?

A. 1. Because it does not interest them.

A. 2. Because they have no problems.

A. 3. Because they see no reason to expect satisfactory answers.

A. 4. Because they do not understand that questions are asked for.

Now if any of the first three answers are correct, there is nothing to be said—and no use for this department.

But if its the last—herein it is stated that the purpose of this department is to seriously discuss real "personal problems" such as do arise in most lives; and to which neither the minister nor Ruth Ashmore do justice.

It is not proposed to furnish absolute wisdom; only comparative.

One question was considered in the January issue; and a very earnest letter of inquiry was answered at great length for this number but proved too long—will appear in July.

What has always been a problem to me is how people can be alive and take so little interest in the performance.

Here is Life—Death—and a discussable Immortality. Here is Love—of all kinds and sizes. Here is Happiness—so big that you can't swallow it; and Pain—an unlimited assortment.

Here are Things Going On—all kinds of things.

And here are we—making button holes in the back parlor—breaking our heads in a sham fight in the back yard!

Question. Why don't people wake up and LIVE! World-size?

Answer

Some of you send an answer!

[Advertisement]

THE FORERUNNER CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S MAGAZINE CHARLTON CO., 67 WALL ST., NEW YORK

AS TO PURPOSE:

What is The Forerunner? It is a monthly magazine, publishing stories short and serial, article and essay; drama, verse, satire and sermon; dialogue, fable and fantasy, comment and review. It is written entirely by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

What is it For? It is to stimulate thought: to arouse hope, courage and impatience; to offer practical suggestions and solutions, to voice the strong assurance of better living, here, now, in our own hands to make.

What is it about? It is about people, principles, and the questions of every-day life; the personal and public problems of to-day. It gives a clear, consistent view of human life and how to live it.

Is it a Woman's magazine? It will treat all three phases of our existence—male, female and human. It will discuss Man, in his true place in life; Woman, the Unknown Power; the Child, the most important citizen.

Is it a Socialist Magazine? It is a magazine for humanity, and humanity is social. It holds that Socialism, the economic theory, is part of our gradual Socialization, and that the duty of conscious humanity is to promote Socialization.

Why is it published? It is published to express ideas which need a special medium; and in the belief that there are enough persons interested in those ideas to justify the undertaking.

AS TO ADVERTISING:

We have long heard that "A pleased customer is the best advertiser." The Forerunner offers to its advertisers and readers the benefit of this authority. In its advertising department, under the above heading, will be described articles personally known and used. So far as individual experience and approval carry weight, and clear truthful description command attention, the advertising pages of The Forerunner will be useful to both dealer and buyer. If advertisers prefer to use their own statements The Forerunner will publish them if it believes them to be true.

AS TO CONTENTS:

The main feature of the first year is a new book on a new subject with a new name:—

"Our Androcentric Culture." this is a study of the historic effect on normal human development of a too exclusively masculine civilization. It shows what man, the male, has done to the world: and what woman, the more human, may do to change it.

"What Diantha Did." This is a serial novel. It shows the course of true love running very crookedly—as it so often does—among the obstructions and difficulties of the housekeeping problem—and solves that problem. (NOT by co-operation.)

Among the short articles will appear:

"Private Morality and Public Immorality."
"The Beauty Women Have Lost"
"Our Overworked Instincts."
"The Nun in the Kitchen."
"Genius: Domestic and Maternal."
"A Small God and a Large Goddess."
"Animals in Cities."
"How We Waste Three-Fourths Of Our Money."
"Prize Children"
"Kitchen-Mindedness"
"Parlor-Mindedness"
"Nursery-Mindedness"

There will be short stories and other entertaining matter in each issue. The department of "Personal Problems" does not discuss etiquette, fashions or the removal of freckles. Foolish questions will not be answered, unless at peril of the asker.

AS TO VALUE:

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THE FORERUNNER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN
AUTHOR, OWNER & PUBLISHER

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Genus Homo is superior to all other animal species.
Granted. The superiority is due to some things—and in spite of others.

THE BAWLING WORLD

A SESTINA.

Be not impatient with the bawling world!—
The clatter of wild newsmongers, the cry
Of those in pulpits, the incessant speech
From many platforms, and the various prayers
Of tale-tellers all striving for our ears,
And poets that wait and gibber—they have cause.

For all this noise there is a natural cause,
Most natural of all that move the world,
The one that first assails a mother's ears
When loud a lusty infant learns to cry,
An inarticulate insistent prayer
But serving that first need as well as speech.

Reason and love combine to give us speech,
But this loud outcry has a simpler cause,
The same that prompts the roaming jackal's prayer
And fills the forests of the untamed world
With one long, jarring hungry piteous cry—
Such cry as still attacks our weary ears.

We long for human music in our ears,
For the clear joy of well-considered speech,
And the true poet's soul-uplifting cry
To lead us forward, striving for the cause
Of liberty and light for all the world—
And hear but this confused insensate prayer.

Vainly we seek to fly this ceaseless prayer—
To find some silent spot—to stop our ears:—

There is no place in all the groaning world
Where we can live apart from human speech:
and we, while speech is governed by this cause,
Are infants "with no language but a cry."

It is for food that all live creatures cry,
For food the sparrow's or the lion's prayer,
And need of food is the continuing cause,
Of all this deafening tumult in our ears.
Had we our food secure—! Then human speech
Might make mild music, and a wiser world!

*

Poor hungry world! No wonder that you cry;
Elaborate speech reduced to primal prayer:
To save our ears let us remove the cause!

A COINCIDENCE

"O that! It was a fortunate coincidence, wasn't it? All things work together for good with those who love the Lord, you know, and Emma Ordway is the most outrageously Christian woman I ever knew. It did look that Autumn as if there was no way out of it, but things do happen, sometimes.

I dropped in rather late one afternoon to have a cup of tea with Emma, hoping against hope that Mirabella Vlack wouldn't be on hand; but she was, of course, and gobbling. There never was such a woman for candy and all manner of sweet stuff. I can remember her at school, with those large innocent eyes, and that wide mouth, eating Emma's nicest tidbits even then.

Emma loves sweets but she loves her friends better, and never gets anything for herself unless there is more than enough for everybody. She is very fond of a particular kind of fudge I make, has been fond of it for thirty years, and I love to make it for her once in a while, but after Mirabella came—I might as well have made it for her to begin with.

I devised the idea of bringing it in separate boxes, one for each, but bless you! Mirabella kept hers in her room, and ate Emma's!

"O I've left mine up stairs!" she'd say; "Let me go up and get it;"—and of course Emma wouldn't hear of such a thing. Trust Emma!

I've loved that girl ever since she was a girl, in spite of her preternatural unselfishness. And I've always hated those Vlack girls, both of them, Mirabella the most. At least I think so when I'm with her. When I'm with Arabella I'm not so sure. She married a man named Sibthorpe, just rich.

They were both there that afternoon, the Vlack girls I mean, and disagreeing as usual. Arabella was lean and hard and rigorously well dressed, she meant to have her way in this world and generally got it. Mirabella was thick and soft. Her face was draped puffily upon its unseen bones, and of an unwholesome color because of indigestion. She was the type that suggests cushioned upholstery, whereas Arabella's construction was evident.

"You don't look well, Mirabella," said she.

"I am well," replied her sister, "Quite well I assure you."

Mirabella was at that time some kind of a holy thoughtist. She had tried every variety of doctor, keeping them only as long as they did not charge too much, and let her eat what she pleased; which necessitated frequent change.

Mrs. Montrose smiled diplomatically, remarking "What a comfort these wonderful new faiths are!" She was one of Emma's old friends, and was urging her to go out to California with them and spend the winter. She dilated on the heavenly beauty and sweetness of the place till it almost made my mouth water, and Emma!—she loved travel better than anything, and California was one of the few places she had not seen.

Then that Vlack girl began to perform. "Why don't you go, Emma?" she said. "I'm not able to travel myself," (she wouldn't admit she was pointedly left out), "but that's no reason you should miss such a

delightful opportunity. I can be housekeeper for you in your absence." This proposition had been tried once. All Emma's old servants left, and she had to come back in the middle of her trip, and re-organize the household.

Thus Mirabella, looking saintly and cheerful. And Emma—I could have shaken her soundly where she sat—Emma smiled bravely at Mrs. Montrose and thanked her warmly; she'd love it above all things, but there were many reasons why she couldn't leave home that winter. And we both knew there was only one, a huge thing in petticoats sitting gobbling there.

One or two other old friends dropped in, but they didn't stay long; they never did any more, and hardly any men came now. As I sat there drinking my pale tea I heard these people asking Emma why she didn't do this any more, and why she didn't come to that any more, and Emma just as dignified and nice as you please, telling all sorts of perforated paper fibs to explain and decline. One can't be perfect, and nobody could be as absolutely kind and gracious and universally beloved as Emma if she always told the plain truth.

I'd brought in my last protege that day, Dr. Lucy Barnes, a small quaint person, with more knowledge of her profession than her looks would indicate. She was a very wise little creature altogether. I had been studying chemistry with her, just for fun. You never know when you may want to know a thing.

It was fine to see Dr. Lucy put her finger on Mirabella's weakness.

There that great cuckoo sat and discoursed on the symptoms she used to have, and would have now if it wasn't for "science"; and there I sat and watched Emma, and I declare she seemed to age visibly before my eyes.

Was I to keep quiet and let one of the nicest women that ever breathed be worn into her grave by that—Incubus? Even if she hadn't been a friend of mine, even if she hadn't been too good for this world, it would have been a shame. As it was the outrage cried to heaven.—and nobody could do anything.

Here was Emma, a widow, and in her own house; you couldn't coerce her. And she could afford it, as far as money went, you couldn't interfere that way. She had been so happy! She'd got over being a widow—I mean got used to it, and was finding her own feet. Her children were all married and reasonably happy, except the youngest, who was unreasonably happy; but time would make that all right. The Emma really began to enjoy life. Her health was good; she'd kept her looks wonderfully; and all the vivid interests of her girlhood cropped up again. She began to study things; to go to lectures and courses of lectures; to travel every year to a new place; to see her old friends and make new ones. She never liked to keep house, but Emma was so idiotically unselfish that she never would enjoy herself as long as there was anybody at home to give up to.

And then came Mirabella Vlack.

She came for a visit, at least she called one day with her air of saintly patience, and a miserable story of her loneliness and unhappiness, and how she couldn't bear to be dependent on Arabella—Arabella was so unsympathetic!—and that misguided Emma invited her to visit her for awhile.

That was five years ago. Five years! And here she sat, gobbling, forty pounds fatter and the soul of amiability, while Emma grew old.

Of course we all remonstrated—after it was too late.

Emma had a right to her own visitors—nobody ever dreamed that the thing was permanent, and nobody could break down that adamant wall of Christian virtue she suffered behind, not owning that she suffered.

It was a problem.

But I love problems, human problems, better even than problems in chemistry, and they are fascinating enough.

First I tried Arabella. She said she regretted that poor Mirabella would not come to her loving arms. You see Mirabella had tried them, for about a year after her husband died, and preferred Emma's.

"It really doesn't look well," said Arabella. "Here am I alone in these great halls, and there is my only sister preferring to live with a comparative stranger! Her duty is to live with me, where I can take care of her."

Not much progress here. Mirabella did not want to be taken care of by a fault-finding older sister—not while Emma was in reach. It paid, too. Her insurance money kept her in clothes, and she could save

a good deal, having no living expenses. As long as she preferred living with Emma Ordway, and Emma let her—what could anybody do?

It was getting well along in November, miserable weather.

Emma had a cough that hung on for weeks and weeks, she couldn't seem to gather herself together and throw it off, and Mirabella all the time assuring her that she had no cough at all!

Certain things began to seem very clear to me.

One was the duty of a sister, of two sisters. One was the need of a change of climate for my Emma.

One was that ever opening field of human possibilities which it has been the increasing joy of my lifetime to study.

I carried two boxes of my delectable fudge to those ladies quite regularly, a plain white one for Emma, a pretty colored one for the Incubus.

"Are you sure it is good for you?" I asked Mirabella; "I love to make it and have it appreciated, but does your Doctor think it is good for you?"

Strong in her latest faith she proudly declared she could eat anything. She could—visibly. So she took me up short on this point, and ate several to demonstrate immunity—out of Emma's box.

Nevertheless, in spite of all demonstration she seemed to grow somewhat—queasy—shall we say? —and drove poor Emma almost to tears trying to please her in the matter of meals.

Then I began to take them both out to ride in my motor, and to call quite frequently on Arabella; they couldn't well help it, you see, when I stopped the car and hopped out. "Mrs. Sibthorpe's sister" I'd always say to the butler or maid, and she'd always act as if she owned the house—that is if Arabella was out.

Then I had a good talk with Emma's old doctor, and he quite frightened her.

"You ought to close up the house," he said, "and spend the winter in a warm climate. You need complete rest and change, for a long time, a year at least," he told her. I urged her to go.

"Do make a change," I begged. "Here's Mrs. Sibthorpe perfectly willing to keep Mirabella—she'd be just as well off there; and you do really need a rest."

Emma smiled that saintly smile of hers, and said, "Of course, if Mirabella would go to her sister's awhile I could leave? But I can't ask her to go."

I could. I did. I put it to her fair and square,—the state of Emma's health, her real need to break up housekeeping, and how Arabella was just waiting for her to come there. But what's the use of talking to that kind? Emma wasn't sick, couldn't be sick, nobody could. At that very moment she paused suddenly, laid a fat hand on a fat side with an expression that certainly looked like pain; but she changed it for one of lofty and determined faith, and seemed to feel better. It made her cross though, as near it as she ever gets. She'd have been rude I think, but she likes my motor, to say nothing of my fudge.

I took them both out to ride that very afternoon, and Dr. Lucy with us.

Emma, foolish thing, insisted on sitting with the driver, and Mirabella made for her pet corner at once. I put Dr. Lucy in the middle, and encouraged Mirabella in her favorite backsliding, the discussion of her symptoms—the symptoms she used to have—or would have now if she gave way to "error."

Dr. Lucy was ingeniously sympathetic. She made no pretence of taking up the new view, but was perfectly polite about it.

"Judging from what you tell me", she said, "and from my own point of view, I should say that you had a quite serious digestive trouble; that you had a good deal of pain now and then; and were quite likely to have a sudden and perhaps serious attack. But that is all nonsense to you I suppose."

"Of course it is!" said Mirabella, turning a shade paler.

We were running smoothly down the to avenue where Arabella lived.

"Here's something to cheer you up," I said, producing my two boxes of fudge. One I passed around in front to Emma; she couldn't share it with us. The other I gave Mirabella.

She fell upon it at once; perfunctorily offering some to Dr. Lucy, who declined; and to me. I took one

for politeness's sake, and casually put it in my pocket.

We had just about reached Mrs. Sibthorpe's gate when Mirabella gave in.

"Oh I have such a terrible pain!" said she. "Oh Dr. Lucy! What shall I do?"

"Shall I take you down to your healer?" I suggested; but Mirabella was feeling very badly indeed.

"I think I'd better go in here a moment," she said; and in five minutes we had her in bed in what used to be her room.

Dr. Lucy seemed averse to prescribe.

"I have no right to interfere with your faith, Mrs. Vlack," she said. "I have medicines which I think would relieve you, but you do not believe in them. I think you should summon your—practitioner, at once."

"Oh Dr. Lucy!" gasped poor Mirabella, whose aspect was that of a small boy in an August orchard. "Don't leave me! Oh do something for me quick!"

"Will you do just what I say?"

"I will! I will; I'll do *anything*!" said Mirabella, curling up in as small a heap as was possible to her proportions, and Dr. Lucy took the case.

We waited in the big bald parlors till she came down to tell us what was wrong. Emma seemed very anxious, but then Emma is a preternatural saint.

Arabella came home and made a great todo. "So fortunate that she was near my door!" she said. "Oh my poor sister! I am so glad she has a real doctor!"

The real doctor came down after a while. "She is practically out of pain," she said, "and resting quietly. But she is extremely weak, and ought not to be moved for a long time."

"She shall not be!" said Arabella fervently. "My own sister! I am so thankful she came to me in her hour of need!"

I took Emma away. "Let's pick up Mrs. Montrose," I said. "She's tired out with packing—the air will do her good."

She was glad to come. We all sat back comfortably in the big seat and had a fine ride; and then Mrs. Montrose had us both come in and take dinner with her. Emma ate better than I'd seen her in months, and before she went home it was settled that she leave with Mrs. Montrose on Tuesday.

Dear Emma! She was as pleased as a child. I ran about with her, doing a little shopping. "Don't bother with anything," I said, "You can get things out there. Maybe you'll go on to Japan next spring with the James's."

"If we could sell the house I would!" said Emma. She brisked and sparkled—the years fell off from her—she started off looking fairly girlish in her hope and enthusiasm.

I drew a long sigh of relief.

Mr. MacAvelly has some real estate interests.

The house was sold before Mirabella was out of bed.

SHARES

To those who in leisure may meet
Comes Summer, green, fragrant and fair,
With roses and stars in her hair;
Summer, as motherhood sweet.
To us, in the waste of the street,
No Summer, only—The Heat!

To those of the fortunate fold
Comes Winter, snow-clean and ice-bright,

With joy for the day and the night,
Winter, as fatherhood bold.
To us, without silver or gold,
No Winter, only—The Cold!

GENIUS, DOMESTIC AND MATERNAL. II.

Consider the mighty influence of Dr. Arnold, of Emma Willard; and think of that all lost to the world, and concentrated relentlessly on a few little Arnolds and Willards alone!

The children of such genius can healthfully share in its benefits but not healthily monopolize them.

Our appreciation of this study is hampered by the limitation of little exercised minds. Most of us accept things as they are—cannot easily imagine them different, and fear any change as evil.

There was a time when there wasn't a school or a schoolhouse on earth; people may yet be found who see no need of them. To build places for children to spend part of the day in—away from their mothers—and be cared for by specialists!—Horrible!

The same feeling meets us now when it is suggested that places should be built for the babies to spend part of the day in—away from their mothers—and be cared for by specialists!—Horrible! Up hops in every mind those twin bugaboos, the Infant Hospital and the Orphan Asylum. That is all the average mind can think of as an "institution" for babies.

Think of the kindergarten. Think of the day-nursery. Multiply and magnify these a thousand fold; make them beautiful, comfortable, hygienic, safe and sweet and near—one for every twenty or thirty families perhaps; and put in each, not a casual young kindergarten apprentice or hired nurse; but Genius, Training and Experience. Then you can "teach the mothers," for at last there can be gathered a body of facts, real knowledge, on the subject of child culture; and it can take its place in modern progress.

Every mother whose baby spent its day hours in such care would take home new knowledge and new standards to aid her there; and the one mother out of twenty or thirty who cared most about it would be in that baby house herself—she is the Genius. Not anybody's hired "nursemaid," but a nurse-mother, a teacher-mother, a Human Mother at last.

The same opening confronts us when we squirm so helplessly in what we call "the domestic problem." That problem is "How can every woman carry on the same trade equally well?"

Answer—She can't.

All women do not like to "keep house;" and there is no reason why all men, and all children, as well as the women, should suffer in health, comfort and peace of mind under their mal-administration. We need the Expert, the Specialist, the Genius, here too.

Thousands of discontented women are doing very imperfectly what hundreds could do well and enjoy.

Thousands of men are paying unnecessary bills, eating what we may politely call "unnecessary food," and putting up with the discontented woman. Thousands of children are growing up as best they can under inexperienced mothers and inexperienced housekeepers. Thousands of unnecessary deaths, invalids, and miserable lives; millions and millions of dollars wasted; and all this for the simple lack of society's first law—Specialization.

Here are all these unspecialized housekeepers wriggling miserably with their unspecialized servants; and others—the vast majority, remember—"doing their own work" in a crude and ineffectual manner; and there is not even a standard whereby to judge our shortcomings! We have never known anything better, and the average mind cannot imagine anything better than it has ever known.

(When we have expert Childculture, we shall cultivate the imagination!)

"Do you want us to give up our homes?" cries the Average Mind. "Must we live in hotels, eat in restaurants?"

No, dear Average Mind.

Every family should have its own home; and it ought to be a real home, with a real garden. Among the homes and gardens should stand the baby-house with its baby-gardens; and quite apart from these fair

homes should stand the Workshops. The Cleaning Establishment, the Laundry—the Cookshop; the Service Bureau; each and all in charge of its Genius—its special person who likes that kind of work and does it well.

The home, quiet, sweet and kitchenless, will be visited by swift skilled cleaners to keep it up to the highest sanitary standards; the dishes will come in filled with fresh, hot food, and go out in the same receptacle, for proper cleansing; the whole labor of "housekeeping" will be removed from the home, and the woman will begin to enjoy it as a man does. The man also will enjoy it more. It will be cleaner, quieter, more sanitary, more beautiful and comfortable, and far less expensive.

And what of the average woman?

She will cease to exist. She will become specialized as every civilized person must be. She will not be a woman less, but a human being more. And in these special lines of genius, domestic and maternal, she will lift the whole world forward with amazing speed. The health, the brain-power, the peace of mind, of all our citizens will be increased by the work of the Mother-Genius and maintained by the Domestic Genius.

Have you never known one of those born mothers, with perhaps some training as a kindergartner added; who loves to be with children and whom children love to be with? She is healthy and happy in her work, and the children she cares for grow up with fewer tears, with better constitutions, with strong young hearts and clear brains to meet life's problems.

Have you never compared such a mother and such children with those we see commonly about us? The mother, nervous, irritable, unfit for her work and not happy in it; a discontented person, her energies both exhausted and unused. What she wastes in uncongenial effort she might spend joyfully in work she was fit for.

Have you never seen the sullen misery, the horrible impotent rage, the fretful unhappiness of mishandled children? Not orphans; and not "neglected"; not physically starved or beaten; but treated with such brutal clumsiness that their childhood is clouded and their whole lives embittered and weakened by the experience?

Are we so blinded by the beautiful ideal of motherhood as it should be, that we continually overlook the limitations of motherhood as it is?

Again have you not seen the home of homes; where the cleanliness is perfect, the quiet and harmony a joy to the soul; where beauty and peace are linked with economy and wisdom? There are such—but they are not common.

As in the other case, our ideals blind us to the facts. Most homes are sadly imperfect; enjoyed by their inmates because they are used to them—and have known no better. What we have so far failed to see is humanity's right to the best; in these departments of life, as well as others.

As we live now, the ever-growing weight of our just demands for a higher order of home falling on the ever more inadequate shoulders of the Average Woman, both Motherhood and the home are imperilled. We are horribly frightened when we see our poor Average Woman shrink from maternity, and [illegible] at housework. We preach at her and scold her and flatter her and woo her, and, if we could, we would force her back into her old place, child-bearer and burden-bearer, the helpless servant of the world.

All this terror is wasted. It is not child-bearing—within reason—that the girl of to-day so dreads. It is the life-long task of child-rearing, for which she begins at last to realize she is unfit. An utterly ignorant woman has no such terror, she bears profusely, rears as she can, and buries as she must. Better one well-born and well-trained, than the incapable six survivors of the unnecessary twelve.

It is not home-life that our girls shrink from; men and women alike, we love and need a home; it is the housework, and the house management, which are no more alluring to a rational woman than to a rational man. "I love ocean travel," says Mrs. Porne, "but that's no reason I should wish to be either a captain or a stoker!"

Why not respect this new attitude of our women; study it, try to understand it; see if there is not some reason for it—and some way to change conditions.

Suppose a young woman stands, happy and successful, in her chosen profession. Suppose a young man offers her marriage. Suppose that this meant to her all that life held before—plus Love! Plus a Home Together! Plus Children! Children they both would love, both would provide for, both would work for; but to whom neither would be a living sacrifice—and an ineffectual sacrifice at that.

Children are not improved in proportion to their mother's immolation. The father's love, the mother's love, the sheltering care of both, and all due association, they need, but in the detailed services and education of their lives, they need Genius.

And the Home—that should mean to her precisely what it means to him. Peace, comfort, joy and pride; seclusion; mutual companionship; rest, beautiful privacy and rest—not a workshop.

What we need in this matter is not noisy objurgations and adjurations on the part of men; and not the reluctant submission, or angry refusal, of women—forced to take so much needless bitter with life's sweetest joy; but a rational facing of the question by the women themselves. It is their business—as much so as the most obdurate mossback can protest—but collectively, not individually.

Let them collect then! Let them organize and specialize—the two go together. Let them develop Genius—and use it; heaven knows it is needed!

IMPROVED METHODS OF HABIT CULTURE

Most of us recognize that common force, "the power of habit." Most of us have been rigorously, often painfully, almost always annoyingly, trained into what our parents and guardians considered good habits. Most of us know something of the insidious nature of "bad habits"—how easily they slip in, how hard they are to eject.

But few of us know the distinct pleasure of voluntary habit culture, by modern methods.

In my youth an improving book was prepared for children concerning a Peasant and a Camel. The Peasant was depicted as having a Hut, and a Fireside, and as loafing lazily in its warm glow. Then, in the crack of the door, appeared the appealing nose of a Camel—might he warm that nose? The lazy Peasant wouldn't take the trouble to get up and shut him out. The appealing nose became an insinuating neck, then intrusive shoulders, and presently we have a whole camel lying by the fire, and the peasant, now alarmed and enraged, vainly belaboring the tough hind quarters of the huge beast which lay in his place.

I was a child of a painfully logical mind, and this story failed of its due effect on me because of certain discrepancies. A. Peasants (in my limited reading) belonged with asses and oxen—not with Camels. Camels had Arab companions—Bedouins—turbaned Blacks—not Peasants. I did not understand the intrusion of this solitary camel into a peasant country. B. Why should the Camel want to come into the hut? Camels are not house-beasts, surely. And to lie by the fire;—cats and dogs like firesides, and crickets, but in my pictures of the Ship of the Desert I never had seen this overmastering desire to get warm. And if it was in sooth a cold country—then in the name of all nursery reasonableness, how came the camel there?

Furthermore, if he was a stray camel, a camel escaped from a circus and seeking the only human companionship he could discover,—in that case such an unusual apparition would have scared the laziest of Peasants into prompt resistance. Moreover, a Hut, to my mind, was necessarily a small building, with but a modest portal; and camels are tall bony beasts, not physically able to slink and crawl. How could the beast get in!

Beyond these criticisms I was filled with contempt at the resourcelessness of the Peasant, who found no better means of ejecting the intruder than to beat him where he felt it the least. It seemed to me a poor story on the face of it, though I did not then know how these things are made up out of whole cloth, as it were, and foisted upon children.

In later years, I found that it was sometimes desirable to catch and tame one's own camels. Certain characteristics were assuredly more desirable than others, and seemed open to attainment if one but knew how. I experimented with processes, and worked out a method; simple, easy, safe and sure. Safe—unless overdone. It is not well to overdo anything, and if our young people should develop a morbid desire to acquire too many virtues at once, this method would be a strain on the nervous system! Short of such excess, there is no danger involved.

Here is the Subject; up for moral examination; as if for physical examination in a gymnasium. Self-measurements are taken—this is a wholly personal method. Many of us, indeed most of us, are willing to acquire good habits of our own choosing and by our own efforts who would strenuously object to outside management! Very well. The subject decides which Bad Habit He or She wishes to check, or, which Good Habit to develop.

I will take as an illustrative instance a Combination effort: to check the habit of Thoughtless Speech, and substitute the habit of Conscious Control. Common indeed are the offences of the unbridled tongue; and in youth they are especially prevalent.

"Why don't you think before you speak?" demands the Irate Parent; but has not the faintest idea of the reason—patent though it be to any practical psychologist.

Here is the reason:

Reflex action is earlier established than voluntary action. In a child most activity is reflex—unconscious. It may be complex, modified by many contradictory stimuli, but whatever else modifies it, a clear personal determination seldom does.

Most of us carry this simple early state of mind through life. We speak according to present impulse, provocation, and state of mind; and afterward are sorry for it. When we are called upon to "think before we speak", a distinct psychological process is required. We have to establish a new connection between the speech center and the center of volition. To hold the knife in the right hand and carve is easy; to hold it in the left is hard, for most of us, merely because the controlling impulse has always been sent to the muscles of the right arm. To learn to cut with the left is an extra effort, but can be done if necessary. It is merely a matter of repetition of command, properly measured.

So with our Subject.

"You speak thoughtlessly, do you? You say things you wish you hadn't? You'd like to be able to use your judgement beforehand instead of afterward when it's too late?" Very well.

First Step.—Make up your mind that you *will* think before you speak. This "making up one's mind," as we so lightly call it, is in itself a distinct act. Suppose you have to get up at five, and have no alarm clock nor anyone to waken you. You "make up your mind," hard, that you must wake up at five; you rouse yourself from coming sleep with the renewed intense determination to wake up at five; your last waking thought is "I must wake up at five!"—and you do wake up at five. You set an alarm inside—and it worked. After a while, the need continuing, you always wake up at five—no trouble at all—and a good deal of trouble to break the habit when you want to. When the mind is "made up" it is apt to stay.

Second Step.—Dismiss the matter from your mind. You may not think of your determination again for a month—but at last you do.

Third Step.—When your determination reappears to you, welcome it easily. Do not scold because it was so long in coming. Do not lament its lateness. Just say, "Ah! Here you are! I knew you'd come!" Then *drive it in*. That is, make up your mind again—harder than before, and again dismiss it completely. You will remember it again in less time—say in a fortnight. Then you can welcome it more cordially, feeling already that the game is yours: and drive it in again with good will.

Presently it reappears—in a week maybe. "Hurrah!" you say, wasting never a spark of energy on lamenting the delay; this is a natural process and takes time, and once more you make up your mind. Presently you will think of it oftener and oftener, daily perhaps; the idea of control will flutter nearer and nearer to the moment of expression, but always too soon—when you are not about to say anything, or too late—after you have said it.

Do not waste energy in fretting over this delay; just renew your determination as often as it pops into your head—"I *will* think *before* I speak."

By and by you do so. You remember *in time*. Your brother aggravates you—your mother is swearing—your father is too severe—your girl friends tempt you to unwise confidences—but—you remember!

Then, for the first time, a new nerve connection is established. From the center of volition a little pulse of power goes down; the unruly member is checked in mid-career, and you decide what you shall or shall not say!

Very well. The miracle is wrought, you think. You have attained. Wait a bit.

Fourth Step.—*Turn off the power*. Don't think of it again that day. But to-morrow it will come again; use it twice; next day four times, perhaps; but go slowly.

Here is the formula:

1st. Make up your mind.

2nd. Release the spring.

3rd. Remake as often as you think of it cheerfully, always releasing the spring.

4th. When you have at last established connection;

Do it as often as you think of it;—

Stop *before* you are tired.

The last direction is the patentable secret of this process.

Always before we have been taught to strive unceasingly for our virtues; and to reproach ourselves bitterly if we "back-slide." When we learn more of our mental machinery we shall feel differently about back-sliding. When you are learning the typewriter or the bicycle or the use of skates, you do not gain by practicing day and night. Practice—*and rest*; that is the trick.

After you have learned your new virtue, it will not tire you to practice it; but while you are learning, go slow.

If you essay to hold your arm out straight; and hold it there till muscle and nerve are utterly exhausted, you have gone backward rather than forward in establishing the habit. But if you deliberately pour nerve force along that arm for a while, holding it out as you choose; and then withdraw the nerve force, release the pressure, discontinue the determination, drop the arm, *because you choose*, and *before you are tired*—then you can repeatedly hold it out a little longer until you have mastered the useless art.

Don't waste nerve force on foolish and unnecessary things—physical or moral; but invest it, carefully, without losing an ounce, in the gradual and easy acquisition of whatever new habits You, as the Conscious Master, desire to develop in your organism.

O FAITHFUL CLAY!

O faithful clay of ancient brain!

Deep graven with tradition dim,
Hard baked with time and glazed with pain,
On your blind page man reads again
What else were lost to him.

Blessed the day when art was found
To carve and paint, to print and write,
So may we store past memory's bound,
Make our heaped knowledge common ground.
So may the brain go light.

Oh wondrous power of brain released,
Kindled—alive—set free;
Knowledge possessed; desire increased;
We enter life's continual feast
To see—to see—to see!

WHAT DIANTHA DID

CHAPTER IX.

"SLEEPING IN."

Men have marched in armies, fleets have borne them,
Left their homes new countries to subdue;
Young men seeking fortune wide have wandered—
We have something new.

Armies of young maidens cross our oceans;
Leave their mother's love, their father's care;
Maidens, young and helpless, widely wander,

Burdens new to bear.

Strange the land and language, laws and customs;
Ignorant and all alone they come;
Maidens young and helpless, serving strangers,
Thus we keep the Home.

When on earth was safety for young maidens
Far from mother's love and father's care?
We preserve The Home, and call it sacred—
Burdens new they bear.

The sun had gone down on Madam Weatherstone's wrath, and risen to find it unabated. With condensed disapprobation written on every well-cut feature, she came to the coldly gleaming breakfast table.

That Mrs. Halsey was undoubtedly gone, she had to admit; yet so far failed to find the exact words of reproof for a woman of independent means discharging her own housekeeper when it pleased her.

Young Mathew unexpectedly appeared at breakfast, perhaps in anticipation of a sort of Roman holiday in which his usually late and apologetic stepmother would furnish the amusement. They were both surprised to find her there before them, looking uncommonly fresh in crisp, sheer white, with deep-toned violets in her belt.

She ate with every appearance of enjoyment, chatting amiably about the lovely morning—the flowers, the garden and the gardeners; her efforts ill seconded, however.

"Shall I attend to the orders this morning?" asked Madam Weatherstone with an air of noble patience.

"O no, thank you!" replied Viva. "I have engaged a new housekeeper."

"A new housekeeper! When?" The old lady was shaken by this inconceivable promptness.

"Last night," said her daughter-in-law, looking calmly across the table, her color rising a little.

"And when is she coming, if I may ask?"

"She has come. I have been with her an hour already this morning."

Young Mathew smiled. This was amusing, though not what he had expected. "How extremely alert and businesslike!" he said lazily. "It's becoming to you—to get up early!"

"You can't have got much of a person—at a minute's notice," said his grandmother. "Or perhaps you have been planning this for some time?"

"No," said Viva. "I have wanted to get rid of Mrs. Halsey for some time, but the new one I found yesterday."

"What's her name?" inquired Mathew.

"Bell—Miss Diantha Bell," she answered, looking as calm as if announcing the day of the week, but inwardly dreading the result somewhat. Like most of such terrors it was overestimated.

There was a little pause—rather an intense little pause; and then—"Isn't that the girl who set 'em all by the ears yesterday?" asked the young man, pointing to the morning paper. "They say she's a good-looker."

Madam Weatherstone rose from the table in some agitation. "I must say I am very sorry, Viva, that you should have been so—precipitate! This young woman cannot be competent to manage a house like this—to say nothing of her scandalous ideas. Mrs. Halsey was—to my mind—perfectly satisfactory. I shall miss her very much." She swept out with an unanswerable air.

"So shall I," muttered Mat, under his breath, as he strolled after her; "unless the new one's equally amiable."

Viva Weatherstone watched them go, and stood awhile looking after the well-built, well-dressed, well-mannered but far from well-behaved young man.

"I don't *know*," she said to herself, "but I do feel—think—imagine—a good deal. I'm sure I hope not! Anyway—it's new life to have that girl in the house."

That girl had undertaken what she described to Ross as "a large order—a very large order."

"It's the hardest thing I ever undertook," she wrote him, "but I think I can do it; and it will be a tremendous help. Mrs. Weatherstone's a brick—a perfect brick! She seems to have been very unhappy—for ever so long—and to have submitted to her domineering old mother-in-law just because she didn't care enough to resist. Now she's got waked up all of a sudden—she says it was my paper at the club—more likely my awful example, I think! and she fired her old housekeeper—I don't know what for—and rushed me in.

"So here I am. The salary is good, the work is excellent training, and I guess I can hold the place. But the old lady is a terror, and the young man—how you would despise that Johnny!"

The home letters she now received were rather amusing. Ross, sternly patient, saw little difference in her position. "I hope you will enjoy your new work," he wrote, "but personally I should prefer that you did not—so you might give it up and come home sooner. I miss you as you can well imagine. Even when you were here life was hard enough—but now!—

"I had a half offer for the store the other day, but it fell through. If I could sell that incubus and put the money into a ranch—fruit, hens, anything—then we could all live on it; more cheaply, I think; and I could find time for some research work I have in mind. You remember that guinea-pig experiment I want so to try?"

Diantha remembered and smiled sadly. She was not much interested in guinea-pigs and their potential capacities, but she was interested in her lover and his happiness. "Ranch," she said thoughtfully; "that's not a bad idea."

Her mother wrote the same patient loving letters, perfunctorily hopeful. Her father wrote none—"A woman's business—this letter-writin'," he always held; and George, after one scornful upbraiding, had "washed his hands of her" with some sense of relief. He didn't like to write letters either.

But Susie kept up a lively correspondence. She was attached to her sister, as to all her immediate relatives and surroundings; and while she utterly disapproved of Diantha's undertaking, a sense of sisterly duty, to say nothing of affection, prompted her to many letters. It did not, however, always make these agreeable reading.

"Mother's pretty well, and the girl she's got now does nicely—that first one turned out to be a failure. Father's as cranky as ever. We are all well here and the baby (this was a brand new baby Diantha had not seen) is just a Darling! You ought to be here, you unnatural Aunt! Gerald doesn't ever speak of you—but I do just the same. You hear from the Wardens, of course. Mrs. Warden's got neuralgia or something; keeps them all busy. They are much excited over this new place of yours—you ought to hear them go on! It appears that Madam Weatherstone is a connection of theirs—one of the F. F. V's, I guess, and they think she's something wonderful. And to have *you* working *there!*—well, you can just see how they'd feel; and I don't blame them. It's no use arguing with you—but I should think you'd have enough of this disgraceful foolishness by this time and come home!"

Diantha tried to be very philosophic over her home letters; but they were far from stimulating. "It's no use arguing with poor Susie!" she decided. "Susie thinks the sun rises and sets between kitchen, nursery and parlor!"

"Mother can't see the good of it yet, but she will later—Mother's all right.

"I'm awfully sorry the Wardens feel so—and make Ross unhappy—but of course I knew they would. It can't be helped. It's just a question of time and work."

And she went to work.

*

Mrs. Porne called on her friend most promptly, with a natural eagerness and curiosity.

"How does it work? Do you like her as much as you thought? Do tell me about it, Viva. You look like another woman already!"

"I certainly feel like one," Viva answered. "I've seen slaves in housework, and I've seen what we fondly call 'Queens' in housework; but I never saw brains in it before."

Mrs. Porne sighed. "Isn't it just wonderful—the way she does things! Dear me! We do miss her! She trained that Swede for us—and she does pretty well—but not like 'Miss Bell'! I wish there were a hundred of her!"

"If there were a hundred thousand she wouldn't go round!" answered Mrs. Weatherstone. "How selfish we are! *That* is the kind of woman we all want in our homes—and fuss because we can't have them."

"Edgar says he quite agrees with her views," Mrs. Porne went on. "Skilled labor by the day—food sent in—. He says if she cooked it he wouldn't care if it came all the way from Alaska! She certainly can cook! I wish she'd set up her business—the sooner the better."

Mrs. Weatherstone nodded her head firmly. "She will. She's planning. This was really an interruption—her coming here, but I think it will be a help—she's not had experience in large management before, but she takes hold splendidly. She's found a dozen 'leaks' in our household already."

"Mrs. Thaddler's simply furious, I hear," said the visitor. "Mrs. Ree was in this morning and told me all about it. Poor Mrs. Ree! The home is church and state to her; that paper of Miss Bell's she regards as simple blasphemy."

They both laughed as that stormy meeting rose before them.

"I was so proud of you, Viva, standing up for her as you did. How did you ever dare?"

"Why I got my courage from the girl herself. She was—superb! Talk of blasphemy! Why I've committed *lese majeste* and regicide and the Unpardonable Sin since that meeting!" And she told her friend of her brief passage at arms with Mrs. Halsey. "I never liked the woman," she continued; "and some of the things Miss Bell said set me thinking. I don't believe we half know what's going on in our houses."

"Well, Mrs. Thaddler's so outraged by 'this scandalous attack upon the sanctities of the home' that she's going about saying all sorts of things about Miss Bell. O look—I do believe that's her car!"

Even as they spoke a toneless voice announced, "Mr. and Mrs. Thaddler," and Madam Weatherstone presently appeared to greet these visitors.

"I think you are trying a dangerous experiment!" said Mrs. Thaddler to her young hostess. "A very dangerous experiment! Bringing that young iconoclast into your home!"

Mr. Thaddler, stout and sulky, sat as far away as he could and talked to Mrs. Porne. "I'd like to try that same experiment myself," said he to her. "You tried it some time, I understand?"

"Indeed we did—and would still if we had the chance," she replied. "We think her a very exceptional young woman."

Mr. Thaddler chuckled. "She is that!" he agreed. "Gad! How she did set things humming! They're humming yet—at our house!"

He glanced rather rancorously at his wife, and Mrs. Porne wished, as she often had before, that Mr. Thaddler wore more clothing over his domestic afflictions.

"Scandalous!" Mrs. Thaddler was saying to Madam Weatherstone. "Simply scandalous! Never in my life did I hear such absurd—such outrageous—charges against the sanctities of the home!"

"There you have it!" said Mr. Thaddler, under his breath. "Sanctity of the fiddlesticks! There was a lot of truth in what that girl said!" Then he looked rather sheepish and flushed a little—which was needless; easing his collar with a fat finger.

Madam Weatherstone and Mrs. Thaddler were at one on this subject; but found it hard to agree even so, no love being lost between them; and the former gave evidence of more satisfaction than distress at this "dangerous experiment" in the house of her friends. Viva sat silent, but with a look of watchful intelligence that delighted Mrs. Porne.

"It has done her good already," she said to herself. "Bless that girl!"

Mr. Thaddler went home disappointed in the real object of his call—he had hoped to see the Dangerous Experiment again. But his wife was well pleased.

"They will rue it!" she announced. "Madam Weatherstone is ashamed of her daughter-in-law—I can see that! *She* looks cool enough. I don't know what's got into her!"

"Some of that young woman's good cooking," her husband suggested.

"That young woman is not there as cook!" she replied tartly. "What she *is* there for we shall see later!"

Mark my words!"

Mr. Thaddler chuckled softly. "I'll mark 'em!" he said.

Diantha had her hands full. Needless to say her sudden entrance was resented by the corps of servants accustomed to the old regime. She had the keys; she explored, studied, inventoried, examined the accounts, worked out careful tables and estimates. "I wish Mother were here!" she said to herself. "She's a regular genius for accounts. I *can* do it—but it's no joke."

She brought the results to her employer at the end of the week. "This is tentative," she said, "and I've allowed margins because I'm new to a business of this size. But here's what this house ought to cost you—at the outside, and here's what it does cost you now."

Mrs. Weatherstone was impressed. "Aren't you a little—spectacular?" she suggested.

Diantha went over it carefully; the number of rooms, the number of servants, the hours of labor, the amount of food and other supplies required.

"This is only preparatory, of course," she said. "I'll have to check it off each month. If I may do the ordering and keep all the accounts I can show you exactly in a month, or two at most."

"How about the servants?" asked Mrs. Weatherstone.

There was much to say here, questions of competence, of impertinence, of personal excellence with "incompatibility of temper." Diantha was given a free hand, with full liberty to experiment, and met the opportunity with her usual energy.

She soon discharged the unsatisfactory ones, and substituted the girls she had selected for her summer's experiment, gradually adding others, till the household was fairly harmonious, and far more efficient and economical. A few changes were made among the men also.

By the time the family moved down to Santa Ulrica, there was quite a new spirit in the household. Mrs. Weatherstone fully approved of the Girls' Club Diantha had started at Mrs. Porne's; and it went on merrily in the larger quarters of the great "cottage" on the cliff.

"I'm very glad I came to you, Mrs. Weatherstone," said the girl. "You were quite right about the experience; I did need it—and I'm getting it!"

She was getting some of which she made no mention.

As she won and held the confidence of her subordinates, and the growing list of club members, she learned their personal stories; what had befallen them in other families, and what they liked and disliked in their present places.

"The men are not so bad," explained Catharine Kelly, at a club meeting, meaning the men servants; "they respect an honest girl if she respects herself; but it's the young masters—and sometimes the old ones!"

"It's all nonsense," protested Mrs. James, widowed cook of long standing. "I've worked out for twenty-five years, and I never met no such goings on!"

Little Ilda looked at Mrs. James' severe face and giggled.

"I've heard of it," said Molly Connors, "I've a cousin that's workin' in New York; and she's had to leave two good places on account of their misbehavin' theirselves. She's a fine girl, but too good-lookin'."

Diantha studied types, questioned them, drew them out, adjusted facts to theories and theories to facts. She found the weakness of the whole position to lie in the utter ignorance and helplessness of the individual servant. "If they were only organized," she thought—"and knew their own power!—Well; there's plenty of time."

As her acquaintance increased, and as Mrs. Weatherstone's interest in her plans increased also, she started the small summer experiment she had planned, for furnishing labor by the day. Mrs. James was an excellent cook, though most unpleasant to work with. She was quite able to see that getting up frequent lunches at three dollars, and dinners at five dollars, made a better income than ten dollars a week even with several days unoccupied.

A group of younger women, under Diantha's sympathetic encouragement, agreed to take a small cottage together, with Mrs. James as a species of chaperone; and to go out in twos and threes as chambermaids and waitresses at 25 cents an hour. Two of them could set in perfect order one of the

small beach cottage in an hour's time; and the occupants, already crowded for room, were quite willing to pay a little more in cash "not to have a servant around." Most of them took their meals out in any case.

It was a modest attempt, elastic and easily alterable and based on the special conditions of a shore resort: Mrs. Weatherstone's known interest gave it social backing; and many ladies who heartily disapproved of Diantha's theories found themselves quite willing to profit by this very practical local solution of the "servant question."

The "club girls" became very popular. Across the deep hot sand they ploughed, and clattered along the warping boardwalks, in merry pairs and groups, finding the work far more varied and amusing than the endless repetition in one household. They had pleasant evenings too, with plenty of callers, albeit somewhat checked and chilled by rigorous Mrs. James.

"It is both foolish and wicked!" said Madam Weatherstone to her daughter-in-law, "Exposing a group of silly girls to such danger and temptations! I understand there is singing and laughing going on at that house until half-past ten at night."

"Yes, there is," Viva admitted. "Mrs. James insists that they shall all be in bed at eleven—which is very wise. I'm glad they have good times—there's safety in numbers, you know."

"There will be a scandal in this community before long!" said the old lady solemnly. "And it grieves me to think that this household will be responsible for it!"

Diantha heard all this from the linen room while Madam Weatherstone buttonholed her daughter-in-law in the hall; and in truth the old lady meant that she should hear what she said.

"She's right, I'm afraid!" said Diantha to herself—"there will be a scandal if I'm not mighty careful and this household will be responsible for it!"

Even as she spoke she caught Ilda's childish giggle in the lower hall, and looking over the railing saw her airily dusting the big Chinese vases and coquetting with young Mr. Mathew.

Later on, Diantha tried seriously to rouse her conscience and her common sense. "Don't you see, child, that it can't do you anything but harm? You can't carry on with a man like that as you can with one of your own friends. He is not to be trusted. One nice girl I had here simply left the place—he annoyed her so."

Ilda was a little sulky. She had been quite a queen in the small Norwegian village she was born in. Young men were young men—and they might even—perhaps! This severe young housekeeper didn't know everything. Maybe she was jealous!

So Ilda was rather unconvinced, though apparently submissive, and Diantha kept a careful eye upon her. She saw to it that Ilda's room had a bolt as well as key in the door, and kept the room next to it empty; frequently using it herself, unknown to anyone. "I hate to turn the child off," she said to herself, conscientiously revolving the matter. "She isn't doing a thing more than most girls do—she's only a little fool. And he's not doing anything I can complain of—yet."

But she worried over it a good deal, and Mrs. Weatherstone noticed it.

"Doesn't your pet club house go well, 'Miss Bell?' You seem troubled about something."

"I am," Diantha admitted. "I believe I'll have to tell you about it—but I hate to. Perhaps if you'll come and look I shan't have to say much."

She led her to a window that looked on the garden, the rich, vivid, flower-crowded garden of Southern California by the sea. Little Ilda, in a fresh black frock and snowy, frilly cap and apron, ran out to get a rose; and while she sniffed and dallied they saw Mr. Mathew saunter out and join her.

The girl was not as severe with him as she ought to have been—that was evident; but it was also evident that she was frightened and furious when he suddenly held her fast and kissed her with much satisfaction. As soon as her arms were free she gave him a slap that sounded smartly even at that distance; and ran crying into the house.

"She's foolish, I admit," said Diantha,— "but she doesn't realize her danger at all. I've tried to make her. And now I'm more worried than ever. It seems rather hard to discharge her—she needs care."

"I'll speak to that young man myself," said Mrs. Weatherstone. "I'll speak to his grandmother too!"

"O—would you?" urged Diantha. "She wouldn't believe anything except that the girl 'led him on'—you

know that. But I have an idea that we could convince her—if you're willing to do something rather melodramatic—and I think we'd better do it to-night!"

"What's that?" asked her employer; and Diantha explained. It was melodramatic, but promised to be extremely convincing.

"Do you think he'd dare! under my roof?" hotly demanded Madam Weatherstone.

"I'm very much afraid it wouldn't be the first time," Diantha reluctantly assured her. "It's no use being horrified. But if we could only make *sure*—"

"If we could only make his grandmother sure!" cried Madam Weatherstone. "That would save me a deal of trouble and misunderstanding. See here—I think I can manage it—what makes you think it's to-night?"

"I can't be absolutely certain—" Diantha explained; and told her the reasons she had.

"It does look so," her employer admitted. "We'll try it at any rate."

Urging her mother-in-law's presence on the ground of needing her experienced advice, Mrs. Weatherstone brought the august lady to the room next to Ilda's late that evening, the housekeeper in attendance.

"We mustn't wake the servants," she said in an elaborate whisper. "They need sleep, poor things! But I want to consult you about these communicating doors and the locksmith is coming in the morning.—you see this opens from this side." She turned the oiled key softly in the lock. "Now Miss Bell thinks they ought to be left so—so that the girls can visit one another if they like—what do you think?"

"I think you are absurd to bring me to the top floor, at this time of night, for a thing like this!" said the old lady. "They should be permanently locked, to my mind! There's no question about it."

Viva, still in low tones, discussed this point further; introduced the subject of wall-paper or hard finish; pointed out from the window a tall eucalyptus which she thought needed heading; did what she could to keep her mother-in-law on the spot; and presently her efforts were rewarded.

A sound of muffled speech came from the next room—a man's voice dimly heard. Madam Weatherstone raised her head like a warhorse.

"What's this! What's this!" she said in a fierce whisper.

Viva laid a hand on her arm. "Sh!" said she. "Let us make sure!" and she softly unlatched the door.

A brilliant moon flooded the small chamber. They could see little Ilda, huddled in the bedclothes, staring at her door from which the key had fallen. Another key was being inserted—turned—but the bolt held.

"Come and open it, young lady!" said a careful voice outside.

"Go away! Go away!" begged the girl, low and breathlessly. "Oh how *can* you! Go away quick!"

"Indeed, I won't!" said the voice. "You come and open it."

"Go away," she cried, in a soft but frantic voice. "I—I'll scream!"

"Scream away!" he answered. "I'll just say I came up to see what the screaming's about, that's all. You open the door—if you don't want anybody to know I'm here! I won't hurt you any—I just want to talk to you a minute."

Madam Weatherstone was speechless with horror, her daughter-in-law listened with set lips. Diantha looked from one to the other, and at the frightened child before them who was now close to the terrible door.

"O please!—*please!* go away!" she cried in desperation. "O what shall I do! What shall I do!"

"You can't do anything," he answered cheerfully. "And I'm coming in anyhow. You'd better keep still about this for your own sake. Stand from under!" Madam Weatherstone marched into the room. Ilda, with a little cry, fled out of it to Diantha.

There was a jump, a scramble, two knuckly hands appeared, a long leg was put through the transom,

two legs wildly wriggling, a descending body, and there stood before them, flushed, dishevelled, his coat up to his ears—Mat Weatherstone.

He did not notice the stern rigidity of the figure which stood between him and the moonlight, but clasped it warmly to his heart.—"Now I've got you, Ducky!" cried he, pressing all too affectionate kisses upon the face of his grandmother.

Young Mrs. Weatherstone turned on the light.

It was an embarrassing position for the gentleman.

He had expected to find a helpless cowering girl; afraid to cry out because her case would be lost if she did; begging piteously that he would leave her; wholly at his mercy.

What he did find was so inexplicable as to reduce him to gibbering astonishment. There stood his imposing grandmother, so overwhelmed with amazement that her trenchant sentences failed her completely; his stepmother, wearing an expression that almost suggested delight in his discomfiture; and Diantha, as grim as Rhadamanthus.

Poor little Ilda burst into wild sobs and choking explanations, clinging to Diantha's hand. "If I'd only listened to you!" she said. "You told me he was bad! I never thought he'd do such an awful thing!"

Young Mathew fumbled at the door. He had locked it outside in his efforts with the pass-key. He was red, red to his ears—very red, but there was no escape. He faced them—there was no good in facing the door.

They all stood aside and let him pass—a wordless gauntlet.

Diantha took the weeping Ilda to her room for the night. Madam Weatherstone and Mrs. Weatherstone went down together.

"She must have encouraged him!" the older lady finally burst forth.

"She did not encourage him to enter her room, as you saw and heard," said Viva with repressed intensity.

"He's only a boy!" said his grandmother.

"She is only a child, a helpless child, a foreigner, away from home, untaught, unprotected," Viva answered swiftly; adding with quiet sarcasm—"Save for the shelter of the home!"

They parted in silence.

WE EAT AT HOME

RONDEAU

We eat at home; we do not care
Of what insanitary fare;
So long as Mother makes the pie,
Content we live, content we die,
And proudly our dyspepsia bear.

Straight from our furred forefather's lair
The instinct comes of feeding there;
And still unmoved by progress high
We eat at home.

In wasteful ignorance we buy
Alone; alone our food we fry;
What though a tenfold cost we bear,
The doctor's bill, the dentist's chair?
Still without ever asking why
We eat at home.

IX.

"SOCIETY" AND "FASHION"

Among our many naive misbeliefs is the current fallacy that "society" is made by women; and that women are responsible for that peculiar social manifestation called "fashion."

Men and women alike accept this notion; the serious essayist and philosopher, as well as the novelist and paragrapher, reflect it in their pages. The force of inertia acts in the domain of psychics as well as physics; any idea pushed into the popular mind with considerable force will keep on going until some opposing force—or the slow resistance of friction—stops it at last.

"Society" consists mostly of women. Women carry on most of its processes, therefore women are its makers and masters, they are responsible for it, that is the general belief.

We might as well hold women responsible for harems—or prisoners for jails. To be helplessly confined to a given place or condition does not prove that one has chosen it; much less made it.

No; in an androcentric culture "society," like every other social relation, is dominated by the male and arranged for his convenience. There are, of course, modifications due to the presence of the other sex; where there are more women than men there are inevitable results of their influence; but the character and conditions of the whole performance are dictated by men.

Social intercourse is the prime condition of human life. To meet, to mingle, to know one another, to exchange, not only definite ideas, facts, and feelings, but to experience that vague general stimulus and enlarged power that comes of contact—all this is essential to our happiness as well as to our progress.

This grand desideratum has always been monopolized by men as far as possible. What intercourse was allowed to women has been rigidly hemmed its by man-made conventions. Women accept these conventions, repeat them, enforce them upon their daughters; but they originate with men.

The feet of the little Chinese girl are bound by her mother and her nurse—but it is not for woman's pleasure that this crippling torture was invented. The Oriental veil is worn by women, but it is not for any need of theirs that veils were decreed them.

When we look at society in its earlier form we find that the public house has always been with us. It is as old almost as the private house; the need for association is as human as the need for privacy. But the public house was—and is—for men only. The woman was kept as far as possible at home. Her female nature was supposed to delimit her life satisfactorily, and her human stature was completely ignored.

Under the pressure of that human nature she has always rebelled at the social restrictions which surrounded her; and from the women of older lands gathered at the well, or in the market place, to our own women on the church steps or in the sewing circle, they have ceaselessly struggled for the social intercourse which was as much a law of their being as of man's.

When we come to the modern special field that we call "society," we find it to consist of a carefully arranged set of processes and places wherein women may meet one another and meet men. These vary, of course, with race, country, class, and period; from the clean licence of our western customs to the strict chaperonage of older lands; but free as it is in America, even here there are bounds.

Men associate without any limit but that of inclination and financial capacity. Even class distinction only works one way—the low-class man may not mingle with high-class women; but the high-class man may—and does—mingle with low-class women. It is his society—may not a man do what he will with his own?

Caste distinctions, as have been ably shown by Prof. Lester F. Ward, are relics of race distinction; the subordinate caste was once a subordinate race; and while mating, upward, was always forbidden to the subject race; mating, downward, was always practiced by the master race.

The elaborate shading of "the color line" in slavery days, from pure black up through mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, quinteroon, griffada, mustafee, mustee, and sang d'or—to white again; was not through white mothers—but white fathers; never too exclusive in their tastes. Even in slavery, the worst horrors were strictly androcentric.

"Society" is strictly guarded—that is its women are. As always, the main tabu is on the woman. Consider carefully the relation between "society" and the growing girl. She must, of course, marry; and her education, manners, character, must of course be pleasing to the prospective wooer. That which is desirable in young girls means, naturally, that which is desirable to men. Of all cultivated

accomplishments the first is "innocence." Beauty may or may not be forthcoming; but "innocence" is "the chief charm of girlhood."

Why? What good does it do *her*? Her whole life's success is made to depend on her marrying; her health and happiness depends on her marrying the right man. The more "innocent" she is, the less she knows, the easier it is for the wrong man to get her.

As is so feelingly described in "The Sorrows of Amelia," in "The Ladies' Literary Cabinet," a magazine taken by my grandmother; "The only foible which the delicate Amelia possessed was an unsuspecting breast to lavish esteem. Unversed in the secret villainies of a base degenerate world, she ever imagined all mankind to be as spotless as herself. Alas for Amelia! This fatal credulity was the source of all her misfortunes." It was. It is yet.

Just face the facts with new eyes—look at it as if you had never seen "society" before; and observe the position of its "Queen."

Here is Woman. Let us grant that Motherhood is her chief purpose. (As a female it is. As a human being she has others!) Marriage is our way of safeguarding motherhood; of ensuring "support" and "protection" to the wife and children.

"Society" is very largely used as a means to bring together young people, to promote marriage. If "society" is made and governed by women we should naturally look to see its restrictions and encouragements such as would put a premium on successful maternity and protect women—and their children—from the evils of ill-regulated fatherhood.

Do we find this? By no means.

"Society" allows the man all liberty—all privilege—all license. There are certain offences which would exclude him; such as not paying gambling debts, or being poor; but offences against womanhood—against motherhood—do not exclude him.

How about the reverse?

If "society" is made by women, for women, surely a misstep by a helplessly "innocent" girl, will not injure her standing!

But it does. She is no longer "innocent." She knows now. She has lost her market value and is thrown out of the shop. Why not? It is his shop—not hers. What women may and may not be, what they must and must not do, all is measured from the masculine standard.

A really feminine "society" based on the needs and pleasures of women, both as females and as human beings, would in the first place accord them freedom and knowledge; the knowledge which is power. It would not show us "the queen of the ballroom" in the position of a wall-flower unless favored by masculine invitation; unable to eat unless he brings her something; unable to cross the floor without his arm. Of all blind stultified "royal sluggards" she is the archetype. No, a feminine society would grant *at least* equality to women in this, their so-called special field.

Its attitude toward men, however, would be rigidly critical.

Fancy a real Mrs. Grundy (up to date it has been a Mr., his whiskers hid in capstrings) saying, "No, no, young man. You won't do. You've been drinking. The habit's growing on you. You'll make a bad husband."

Or still more severely, "Out with you, sir! You've forfeited your right to marry! Go into retirement for seven years, and when you come back bring a doctor's certificate with you."

That sounds ridiculous, doesn't it—for "Society" to say? It is ridiculous, in a man's "society."

The required dress and decoration of "society"; the everlasting eating and drinking of "society," the preferred amusements of "society," the absolute requirements and absolute exclusions of "society," are of men, by men, for men,—to paraphrase a threadbare quotation. And then, upon all that vast edifice of masculine influence, they turn upon women as Adam did; and blame *them* for severity with their fallen sisters! "Women are so hard upon women!"

They have to be. What man would "allow" his wife, his daughters, to visit and associate with "the fallen"? His esteem would be forfeited, they would lose their "social position," the girl's chance of marrying would be gone.

Men are not so stern. They may visit the unfortunate women, to bring them help, sympathy, re-

establishment—or for other reasons; and it does not forfeit their social position. Why should it? They make the regulation.

Women are to-day, far more conspicuously than men, the exponents and victims of that mysterious power we call "Fashion." As shown in mere helpless imitation of one another's idea, customs, methods, there is not much difference; in patient acquiescence with prescribed models of architecture, furniture, literature, or anything else; there is not much difference; but in personal decoration there is a most conspicuous difference. Women do to-day submit to more grotesque ugliness and absurdity than men; and there are plenty of good reasons for it. Confining our brief study of fashion to fashion in dress, let us observe why it is that women wear these fine clothes at all; and why they change them as they do.

First, and very clearly, the human female carries the weight of sex decoration, solely because of her economic dependence on the male. She alone in nature adds to the burdens of maternity, which she was meant for, this unnatural burden of ornament, which she was not meant for. Every other female in the world is sufficiently attractive to the male without trimmings. He carries the trimmings, sparing no expense of spreading antlers or trailing plumes; no monstrosity of crest and wattles, to win her favor.

She is only temporarily interested in him. The rest of the time she is getting her own living, and caring for her own young. But our women get their bread from their husbands, and every other social need. The woman depends on the man for her position in life, as well as the necessities of existence. For herself and for her children she must win and hold him who is the source of all supplies. Therefore she is forced to add to her own natural attractions this "dance of the seven veils," of the seventeen gowns, of the seventy-seven hats of gay delirium.

There are many who think in one syllable, who say, "women don't dress to please men—they dress to please themselves—and to outshine other women." To these I would suggest a visit to some summer shore resort during the week and extending over Saturday night. The women have all the week to please themselves and outshine one another; but their array on Saturday seems to indicate the approach of some new force or attraction.

If all this does not satisfy I would then call their attention to the well-known fact that the young damsel previous to marriage spends far more time and ingenuity in decoration than she does afterward. This has long been observed and deprecated by those who write Advice to Wives, on the ground that this difference is displeasing to the husband—that she loses her influence over him; which is true. But since his own "society," knowing his weakness, has tied him to her by law; why should she keep up what is after all an unnatural exertion?

That excellent magazine "Good Housekeeping" has been running for some months a rhymed and illustrated story of "Miss Melissa Clarissa McRae," an extremely dainty and well-dressed stenographer, who captured and married a fastidious young man, her employer, by the force of her artificial attractions—and then lost his love after marriage by a sudden unaccountable slovenliness—the same old story.

If this is not enough, let me instance further the attitude toward "Fashion" of that class of women who live most openly and directly upon the favor of men. These know their business. To continually attract the vagrant fancy of the male, nature's born "variant," they must not only pile on artificial charms, but change them constantly. They do. From the leaders of this profession comes a steady stream of changing fashions; the more extreme and bizarre, the more successful—and because they are successful they are imitated.

If men did not like changes in fashion be assured these professional men-pleasers would not change them, but since Nature's Variant tires of any face in favor of a new one, the lady who would hold her sway and cannot change her face (except in color) must needs change her hat and gown.

But the Arbiter, the Ruling Cause, he who not only by choice demands, but as a business manufactures and supplies this amazing stream of fashions; again like Adam blames the woman—for accepting what he both demands and supplies.

A further proof, if more were needed, is shown in this; that in exact proportion as women grow independent, educated, wise and free, do they become less submissive to men-made fashions. Was this improvement hailed with sympathy and admiration—crowned with masculine favor?

The attitude of men toward those women who have so far presumed to "unsex themselves" is known to all. They like women to be foolish, changeable, always newly attractive; and while women must "attract" for a living—why they do, that's all.

It is a pity. It is humiliating to any far-seeing woman to have to recognize this glaring proof of the dependent, degraded position of her sex; and it ought to be humiliating to men to see the results of

their mastery. These crazily decorated little creatures do not represent womanhood.

When the artist uses the woman as the type of every highest ideal; as Justice, Liberty, Charity, Truth—he does not represent her trimmed. In any part of the world where women are even in part economically independent there we find less of the absurdities of fashion. Women who work cannot be utterly absurd.

But the idle woman, the Queen of Society, who must please men within their prescribed bounds; and those of the half-world, who must please them at any cost—these are the vehicles of fashion.

ONLY AN HOUR

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," said the Second Hand, and then he lost count. "One, two, three, four, five—" It was no use.

"There is no end to it," said he, under his breath. "Hundreds of times I do it! Thousands! Millions! A positive eternity—in constant action. What a thing Life is!"

The Minute Hand was very patient with him. "My dear little Busybody," he said. "Look at me and learn some dignity. See, you have to make those little jumps sixty times before I move! Sixty times!" And the Minute Hand took a short step. "There—now you begin again, while I wait. Watch me, take courage! If you can count up to sixty you will understand Life!" And he took another short step.

The Hour Hand smiled. He was too proud to talk with the Minute Hand—considering him to have a Limited Intellect. As for the Second Hand, he did not acknowledge his existence. "I am no microscopist!" he would say if you pointed out that there was a Second Hand.

No, the Hour Hand did not converse, he Mused. He mused much upon life, as was natural. "Twelve of them!" he thought to himself—"twelve of these long long waits, these slow terrible advances. And then twelve more—before Life is over. I can count. I have an intellect. I am not afraid. I can think around Life." And he kept on thinking.

*

The man pulled out his watch and looked at it; yawned, took an easier position on the car seat. "Bah!" he said. "Only an hour gone!—And I can't get there till the day after to-morrow!"

COMMENT AND REVIEW

The first thing that struck me in reading this novel was the style. Not often, in a first publication, is this the main impression.

There is a delicate finished personal touch in Mrs. Schoonmaker's work, that would indicate years of application. Next I slowly gathered interest in the story; not at once—it grew gradually—but later on, when the characters were well placed and a grave danger threatened the lives of several.

The flat, peaceful, limited life of rural Kentucky and its contented inhabitants is drawn in soft assured touches—the reader feels the sweetness and peace as well as the deadly dulness.

The picture of life among the studios of Paris hints at more than is said, much more; indicating a philosophic judgment; yet withholding it. There is a restraint, an economy of expression throughout; even where the writer feels most strongly.

As to the heroine—her young life-struggle is part and parcel of that universal stir and uprising among the women of to-day; so much of it blind and undirected; so much wasted and lost in reaction; so much in lines of true long-needed social evolution. This girl's share in it will be differently judged by different readers. Many of our young college women will sympathize with it most, I fancy.

THE ETERNAL FIRES

By Nancy Musselman Schoonmaker,
Broadway Pub. Co., N. Y.

*

Dr. Stanton Coit, prominent in ethical and social advance in England, is a valuable supporter of the woman's movement. His booklet, "Women in Church and State," is a concise and impressive presentation of her position in those great social bodies. He treats of the militant movement in England, its wise period of quiescence, and offers reasonable suggestions as to further policy.

The attitude of the church toward women, from the miserable past up through the changing present to the hopeful future, is given succinctly, and the unfortunate reaction of a servile womanhood upon the church is shown.

It is a clear presentation of the relation of woman to the state, in politics, education, marriage and the home.

This booklet is for sale, in England, as one of the Ethical Message Series, at 6d. net; and may be rebound for American circulation, at 15c.

WOMAN IN CHURCH AND STATE

By Stanton Coit, Ph.D.,
West London Ethical Society,
Queen's Road, Bayswater, England.

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The ethical movement of the last twenty years is a strong proof of humanity's natural bent toward the study and practice of that first of sciences, the science of conduct.

How to behave, and Why, are universal questions; decided first by conditions, then by instinct, then by custom and tradition, then by religion, then by reason. We are rapidly reaching the reasoning stage; hence the popularity of ethics, and of such papers as *The Ethical World*.

We have ethical publications in this country, good ones, but it is inspiring to get from other lands the vivid sense of that common movement which so marks the uniting of the world.

Mere verbal language was necessary to the faintest human development; written language, in the permanent form of books, established the long roots of our historic life, with its sense of continuity; today the multiplication of periodic literature, widely specialized, speaks our social consciousness. We no longer have to think alone, but the smallest cult has its exponent, giving to each member the strength of all.

In the issue of March 15th of this paper, Dr. Stanton Coit has an article on "The Group Spirit," which treats sympathetically that marvel of social dynamics, "the interpenetrating Third," appearing where two or three are gathered together.

I should like to have discussed with Sir James Mackintosh, however, his contention that moral principles are stationary. They are not, but vary from age to age in accordance with conditions.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

A friend and subscriber writes me thus:

"There are one or two questions I want to ask—not because I disagree, but because I want to be able to meet objections.

"Those who believe in restricting "Woman's Sphere" to its present—no, its former narrow boundaries may say,—"Yes, man is the only species which keeps the female—or tries to—in the home and restricts her to the strictly female functions and duties. But it is just because man is higher than the other animals, and because the period of infancy is so much longer for human babies. The animal mother bears her young, nourishes them a short time, and is no longer needed. The human mother is something more than an agent of reproduction and a source of nourishment. By just so much as her motherhood is more and higher than that of the ewe, it must take more of her time, her strength, her life. How can a woman who is giving birth to a child every two or three years for a period of ten years, for example, and "mothering," in the fullest sense of the word, those children, find time or strength for anything else?

"Then, too, what you call "Androcentric Culture" has existed by your own statement practically ever

since our historic period began—that is, since man first advanced from savagery to human intelligence and civilization. Is it not fair to assume that a condition of affairs non-existent among lower animals, but co-existent with the development of the intelligence and civilization of mankind is a higher condition than that found among the animals?"

Here we have five premises:

1. Man is the only species which segregates the female to maternal functions and duties.
2. Man is higher than the other animals.
3. The human period of infancy is longer.
4. The human mother has to devote longer time to maternal cares.
5. The Androcentric Culture is coexistent with the period of progress.

On these premises, two questions are based: On the first four:

A. How can the human mother find time or strength for anything else?

On the fifth:

B. Is not the Androcentric Culture evidence and conditions of our superiority?

To clearly follow and answer this line of reasoning requires close attention; but it is well worth doing; for this inquirer fairly puts the general attitude of mind on this matter.

Premise one we may grant. It is true as applied to all higher species. There are some low ones where the female is a mere egg-layer; but with those creatures the male is not much either.

Premises two and three we grant freely.

Premises three and four require consideration.

Is the existence of human infancy accompanied by a similar extension of maternal cares?

Our Children are infants in the eyes of the law till they reach legal majority; and in the arts, professions, and more complex businesses, a boy of twenty-one is still an infant.

To bring a young animal up to the age where it can take care of itself is a simple process and can be accomplished by the mother alone; but to bring up a young human creature to the age where he or she can fitly serve society is a complex process and cannot be performed by the mother alone. Our prolongation of infancy is a result of social progress, and has to be met by social cares; is so met to some degree already.

The nurse and the teacher are social functionaries, performing the duties of social motherhood. The female savage can suckle her child and teach her to prepare food, tan hides, make baskets and clothing, and decorate them. The male savage can teach his child to hunt and trap game, to bear pain and privation, to put on warpaint and yell and dance, to fight and kill.

But the civilized mother and father cannot teach their children all that society requires of its citizens. When trades went from father to son they were so taught; and the level of progress in those trades was the level of personal experience. Our real progress has coincided with our educational processes, in which suitable persons are selected to teach children what society requires them to know, quite irrespective of their parent's individual knowledge. Should the learning of the world, the discoveries and inventions, be limited to what each man can find out for himself and teach his son?

No one expects the father's wisdom to be the limit of his son's instruction; nor the mother's either. She loves her child as much as ever; and for its own sake is willing to have it learn of music-teachers, dancing-teachers, and all the allied specialists of school and college.

In all higher and more special cases, it is clear that the mother is not required to parallel her attentions to our "period of infancy," but perhaps it will still be contended that in the simpler and more universal tasks of earlier years she is indispensable; and that these years so overlap that she is practically confined to the home during her whole period of child-bearing.

The answer to this is, first; that the simpler and more universal the tasks the more there may be found capable of performing it. As a matter of fact we are so accustomed to take this view that we cheerfully entrust the most delicate personal services of our babies to hired persons of the lowest

orders; as in our Southern States the proud white mother gives her baby often to be suckled and always to be tended by a black woman.

It is idle to talk of the indispensability of the mother's care in the first years when any mother who can afford it is quite willing to share or delegate that care to women admittedly inferior. If the human race has got on as well as it has with the care of its lower class children solely ignorant mothers, and the care of its higher class children given mainly by ignorant servants; why should we dread to have the care of all children given mainly by high-class, skilled, educated, experienced persons, of equal or superior grade to the parents?

The answer to this usually is the child needs the individual mother's love and influence. This is quite true. The baby should be nourished by his own mother—if she is healthy—and nothing can excuse her from the loving cares of parentage. But just as an ordinary unskilled working woman loves and cares for her child—and yet does ten hours of housework, to which no one objects; or just as an ordinary rich woman loves and cares for her child—and yet does ten or twelve hours of dancing, dining, riding, golfing, and bridge playing (to which no one objects!)—so could a skilled working woman spend six or eight hours at an appropriate trade, and still love and care for her child. A normal motherhood does not prevent the mother from suitable industry. In other words: The prolongation of human infancy does not demand an equal prolongation of maternal services; but does demand specialized social services. When these services are properly given our children will be far better cared for than now.

The best answer of all is simply this. Almost all mothers do work, and work hard, at house service; and are healthier than idle wholly segregated women; yet there are many kinds of work far more compatible with motherhood than cooking, scrubbing, sweeping, washing and ironing.

The fifth premise, and its accompanying question also calls for study. It is true that our Androcentric Culture is co-existent with human history and modern progress, with these qualifications:

Practically all our savages are decadent, and grossly androcentric. Their language and customs prove an earlier and higher culture, in which we may trace the matriarchate. Among the less savage savages—as our Pueblos—the women are comparatively independent and honored.

Almost all races have a "golden age" myth; faint traditions of a period when things were better; which seems to coincide with this background of matriarchal rule. The farther back we go in our civilization the more traces we find of woman's power and freedom, with goddesses, empresses, and woman-favoring laws.

Again in our present Age, the most progressive and dominant races are those whose women have most power and liberty; and in the feeblest and most backward races we find women most ill-treated and enslaved.

The Teutons and Scandinavian stocks seem never to have had that period of enslaved womanhood, that polygamous harem culture; their women never went through that debasement; and their men have succeeded in preserving the spirit of freedom which is inevitably lost by a race which has servile women. Thus while it is admitted that roughly speaking the period of Androcentric Culture corresponds with the period of progress, these considerations show that the coincidence is not perfect. Even if it were, there remains this satisfying rejoinder:

The lit space in our long life-story begins but a short time ago compared with the real existence of human life on earth. On the conditions preceding history we know little save that they were matriarchal as to culture and of an industrious, peaceful and friendly nature. Of the conditions brought about by the androcentric culture we know much, however.

We have developed some degree of peace and prosperity; marked progress in intelligence, learning, and specialized skill; immense material and scientific development and increased wealth.

But we have also developed an array of diseases, follies, vices, and crimes, which distinguish us from the other animals as markedly as does our androcentric culture.

Not all of these disadvantages can be clearly traced to its door; but these three are plainly due to it; prostitution, with all its devastation of its ensuing diseases; drug habits of all sorts, as alcohol, tobacco, opium—which are preponderantly masculine; and warfare; with its loss of life and wealth; its cruelty and waste; its foolish interference with true social processes.

If the matriarchal period can be shown to have produced worse evils than these then it was a blessing to lose it. If at all the splendid gains we have made under man's rule can be traced to his separate influence then we might say even these world injuries may be borne for the sake of the benefits not

otherwise obtainable. But if it can be shown that real progress is always paralleled by improvement in the conditions of women; that the most valuable human qualities are found in women as well as men; that these three worst evils of our present day are clearly of a masculine nature and removable by the extension of feminine influence—then our inquirer's last question is easily answered; the existence of our androcentric culture during our period of modern progress distinctly does not prove that it is a necessary condition of that Progress.

*

A number of most interesting Personal Problems have come in this month, but the length of the above, postponed from June, prevents due answers in this issue. This one had to be long, its questions were so general.

The earnest friend who asks as to the right attitude of a mother toward her children, born and unborn, asks too much. No explicit "answers" can be given to such life-covering queries. One may reply epigrammatically (and unsatisfactorily) as this:

The first duty of a mother is to be a mother worth having.

The second duty of a mother is to select a father worth having.

The third duty of a mother is to bring up children worth having—and to have children worth bringing up!

Motherhood is a personal process, Child-culture is a social process.

A vigorous well-placed wisely working woman should take her child-bearing naturally, not make too much ado about it. But child-rearing—that is another matter.

We can advise as to one wanting a gardener, "Get a good one."

If there are none—then it is not time we made some?

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What is it For? It is to stimulate thought: to arouse hope, courage and impatience; to offer practical suggestions and solutions, to voice the strong assurance of better living, here, now, in our own hands to make.

What is it about? It is about people, principles, and the questions of every-day life; the personal and public problems of to-day. It gives a clear, consistent view of human life and how to live it.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN
AUTHOR, OWNER & PUBLISHER

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Each mother, separately, owes a duty to her child.
Do not mothers, collectively, owe a duty to their children? What is it?

THE EARTH'S ENTAIL

No matter how we cultivate the land,
Taming the forest and the prairie free;
No matter how we irrigate the sand,
Making the desert blossom at command,
We must always leave the borders of the sea;
The immeasurable reaches
Of the windy wave-wet beaches,
The million-mile-long margin of the sea.

No matter how the engineers may toil,
Nature's barriers and bulwarks to defy;
No matter how we excavate and spoil,
De-forest and denude and waste the soil,
We must always leave the mountains looming high;
No human effort changes,
The horizon-rolling ranges
Where the high hills heave and shoulder to the sky.

When a child may wander safely, east or west,
When the peaceful nations gossip and agree.
When our homes are set in gardens all at rest,
And happy lives are long in work loved best,
We can leave our labor and go free;
Free to go and stand alone in,
Free for each to find his own in.

In the everlasting mountains and the sea.

THE COTTAGETTE

"Why not?" said Mr. Mathews "It is far too small for a house, too pretty for a hut, too—unusual—for a cottage."

"Cottagette, by all means," said Lois, seating herself on a porch chair.

"But it is larger than it looks, Mr. Mathews. How do you like it, Malda?"

I was delighted with it. More than delighted. Here this tiny shell of fresh unpainted wood peeped out from under the trees, the only house in sight except the distant white specks on far off farms, and the little wandering village in the river-threaded valley. It sat right on the turf,—no road, no path even, and the dark woods shadowed the back windows.

"How about meals?" asked Lois.

"Not two minutes walk," he assured her, and showed us a little furtive path between the trees to the place where meals were furnished.

We discussed and examined and exclaimed, Lois holding her pongee skirts close about her—she needn't have been so careful, there wasn't a speck of dust,—and presently decided to take it.

Never did I know the real joy and peace of living, before that blessed summer at "High Court." It was a mountain place, easy enough to get to, but strangely big and still and far away when you were there.

The working basis of the establishment was an eccentric woman named Caswell, a sort of musical enthusiast, who had a summer school of music and the "higher things." Malicious persons, not able to obtain accommodations there, called the place "High C."

I liked the music very well, and kept my thoughts to myself, both high and low, but "The Cottagette" I loved unreservedly. It was so little and new and clean, smelling only of its fresh-planed boards—they hadn't even stained it.

There was one big room and two little ones in the tiny thing, though from the outside you wouldn't have believed it, it looked so small; but small as it was it harbored a miracle—a real bathroom with water piped from mountain springs. Our windows opened into the green shadiness, the soft brownness, the bird-inhabited quiet flower-starred woods. But in front we looked across whole counties—over a far-off river-into another state. Off and down and away—it was like sitting on the roof of something—something very big.

The grass swept up to the door-step, to the walls—only it wasn't just grass of course, but such a procession of flowers as I had never imagined could grow in one place.

You had to go quite a way through the meadow, wearing your own narrow faintly marked streak in the grass, to reach the town-connecting road below. But in the woods was a little path, clear and wide, by which we went to meals.

For we ate with the highly thoughtful musicians, and highly musical thinkers, in their central boarding-house nearby. They didn't call it a boarding-house, which is neither high nor musical; they called it "The Calceolaria." There was plenty of that growing about, and I didn't mind what they called it so long as the food was good—which it was, and the prices reasonable—which they were.

The people were extremely interesting—some of them at least; and all of them were better than the average of summer boarders.

But if there hadn't been any interesting ones it didn't matter while Ford Mathews was there. He was a newspaper man, or rather an ex-newspaper man, then becoming a writer for magazines, with books ahead.

He had friends at High Court—he liked music—he liked the place—and he liked us. Lois liked him too, as was quite natural. I'm sure I did.

He used to come up evenings and sit on the porch and talk.

He came daytimes and went on long walks with us. He established his workshop in a most attractive

little cave not far beyond far beyond us—the country there is full of rocky ledges and hollows, and sometimes asked us over to an afternoon tea, made on a gipsy fire.

Lois was a good deal older than I, but not really old at all, and she didn't look her thirty-five by ten years. I never blamed her for not mentioning it, and I wouldn't have done so, myself, on any account. But I felt that together we made a safe and reasonable household. She played beautifully, and there was a piano in our big room. There were pianos in several other little cottages about—but too far off for any jar of sound. When the wind was right we caught little wafts of music now and then; but mostly it was still—blessedly still, about us. And yet that Calceolaria was only two minutes off—and with raincoats and rubbers we never minded going to it.

We saw a good deal of Ford and I got interested in him, I couldn't help it. He was big. Not extra big in pounds and inches, but a man with big view and a grip—with purpose and real power. He was going to do things. I thought he was doing them now, but he didn't—this was all like cutting steps in the ice-wall, he said. It had to be done, but the road was long ahead. And he took an interest in my work too, which is unusual for a literary man.

Mine wasn't much. I did embroidery and made designs.

It is such pretty work! I like to draw from flowers and leaves and things about me; conventionalize them sometimes, and sometimes paint them just as they are,—in soft silk stitches.

All about up here were the lovely small things I needed; and not only these, but the lovely big things that make one feel so strong and able to do beautiful work.

Here was the friend I lived so happily with, and all this fairy land of sun and shadow, the free immensity of our view, and the dainty comfort of the Cottagette. We never had to think of ordinary things till the soft musical thrill of the Japanese gong stole through the trees, and we trotted off to the Calceolaria.

I think Lois knew before I did.

We were old friends and trusted each other, and she had had experience too.

"Malda," she said, "let us face this thing and be rational." It was a strange thing that Lois should be so rational and yet so musical—but she was, and that was one reason I liked her so much.

"You are beginning to love Ford Mathews—do you know it?"

I said yes, I thought I was.

"Does he love you?"

That I couldn't say. "It is early yet," I told her. "He is a man, he is about thirty I believe, he has seen more of life and probably loved before—it may be nothing more than friendliness with him."

"Do you think it would be a good marriage?" she asked. We had often talked of love and marriage, and Lois had helped me to form my views—hers were very clear and strong.

"Why yes—if he loves me," I said. "He has told me quite a bit about his family, good western farming people, real Americans. He is strong and well—you can read clean living in his eyes and mouth." Ford's eyes were as clear as a girl's, the whites of them were clear. Most men's eyes, when you look at them critically, are not like that. They may look at you very expressively, but when you look at them, just as features, they are not very nice.

I liked his looks, but I liked him better.

So I told her that as far as I knew it would be a good marriage—if it was one.

"How much do you love him?" she asked.

That I couldn't quite tell,—it was a good deal,—but I didn't think it would kill me to lose him.

"Do you love him enough to do something to win him—to really put yourself out somewhat for that purpose?"

"Why—yes—I think I do. If it was something I approved of. What do you mean?"

Then Lois unfolded her plan. She had been married,—unhappily married, in her youth; that was all over and done with years ago; she had told me about it long since; and she said she did not regret the

pain and loss because it had given her experience. She had her maiden name again—and freedom. She was so fond of me she wanted to give me the benefit of her experience—without the pain.

"Men like music," said Lois; "they like sensible talk; they like beauty of course, and all that,—"

"Then they ought to like you!" I interrupted, and, as a matter of fact they did. I knew several who wanted to marry her, but she said "once was enough." I don't think they were "good marriages" though.

"Don't be foolish, child," said Lois, "this is serious. What they care for most after all is domesticity. Of course they'll fall in love with anything; but what they want to marry is a homemaker. Now we are living here in an idyllic sort of way, quite conducive to falling in love, but no temptation to marriage. If I were you—if I really loved this man and wished to marry him, I would make a home of this place."

"Make a home?—why it *is* a home. I never was so happy anywhere in my life. What on earth do you mean, Lois?"

"A person might be happy in a balloon, I suppose," she replied, "but it wouldn't be a home. He comes here and sits talking with us, and it's quiet and feminine and attractive—and then we hear that big gong at the Calceolaria, and off we go stopping through the wet woods—and the spell is broken. Now you can cook." I could cook. I could cook excellently. My esteemed Mama had rigorously taught me every branch of what is now called "domestic science;" and I had no objection to the work, except that it prevented my doing anything else. And one's hands are not so nice when one cooks and washes dishes,—I need nice hands for my needlework. But if it was a question of pleasing Ford Mathews—

Lois went on calmly. "Miss Caswell would put on a kitchen for us in a minute, she said she would, you know, when we took the cottage. Plenty of people keep house up here,—we, can if we want to."

"But we don't want to," I said, "we never have wanted to. The very beauty of the place is that it never had any house-keeping about it. Still, as you say, it would be cosy on a wet night, we could have delicious little suppers, and have him stay—"

"He told me he had never known a home since he was eighteen," said Lois.

That was how we came to install a kitchen in the Cottage. The men put it up in a few days, just a lean-to with a window, a sink and two doors. I did the cooking. We had nice things, there is no denying that; good fresh milk and vegetables particularly, fruit is hard to get in the country, and meat too, still we managed nicely; the less you have the more you have to manage—it takes time and brains, that's all.

Lois likes to do housework, but it spoils her hands for practicing, so she can't; and I was perfectly willing to do it—it was all in the interest of my own heart. Ford certainly enjoyed it. He dropped in often, and ate things with undeniable relish. So I was pleased, though it did interfere with my work a good deal. I always work best in the morning; but of course housework has to be done in the morning too; and it is astonishing how much work there is in the littlest kitchen. You go in for a minute, and you see this thing and that thing and the other thing to be done, and your minute is an hour before you know it.

When I was ready to sit down the freshness of the morning was gone somehow. Before, when I woke up, there was only the clean wood smell of the house, and then the blessed out-of-doors: now I always felt the call of the kitchen as soon as I woke. An oil stove will smell a little, either in or out of the house; and soap, and—well you know if you cook in a bedroom how it makes the room feel differently? Our house had been only bedroom and parlor before.

We baked too—the baker's bread was really pretty poor, and Ford did enjoy my whole wheat, and brown, and especially hot rolls and gems. it was a pleasure to feed him, but it did heat up the house, and me. I never could work much—at my work—baking days. Then, when I did get to work, the people would come with things,—milk or meat or vegetables, or children with berries; and what distressed me most was the wheelmarks on our meadow. They soon made quite a road—they had to of course, but I hated it—I lost that lovely sense of being on the last edge and looking over—we were just a bead on a string like other houses. But it was quite true that I loved this man, and would do more than this to please him. We couldn't go off so freely on excursions as we used, either; when meals are to be prepared someone has to be there, and to take in things when they come. Sometimes Lois stayed in, she always asked to, but mostly I did. I couldn't let her spoil her summer on my account. And Ford certainly liked it.

He came so often that Lois said she thought it would look better if we had an older person with us; and that her mother could come if I wanted her, and she could help with the work of course. That seemed reasonable, and she came. I wasn't very fond of Lois's mother, Mrs. Fowler, but it did seem a little conspicuous, Mr. Mathews eating with us more than he did at the Calceolaria.

There were others of course, plenty of them dropping in, but I didn't encourage it much, it made so much more work. They would come in to supper, and then we would have musical evenings. They offered to help me wash dishes, some of them, but a new hand in the kitchen is not much help, I preferred to do it myself; then I knew where the dishes were.

Ford never seemed to want to wipe dishes; though I often wished he would.

So Mrs. Fowler came. She and Lois had one room, they had to,—and she really did a lot of the work, she was a very practical old lady.

Then the house began to be noisy. You hear another person in a kitchen more than you hear yourself, I think,—and the walls were only boards. She swept more than we did too. I don't think much sweeping is needed in a clean place like that; and she dusted all the time; which I know is unnecessary. I still did most of the cooking, but I could get off more to draw, out-of-doors; and to walk. Ford was in and out continually, and, it seemed to me, was really coming nearer. What was one summer of interrupted work, of noise and dirt and smell and constant meditation on what to eat next, compared to a lifetime of love? Besides—if he married me—I should have to do it always, and might as well get used to it.

Lois kept me contented, too, telling me nice things that Ford said about my cooking. "He does appreciate it so," she said.

One day he came around early and asked me to go up Hugh's Peak with him.

It was a lovely climb and took all day. I demurred a little, it was Monday, Mrs. Fowler thought it was cheaper to have a woman come and wash, and we did, but it certainly made more work.

"Never mind," he said, "what's washing day or ironing day or any of that old foolishness to us? This is walking day—that's what it is." It was really, cool and sweet and fresh,—it had rained in the night,—and brilliantly clear.

"Come along!" he said. "We can see as far as Patch Mountain I'm sure. There'll never be a better day."

"Is anyone else going?" I asked.

"Not a soul. It's just us. Come."

I came gladly, only suggesting—"Wait, let me put up a lunch."

"I'll wait just long enough for you to put on knickers and a short skirt," said he. "The lunch is all in the basket on my back. I know how long it takes for you women to 'put up' sandwiches and things."

We were off in ten minutes, light-footed and happy, and the day was all that could be asked. He brought a perfect lunch, too, and had made it all himself. I confess it tasted better to me than my own cooking; but perhaps that was the climb.

When we were nearly down we stopped by a spring on a broad ledge, and supped, making tea as he liked to do out-of-doors. We saw the round sun setting at one end of a world view, and the round moon rising at the other; calmly shining each on each.

And then he asked me to be his wife.—

We were very happy.

"But there's a condition!" said he all at once, sitting up straight and looking very fierce. "You mustn't cook!"

"What!" said I. "Mustn't cook?"

"No," said he, "you must give it up—for my sake."

I stared at him dumbly.

"Yes, I know all about it," he went on, "Lois told me. I've seen a good deal of Lois—since you've taken to cooking. And since I would talk about you, naturally I learned a lot. She told me how you were brought up, and how strong your domestic instincts were—but bless your artist soul dear girl, you have some others!" Then he smiled rather queerly and murmured, "surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."

"I've watched you, dear, all summer;" he went on, "it doesn't agree with you."

"Of course the things taste good—but so do my things! I'm a good cook myself. My father was a cook, for years—at good wages. I'm used to it you see.

"One summer when I was hard up I cooked for a living—and saved money instead of starving."

"O ho!" said I, "that accounts for the tea—and the lunch!"

"And lots of other things," said he. "But you haven't done half as much of your lovely work since you started this kitchen business, and—you'll forgive me, dear—it hasn't been as good. Your work is quite too good to lose; it is a beautiful and distinctive art, and I don't want you to let it go. What would you think of me if I gave up my hard long years of writing for the easy competence of a well-paid cook!"

I was still too happy to think very clearly. I just sat and looked at him. "But you want to marry me?" I said.

"I want to marry you, Malda,—because I love you—because you are young and strong and beautiful—because you are wild and sweet and—fragrant, and—elusive, like the wild flowers you love. Because you are so truly an artist in your special way, seeing beauty and giving it to others. I love you because of all this, because you are rational and highminded and capable of friendship,—and in spite of your cooking!"

"But—how do you want to live?"

"As we did here—at first," he said. "There was peace, exquisite silence. There was beauty—nothing but beauty. There were the clean wood odors and flowers and fragrances and sweet wild wind. And there was you—your fair self, always delicately dressed, with white firm fingers sure of touch in delicate true work. I loved you then. When you took to cooking it jarred on me. I have been a cook, I tell you, and I know what it is. I hated it—to see my wood-flower in a kitchen. But Lois told me about how you were brought up to it and loved it—and I said to myself, 'I love this woman; I will wait and see if I love her even as a cook.' And I do, Darling: I withdraw the condition. I will love you always, even if you insist on being my cook for life!"

"O I don't insist!" I cried. "I don't want to cook—I want to draw! But I thought—Lois said—How she has misunderstood you!"

"It is not true, always, my dear," said he, "that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach; at least it's not the only way. Lois doesn't know everything, she is young yet! And perhaps for my sake you can give it up. Can you sweet?"

Could I? Could I? Was there ever a man like this?

WHOLESALE HYPNOTISM

We are beginning to see some glimmering of new truth concerning the art of suggestion.

Here is some one with a strong will who imposes upon you a definite idea—"This napkin is a peach; a luscious, ripe peach," insists the hypnotizer; and the hypnotized bites at the napkin with every appearance of delight.

It is said that those once thoroughly hypnotized, surrendering their own observation and judgement and submitting absolutely to the ideas impressed upon their minds by others, become thereafter less able to think and act for themselves, and more and more open to suggestion.

We begin to see this of the individual mind, but we have not yet seen its application to the race mind.

Suggestion is a force acting upon us all, as is well known to the politician and the advertiser, but it acts most strongly upon the weak and those unaccustomed to using their own minds, as is completely shown in children.

It is the susceptibility to suggestion which makes children so easily swayed by the influence of their companions; so ready to follow the leader who says "let's play" this or that: nearly all join in, and a group of children used to such leadership will stand about rather helplessly if deprived of it.

It is that extreme susceptibility which makes the church say "Give us the first five years of a child's life, and he will never outgrow our influence!" Children, of all people, are most open to the power of suggestion.

Now observe the cumulative action of this power, applied to the youth of humanity, and in each generation further applied to each individual youth. Certain ideas first grasped in ages of dark savagery, or even previous to that, and then believed to be of supreme importance, were forcibly impressed upon the minds of children, all children, generation after generation. To select one simple instance, observe the use of the fear-motive in controlling the young.

Among animals there are two main modifiers of conduct, desire and fear. They act either to gratify a desire or to avoid a danger.

The young animal does not know his dangers, and it is imperative that he should know them. In those higher species where parental education is developed, the mother shows her young what things are good for it, and teaches it the terror necessary. The little bird or beast must squat and be still, must stay in the cave or lie hid in the grass; lest the fox, hawk, lion, or whatever enemy is to be dreaded should pounce upon it. And this pre-human method of culture has come down to us through long lines of savages with their real and fancied bugaboos to terrorize the young; through ancient and modern races; through the warrior mothers and nurses using "Napoleon" or "The Black Douglas" as the impending danger, to the same primitive, ignorant custom to-day—"The Goberlins 'll git yer, if you don't watch out"!

The "pain economy" and "fear economy" of the beast and savage are long left behind, but we preserve and artificially enforce the fear instinct—by suggestion. We hypnotize our children generation after generation, with disciplinary dread, and rely so wholly upon it to enforce good behavior that our citizens see no preventive of crime except fear of punishment.

Similarly we impress on the helplessly receptive minds of our children, whose earliest years are passed under the influence of uneducated house-servants, the ancient, foolish prejudices and misconceptions of our dark past. If the expanding mind of the little child could be surrounded by the influences of our highest culture, instead of our lowest; and above all things be taught to *use its own power*—to observe, deduce, and act accordingly, and be carefully shielded from the cumulative force of age-old falsehood and folly, we should have a set of people who would look at life with new eyes. We could see things as they are, and judge for ourselves what conduct was needed, whereas now we see things as we have been taught they are; and believe, because we have been told so, that we cannot alter conditions.

It is not lack of mental capacity which blinds us; not lack of power which chains us; but we are hypnotized—and have been for a thousand thousand years—with carefully invented lies.

"You can't alter human nature." Who says so? *Is it true?* Is there no difference between the nature of the modern American and the nature of a Fiji Islander? Do they respond alike under the same conditions? Are their impulses and governing tendencies the same?

Human nature has altered from its dim beginnings, under the action of changed conditions, just as dog-nature has altered from fierce wolf and slinking jackal to the dear loved companion of mankind.

There are some properties common to all natures; some common to each race and species; some common to special strains and families; but of all "natures" human nature, the broadest, most complex, most recent, is *most easily* alterable.

Let that sink in. Be hypnotized the other way for awhile!

You Can Alter Human Nature!

We are naturally displeased with human nature as we see it about us. It so inert—so subservient—so incredibly dull.

Put yourself in the place of a bright youngster, two hundred years hence, looking back at these suffering times. Suppose he is studying "ancient history," and has been given pictures and books describing the life of our day. "But *why* did they live so?" he will ask. "Weren't they people like us? Couldn't they see—hear—feel? Hadn't they arms and hands and brains? Here's this—this—what do you call it? 'Overcrowding in cities.' What made them overcrowd?" Then the professor will have to explain. "It was their belief that governed them. They believed that economic laws necessitated all that kind of thing. Everybody believed it."

"But how *could* they believe it? They had intelligence; look at the things they invented, the scientific discoveries they made, the big businesses they managed! What *made* them believe it?" And unless the professor understands the peculiar effect of race-hypnotism he will be pushed for an answer.

What indeed makes us believe that so many human beings have to remain inferior to so few; that this

kind of animal cannot be improved and elevated like any other kind? What makes us believe that because one man is inferior to another, therefore the other must take advantage of him? What makes us believe that while the wide earth responds submissively to our modifying hand; while we master arts and sciences, develop industries, probe mysteries, achieve marvels; we are, and must ourselves remain a set of helpless, changeless undesirables?

"But," the professor will say to the child, "they *felt* thus and so, you see." "Felt!" that sturdy son of the future will say, "Didn't they know that feeling could be changed as easy as anything?"

It will be hard indeed, when human nature is altered a little more, to make it patient with the besotted conviction of unalterableness that paralyzes it now.

A baby's opening mind should be placed among the most beautiful and rational conditions, specially arranged for easy observation and deduction. It should be surrounded by persons of the best wisdom now ours; and whatever it may lack of what we do not yet know to be true, it should be religiously guarded from what we do know to be false.

Every college should have its course in Humaniculture, and the most earnest minds should be at work to steadily raise the standard of that new science.

New concepts, broad and beautiful, should be implanted in each young mind; this mighty power of suggestion being used by the highest, to lift us up, instead of by the lowest, to keep us down.

What a simple process! What a blessed change! At present the child mind is entrusted to the most ignorant, and taught the oldest lies. Soon we shall entrust it only to the most wise and teach it the newest truths.

[Untitled]

Sit up and think!
The life in you is Life—unlimited!
You rose—you'll sink—
But Life goes on—that isn't dead.

THE KITCHEN FLY

The ills that flesh is heir to are not all entailed.

We used to think that diseases were special afflictions sent by God, to be borne with meek endurance. Now we have learned that some of them grow in us like plants in a garden, that some we give to one another as presents, and some we keep as pets.

Many little go-betweens we have discovered, with legs and wings, who operate as continual mischief-makers, and among these at last looms large and deadly, that most widespread and intimate of pests—the Common Fly.

The House Fly is his most familiar name, but that should be changed. He is not of his own nature a parlor fly, nor a library fly, nor a bedroom fly; an attic fly nor a hall and stair fly; but he is *par excellence* the Kitchen Fly.

Flies are not perennial bloomers. They have to be born—hatched from eggs, and the resultant larva have to have a Congenial Medium to be born in. The careful mother fly does not leave her little flock on a mahogany center table. Flies have to eat; they eat all the things we do, and many that we don't!

There are two main nurseries for the Common Fly in all our cities, yes, and in our country homes as well—the Stable and the Kitchen.

Unless stables are kept with the most absolute cleanliness flies are bred there.

Unless kitchens are kept in the most absolute cleanliness flies are bred there—or therefrom! Moreover the smell of hot food draws flies from afar; a kitchen even though spotless and screened is a constant bait for flies.

I was once visiting in a fine clean summer camp in the Adirondacks, where friends in combination did

the work. In the main room of this place was a wide long window—one great picture, framing the purple hills. It was a good deal of work to clean that window, and we took turns at it. One day this window was laboriously polished inside and out by an earnest gentleman of high ideals. Then—in the kitchen—some one cooked a cabbage. Forthwith that front-room window was black with flies—big, bumping, buzzing, blue-bottle flies. To slay them was a carnage—and they were carried out by the dustpanful.

In the country, by screening every window and door, by constant watch upon each article of food to keep it covered, one may keep one's own flies bumping vainly on the outside of one's own house—except when people go in and out, and the ever-ready buzzer darts in before the swing-door shuts.

But in the city, where a million homes maintain their million fly-baiting kitchens, and each kitchen maintains its garbage pail, the problem becomes more serious.

Let us face this fact. In the residence part of a city the kitchen is almost the only source of dirt.

The kitchen-stove furnishes its quota of coal-dust, coal-gas and coal ashes. But for the kitchen a heating plant could warm many blocks of houses, and keep that source of dirt at a minimum, thus clearing our streets of the ash-can and ash-cart nuisances.

The kitchen is wholly responsible for the garbage pail; each area or alley gate offering for inspection and infection its unsavory receptacle; and beyond that, the kitchen is in large measure responsible for the stable. In the quiet streets where people live, the horses which defile those streets, which break the quiet, wear the pavement, and wring the hearts of lovers of animals, are almost all kitchen horses.

At early dawn the milkman's horse—many milkmen's horses. Then the baker's horse—many bakers' horses. Then the iceman's horse, the fishman's horse, the market man's horse, the vegetable man's horse, the grocer's horse, the confectioner's horse; with, of course, the ashman's horse, the garbage man's horse, and the coal man's horse. All these horses and their various stables, help to maintain the breeding of flies; and the kitchen maintains them.

Nobody ever liked flies. The rigorous housewife has long pursued them with waving towel and flapping paper; dark plates of fly poison are set on high places where the children can only occasionally get it; and the dreadful "tanglefoot" hangs here and there, agonizing our ears with the frantic buzzing of its slow-dying victims.

The housewife objected to the fly because he made work for her, speckling all things offensively; and the house-husband objected to him because he walked on his face, or his bald spot, and woke him from needed slumber.

Also no one likes flies floating dankly in the soup, disguised as currants, or sacrificing their legs to the butter. But these distastes are as nothing to the new Terror of the Fly. He is now seen to be a purveyor of disease—we might say *the* purveyor of disease.

The cat and the dog, the rat and the mouse and their small parasites are responsible for some diseases. The deadly *Anopheles* only brings malaria, even the *Stegomyia* has but one fever in his gift, albeit a yellow one; but *Musca Domestica* deposits on our food, on our clothing, on our pillows, on our very faces, according to the N. Y. Medical Journal, the germs of "tuberculosis, leprosy, cholera, summer diarrhea of children, plague, carbuncle, yaws, tapeworm, swine-plague and typhoid fever."

Now that is a nice beast to have in the house! And more especially that is a nice beast to breed in the house, to maintain, feed, shelter, and encourage.

When shall we be willing to face the simple fact that the preparation of food is not a suitable process for the home?

The vegetarian will say that if we eliminate meat all will be well; let him read again my tale of the Cabbage and the Bluebottle. But meat is unquestionably the worst of our food supply as far as flies are concerned. The fly delights in the voluminous cow, even while alive; thrives in her stable, makes free with her milk, and follows her from steak to soup with ceaseless interest. If we had no meat, no fish, no milk, no cheese, no butter, no eggs, we should reduce our bait a little; but there would still remain plenty of fly provender, and also the horses to bring it to our myriad doors.

Why not keep the food and leave out the fly?

Let us for once fairly face the possibility of a home without a kitchen.

Look at it—a real house, in no way different from any other house in front. But it does differ in the back—for it has no back! Its back is another front, just as pretty, just as dignified, just as *clean*. There

is a dining-room in this house, cool, sweet, well-screened from passing, vagrant winged things, but that is all; no kitchen, no kitchen-sink, no raw meat coming in and garbage going out, no grease, no smell of frying.

But how shall we get our food into our dining-rooms?

It will be delivered, cooked, in shining aluminium receptacles hot and steaming, cold and fresh—all this *has been done*. And it and its dishes, will go away again, tight-closed, leaving you to brush up the crumbs and fold the tablecloth. If you want your own elaborate sets of china enough to wash dishes, that is quite permissible, a butler's pantry will take care of that.

There is no more reason why a civilized family should cook its own food in its own kitchen than kill its own pig in its own backyard.

Then rises the pathetic cry about not liking it. Of course some people won't like it. Some people never like any new way of doing things. Food habits are proverbially hard to change.

But I can tell you who will like it—that is the woman who is tired of planning meals, tired of ordering meals, tired of managing servants, or tired—deadly tired—of her own cooking.

And one generation of children, growing up in kitchenless homes, eating food that is prepared by trained experts and not by "greenhorns," used to science and art in the food supply instead of affection and ignorance—they will like it.

We like what we are used to, and if we have been used to it for a thousand years we like it more intensely. But that proves nothing at all except that we are used to it. It does not prove the thing is good for us—nor that we can not get used to something better and like that, in course of time, just as devotedly. One would think, observing the attitude of most of us toward any proposed change, that so far we had never changed at all.

But with all history behind us; with that long, long flight of little steps we took so many centuries to climb, and then, closer, the swiftly heightening large steps we have been taking in these later years ever more swiftly; what then accounts for our always clinging so desperately to the one behind, and resisting so furiously being forced up one more!

It is like the old story of the liberal-minded Grandma and the combination suit. She visited her daughter in New York, resolved to keep up with Progress.

They took her to hear Ignatius Donnelly with his Baconian theory; Ingersoll hammering at Moses, and Jenness-Miller with her Reformed Clothes for Women.

Then the old lady broke away and returned to her rural home. "They took away my Shakespeare, and they took away my God," said she; "but when they took away my chemise I couldn't stand it."

We have seen the home robbed and depleted as years have passed; with struggle and objection, no doubt, but inevitably shrinking. Out went the shears and the carders, out went the dye tub and the spinning-wheels; big wool wheel, little flax wheel, all gone. Out went the clattering loom; out went the quilting-frame, the candle-mould, the little mallet to break up the tall blue-papered "sugar loaves."

Some of us have seen all these. In long remote places they are still to be found. In the neighborhood of Chicago's Hull House was found a woman to whom the spinning-wheel was a wonderful modern invention! She spun with a spindle—like Clotho.

Now why do reasoning people, seeing all this behind them, so dread and resist the next step before them—the eliminating of the kitchen? Shall we never learn, that as a means of feeding the world it is not a success? It does not bring health and happiness. Every competent woman is not a competent cook and never will be; any more than every man is a competent carpenter. The preparation of food is too important a task to be left to a private servant—whether hired or married.

There are reasons, many, and good, why the kitchen must go; reasons of health, of economy, of happiness; but this last reason is a good accelerator—the Horror of the Fly.

Here he is by millions and millions: Here She is, by trillions. Their hairy feet, their whiskered probosces, slop and paddle in every foul and nauseous thing. They sit twiddling their paws on the pauper's sickbed; and then twiddle those same paws on our warm chocolate-cake.

And every home that keeps a kitchen, with its attendant stables, helps to maintain and disseminate this scourge of humanity, this universal purveyor of infectious disease—The Kitchen Fly.

ALAS!

Have those in monstrous hats no glimmering dream
Of the high beauty of the human head,
House of the brain: seat of the sentient soul;
Haloed for sainthood; crowned for royalty;
Bright-ringed with roses, wreathed with noble bays,
Most beautifully bound with shining hair.

Alas for the soft glory they have lost!
Alas for the Ashantee wigs they wear!
Nor plait nor coil nor ringlet, but a mass
Of shorn dead hair from poorer women's heads.
Of bulging wire and hard, stiff, glittering bands.
A heap no loving hand would long to touch.

This body is the glory of the world;
The head the body's crown; but we on this
Plant like a fool's-cap these preposterous forms.
Alas for women's folly; and alas
For man, who likes his women to be fools,
And carefully has bred them to this end.

HER PETS

She saw the pleasant living creatures; bright birds, scattering music in the air, fish like darting lights in the dark water; beasts with soft eyes and softer fur. Therefore to her house she brought them, in chains and cages and glaring jails of glass she kept them, prisoners and exiles all.

Out of the plenteous, pure water, freshened by free air, darkened by shadowing leaves and hidden ledges; away from pleasant chase of food desired; come the gold-red fish she loves; come to foul airless water, scant and warm, where they gasp faintly to and fro, in dim distress; come to the stale monotonous food that falls to them inert; come with their lidless eyes to the round high-placed globe of glass, set in a window in the sun, reflecting and refracting the fierce light from every side;—even as the Carthaginians tortured their prisoners she tortures the gold-red fish she loves.

Out of the billowing green boughs of the forest, the endless oceans of bright air, the refreshing rain, the winds that lift and rush and fill with wild rejoicing; out of the whispering darkness of deep leaves, the wide sweet light of sunlit hill and valley; away from pleasant chase of food desired; come the yellow song birds which she loves; come over land and sea in small tight wicker cells; come to prisons of gilded wires scarce larger; come to the smothering house air, the dull constant dreary walls, the sick heat, the smell of coal gas and the smoke of oil; to such stale monotonous food as falls to them inert; to hop and hop and hop, to sing madly to no end, and dream of flight,—to this come the birds she loves.

Out of his long wild past; lifted to be assistant in the chase, house guardian, brother shepherd; comes the friend of man to be the pet of woman. Down, down, he sinks; no shepherd, no hunter, no guardian now; far from the pleasant chase of food desired; only a pet, her pet. Dwarfed, distorted, feeble; a snub-nosed monsterling; ears cropped, tail cut, hair shaved in ludicrous patches; collared and chained; basketed, blanketed, braceleted, *dressed*.—O last and utter ignominy!—stuffed on unnatural food till he waddles grossly, panting and diseased; so comes the dog she loves.

Of bird and beast and fish, her pets, what sacrifice is asked? They must first lose freedom, the essential joy of every life; fresh air, fresh water, the daily need of every life. They must lose the search and chase of natural food, the major occupation of every animal, deprived of which they are deprived of function; nerve, muscle, brain,—all must deteriorate, disused. They must lose the joy of long adaptation to environment; no few generations in houses can overcome the longings bred in countless ages for sky and river, forest and plain and hill.

They must lose—and has the mother of the world no pity?—the free use of nature's overwhelming instincts, they must be denied the strongest desire of life. The sorrowful mother of drowned kittens

mourns under the caressing hand that robbed her; the tumbling puppies are gone and their mother finds no comfort, the little hen bird frets over a scattered thread or feather, vainly striving to build a useless nest; the little yellow-feathered lover shrills his heart out for the mate he never sees.

The piercing clamor of bachelorhood enforced makes our nights hideous with voices of sufferers free on roof and fence, or chained in yard and kennel; and even—exquisite outrage! we surgically prepare for their high position the pets we love.

Men, too, have pets, sometimes; men who are invalids, prisoners, dwellers in lonely cabins; but not free human beings, working gladly in a free human world.

WHAT DIANTHA DID

CHAPTER X

UNION HOUSE.

"We are weak!" said the Sticks, and men broke them;
"We are weak!" said the Threads, and were torn;
Till new thoughts came and they spoke them;
Till the Fagot and the Rope were born.

For the Fagot men find is resistant,
And they anchor on the Rope's taut length;
Even grasshoppers combined,
Are a force, the farmers find—
In union there is strength.

Ross Warden endured his grocery business; strove with it, toiled at it, concentrated his scientific mind on alien tasks of financial calculation and practical psychology, but he liked it no better. He had no interest in business, no desire to make money, no skill in salesmanship.

But there were five mouths at home; sweet affectionate feminine mouths no doubt, but requiring food. Also two in the kitchen, wider, and requiring more food. And there were five backs at home to be covered, to use the absurd metaphor—as if all one needed for clothing was a four foot patch. The amount and quality of the covering was an unceasing surprise to Ross, and he did not do justice to the fact that his womenfolk really saved a good deal by doing their own sewing.

In his heart he longed always to be free of the whole hated load of tradesmanship. Continually his thoughts went back to the hope of selling out the business and buying a ranch.

"I could make it keep us, anyhow," he would plan to himself; "and I could get at that guinea pig idea. Or maybe hens would do." He had a theory of his own, or a personal test of his own, rather, which he wished to apply to a well known theory. It would take some years to work it out, and a great many fine pigs, and be of no possible value financially. "I'll do it sometime," he always concluded; which was cold comfort.

His real grief at losing the companionship of the girl he loved, was made more bitter by a total lack of sympathy with her aims, even if she achieved them—in which he had no confidence. He had no power to change his course, and tried not to be unpleasant about it, but he had to express his feelings now and then.

"Are you coming back to me?" he wrote. "How can you bear to give so much pain to everyone who loves you? Is your wonderful salary worth more to you than being here with your mother—with me? How can you say you love me—and ruin both our lives like this? I cannot come to see you—I *would* not come to see you—calling at the back door! Finding the girl I love in a cap and apron! Can you not see it is wrong, utterly wrong, all this mad escapade of yours? Suppose you do make a thousand dollars a year—I shall never touch your money—you know that. I cannot even offer you a home, except with my family, and I know how you feel about that; I do not blame you.

"But I am as stubborn as you are, dear girl; I will not live on my wife's money—you will not live in my mother's house—and we are drifting apart. It is not that I care less for you dear, or at all for anyone else, but this is slow death—that's all."

Mrs. Warden wrote now and then and expatiated on the sufferings of her son, and his failing strength under the unnatural strain, till Diantha grew to dread her letters more than any pain she knew. Fortunately they came seldom.

Her own family was much impressed by the thousand dollars, and found the occupation of housekeeper a long way more tolerable than that of house-maid, a distinction which made Diantha smile rather bitterly. Even her father wrote to her once, suggesting that if she chose to invest her salary according to his advice he could double it for her in a year, maybe treble it, in Belgian hares.

"*They'd* double and treble fast enough!" she admitted to herself; but she wrote as pleasant a letter as she could, declining his proposition.

Her mother seemed stronger, and became more sympathetic as the months passed. Large affairs always appealed to her more than small ones, and she offered valuable suggestions as to the account keeping of the big house. They all assumed that she was permanently settled in this well paid position, and she made no confidences. But all summer long she planned and read and studied out her progressive schemes, and strengthened her hold among the working women.

Laundress after laundress she studied personally and tested professionally, finding a general level of mediocrity, till finally she hit upon a melancholy Dane—a big rawboned red-faced woman—whose husband had been a miller, but was hurt about the head so that he was no longer able to earn his living. The huge fellow was docile, quiet, and endlessly strong, but needed constant supervision.

"He'll do anything you tell him, Miss, and do it well; but then he'll sit and dream about it—I can't leave him at all. But he'll take the clothes if I give him a paper with directions, and come right back." Poor Mrs. Thorald wiped her eyes, and went on with her swift ironing.

Diantha offered her the position of laundress at Union House, with two rooms for their own, over the laundry. "There'll be work for him, too," she said. "We need a man there. He can do a deal of the heavier work—be porter you know. I can't offer him very much, but it will help some."

Mrs. Thorald accepted for both, and considered Diantha as a special providence.

There was to be cook, and two capable second maids. The work of the house must be done thoroughly well, Diantha determined; "and the food's got to be good—or the girls wont stay." After much consideration she selected one Julianna, a "person of color," for her kitchen: not the jovial and sloppy personage usually figuring in this character, but a tall, angular, and somewhat cynical woman, a misanthrope in fact, with a small son. For men she had no respect whatever, but conceded a grudging admiration to Mr. Thorald as "the usefulest biddablest male person" she had ever seen. She also extended special sympathy to Mrs. Thorald on account of her peculiar burden, and the Swedish woman had no antipathy to her color, and seemed to take a melancholy pleasure in Julianna's caustic speeches.

Diantha offered her the place, boy and all. "He can be 'bell boy' and help you in the kitchen, too. Can't you, Hector?" Hector rolled large adoring eyes at her, but said nothing. His mother accepted the proposition, but without enthusiasm. "I can't keep no eye on him, Miss, if I'm cookin' an less'n you keep your eye on him they's no work to be got out'n any kind o' boy."

"What is your last name, Julianna?" Diantha asked her.

"I suppose, as a matter o' fac' its de name of de last nigger I married," she replied. "Dere was several of 'em, all havin' different names, and to tell you de truf Mis' Bell, I got clean mixed amongst 'em. But Julianna's my name—world without end amen."

So Diantha had to waive her theories about the surnames of servants in this case.

"Did they all die?" she asked with polite sympathy.

"No'm, dey didn't none of 'em die—worse luck."

"I'm afraid you have seen much trouble, Julianna," she continued sympathetically; "They deserted you, I suppose?"

Julianna laid her long spoon upon the table and stood up with great gravity. "No'm," she said again, "dey didn't none of 'em desert me on no occasion. I divorced 'em."

Marital difficulties in bulk were beyond Diantha's comprehension, and she dropped the subject.

Union House opened in the autumn. The vanished pepper trees were dim with dust in Orchardina streets as the long rainless summer drew to a close; but the social atmosphere fairly sparkled with new

interest. Those who had not been away chattered eagerly with those who had, and both with the incoming tide of winter visitors.

"That girl of Mrs. Porne's has started her housekeeping shop!"

"That 'Miss Bell' has got Mrs. Weatherstone fairly infatuated with her crazy schemes."

"Do you know that Bell girl has actually taken Union House? Going to make a Girl's Club of it!"

"Did you ever *hear* of such a thing! Diantha Bell's really going to try to run her absurd undertaking right here in Orchardina!"

They did not know that the young captain of industry had deliberately chosen Orchardina as her starting point on account of the special conditions. The even climate was favorable to "going out by the day," or the delivery of meals, the number of wealthy residents gave opportunity for catering on a large scale; the crowding tourists and health seekers made a market for all manner of transient service and cooked food, and the constant lack of sufficient or capable servants forced the people into an unwilling consideration of any plan of domestic assistance.

In a year's deliberate effort Diantha had acquainted herself with the rank and file of the town's housemaids and day workers, and picked her assistants carefully. She had studied the local conditions thoroughly, and knew her ground. A big faded building that used to be "the Hotel" in Orchardina's infant days, standing, awkward and dingy on a site too valuable for a house lot and not yet saleable as a business block, was the working base.

A half year with Mrs. Weatherstone gave her \$500 in cash, besides the \$100 she had saved at Mrs. Porne's; and Mrs. Weatherstone's cheerfully offered backing gave her credit.

"I hate to let you," said Diantha, "I want to do it all myself."

"You are a painfully perfect person, Miss Bell," said her last employer, pleasantly, "but you have ceased to be my housekeeper and I hope you will continue to be my friend. As a friend I claim the privilege of being disagreeable. If you have a fault it is conceit. Immovable Colossal Conceit! And Obstinacy!"

"Is that all?" asked Diantha.

"It's all I've found—so far," gaily retorted Mrs. Weatherstone. "Don't you see, child, that you can't afford to wait? You have reasons for hastening, you know. I don't doubt you could, in a series of years, work up this business all stark alone. I have every confidence in those qualities I have mentioned! But what's the use? You'll need credit for groceries and furniture. I am profoundly interested in this business. I am more than willing to advance a little capital, or to ensure your credit. A man would have sense enough to take me up at once."

"I believe you are right," Diantha reluctantly agreed. "And you shan't lose by it!"

Her friends were acutely interested in her progress, and showed it in practical ways. The New Woman's Club furnished five families of patrons for the regular service of cooked food, which soon grew, with satisfaction, to a dozen or so, varying from time to time. The many families with invalids, and lonely invalids without families, were glad to avail themselves of the special delicacies furnished at Union House. Picnickers found it easier to buy Diantha's marvelous sandwiches than to spend golden morning hours in putting up inferior ones at home; and many who cooked for themselves, or kept servants, were glad to profit by this outside source on Sunday evenings and "days out."

There was opposition too; both the natural resistance of inertia and prejudice, and the active malignity of Mrs. Thaddler.

The Pornes were sympathetic and anxious.

"That place'll cost her all of \$10,000 a year, with those twenty-five to feed, and they only pay \$4.50 a week—I know that!" said Mr. Porne.

"It does look impossible," his wife agreed, "but such is my faith in Diantha Bell I'd back her against Rockefeller!"

Mrs. Weatherstone was not alarmed at all. "If she *should* fail—which I don't for a moment expect—it won't ruin me," she told Isabel. "And if she succeeds, as I firmly believe she will, why, I'd be willing to risk almost anything to prove Mrs. Thaddler in the wrong."

Mrs. Thaddler was making herself rather disagreeable. She used what power she had to cry down the

undertaking, and was so actively malevolent that her husband was moved to covert opposition. He never argued with his wife—she was easily ahead of him in that art, and, if it came to recriminations, had certain controvertible charges to make against him, which made him angrily silent. He was convinced in a dim way that her ruthless domineering spirit, and the sheer malice she often showed, were more evil things than his own bad habits; and that even in their domestic relation her behavior really caused him more pain and discomfort than he caused her; but he could not convince her of it, naturally.

"That Diantha Bell is a fine girl," he said to himself. "A damn fine girl, and as straight as a string!"

There had crept out, through the quenchless leak of servants talk, a varicolored version of the incident of Mathew and the transom; and the town had grown so warm for that young gentleman that he had gone to Alaska suddenly, to cool off, as it were. His Grandmother, finding Mrs. Thaddler invincible with this new weapon, and what she had so long regarded as her home now visibly Mrs. Weatherstone's, had retired in regal dignity to her old Philadelphia establishment, where she upheld the standard of decorum against the weakening habits of a deteriorated world, for many years.

As Mr. Thaddler thought of this sweeping victory, he chuckled for the hundredth time. "She ought to make good, and she will. Something's got to be done about it," said he.

Diantha had never liked Mr. Thaddler; she did not like that kind of man in general, nor his manner toward her in particular. Moreover he was the husband of Mrs. Thaddler. She did not know that he was still the largest owner in the town's best grocery store, and when that store offered her special terms for her exclusive trade, she accepted the proposition thankfully.

She told Ross about it, as a matter well within his knowledge, if not his liking, and he was mildly interested. "I am much alarmed at this new venture," he wrote, "but you must get your experience. I wish I could save you. As to the groceries, those are wholesale rates, nearly; they'll make enough on it. Yours is a large order you see, and steady."

When she opened her "Business Men's Lunch" Mr. Thaddler had a still better opportunity. He had a reputation as a high flyer, and had really intended to sacrifice himself on the altar of friendship by patronizing and praising this "undertaking" at any cost to his palate; but no sacrifice was needed.

Diantha's group of day workers had their early breakfast and departed, taking each her neat lunch-pail,—they ate nothing of their employers;—and both kitchen and dining room would have stood idle till supper time. But the young manager knew she must work her plant for all it was worth, and speedily opened the dining room with the side entrance as a "Caffeteria," with the larger one as a sort of meeting place; papers and magazines on the tables.

From the counter you took what you liked, and seated yourself, and your friends, at one of the many small tables or in the flat-armed chairs in the big room, or on the broad piazza; and as this gave good food, cheapness, a chance for a comfortable seat and talk and a smoke, if one had time, it was largely patronized.

Mr. Thaddler, as an experienced *bon vivant*, despised sandwiches. "Picnicky makeshifts" he called them,—"railroad rations"—"bread and leavings," and when he saw these piles on piles of sandwiches, listed only as "No. 1," "No. 2," "No. 3," and so on, his benevolent intention wavered. But he pulled himself together and took a plateful, assorted.

"Come on, Porne," he said, "we'll play it's a Sunday school picnic," and he drew himself a cup of coffee, finding hot milk, cream and sugar crystals at hand. "I never saw a cheap joint where you could fix it yourself, before," he said,—and suspiciously tasted the mixture.

"By jing! That's coffee!" he cried in surprise. "There's no scum on the milk, and the cream's cream!" Five cents! She won't get rich on this."

Then he applied himself to his "No. 1" sandwich, and his determined expression gave way to one of pleasure. "Why that's bread—real bread! I believe she made it herself!"

She did in truth,—she and Julianna with Hector as general assistant. The big oven was filled several times every morning: the fresh rolls disappeared at breakfast and supper, the fresh bread was packed in the lunch pails, and the stale bread was even now melting away in large bites behind the smiling mouths and mustaches of many men. Perfect bread, excellent butter, and "What's the filling I'd like to know?" More than one inquiring-minded patron split his sandwich to add sight to taste, but few could be sure of the flavorsome contents, fatless, gritless, smooth and even, covering the entire surface, the last mouthful as perfect as the first. Some were familiar, some new, all were delicious.

The six sandwiches were five cents, the cup of coffee five, and the little "drop cakes," sweet and spicy, were two for five. Every man spent fifteen cents, some of them more; and many took away small cakes in paper bags, if there were any left.

"I don't see how you can do it, and make a profit," urged Mr. Eltwood, making a pastoral call. "They are so good you know!"

Diantha smiled cheerfully. "That's because all your ideas are based on what we call 'domestic economy,' which is domestic waste. I buy in large quantities at wholesale rates, and my cook with her little helper, the two maids, and my own share of the work, of course, provides for the lot. Of course one has to know how."

"Whenever did you find—or did you create?—those heavenly sandwiches?" he asked.

"I have to thank my laundress for part of that success," she said. "She's a Dane, and it appears that the Danes are so fond of sandwiches that, in large establishments, they have a 'sandwich kitchen' to prepare them. It is quite a bit of work, but they are good and inexpensive. There is no limit to the variety."

As a matter of fact this lunch business paid well, and led to larger things.

The girl's methods were simple and so organized as to make one hand wash the other. Her house had some twenty-odd bedrooms, full accommodations for kitchen and laundry work on a large scale, big dining, dancing, and reception rooms, and broad shady piazzas on the sides. Its position on a corner near the business part of the little city, and at the foot of the hill crowned with so many millionaires and near millionaires as could get land there, offered many advantages, and every one was taken.

The main part of the undertaking was a House Worker's Union; a group of thirty girls, picked and trained. These, previously working out as servants, had received six dollars a week "and found." They now worked an agreed number of hours, were paid on a basis by the hour or day, and "found" themselves. Each had her own room, and the broad porches and ball room were theirs, except when engaged for dances and meetings of one sort and another.

It was a stirring year's work, hard but exciting, and the only difficulty which really worried Diantha was the same that worried the average housewife—the accounts.

"THE OUTER REEF!"

(A Picture by Paul Dougherty.)

Who dares paint daylight?
The bright white light of flaming noon?
No blur of shadow, mist or haze,
Just the whole unobstructed blaze
Of hot mid-June.

No screen of leafage;
The keen clean green of summer sea;
Dazzle of surf in mid-day light,
The very sound of the surges' fight,
Broad—open—free.

The earth all stillness,
Noon hush on the pastures' height;
Turf topped cliffs with faces bare,
Bones of the earth unveiled to air,
Heat—breakers—light.

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE; or, THE MAN~MADE WORLD

X.

LAW AND GOVERNMENT.

It is easy to assume that men are naturally the lawmakers and law-enforcers, under the plain historic fact that they have been such since the beginning of the patriarchate.

Back of law lies custom and tradition. Back of government lies the correlative activity of any organized group. What group-insects and group-animals evolve unconsciously and fulfill by their social instincts, we evolve consciously and fulfill by arbitrary systems called laws and governments. In this, as in all other fields of our action, we must discriminate between the humanness of the function in process of development, and the influence of the male or female upon it. Quite apart from what they may like or dislike as sexes, from their differing tastes and faculties, lies the much larger field of human progress, in which they equally participate.

On this plane the evolution of law and government proceeds somewhat as follows:—The early woman-centered group organized on maternal lines of common love and service. The early combinations of men were first a grouped predacity—organized hunting; then a grouped belligerency,—organized warfare.

By special development some minds are able to perceive the need of certain lines of conduct over others, and to make this clear to their fellows; whereby, gradually, our higher social nature establishes rules and precedents to which we personally agree to submit. The process of social development is one of progressive co-ordination.

From independent individual action for individual ends, up to interdependent social action for social ends we slowly move; the "devil" in the play being the old Ego, which has to be harmonized with the new social spirit. This social process, like all others, having been in masculine hands, we may find in it the same marks of one-sided Specialization so visible in our previous studies.

The coercive attitude is essentially male. In the ceaseless age-old struggle of sex combat he developed the desire to overcome, which is always stimulated by resistance; and in this later historic period of his supremacy, he further developed the habit of dominance and mastery. We may instance the contrast between the conduct of a man when "in love" and while courting; in which period he falls into the natural position of his sex towards the other—namely, that of a wooer; and his behavior when, with marriage, they enter the, artificial relation of the master male and servile female. His "instinct of dominance" does not assert itself during the earlier period, which was a million times longer than the latter; it only appears in the more modern and arbitrary relation.

Among other animals monogamous union is not accompanied by any such discordant and unnatural features. However recent as this habit is when considered biologically, it is as old as civilization when we consider it historically: quite old enough to be a serious force. Under its pressure we see the legal systems and forms of government slowly evolving, the general human growth always heavily perverted by the special masculine influence. First we find the mere force of custom governing us, the *mores* of the ancient people. Then comes the gradual appearance of authority, from the purely natural leadership of the best hunter or fighter up through the unnatural mastery of the patriarch, owning and governing his wives, children, slaves and cattle, and making such rules and regulations as pleased him.

Our laws as we support them now are slow, wasteful, cumbrous systems, which require a special caste to interpret and another to enforce; wherein the average citizen knows nothing of the law, and cares only to evade it when he can, obey it when he must. In the household, that stunted, crippled rudiment of the matriarchate, where alone we can find what is left of the natural influence of woman, the laws and government, so far as she is responsible for them, are fairly simple, and bear visible relation to the common good, which relation is clearly and persistently taught.

In the larger household of city and state the educational part of the law is grievously neglected. It makes no allowance for ignorance. If a man breaks a law of which he never heard he is not excused therefore; the penalty rolls on just the same. Fancy a mother making solemn rules and regulations for her family, telling the children nothing about them, and then punishing them when they disobeyed the unknown laws!

The use of force is natural to the male; while as a human being he must needs legislate somewhat in the interests of the community, as a male being he sees no necessity for other enforcement than by penalty. To violently oppose, to fight, to trample to the earth, to triumph in loud bellowings of savage joy,—these are the primitive male instincts; and the perfectly natural social instinct which leads to peaceful persuasion, to education, to an easy harmony of action, are contemptuously ranked as "feminine," or as "philanthropic,"—which is almost as bad. "Men need stronger measures" they say proudly. Yes, but four-fifths of the world are women and children!

As a matter of fact the woman, the mother, is the first co-ordinator, legislator, administrator and executive. From the guarding and guidance of her cubs and kittens up to the longer, larger

management of human youth, she is the first to consider group interests and co-relate them.

As a father the male grows to share in these original feminine functions, and with us, fatherhood having become socialized while motherhood has not, he does the best he can, alone, to do the world's mother-work in his father way.

In study of any long established human custom it is very difficult to see it clearly and dispassionately. Our minds are heavily loaded with precedent, with race-custom, with the iron weight called authority. These heavy forces reach their most perfect expression in the absolutely masculine field of warfare. The absolute authority; the brainless, voiceless obedience; the relentless penalty. Here we have male coercion at its height; law and government wholly arbitrary. The result is as might be expected, a fine machine of destruction. But destruction is not a human process—merely a male process of eliminating the unfit.

The female process is to select the fit; her elimination is negative and painless.

Greater than either is the human process, to *develop fitness*.

Men are at present far more human than women. Alone upon their self-seized thrones they have carried as best they might the burdens of the state; and the history of law and government shows them as changing slowly but irresistibly in the direction of social improvement.

The ancient kings were the joyous apotheosis of masculinity. Power and Pride were theirs; Limitless Display; Boundless Self-indulgence; Irresistible Authority. Slaves and courtiers bowed before them, subjects obeyed them, captive women filled their harems. But the day of the masculine monarchy is passing, and the day of the human democracy is coming in. In a Democracy Law and Government both change. Laws are no longer imposed on the people by one above them, but are evolved from the people themselves. How absurd that the people should not be educated in the laws they make; that the trailing remnants of blind submission should still becloud their minds and make them bow down patiently under the absurd pressure of outgrown tradition!

Democratic government is no longer an exercise of arbitrary authority from one above, but is an organization for public service of the people themselves—or will be when it is really attained.

In this change government ceases to be compulsion, and becomes agreement; law ceases to be authority and becomes co-ordination. When we learn the rules of whist or chess we do not obey them because we fear to be punished if we don't, but because we want to play the game. The rules of human conduct are for our own happiness and service—any child can see that. Every child will see it when laws are simplified, based on sociology, and taught in schools. A child of ten should be considered grossly uneducated who could not rewrite the main features of the laws of his country, state, and city; and those laws should be so simple in their principles that a child of ten could understand them.

Teacher: "What is a tax?"

Child: "A tax is the money we agree to pay to keep up our common advantages."

Teacher: "Why do we all pay taxes?"

Child: "Because the country belongs to all of us, and we must all pay our share to keep it up."

Teacher: "In what proportion do we pay taxes?"

Child: "In proportion to how much money we have." (*Sotto voce*: "Of course!")

Teacher: "What is it to evade taxes?"

Child: "It is treason." (*Sotto voce*: "And a dirty mean trick.")

In masculine administration of the laws we may follow the instinctive love of battle down through the custom of "trial by combat"—only recently outgrown, to our present method, where each contending party hires a champion to represent him, and these fight it out in a wordy war, with tricks and devices of complex ingenuity, enjoying this kind of struggle as they enjoy all other kinds.

It is the old masculine spirit of government as authority which is so slow in adapting itself to the democratic idea of government as service. That it should be a representative government they grasp, but representative of what? of the common will, they say; the will of the majority;—never thinking that it is the common good, the common welfare, that government should represent.

It is the inextricable masculinity in our idea of government which so revolts at the idea of women as voters. "To govern:" that means to boss, to control, to have authority; and that only, to most minds.

They cannot bear to think of the woman as having control over even their own affairs; to control is masculine, they assume. Seeing only self-interest as a natural impulse, and the ruling powers of the state as a sort of umpire, an authority to preserve the rules of the game while men fight it out forever; they see in a democracy merely a wider range of self interest, and a wider, freer field to fight in.

The law dictates the rules, the government enforces them, but the main business of life, hitherto, has been esteemed as one long fierce struggle; each man seeking for himself. To deliberately legislate for the service of all the people, to use the government as the main engine of that service, is a new process, wholly human, and difficult of development under an androcentric culture.

Furthermore they put forth those naively androcentric protests,—women cannot fight, and in case their laws were resisted by men they could not enforce them,—*therefore* they should not vote!

What they do not so plainly say, but very strongly think, is that women should not share the loot which to their minds is so large a part of politics.

Here we may trace clearly the social heredity of male government.

Fix clearly in your mind the first head-ship of man—the leader of the pack as it were—the Chief Hunter. Then the second head-ship, the Chief Fighter. Then the third head-ship, the Chief of the Family. Then the long line of Chiefs and Captains, Warlords and Landlords, Rulers and Kings.

The Hunter hunted for prey, and got it. The Fighter enriched himself with the spoils of the vanquished. The Patriarch lived on the labor of women and slaves. All down the ages, from frank piracy and robbery to the measured toll of tribute, ransom and indemnity, we see the same natural instinct of the hunter and fighter. In his hands the government is a thing to sap and wreck, to live on. It is his essential impulse to want something very much; to struggle and fight for it; to take all he can get.

Set against this the giving love that comes with motherhood; the endless service that comes of motherhood; the peaceful administration in the interest of the family that comes of motherhood. We prate much of the family as the unit of the state. If it is—why not run the state on that basis? Government by women, so far as it is influenced by their sex, would be influenced by motherhood; and that would mean care, nurture, provision, education. We have to go far down the scale for any instance of organized motherhood, but we do find it in the hymenoptera; in the overflowing industry, prosperity, peace and loving service of the ant-hill and bee-hive. These are the most highly socialized types of life, next to ours, and they are feminine types.

We as human beings have a far higher form of association, with further issues than mere wealth and propagation of the species. In this human process we should never forget that men are far more advanced than women, at present. Because of their humanness has come all the noble growth of civilization, in spite of their maleness.

As human beings both male and female stand alike useful and honorable, and should in our government be alike used and honored; but as creatures of sex, the female is fitter than the male for administration of constructive social interests. The change in governmental processes which marks our times is a change in principle. Two great movements convulse the world to-day, the woman's movement and the labor movement. Each regards the other as of less moment than itself. Both are parts of the same world-process.

We are entering upon a period of social consciousness. Whereas so far almost all of us have seen life only as individuals, and have regarded the growing strength and riches of the social body as merely so much the more to fatten on; now we are beginning to take an intelligent interest in our social nature, to understand it a little, and to begin to feel the vast increase of happiness and power that comes of real Human Life.

In this change of systems a government which consisted only of prohibition and commands; of tax collecting and making war; is rapidly giving way to a system which intelligently manages our common interests, which is a growing and improving method of universal service. Here the socialist is perfectly right in his vision of the economic welfare to be assured by the socialization of industry, though that is but part of the new development; and the individualist who opposes socialism, crying loudly for the advantage of "free competition" is but voicing the spirit of the predacious male.

So with the opposers to the suffrage of women. They represent, whether men or women, the male viewpoint. They see the woman only as a female, utterly absorbed in feminine functions, belittled and ignored as her long tutelage has made her; and they see the man as he sees himself, the sole master of human affairs for as long as we have historic record.

This, fortunately, is not long. We can now see back of the period of his supremacy, and are beginning

to see beyond it. We are well under way already in a higher stage of social development, conscious, well-organized, wisely managed, in which the laws shall be simple and founded on constructive principles instead of being a set of ring-regulations within which people may fight as they will; and in which the government shall be recognized in its full use; not only the sternly dominant father, and the wisely servicable mother, but the real union of all people to sanely and economically manage their affairs.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

There is a fine article in the June Popular Science Monthly, by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon on "Two Preventable Causes of Insanity."

He shows how much has been done by the popular recognition of cause and effect in checking tuberculosis, malaria and yellow fever, and urges a similar awakening in regard to insanity. At the close of 1908 there were 30,456 patients in the public and private institutions for the insane in New York State, about one in 280 of the general population of the state, he says; and then gives the new admissions for that year as 5,301. Five thousand new lunatics a year is a good many.

Dr. Salmon then shows that of this number there were "664 cases of general paralysis (dependant on syphilis) and 638 cases of alcoholic psychoses (due to intemperance)," or *more than one-fourth of all first admissions due to these two preventable causes*. There is a further most interesting fact, that this general paralysis in men is nearly three times as great in cities as in the country, and in women, twice as great; while alcoholic psychosis in women is seven times as great in cities.

Most striking of all is Dr. Salmon's showing that "*42 per cent. of all male admissions from cities were for general paralysis and the alcoholic psychoses.*" As he justly remarks, "Where are 'the nervous tension of the cities' and 'the mad rush of modern life,' of which we speak so glibly, compared with syphilis and drunkenness as the real dangers of city life?" But for these two causes the ratio of insanity would be greater in the country, where, as is well known, the largest percentage of women lunatics comes from the lonely farm house.

Further than this we are told that many other forms of lunacy are indirectly due to syphilis and alcoholism, through parental transmission.

Knowledge is power. Society is but just awakening to a conscious knowledge of itself, its pains and pleasures, and its powers. One man may not be strong enough to resist the influences which pull and push him into these large hells, but when society as a whole,—or even women as a half,—waken to a realization of all this needless suffering, this dreadful waste, then we can prevent it.

*

The gentlemen of France are distressed about the birthrate. It appears that the men of that country do not bear enough children to keep up the population as they desire. Therefore serious measures are proposed "to stimulate the birthrate." They are these:

Additional military service to be imposed on bachelors over twenty-nine.

Marriage to be made obligatory to gentlemen employed by the state, at the age of twenty-five, with supplementary salaries and pension allowances for more than three children.

The law requiring equal distribution of estates among children to be repealed. The dislike of Frenchmen to dividing their property is a frequent cause of restricted families, we are told.

We trust that the gentlemen of France, spurred and encouraged by these incentives, will now produce more children than they have hitherto.

The New York *Times*, of Friday, June 24, gives an editorial to this news from France,—and no wonder. But it is perfectly serious in its treatment, and offers no criticism of the measures proposed. The writer has apparently small knowledge of biology, for he expresses astonishment that the miserably poor "increase prodigiously" in Russia and elsewhere. "Who shall solve these mysteries or dogmatize upon them?" he says, and speculates further, in a vaguely awe-stricken manner, on the subject, quoting from the vigorous Mr. Roosevelt and the gloomy Dr. Koch.

Do any of our readers, belonging to the negligible side of this race problem see anything to smile at? Let us parallel it:

There is dismay in the poultry yard over a grave falling off in the supply of eggs. A convocation of roosters is called to discuss it, and to take measures to remedy the condition. They propose (a) To make all roosters over six months old do extra scratching for food. (b) To enforce matrimony—or its gallinaceous equivalent—on all roosters employed by the flock. (c) To alter the custom of dividing the worms equally among the chicks.

The simile is strained, we admit: try to apply it to some other case, as a shortage in the milk supply—considered by a convocation of bulls. That seems rather absurd too. Can not some one suggest a parallel which could be taken as seriously as the Times takes this effort on the part of Frenchmen?

*

People in general, peaceably minding their own business, do not give much thought to their subtler enemies. A burglar, creeping in through the window, we can see and scream at; but a Public Poisoner, a whole array of Public Poisoners, creeping through the Legislature, we do not notice.

In the interests of the common good we have our National Health League, working by means of the Owen Bill for a National Department of Health which shall safeguard the people from disease and contamination as the Bureau of Agriculture safeguards our cattle.

Against this measure, one of most needed social service, is rising an organized opposition called the "League for Medical Freedom." This association defends the free practice of healing by unorthodox methods, but its opposition to the Owen Bill is wholly ignorant, if not worse. The Owen Bill, in urging a National Department of Health, does not seek to regulate the practice of medicine. Its work will be to maintain pure food, pure drugs, pure streams, and to study human health and maintain it as assiduously as we now study the health of swine and steers.

This sudden opposition, using great sums of money to advertise in the newspapers, seems based on the big interests of the patent medicines and other profitable health destroyers and life takers.

Our women, within their capacity as mothers and guardians of the home, ought to inform themselves as to the work of the National Health League.

Write to the Committee of One Hundred, Drawer 45 New Haven, Conn.

*

How many of our readers know that superb magazine, *The Englishwoman*?*

As far as I have seen them it is by far the finest woman's publication in the world. A big, handsome, dignified monthly; 120 pages in large clear type, a joy to the eye; and paper, a joy to the hand; the magazine is three-quarters of an inch thick to *The Century's* half inch, and weighs ten ounces to *The Century's* 18. This is not only because there are no pictures, but because of that specially light weight paper, so much more used in England than with us.

Thus pleasing to the eye and to the hand, it gives to the mind a clear, strong, varied presentation of the affairs of the world to-day as they specially affect women. Excellent writers and plenty of them furnish the material; it is good reading straight through.

My special satisfaction in this monthly is in its breadth of view. The need of the ballot is strongly emphasized, and due record is kept of the progress of the equal suffrage movement; but far more ground than that is covered. Studies are given of the previous position of women, of her place in different countries and classes, of her connection with the other stirring questions of the day.

Reading this, we gather an increasing sense of the real world-issues of which the woman's movement is not only in itself an interesting part, but one in the solution of which is shown to be that of many others. People who shrink from "feminism" in its more intense and accentuated forms, will find here a more proportional treatment, enlightening and persuasive.

*"The Englishwoman." Published by Sidgwick & Jackson, 3 Adam St., Adelphi. London, W. C. England. Monthly, 1s. Yearly, 14s. 6d. post free.

*

*The Woman's Journal** so long our best exponent of the equal rights movement in America, is now the official organ of the National American Women suffrage association.

This is as it should be. The association needs an organ, and *The Woman's Journal* has always needed and desired a wider support than the equal suffragists gave it.

*The Woman's Journal. Saturday weekly. \$1.00 yearly, No. 585 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

It is the earnest wish of *The Forerunner* that every American "equal suffragist" take the *Woman's Journal*, and so keep in touch with the movement. It is now but *one dollar a year*, which, for such a weekly, is more than reasonable.

It is also the earnest wish of *The Forerunner* that every American interested in the woman's movement the world over, and its English status in particular, should take *The Englishwoman*. That costs fourteen shillings a year, and is worth it.

And who is to take *The Forerunner*? Only those who like it and find it useful.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

Problem 1st. A woman of thirty, single and intending so to remain, owning a tiny cottage in the woods near a large city; exhausted by ten years' overwork and having spent her savings on doctor's bills, asks two questions:

(a) Why cannot she stay at home and enjoy it?

(b) Can one love a man too much? (There was a man, but he went away.)

To (a) the answer is: one cannot live at home, and earn one's living without practicing some domestic industry. Of these two obvious and common ones are:

Take in washing:—not strong enough.

Take in sewing?—How about that?

A large city ought to furnish sewing and mending enough to keep one woman who owns a cottage. Five dollars a week ought to do it, including carfare.

Then comes the more various tasks; to make some one thing excellently well, and sell it: taking orders: making a little business of one's own.

The age of domestic industry is really past; but a lone woman with no rent to pay ought to make good, unless too ill to work at all.

If there is any ground with the cottage she could raise some food perhaps.

Third possibility: take another woman to board: or a child, if competent to care for children.

As to the second question: Yes, one can; one often does. If by "loving" one means "wanting." Love, pure love, strong giving love, does not exhaust nor injure. One can love a lifetime, without return—if it's that kind. But to hopelessly wish for what one cannot have is an illness. If that is the case it is time for a decided change of heart.

The world is full of people to love and serve; and a brave rational attitude of living ought to cure and strengthen.

Sister—sit quiet in the door of the little cottage: say "I am here to serve; to work for the world. I am willing. My own life is desolate—well? So are the lives of many. That I must bear. There are many years before me to be lived through—bravely and lovingly. If I die—that's no hardship; if I live I will do the work I'm here for."

Then study out your case with dispassionate interest; *as if it were some one else's*; and do what is wise. When you are strong enough, if you are willing to do housework (a job always waiting) for six months, it should give you a clear \$150.00, to live another six months without care, and to practice the art you like best. Plan *ahead*; bear what you have now in the determined hope of what you like better in five years—ten years—for the rest of life.

And so enlarge your range of consciousness, thinking, talking, reading about big human interests, that your own trouble shrinks in proportion.

Problem 2d. "Several of my professors in the University have such a condescending attitude toward women that most of us girls find it very hard to do our best. In some classes, we are actually, as a sex, marked lower than the men of the class. We have found in every instance that the wives of these professors are of the lowest tabby-cat variety, gossipy, infantile, at times malicious.

Q. (a) Can you believe that these trained men would be as illogical as to judge us all by their wives?

Q. (b) Is there any way even to make a start to root out this idea that all women are cast from the same mold,"—*Studiosa*.

Ans. (a) "Trained" men are not necessarily logical men. Logic in some fields does not imply logic in all. No matter how logical or how much trained, most men are illogical about women. (As are most women also.)

Ans. (b) Yes. The way to start,—and finish—this idea that "all women are cast from the same mold" is to prove that they are not by being different. The likeness men see in women is the likeness of sex. Show them the difference in human personality.

Problem 3d. "It is almost impossible for married women to go on teaching. Just as I am at my best, my usefulness is nullified because I am married. Would you please outline a plan of organization among married women who wish to continue practicing their profession, thru which they may arouse other women, and also reach the authorities who have control over their work?"—*E. M. K.*

Ans. The most suitable organization among married women, and single ones as well, whereby to "arouse other women and reach the authorities" is political organization. That question is easily answered—by securing equal suffrage.

Problem 4th. "Several of us girls wish to associate with our men friends as real comrades, paying our half of theatre tickets, suppers and the like, as we have as much money, or as little, as they. They are fine young men, decidedly worth while. Yet they make the most astonishingly stupid objections, as do most of the other girls. It is not 'polite' or 'customary,' it is a man's 'privilege,' etc., etc. Could you not give us suggestions, perhaps in story form, of how to win the young men, and other girls too, without being too sharp-angled, over to our side?"—*College Girl*.

Ans. I knew of a good arrangement between a man and a woman on this basis. If he invited her, he paid for both. If she invited him, she paid for both. If both went on their several initiatives each paid for him or herself.

As to how to "win over" the most conservative of beings, young men and young women, one can only recommend the trump card in any hand,—a sweet and winning personality;—not "feminine influence," but personal influence. If one's company is much desired, one can dictate terms.

Further; don't be stubborn about it. Ultimate principles are one thing,—personal application are quite another. Vary your attitude according to the degree of intelligence and prejudice you have to deal with.

Problem 5th. "A person is condemned to die for a crime he did not commit. Should he as a good citizen submit peaceably to his own murder (legal) or fight for his life, killing jailors perhaps, till overpowered?"

Ans. "As a good citizen" he should submit. See Socrates.

"In answer to question under 'Personal Problems' in June Forerunner, 'Why don't people wake up and *live!* World size?' Will submit:

Ans. (a) Laziness. If people knew that thirty minutes of a healthful regimen practiced daily would double the daily pleasure of living and add ten years to the span of life, nine out of ten would neglect it. And (b) thoughtlessness through faulty education; the primary function of mental culture being to teach people to think, analyze, and solve the problems of life, and cultivate the memory; but memory is too often given first place to the exclusion of the others."—*A. O. H.*

This is an excellent answer. There are others.—*C. P. G.*

THE EDITOR'S PROBLEM

To pay its running expenses this little magazine must have about three thousand subscribers. It now has between eleven and twelve hundred.

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THE FORERUNNER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN
AUTHOR, OWNER & PUBLISHER

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Volume 1. No. 11 SEPTEMBER, 1910 Copyright for 1910 C. P. Gilman

Your Unborn Grandchild is more real than your Buried Grandfather.
Let us then Obliterate Graveyards and Build Babygardens.

TO-MORROW NIGHT

Marginal mile after mile of smooth-running granite embankment,
Washed by clean waters, clean seas and clean rivers embracing;
Pier upon pier lying wide for the ships of all seas to foregather,
Broad steps of marble, descending, for the people to enter the water,
White quays of marble, with music, and myriad pleasure-boats waiting;
Music of orchestras playing in blossoming parks by the river,
Playing on white-pillared piers where the lightfooted thousands are
dancing,
Dancing at night in the breeze flowing fresh from the sea and the river;
Music of flute and guitar from the lovers afloat on the water,
Music of happy young voices far-flying across the bright ripples,
Bright with high-glittering ships and the low rosy lanterns of lovers,
Bright with the stars overhead and the stars of the city beside them,
Their city, the heaven they know, and love as they love one another.

MR. ROBERT GREY SR.

I thought I knew what trouble was when Jimmy went away. It was bad enough when he was clerking in Barstow and I only saw him once a week; but now he'd gone to sea.

He said he'd never earn much as a clerk, and he hated it too. He'd saved every cent he could of his wages and taken a share in the Mary Jenks, and I shouldn't see him again for a year maybe,—maybe more. She was a sealer.

O dear! I'd have married him just as he was; but he said he couldn't keep me yet, and if they had luck he'd make 400 per cent. on his savings that voyage,—and it was all for me. My blessed Jimmy!

He hadn't been gone but a bare fortnight when "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster" on our poor heads. First father broke his arm. There was the doctor to pay, and all that plaster cast thing, and of course I had to do the milking and all the work. I didn't mind that a bit. We hadn't any horse then, to take care of, and Rosy, our cow, was a dear; gentle as a kitten, and sweet-breathed as a baby. But it put back all the farm work, of course; we couldn't hire, and there wasn't enough to go shares on. Mother was pretty wretched, and no wonder.

And then Rosy was stolen! That did seem the last straw. As long as Rosy was there and I could milk her, we shouldn't starve.

Poor father! There he sat, with that plaster arm in the sling—the other one looking so discouraged and nerveless, and his head bowed on his breast; the hand hanging, the strong busy fingers laxly open.

"I'll go and look," he said, starting up, "where's my hat?"

"It's no use looking, father," said I, "the halter's gone, there are big footprints beside her hoof-marks out to the road, and then quite a stamped place, and then wagon wheels and her nice little clean tracks going off after the wagon. Plain stolen."

He sat down again and groaned.

"Thought I heard a wagon in the middle of the night," said mother, weakly. Her face was flushed, and her eyes ran over. "I can't sleep much you know. I ought to have spoken, but you need your sleep."

I ran to her and kissed her.

"Now mother dear! Don't you fret over it,—please don't! We'll find Rosy. I'll get Mrs. Clark to 'phone for me at once."

"Phone where?" said father. "It's no use 'phoning. Its those gypsies. And they got to town hours ago—and Rosy's beef by this time." He set his jaw hard; but there were tears in his eyes, too.

I was nearly distracted myself. "If only Jimmy were here," I said, "he'd find her!"

"I don't doubt he'd make a try," said father, "but it's too late."

I ran over to Mrs. Clark, and we 'phoned to the police in Barstow, and sure enough they found the hide and horns! It didn't do us any good. They arrested some gypsies, but couldn't prove anything; shut one of 'em up for vagrancy, too,—but that didn't do us any good, either. And if they'd proved it and convicted him it wouldn't have brought back Rosy,—or given us another cow.

Then mother got sick. It was pure discouragement as much as anything, I think, and she missed Rosy's milk,—she used to half live on it. After she was sick she missed it more, there were so few things she could eat,—and not many of those I could get for her.

O how I did miss Jimmy! If he'd been there he'd have helped me to *see over* it all. "Sho!" he'd have said. "It's hard lines, little girl, now; but bless you, a broken arm's only temporary; your father'll be as good as ever soon. And your mother'll get well; she's a strong woman. I never saw a stronger woman of her age. And as to the food—just claim you're 'no breakfast' people, and believe in fasting for your health!"

That's the way Jimmy met things, and I tried to say it all to myself, and keep my spirits up,—and theirs. But Jimmy was at sea.

Well, father couldn't work, it had to be his right arm, of course. And mother couldn't work either; she was just helpless and miserable, and the more she worried the sicker she got, and the sicker she got the more she worried. My patience! How I did work! No time to read, no time to study, no time to sew on any of the pretty white things I was gradually accumulating. I got up before daylight, almost; kept the house as neat as I could, and got breakfast, such as it was. Father could dress himself after a fashion, and he could sit with mother when I was outside working in the garden. I began that garden just as an experiment, the day after father broke his arm. The outlay was only thirty cents for lettuce and radish seed, but it took a lot of work.

Then there was mother to do for, and father to cheer up (which was hardest of all), and dinner and supper to get,—and nothing to get them with, practically.

The doctor didn't push us any, but father hates a debt as he hates poison, and mother is a natural worrier. "She is killing herself with worry," the doctor said; and he had no anti-toxin for that, apparently.

And then, as if that wasn't enough, that Mr. Robert Grey Sr. took advantage of our misfortunes and began to make up to me again.

I never liked the old man since I was a little girl. He was always picking me up and kissing me, when I didn't want to in the least. When I got older he'd pinch my checks, and offer me a nickle if I'd kiss him.

Mother liked him, for he stood high in the church, and was a charitable soul. Father liked him because he was successful—father always admired successful men;—and Mr. Grey got his money honestly, too, father said. He was a kind old soul. He offered to send me to college, and I was awfully tempted; but father couldn't bear a money obligation,—and I couldn't bear Mr. Grey.

There was a Robert Grey Jr., who was disagreeable enough; a thin, pimply, sanctimonious young fellow, with a class of girls in Sunday-school. He was sickly enough, but Mr. Robert Grey Sr. was worse. He sort of tottered and threw his feet about as he walked; and kind or not kind, I couldn't bear him. But

he came around now all the time.

He brought mother nice things to eat,—you can't refuse gifts to the sick,—and they were awfully nice; he has a first class cook. And he brought so much that there was enough for father too. We had to eat it to save it, you see,—but I hated every mouthful. I lived on our potatoes mostly, and they were poor enough—in June—and no milk to go with them.

He came every day, bringing his basket of delicacies for mother, and he'd chat awhile with her—she liked it; and he'd sit and talk with father—he liked it; and then he'd hang around me—and I had to be civil to him! But I did not like it a bit. I couldn't bear the old man with his thin grey whiskers, and his watery gray eyes, and his big pink mouth—color of an old hollyhock.

But he came and came, and nobody could fail to see what he wanted; but O dear me! How I wished for Jimmy. My big, strong, brisk boy, with the jolly laugh and the funny little swears that he invented himself! I watched the shipping news, and waited and hoped; he might come back any time now, if they'd had luck. But he didn't come. Mr. Robert Grey Sr. was there every day—and Jimmy didn't come.

I tried not to cry. I needed all my strength and courage to keep some heart in father and mother, and I tried always to remember what Jimmy would have said; how he'd have faced it. "Don't be phazed by *anything*," he used to say. "Everything goes by—give it time. Don't holler! Don't give a jam!" (People always looked so surprised when Jimmy said "Jam!") "Just hang on and do the square thing. You're not responsible for other people's sorrows. Hold up your own end."

Jimmy was splendid! He used to read to me about an old philosopher called Euripides, and I got to appreciate him too. But when the papers were full of "Storms at sea"—"Terrible weather in the north"—"Gales"—"High winds"—"Losses in shipping"—it did seem as if I couldn't bear it.

Then at last it came, in a terrible list of wrecks. The Mary Jenks—lost, with all on board.

O what was the use of living! What did anything matter! Why couldn't I die! Why couldn't I die!

But I didn't. My health was as good as ever; I could even sleep—when I wasn't crying. Working hard out of doors and not eating very much makes you sleep I guess, heart or no heart. And I had to keep on working; my lettuce was up and coming on finely, rows upon rows of it, just as I had planted it, two days apart. And the radishes too, they were eatable, and we tried them.

But father laughed grimly at my small garden. "A lot of good that'll do us, child!" he said. "O Jenny—there's more than that you can do for your poor mother! I know you feel badly, and ordinarily I wouldn't say a word, but—you see how it is."

I saw how it was well enough, but it seemed to me too horrible to think of. To thrust that tottering old philanthropist right into my poor bleeding heart! I couldn't bear it.

Mother never said a word. But she looked. She'd lie there with her big hollow eyes following me around the room; and when I came to do anything for her she'd look in my face so! It was more effective than all father's talks. For father had made up his mind now, and urged me all the time.

"We might as well face the facts, Jenny," he said. "James Young is gone, and I'm sorry; and you are naturally broken-hearted. But even if you were a widow I'd say the same thing. Here is this man who has been good to you since you were a child; he will treat you well, you'll have a home, you'll be provided for when he dies. I know you're not in love with him. I don't expect it. He don't either. He has spoken to me. He don't expect miracles. Here we are, absolutely living on his food! It—it is *terrible* to me, Jennie! But I couldn't refuse, for your mother's sake. Now if I could pocket my pride for her sake, can't you pocket your grief? You can't bring back the dead."

"O father, don't!" I said. "How can you talk so! O Jimmy! Jimmy!—If you were here!"

"He isn't here—he never will be!" said father steadily. "But your mother is here, and sick. Mr. Grey wants to send her to a sanitarium—'as a friend.' I can't let him do that,—it would cost hundreds of dollars. But—as a son-in-law I could."

Mother didn't say a thing—dear mother. But she looked at me.

They made me feel like a brute, between them; at least father did. He kept right on talking.

"Mr. Grey is a good man," he said, "an unusually good man. If he was a bad man I'd never say a word."

"He was when he was young, old Miss Green says," I answered.

"I am ashamed of you, Jennie," said father, "to listen to such scandalous gossip! How—how unmaidenly of you! I dare say he was a little wild,—forty years ago. Most young fellows are, and he was rich and handsome. But he has been a shining light in this community for forty years.—A good husband—a good father."

"What'd his wife die of?" I asked suddenly.

"An operation,—but he did everything for her. She had the best doctors and nurses. She was a good deal of an invalid, I believe, after Robert Jr. was born."

"He's not much!" said I.

"No, Robert Jr. has been a great disappointment to his father—the great disappointment of his life, I may say; though he was very fond of his wife. But he won't trouble you any, Jenny; his father is going to send him to Europe for a long time—for his health. Now Jenny, all this is ancient history. Here is a good kind man who loves you dearly, and wants to marry you at once. If you do it you may save your mother's life,—and set me on my feet again for what remains of mine. I never said a word while you were engaged to Jimmy Young, but now it's a plain duty."

That night Mr. Grey Sr. came as usual. He had sent round his car and got mother to take a ride that afternoon. It did her good, too. And when he came father went out and sat with her, and left me to him:—and he asked me to marry him.

He told me all the things he'd do for me—for mother—for father. He said he shouldn't live very long anyway, and then I could be my own mistress, with plenty of money. And I couldn't say a word, yes or no.

I sat there, playing with the edge of the lamp-mat—and thinking of Jimmy.

And then Mr. Robert Grey Sr. made a mistake. He got a hold of my hand and fingered it. He came and took me in his arms—and kissed my mouth.

I jerked away from him—he almost fell over. "No! O NO!" I cried. "I can't do it Mr. Grey. I simply *can't!*"

He turned the color of ashes.

"Why not?" he said.

"Because it isn't decent," said I firmly. "I can't bear to have you touch me—never could. I will be a servant to you—I will work for you—nurse you—but to be your wife!—I'm sorry Mr. Grey, but I can't do it."

I ran upstairs, and cried and cried; and I had reason to cry, for father was a living thundercloud after that, and mother was worse; and they wouldn't take any more of Mr. Grey's kindnesses, either of them.

My lettuce and radishes kept us alive until the potatoes were ripe. I sold them, fresh every day. Walked three miles with a big basket full every morning, to one of the summer hotels. It was awfully heavy, especially when it rained. They didn't pay much, but it kept us—a dollar a day, sometimes more.

Father got better in course of time, of course, and went to work on the farm in a discouraged sort of way. But mother was worse, if anything. She never blamed me—never said a word; but her eyes were a living reproach.

"Mother, dear," I begged her, "do forgive me! I'll work till I drop, for you; I'll deny myself everything: I'll do most anything that's decent and honest. But to marry a man you don't love is not honest; and to marry an old invalid like that—it's not decent."

She just sighed—didn't say anything.

"Cheer up mother, do! Father's almost well; we can get through this year somehow. Next year I can make enough to buy a cow, really."

But it wasn't more than a month from that time, I was sitting on the door stone at twilight—thinking of Jimmy, of course—and—there *was* Jimmy. I thought it was his ghost; but if it was it was a very warm-blooded one.

As to old Mr. Robert Grey, Sr., he persuaded little Grace Salters to marry him; a pretty, foolish, plump little thing; and if you'll believe it, she died within a year—she and her baby with her.

Well. If ever anybody was glad I was.

I don't mean glad she was dead, poor girl; but glad I didn't marry him, and did marry Jimmy.

WHAT VIRTUES ARE MADE OF

"Making a virtue of necessity" we say, somewhat scornfully; and never consider that all virtues are so made.

"The savage virtues" of endurance, patience, gratitude, hospitality, are easily seen to be precisely the main necessities of savages. Their daily hardships and occasional miseries were such that an extra store of endurance was needed, and this they artificially cultivated by the system of initiation by torture.

The Spartans used the same plan, training the young soldier to bear a doubly heavy spear, that the real one might be light to his hand.

Patience was needed by the hunter, and still more by the laboring squaw; gratitude sprang from the great need—and rarity—of mercy or service; and hospitality is always found in proportion to the distance, difficulty, and danger of traveling. Courage, as the preeminent virtue of manhood, rose to this prominence later in history, under conditions of constant warfare.

Where you have to meet danger, and your danger is best overcome by courage, by that necessity courage becomes a virtue. It has not been deemed a virtue in women, because it was not a necessity. They were not allowed to face outer danger; and what dangers they had were best escaped by avoidance and ingenuity. Amusingly enough, since the woman's main danger came through her "natural protector"—man; and since her skill and success in escaping from or overcoming him was naturally not valued by him, much less considered a necessity; this power of evasion and adaptation in woman has never been called a virtue. Yet it is just as serviceable to her as courage to the man, and therefore as much a virtue.

Honesty is a modern virtue. It existed, without a name and without praise, among savages; but its place among virtues comes with the period of commercial life. Without some honesty, no commerce; it is absolutely necessary to keep the world going; its absence in any degree is a social injury; therefore we extol honesty and seek to punish dishonesty, as the savage never thought of doing.

All men are not honest in this commercial period, nor were all men brave in the period of warfare: but they all agree in praising the virtue most needed at the time.

Truth, as a special virtue, is interesting to study. The feeling of trust in the word of another is of great value, under some conditions. Under what conditions? In slavery? No. Truthfulness is evidently not advantageous to slaves, for they do not manifest, or even esteem that quality.

Those same Spartans, to whom courage and endurance stood so high, thought but little of truth and honesty, and taught their boys to steal. In warfare trickery and robbery are part of the game.

Where do we find the "word of honour" most valued? Among gentlemen and nobles, and those who inherit their traditions and impulses. It is conditioned upon freedom and power. You must trust a man's word—when you have no other hold upon him!

Mercy, kindness, "humanity"—as we quite justifiably call it,—is a very young virtue, growing with social growth. Cruelty was once the rule; now the exception. The more inextricably our lives are interwoven in the social fabric, the more we need the mutual love which is the natural state of social beings; and this feeling becoming a necessity, it also becomes a virtue. Similarly, as our lives depend on the presence and service of other animals we need to be kind to them; and in our highest development so far, kindness to animals has been elected virtue.

But of all virtues made of necessity, none is more glaringly in evidence than the one we call "virtue" itself,—chastity. We call it "virtue" because it is *the* quality—and the only quality—which has been a necessity to the possessor—woman. Her life depended absolutely on man. He valued her in one relation, and in that relation demanded this one thing,—that she serve him alone.

Because of this demand, to her an absolute necessity, we have developed the virtue of chastity, and

praised it above all others—in woman! But in men it was not even considered a virtue, much less demanded and enforced.

Could anything be clearer proof that virtue was made of necessity?

What we need to study now is the chief necessity of modern life. When we have found that out we shall be able to rearrange our scale of virtues.

ANIMALS IN CITIES

A city is a group residence for human beings. There is no room in it for any animal but one—*Genus Homo*. At present we make a sort of menagerie of it.

Genus Homo is the major factor, but he shares his common home with many other beasts, *genus equus*, *genus canis*, *genus felis*, and members of others whose Latin names are not so familiar.

The horse is most numerous. He is a clean animal, a good friend and strong servant where animals belong—in the country. In the city he is an enemy. His stable is a Depot for the Wholesale Distribution of Diseases.

The services of the horse, and the tons upon tons of fertilizing material produced by him, are financially valuable; but the injury from many deaths, the yearly drain from long sickness, and all the doctors and druggists bills, amounts to a far greater loss.

There is no horse work in a city that cannot be done by machine. The carriage, wagon, truck and dray, can take his place as workers; and they *breed no flies*.

We are learning, learning fast, how large a proportion of diseases spring from minute living things which get inside of us and play havoc with our organism. And very lately we are learning further, that of all the benevolent distributors of disease none are more swift and sure than certain insects; insects which are born and bred in and upon the bodies and excreta of animals.

It is true that our kitchen garbage furnishes another popular nursery for flies, but the unclean stable is the other breeding place.

Next in number to the horse come the dog and cat. These creatures are not healthy and not happy in a city. They cannot be kept there without injury to them; and the injury is more than revenged upon their keepers. The dog furnishes his quota of deaths from hydrophobia, as well as plain "assault and battery;" he defiles our sidewalks, and the fruits and vegetables exposed upon our sidewalks; he keeps us awake by his forlorn howling; he has diseases of his own which we may receive from him; and he has fleas.

The flea, as well as the fly, is a valiant and industrious purveyor of disease. From beast to beast they hop, carrying their toxic germs with them: and the dog, displeased with his persecutors, scratches them off upon our carpets.

The same applies to cats. A cat in the country is clean and safe; a cat in the city is neither—if it has any freedom. If a young kitten, cleansed and flealess, were reared in a lofty apartment, it would be clean, doubtless; but the usual cat is free on intersecting fences; and in the contact of warfare, or of gentler feelings, the flea is free to travel and exchange.

The rat and mouse come under the same condemnation; they have fleas. They make dirt. They tend to increase and maintain our insect pests and terrors. They penetrate to all unsavory places. They acquire disease themselves, or carry the germs of it in their blood or on their fur. Their parasites gather them up and give them to us. The rats will leave a sinking ship, the fleas will leave a sinking rat, and among their millions some of them come to us.

When we build cities clean and tight from basement to roof,—all concrete, brick, stone, metal, and plaster; when the holes for pipes of all sorts are scaled as they enter the home; when the kitchen is eliminated by 90 per cent. and replaced by the food laboratories; when no animal but man is allowed within city limits—and he is taught to keep clean; we can then compare, for antiseptic cleanliness with a fine hospital—and have few hospitals to compare with!

WHAT DIANTHA DID

XI.

THE POWER OF THE SCREW.

Your car is too big for one person to stir—
Your chauffeur is a little man, too;
Yet he lifts that machine, does the little chauffeur,
By the power of a gentle jackscrew.

Diantha worked.

For all her employees she demanded a ten-hour day, she worked fourteen; rising at six and not getting to bed till eleven, when her charges were all safely in their rooms for the night.

They were all up at five-thirty or thereabouts, breakfasting at six, and the girls off in time to reach their various places by seven. Their day was from 7 A. M. to 8.30 P. M., with half an hour out, from 11.30 to twelve, for their lunch; and three hours, between 2.20 and 5.30, for their own time, including their tea. Then they worked again from 5.30 to 8.30, on the dinner and the dishes, and then they came home to a pleasant nine o'clock supper, and had all hour to dance or rest before the 10.30 bell for bed time.

Special friends and "cousins" often came home with them, and frequently shared the supper—for a quarter—and the dance for nothing.

It was no light matter in the first place to keep twenty girls contented with such a regime, and working with the steady excellence required, and in the second place to keep twenty employers contented with them. There were failures on both sides; half a dozen families gave up the plan, and it took time to replace them; and three girls had to be asked to resign before the year was over. But most of them had been in training in the summer, and had listened for months to Diantha's earnest talks to the clubs, with good results.

"Remember we are not doing this for ourselves alone," she would say to them. "Our experiment is going to make this kind of work easier for all home workers everywhere. You may not like it at first, but neither did you like the old way. It will grow easier as we get used to it; and we *must* keep the rules, because we made them!"

She laboriously composed a neat little circular, distributed it widely, and kept a pile in her lunch room for people to take.

It read thus:

UNION HOUSE

Food and Service.

General Housework by the week . . . \$10.00
General Housework by the day . . . \$2.00
Ten hours work a day, and furnish their own food.
Additional labor by the hour . . . \$.20
Special service for entertainments, maids and waitresses, by the hour .
. . \$.25
Catering for entertainments.
Delicacies for invalids.
Lunches packed and delivered.
Caffeteria . . . 12 to 2

What annoyed the young manager most was the uncertainty and irregularity involved in her work, the facts varying considerably from her calculations.

In the house all ran smoothly. Solemn Mrs. Thorvald did the laundry work for thirty-five—by the aid of her husband and a big mangle for the "flat work." The girls' washing was limited. "You have to be reasonable about it," Diantha had explained to them. "Your fifty cents covers a dozen pieces—no more. If you want more you have to pay more, just as your employers do for your extra time."

This last often happened. No one on the face of it could ask more than ten hours of the swift, steady work given by the girls at but a fraction over 14 cents an hour. Yet many times the housekeeper was anxious for more labor on special days; and the girls, unaccustomed to the three free hours in the

afternoon, were quite willing to furnish it, thus adding somewhat to their cash returns.

They had a dressmaking class at the club afternoons, and as Union House boasted a good sewing machine, many of them spent the free hours in enlarging their wardrobes. Some amused themselves with light reading, a few studied, others met and walked outside. The sense of honest leisure grew upon them, with its broadening influence; and among her thirty Diantha found four or five who were able and ambitious, and willing to work heartily for the further development of the business.

Her two housemaids were specially selected. When the girls were out of the house these two maids washed the breakfast dishes with marvelous speed, and then helped Diantha prepare for the lunch. This was a large undertaking, and all three of them, as well as Julianna and Hector worked at it until some six or eight hundred sandwiches were ready, and two or three hundred little cakes.

Diantha had her own lunch, and then sat at the receipt of custom during the lunch hour, making change and ordering fresh supplies as fast as needed.

The two housemaids had a long day, but so arranged that it made but ten hours work, and they had much available time of their own. They had to be at work at 5:30 to set the table for six o'clock breakfast, and then they were at it steadily, with the dining rooms to "do," and the lunch to get ready, until 11:30, when they had an hour to eat and rest. From 12:30 to 4 o'clock they were busy with the lunch cups, the bed-rooms, and setting the table for dinner; but after that they had four hours to themselves, until the nine o'clock supper was over, and once more they washed dishes for half an hour. The cafeteria used only cups and spoons; the sandwiches and cakes were served on paper plates.

In the hand-cart methods of small housekeeping it is impossible to exact the swift precision of such work, but not in the standardized tasks and regular hours of such an establishment as this.

Diantha religiously kept her hour at noon, and tried to keep the three in the afternoon; but the employer and manager cannot take irresponsible rest as can the employee. She felt like a most inexperienced captain on a totally new species of ship, and her paper plans looked very weak sometimes, as bills turned out to be larger than she had allowed for, or her patronage unaccountably dwindled. But if the difficulties were great, the girl's courage was greater. "It is simply a big piece of work," she assured herself, "and may be a long one, but there never was anything better worth doing. Every new business has difficulties, I mustn't think of them. I must just push and push and push—a little more every day."

And then she would draw on all her powers to reason with, laugh at, and persuade some dissatisfied girl; or, hardest of all, to bring in a new one to fill a vacancy.

She enjoyed the details of her lunch business, and studied it carefully; planning for a restaurant a little later. Her bread was baked in long cylindrical closed pans, and cut by machinery into thin even slices, not a crust wasted; for they were ground into crumbs and used in the cooking.

The filling for her sandwiches was made from fish, flesh, and fowl; from cheese and jelly and fruit and vegetables; and so named or numbered that the general favorites were gradually determined.

Mr. Thaddler chatted with her over the counter, as far as she would allow it, and discoursed more fully with his friends on the verandah.

"Porne," he said, "where'd that girl come from anyway? She's a genius, that's what she is; a regular genius."

"She's all that," said Mr. Porne, "and a benefactor to humanity thrown in. I wish she'd start her food delivery, though. I'm tired of those two Swedes already. O—come from? Up in Jopalez, Inca County, I believe."

"New England stock I bet," said Mr. Thaddler. "Its a damn shame the way the women go on about her."

"Not all of them, surely," protested Mr. Porne.

"No, not all of 'em,—but enough of 'em to make mischief, you may be sure. Women are the devil, sometimes."

Mr. Porne smiled without answer, and Mr. Thaddler went sulking away—a bag of cakes bulging in his pocket.

The little wooden hotel in Jopalez boasted an extra visitor a few days later. A big red faced man, who strolled about among the tradesmen, tried the barber's shop, loafed in the post office, hired a rig and

traversed the length and breadth of the town, and who called on Mrs. Warden, talking real estate with her most politely in spite of her protestation and the scornful looks of the four daughters; who bought tobacco and matches in the grocery store, and sat on the piazza thereof to smoke, as did other gentlemen of leisure.

Ross Warden occasionally leaned at the door jamb, with folded arms. He never could learn to be easily sociable with ranchmen and teamsters. Serve them he must, but chat with them he need not. The stout gentleman essayed some conversation, but did not get far. Ross was polite, but far from encouraging, and presently went home to supper, leaving a carrot-haired boy to wait upon his lingering customers.

"Nice young feller enough," said the stout gentleman to himself, "but raised on ramrods. Never got 'em from those women folks of his, either. He *has* a row to hoe!" And he departed as he had come.

Mr. Eltwood turned out an unexpectedly useful friend to Diantha. He steered club meetings and "sociables" into her large rooms, and as people found how cheap and easy it was to give parties that way, they continued the habit. He brought his doctor friends to sample the lunch, and they tested the value of Diantha's invalid cookery, and were more than pleased.

Hungry tourists were wholly without prejudice, and prized her lunches for their own sake. They descended upon the cafeteria in chattering swarms, some days, robbing the regular patrons of their food, and sent sudden orders for picnic lunches that broke in upon the routine hours of the place unmercifully.

But of all her patrons, the families of invalids appreciated Diantha's work the most. Where a little shack or tent was all they could afford to live in, or where the tiny cottage was more than filled with the patient, attending relative, and nurse, this depot of supplies was a relief indeed.

A girl could be had for an hour or two; or two girls, together, with amazing speed, could put a small house in dainty order while the sick man lay in his hammock under the pepper trees; and be gone before he was fretting for his bed again. They lived upon her lunches; and from them, and other quarters, rose an increasing demand for regular cooked food.

"Why don't you go into it at once?" urged Mrs. Weatherstone.

"I want to establish the day service first," said Diantha. "It is a pretty big business I find, and I do get tired sometimes. I can't afford to slip up, you know. I mean to take it up next fall, though."

"All right. And look here; see that you begin in first rate shape. I've got some ideas of my own about those food containers."

They discussed the matter more than once, Diantha most reluctant to take any assistance; Mrs. Weatherstone determined that she should.

"I feel like a big investor already," she said. "I don't think even you realize the *money* there is in this thing! You are interested in establishing the working girls, and saving money and time for the housewives. I am interested in making money out of it—honestly! It would be such a triumph!"

"You're very good—" Diantha hesitated.

"I'm not good. I'm most eagerly and selfishly interested. I've taken a new lease of life since knowing you, Diantha Bell! You see my father was a business man, and his father before him—I *like it*. There I was, with lots of money, and not an interest in life! Now?—why, there's no end to this thing, Diantha! It's one of the biggest businesses on earth—if not *the* biggest!"

"Yes—I know," the girl answered. "But its slow work. I feel the weight of it more than I expected. There's every reason to succeed, but there's the combined sentiment of the whole world to lift—it's as heavy as lead."

"Heavy! Of course it's heavy! The more fun to lift it! You'll do it, Diantha, I know you will, with that steady, relentless push of yours. But the cooked food is going to be your biggest power, and you must let me start it right. Now you listen to me, and make Mrs. Thaddler eat her words!"

Mrs. Thaddler's words would have proved rather poisonous, if eaten. She grew more antagonistic as the year advanced. Every fault that could be found in the undertaking she pounced upon and enlarged; every doubt that could be cast upon it she heavily piled up; and her opposition grew more rancorous as Mr. Thaddler enlarged in her hearing upon the excellence of Diantha's lunches and the wonders of her management.

"She's picked a bunch o' winners in those girls of hers," he declared to his friends. "They set out in the morning looking like a flock of sweet peas—in their pinks and whites and greens and vi'lets,—and do more work in an hour than the average slavey can do in three, I'm told."

It was a pretty sight to see those girls start out. They had a sort of uniform, as far as a neat gingham dress went, with elbow sleeves, white ruffled, and a Dutch collar; a sort of cross between a nurses dress and that of "La Chocolataire;" but colors were left to taste. Each carried her apron and a cap that covered the hair while cooking and sweeping; but nothing that suggested the black and white livery of the regulation servant.

"This is a new stage of labor," their leader reminded them. "You are not servants—you are employees. You wear a cap as an English carpenter does—or a French cook,—and an apron because your work needs it. It is not a ruffled label,—it's a business necessity. And each one of us must do our best to make this new kind of work valued and respected."

It is no easy matter to overcome prejudices many centuries old, and meet the criticism of women who have nothing to do but criticize. Those who were "mistresses," and wanted "servants,"—someone to do their will at any moment from early morning till late evening,—were not pleased with the new way if they tried it; but the women who had interests of their own to attend to; who merely wanted their homes kept clean, and the food well cooked and served, were pleased. The speed, the accuracy, the economy; the pleasant, quiet, assured manner of these skilled employees was a very different thing from the old slipshod methods of the ordinary general servant.

So the work slowly prospered, while Diantha began to put in execution the new plan she had been forced into.

While it matured, Mrs. Thaddler matured hers. With steady dropping she had let fall far and wide her suspicions as to the character of Union House.

"It looks pretty queer to me!" she would say, confidentially, "All those girls together, and no person to have any authority over them! Not a married woman in the house but that washerwoman,—and her husband's a fool!"

"And again; You don't see how she does it? Neither do I! The expenses must be tremendous—those girls pay next to nothing,—and all that broth and brown bread flying about town! Pretty queer doings, I think!"

"The men seem to like that cafeteria, don't they?" urged one caller, perhaps not unwilling to nestle Mrs. Thaddler, who flushed darkly as she replied. "Yes, they do. Men usually like that sort of place."

"They like good food at low prices, if that's what you mean," her visitor answered.

"That's not all I mean—by a long way," said Mrs. Thaddler. She said so much, and said it so ingeniously, that a dark rumor arose from nowhere, and grew rapidly. Several families discharged their Union House girls. Several girls complained that they were insultingly spoken to on the street. Even the lunch patronage began to fall off.

Diantha was puzzled—a little alarmed. Her slow, steady lifting of the prejudice against her was checked. She could not put her finger on the enemy, yet felt one distinctly, and had her own suspicions. But she also had her new move well arranged by this time.

Then a maliciously insinuating story of the place came out in a San Francisco paper, and a flock of local reporters buzzed in to sample the victim. They helped themselves to the luncheon, and liked it. but that did not soften their pens. They talked with such of the girls as they could get in touch with, and wrote such versions of these talks as suited them.

They called repeatedly at Union House, but Diantha refused to see them. Finally she was visited by the Episcopalian clergyman. He had heard her talk at the Club, was favorably impressed by the girl herself, and honestly distressed by the dark stories he now heard about Union House.

"My dear young lady," he said, "I have called to see you in your own interests. I do not, as you perhaps know, approve of your schemes. I consider them—ah—subversive of the best interests of the home! But I think you mean well, though mistakenly. Now I fear you are not aware that this—ah—ill-considered undertaking of yours, is giving rise to considerable adverse comment in the community. There is—ah—there is a great deal being said about this business of yours which I am sure you would regret if you knew it. Do you think it is wise; do you think it is—ah—right, my dear Miss Bell, to attempt to carry on a—a place of this sort, without the presence of a—of a Matron of assured standing?"

Diantha smiled rather coldly.

"May I trouble you to step into the back parlor, Dr. Aberthwaite," she said; and then;

"May I have the pleasure of presenting to you Mrs. Henderson Bell—my mother?"

*

"Wasn't it great!" said Mrs. Weatherstone; "I was there you see,— I'd come to call on Mrs. Bell—she's a dear,—and in came Mrs. Thaddler—"

"Mrs. Thaddler?"

"O I know it was old Aberthwaite, but he represented Mrs. Thaddler and her clique, and had come there to preach to Diantha about propriety—I heard him,—and she brought him in and very politely introduced him to her mother!—it was rich, Isabel."

"How did Diantha manage it?" asked her friend.

"She's been trying to arrange it for ever so long. Of course her father objected—you'd know that. But there's a sister—not a bad sort, only very limited; she's taken the old man to board, as it were, and I guess the mother really set her foot down for once—said she had a right to visit her own daughter!"

"It would seem so," Mrs. Porne agreed. "I *am* so glad! It will be so much easier for that brave little woman now."

It was.

Diantha held her mother in her arms the night she came, and cried like a baby.

"O mother *dear!*" she sobbed, "I'd no idea I should miss you so much. O you blessed comfort!"

Her mother cried a bit too; she enjoyed this daughter more than either of her older children, and missed her more. A mother loves all her children, naturally; but a mother is also a person—and may, without sin, have personal preferences.

She took hold of Diantha's tangled mass of papers with the eagerness of a questing hound.

"You've got all the bills, of course," she demanded, with her anxious rising inflection.

"Every one," said the girl. "You taught me that much. What puzzles me is to make things balance. I'm making more than I thought in some lines, and less in others, and I can't make it come out straight."

"It won't, altogether, till the end of the year I dare say," said Mrs. Bell, "but let's get clear as far as we can. In the first place we must separate your business,—see how much each one pays."

"The first one I want to establish," said her daughter, "is the girl's club. Not just this one, with me to run it. But to show that any group of twenty or thirty girls could do this thing in any city. Of course where rents and provisions were high they'd have to charge more. I want to make an average showing somehow. Now can you disentangle the girl part front the lunch part and the food part, mother dear, and make it all straight?"

Mrs. Bell could and did; it gave her absolute delight to do it. She set down the total of Diantha's expenses so far in the Service Department, as follows:

Rent of Union House . . .	\$1,500
Rent of furniture . . .	\$300
One payment on furniture . . .	\$400
Fuel and lights, etc. . . .	\$352
Service of 5 at \$10 a week each . . .	\$2,600
Food for thirty-seven . . .	\$3,848

Total . . .	\$9,000

"That covers everything but my board," said Mrs. Bell.

"Now your income is easy—35 x \$4.50 equals \$8,190. Take that from your \$9,000 and you are \$810 behind."

"Yes, I know," said Diantha, eagerly, "but if it was merely a girl's club home, the rent and fixtures

would be much less. A home could be built, with thirty bedrooms—and all necessary conveniences—for \$7,000. I've asked Mr. and Mrs. Porne about it; and the furnishing needn't cost over \$2,000 if it was very plain. Ten per cent. of that is a rent of \$900 you see."

"I see," said her mother. "Better say a thousand. I guess it could be done for that."

So they set down rent, \$1,000.

"There have to be five paid helpers in the house," Diantha went on, "the cook, the laundress, the two maids, and the matron. She must buy and manage. She could be one of their mothers or aunts."

Mrs. Bell smiled. "Do you really imagine, Diantha, that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy or Mrs. Yon Yonson can manage a house like this as you can?"

Diantha flushed a little. "No, mother, of course not. But I am keeping very full reports of all the work. Just the schedule of labor—the hours—the exact things done. One laundress, with machinery, can wash for thirty-five, (its only six a day you see), and the amount is regulated; about six dozen a day, and all the flat work mangled.

"In a Girl's Club alone the cook has all day off, as it were; she can do the down stairs cleaning. And the two maids have only table service and bedrooms."

"Thirty-five bedrooms?"

"Yes. But two girls together, who know how, can do a room in 8 minutes—easily. They are small and simple you see. Make the bed, shake the mats, wipe the floors and windows,—you watch them!"

"I have watched them," the mother admitted. "They are as quick as—as mill-workers!"

"Well," pursued Diantha, "they spend three hours on dishes and tables, and seven on cleaning. The bedrooms take 280 minutes; that's nearly five hours. The other two are for the bath rooms, halls, stairs, downstairs windows, and so on. That's all right. Then I'm keeping the menus—just what I furnish and what it costs. Anybody could order and manage when it was all set down for her. And you see—as you have figured it—they'd have over \$500 leeway to buy the furniture if they were allowed to."

"Yes," Mrs. Bell admitted, "if the rent was what you allow, and if they all work all the time!"

"That's the hitch, of course. But mother; the girls who don't have steady jobs do work by the hour, and that brings in more, on the whole. If they are the right kind they can make good. If they find anyone who don't keep her job—for good reasons—they can drop her."

"M'm!" said Mrs. Bell. "Well, it's an interesting experiment. But how about you? So far you are \$410 behind."

"Yes, because my rent's so big. But I cover that by letting the rooms, you see."

Mrs. Bell considered the orders of this sort. "So far it averages about \$25.00 a week; that's doing well."

"It will be less in summer—much less," Diantha suggested. "Suppose you call it an average of \$15.00."

"Call it \$10.00," said her mother ruthlessly. "At that it covers your deficit and \$110 over."

"Which isn't much to live on," Diantha agreed, "but then comes my special catering, and the lunches."

Here they were quite at sea for a while. But as the months passed, and the work steadily grew on their hands, Mrs. Bell became more and more cheerful. She was up with the earliest, took entire charge of the financial part of the concern, and at last Diantha was able to rest fully in her afternoon hours. What delighted her most was to see her mother thrive in the work. Her thin shoulders lifted a little as small dragging tasks were forgotten and a large growing business substituted. Her eyes grew bright again, she held her head as she did in her keen girlhood, and her daughter felt fresh hope and power as she saw already the benefit of the new method as affecting her nearest and dearest.

All Diantha's friends watched the spread of the work with keenly sympathetic intent; but to Mrs. Weatherstone it became almost as fascinating as to the girl herself.

"It's going to be one of the finest businesses in the world!" she said, "And one of the largest and best paying. Now I'll have a surprise ready for that girl in the spring, and another next year, if I'm not mistaken!"

There were long and vivid discussions of the matter between her and her friends the Pornes, and Mrs. Porne spent more hours in her "drawing room" than she had for years.

But while these unmentioned surprises were pending, Mrs. Weatherstone departed to New York—to Europe; and was gone some months. In the spring she returned, in April—which is late June in Orchardina. She called upon Diantha and her mother at once, and opened her attack.

"I do hope, Mrs. Bell, that you'll back me up," she said. "You have the better business head I think, in the financial line."

"She has," Diantha admitted. "She's ten times as good as I am at that; but she's no more willing to carry obligation than I am, Mrs. Weatherstone."

"Obligation is one thing—investment is another," said her guest. "I live on my money—that is, on other people's work. I am a base capitalist, and you seem to me good material to invest in. So—take it or leave it—I've brought you an offer."

She then produced from her hand bag some papers, and, from her car outside, a large object carefully boxed, about the size and shape of a plate warmer. This being placed on the table before them, was uncovered, and proved to be a food container of a new model.

"I had one made in Paris," she explained, "and the rest copied here to save paying duty. Lift it!"

They lifted it in amazement—it was so light.

"Aluminum," she said, proudly, "Silver plated—new process! And bamboo at the corners you see. All lined and interlined with asbestos, rubber fittings for silver ware, plate racks, food compartments—see?"

She pulled out drawers, opened little doors, and rapidly laid out a table service for five.

"It will hold food for five—the average family, you know. For larger orders you'll have to send more. I had to make *some* estimate."

"What lovely dishes!" said Diantha.

"Aren't they! Aluminum, silvered! If your washers are careful they won't get dented, and you can't break 'em."

Mrs. Bell examined the case and all its fittings with eager attention.

"It's the prettiest thing I ever saw," she said. "Look, Diantha; here's for soup, here's for water—or wine if you want, all your knives and forks at the side, Japanese napkins up here. Its lovely, but—I should think—expensive!"

Mrs. Weatherstone smiled. "I've had twenty-five of them made. They cost, with the fittings, \$100 apiece, \$2,500. I will rent them to you, Miss Bell, at a rate of 10 per cent. interest; only \$250 a year!"

"It ought to take more," said Mrs. Bell, "there'll be breakage and waste."

"You can't break them, I tell you," said the cheerful visitor, "and dents can be smoothed out in any tin shop—you'll have to pay for it;—will that satisfy you?"

Diantha was looking at her, her eyes deep with gratitude. "I—you know what I think of you!" she said.

Mrs. Weatherstone laughed. "I'm not through yet," she said. "Look at my next piece of impudence!" This was only on paper, but the pictures were amply illuminating.

"I went to several factories," she gleefully explained, "here and abroad. A Yankee firm built it. It's in my garage now!"

It was a light gasoline motor wagon, the body built like those old-fashioned moving wagons which were also used for excursions, wherein the floor of the vehicle was rather narrow, and set low, and the seats ran lengthwise, widening out over the wheels; only here the wheels were lower, and in the space under the seats ran a row of lockers opening outside. Mrs. Weatherstone smiled triumphantly.

"Now, Diantha Bell," she said, "here's something you haven't thought of, I do believe! This estimable vehicle will carry thirty people inside easily," and she showed them how each side held twelve, and turn-up seats accommodated six more; "and outside,"—she showed the lengthwise picture—"it carries twenty-four containers. If you want to send all your twenty-five at once, one can go here by the driver.

"Now then. This is not an obligation, Miss Bell, it is another valuable investment. I'm having more made. I expect to have use for them in a good many places. This cost pretty near \$3,000, and you get it at the same good interest, for \$300 a year. What's more, if you are smart enough—and I don't doubt you are,—you can buy the whole thing on installments, same as you mean to with your furniture."

Diantha was dumb, but her mother wasn't. She thanked Mrs. Weatherstone with a hearty appreciation of her opportune help, but no less of her excellent investment.

"Don't be a goose, Diantha," she said. "You will set up your food business in first class style, and I think you can carry it successfully. But Mrs. Weatherstone's right; she's got a new investment here that'll pay her better than most others—and be a growing thing I do believe."

And still Diantha found it difficult to express her feelings. She had lived under a good deal of strain for many months now, and this sudden opening out of her plans was a heavenly help indeed.

Mrs. Weatherstone went around the table and sat by her. "Child," said she, "you don't begin to realize what you've done for me—and for Isobel—and for ever so many in this town, and all over the world. And besides, don't you think anybody else can see your dream? We can't *do* it as you can, but we can see what it's going to mean,—and we'll help if we can. You wouldn't grudge us that, would you?"

As a result of all this the cooked food delivery service was opened at once.

"It is true that the tourists are gone, mostly," said Mrs. Weatherstone, as she urged it, "but you see there are ever so many residents who have more trouble with servants in summer than they do in winter, and hate to have a fire in the house, too."

So Diantha's circulars had an addition, forthwith.

These were distributed among the Orchardinians, setting their tongues wagging anew, as a fresh breeze stirs the eaves of the forest.

The stealthy inroads of lunches and evening refreshments had been deprecated already; this new kind of servant who wasn't a servant, but held her head up like anyone else ("They are as independent as—as—'salesladies,'" said one critic), was also viewed with alarm; but when even this domestic assistant was to be removed, and a square case of food and dishes substituted, all Archaic Orchardina was horrified.

There were plenty of new minds in the place, however; enough to start Diantha with seven full orders and five partial ones.

Her work at the club was now much easier, thanks to her mother's assistance, to the smoother running of all the machinery with the passing of time, and further to the fact that most of her girls were now working at summer resorts, for shorter hours and higher wages. They paid for their rooms at the club still, but the work of the house was so much lightened that each of the employees was given two weeks of vacation—on full pay.

The lunch department kept on a pretty regular basis from the patronage of resident business men, and the young manager—in her ambitious moments—planned for enlarging it in the winter. But during the summer her whole energies went to perfecting the *menus* and the service of her food delivery.

Mrs. Porne was the very first to order. She had been waiting impatiently for a chance to try the plan, and, with her husband, had the firmest faith in Diantha's capacity to carry it through.

"We don't save much in money," she explained to the eager Mrs. Ree, who hovered, fascinated, over the dangerous topic, "but we do in comfort, I can tell you. You see I had two girls, paid them \$12 a week; now I keep just the one, for \$6. My food and fuel for the four of us (I don't count the babies either time—they remain as before), was all of \$16, often more. That made \$28 a week. Now I pay for three meals a day, delivered, for three of us, \$15 a week—with the nurse's wages, \$21. Then I pay a laundress one day, \$2, and her two meals, \$.50, making \$23.50. Then I have two maids, for an hour a day, to clean; \$.50 a day for six days, \$3, and one maid Sunday, \$.25. \$26.75 in all. So we only make \$1.25.

But! there's another room! We have the cook's room for an extra guest; I use it most for a sewing room, though and the kitchen is a sort of day nursery now. The house seems as big again!"

"But the food?" eagerly inquired Mrs. Ree. "Is it as good as your own? Is it hot and tempting?"

Mrs. Ree was fascinated by the new heresy. As a staunch adherent of the old Home and Culture Club,

and its older ideals, she disapproved of the undertaking, but her curiosity was keen about it.

Mrs. Porne smiled patiently. "You remember Diantha Bell's cooking I am sure, Mrs. Ree," she said. "And Julianna used to cook for dinner parties—when one could get her. My Swede was a very ordinary cook, as most of these untrained girls are. Do take off your hat and have dinner with us,—I'll show you," urged Mrs. Porne.

"I—O I mustn't," fluttered the little woman. "They'll expect me at home—and—surely your—supply—doesn't allow for guests?"

"We'll arrange all that by 'phone," her hostess explained; and she promptly sent word to the Ree household, then called up Union House and ordered one extra dinner.

"Is it—I'm dreadfully rude I know, but I'm *so* interested! Is it—expensive?"

Mrs. Porne smiled. "Haven't you seen the little circular? Here's one, 'Extra meals to regular patrons 25 cents.' And no more trouble to order than to tell a maid."

Mrs. Ree had a lively sense of paltering with Satan as she sat down to the Porne's dinner table. She had seen the delivery wagon drive to the door, had heard the man deposit something heavy on the back porch, and was now confronted by a butler's tray at Mrs. Porne's left, whereon stood a neat square shining object with silvery panels and bamboo trimmings.

"It's not at all bad looking, is it?" she ventured.

"Not bad enough to spoil one's appetite," Mr. Porne cheerily agreed.

"Open, Sesame! Now you know the worst."

Mrs. Porne opened it, and an inner front was shown, with various small doors and drawers.

"Do you know what is in it?" asked the guest.

"No, thank goodness, I don't," replied her hostess. "If there's anything tiresome it is to order meals and always know what's coming! That's what men get so tired of at restaurants; what they hate so when their wives ask them what they want for dinner. Now I can enjoy my dinner at my own table, just as if I was a guest."

"It is—a tax—sometimes," Mrs. Ree admitted, adding hastily, "But one is glad to do it—to make home attractive."

Mr. Porne's eyes sought his wife's, and love and contentment flashed between them, as she quietly set upon the table three silvery plates.

"Not silver, surely!" said Mrs. Ree, lifting hers, "Oh, aluminum."

"Aluminum, silver plated," said Mr. Porne. "They've learned how to do it at last. It's a problem of weight, you see, and breakage. Aluminum isn't pretty, glass and silver are heavy, but we all love silver, and there's a pleasant sense of gorgeousness in this outfit."

It did look rather impressive; silver tumblers, silver dishes, the whole dainty service—and so surprisingly light.

"You see she knows that it is very important to please the eye as well as the palate," said Mr. Porne. "Now speaking of palates, let us all keep silent and taste this soup." They did keep silent in supreme contentment while the soup lasted. Mrs. Ree laid down her spoon with the air of one roused from a lovely dream.

"Why—why—it's like Paris," she said in an awed tone.

"Isn't it?" Mr. Porne agreed, "and not twice alike in a month, I think."

"Why, there aren't thirty kinds of soup, are there?" she urged.

"I never thought there were when we kept servants," said he. "Three was about their limit, and greasy, at that."

Mrs. Porne slipped the soup plates back in their place and served the meat.

"She does not give a fish course, does she?" Mrs. Ree observed.

"Not at the table d'hote price," Mrs. Porne answered. "We never pretended to have a fish course ourselves—do you?" Mrs. Ree did not, and eagerly disclaimed any desire for fish. The meat was roast beef, thinly sliced, hot and juicy.

"Don't you miss the carving, Mr. Porne?" asked the visitor. "I do so love to see a man at the head of his own table, carving."

"I do miss it, Mrs. Ree. I miss it every day of my life with devout thankfulness. I never was a good carver, so it was no pleasure to me to show off; and to tell you the truth, when I come to the table, I like to eat—not saw wood." And Mr. Porne ate with every appearance of satisfaction.

"We never get roast beef like this I'm sure," Mrs. Ree admitted, "we can't get it small enough for our family."

"And a little roast is always spoiled in the cooking. Yes this is far better than we used to have," agreed her hostess.

Mrs. Ree enjoyed every mouthful of her meal. The soup was hot. The salad was crisp and the ice cream hard. There was sponge cake, thick, light, with sugar freckles on the dark crust. The coffee was perfect and almost burned the tongue.

"I don't understand about the heat and cold," she said; and they showed her the asbestos-lined compartments and perfectly fitting places for each dish and plate. Everything went back out of sight; small leavings in a special drawer, knives and forks held firmly by rubber fittings, nothing that shook or rattled. And the case was set back by the door where the man called for it at eight o'clock.

"She doesn't furnish table linen?"

"No, there are Japanese napkins at the top here. We like our own napkins, and we didn't use a cloth, anyway."

"And how about silver?"

"We put ours away. This plated ware they furnish is perfectly good. We could use ours of course if we wanted to wash it. Some do that and some have their own case marked, and their own silver in it, but it's a good deal of risk, I think, though they are extremely careful."

Mrs. Ree experienced peculiarly mixed feelings. As far as food went, she had never eaten a better dinner. But her sense of Domestic Aesthetics was jarred.

"It certainly tastes good," she said. "Delicious, in fact. I am extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Porne, I'd no idea it could be sent so far and be so good. And only five dollars a week, you say?"

"For each person, yes."

"I don't see how she does it. All those cases and dishes, and the delivery wagon!"

That was the universal comment in Orchardina circles as the months passed and Union House continued in existence—"I don't see how she does it!"

THE WAITING-ROOM

The Waiting-room. With row on row
Of silent strangers sitting idly there,
In a large place expressionless and bare,
Waiting for trains to take them other-where;
And worst for children, who don't even know
Where they're to go.

The Waiting-room. Dull pallid Patients here,
Stale magazines, cheap books, a dreary place;
Each Silent Stranger, with averted face,
Waiting for Some One Else to help his case;
and worst for children, wondering in fear
Who will appear.

WHILE THE KING SLEPT

He was a young king, but an old subject, for he had been born and raised a subject, and became a king quite late in life, and unexpectedly.

When he was a subject he had admired and envied kings, and had often said to himself "If I were a king I would do this—and this." And now that he was a king he did those things. But the things he did were those which came from the envy of subjects, not from the conscience of kings.

He lived in freedom and ease and pleasure, for he did not know that kings worked; much less how their work should be done. And whatever displeased him he made laws against, that it should not be done; and whatever pleased him he made laws for, that it should be done—for he thought kings need but to say the word and their will was accomplished.

Then when the things were not done, when his laws were broken and disregarded and made naught of, he did nothing; for he had not the pride of kings, and knew only the outer showing of their power.

And in his court and his country there flourished Sly Thieves and Gay Wantons and Bold Robbers; also Poisoners and Parasites and Impostors of every degree.

And when he was very angry he slew one and another; but there were many of them, springing like toadstools, so that his land became a scorn to other kings.

He was sensitive and angry when the old kings of the old kingdoms criticized his new kingdom. "They are envious of my new kingdom;" he said; for he thought his kingdom was new, because he was new to it.

Then arose friends and counsellors, many and more, and they gave him criticism and suggestion, blame, advice, and special instructions. Some he denied and some he neglected and some he laughed at and some he would not hear.

And when the Sly Thieves and Gay Wantons and Bold Robbers and Poisoners and Parasites and Impostors of every degree waxed fat before his eyes, and made gorgeous processions with banners before him, he said, "How prosperous my country is!"

Then his friends and counsellors showed him the prisons—overflowing; and the hospitals—overflowing; and the asylums—overflowing; and the schools—with not enough room for the children; and the churches—with not enough children for the room; and the Crime Mill, into which babies were poured by the hundreds every day, and out of which criminals were poured by the hundreds every day; and the Disease Garden, where we raise all diseases and distribute them gratis.

And he said "I am tired of looking at these things, and tired of hearing about them. Why do you forever set before me that which is unpleasant?"

And they said "Because you are the king. If you choose you can turn the empty churches into free schools, teaching Heaven Building. You can gradually empty the hospitals and asylums and prisons, and destroy the Crime Mill, and obliterate the Disease Garden."

But the king said "You are dreamers and mad enthusiasts. These things are the order of nature and cannot be stopped. It was always so." For the king had been a subject all his life, and was used to submission; he knew not the work of kings, nor how to do it.

And the false counsellors and the false friends and all the lying servants who stole from the kitchens and the chambers answered falsely when he asked them, and said, "These evils are the order of nature. Your kingdom is very prosperous."

And the Sly Thieves and the Gay Wantons and the Bold Robbers and the Parasites and Poisoners and Impostors of every degree hung like leeches on the kingdom and bled it at every pore.

But the king was weary and slept.

Then the friends and counsellors went to the Queen, and called on her to learn Queen's work, and do it; for the King slept.

"It is King's work," she said, and strove to waken him with tales of want and sorrow in his kingdom. But he sent her away, saying "I will sleep."

"It is Queen's work also," they said to her; and though she had been a subject with her husband, she was more by nature a Queen. So she fell to and learned Queen's work, and did it.

She had no patience with the Gay Wantons and Sly Thieves and Bold Robbers; and the Poisoners and the Parasites and the Impostors of every degree were a horror to her. The false friends she saw through, and the lying servants she disbelieved.

Since the king would not, she would; and when at last he woke, behold, the throne was a double one, and the kingdom smiled and rejoiced from sea to sea.

THE HOUSEWIFE

Here is the House to hold me—cradle of all the race;
Here is my lord and my love, here are my children dear—
Here is the House enclosing, the dear-loved dwelling-place;
Why should I ever weary for aught that I find not here?

Here for the hours of the day and the hours of the night;
Bound with the bands of Duty, rivetted tight;
Duty older than Adam—Duty that saw
Acceptance utter and hopeless in the eyes of the serving squaw.

Food and the serving of food—that is my daylong care;
What and when we shall eat, what and how we shall wear;
Soiling and cleaning of things—that is my task in the main—
Soil them and clean them and soil them—soil them and clean them again.

To work at my trade by the dozen and never a trade to know;
To plan like a Chinese puzzle—fitting and changing so;
To think of a thousand details, each in a thousand ways;
For my own immediate people and a possible love and praise.

My mind is trodden in circles, tiresome, narrow and hard,
Useful, commonplace, private—simply a small back-yard;
And I the Mother of Nations!—Blind their struggle and vain!—
I cover the earth with my children—each with a housewife's brain.

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE; or, THE MAN-MADE WORLD

XI.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

The human concept of Sin has had its uses no doubt; and our special invention of a thing called Punishment has also served a purpose.

Social evolution has worked in many ways wastefully, and with unnecessary pain, but it compares very favorably with natural evolution.

As we grow wiser; as our social consciousness develops, we are beginning to improve on nature in more ways than one; a part of the same great process, but of a more highly sublimated sort.

Nature shows a world of varied and changing environment. Into this comes Life—flushing and spreading in every direction. A pretty hard time Life has of it. In the first place it is dog eat dog in every direction; the joy of the hunter and the most unjoyous fear of the hunted.

But quite outside of this essential danger, the environment waits, grim and unappeasable, and continuously destroys the innocent myriads who fail to meet the one requirement of life—Adaptation. So we must not be too severe in self-condemnation when we see how foolish, cruel, crazily wasteful, is our attitude toward crime and punishment.

We become socially conscious largely through pain, and as we begin to see how much of the pain is wholly of our own causing we are overcome with shame. But the right way for society to face its past is the same as for the individual; to see where it was wrong and stop it—but to waste no time and no emotion over past misdeeds.

What is our present state as to crime? It is pretty bad. Some say it is worse than it used to be; others that it is better. At any rate it is bad enough, and a disgrace to our civilization. We have murderers by the thousand and thieves by the million, of all kinds and sizes; we have what we tenderly call "immorality," from the "errors of youth" to the sodden grossness of old age; married, single, and mixed. We have all the old kinds of wickedness and a lot of new ones, until one marvels at the purity and power of human nature, that it should carry so much disease and still grow on to higher things.

Also we have punishment still with us; private and public; applied like a rabbit's foot, with as little regard to its efficacy. Does a child offend? Punish it! Does a woman offend? Punish her! Does a man offend? Punish him! Does a group offend? Punish them!

"What for?" some one suddenly asks.

"To make them stop doing it!"

"But they have done it!"

"To make them not do it again, then."

"But they do do it again—and worse."

"To prevent other people's doing it, then."

"But it does not prevent them—the crime keeps on. What good is your punishment?"

What indeed!

What is the application of punishment to crime? Its base, its prehistoric base, is simple retaliation; and this is by no means wholly male, let us freely admit. The instinct of resistance, of opposition, of retaliation, lies deeper than life itself. Its underlying law is the law of physics—action and reaction are equal. Life's expression of this law is perfectly natural, but not always profitable. Hit your hand on a stone wall, and the stone wall hits your hand. Very good; you learn that stone walls are hard, and govern yourself accordingly.

Conscious young humanity observed and philosophized, congratulating itself on its discernment. "A man hits me—I hit the man a little harder—then he won't do it again." Unfortunately he did do it again—a little harder still. The effort to hit harder carried on the action and reaction till society, hitting hardest of all, set up a system of legal punishment, of unlimited severity. It imprisoned, it mutilated, it tortured, it killed; it destroyed whole families, and razed contumelious cities to the ground.

Therefore all crime ceased, of course? No? But crime was mitigated, surely! Perhaps. This we have proven at last; that crime does not decrease in proportion to the severest punishment. Little by little we have ceased to raze the cities, to wipe out the families, to cut off the ears, to torture; and our imprisonment is changing from slow death and insanity to a form of attempted improvement.

But punishment as a principle remains in good standing, and is still the main reliance where it does the most harm—in the rearing of children. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" remains in belief, unmodified by the millions of children spoiled by the unspared rod.

The breeders of racehorses have learned better, but not the breeders of children. Our trouble is simply the lack of intelligence. We face the babyish error and the hideous crime in exactly the same attitude.

"This person has done something offensive."

Yes?—and one waits eagerly for the first question of the rational mind—but does not hear it. One only hears "Punish him!"

What is the first question of the rational mind?

"Why?"

Human beings are not first causes. They do not evolve conduct out of nothing. The child does this, the man does that, *because* of something; because of many things. If we do not like the way people behave, and wish them to behave better, we should, if we are rational beings, study the conditions that produce the conduct.

The connection between our archaic system of punishment and our androcentric culture is two-fold. The impulse of resistance, while, as we have seen, of the deepest natural origin, is expressed more strongly in the male than in the female. The tendency to hit back and hit harder has been fostered in

him by sex-combat till it has become of great intensity. The habit of authority too, as old as our history; and the cumulative weight of all the religions and systems of law and government, have furthermore built up and intensified the spirit of retaliation and vengeance.

They have even deified this concept, in ancient religions, crediting to God the evil passions of men. As the small boy recited; "Vengeance. A mean desire to get even with your enemies: 'Vengeance is mine saith the Lord'—'I will repay.'"

The Christian religion teaches better things; better than its expositors and upholders have ever understood—much less practised.

The teaching of "Love your enemies, do good unto them that hate you, and serve them that despitefully use you and persecute you," has too often resulted, when practised at all, in a sentimental negation; a pathetically useless attitude of non-resistance. You might as well base a religion on a feather pillow!

The advice given was active; direct; concrete. "*Love!*" Love is not non-resistance. "Do good!" Doing good is not non-resistance. "*Serve!*" Service is not non-resistance.

Again we have an overwhelming proof of the far-reaching effects of our androcentric culture. Consider it once more. Here is one by nature combative and desirous, and not by nature intended to monopolize the management of his species. He assumes to be not only the leader, but the whole thing—to be humanity itself, and to see in woman as Grant Allen so clearly put it "Not only not the race; she is not even half the race, but a subspecies, told off for purposes of reproduction merely."

Under this monstrous assumption, his sex-attributes wholly identified with his human attributes, and overshadowing them, he has imprinted on every human institution the tastes and tendencies of the male. As a male he fought, as a male human being he fought more, and deified fighting; and in a culture based on desire and combat, loud with strident self-expression, there could be but slow acceptance of the more human methods urged by Christianity. "It is a religion for slaves and women!" said the warrior of old. (Slaves and women were largely the same thing.) "It is a religion for slaves and women" says the advocate of the Superman.

Well? Who did the work of all the ancient world? Who raised the food and garnered it and cooked it and served it? Who built the houses, the temples, the aqueducts, the city wall? Who made the furniture, the tools, the weapons, the utensils, the ornaments—made them strong and beautiful and useful? Who kept the human race going, somehow, in spite of the constant hideous waste of war, and slowly built up the real industrial civilization behind that gory show?—Why just the slaves and the women.

A religion which had attractions for the real human type is not therefore to be utterly despised by the male.

In modern history we may watch with increasing ease the slow, sure progress of our growing humanness beneath the weakening shell of an all-male dominance. And in this field of what begins in the nurse as "discipline," and ends on the scaffold as "punishment," we can clearly see that blessed change.

What is the natural, the human attribute? What does this "Love," and "Do good," and "Serve" mean? In the blundering old church, still androcentric, there was a great to-do to carry out this doctrine, in elaborate symbolism. A set of beggars and cripples, gathered for the occasion, was exhibited, and kings and cardinals went solemnly through the motions of serving them. As the English schoolboy phrased it, "Thomas Becket washed the feet of leopards."

Service and love and doing good must always remain side issues in a male world. Service and love and doing good are the spirit of motherhood, and the essence of human life.

Human life is service, and is not combat. There you have the nature of the change now upon us.

What has the male mind made of Christianity?

Desire—to save one's own soul. Combat—with the Devil. Self-expression—the whole gorgeous outpouring of pageant and display, from the jewels of the high priest's breastplate to the choir of mutilated men to praise a male Deity no woman may so serve.

What kind of mind can imagine a kind of god who would like a eunuch better than a woman?

For woman they made at last a place—the usual place—of renunciation, sacrifice and service, the

Sisters of Mercy and their kind; and in that loving service the woman soul has been content, not yearning for cardinal's cape or bishop's mitre.

All this is changing—changing fast. Everywhere the churches are broadening out into more service, and the service broadening out beyond a little group of widows and fatherless, of sick and in prison, to embrace its true field—all human life. In this new attitude, how shall we face the problems of crime?

Thus: "It is painfully apparent that a certain percentage of our people do not function properly. They perform antisocial acts. Why? What is the matter with them?"

Then the heart and mind of society is applied to the question, and certain results are soon reached; others slowly worked toward.

First result. Some persons are so morally diseased that they must have hospital treatment. The world's last prison will be simply a hospital for moral incurables. They must by no means reproduce their kind,—that can be attended to at once. Some are morally diseased, but may be cured, and the best powers of society will be used to cure them. Some are only morally diseased because of the conditions in which they are born and reared, and here society can save millions at once.

An intelligent society will no more neglect its children than an intelligent mother will neglect her children; and will see as clearly that ill-fed, ill-dressed, ill-taught and vilely associated little ones must grow up gravely injured.

As a matter of fact we make our crop of criminals, just as we make our idiots, blind, crippled, and generally defective. Everyone is a baby first, and a baby is not a criminal, unless we make it so. It never would be,—in right conditions. Sometimes a pervert is born, as sometimes a two-headed calf is born, but they are not common.

The older, simpler forms of crime we may prevent with ease and despatch, but how of the new ones?—big, terrible, far-reaching, wide-spread crimes, for which we have as yet no names; and before which our old system of anti-personal punishment falls helpless? What of the crimes of poisoning a community with bad food; of defiling the water; of blackening the air; of stealing whole forests? What of the crimes of working little children; of building and renting tenements that produce crime and physical disease as well? What of the crime of living on the wages of fallen women—of hiring men to ruin innocent young girls; of holding them enslaved and selling them for profit? (These things are only "misdemeanors" in a man-made world!)

And what about a crime like this; to use the public press to lie to the public for private ends? No name yet for this crime; much less a penalty.

And this: To bring worse than leprosy to an innocent clean wife who loves and trusts you?

Or this: To knowingly plant poison in an unborn child?

No names, for these; no "penalties"; no conceivable penalty that could touch them.

The whole punishment system falls to the ground before the huge mass of evil that confronts us. If we saw a procession of air ships flying over a city and dropping bombs, should we rush madly off after each one crying, "Catch him! Punish him!" or should we try to stop the procession?

The time is coming when the very word "crime" will be disused, except in poems and orations; and "punishment," the word and deed, be obliterated. We are beginning to learn a little of the nature of humanity its goodness, its beauty, its lovingness; and to see that even its stupidity is only due to our foolish old methods of education.

It is not new power, new light, new hope that we need, but *to understand what ails us*.

We know enough now, we care enough now, we are strong enough now, to make the whole world a thousand fold better in a generation; but we are shackled, chained, blinded, by old false notions. The ideas of the past, the sentiments of the past, the attitude and prejudices of the past, are in our way; and among them none more universally mischievous than this great body of ideas and sentiments, prejudices and habits, which make up the offensive network of the androcentric culture.

THE BEAUTY WOMEN HAVE LOST

We know how arbitrary, how changeable, how helplessly associative, is the "beauty sense." That which

gives us a peculiar feeling of deep pleasure, received through various senses, we call "beautiful," whether it be color of form, sound, scent, or touch; but no sensation is more erratic.

Among savages absolute mutilation is considered beautiful; among partially civilized peoples, like ourselves, restriction and distortion in our bodies and those of domestic animals are still considered beautiful; and in matters of fashion, or of food, we all know the helpless proverb—"Every one to his taste."

In this general variability of taste we have in great measure failed to grasp certain laws of beauty which obtain whether appreciated or not. Abstract beauty is but a concept, a thought form for purposes of discussion. The beauty perceived pertains to something, and in that something lie its definitions and limitations. This we practically recognize in certain marked and simple forms. The points which we admire in a horse are visibly not the same as those admired in a fish or bird; the beauty of a given animal must be of its own kind.

So vivid and sharp is this law of association, that precisely the same bit of form and color which we would call beautiful while we supposed it to be an iridescent shell, would strike us with disgust if we suddenly perceived the little object to be a piece of very ancient meat. Beauty must *belong*—varying with its subject.

The beauty of women has suffered from too narrow a field of appreciation. It has been measured solely from a masculine viewpoint, primarily as a characteristic of sex, secondarily as pertaining to a subject creature; and associatively, to every mad extreme of fancy in nature's variant, the male.

Among other creatures the beauty of the female is mainly that of race. The lioness is a more appreciable working type of feline power than the lion, whose sex-beauty, the mane, is somewhat similar to that of a bison, or a great seal.

In our case, where the dependent female adds to her neutral race-beauty the shifting attributes of sex-attraction, she has gained to a high degree in the field man most admires, and lost in the normal beauty of humanity.

Relative size and strength are elements of beauty in an animal; neither dwarf nor giant is beautiful; and we for many years have dwarfed our women, under the direct effect of restraining conditions and the selective action of the master, whose pride would brook no equal.

Of late years, in some classes and countries, this is changing; so frequently that the tall woman no longer excites remark or disapproval.

There is no reason whatever, in a civilized condition, why the male and female should differ markedly in size, and the difference is disappearing as above noted, as is also the extreme weakness so long held desirable in women.

But in the great majority of cases our women are still content to be what they consider beautiful as *women*, and never to consider human beauty at all.

The disproportionate part played by costume and decoration in the sex-governed activities of the dependent woman, has given a peculiar cant to her beauty-sense. If she be well dressed,—or so considered, and richly ornamented, her sense of beauty is satisfied, quite regardless of shape, size and color in herself. This is perhaps a fortunate provision to meet our special case, where the male must be attracted as a means of livelihood, and under the average limitations of personal charms. But it is a pity, in the interest of a nobler race, that our preoccupation with cloths should so blind us to the real beauty of the human body.

I once knew a girl whose vanity led her to decline gymnasium work, on the ground that it would make her hands large. The same vanity would have urged her to it if she had even known of the beauty of a well proportioned, vigorous, active body. She had read and heard of small soft hands as a feminine attraction, but never of a smooth, strong neck, a well set head, a firm, pliant, muscular trunk, and limbs that cannot be beautiful unless they are strong.

"Slender," "plump," "rounded," "graceful,"—these words suggest beauty in a woman, but "strong" does not. Yet weakness,—in a healthy adult,—is incompatible with true beauty—race beauty—the beauty women have lost.

In their enforced restriction they have lost the beauty of expression that comes of a rich wide life, fully felt, fully expressed. Look at the puffy negation of a row of women's faces in a street car. Plump women, "pretty" women perhaps, well dressed, "stylish," not ill tempered,—and not anything else! Their range of experience is absolutely domestic; their interests and ambitions are either domestic or what

they fondly call "social;" they do not feel, know, or act in the full sense of human life, and their faces show it. They are rated first, last, and all the time as mothers: mothers future, mothers present, mothers past; and much is made of "the maternal expression" in women's beauty. It belongs there, surely. It is a true large part of it; beauty in a woman could not be true which was inimical to maternity; but, but it is not the whole of life.

A man's face may be beautiful with a paternal expression, but if that is all the expression he has, he lacks much.

There is a lack of dignity in our types of female loveliness. There is the appealing type, the coquettish, the provocative, the mysterious; but seldom do we see the calm pride based on nature's mightiest power which should distinguish womanhood.

The woman of the remote past, the far distant matriarchal age, had the beauty of freedom and the beauty of power; though their hands were large, doubtless, and assuredly strong. In much later ages, while losing this, we still kept somewhat of the free beauty of untrammelled bodies; but that too has gone under our binding weight of clothes. No free grace is possible under a huge, slouching, heavy hat, or to a body poised on sharp-toed shoes with towering heels.

If we knew beauty—human beauty; if we were familiar from childhood with the real proportions of the body; if we were familiar with pictures of the human figure, and then shown that same figure, the woman's, with her feet artificially mis-shapen and out of poise, her waist distorted, her head obscured, her every action hampered and confined,—we should see the ugliness of these things, as we do not now.

The human woman, now so rapidly developing, will regain the wholesome natural beauty that belongs to her as a human being; will hold, of course, the all-powerful attraction of her womanhood; but will leave to the male of her species,—to whom it properly belongs, the effort of conscious display.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

How many of you have read the life story of Alexander Irvine—"From the Bottom Up"??*

It is one of the most vivid, interesting, readable of books. It talks, it laughs, it lives,—and it reveals. It is not a "confession;" not the overflow of a self-conscious soul like Marie Barklirtseff's outpourings; it is a story; an account of what happened to the man, and how he grew.

A hungry, ragged, barefoot, ignorant little Irish boy; handicapped in all ways but three; unusually fortunate in these. He had a good body, a good mind, a good heart. Up and up and up he pushes; helped now by the body, now by the soul, now by the intellect, till we find him, still in strong middle life, educated, experienced, traveled, enobled by loving and serving, awake to our larger social needs, and working with all his splendid power to help humanity.

Never was there a man more alive; learning Greek roots while delivering milk; converting miners, practicing a score of trades, and boxing like a professional.

The book has a double value; in the hope and courage which must rise from contact with such a personality and its rich experience, and in the strong light it throws upon "how the other half live." As Rose Pastor Stokes so quaintly put it, "Half the world does not know how. The other half lives."

In this book one-half may learn much of the unnecessary misery of "the submerged;" and the other half may begin to learn how to live.

* *From The Bottom Up*. The life story of Alexander Irvine. Doubleday Page & Co. New York, 1910.

*

The English Suffrage papers are an inspiration—and a reproach.

"*Votes for Women*"—the London organ of the militant suffragist, is so solid and assured; so richly upheld; so evidently the strong voice of a strong party.

"*The Common Cause*," published in Manchester, is another, not militant, giving the same sense of a settled position and masterly leadership.

The women of England are awake to their needs, and valiantly support their defenders; but American

women, as a rule, are still asleep as to the responsibilities of citizenship. Here suffrage papers still give much space to argument and appeal: there, they are mostly filled with the record of work planned and done; they are party organs, secure and effective.

One of our best is "*The Progressive Woman*" of Girard, Kansas.

It is edited by a progressive woman—Josephine Conger-Kaneko.

This is a Socialist as well as Suffragist paper, and more than that; it stands for the whole front rank of the woman's movement.

In the August number we read of Kate O'Hare's campaign for congress in Kansas; of "The Socialist Woman's Movement in Russia;" of "The White Slave Traffic"—quoting from Elizabeth Goodnow's impressive book of stories, "The Soul Market;" of "The Work of Madam Curie;" of "The Marriage Contract;" of "The Woman's Suffrage Movement and Political Parties;" with much other valuable matter.

*

The "Arena Club" of New Orleans is doing good work. It has prepared a bill against the "white slave traffic" in Louisiana, which was submitted to the legislature by Hon. J. D. Wall, Representative for East Feliciana, La. This bill is now a law, and the next step is enforcement. This calls for activity on the part of the "City Mothers."

*

"*The Union Labor Advocate*" is one of our exchanges, and a good one. It is the organ of the National Woman's Trade Union League. One of the most practical and useful of all woman's organizations.

As women work for the world they become more human; becoming human, they organize; and in organization grow in further humanness. This was well shown in the shirt-waist strike of last winter in New York, the new sense of common interest bringing out college women, society women, all kinds of women, to help the workingwomen in their struggle for decent conditions.

Professor Francis Squire Potter formerly of Michigan University, is now general lecturer for the League: a good field for her unusual powers.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

The *Forerunner's* question in this department of the June issue, reached a good many, it would seem. Here is another response:

"When people must wake up too early every morning, half dead, or at least half asleep, to begin the ceaseless, monotonous daily grind, keep at it all day until half dead or at least half asleep until too late at night, for the mere privilege of existence, they are too tired to wake up and LIVE—the rest of the night.

When people are entombed in conventions, customs, *Beliefs!* from which they may only be freed by digging, filing, gnawing, scraping, *wearing*, themselves as well as their way out, few have the strength and spirit to emerge and LIVE—only occasionally one comes out *alive*."

"Such *purely* personal questions as 'how may I, half (or truly a minute fraction of that) educated, half alive by reason of ill-health, wholly unaccustomed to push my way in the world, grub out an existence and keep out of the poor-house, and keep out of the way of others who are doing things;' seem rather too small, and altogether too numerous."

A. These "purely personal" questions are the most universal, and open to the most universal answers.

To "Wake up and Live—World size" means this: Your personality is only the smallest part of your consciousness. A child with a hurt finger howls inconsolably; a conquering king with a hurt finger doesn't know it.

"You" are weak and ill; "you" are half educated: "you" don't know how to work—Just put "we" for "you."

"We," thousands and millions of us, are at present suffering from various wrong conditions. Taken

separately, personally, these wrong conditions overwhelm us; each sits down in his or her own little circle of pain, and suffers.

Taken *collectively*—faced, understood, met, overcome—those wrong conditions can be removed and forgotten.

The writer of this interesting letter (thanks for its kind appreciation!) sees the trouble of living clearly enough, but does not see the joy of living.

In the first place, accept your own pain and loss, whatever it may be, as merely a part of the general pain and loss. Your own, singly, you may be unable to help; but "ours" you can help. Never mind what ails "you"—you can stand it—other people do? The human soul is a stronger thing than you think—*you don't use enough of it*. Unless the mind is affected, so that one is irresponsible, it is always open to a Human Being to change the attitude of the mind, and enlarge its area of consciousness.

Human Life is a huge Immortal Thing.

It has been on earth for many thousand years.

It is bigger, stronger, better, than it ever was.

It is on the verge of a new consciousness, a new power, a new joy, which will make our poor past seem like a lovingly forgotten babyhood; and our future a progressive Heaven—growing under our hands as we make it.

And our present! *This* is our present! Get into the game! You are human life. Human life is You.

It's a big thing. It's worth while to be alive—if you are human!

To get a lively sense of historic movement read "*The Martyrdom of Man*" by Winwood Reade. To get it of life today, read what you like of the rising flood of sociologic and humanitarian books and magazines of today.

When you are socially conscious—a live Human Being—your "personal problems" will take on different proportions. There is no personal trouble so great as the trouble of the world—which we have to face and conquer.

There is no personal joy so great as the joy of the world—which is ours to feel, to make, to steadily enlarge.

Change your own condition if you can, but if you cannot, spread out your life—your Human Life, till your burden is no bigger than a biscuit—to such huge consciousness.

*

"When my children were little and at home it was easy to guide and direct, but now they are in the big man-made world without judgment enough to know that the *world* standards are wrong, and the *home* standards of helpfulness and co-operation right.

I believe we are going ahead, and I'm willing enough to help build the road for others to pass over, but must my children hunger and thirst in the wilderness?"

A. This is a wide-spread problem. The trouble lies in our confounding personal and social relations. Our children are in direct connection with us physically and psychically—but not, of necessity, socially. A musician does not necessarily have musical children; a reformer does not necessarily have reforming children. There is no reason why our children should be expected to see things as we do. They may never see the way out of the wilderness as we see it.

They are to love and serve, to shelter, guard, teach—and set free!

We must do our work—and they must do theirs.

*

Here is a question from Detroit.

"I entirely agree with you in believing that children should be governed by reason, and that coercion is a mistake; but how would you suggest dealing with a child before it can possibly understand reason?"

The writer then speaks of the selfishness and rudeness of undisciplined children, and goes on:

"I have always thought that the training of a child should begin from a very early age, long before they can listen to reason at all."

She is quite right. Child culture should begin as soon as the child begins. The difficulty of the average parent is that he or she assumes "reason" to mean reasoning—oral argument.

In the reaction from our old violent discipline, they use no discipline; and for repression substitute gross indulgence.

When a child learns that fire burns by a mild, safe burning, he learns *reasonably*; the fire *reacts*—which is not a punishment, but a consequence. He should learn the rights of others as early as his own, and by similar processes. Real child culture calls for far more care and training than the old rule of thumb, but it is of a different kind.

*

"I am very much interested in your 'Androcentric Culture.' Is it your idea that the female organism was the stronger before consciousness existed only, or after that period in prehistoric times?"

For the scientific facts underlying the above work, all readers are referred to Chapter XIV. of "*Pure Sociology*," by Lester F. Ward. It is—or should be—in every Public Library, and should be read by every woman in the world—and by the men also.

THE EDITOR'S PROBLEM

How to enlarge the subscription list!

To pay its running expenses this little magazine must have about three thousand subscribers. It now has between eleven and twelve hundred.

We want, to make good measure, two thousand more. This is a bare minimum, providing no salary to the editor.

If enough people care for the magazine to support it to that extent, the editor will do her work for nothing—and be glad of the chance! If enough people care for it to support her—she will be gladder.

Do you like the magazine, its spirit and purpose? Do you find genuine interest and amusement in the novel—the short story? Do the articles appeal to you? Do the sermons rouse thought and stir to action? Are the problems treated such as you care to study? Does the poetry have bones to it as well as feathers? Does it give you your dollar's worth in the year? And do you want another dollar's worth?

Most of the people who take it like it very much. We are going to print, a few at a time, some of the pleasant praises our readers send. They are so cordial that we are moved to ask all those who do enjoy this little monthly service of sermon and story, fun and fiction, poetry and prose:

First, To renew their subscriptions.

Second, Each to get one new subscriber. (Maybe more!)

Third, To make Christmas present of subscriptions, or of bound volumes of the first year.

FROM LETTERS OF SUBSCRIBERS

"I am delighted to hear of the Forerunner. No one in the United States is so competent as you to write the whole of a magazine, little or big, from the beginning to end. You have the gift of expression, if anyone has, and, what is still more important, you have something to express."

*

"I enclose in this \$1.00 for one year of the 'Gilmanian' and I think it a bargain to get so much of you at the price."

*

"Indeed I am more than delighted to have an opportunity to communicate regularly with you through

The Forerunner, and I shall be very proud to be numbered among the charter subscribers."

*

"Herewith I send \$1.00 for my subscription, with all manner of good wishes for your magazine. Our family has enjoyed every line."

*

"I laid my copy on her dish, and she was so pleased with it that she came to me with her dollar shortly afterwards."

*

"I enclose \$1.00 for a year's subscription. I found The Forerunner most interesting, and shall look forward to it every month."

*

"The magazine is 'bully.' It even exceeds all my expectations, high as these were. There are so many good points about the Forerunner that I hope to come down soon with my husband to congratulate you in person."

*

"I have received the first number of your magazine, and am more than pleased with it. The first article was splendid—and ought to be read before every circle of mothers belonging to the Mothers Congress."

*

Enclosed find two subscriptions to The Forerunner. I am making Christmas gifts to my friends of your interesting and stimulating periodical."

*

"I think The Forerunner foreruns a lot of good things. It is strong, interesting, fearless, yet kindly, genial—I like it."

*

"The magazine is unique and distinctly 'Gilmanesque,' which is a sufficient recommendation to me."

*

"I am constantly surprised at your originality and versatility, and knowledge of human nature."

*

"Of course I have *got to have* The Forerunner! And I shall read every word of every issue. So will everybody else. But what makes you so lazy? *Why don't you set the type?*"

*

"Your magazine has more real common sense to the square inch than any I have ever seen. I enclose subscription for one year, beginning with the first number."

*

"I think a very great deal of this publication and shall try to have a complete file of it on hand to use for reference. I know of nothing better in the whole field of the 'Woman Question.'"

*

"I am just 'stuck' on that article 'Why we honestly fear Socialism,' in December Forerunner, and think it one of the best things to circulate for propaganda work that I have yet seen."

*

"Will you please send me a year's subscription to The Forerunner, dating from the first number. They are too good for me to miss any."

*

"I feel The Forerunner will fill a need. In my case it gratifies an absorbing desire. I knew ere it came out that women would get something for which they had waited, Lo! these many years."

*

"Your magazines are splendid and I must be among your regular readers."

*

"The first number of The Forerunner has reached us and we wish to express our appreciation of its excellence and the wish for its long life. Please find enclosed \$1.00, our subscription for the current year."

*

"Mrs. —— and I are delighted with The Forerunner and send this dollar to keep it running our way. Please send samples to the addresses on the attached list. They should all take the paper, and I shall be glad to tell them so the first chance I have."

*

"The —— Club is using your Androcentric Culture articles as the study one evening each month as they appear. If you can't make something out of men and women, then indeed only a miracle can."

"I *must* have *your* magazine all to myself!—and trust to the Lord to provide the material bread!"

*

"B—— and I have just returned from a delightful week end with Mrs. ——-. I told her about The Forerunner—and she naturally feels that life is worthless until she has seen it."

*

"The verses are all brilliant; I don't know how you can think of so many gay and serious things all at the same time. It is as if you took your conjuror's hat out and produced eggs, cannon-balls, perfume flowers, and a whole live, quivering beef at the same stroke. You are a sure conjuror."

*

"Your scintellating first number has arrived. I have been waiting for an hour of leisure in which to tell you how much we have all enjoyed it."

*

"Oh! Charlotte Perkins Gilman! You have—and do—and will—'Contribute to the great stream of civilization'—by courageously obeying the injunction, and calling aloud to your sisters to 'Let your light shine.'"

*

"If you do no other good and great thing you will certainly work one tremendous miracle; you will rouse every lazy brain that gets a glimpse into these pages with such a dynamic force that a real desire may be kindled to Think—Think—Think—for itself."

*

"I am delighted with the magazine. It is meaty, and stimulating."

*

"The valuable readable material in it justifies the absence of any text on the part of the new minister. It will create free souls and that is the great work, for while a dead body is not pleasant to look upon, a dead soul is a thousand fold worse."

*

"I enclose one year's subscription to it for my sister, to whom I am giving it as one of her Christmas presents. And I know she will enjoy The Forerunner as much as I do."

*

"The magazines are very interesting and I wish you much success. I am particularly interested in the suffrage arguments."

*

"I am charmed—thrilled with your strong trenchment work. You are one of the few who clearly see and forcibly express the fundamental difference between the old androcentric world and the new dawning age in which women and men co-operate in *world building*."

*

"I have been wanting and intending to congratulate you on your effort and result,—and to wish you everlasting success. It is unlike any of the present-day magazines in many ways.

Allow me to say it is most interesting, and Mr. H— joins me in wishing for this publication a most brilliant future."

*

"Enclosed find \$1.00, for which please send The Forerunner, your fine crisp magazine."

*

"I see your *think marks* on many an article written by both men and women, and I know they have read your books."

*

"I want ten copies of the January Forerunner. I think it is particularly good and the article on suffrage—or 'The Humanness of Women,' one of the very best things I ever read on the subject."

*

"The Forerunner is a great success! I like it all, and it is not disappointing in any respect in spite of the fact that I have been getting more impatient to see it each month since I subscribed for it."

*

"Please send The Forerunner to me at ————. It does good digging—loosens up the soil nicely."

*

"I have enjoyed The Forerunner very much. I feel that I am getting more than my money's worth; so to help the cause along I am sending you herewith a few names of progressive friends, who will, I think, become subscribers, and help in turn."

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What is it about? It is about people, principles, and the questions of every-day life; the personal and public problems of to-day. It gives a clear, consistent view of human life and how to live it.

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- "The Beauty Women Have Lost"
- "Our Overworked Instincts."
- "The Nun in the Kitchen."
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- "A Small God and a Large Goddess."
- "Animals in Cities."
- "How We Waste Three-Fourths Of Our Money."
- "Prize Children"
- "Kitchen-Mindedness"
- "Parlor-Mindedness"
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THE FORERUNNER CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN'S MAGAZINE CHARLTON CO., 67 WALL ST., NEW YORK

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THE FORERUNNER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN
AUTHOR, OWNER & PUBLISHER

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Tin soldiers have long been a popular toy.
Why not tin carpenters?

ONLY MINE

They told me what she had done—
Of her life like a river free:
Teaching and showing with tender truth,
Giving her light to age and youth,
Till fathers and mothers and children grew
To listen and learn and see
What the village had come to be;
How they had no sickness, young or old,
And had lost but one from all their fold;
For all the people knew
How to keep life strong and true;
And I asked her how had her love begun
To ripen and reach to every one.

She lifted a royal head,
Standing straight, as a tree;
While troops of little ones clustered and clung
To raiment and hand and knee.
"Should I not be glad," said she,
"In health and beauty and joy like this?
Babies by hundreds to cuddle and kiss;
A happier town was never sung;
A heaven of children for old and young;
There is only one that is dead—
It was only mine," she said.

THE BOYS AND THE BUTTER

Young Holdfast and J. Edwards Fernald sat grimly at their father's table, being seen and not heard, and eating what was set before them, asking no questions for conscience' sake, as they had been duly reared. But in their hearts were most unchristian feelings toward a venerable guest, their mother's aunt, by name Miss Jane McCoy.

They knew, with the keen observation of childhood, that it was only a sense of hospitality, and duty to a relative, which made their father and mother polite to her—polite, but not cordial.

Mr. Fernald, as a professed Christian, did his best to love his wife's aunt, who came as near being an "enemy" as anyone he knew. But Mahala, his wife, was of a less saintly nature, and made no pretense of more than decent courtesy.

"I don't like her and I won't pretend to; it's not honest!" she protested to her husband, when he remonstrated with her upon her want of natural affection. "I can't help her being my aunt—we are not commanded to honor our aunts and uncles, Jonathan E."

Mrs. Fernald's honesty was of an iron hardness and heroic mould. She would have died rather than

have told a lie, and classed as lies any form of evasion, deceit, concealment or even artistic exaggeration.

Her two sons, thus starkly reared, found their only imaginative license in secret converse between themselves, sacredly guarded by a pact of mutual faith, which was stronger than any outward compulsion. They kicked each other under the table, while enduring this visitation, exchanged dark glances concerning the object of their common dislike, and discussed her personal peculiarities with caustic comment later, when they should have been asleep.

Miss McCoy was not an endearing old lady. She was heavily built, and gobbled her food, carefully selecting the best. Her clothing was elaborate, but not beautiful, and on close approach aroused a suspicion of deferred laundry bills.

Among many causes for dislike for her aunt, Mrs. Fernald cherished this point especially. On one of these unwelcome visits she had been at some pains to carry up hot water for the Saturday evening bath, which was all the New England conscience of those days exacted, and the old lady had neglected it not only once but twice.

"Goodness sake, Aunt Jane! aren't you ever going to take a bath?"

"Nonsense!" replied her visitor. "I don't believe in all this wetting and slopping. The Scripture says, 'Whoso washeth his feet, his whole body shall be made clean.'"

Miss McCoy had numberless theories for other people's conduct, usually backed by well-chosen texts, and urged them with no regard for anybody's feelings. Even the authority of parents had no terrors for her.

Sipping her tea from the saucer with deep swattering inhalations, she fixed her prominent eyes upon the two boys as they ploughed their way through their bread and butter. Nothing must be left on the plate, in the table ethics of that time. The meal was simple in the extreme. A New Hampshire farm furnished few luxuries, and the dish of quince preserves had already been depleted by her.

"Mahala," she said with solemn determination, "those boys eat too much butter."

Mrs. Fernald flushed up to the edging of her cap. "I think I must be the judge of what my children eat at my table, Aunt Jane," she answered, not too gently.

Here Mr. Fernald interposed with a "soft answer." (He had never lost faith in the efficacy of these wrath turners, even on long repeated failure. As a matter of fact, to his wife's temper, a soft answer, especially an intentionally soft answer, was a fresh aggravation.) "The missionary, now, he praised our butter; said he never got any butter in China, or wherever 'tis he lives."

"He is a man of God," announced Miss McCoy. "If there is anybody on this poor earth deserving reverence, it is a missionary. What they endure for the Gospel is a lesson for us all. When I am taken I intend to leave all I have to the Missionary Society. You know that."

They knew it and said nothing. Their patience with her was in no way mercenary.

"But what I am speaking of is children," she continued, not to be diverted from her fell purpose. "Children ought not to eat butter."

"They seem to thrive on it," Mrs. Fernald replied tartly. And in truth both the boys were sturdy little specimens of humanity, in spite of their luxurious food.

"It's bad for them. Makes them break out. Bad for the blood. And self-denial is good for children. 'It is better to bear the yoke in thy youth.'"

The youth in question spread its butter more thickly, and ate it with satisfaction, saying nothing.

"Here, boys!" she suddenly assailed them. "If you will go without butter for a year—a whole year, till I come round again—I'll give each of you fifty dollars!"

This was an overwhelming proposition.

Butter was butter—almost the only alleviation of a dry and monotonous bill of fare, consisting largely of bread. Bread without butter! Brown bread without butter! No butter on potatoes! No butter on anything! The young imagination recoiled. And this measureless deprivation was to cover a whole year. A ninth or an eleventh of a lifetime to them respectively. About a fifth of all they could really remember. Countless days, each having three meals; weeks, months, the long dry butterless vista stretched before them like Siberian exile to a Russian prisoner.

But, on the other hand, there was the fifty dollars. Fifty dollars would buy a horse, a gun, tools, knives—a farm, maybe. It could be put in the bank, and drawn on for life, doubtless. Fifty dollars at that time was like five hundred to-day, and to a child it was a fortune.

Even their mother wavered in her resentment as she considered the fifty dollars, and the father did not waver at all, but thought it a Godsend.

"Let 'em choose," said Miss McCoy.

Stern is the stock of the Granite State. Self-denial is the essence of their religion; and economy, to give it a favorable name, is for them Nature's first law.

The struggle was brief. Holdfast laid down his thick-spread slice. J. Edwards laid down his. "Yes, ma'am," said one after the other. "Thank you, ma'am. We'll do it."

*

It was a long year. Milk did not take the place of it. Gravy and drippings, freely given by their mother, did not take the place of it, nor did the infrequent portions of preserves. Nothing met the same want. And if their health was improved by the abstinence it was in no way visible to the naked eye. They were well, but they were well before.

As to the moral effect—it was complex. An extorted sacrifice has not the same odor of sanctity as a voluntary one. Even when made willingly, if the willingness is purchased, the effect seems somewhat confused. Butter was not renounced, only postponed, and as the year wore on the young ascetics, in their secret conferences, indulged in wild visions of oleaginous excess so soon as the period of dearth should be over.

But most they refreshed their souls with plans for the spending and the saving of the hard-earned wealth that was coming to them. Holdfast was for saving his, and being a rich man—richer than Captain Briggs or Deacon Holbrook. But at times he wavered, spurred by the imagination of J. Edwards, and invested that magic sum in joys unnumbered.

The habit of self-denial was perhaps being established, but so was the habit of discounting the future, of indulging in wild plans of self-gratification when the ship came in.

*

Even for butterless boys, time passes, and the endless year at last drew to a close. They counted the months, they counted the weeks, they counted the days. Thanksgiving itself shone pale by contrast with this coming festival of joy and triumph. As it drew nearer and nearer their excitement increased, and they could not forget it even in the passing visit of a real missionary, a live one, who had been to those dark lands where the heathen go naked, worship idols and throw their children to the crocodiles.

They were taken to hear him, of course, and not only so, but he came to supper at their house and won their young hearts by the stories he told them. Gray of hair and beard was the preacher and sternly devout; but he had a twinkling eye none the less, and told tales of wonder and amazement that were sometimes almost funny and always interesting.

"Do not imagine, my young friends," he said, after filling them with delicious horror at the unspeakable wickedness of those "godless lands," "that the heathen are wholly without morality. The Chinese, among whom I have labored for many years, are more honest than some Christians. Their business honor is a lesson to us all. But works alone cannot save." And he questioned them as to their religious state, receiving satisfactory answers.

The town turned out to hear him; and, when he went on circuit, preaching, exhorting, describing the hardships and dangers of missionary life, the joys of soul-saving, and urging his hearers to contribute to this great duty of preaching the Gospel to all creatures, they had a sort of revival season; and arranged for a great missionary church meeting with a special collection when he should return.

The town talked missionary and thought missionary; dreamed missionary, it might well be; and garrets were ransacked to make up missionary boxes to send to the heathen. But Holdfast and J. Edwards mingled their interest in those unfortunate savages with a passionate desire for butter, and a longing for money such as they had never known before.

Then Miss McCoy returned.

They knew the day, the hour. They watched their father drive down to meet the stage, and tormented

their mother with questions as to whether she would give it to them before supper or after.

"I'm sure I don't know!" she snapped at last. "I'll be thankful when it's over and done with, I'm sure. A mighty foolish business, I think!"

Then they saw the old chaise turn the corner. What? Only one in it! The boys rushed to the gate—the mother, too.

"What is it, Jonathan? Didn't she come?"

"Oh, father!"

"Where is she, father?"

"She's not coming," said Mr. Fernald. "Says she's going to stay with Cousin Sarah, so's to be in town and go to all the missionary doin's. But she's sent it."

Then he was besieged, and as soon as the horse was put up, by three pairs of busy hands, they came to the supper table, whereon was a full two pounds of delicious butter, and sat down with tingling impatience.

The blessing was asked in all due form—a blessing ten miles long, it seemed to the youngsters, and then the long, fat envelope came out of Mr. Fernald's pocket.

"She must have written a lot," he said, taking out two folded papers, and then a letter.

"My dear great-nephews," ran the epistle, "as your parents have assured me that you have kept your promise, and denied yourselves butter for the space of a year, here is the fifty dollars I promised to each of you—wisely invested."

Mr. Fernald opened the papers. To Holdfast Fernald and to J. Edwards Fernald, duly made out, receipted, signed and sealed, were two \$50 life memberships in the Missionary society!

Poor children! The younger one burst into wild weeping. The older seized the butter dish and cast it on the floor, for which he had to be punished, of course, but the punishment added nothing to his grief and rage.

When they were alone at last, and able to speak for sobbing, those gentle youths exchanged their sentiments; and these were of the nature of blasphemy and rebellion against God. They had learned at one fell blow the hideous lesson of human depravity. People lied—grown people—religious people—they lied! You couldn't trust them! They had been deceived, betrayed, robbed! They had lost the actual joy renounced, and the potential joy promised and withheld. The money they might some day earn, but not heaven itself could give back that year of butter. And all this in the name of religion—and of missionaries! Wild, seething outrage filled their hearts at first; slower results would follow.

*

The pious enthusiasm of the little town was at its height. The religious imagination, rather starved on the bald alternatives of Calvinism, found rich food in these glowing tales of danger, devotion, sometimes martyrdom; while the spirit of rigid economy, used to daylong saving from the cradle to the grave, took passionate delight in the success of these noble evangelists who went so far afield to save lost souls.

Out of their narrow means they had scraped still further; denied themselves necessaries where no pleasures remained; and when the crowning meeting was announced, the big collection meeting, with the wonderful brother from the Church in Asia to address them again, the meeting house was packed in floor and gallery.

Hearts were warm and open, souls were full of enthusiasm for the great work, wave on wave of intense feeling streamed through the crowded house.

Only in the Fernalds' pew was a spirit out of tune.

Fernald, good man though he was, had not yet forgiven. His wife had not tried.

"Don't talk to me!" she had cried passionately, when he had urged a reconciliation. "Forgive your enemies! Yes, but she hasn't done any harm to *me!* It's my boys she's hurt! It don't say one word about forgiving other people's enemies!"

Yet Mrs. Fernald, for all her anger, seemed to have some inner source of consolation, denied her husband, over which she nodded to herself from time to time, drawing in her thin lips, and wagging her head decisively.

Vengeful bitterness and impotent rage possessed the hearts of Holdfast and J. Edwards.

This state of mind in young and old was not improved when, on arriving at the meeting a little late, they had found the head of the pew was occupied by Miss McCoy.

It was neither the time nor the place for a demonstration. No other seats were vacant, and Mrs. Fernald marched in and sat next to her, looking straight at the pulpit. Next came the boys, and murder was in their hearts. Last, Mr. Fernald, inwardly praying for a more Christian spirit, but not getting it.

Holdfast and young J. Edwards dared not speak in church or make any protest; but they smelled the cardamum seeds in the champing jaws beyond their mother, and they cast black looks at each other and very secretly showed clenched fists, held low.

In fierce inward rebellion they sat through the earlier speeches, and when the time came for the address of the occasion, even the deep voice of the brother from Asia failed to stir them. Was he not a missionary, and were not missionaries and all their works proved false?

But what was this?

The address was over; the collection, in cash, was in the piled plates at the foot of the pulpit. The collection in goods was enumerated and described with full names given.

Then the hero of the hour was seen to confer with the other reverend brothers, and to rise and come forward, raising his hand for silence.

"Dearly beloved brethren and sisters," he said, "in this time of thanksgiving for gifts spiritual and temporal I wish to ask your patience for a moment more, that we may do justice. There has come to my ears a tale concerning one of our recent gifts which I wish you to hear, that judgment may be done in Israel.

"One among us has brought to the House of the Lord a tainted offering—an offering stained with cruelty and falsehood. Two young children of our flock were bribed a year ago to renounce one of the scant pleasures of their lives for a year's time—a whole long year of a child's life. They were bribed with a promise—a promise of untold wealth to a child, of fifty dollars each."

The congregation drew a long breath.

Those who knew of the Fernald boys' endeavor (and who in that friendly radius did not?) looked at them eagerly. Those who recognized Miss McCoy looked at her, too, and they were many. She sat, fanning herself, with a small, straight-handled palmleaf fan, striving to appear unconscious.

"When the time was up," the clear voice went on remorselessly, "the year of struggle and privation, and the eager hearts of childhood expected the reward; instead of keeping the given word, instead of the money promised, each child was given a paid life membership in our society!"

Again the house drew in its breath. Did not the end justify the means?

He went on:

"I have conferred with my fellow members, and we are united in our repudiation of this gift. The money is not ours. It was obtained by a trick which the heathen themselves would scorn."

There was a shocked pause. Miss McCoy was purple in the face, and only kept her place for fear of drawing more attention if she strove to escape.

"I name no names," the speaker continued, "and I regret the burden laid upon me to thus expose this possibly well-meant transaction, but what we have at stake to-night is not this handful of silver, nor the feelings of one sinner, but two children's souls. Are we to have their sense outraged in impressionable youth? Are they to believe with the Psalmist that all men are liars? Are they to feel anger and blame for the great work to which our lives are given because in its name they were deceived and robbed? No, my brothers, we clear our skirts of this ignominy. In the name of the society, I shall return this money to its rightful owners. 'Whoso offendeth one of these little ones, it were better that a millstone be hanged about his neck and he cast into the depths of the sea.'"

A QUESTION

Why is it, God, that mother's hearts are made
So very deep and wide?
How does it help the world that we should hold
Such welling floods of pain till we are old
Because when we were young one grave was laid—
One baby died?

IS IT WRONG TO TAKE LIFE?

"Thou shalt not kill."

This is about as explicit as words can be; there is no qualification, no palliating circumstance, no exception.

"Thou"—(presumably you and I, any and every person) "shalt not"—(a prohibition absolute) "kill"—(take life: that is, apparently, of anything).

How do we read this? How apply it?

Some have narrowed it to assassination only, frankly paraphrasing the simple law, as "Thou shalt do no murder," and excepting the whole range of war-slaughter, of legal execution, of "self-defence" and "justifiable homicide."

Some have widened it to cover not only all human beings, but all animal life as well; the Buddhist and his modern followers sparing even the ant in the path, and the malaria-planting mosquito.

Such extremists should sit in sackcloth and ashes over the riotous carriage of their own phagocytes; ever ruthlessly destroying millions upon millions of staphylococci and similar intruders.

Where should the line be drawn? And why? Especially why? Why is it wrong to kill?

If we hark back to the direct command, we find that it could not have been intended as universally binding.

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed," and all the explicit directions as to who should be killed, and how; for such and such offences, certainly justify the axe and rope of the executioner; and beyond that come numbers of inspired commands as to the merciless extermination of opposing tribes in which men, women and children were "put to the sword"—even to babes unborn. Killing seemed highly honorable, even compulsory, among the people on whom this stern command was laid.

Scholars teach us that the ten commandments were in truth not given to the Israelites until after the return of Hezekiah; that may alter the case a little, but assuredly if we are to believe the Old Testament at all there was no blame attached to many kinds of killing.

The Prophets and Psalmists particularly yearned to have their enemies destroyed, and exulted in their destruction.

In the teachings of Jesus we find another spirit altogether, but we have not therefore abrogated the old commandments, and the problem of this clear prohibition remains unsolved.

Those of us to-day who feel most keenly the evil of "taking life" are almost Buddhistic in attitude. They object to killing for food or killing in self-defence.

Fortunately for them, we have not many destructive wild beasts among us, thanks to the vigorous killing of our less scrupulous forefathers.

Some millennial dreamers suggest that the wolves and catamounts might have been tamed, if taken young; the natural resistance of the parents to the "taking" overcome by moral suasion, doubtless! Yes, it is conceivable that all the little snarling cubs and kittens might have been tamed, and taught to feed out of the hand—*but on what?*

In India some there may be who would emulate their saintly master, who offered his own body as food to a starving mother tiger; a sacrifice of less moment than appears, since he believed he would

soon have another—that he had to have a great many—and that the sooner he got through with the lot the better.

From this unkind point of view his offering was much like that of a lady giving away a dress she is tired of, to promote the replenishment of her wardrobe.

The popular objection to killing, in India, results in the continuance of man-eating tigers and deadly serpents; which again results in their killing, in their untaught vigor, great numbers of human beings and other useful animals. The sum of the killings would be less if the killers were killed.

In our cooler land we have fewer poisonous reptiles and creeping things, yet insects there are which most of us slay with enthusiasm; the most sentimental devotee would hardly share couch or clothing with them! Surely no rational person objects to "justifiable insecticide"?

The most merciful will usually admit our own right to live, and therefore to kill in self-defence all creatures that would kill us. Where the line is drawn, however, by many earnest thinkers and feelers, is at killing harmless, inoffensive creatures for food.

The sheep we may shear, but not make into chops; the cow we may milk, but not turn into steaks and stews; the hen we may rob of her potential young, but neither roast nor fricassee.

It is no wonder, in view of the steaming horrors of the slaughter-house, that we recoil from killing; but is it the killing which is wrong in itself, or merely the horrors?

Let us first consider how this might be done; and then, if, at its best, the essential act of "taking life" is deemed wrong, we will consider that.

Suppose green pastures and still waters, the shade of trees, the warmth of the sun, the shelter of roof and walls; suppose protection and kind care, provision for the winter, and that we only shared the milk with the calves instead of barbarously separating the mother from her young. Calves might be bottle-fed, to satisfy their hunger, and afterward turned loose with the mother; they could not take all the milk then, and we might have the rest.

Suppose creatures thus living in an animal paradise, then gathered in small numbers, in local centers, and neatly, instantaneously and painlessly killed, any surgeon can tell us how. They could then be dressed, chilled and sent to larger centers for more general distribution.

What hardship, to them, is involved in this?

Die they must, some time, and by worse methods. In a wild state or a tame they must either be killed by something or die slowly of old age and incapacity.

Even if we nursed the toothless ox, and fed him with a spoon, he would not enjoy it.

We have to admit that in this whole round world all creatures die, and that in most cases, their lives are taken by others.

Looked at from a strictly scientific point of view, this is evidently the order of nature, her universal law. Looked at from a religious point of view, it is as evidently the will of God, His universal law.

Some postulate a sinless Eden past, before this killing habit began; and foresee a sinless Millennium to come, when we shall have outgrown it. These do not use their imaginations enough. Even if Edenic or Millennial tigers could digest grass and apples, are they therefore immortal? Is a species to live on forever in one representative, or one Platonic pair?

Because if we have life, as we know it, we have also reproduction, the direction for which precedes the picture of Eden; each pair being told "to increase and multiply and replenish the earth." Now for the imagination, to forecast results.

If the creatures fulfill this command, (and they do, diligently) the earth presently becomes replenished to a degree apparently unforeseen; unless, indeed, this law of mutual destruction be specially provided to meet that difficulty.

Life is multiple and interchangeable. Life continues on earth not in permanent radiating lines, but in flowing union; the forms combining, separating, growing, in and through one another.

Perhaps our error lies in fixing our minds in the eaten instead of the eater; dwelling on the loss of the killed, instead of the gain of the killer.

We say "all creatures eat one another," and it grieves us. Why not say "all creatures feed one

another?" There is something beautiful in that.

Life, to each creature, is all time—all that he has any knowledge of—and living is a pleasure lasting all that time. Death, on the other hand, is but a moment, and even so is a pleasure to the wolf who eats, if not to the sheep who is eaten.

We, with our larger range of thought, and with our strange religions theories, have complicated and warped the thought of death by associate ideas. We place conscious fear before it, and load that fear with threats of eternal punishment.

We try to measure the wholesome facts of life by arbitrary schemes of later devising, and life seems dreary by contrast.

When we look at the facts themselves, however; see the grass green and thick for all its cropping; fish swimming in great schools, "as good as ever were caught"; the oysters peacefully casting forth their millions of eggs to make up for all that are eaten; this whole blooming, fruiting world of life and love; we find these to be the main things, the real prominent features of the performance; and death but a "lightning change artist," a quick transformation, in which one living form turns into another, while life goes on.

Meanwhile, in our human affairs it would be a good thing if we would develop as keen a sense of the responsibility of giving life as we have in taking it. We hold three powers in the life-process—a degree of choice and judgment as to who comes on the stage, some power to decide who shall go off, and when, and, most important of all, the ability to modify life while we have it.

Is it not singular that there should be so much sentiment about taking life and so little about giving it? We give life almost as thoughtlessly as the beasts below us. We are variously minded about taking it, killing many good men in war, and not killing many bad ones in peace, except an ill-selected few; but as yet we have no deep feeling about the struggles and sufferings of people while they live.

If we become religiously careful about the kind of people that are born, and about the treatment they get after they are born, it will make more difference to human happiness, and human progress, than would the establishment of a purely vegetable diet, the abolition of capital punishment, or even the end of war.

THE WORLD AND THE THREE ARTISTS

Three Artists found a World on their hands. It was their World and they were its Artists.

It was a Dull World, and needed Amusement.

It was a Hungry World, and needed Food.

It was a Tired World, and needed Inspiration.

It was an Ugly World, and needed Beauty.

Now the Artists were very powerful, having all these things in their gift.

The first was an Artist Pure and Simple, so he arose and gave the Dull World what he himself found amusing,—but the World was not amused.

"Stupid Beast!" said the Artist. "When I am dead it will find my work amusing!"

Then he gave the Hungry World what he thought good to eat,—but the World would not eat it.

"Ungrateful Wretch!" said the Artist. "When I am dead it will find this good food."

Then he gave the Tired World what he thought was Inspiration,—but the World was not Inspired.

"Dense Dolt!" said the Artist. "When I am dead it will recognize my Inspiration."

Then he gave the Ugly World what he thought was Beauty,—but the World did not find it Beautiful.

"Blind Brute!" said the Artist. "How terrible it is to be unappreciated! This Fool Incarnate can never

realize what it is ignoring! And it will give me no reward! When I am dead it will see my Beauty!"

Now the World had its feelings, and did not enjoy the attitude of the Artist; so verily it gave him no reward. And he died. Nevertheless what he foretold was by no means fulfilled, for his work was for himself alone, and perished with him.

Then arose the second Artist, and he was not only an Artist, but a Merchant.

And he said, "I perceive that this my brother has died because he did not please the World, and it would give him no reward. I shall be wiser."

Then he studied the tastes of the World; Dull, Hungry, Tired and Ugly; a Neglected Child.

And he carefully catered to its ignorance, its prejudices and its childish tastes; he tickled with cheap pleasures, he gave it what its lower nature liked, and the Dull World found his Amusement amusing, and paid for it; and the Hungry World found his food palatable, and paid for it; and the Tired World received his Inspiration as if it were genuine, and paid for it; and the Ugly World eagerly grasped his poor prettiness as if it were Beauty, and paid for it; so the second Artist did not die—until he died; and then he was dead; and his work with him.

But the third Artist, who was also a Citizen, thought long of his task.

"I am an Artist," he said, "and this is my World. Of what avail is my Beauty if the World does not see it? How do I know that Worlds to Come will see it?—even if it lives? *This* World needs Beauty, *now!* If I work to express myself alone, I die, lean and angry; and my work dies with me. If I basely cater to this Neglected Child, I die, though fatter; and my work dies with me. How shall I feed the World?"

But he was an Artist, and very powerful, so he essayed his task.

He earnestly studied the needs of the World. "Shall I feed a lamb on beef?" said he, "or a cat on pie?"

By the exercise of his intelligence he learned the needs of the World, which were many and conspicuous; by the exercise of his Art he met them.

He gave it Amusement which was within reach of the tastes of that Neglected Child, yet which was in truth Amusing; and the World was Amused, and loved him.

He gave it food both palatable and nourishing; and the World was fed, and loved him.

He gave it Inspiration which struck to the heart, yet was drawn from Eternal Truth; and the World was Inspired, and loved him.

And he poured forth his very soul in Beauty; Beauty as simple as the common flowers the whole world loves, and as true as the stars in heaven, Beauty that ravished the soul of the Neglected Child, opened its eyes to Radiant Joy, and lifted it along the ages. And the World bathed in Beauty, and loved him. Also its taste improved continually under the influence of his Art. And the Artist was happy, for he fulfilled his mighty task.

"My glorious World!" he said; "What happiness! To be allowed to serve the World!"

And he watched it grow; well-nourished now, full of sweet merriment, strong in steady inspiration, rich in unfolding beauty.

For the World lived, and the Artist lived, and his work lived forever,—in the world.

IN HOW LITTLE TIME

In how little time, were we so minded,
We could be wise and free—not held and blinded!
We could be hale and strong—not weak and sickly!
Could do away with wrong—and do it quickly!

Riches of earth, enough for all our keeping;
Love in the heart, awake, no longer sleeping;

Power in the hand and brain for what needs making;
Joy in the gift of power, joy in the taking!

In how little time could grow around us
A people clean and fair as life first found us!
One with the under-earth, in peaceful growing,
One with the over-soul, in doing, knowing.

Labor a joy and pride, in ease and beauty;
Art that should fill at last its human duty;
This we could make and have, were we not blinded!
In how little time—were we so minded!

WOMAN AND THE STATE

[A Discussion of Political Equality of Men and Women. To be read in connection with chapter 12 of Our Androcentric Culture, in this issue.]

Here are two vital factors in human life; one a prime essential to our existence; the other a prime essential to our progress.

Both of them we idealize in certain lines, and exploit in others. Both of them are misinterpreted, balked of their full usefulness, and humanity thus injured.

The human race does not get the benefit of the full powers of women, nor of the full powers of the state.

In all civilized races to-day there is a wide and growing sense of discontent among women; a criticism of their assigned limitations, and a demand for larger freedom and opportunity. Under different conditions the demand varies; it is here for higher education, there for justice before the law; here for economic independence, and there for political equality.

This last is at present the most prominent Issue of "the woman question" in England and America, as the activity of the "militant suffragists" has forced it upon the attention of the world.

Thoughtful people in general are now studying this point more seriously than ever before, genuinely anxious to adopt the right side, and there is an alarmed uprising of sincere objection to the political equality of women.

Wasting no time on ignorance, prejudice, or the resistance of special interests, let us fairly face the honest opposition, and do it justice.

The conservative position is this:

Men and women have different spheres in life. To men belong the creation and management of the state, and the financial maintenance of the home and family:

"To women belong the physical burden of maternity, and the industrial management of the home and family; these duties require all their time and strength:

"The prosperity of the state may be sufficiently conserved by men alone; the prosperity of the family requires the personal presence and services of the mother in the home: if women assume the cares of the state, the home and family will suffer:

Some go even farther than this, and claim an essential limitation in "the female mind" which prevents it from grasping large political interests; holding, therefore, that if women took part in state affairs it would be to the detriment of the community:

Others advance a theory that "society," in the special sense, is the true sphere of larger service for women, and that those of them not exclusively confined to "home duties" may find full occupation in "social duties," including the time honored fields of "religion" and "charity":

Others again place their main reliance on the statement that, as to the suffrage, "women do not want it."

Let us consider these points in inverse order, beginning with the last one.

We will admit that at present the majority of women are not consciously desirous of any extension of their political rights and privileges, but deny that this indifference is any evidence against the desirability of such extension.

It has long been accepted that the position of women is an index of civilization. Progressive people are proud of the freedom and honor given their women, and our nation honestly believes itself the leader in this line. "American women are the freest in the world!" we say; and boast of it.

Since the agitation for women's rights began, many concessions have been made to further improve their condition. Men, seeing the justice of certain demands, have granted in many states such privileges as admission to schools, colleges, universities, and special instruction for professions; followed by admission to the bar, the pulpit, and the practice of medicine. Married women, in many states, have now a right to their own earnings; and in a few, mothers have an equal right in the guardianship of their children.

We are proud and glad that our women are free to go unveiled, to travel alone, to choose their own husbands; we are proud and glad of every extension of justice already granted by men to women.

Now:—Have any of these concessions been granted because a majority of women asked for them? Was it advanced in opposition to any of them that "women did not want it?" Have as many women ever asked for these things as are now asking for the ballot? If it was desirable to grant these other rights and privileges without the demand of a majority, why is the demand of a majority required before this one is granted?

The child widows of India did not unitedly demand the abolition of the "suttee."

The tortured girl children of China did not rise in overwhelming majority to demand free feet; yet surely no one would refuse to lift these burdens because only a minority of progressive women insisted on justice.

It is a sociological impossibility that a majority of an unorganized class should unite in concerted demand for a right, a duty, which they have never known.

The point to be decided is whether political equality is to the advantage of women and of the state—not whether either, as a body, is asking for it.

Now for the "society" theory. There is a venerable fiction to the effect that women make—and manage, "society." No careful student of comparative history can hold this belief for a moment. Whatever the conditions of the age or place; industrial, financial, religious, political, educational; these conditions are in the hands of men; and these conditions dictate the "society" of that age or place.

"Society" in a constitutional monarchy is one thing; in a primitive despotism another; among millionaires a third; but women do not make the despotism, the monarchy, or the millions. They take social conditions as provided by men, precisely as they take all other conditions at their hands. They do not even modify an existing society to their own interests, being powerless to do so. The "double standard of morals," ruling everywhere in "society," proves this; as does the comparative helplessness of women to enjoy even social entertainments, without the constant attendance and invitation of men.

Even in its great function of exhibition leading to marriage, it is the girls who are trained and exhibited, under closest surveillance; while the men stroll in and out, to choose at will, under no surveillance whatever.

That women, otherwise powerful, may use "society" to further their ends, is as true as that men do; and in England, where women, through their titled and landed position, have always had more political power than here, "society" is a very useful vehicle for the activities of both sexes.

But, in the main, the opportunities of "society" to women, are merely opportunities to use their "feminine influence" in extra domestic lines—a very questionable advantage to the home and family, to motherhood, to women, or to the state.

In religion women have always filled and more than filled the place allowed them. Needless to say it was a low one. The power of the church, its whole management and emoluments, were always in the hands of men, save when the Lady Abbess held her partial sway; but the work of the church has always been helped by women—the men have preached and the women practised!

Charity, as a vocation, is directly in line with the mother instinct, and has always appealed to women. Since we have learned how injurious to true social development this mistaken kindness is, it might almost be classified as a morbid by-product of suppressed femininity!

In passing we may note that charity as a virtue is ranked highest among those nations and religions where women are held lowest. With the Moslems it is a universal law—and in the Moslem Paradise there are no women—save the Houries!

The playground of a man-fenced "society"; the work-ground of a man-taught church; and this "osmosis" of social nutrition, this leakage and seepage of values which should circulate normally, called charity; these are not a sufficient field for the activities of women.

As for those limitations of the "feminine mind" which render her unfit to consider the victuallage of a nation, or the justice of a tax on sugar; it hardly seems as if the charge need be taken seriously. Yet so able a woman as Mrs. Humphry Ward has recently advanced it in all earnestness.

In her view women are capable of handling municipal, but not state affairs. Since even this was once denied them; and since, in England, they have had municipal suffrage for some time; it would seem as if their abilities grew with use, as most abilities do; which is in truth the real answer.

Most women spend their whole lives, and have spent their whole lives for uncounted generations, in the persistent and exclusive contemplation of their own family affairs. They are near-sighted, or near-minded, rather; the trouble is not with the nature of their minds, but with the use of them.

If men as a class had been exclusively confined to the occupation of house-service since history began, they would be similarly unlikely to manifest an acute political intelligence.

We may agree with Tennyson that "Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse;" that is *women* are not undeveloped *men*; but the feminine half of humanity is undeveloped human. They have exercised their feminine functions, but not their human-functions; at least not to their full extent.

Here appears a distinction which needs to be widely appreciated.

We are not merely male and female—all animals are that—our chief distinction is that of race, our humanness.

Male characteristics we share with all males, bird and beast; female characteristics we share with all females, similarly; but human characteristics belong to *genus homo* alone; and are possessed by both sexes. A female horse is just as much a horse as a male of her species; a female human being is just as human as the male of her species—or ought to be!

In the special functions and relations of sex there is no contest, no possible rivalry or confusion; but in the general functions of humanity there is great misunderstanding.

Our trouble is that we have not recognized these human functions as such; but supposed them to be exclusively masculine; and, acting under that idea, strove to prevent women from an unnatural imitation of men.

Hence this minor theory of the limitations of the "female mind."

The mind is pre-eminently human. That degree of brain development which distinguishes our species, is a human, not a sex characteristic.

There may be, has been, and still is, a vast difference in our treatment of the minds of the two sexes. We have given them a different education, different exercises, different conditions in all ways. But all these differences are external, and their effect disappears with them.

The "female mind" has proven its identical capacity with the "male mind," *in so far as it has been given identical conditions*. It will take a long time, however, before conditions are so identical, for successive generations, as to give the "female mind" a fair chance.

In the meantime, considering its traditional, educational and associative drawbacks, the "female mind" has made a remarkably good showing.

The field of politics is an unfortunate one in which to urge this alleged limitation; because politics is one of the few fields in which some women have been reared and exercised under equal conditions with men.

We have had queens as long as we have had kings, perhaps longer; and history does not show the male mind, in kings, to have manifested a numerically proportionate superiority over the female mind, in queens. There have been more kings than queens, but have there been more good and great ones, in proportion?

Even one practical and efficient queen is proof enough that being a woman does not preclude

political capacity. Since England has had such an able queen for so long, and that within Mrs. Humphry Ward's personal memory, her position seems fatuous in the extreme.

It has been advanced that great queens owed their power to the association and advice of the noble and high-minded men who surrounded them; and, further, that the poor showing made by many kings, was due to the association and vice of the base and low-minded women who surrounded them.

This is a particularly pusillanimous claim in the first place; is not provable in the second place; and, if it were true, opens up a very pretty field of study in the third place. It would seem to prove, if it proves anything, that men are not fit to be trusted with political power on account of an alarming affinity for the worst of women; and, conversely, that women, as commanding the assistance of the best of men, are visibly the right rulers! Also it opens a pleasant sidelight on that oft-recommended tool—"feminine influence."

We now come to our opening objection; that society and state, home, and family, are best served by the present division of interests: and its corollary, that if women enlarge that field of interest it would reduce their usefulness in their present sphere.

The corollary is easily removed. We are now on the broad ground of established facts; of history, recent, but still achieved.

Women have had equal political rights with men in several places, for considerable periods of time. In Wyoming, to come near home, they have enjoyed this status for more than a generation. Neither here nor in any other state or country where women vote, is there the faintest proof of injury to the home or family relation. In Wyoming, indeed, divorce has decreased, while gaining so fast in other places.

Political knowledge, political interest, does not take up more time and strength than any other form of mental activity; nor does it preclude a keen efficiency in other lines; and as for the actual time required to perform the average duties of citizenship—it is a contemptible bit of trickery in argument, if not mere ignorance and confusion of idea, to urge the occasional attendance on political meetings, or the annual or bi-annual dropping of a ballot, as any interference with the management of a house.

It is proven, by years on years of established experience, that women can enjoy full political equality and use their power, without in the least ceasing to be contented and efficient wives and mothers, cooks and housekeepers.

What really horrifies the popular mind at the thought of women in politics, is the picture of woman as a "practical politician;" giving her time to it as a business, and making money by it, in questionable, or unquestionable, ways; and, further, as a politician in office, as sheriff, alderman, senator, judge.

The popular mind becomes suffused with horror at the first idea, and scarcely less so at the second. It pictures blushing girlhood on the Bench; tender motherhood in the Senate; the housewife turned "ward-heeler;" and becomes quite sick in contemplation of these abominations.

No educated mind, practical mind, no mind able and willing to use its faculties, need be misled for a moment by these sophistries.

There is absolutely no evidence that women as a class will rush into "practical politics." Where they have voted longest they do not manifest this dread result. Neither is there any proof that they will all desire to hold office; or that any considerable portion of them will; or that, if they did, they would get it.

We seem unconsciously to assume that when women begin to vote, men will stop; or that the women will outnumber the men; also that, outnumbering them, they will be completely united in their vote; and, still further, that so outnumbering and uniting, they will solidly vote for a ticket composed wholly of women candidates.

Does anyone seriously imagine this to be likely?

This may be stated with assurance; if ever we do see a clever, designing, flirtatious, man-twisting woman; or a pretty, charming, irresistible young girl, elected to office—it will not be by the votes of women!

Where women are elected to office, by the votes of both men and women, they are of suitable age and abilities, and do their work well. They have already greatly improved some of the conditions of local politics, and the legislation they advocate is of a beneficial character.

What is the true relation of women to the state?

It is precisely identical with that of men. Their forms of service may vary, but their duty, their

interest, their responsibility, is the same.

Here are the people on earth, half of them women, all of them her children. It is her earth as much as his; the people are their people, the state their state; compounded of them all, in due relation.

As the father and mother, together; shelter, guard, teach and provide for their children in the home; so should all fathers and mothers, together; shelter, guard, teach and provide for their common children, the community.

The state is no mystery; no taboo place of masculine secrecy; it is simply us.

Democracy is but a half-grown child as yet, one of twins? Its boy-half is a struggling thing, with "the diseases of babyhood"; its girl-half has hardly begun to take notice.

As human creatures we have precisely the same duty and privilege, interest, and power in the state; sharing its protection, its advantages, and its services. As women we have a different relation.

Here indeed we will admit, and glory in, our "diversity." The "eternal womanly" is a far more useful thing in the state than the "eternal manly."

To be woman means to be mother. To be mother means to give love, defense, nourishment, care, instruction. Too long, far too long has motherhood neglected its real social duties, its duties to humanity at large. Even in her position of retarded industrial development, as the housekeeper and houseworker of the world, woman has a contribution of special value to the state.

As the loving mother, the patient teacher, the tender nurse, the wise provider and care-taker, she can serve the state, and the state needs her service.

WHAT DIANTHA DID

CHAPTER XII

LIKE A BANYAN TREE

The Earth-Plants spring up from beneath,
The Air-Plants swing down from above,
But the Banyan trees grow
Both above and below,
And one makes a prosperous grove.

In the fleeting opportunities offered by the Caffeteria, and in longer moments, rather neatly planned for, with some remnants of an earlier ingenuity, Mr. Thaddler contrived to become acquainted with Mrs. Bell. Diantha never quite liked him, but he won her mother's heart by frank praise of the girl and her ventures.

"I never saw a smarter woman in my life," he said; "and no airs. I tell you, ma'am, if there was more like her this world would be an easier place to live in, and I can see she owes it all to you, ma'am."

This the mother would never admit for a moment, but expatiated loyally on the scientific mind of Mr. Henderson Bell, still of Jopalez.

"I don't see how he can bear to let her out of his sight," said Mr. Thaddler.

"Of course he hated to let her go," replied the lady. "We both did. But he is very proud of her now."

"I guess there's somebody else who's proud of her, too," he suggested. "Excuse me, ma'am, I don't mean to intrude, but we know there must be a good reason for your daughter keeping all Orchardina at a distance. Why, she could have married six times over in her first year here!"

"She does not wish to give up her work," Mrs. Bell explained.

"Of course not; and why should she? Nice, womanly business, I am sure. I hope nobody'd expect a girl who can keep house for a whole township to settle down to bossing one man and a hired girl."

In course of time he got a pretty clear notion of how matters stood, and meditated upon it, seriously rolling his big cigar about between pursed lips. Mr. Thaddler was a good deal of a gossip, but this he kept to himself, and did what he could to enlarge the patronage of Union House.

The business grew. It held its own in spite of fluctuations, and after a certain point began to spread steadily. Mrs. Bell's coming and Mr. Eltwood's ardent championship, together with Mr. Thaddler's, quieted the dangerous slanders which had imperilled the place at one time. They lingered, subterraneously, of course. People never forget slanders. A score of years after there were to be found in Orchardina folk who still whispered about dark allegations concerning Union House; and the papers had done some pretty serious damage; but the fame of good food, good service, cheapness and efficiency made steady headway.

In view of the increase and of the plans still working in her mind, Diantha made certain propositions to Mr. Porne, and also to Mrs. Porne, in regard to a new, specially built club-house for the girls.

"I have proved what they can do, with me to manage them, and want now to prove that they can do it themselves, with any matron competent to follow my directions. The house need not be so expensive; one big dining-room, with turn-up tables like those ironing-board seat-tables, you know—then they can dance there. Small reception room and office, hall, kitchen and laundry, and thirty bedrooms, forty by thirty, with an "ell" for the laundry, ought to do it, oughtn't it?"

Mrs. Porne agreed to make plans, and did so most successfully, and Mr. Porne found small difficulty in persuading an investor to put up such a house, which visibly could be used as a boarding-house or small hotel, if it failed in its first purpose.

It was built of concrete, a plain simple structure, but fine in proportions and pleasantly colored.

Diantha kept her plans to herself, as usual, but they grew so fast that she felt a species of terror sometimes, lest the ice break somewhere.

"Steady, now!" she would say. "This is real business, just plain business. There's no reason why I shouldn't succeed as well as Fred Harvey. I will succeed. I am succeeding."

She kept well, she worked hard, she was more than glad to have her mother with her; but she wanted something else, which seemed farther off than ever. Her lover's picture hung on the wall of her bedroom, stood on her bureau, and (but this was a secret) a small one was carried in her bosom.

Rather a grim looking young woman, Diantha, with the cares of the world of house-keepers upon her proud young shoulders; with all the stirring hopes to be kept within bounds, all the skulking fears to be resisted, and the growing burden of a large affair to be carried steadily.

But when she woke, in the brilliant California mornings, she would lie still a few moments looking at the face on the wall and the face on the bureau; would draw the little picture out from under her pillow and kiss it, would say to herself for the thousandth time, "It is for him, too."

She missed him, always.

The very vigor of her general attitude, the continued strength with which she met the days and carried them, made it all the more needful for her to have some one with whom she could forget every care, every purpose, every effort; some one who would put strong arms around her and call her "Little Girl." His letters were both a comfort and a pain. He was loyal, kind, loving, but always that wall of disapproval. He loved her, he did not love her work.

She read them over and over, hunting anew for the tender phrases, the things which seemed most to feed and comfort her. She suffered not only from her loneliness, but from his; and most keenly from his sternly suppressed longing for freedom and the work that belonged to him.

"Why can't he see," she would say to herself, "that if this succeeds, he can do his work; that I can make it possible for him? And he won't let me. He won't take it from me. Why are men so proud? Is there anything so ignominious about a woman that it is disgraceful to let one help you? And why can't he think at all about the others? It's not just us, it's all people. If this works, men will have easier times, as well as women. Everybody can do their real work better with this old primitive business once set right."

And then it was always time to get up, or time to go to bed, or time to attend to some of the numberless details of her affairs.

She and her mother had an early lunch before the cafeteria opened, and were glad of the afternoon tea, often held in a retired corner of the broad piazza. She sat there one hot, dusty afternoon, alone and

unusually tired. The asphalted street was glaring and noisy, the cross street deep in soft dust, for months unwet.

Failure had not discouraged her, but increasing success with all its stimulus and satisfaction called for more and more power. Her mind was busy foreseeing, arranging, providing for emergencies; and then the whole thing slipped away from her, she dropped her head upon her arm for a moment, on the edge of the tea table, and wished for Ross.

From down the street and up the street at this moment, two men were coming; both young, both tall, both good looking, both apparently approaching Union House. One of them was the nearer, and his foot soon sounded on the wooden step. The other stopped and looked in a shop window.

Diantha started up, came forward,—it was Mr. Eltwood. She had a vague sense of disappointment, but received him cordially. He stood there, his hat off, holding her hand for a long moment, and gazing at her with evident admiration. They turned and sat down in the shadow of the reed-curtained corner.

The man at the shop window turned, too, and went away.

Mr. Eltwood had been a warm friend and cordial supporter from the epoch of the Club-splitting speech. He had helped materially in the slow, up-hill days of the girl's effort, with faith and kind words. He had met the mother's coming with most friendly advances, and Mrs. Bell found herself much at home in his liberal little church.

Diantha had grown to like and trust him much.

"What's this about the new house, Miss Bell? Your mother says I may know."

"Why not?" she said. "You have followed this thing from the first. Sugar or lemon? You see I want to disentangle the undertakings, set them upon their own separate feet, and establish the practical working of each one."

"I see," he said, "and 'day service' is not 'cooked food delivery.'"

"Nor yet 'rooms for entertainment,' she agreed. "We've got them all labelled, mother and I. There's the 'd. s.' and 'c. f. d.' and 'r. f. e.' and the 'p. p.' That's picnics and parties. And more coming."

"What, more yet? You'll kill yourself, Miss Bell. Don't go too fast. You are doing a great work for humanity. Why not take a little more time?"

"I want to do it as quickly as I can, for reasons," answered Diantha.

Mr. Eltwood looked at her with tender understanding. "I don't want to intrude any further than you are willing to want me," he said, "but sometimes I think that even you—strong as you are—would be better for some help."

She did not contradict him. Her hands were in her lap, her eyes on the worn boards of the piazza floor. She did not see a man pass on the other side of the street, cast a searching glance across and walk quickly on again.

"If you were quite free to go on with your beautiful work," said Mr. Eltwood slowly, "if you were offered heartiest appreciation, profound respect, as well as love, of course; would you object to marrying, Miss Bell?" asked in an even voice, as if it were a matter of metaphysical inquiry. Mrs. Porne had told him of her theory as to a lover in the home town, wishing to save him a long heart ache, but he was not sure of it, and he wanted to be.

Diantha glanced quickly at him, and felt the emotion under his quiet words. She withdrew her eyes, looking quite the other way.

"You are enough of a friend to know, Mr. Eltwood," she said, "I rather thought you did know. I am engaged."

"Thank you for telling me; some one is greatly to be congratulated," he spoke sincerely, and talked quietly on about less personal matters, holding his tea untasted till it was cold.

"Do let me give you some that is hot," she said at last, "and let me thank you from my heart for the help and strength and comfort you have been to me, Mr. Eltwood."

"I'm very glad," he said; and again, "I am very glad." "You may count upon anything I can do for you, always," he continued. "I am proud to be your friend."

He held her hand once more for a moment, and went away with his head up and a firm step. To one who watched him go, he had almost a triumphant air, but it was not triumph, only the brave beginning of a hard fight and a long one.

Then came Mrs. Bell, returned from a shopping trip, and sank down in a wicker rocker, glad of the shade and a cup of tea. No, she didn't want it iced. "Hot tea makes you cooler," was her theory.

"You don't look very tired," said the girl. "Seems to me you get stronger all the time."

"I do," said her mother. "You don't realize, you can't realize, Diantha, what this means to me. Of course to you I am an old woman, a back number—one has to feel so about one's mother. I did when I married, and my mother then was five years younger than I am now."

"I don't think you old, mother, not a bit of it. You ought to have twenty or thirty years of life before you, real life."

"That's just what I'm feeling," said Mrs. Bell, "as if I'd just begun to live! This is so *different!* There is a big, moving thing to work for. There is—why Diantha, you wouldn't believe what a comfort it is to me to feel that my work here is—really—adding to the profits!"

Diantha laughed aloud.

"You dear old darling," she said, "I should think it was! It is *making* the profits."

"And it grows so," her mother went on. "Here's this part so well assured that you're setting up the new Union House! Are you *sure* about Mrs. Jessup, dear?"

"As sure as I can be of any one till I've tried a long time. She has done all I've asked her to here, and done it well. Besides, I mean to keep a hand on it for a year or two yet—I can't afford to have that fail."

Mrs. Jessup was an imported aunt, belonging to one of the cleverest girls, and Diantha had had her in training for some weeks.

"Well, I guess she's as good as any you'd be likely to get," Mrs. Bell admitted, "and we mustn't expect paragons. If this can't be done by an average bunch of working women the world over, it can't be done—that's all!"

"It can be done," said the girl, calmly. "It will be done. You see."

"Mr. Thaddler says you could run any kind of a business you set your hand to," her mother went on. "He has a profound respect for your abilities, Dina."

"Seems to me you and Mr. Thaddler have a good deal to say to each other, motherkins. I believe you enjoy that cafeteria desk, and all the compliments you get."

"I do," said Mrs. Bell stoutly. "I do indeed! Why, I haven't seen so many men, to speak to, since—why, never in my life! And they are very amusing—some of them. They like to come here—like it immensely. And I don't wonder. I believe you'll do well to enlarge."

Then they plunged into a discussion of the winter's plans. The day service department and its employment agency was to go on at the New Union House, with Mrs. Jessup as manager; the present establishment was to be run as a hotel and restaurant, and the depot for the cooked food delivery.

Mrs. Thorvald and her husband were installed by themselves in another new venture; a small laundry outside the town. This place employed several girls steadily, and the motor wagon found a new use between meals, in collecting and delivering laundry parcels.

"It simplifies it a lot—to get the washing out of the place and the girls off my mind," said Diantha. "Now I mean to buckle down and learn the hotel business—thoroughly, and develop this cooked food delivery to perfection."

"Modest young lady," smiled her mother. "Where do you mean to stop—if ever?"

"I don't mean to stop till I'm dead," Diantha answered; "but I don't mean to undertake any more trades, if that is what you mean. You know what I'm after—to get 'housework' on a business basis, that's all; and prove, prove, PROVE what a good business it is. There's the cleaning branch—that's all started and going well in the day service. There's the washing—that's simple and easy. Laundry work's no mystery. But the food part is a big thing. It's an art, a science, a business, and a handicraft. I had the handicraft to start with; I'm learning the business; but I've got a lot to learn yet in the science and art of it."

"Don't do too much at once," her mother urged. "You've got to cater to people as they are."

"I know it," the girl agreed. "They must be led, step by step—the natural method. It's a big job, but not too big. Out of all the women who have done housework for so many ages, surely it's not too much to expect one to have a special genius for it!"

Her mother gazed at her with loving admiration.

"That's just what you have, Dina—a special genius for housework. I wish there were more of you!"

"There are plenty of me, mother dear, only they haven't come out. As soon as I show 'em how to make the thing pay, you'll find that we have a big percentage of this kind of ability. It's all buried now in the occasional 'perfect housekeeper.'

"But they won't leave their husbands, Dina."

"They don't need to," the girl answered cheerfully. "Some of them aren't married yet; some of them have lost their husbands, and *some* of them"—she said this a little bitterly—"have husbands who will be willing to let their wives grow."

"Not many, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Bell, also with some gloom.

Diantha lightened up again. "Anyhow, here you are, mother dear! And for this year I propose that you assume the financial management of the whole business at a salary of \$1,000 'and found.' How does that suit you?"

Mrs. Bell looked at her unbelievably.

"You can't afford it, Dina!"

"Oh, yes, I can—you know I can, because you've got the accounts. I'm going to make big money this year."

"But you'll need it. This hotel and restaurant business may not do well."

"Now, mother, you *know* we're doing well. Look here!" And Diantha produced her note-book.

"Here's the little laundry place; its fittings come to so much, wages so much, collection and delivery so much, supplies so much—and already enough patronage engaged to cover. It will be bigger in winter, a lot, with transients, and this hotel to fall back on; ought to clear at least a thousand a year. The service club don't pay me anything, of course; that is for the girls' benefit; but the food delivery is doing better than I dared hope."

Mrs. Bell knew the figures better than Diantha, even, and they went over them carefully again. If the winter's patronage held on to equal the summer's—and the many transient residents ought to increase it—they would have an average of twenty families a week to provide for—one hundred persons.

The expenses were:

Food for 100 at \$250 a week. Per capita. \$600 — per year \$13,000

Labor—delivery man. \$600

Head cook. \$600

Two assistant cooks. \$1,040

Three washers and packers. \$1,560

Office girl. \$520

—

Per year \$4,320

Rent, kitchen, office, etc. \$500

Rent of motor. \$300

Rent of cases. \$250

Gasolene and repairs. \$630

—

Per year \$1,680

Total. \$19,000

"How do you make the gasolene and repairs as much as that?" asked Mrs.

Bell.

"It's margin, mother—makes it even money. It won't be so much, probably."

The income was simple and sufficient. They charged \$5.00 a week per capita for three meals, table d'hote, delivered thrice daily. Frequent orders for extra meals really gave them more than they set down, but the hundred-person estimate amounted to \$26,000 a year.

"Now, see," said Diantha triumphantly; "subtract all that expense list (and it is a liberal one), and we have \$7,000 left. I can buy the car and the cases this year and have \$1,600 over! More; because if I do buy them I can leave off some of the interest, and the rent of kitchen and office comes to Union House! Then there's all of the extra orders. It's going to pay splendidly, mother! It clears \$70 a year per person. Next year it will clear a lot more."

It did not take long to make Mrs. Bell admit that if the business went on as it had been going Diantha would be able to pay her a salary of a thousand dollars, and have five hundred left—from the food business alone.

There remained the hotel, with large possibilities. The present simple furnishings were to be moved over to New Union House, and paid for by the girls in due time. With new paint, paper, and furniture, the old house would make a very comfortable place.

"Of course, it's the restaurant mainly—these big kitchens and the central location are the main thing. The guests will be mostly tourists, I suppose."

Diantha dwelt upon the prospect at some length; and even her cautious mother had to admit that unless there was some setback the year had a prospect of large success.

"How about all this new furnishing?" Mrs. Bell said suddenly. "How do you cover that? Take what you've got ahead now?"

"Yes; there's plenty," said Diantha. "You see, there is all Union House has made, and this summer's profit on the cooked food—it's plenty."

"Then you can't pay for the motor and cases as you planned," her mother insisted.

"No, not unless the hotel and restaurant pays enough to make good. But I don't *have* to buy them the first year. If I don't, there is \$5,500 leeway."

"Yes, you are safe enough; there's over \$4,000 in the bank now," Mrs. Bell admitted. "But, child," she said suddenly, "your father!"

"Yes, I've thought of father," said the girl, "and I mean to ask him to come and live at the hotel. I think he'd like it. He could meet people and talk about his ideas, and I'm sure I'd like to have him."

"They talked much and long about this, till the evening settled about them, till they had their quiet supper, and the girls came home to their noisy one; and late that evening, when all was still again, Diantha came to the dim piazza corner once more and sat there quite alone.

Full of hope, full of courage, sure of her progress—and aching with loneliness.

She sat with her head in her hands, and to her ears came suddenly the sound of a familiar step—a well-known voice—the hands and the lips of her lover.

"Diantha!" He held her close.

"Oh, Ross! Ross! Darling! Is it true? When did you come? Oh, I'm so glad! So *glad* to see you!"

She was so glad that she had to cry a little on his shoulder, which he seemed to thoroughly enjoy.

"I've good news for you, little girl," he said. "Good news at last! Listen, dear; don't cry. There's an end in sight. A man has bought out my shop. The incubus is off—I can *live* now!"

He held his head up in a fine triumph, and she watched him adoringly.

"Did you—was it profitable?" she asked.

"It's all exchange, and some cash to boot. Just think! You know what I've wanted so long—a ranch. A big one that would keep us all, and let me go on with my work. And, dear—I've got it! It's a big fruit ranch, with its own water—think of that! And a vegetable garden, too, and small fruit, and everything. And, what's better, it's all in good running order, with a competent ranchman, and two Chinese who

rent the vegetable part. And there are two houses on it—*two*. One for mother and the girls, and one for us!"

Diantha's heart stirred suddenly.

"Where is it, dear?" she whispered.

He laughed joyfully. "It's *here!*" he said. "About eight miles or so out, up by the mountains; has a little canyon of its own—its own little stream and reservoir. Oh, my darling! My darling!"

They sat in happy silence in the perfumed night. The strong arms were around her, the big shoulder to lean on, the dear voice to call her "little girl."

The year of separation vanished from their thoughts, and the long years of companionship opened bright and glorious before them.

"I came this afternoon," he said at length, "but I saw another man coming. He got here first. I thought —"

"Ross! You didn't! And you've left me to go without you all these hours!"

"He looked so confident when he went away that I was jealous," Ross admitted, "furiously jealous. And then your mother was here, and then those cackling girls. I wanted you—alone."

And then he had her, alone, for other quiet, happy moments. She was so glad of him. Her hold upon his hand, upon his coat, was tight.

"I don't know how I've lived without you," she said softly.

"Nor I," said he. "I haven't lived. It isn't life—without you. Well, dearest, it needn't be much longer. We closed the deal this afternoon. I came down here to see the place, and—incidentally—to see you!"

More silence.

"I shall turn over the store at once. It won't take long to move and settle; there's enough money over to do that. And the ranch pays, Diantha! It really *pays*, and will carry us all. How long will it take you to get out of this?"

"Get out of—what?" she faltered.

"Why, the whole abominable business you're so deep in here. Thank God, there's no shadow of need for it any more!"

The girl's face went white, but he could not see it. She would not believe him.

"Why, dear," she said, "if your ranch is as near as that it would be perfectly easy for me to come in to the business—with a car. I can afford a car soon."

"But I tell you there's no need any more," said he. "Don't you understand? This is a paying fruit ranch, with land rented to advantage, and a competent manager right there running it. It's simply changed owners. I'm the owner now! There's two or three thousand a year to be made on it—has been made on it! There is a home for my people—a home for us! Oh, my beloved girl! My darling! My own sweetheart! Surely you won't refuse me now!"

Diantha's head swam dizzily.

"Ross," she urged, "you don't understand! I've built up a good business here—a real successful business. Mother is in it; father's to come down; there is a big patronage; it grows. I can't give it up!"

"Not for me? Not when I can offer you a home at last? Not when I show you that there is no longer any need of your earning money?" he said hotly.

"But, dear—dear!" she protested. "It isn't for the money; it is the work I want to do—it is my work! You are so happy now that you can do your work—at last! This is mine!"

When he spoke again his voice was low and stern.

"Do you mean that you love—your work—better than you love me?"

"No! It isn't that! That's not fair!" cried the girl. "Do you love your work better than you love me? Of course not! You love both. So do I. Can't you see? Why should I have to give up anything?"

"You do not have to," he said patiently. "I cannot compel you to marry me. But now, when at last—after these awful years—I can really offer you a home—you refuse!"

"I have not refused," she said slowly.

His voice lightened again.

"Ah, dearest! And you will not! You will marry me?"

"I will marry you, Ross!"

"And when? When, dearest?"

"As soon as you are ready."

"But—can you drop this at once?"

"I shall not drop it."

Her voice was low, very low, but clear and steady.

He rose to his feet with a muffled exclamation, and walked the length of the piazza and back.

"Do you realize that you are saying no to me, Diantha?"

"You are mistaken, dear. I have said that I will marry you whenever you choose. But it is you who are saying, 'I will not marry a woman with a business.'"

"This is foolishness!" he said sharply. "No man—that is a man—would marry a woman and let her run a business."

"You are mistaken," she answered. "One of the finest men I ever knew has asked me to marry him—and keep on with my work!"

"Why didn't you take him up?"

"Because I didn't love him." She stopped, a sob in her voice, and he caught her in his arms again.

It was late indeed when he went away, walking swiftly, with a black rebellion in his heart; and Diantha dragged herself to bed.

She was stunned, deadened, exhausted; torn with a desire to run after him and give up—give up anything to hold his love. But something, partly reason and partly pride, kept saying within her: "I have not refused him; he has refused me!"

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE; or, THE MAN-MADE WORLD

XII.

POLITICS AND WARFARE.

I go to my old dictionary, and find; "Politics, I. The science of government; that part of ethics which has to do with the regulation and government of a nation or state, the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity; the defence of its existence and rights against foreign control or conquest; the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its citizens in their rights; with the preservation and improvement of their morals. 2. The management of political parties; the advancement of candidates to office; in a bad sense, artful or dishonest management to secure the success of political measures or party schemes, political trickery."

From present day experience we might add, 3. Politics, practical; The art of organizing and handling men in large numbers, manipulating votes, and, in especial, appropriating public wealth.

We can easily see that the "science of government" may be divided into "pure" and "applied" like other sciences, but that it is "a part of ethics" will be news to many minds.

Yet why not? Ethics is the science of conduct, and politics is merely one field of conduct; a very common one. Its connection with Warfare in this chapter is perfectly legitimate in view of the history of politics on the one hand, and the imperative modern issues which are to-day opposed to this

established combination.

There are many to-day who hold that politics need not be at all connected with warfare, and others who hold that politics is warfare front start to finish.

In order to dissociate the two ideas completely let us give a paraphrase of the above definition, applying it to domestic management;—that part of ethics which has to do with the regulation and government of a family; the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity; the defense of its existence and rights against any strangers' interference or control; the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its members in their rights; with the preservation and improvement of their morals.

All this is simple enough, and in no way masculine; neither is it feminine, save in this; that the tendency to care for, defend and manage a group, is in its origin maternal.

In every human sense, however, politics has left its maternal base far in the background; and as a field of study and of action is as well adapted to men as to women. There is no reason whatever why men should not develop great ability in this department of ethics, and gradually learn how to preserve the safety, peace and prosperity of their nation; together with those other services as to resources, protection of citizens, and improvement of morals.

Men, as human beings, are capable of the noblest devotion and efficiency in these matters, and have often shown them; but their devotion and efficiency have been marred in this, as in so many other fields, by the constant obtrusion of an ultra-masculine tendency.

In warfare, *per se*, we find maleness in its absurdest extremes. Here is to be studied the whole gamut of basic masculinity, from the initial instinct of combat, through every form of glorious ostentation, with the loudest possible accompaniment of noise.

Primitive warfare had for its climax the possession of the primitive prize, the female. Without dogmatising on so remote a period, it may be suggested as a fair hypothesis that this was the very origin of our organized raids. We certainly find war before there was property in land, or any other property to tempt aggressors. Women, however, there were always, and when a specially androcentric tribe had reduced its supply of women by cruel treatment, or they were not born in sufficient numbers, owing to hard conditions, men must needs go farther afield after other women. Then, since the men of the other tribes naturally objected to losing their main labor supply and comfort, there was war.

Thus based on the sex impulse, it gave full range to the combative instinct, and further to that thirst for vocal exultation so exquisitely male. The proud bellowings of the conquering stag, as he trampled on his prostrate rival, found higher expression in the "triumphs" of old days, when the conquering warrior returned to his home, with victims chained to his chariot wheels, and braying trumpets.

When property became an appreciable factor in life, warfare took on a new significance. What was at first mere destruction, in the effort to defend or obtain some hunting ground or pasture; and, always, to secure the female; now coalesced with the acquisitive instinct, and the long black ages of predatory warfare closed in upon the world.

Where the earliest form exterminated, the later enslaved, and took tribute; and for century upon century the "gentleman adventurer," i.e., the primitive male, greatly preferred to acquire wealth by the simple old process of taking it, to any form of productive industry.

We have been much misled as to warfare by our androcentric literature. With a history which recorded nothing else; a literature which praised and an art which exalted it; a religion which called its central power "the God of Battles"—never the God of Workshops, mind you!—with a whole complex social structure man-prejudiced from center to circumference, and giving highest praise and honor to the Soldier; it is still hard for its to see what warfare really is in human life.

Someday we shall have new histories written, histories of world progress, showing the slow uprising, the development, the interservice of the nations; showing the faint beautiful dawn of the larger spirit of world-consciousness, and all its benefitting growth.

We shall see people softening, learning, rising; see life lengthen with the possession of herds, and widen in rich prosperity with agriculture. Then industry, blossoming, fruiting, spreading wide; art, giving light and joy; the intellect developing with companionship and human intercourse; the whole spreading tree of social progress, the trunk of which is specialized industry, and the branches of which comprise every least and greatest line of human activity and enjoyment. This growing tree, springing up wherever conditions of peace and prosperity gave it a chance, we shall see continually hewed down to the very root by war.

To the later historian will appear throughout the ages, like some Hideous Fate, some Curse, some predetermined check, to drag down all our hope and joy and set life forever at its first steps over again, this Red Plague of War.

The instinct of combat, between males, worked advantageously so long as it did not injure the female or the young. It is a perfectly natural instinct, and therefore perfectly right, in its place; but its place is in a pre-patriarchal era. So long as the animal mother was free and competent to care for herself and her young; then it was an advantage to have "the best man win;" that is the best stag or lion; and to have the vanquished die, or live in sulky celibacy, was no disadvantage to any one but himself.

Humanity is on a stage above this plan. The best man in the social structure is not always the huskiest. When a fresh horde of ultra-male savages swarmed down upon a prosperous young civilization, killed off the more civilized males and appropriated the more civilized females; they did, no doubt, bring in a fresh physical impetus to the race; but they destroyed the civilization.

The reproduction of perfectly good savages is not the main business of humanity. Its business is to grow, socially; to develop, to improve; and warfare, at its best, retards human progress; at its worst, obliterates it.

Combat is not a social process at all; it is a physical process, a subsidiary sex process, purely masculine, intended to improve the species by the elimination of the unfit. Amusingly enough, or absurdly enough; when applied to society, it eliminates the fit, and leaves the unfit to perpetuate the race!

We require, to do our organized fighting, a picked lot of vigorous young males, the fittest we can find. The too old or too young; the sick, crippled, defective; are all left behind, to marry and be fathers; while the pick of the country, physically, is sent off to oppose the pick of another country, and kill—kill—kill!

Observe the result on the population! In the first place the balance is broken—there are not enough men to go around, at home; many women are left unmated. In primitive warfare, where women were promptly enslaved, or, at the best, polygamously married, this did not greatly matter to the population; but as civilization advances and monogamy obtains, whatever eugenic benefits may once have sprung from warfare are completely lost, and all its injuries remain.

In what we innocently call "civilized warfare" (we might as well speak of "civilized cannibalism!"), this steady elimination of the fit leaves an everlowering standard of parentage at home. It makes a widening margin of what we call "surplus women," meaning more than enough to be monogamously married; and these women, not being economically independent, drag steadily upon the remaining men, postponing marriage, and increasing its burdens.

The birth rate is lowered in quantity by the lack of husbands, and lowered in quality both by the destruction of superior stock, and by the wide dissemination of those diseases which invariably accompany the wife-lessness of the segregated males who are told off to perform our military functions.

The external horrors and wastes of warfare we are all familiar with; A. It arrests industry and all progress. B. It destroys the fruits of industry and progress. C. It weakens, hurts and kills the combatants. D. It lowers the standard of the non-combatants. Even the conquering nation is heavily injured; the conquered sometimes exterminated, or at least absorbed by the victor.

This masculine selective process, when applied to nations, does not produce the same result as when applied to single opposing animals. When little Greece was overcome it did not prove that the victors were superior, nor promote human interests in any way; it injured them.

The "stern arbitrament of war" may prove which of two peoples is the better fighter, but it does not prove it therefor the fittest to survive.

Beyond all these more or less obvious evils, comes a further result, not enough recognized; the psychic effects of military standard of thought and feeling.

Remember that an androcentric culture has always exempted its own essential activities from the restraints of ethics,—"All's fair in love and war!" Deceit, trickery, lying, every kind of skulking underhand effort to get information; ceaseless endeavor to outwit and overcome "the enemy"; besides as cruelty and destruction; are characteristic of the military process; as well as the much praised virtues of courage, endurance and loyalty, personal and public.

Also classed as a virtue, and unquestionably such from the military point of view, is that prime factor in making and keeping an army, obedience.

See how the effect of this artificial maintenance of early mental attitudes acts on our later development. True human progress requires elements quite other than these. If successful warfare made one nation unquestioned master of the earth its social progress would not be promoted by that event. The rude hordes of Genghis Khan swarmed over Asia and into Europe, but remained rude hordes; conquest is not civilization, nor any part of it.

When the northern tribes-men overwhelmed the Roman culture they paralysed progress for a thousand years or so; set back the clock by that much. So long as all Europe was at war, so long the arts and sciences sat still, or struggled in hid corners to keep their light alive.

When warfare itself ceases, the physical, social and psychic results do not cease. Our whole culture is still hag-ridden by military ideals.

Peace congresses have begun to meet, peace societies write and talk, but the monuments to soldiers and sailors (naval sailors of course), still go up, and the tin soldier remains a popular toy. We do not see boxes of tin carpenters by any chance; tin farmers, weavers, shoemakers; we do not write our "boys books" about the real benefactors and servers of society; the adventurer and destroyer remains the idol of an Androcentric Culture.

In politics the military ideal, the military processes, are so predominant as to almost monopolise "that part of ethics." The science of government, the plain wholesome business of managing a community for its own good; doing its work, advancing its prosperity, improving its morals—this is frankly understood and accepted as A Fight from start to finish. Marshall your forces and try to get in, this is the political campaign. When you are in, fight to stay in, and to keep the other fellow out. Fight for your own hand, like an animal; fight for your master like any hired bravo; fight always for some desired "victory"—and "to the victors belong the spoils."

This is not by any means the true nature of politics. It is not even a fair picture of politics to-day; in which man, the human being, is doing noble work for humanity; but it is the effect of man, the male, on politics.

Life, to the "male mind" (we have heard enough of the "female mind" to use the analogue!) *is* a fight, and his ancient military institutions and processes keep up the delusion.

As a matter of fact life is growth. Growth comes naturally, by multiplication of cells, and requires three factors to promote it; nourishment, use, rest. Combat is a minor incident of life; belonging to low levels, and not of a developing influence socially.

The science of politics, in a civilized community, should have by this time a fine accumulation of simplified knowledge for diffusion in public schools; a store of practical experience in how to promote social advancement most rapidly, a progressive economy and ease of administration, a simplicity in theory and visible benefit in practice, such as should make every child an eager and serviceable citizen.

What do we find, here in America, in the field of "politics?"

We find first a party system which is the technical arrangement to carry on a fight. It is perfectly conceivable that a flourishing democratic government be carried on *without any parties at all*; public functionaries being elected on their merits, and each proposed measure judged on its merits; though this sounds impossible to the androcentric mind.

"There has never been a democracy without factions and parties!" is protested.

There has never been a democracy, so far—only an androcracy.

A group composed of males alone, naturally divides, opposes, fights; even a male church, under the most rigid rule, has its secret undercurrents of antagonism.

"It is the human heart!" is again protested. No, not essentially the human heart, but the male heart. This is so well recognized by men in general, that, to their minds, in this mingled field of politics and warfare, women have no place.

In "civilized warfare" they are, it is true, allowed to trail along and practice their feminine function of nursing; but this is no part of war proper, it is rather the beginning of the end of war. Some time it will strike our "funny spot," these strenuous efforts to hurt and destroy, and these accompanying efforts to heal and save.

But in our politics there is not even provision for a nursing corps; women are absolutely excluded.

"They cannot play the game!" cries the practical politician. There is loud talk of the defilement, the

"dirty pool" and its resultant darkening of fair reputations, the total unfitness of lovely woman to take part in "the rough and tumble of politics."

In other words men have made a human institution into an ultra-masculine performance; and, quite rightly, feel that women could not take part in politics *as men do*. That it is not necessary to fulfill this human custom in so masculine a way does not occur to them. Few men can overlook the limitations of their sex and see the truth; that this business of taking care of our common affairs is not only equally open to women and men, but that women are distinctly needed in it.

Anyone will admit that a government wholly in the hands of women would be helped by the assistance of men; that a gynaeocracy must, of its own nature, be one sided. Yet it is hard to win reluctant admission of the opposite fact; that an androcracy must of its own nature be one sided also, and would be greatly improved by the participation of the other sex.

The inextricable confusion of politics and warfare is part of the stumbling block in the minds of men. As they see it, a nation is primarily a fighting organization; and its principal business is offensive and defensive warfare; therefore the ultimatum with which they oppose the demand for political equality—"women cannot fight, therefore they cannot vote."

Fighting, when all is said, is to them the real business of life; not to be able to fight is to be quite out of the running; and ability to solve our growing mass of public problems; questions of health, of education, of morals, of economics; weighs naught against the ability to kill.

This naive assumption of supreme value in a process never of the first importance; and increasingly injurious as society progresses, would be laughable if it were not for its evil effects. It acts and reacts upon us to our hurt. Positively, we see the ill effects already touched on; the evils not only of active war; but of the spirit and methods of war; idealized, inculcated and practiced in other social processes. It tends to make each man-managed nation an actual or potential fighting organization, and to give us, instead of civilized peace, that "balance of power" which is like the counted time in the prize ring—only a rest between combats.

It leaves the weaker nations to be "conquered" and "annexed" just as they used to be; with tariffs instead of tribute. It forces upon each the burden of armament; upon many the dreaded conscription; and continually lowers the world's resources in money and in life.

Similarly in politics, it adds to the legitimate expenses of governing the illegitimate expenses of fighting; and must needs have a "spoils system" by which to pay its mercenaries.

In carrying out the public policies the wheels of state are continually clogged by the "opposition;" always an opposition on one side or the other; and this slow wiggling uneven progress, through shorn victories and haggling concessions, is held to be the proper and only political method.

"Women do not understand politics," we are told; "Women do not care for politics;" "Women are unfitted for politics."

It is frankly inconceivable, from the androcentric view-point, that nations can live in peace together, and be friendly and serviceable as persons are. It is inconceivable also, that in the management of a nation, honesty, efficiency, wisdom, experience and love could work out good results without any element of combat.

The "ultimate resort" is still to arms. "The will of the majority" is only respected on account of the guns of the majority. We have but a partial civilization, heavily modified to sex—the male sex.

THE SOCIALIST AND THE SUFFRAGIST

Said the Socialist to the Suffragist:

"My cause is greater than yours!
You only work for a Special Class,
We for the gain of the General Mass,
Which every good ensures!"

Said the Suffragist to the Socialist:

"You Underrate my Cause!
While women remain a Subject Class,
You never can move the General Mass,
With your Economic Laws!"

Said the Socialist to the Suffragist:
"You misinterpret facts!
There is no room for doubt or schism
In Economic Determinism—
It governs all our acts!"

Said the Suffragist to the Socialist:
"You men will always find
That this old world will never move
More swiftly in its ancient groove
While women stay behind!"

"A lifted world lifts women up,"
The Socialist explained.
"You cannot lift the world at all
While half of it is kept so small,"
The Suffragist maintained.

*

The world awoke, and tartly spoke:
"Your work is all the same;
Work together or work apart,
Work, each of you, with all your heart—
Just get into the game!"

COMMENT AND REVIEW

[We mean to carry lists of books useful to our readers. We wish to prove that it will pay publishers to advertise with us. If you order any book reviewed here, please send your order to THE FORERUNNER]

There is a book which ought to be held in continual prominence by every magazine in the world that appeals particularly to women. It contains a scientific theory of more importance to the world than any put forth since the theory of evolution, and of more importance to women than any ever produced.

It is new, original, wildly startling, intensely significant, and, in the world of ideas, revolutionary in the highest degree.

When this theory is generally accepted, and when the world's ideas have been rearranged in accordance with it, we shall find ourselves looking at a new life—with new eyes.

All our social questions will require new reading, and will find new answers.

It furnishes a key to the whole "woman question," which unlocks every long-barred door and ironbound chest; it cuts the ground from under the feet of the most ancient prejudice, and makes tradition seem but a current rumor of to-day.

This book was published in 1893.

When I read it I was so impressed with its colossal possibility that I went to the publishers and asked to see the reviews—expecting to find some recognition of a world-lifting truth.

I found nothing of the sort. The reviewers reviewed the book in general with respect, with varying insight and intelligence, and one or two dwelt for a moment on this special theory; but not one recognized its measureless importance.

This is not remarkable. In proportion to the far-reaching value of a truth is the difficulty of popular recognition. With almost all of us the mind is constantly used upon immediate facts and their short-distance relations; a man may be an expert lumber-jack, for instance, or a successful lumber-dealer, yet utterly fail to grasp the importance of forest conservation.

Even those most interested in the woman's movement of to-day were little impressed by this new view.

"What difference does it make?" they said. "We are dealing with conditions of to-day—not with questions of primitive biology!"

Nevertheless, when a great truth is born into the world's mind, it does not die. This, though not widely hailed, has grown and spread and influenced our common thought, and minor books are springing up in its train—among them Thomas's "Sex and Society," and my own "Androcentric Culture."

The author of the book, Professor Lester F. Ward, is our greatest Sociologist, and recognized in Europe far more than here—as is quite natural. He now occupies the chair of Sociology at Brown University, in Providence, R. I. His previous books have had wide influence—"Dynamic Sociology" and "Psychic Factors in Civilization"—as well as much current literature in scientific magazines.

The special theory here referred to is, in a word, this:

That the female sex is the present form of the original type of life, once capable in itself of the primary process of reproduction; while the male sex is a later addition, introduced as an assistant to the original organism, in the secondary process of fertilization.

Most biologists still deny this.

Most readers, not knowing whether it is so or not, will say, "Why is that important?"

It will take time and study to establish the facts; but only a little use of the mind is needed to establish the importance to men and women.

Our ideas are all based on the primal concept expressed in the Adam and Eve story—that he was made first, and that she was made to assist him. On this assumption rests all our social structure as it concerns the sexes.

Reverse this idea once and for all; see that woman is in reality the race-type, and the man the sex-type—and all our dark and tangled problems of unhappiness, sin and disease, as between men and women, are cleared at once. Much, very much, of our more general trouble is traceable to the same source.

You don't see it? Never mind. Read the book; or at least read the great Fourteenth Chapter, which covers the ground.

The book is "PURE SOCIOLOGY," by Lester F. Ward. Published by the MacMillan Co. Price, \$4.00.

Make your library get it.

If you can afford to, buy it.

Get up classes of women to study it.

Read the whole if it interests you—it is a great Sociology; but every woman who knows how to read ought to read that Fourteenth Chapter.

*

While going to press the Pure Food Magazine is holding a great Pure Food Exhibition in this city.

At one of the meetings of the Congress of Domestic Science there was a discussion of the Servant Question. A paper was read by a "Mistress," and one by a "Servant." The latter was as nice a girl as one need see; and her paper was intensely practical, full of good sense, well expressed—and short!

Here it is:

"I know I am not equal to the honor of appearing here to-day, and I should like to be able to express myself clearer and better if I only had the power to do so, but I have never spoken before in my life. I have earned my living ever since I was fourteen, both in a factory and as a maid, and I think that I get a better living when I am out at service. I have had good places and some bad ones; kind mistresses, and severe ones. I have pleased some, and others nothing I could do was right. At service we are sure of a good home and much better food and shelter than is the factory girl, but we have not the independence and freedom that is given them, but I do not see how it could be arranged otherwise. But if we could have a quiet spot, so when our work was finished we could have a room to call our own (not the kitchen, where the cook is still busy with the pots and pans), but a little space where our mothers and friends could come and see us, I am sure that we maids would not abuse that privilege. Also, if you ladies would kindly remember that our time off is our own, and would not say, "I do wish you would not go off to-day, as I need you, but it will be all right, as I will let you off all of to-morrow," and then think

that it will be just the same to us. Our time off should be a positive arrangement, as we make our plans for those hours, and to-morrow is not to-day with our friends waiting for us.

"We all hope for a home of our own, and we can only learn from those that we serve; and if only more interest and consideration were shown us, I am sure, we would all do much better work, as we all like to please and we do our best when we are happy and appreciated.

"Unequal wages are a source of discontent, but if we could be taught how to secure the value for our money, to spend with better judgment, even less money would go farther.

"Then, again, if our amusements could be arranged so that we could get something decent between nine and ten o'clock at night; but everything is half over, or shut, by that time, and we've nothing to do but walk the streets, sit in the park, drink soda water, or look at moving pictures, until you hate them all, and when Monday morning comes you've spent your money and had nothing. It's a deadly life, and we all look forward to getting out of it soon. Never a minute to call one's own, not often a room or bed to one's self, at the beck and call of somebody night and day, and in many places not even trusted with the things to work with, if there are any."

*

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"A Ship of Souls" is the title, and the first stanza carries the main idea—touched and re-touched throughout.

"My soul is not one; 'tis a ship of souls,
And I am the vessel in which they ride.
Some handle the ropes and manage the sails,
And one at the helm stands firm to guide.
Some board me for pleasure, and some for gain,
And some make journeys to distant goals,
And my life is steered through the sun and rain,
For I am not a soul, but a ship of souls."

A Ship of Souls.—Being a group of poems written and printed by Harvey White. The Maverick Press; Woodstock, New York, 1910. 50c.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

I.

Question.—"An aged widow would like to live with her married daughter, but their dispositions are incompatible. The mother is very fond of the daughter, but the daughter finds it impossible to respond or feel affectionate, and is so irritated and critical because of the mother's old-fashioned ways, etc., that continued close association becomes very unpleasant.

"Who is to blame, and what can the mother do to improve the situation?

"Mutual Wellwisher."

Answer.—There is no "blame" in the problem as stated. Incompatibility of disposition is not a crime. If, however, the daughter allows her irritation and critical attitude to result in actual discussion and expressed disapproval of her mother's "old-fashioned ways," then she is certainly to blame; whether her mother is a guest or a boarder, she is not her daughter's pupil.

Again, if the mother allows herself to interfere with the daughter's "ways," she is to blame for that; her period of tutoring is past. Ex-parents should not presume on their unavoidable relationship to give instruction to ex-children.

The real answer is a long way back, being to this effect:

The aged widow, when a young woman, should have had such large practical interest in life, over and above her family, that she would not be reduced to the position of "living with a married daughter; or, if she did live with her, would have enough else to occupy her to keep her "old-fashioned ways" in the background. Further, if she had kept up with human progress in some business, her ways wouldn't be so old-fashioned.

The Practical Answer to the Practical Question, "What can the mother do to improve the situation?" is not difficult. She can (a) alter her ways; (b) live somewhere else; (c) if neither of these is possible, she can put it clearly to the daughter, "as man to man," that she *has* to live with her, that she *cannot* learn new ways, and that they must use mutual politeness in accommodating one another as far as possible.

It is a very carefully worded problem, this. If the daughter is healthy and otherwise contented, she ought to furnish the patience, as doubtless the mother did in her time. But it may be that the mother always irritated the daughter, in her youth, and has never never learned better.

If I were the aged widow I would live somewhere else!

II

Question.—A friend writes to ask—

"How about flies in the central kitchen?" (This being apropos of "The Kitchen and the Fly," in the August number of this magazine.)

Answer.—One kitchen, though large, is more easily protected than a hundred kitchens, though small. There will be less "garbage," in proportion, and it can be better handled. The officers of such a kitchen will be of a higher grade than the present class of servants, and capable of maintaining a higher grade of cleanliness; as, for instance, in the Franco-American soup factory, where there is exquisite cleanliness and care.

Further, in such a kitchen there will be no laundry or other extraneous work done; no running in and out of children and others; nothing but the scientific preparation of food.

Also, as shown in the article, the flies will be reduced 99 per cent. by the reduction in the number of horses required to bring supplies and remove garbage and ashes. To the large kitchen, wholesale supplies could be brought in motor trucks—a further loss to the fly.

III

Question.—"A certain husband has been in the habit for years of paying a dollar a month lodge dues, and other incidental expenses of lodge meetings. The wife has paid a dollar a year dues in a suffrage club, and a dollar and a half a year for subscription to the Woman's Journal. The 'late' panic has shrunk the family income, and something must be cut off. The Wife will cut off the two small amounts mentioned. She will cut off anything else that is for her separate existence. Now, the question is, how may her feeling of virtue and self-sacrifice be changed to a realization of injustice?"

Answer.—This is a very large question—how to change the ethical values of a woman's life!

We gather by inference that the "certain husband" has not cut off his lodge dues—or anything else.

The best answer is: let the woman EARN HER OWN LIVING. That goes farthest in changing self-sacrifice to justice.

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Volume 1. No. 13 NOVEMBER, 1910 Copyright for 1910 C. P. Gilman

"The Public Wants Facts!" says the Popular Editor; "Give us the Facts!"
Haven't we had all the Facts in the universe before us always?
Isn't it time we learned *to think about them?*

WORSHIP

How does it feel?—
The drawing of the magnet on the steel?
All else gives way;
No rivets hold, no bars delay,
Called in that overwhelming hour,
From far and near they fly and cling,
Allied, united, clustering;
And the great pulsing currents flow
Through each small scattered scrap below.
Scattered no more;
One with that all compelling core;
One absolute, one all alive with power.

How does it feel?—
The swift obedient utmost flight
Of radiant sky-wide waves of light,
Far couriers of the central sun,
Crossing a million miles as one—
Still going—going—
Limitless joy that needs no knowing
Each last least flickering ray
One with the Heart of Day.

MY ASTONISHING DODO

She was twenty-six, and owned it cheerfully, the day I met her.

This prejudiced me in her favor at once, for I prize honesty in women, and on this point it is unusual. She did not, it is true, share largely in my special artistic tastes, or, to any great extent, in my social circle; but she was a fine wholesome sweet woman, cheerful and strong, and I wished to make a friend of her. I greatly prized my good friends among women, for I had conscientious views against marrying on a small salary.

Later it appeared that she had other and different views, but she did not mention them then.

Dorothea was her name. Her family called her Dora, her intimate friends, Dolly, but I called her Dodo, just between ourselves.

A very good-looking girl was Dodo, though not showy; and in no way distinguished in dress, which rather annoyed me at first; for I have a great admiration for a well-gowned, well-groomed woman.

My ideas on matrimony were strongly colored by certain facts and figures given me by an old college friend of mine. He was a nice fellow, and his wife one of the loveliest girls of our set, though rather delicate. They lived very comfortably in a quiet way, with a few good books and pictures, and four little ones.

"It's a thousand dollars a year for the first year for each baby," he told me, "and five hundred a year afterward."

I was astonished. I had no idea the little things cost so much.

"There's the trained nurse for your wife," he went on, "at \$25.00 a week for four weeks; and then the trained nurse for your baby, at \$15.00 a week for forty-eight weeks; that makes \$820.00. Then the doctor's bills, the clothes and so on—with the certified milk—easily take up the rest."

"Isn't fifteen dollars a week a good deal for a child's nurse?" I asked.

"What do you pay a good stenographer?" he demanded.

"Why, a special one gets \$20.00," I admitted. "But that work needs training and experience."

"So does taking care of babies!" he cried triumphantly. "Don't try to save on babies, Morton; it's poor

economy."

I liked his point of view, and admired his family extremely. His wife was one of those sympathetic appreciative women who so help a man in his work. But the prospects of my own marriage seemed remote. That was why I was so glad of a good wholesome companionable friend like Dodo.

We were so calmly intimate that I soon grew to discuss many of my ideas and plans with her. She was much interested in the figures given by my friend, and got me to set them all down for her. He had twice my salary, and not a cent left at the year's end; and they were not in "society" either. Five hundred dollars was allowed for his personal expenses, and the same for her; little enough to dress on nowadays, he had assured me, with all amusements, travel, books and periodicals, and dentist bills, included.

"I don't think it ought to cost so much," said Dodo.

She was a business woman, and followed the figures closely; and of course she appreciated the high views I held on the subject, and my self-denial, too.

I can't tell to this day how it happened; but before I knew it we were engaged. I was almost sorry, for a long engagement is a strain on both parties; but Dodo cheered me up; she said we were really no worse off than we were before, and in some ways better. At times I fully agreed with her.

So we drifted along for about a year, and then, after a good deal of distant discussion, we suddenly got married.

I don't recall now just why we so hastily concluded to do it; I seemed to be in a kind of dream; but anyway we did, and were absurdly happy about it, too.

"Don't be a Goose, dear boy!" she said. "It isn't wicked to be married. And we're *quite* old enough!"

"But we can't afford it—you know we can't," I said. This was while we were camping out on our honey-vacation.

"Mr. Morton Howland," said my wife; "don't you worry one bit about affording it. I want you to understand that you've married a business woman."

"But you've given up your position!" I cried, aghast. "Surely, you don't think of going back!"

"I've given up one position," she replied with calmness, "and taken another. And I mean to fill it. Now you go peacefully on earning what you did before, and leave the housekeeping business to me—will you, Dear?"

Naturally I had to; for I couldn't keep house; even if I so desired I didn't know how. But I had read so much and heard so much and seen so much of the difficulties of housekeeping for young married people, that I confess I was a good deal worried.

Toward the end of our trip I began to anticipate the burden of house-hunting.

"About where do you think we are going to live?" I tentatively inquired.

"At 384 Meter Avenue," she promptly answered. I nearly dropped the paddle (we were canoeing at the moment), I was so astonished.

"That's a good location—for cheap flats," I said slowly. "Do you mean to say you've rented one, all by yourself?"

She smiled comfortingly. Lovely teeth had my Dodo, strong and white and even, though not small.

"Not quite so bad as that, Dear," she answered, "but I've got the refusal. My friends the Scallens had it, and are moving out this Fall. It's a new building, they had it all papered very prettily, and if you like it we can move in as soon as they leave—say a week after moving time—it will be cheaper then. We'll look at it as soon as we return."

We did. It seemed suitable enough; pleasant, and cheaper than I had thought possible. Indeed, I demurred a little on the question of style, and accessibility to friends; but Dodo said the people who really cared for us would come, and the people who did not could easily be spared.

We had married so hastily, right on the verge of vacation time, that I had hardly given a thought to furnishing but Dodo seemed to know just where to go and what to get; at much less cost than I had

imagined.

She produced \$250.00 from her bank account, which she had been saving for years she said. I put up about the same; and we had that little flat as pretty and comfortable as any home I ever saw.

She set her foot down about pictures though. "Time enough for those things when we can afford it," she said, and we certainly could not afford it then.

Then was materialized from some foreign clime a neat, strong young woman to do our house-work, washing and all.

"She's an apprentice," said Dodo. "She is willing to learn housekeeping, and I am willing to teach her."

"How do you come to be so competent in house-work?" said I; "I thought you were a bookkeeper."

Then Dodo smiled her large bright smile. "Morton, dear," she said, "I will now tell you a Secret! I have always intended to marry, and, as far as possible, I learned the business. I am a business woman, you know."

She certainly did know her business. She kept the household accounts like—well, like what she was—an expert accountant. When she furnished the kitchen she installed a good reliable set of weights and measures. She weighed the ice and the bread, she measured the milk and the potatoes, and made firm, definite, accurate protests when things went wrong; even sending samples of queer cream to the Board of Health for analysis. What with my business stationery and her accurate figures our letters were strangely potent, and we were well supplied, while our friends sadly and tamely complained of imposture and extortion.

Her largest item of expense in furnishing was a first-class sewing machine, and a marvellous female figure, made to measure, which stood in a corner and served as a "cloak tree" when not in use.

"You don't propose to make your own clothes, surely?" said I when this headless object appeared.

"Some of 'em," she admitted, "you'll see. Of course I can't dress for society."

Now I had prepared myself very conscientiously to meet the storms and shallows of early married life, as I had read about them; I was bound I would not bring home anybody to dinner without telephoning, and was prepared to assure my wife verbally, at least twice a day, that I loved her. She anticipated me on the dinner business, however.

"Look here!" she said, leading me to the pantry, when it was filled to her liking, and she showed me a special corner all marked off and labelled "For Emergencies." There was a whole outfit of eatables and drinkables in glass and tin.

"Now do your worst!" she said triumphantly. "You can bring home six men in the middle of the night—and I'll feed them! But you mustn't do it two nights in succession, for I'd have to stock up again."

As to tears and nervousness and "did I love her," I was almost, sometimes, a bit disappointed in Dodo, she was so calm. She was happy, and I was happy, but it seemed to require no effort at all.

One morning I almost forgot, and left the elevator standing while I ran back to kiss her and say "I love you, dearest." She held me off from her with her two strong hands and laughed tenderly. "Dear boy!" she said, "I mean you shall."

I meditated on that all the way downtown.

She meant I should. Well, I did. And the next time one of my new-married friends circuitously asked for a bit of light on what was to him a dark and perplexing question, I suddenly felt very light-hearted about my domestic affairs. Somehow we hadn't any troubles at all. Dodo kept well; we lived very comfortably and it cost far less than I had anticipated.

"How did you know how to train a servant?" I asked my wife.

"Dear," said she, "I have admitted to you that I always intended to be married, when I found the man I could love and trust and honor." (Dodo overestimates my virtues, of course.)

"Lots of girls intend to marry," I interposed.

"Yes, I know they do," she agreed, "they want to love and be loved, but they don't learn their business! Now the business of house-work is not so abstruse nor so laborious, if you give your mind to

it. I took an evening-course in domestic economy, read and studied some, and spent one vacation with an aunt of mine up in Vermont who 'does her own work.' The next vacation I did ours. I learned the trade in a small way."

We had a lovely time that first year. She dressed fairly well, but the smallness of her expense account was a standing marvel, owing to the machine and the Headless One.

"Did you take a course in dressmaking, too?" I inquired.

"Yes, in another vacation."

"You had the most industrious vacations of anyone I ever knew," said I, "and the most varied."

"I am no chicken, you see, my dear," was her cheerful reply, "and I like to work. You work, why shouldn't I?"

The only thing I had to criticize, if there was anything, was that Dodo wouldn't go to the theatre and things like that, as often as I wanted her to. She said frankly that we couldn't afford it, and why should I want to go out for amusement when we had such a happy home? So we stayed at home a good deal, made a few calls, and played cards together, and were very happy, of course.

All this time I was in more or less anxiety lest that thousand dollar baby should descend upon us before we were ready, for I had only six hundred in the bank now. Presently this dread event loomed awe-inspiringly on our horizon. I didn't say anything to Dodo about my fears, she must on no account be rendered anxious, but I lay awake nights and sometimes got up furtively and walked the floor in my room, thinking how I should raise the money.

She heard me one night. "Dear!" she called softly. "What are you doing? Is it burglars?"

I reassured her on that point and she promptly reassured me on the other, as soon as she had made me tell her what I was worrying about.

"Why, bless you, dear," she said, serenely, "you needn't give a thought to that. I've got money in the bank for my baby."

"I thought you spent all of it for the furnishings," said I.

"Oh, that was the Furnishing Money! Cuddle down here, or you'll get cold, and I'll tell you all about it."

So she explained in her calm strong cheerful way, with a little contented chuckle now and then, that she had always intended to be married.

"This is now no news," I exclaimed severely, "tell me something different."

"Well, in order to prepare for this Great Event," she went on, "I learned about housework, as you have seen. I saved money enough to furnish a small flat and put that in one bank. And I also anticipated this not Impossible Contingency and saved more money and put it in another bank!"

"Why two banks, if a mere man may inquire?"

"It is well," she replied sententiously, "not to have all one's eggs in one basket."

I lay still and meditated on this new revelation.

"Have you got a thousand dollars, if this Remote Relative may so far urge for information?"

"I have just that sum," she replied.

"And, not to be impertinent, have you nine other thousands of dollars in nine other banks for nine other not Impossible Contingencies?"

She shook her head with determination. "Nine is an Impossible Contingency," she replied. "No, I have but one thousand dollars in this bank. Now you be good, and continue to practice your business, into the details of which I do not press, and let me carry on the Baby Business, which is mine."

It was a great load off my mind, and I slept well from that time on.

So did Dodo. She kept well, busy, placid, and cheerful. Once, I came home in a state of real terror. I had been learning, from one of my friends, and from books, of the terrible experience which lay before her. She saw that I was unusually intense in my affection and constantly regarded her with tender

anxiety. "What is the matter with you, Morton?" said she. "I'm—worried," I admitted. "I've been thinking—what if I should lose you! Oh Dodo! I'd rather have you than a thousand babies."

"I should think you would," said she calmly. "Now look here, Dear Boy! What are you worrying about? This is not an unusual enterprise I've embarked on; it's the plain course of nature, easily fulfilled by all manner of lady creatures! Don't you be afraid one bit, I'm not."

She wasn't. She kept her serene good cheer up to the last moment, had an efficient but inexpensive woman doctor, and presently was up again, still serene, with a Pink Person added to our family, of small size but of enormous importance.

Again I rather trembled for our peace and happiness, and mentally girded up my loins for wakeful nights of walking. No such troubles followed. We used separate rooms, and she kept the Pink Person in hers. Occasionally he made remarks in the night, but not for long. He was well, she was well—things went along very much as they did before.

I was "lost in wonder, love and praise" and especially in amazement at the continued cheapness of our living.

Suddenly a thought struck me. "Where's ths nurse?" I demanded.

"The nurse? Why she left long ago. I kept her only for the month."

"I mean the child's nurse," said I, "the fifteen dollar one."

"Oh—I'm the child's nurse," said Dodo.

"You!" said I. "Do you mean to say you take all the care of this child yourself?"

"Why, of course," said Dodo, "what's a mother for?"

"But—the time it takes," I protested, rather weakly.

"What do you expect me to do with my time, Morton?"

"Why, whatever you did before—This arrived."

"I will not have my son alluded to as 'This'!" said she severely. "Morton J. Hopkins, Jr., if you please. As to my time before? Why, I used it in preparing for time to come, of course. I have things ready for this youngster for three years ahead."

"How about the certified milk?" I asked.

Dodo smiled a superior smile; "I certify the milk," said she.

"Can you take care of the child and the house, too?"

"Bless you, Morton, 'the care' of a seven-room flat and a competent servant does not take more than an hour a day. And I market while I'm out with the baby.

"Do you mean to say you are going to push the perambulator yourself?"

"Why not?" she asked a little sharply, "surely a mother need not be ashamed of the company of her own child."

"But you'll be taken for a nurse—"

"I *am* a nurse! And proud of it!"

I gazed at her in my third access of deep amazement. "Do you mean to say that you took lessons in child culture, *too*?"

"*Too*? Why, I took lessons in child culture first of all. How often must I tell you, Morton, that I always intended to be married! Being married involves, to my mind, motherhood, that is what it is for! So naturally I prepared myself for the work I meant to do. I am a business woman, Morton, and this is my business."

*

That was twenty years ago. We have five children. Morton, Jr., is in college. So is Dorothea second. Dodo means to put them *all* through, she says. My salary has increased, but not so fast as prices, and

neither of them so fast as my family. None of those babies cost a thousand dollars the first year though, nor five hundred thereafter; Dodo's thousand held out for the lot. We moved to a home in the suburbs, of course; that was only fair to the children. I live within my income always—we have but one servant still, and the children are all taught housework in the good old way. None of my friends has as devoted, as vigorous and—and—as successful a wife as I have. She is the incarnate spirit of all the Housewives and House-mothers of history and fiction. The only thing I miss in her—if I must own to missing anything—is companionship and sympathy outside of household affairs. My newspaper work—which she always calls "my business"—has remained a business. The literary aspirations I once had were long since laid aside as impracticable. And the only thing I miss in life beyond my home is, well—as a matter of fact, I don't have any life beyond my home—except, of course, my business.

My friends are mostly co-commuters now. I couldn't keep up with the set I used to know. As my wife said, she could 't dress for society, and, visibly, she couldn't. We have few books, there isn't any margin for luxuries, she says; and of course we can't go to the plays and concerts in town. But these are unessentials—of course—as she says.

I am very proud of my home, my family, and my Amazing Dodo.

WHY TEXTS?

I once listened to a sermon in the Temple Church in London; a sermon delivered with great dignity by an Eminent Divine, a Canon, as I remember.

Here was this worthy man, in that historic place, in the heart of huge London, in the fierce whirring center of so many present social problems, so many aching, hoping human hearts. He had a chance to speak to them; with the purpose, presumably, of giving light and cheer and strength to live better.

There he stood, a conspicuous and powerful figure; and there sat his audience, waiting. To say the truth, they did not look particularly hopeful; having doubtless "sat under" him before.

He took his text from the Nineteenth Chapter of "Acts"—something about "the town clerk" of Ephesus; and how he appeased the people. There was some excitement, it appeared, among the citizens, and they raised a noise comparable to the convention which nominated Bryan; "and all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Well. She certainly was—is yet, for that matter, though her influence is not confined to Ephesus.

In the face of this tumult, the "town clerk," who seems to have been a peaceable person, with a strong sense of justice and propriety, quieted the people with fair words, explaining to them that their vociferous statement as to the dimensions or efficacy of their goddess were quite indisputable; and "matters of common knowledge," and that if they had any complaint against these missionaries they should go to law about it.

Evidently a fair-minded and law-abiding citizen, the "town clerk of Ephesus"; but—what of it?

What shadow of interest, to modern life, has this chatty anecdote about the attitude of the Ancient Ephesian toward visiting preachers?

It is barely possible; intellectually conceivable, that is, that the distinguished clergyman was drawing a parallel between these long dead gentry, and ourselves; in our attitude toward the advocates of new faiths.

For instance, there come among us persons teaching Socialism; and we all cry with one voice for about the space of fifty years, "Great is the Competitive System!"—and are minded to destroy the teachers, no "town clerk" intervening.

But this did not seem to be in his mind at all. He was talking about ancient history pure and simple; the only merit in his extract lying in its location—it was in the Bible.

Whence to my title—Why texts?

Why does a modern sermon to modern people have to be based upon and buttressed by a quotation from the writings of the ancient Hebrews, or the more modern group of mixed blood and more mixed language through whom came the New Testament?

This is no question either verbal or general; but a very sincere question of the need of such quotation in the religious teaching of the present time.

Suppose we have a glaring modern instance of good or evil, which every live minister feels called upon to preach about; to the genuine edification of his hearers; why must he get out his concordance and ransack the Scriptures to find an applicable remark?

In the Hebrew Church the Reading is longer and the Exposition closer, I understand; and in the "Christian Science" church there is Reading without even that much licence; but in our liberal Christian "services" the sermon is generally intended to be of immediate use to the hearers, not merely to give them an extract from "that which is written."

What people want most is to know how to behave, now.

They want teaching that shall explain clearly what they ought to do; why they want to do it, and how they may best learn to do it.

Clear, strong, simple, convincing Explanations of Life—Directions for Action; Stimulus and Strength; Courage and Hope; Peace and Comfort—these are the things we want in our sermons.

Are they any better for the laborious far-fetched text?

THE LITTLE WHITE ANIMALS

Reprinted from "The Conservator," by courtesy of Mr. Horace Traubel.

We who have grown Human—house-bodied, cloth-skinned,
Wire-nerved and steam-heated—alas! we forget
The poor little beasts we have bandaged and pinned
And hid in our carpet-lined prisons!—and yet
Though our great social body be brickwork and steel,
The little white animals in it, can feel!

Humanity needs them. We cannot disclaim
The laws of the bodies we lived in before
We grew to be Human. In spite of our frame
Of time-scorning metals, the life at its core,
Controlling its action and guarding its ease,
Is the little white animal out of the trees!

It is true that our soul is far higher than theirs;
We look farther, live longer, love wider—we *know*;
They only can feel for themselves—and their heirs;
We, the life of humanity. Yet, even so,
We must always remember that soul at its base
Looks out through the little white animal's face.

If they die we are dead. If they live we can grow,
They ply in our streets as blood corpuscles ply
In their own little veins. If you cut off the flow
Of these beasts in a city, that city will die.
Yet we heighten our buildings and harden our souls
Till the little white animals perish in shoals.

Their innocent instincts we turn to a curse,
Their bodies we torture, their powers we abuse,
The beast that humanity lives in fares worse
Than the beasts of the forest with nothing to lose.
Free creatures, sub-human—they never have known
The sins and diseases we force on our own.

And yet 'tis a beautiful creature!—tall—fair—
With features full pleasant and hand-wooling hair;
Kind, docile, intelligent, eager to learn;

And the longing we read in its eyes when they burn
Is to beg us to use it more freely to show
To each other the love that our new soul can know.

Our engines drive fast in earth, water and air;
Our resistless, smooth-running machines still unroll,
With brain-work unceasing and handiwork fair,
New material forms for each step on the soul;
But that soul, for the contact without which it dies,
Comes closest of all through that animal's eyes.

WOMEN TEACHERS, MARRIED AND UNMARRIED

We have still active and conspicuous among us, saying and doing foolish things about women, men, both eminent and ordinary, whose attitude in this matter will make them a shame to their children, and a laughing stock to their grandchildren. We are proud to exhibit name and portrait of the great-grandfather who signed the Declaration of Independence, but our descendants will forget as soon as possible those asinine ancestors who are to-day so writing themselves down—in their attitude in regard to women teachers, married and unmarried.

For long women were kept out of the schools altogether—education was for boys. They were not allowed to teach, save in a small way, in infant schools, or schools for girls; teaching was a masculine profession. Now they have equal educational opportunities—in large measure, and constitute the majority of pupils; and, what is more alarming, the majority of teachers. The "male mind"—essentially and hopelessly male—sees in this not the natural development of a long suppressed human being, but the entrance of females upon a masculine province.

In her relation of pupil, there is a large body of eminent educators clamoring that girls should be taught female things; that, whether our universities are turned into trade schools or not, the women's colleges and "annexes" should teach girls "the duties of wife and mother." By this, of course, they mean the duties of house-service, and, perhaps, of nursing. Nothing would scandalize these Antique Worthies more than to have girls taught the real duties of wife and mother!

Also, in the relation of pupils, a man of as high standing as Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard claims that teaching girls lowers the mentality of men! In coeducational colleges the "male mind," seeing in the violent games of young men a profound educational influence (and large profits!), considers that the presence of the purely studious element—the girls—is an injury to the college, and is even now endeavoring to eliminate them.

But it is in treatment of women teachers that this sex attitude of mind is most prominent to-day, most offensive, and most ridiculous.

The first effect is, of course, to give to the woman teacher the lowest grades of work and the lowest pay. Even when she has forced her way into high-grade work, and won a good position over all competitors, her pay is still measured by her status as a female—not as a teacher. The "male mind" can never for a moment forget or overlook the fact that women are females; and is rigidly incapable of admitting that they are also human beings as much as he.

In spite of this absurd limitation, women teachers have increased in numbers and in power; and are pressing steadily up into the higher positions reserved for men. An enormous majority of our teaching force is now composed of women; and, in our public schools, they naturally teach boys. Upon this point has arisen, and is still rising, an angry protest among men. Women teachers are, they say, unmarried; to be unmarried is an unnatural state, productive of various mental and physical morbidities; and as such does not form a suitable atmosphere for growing boys.

Recently President Hamilton of Tufts College goes even further than this, and objects to the influence of unmarried teachers upon girls!

To the "male mind," viewing the woman as first, last and always a female, and marriage and motherhood as her only normal relations, these crowding thousands of calm, respectable, independent, unmarried women are in a condition of unrest, of acrimonious rebellion against fate, of a contemptuous dislike for their unattainable "sour grapes." They are assumed to have been queer in the first place, or some gracious protector would have married them; and to grow queerer as life drags away, leaving them eternally unsatisfied, bitter and perverse. This deadly influence is supposed to have some poisonous effect on the pupils; just what is not defined. The unselfish, tireless service of the "maiden

aunt" in the home we all know; but set her to teaching school, and some strange evil follows from the contact.

President Hamilton says college girls need to have their outlook on life broadened, not narrowed; and thinks these limited ladies, the teachers, are fitted only for work in the lower preparatory schools, or in "homes" and "settlements."

Just how the average male teacher in a college is to broaden the outlook of his pupils is not explained. It does not need explanation. It is broader because he is a man!

Most of our men teachers are still young men, by the way, and unmarried. Is the influence of the unmarried male on classes of girls an unmixed good? Is a man by nature a better teacher? More subtly sympathetic, more capable of understanding the difficulties of each pupil and meeting them, more patient and tender?

No—but he is "more methodical," and "a better disciplinarian." In other words, he is more male—and therefore a better teacher! All this is absurd enough, and injurious enough; false, unjust, pitifully ignorant.

But the crowning feat of the "logical male mind" is in its exclusion of married women from schools. This is what the living children of living men will laugh at and blush for—that their fathers should have made themselves thus lamentably conspicuous in present-day history. Here in this city of New York, where a system of competitive examination ensures the required degree of learning and promotion follows on proved efficiency (or is supposed to); some women teachers, following "that inexorable law of nature" which so many others successfully evade, have presumed to marry. Surely now the stock objection to women teachers is removed.

All that "narrowness," that "bitterness," that "morbidity" is transformed by this magic alchemy into breadth and sweetness and all health. Now we have for our children the influence of "normal womanhood"—of "the wife and mother."

No. Married women are not desired in our schools; not allowed; they are specifically discriminated against.

Some years ago a woman teacher of New York married, and refused to give up her position. There was no reason for discharging her—she fulfilled every duty as competently as before. But these historic school officials withheld her pay!

They had no right to; she had earned the money—it was hers. But they had the power, and used it. After many months of this high-handed withholding of her legitimate salary, this woman, and another similarly placed, sued for their back pay, making a test case of it.

They won. It was a perfectly plain case in law and equity.

Then the Board, naturally displeased, passed a by-law prohibiting the appointment, or reappointment, of married women. One woman, already in, and married, a very efficient teacher, and candidate for promotion to principalship, was not promoted, for this plain reason: they do not wish married women to teach in our schools.

Now, why?

What injurious influence exudes from previously competent teachers merely because they now know this personal, as well as their former professional, happiness!

Then with bated breath the official male mind suggests that they might become mothers.

Well? So they should. Is there anything about mothers which renders them unfit persons to teach children?

"You do not understand!" says the official male mind, a little nervously. "They would be—about to become mothers—and the children might notice it!"

Here we have Justice Shallow, Mrs. Grundy and King Canute rolled into one. What gross ignorance, what narrow conservatism, what petty and futile resistance to progress, as well as a low coarseness, prompts this objection! If our system of education allows children to grow up in such neglect that they neither know nor reverence motherhood, it is high time that the system was changed.

And it will be changed; by women—who are mothers.

Aside from this, and admitting that most married teachers who are in this dreaded "condition" do

rapidly remove themselves from school, and do not come back for a year or more, the next objection is "the continued absence" of the married woman teachers.

Since there is a long array of substitutes, excellent substitutes (often married women, these!) who are paid less than the salary the absent one does not draw, it is difficult to see the evil of this. Unless indeed the merits of the married teacher are so supreme that even her temporary absence is a real loss. If that be so, then she is worth keeping, it would seem, at any cost.

In all this tissue of injustice and absurdity is there no thread of explanation, no reason better than these for such arbitrary interference with personal rights? There is a veritable cable; enough to hang the whole case on. It is shown in this provision:

If the married woman teacher can bring a doctor's certificate showing that her husband is sick—*then* she can hold her place and draw her pay, undisturbed!

The plain ordinary un-male mind will say, "What has that to do with it?"

It has nothing to do with it. The position in question is that of the teacher; the relation one between the teacher and pupil on the one side, and teacher and governing officers on the other side. Whether teacher, pupil or official is married or unmarried had nothing to do with the case, unless it can be shown to interfere with the legitimate work involved. Are we to suppose that the unseen extraneous husband has, when well, a malign influence on his wife's proficiency as a teacher, and, when ill, a beneficent one? Not at all; there is no such subtlety involved. It is not in the least a question of professional efficiency; it is a question of money.

Money is for men—who should use some of it to take care of their women. When a woman marries, she has a claim for support, and no further use for money of her own, no right to it, in fact!

Now let us temporarily admit that this is so—what has it to do with the action of school boards? Is our public school system an institution for the regulation of married women's property rights? Does it make inquiries as to the family relations of men teachers and pay them according to the number of dependents they have to support? Among the unmarried women, are those who are putting brothers through college, or maintaining invalid sisters or aged parents, paid more than the young lady living at home and not "having to work" at all? If there is no discrimination made in this matter among men teachers, nor among unmarried women teachers, why does it instantly enter into consideration in the case of married teachers?

All "systems" grow stiff, case-hardened, difficult to change; but in America we have the newest and most pliable, and we are bravely used to altering things. It is high time we altered our system of education. The very crown and flower of our best minds and noblest characters are called for to bring up children:

"That our childhood may pass with the best you can give—
And our manhood so live!"

Men and women both are needed as teachers; education is a social process—not one of sex. Yet the woman is, by virtue of her motherhood, the original teacher; and is more frequently possessed of the teaching instinct. All normal women would naturally marry, circumstances permitting; should marry, and would be no poorer teachers for that new relationship. All normal women should be mothers; and as such, would be *better* teachers—not worse!

As to payment, so long as we must measure off our services and pay for them, no form of human work is worthy of higher reward than this. To gather the fruit of all our progress, to prepare it for a child's mind, and lead him to eat that fruit, freely, and so grow to his best and highest—this is *the* human work.

It should be so prized, so honored, and so paid. And the payment should be for great work done—and bear no relation whatever to age or sex, or sex-relation; much less to the pathological condition of irrelevant husbands.

There is now formed in New York City, "The Married Women Teachers' Association" (secretary, Miss Anna G. Walsh, 22 Harvard Street, Jamaica, N. Y.), the purpose of which is to resist this unjust and illegitimate discrimination.

It is unfortunate that more of the unmarried teachers do not cheerfully assist in the work.

They do not yet seem to realize that all women should make common cause against what is not only

an injustice, but the most insolent and presuming interference on the part of men, with the private and personal affairs of women.

WHAT DIANTHA DID

CHAPTER XIII.

ALL THIS.

They laid before her conquering feet
The spoils of many lands;
Their crowns shone red upon her head
Their scepters in her hands.

She heard two murmuring at night,
Where rose-sweet shadows rest;
And coveted the blossom red
He laid upon her breast.

When Madam Weatherstone shook the plentiful dust of Orchardina from her expensive shoes, and returned to adorn the more classic groves of Philadelphia, Mrs. Thaddler assumed to hold undisputed sway as a social leader.

The Social Leader she meant to be; and marshalled her forces to that end. She Patronized here, and Donated there; revised her visiting list with rigid exclusiveness; secured an Eminent Professor and a Noted Writer as visitors, and gave entertainments of almost Roman magnificence.

Her husband grew more and more restive under the rising tide of social exactions in dress and deportment; and spent more and more time behind his fast horses, or on the stock-ranch where he raised them. As a neighbor and fellow ranchman, he scraped acquaintance with Ross Warden, and was able to render him many small services in the process of settling.

Mrs. Warden remembered his visit to Jopalez, and it took her some time to rearrange him in her mind as a person of wealth and standing. Having so rearranged him, on sufficient evidence, she and her daughters became most friendly, and had hopes of establishing valuable acquaintance in the town. "It's not for myself I care," she would explain to Ross, every day in the week and more on Sundays, "but for the girls. In that dreadful Jopalez there was absolutely *no* opportunity for them; but here, with horses, there is no reason we should not have friends. You must consider your sisters, Ross! Do be more cordial to Mr. Thaddler."

But Ross could not at present be cordial to anybody. His unexpected good fortune, the freedom from hated cares, and chance to work out his mighty theories on the faithful guinea-pig, ought to have filled his soul with joy; but Diantha's cruel obstinacy had embittered his cup of joy. He could not break with her; she had not refused him, and it was difficult in cold blood to refuse her.

He had stayed away for two whole weeks, in which time the guinea-pigs nibbled at ease and Diantha's work would have suffered except for her mother's extra efforts. Then he went to see her again, miserable but stubborn, finding her also miserable and also stubborn. They argued till there was grave danger of an absolute break between them; then dropped the subject by mutual agreement, and spent evenings of unsatisfying effort to talk about other things.

Diantha and her mother called on Mrs. Warden, of course, admiring the glorious view, the sweet high air, and the embowered loveliness of the two ranch houses. Ross drew Diantha aside and showed her "theirs"—a lovely little wide-porched concrete cottage, with a red-tiled roof, and heavy masses of Gold of Ophir and Banksia roses.

He held her hand and drew her close to him.

He kissed her when they were safe inside, and murmured: "Come, darling—won't you come and be my wife?"

"I will, Ross—whenever you say—but—!" She would not agree to give up her work, and he flung away from her in reckless despair. Mrs. Warden and the girls returned the call as a matter of duty, but came no more; the mother saying that she could not take her daughters to a Servant Girls' Club.

And though the Servant Girls' Club was soon removed to its new quarters and Union House became a quiet, well-conducted hotel, still the two families saw but little of each other.

Mrs. Warden naturally took her son's side, and considered Diantha an unnatural monster of hard-heartedness.

The matter sifted through to the ears of Mrs. Thaddler, who rejoiced in it, and called upon Mrs. Warden in her largest automobile. As a mother with four marriageable daughters, Mrs. Warden was delighted to accept and improve the acquaintance, but her aristocratic Southern soul was inwardly rebellious at the ancestorlessness and uncultured moneyed pride of her new friend.

"If only Madam Weatherstone had stayed!" she would complain to her daughters. "She had Family as well as Wealth."

"There's young Mrs. Weatherstone, mother—" suggested Dora.

"A nobody!" her mother replied. "She has the Weatherstone money, of course, but no Position; and what little she has she is losing by her low tastes. She goes about freely with Diantha Bell—her own housekeeper!"

"She's not her housekeeper now, mother—"

"Well, it's all the same! She *was*! And a mere general servant before that! And now to think that when Ross is willing to overlook it all and marry her, she won't give it up!"

They were all agreed on this point, unless perhaps that the youngest had her inward reservations. Dora had always liked Diantha better than had the others.

Young Mrs. Weatherstone stayed in her big empty house for a while, and as Mrs. Warden said, went about frequently with Diantha Bell. She liked Mrs. Bell, too—took her for long stimulating rides in her comfortable car, and insisted that first one and then the other of them should have a bit of vacation at her seashore home before the winter's work grew too heavy.

With Mrs. Bell she talked much of how Diantha had helped the town.

"She has no idea of the psychic effects, Mrs. Bell," said she. "She sees the business, and she has a great view of all it is going to do for women to come; but I don't think she realizes how much she is doing right now for women here—and men, too. There were my friends the Pornes; they were 'drifting apart,' as the novels have it—and no wonder. Isabel was absolutely no good as a housekeeper; he naturally didn't like it—and the baby made it all the worse; she pined for her work, you see, and couldn't get any time for it. Now they are as happy as can be—and it's just Diantha Bell's doings. The housework is off Isabel's shoulders.

"Then there are the Wagrams, and the Sheldons, and the Brinks—and ever so many more—who have told me themselves that they are far happier than they ever were before—and can live more cheaply. She ought to be the happiest girl alive!"

Mrs. Bell would agree to this, and quite swelled with happiness and pride; but Mrs. Weatherstone, watching narrowly, was not satisfied.

When she had Diantha with her she opened fire direct. "You ought to be the happiest, proudest, most triumphant woman in the world!" she said. "You're making oodles of money, your whole thing's going well, and look at your mother—she's made over!"

Diantha smiled and said she was happy; but her eyes would stray off to the very rim of the ocean; her mouth set in patient lines that were not in the least triumphant.

"Tell me about it, my friend," said her hostess. "Is it that he won't let you keep on with the business?"

Diantha nodded.

"And you won't give it up to marry him?"

"No," said Diantha. "No. Why should I? I'd marry him—to-morrow!" She held one hand with the other, tight, but they both shook a little. "I'd be glad to. But I will not give up my work!"

"You look thin," said Mrs. Weatherstone.

"Yes—"

"Do you sleep well?"

"No—not very."

"And I can see that you don't eat as you ought to. Hm! Are you going to break down?"

"No," said Diantha, "I am not going to break down. I am doing what is right, and I shall go on. It's a little hard at first—having him so near. But I am young and strong and have a great deal to do—I shall do it."

And then Mrs. Weatherstone would tell her all she knew of the intense satisfaction of the people she served, and pleasant stories about the girls. She bought her books to read and such gleanings as she found in foreign magazines on the subject of organized house-service.

Not only so, but she supplied the Orchardina library with a special bibliography on the subject, and induced the new Woman's Club to take up a course of reading in it, so that there gradually filtered into the Orchardina mind a faint perception that this was not the freak of an eccentric individual, but part of an inevitable business development, going on in various ways in many nations.

As the winter drew on, Mrs. Weatherstone whisked away again, but kept a warm current of interest in Diantha's life by many letters.

Mr. Bell came down from Jopalez with outer reluctance but inner satisfaction. He had rented his place, and Susie had three babies now. Henderson, Jr., had no place for him, and to do housework for himself was no part of Mr. Bell's plan.

In Diantha's hotel he had a comfortable room next his wife's, and a capacious chair in the firelit hall in wet weather, or on the shaded piazza in dry. The excellent library was a resource to him; he found some congenial souls to talk with; and under the new stimulus succeeded at last in patenting a small device that really worked. With this, and his rent, he felt inclined to establish a "home of his own," and the soul of Mrs. Bell sank within her. Without allowing it to come to an issue between them, she kept the question open for endless discussion; and Mr. Bell lived on in great contentment under the impression that he was about to move at almost any time. To his friends and cronies he dilated with pride on his daughter's wonderful achievements.

"She's as good as a boy!" he would declare. "Women nowadays seem to do anything they want to!" And he rigidly paid his board bill with a flourish.

Meanwhile the impressive gatherings at Mrs. Thaddler's, and the humbler tea and card parties of Diantha's friends, had a new topic as a shuttlecock.

A New York company had bought one of the largest and finest blocks in town—the old Para place—and was developing it in a manner hitherto unseen. The big, shabby, neglected estate began to turn into such a fairyland as only southern lands can know. The old live-oaks were untouched; the towering eucalyptus trees remained in ragged majesty; but an army of workmen was busy under guidance of a master of beauty.

One large and lovely building rose, promptly dubbed a hotel by the unwilling neighbors; others, smaller, showed here and there among the trees; and then a rose-gray wall of concrete ran around the whole, high, tantalizing, with green boughs and sweet odors coming over it. Those who went in reported many buildings, and much activity. But, when the wall was done, and each gate said "No admittance except on business," then the work of genii was imagined, and there was none to contradict.

It was a School of Theosophy; it was a Christian Science College; it was a Free-Love Colony; it was a Secret Society; it was a thousand wonders.

"Lot of little houses and one big one," the employees said when questioned.

"Hotel and cottages," the employers said when questioned.

They made no secret of it, they were too busy; but the town was unsatisfied. Why a wall? What did any honest person want of a wall? Yet the wall cast a pleasant shadow; there were seats here and there between buttresses, and, as the swift California season advanced, roses and oleanders nodded over the top, and gave hints of beauty and richness more subtly stimulating than all the open glory of the low-hedged gardens near.

Diantha's soul was stirred with secret envy. Some big concern was about to carry out her dream, or part of it—perhaps to be a huge and overflowing rival. Her own work grew meantime, and flourished as

well as she could wish.

The food-delivery service was running to its full capacity; the girls got on very well under Mrs. Jessup, and were delighted to have a house of their own with the parlors and piazzas all to themselves, and a garden to sit in as well. If this depleted their ranks by marriage, it did not matter now, for there was a waiting list in training all the time.

Union House kept on evenly and profitably, and Diantha was beginning to feel safe and successful; but the years looked long before her.

She was always cheered by Mrs. Weatherstone's letters; and Mrs. Porne came to see her, and to compare notes over their friend's success. For Mrs. Weatherstone had been presented at Court—at more than one court, in fact; and Mrs. Weatherstone had been proposed to by a Duke—and had refused him! Orchardina well-nigh swooned when this was known.

She had been studying, investigating, had become known in scientific as well as social circles, and on her way back the strenuous upper layer of New York Society had also made much of her. Rumors grew of her exquisite costumes, of her unusual jewels, of her unique entertainments, of her popularity everywhere she went.

Other proposals, of a magnificent nature, were reported, with more magnificent refusals; and Orchardina began to be very proud of young Mrs. Weatherstone and to wish she would come back.

She did at last, bringing an Italian Prince with her, and a Hoch Geborene German Count also, who alleged they were travelling to study the country, but who were reputed to have had a duel already on the beautiful widow's account.

All this was long-drawn gossip but bore some faint resemblance to the facts. Viva Weatherstone at thirty was a very different woman from the pale, sad-eyed girl of four years earlier. And when the great house on the avenue was arrayed in new magnificence, and all Orchardina—that dared—had paid its respects to her, she opened the season, as it were, with a brilliant dinner, followed by a reception and ball.

All Orchardina came—so far as it had been invited. There was the Prince, sure enough—a pleasant, blue-eyed young man. And there was the Count, bearing visible evidence of duels a-plenty in earlier days. And there was Diantha Bell—receiving, with Mrs. Porne and Mrs. Weatherstone. All Orchardina stared. Diantha had been at the dinner—that was clear. And now she stood there in her soft, dark evening dress, the knot of golden acacias nestling against the black lace at her bosom, looking as fair and sweet as if she had never had a care in her life.

Her mother thought her the most beautiful thing she had ever seen; and her father, though somewhat critical, secretly thought so, too.

Mrs. Weatherstone cast many a loving look at the tall girl beside her in the intervals of "Delighted to see you's," and saw that her double burden had had no worse effect than to soften the lines of the mouth and give a hint of pathos to the clear depths of her eyes.

The foreign visitors were much interested in the young Amazon of Industry, as the Prince insisted on calling her; and even the German Count for a moment forgot his ancestors in her pleasant practical talk.

Mrs. Weatherstone had taken pains to call upon the Wardens—claiming a connection, if not a relationship, and to invite them all. And as the crowd grew bigger and bigger, Diantha saw Mrs. Warden at last approaching with her four daughters—and no one else. She greeted them politely and warmly; but Mrs. Weatherstone did more.

Holding them all in a little group beside her, she introduced her noble visitors to them; imparted the further information that their brother was *fiance* to Miss Bell. "I don't see him," she said, looking about. "He will come later, of course. Ah, Miss Madeline! How proud you all must feel of your sister-in-law to be!"

Madeline blushed and tried to say she was.

"Such a remarkable young lady!" said the Count to Adeline. "You will admire, envy, and imitate! Is it not so?"

"Your ladies of America have all things in your hands," said the Prince to Miss Cora. "To think that she has done so much, and is yet so young—and so beautiful!"

"I know you're all as proud as you can be," Mrs. Weatherstone continued to Dora. "You see, Diantha has been heard of abroad."

They all passed on presently, as others came; but Mrs. Warden's head was reeling. She wished she could by any means get at Ross, and *make* him come, which he had refused to do.

"I can't, mother," he had said. "You go—all of you. Take the girls. I'll call for you at twelve—but I won't go in."

Mr. and Mrs. Thaddler were there—but not happy. She was not, at least, and showed it; he was not until an idea struck him. He dodged softly out, and was soon flying off, at dangerous speed over the moon-white country roads.

He found Ross, dressed and ready, sulking blackly on his shadowy porch.

"Come and take a spin while you wait," said Mr. Thaddler.

"Thanks, I have to go in town later."

"I'll take you in town."

"Thank you, but I have to take the horses in and bring out my mother and the girls."

"I'll bring you all out in the car. Come on—it's a great night."

So Ross rather reluctantly came.

He sat back on the luxurious cushions, his arms folded sternly, his brows knit, and the stout gentleman at his side watched him shrewdly.

"How does the ranch go?" he asked.

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Thaddler."

"Them Chinks pay up promptly?"

"As prompt as the month comes round. Their rent is a very valuable part of the estate."

"Yes," Mr. Thaddler pursued. "They have a good steady market for their stuff. And the chicken man, too. Do you know who buys 'em?"

Ross did not. Did not greatly care, he intimated.

"I should think you'd be interested—you ought to—it's Diantha Bell."

Ross started, but said nothing.

"You see, I've taken a great interest in her proposition ever since she sprung it on us," Mr. Thaddler confided. "She's got the goods all right. But there was plenty against her here—you know what women are! And I made up my mind the supplies should be good and steady, anyhow. She had no trouble with her grocery orders; that was easy. Meat I couldn't handle—except indirectly—a little pressure, maybe, here and there." And he chuckled softly. "But this ranch I bought on purpose."

Ross turned as if he had been stung.

"You!" he said.

"Yes, me. Why not? It's a good property. I got it all fixed right, and then I bought your little upstate shop—lock, stock and barrel—and gave you this for it. A fair exchange is no robbery. Though it would be nice to have it all in the family, eh?"

Ross was silent for a few turbulent moments, revolving this far from pleasing information.

"What'd I do it for?" continued the unasked benefactor. "What do you *think* I did it for? So that brave, sweet little girl down here could have her heart's desire. She's established her business—she's proved her point—she's won the town—most of it; and there's nothing on earth to make her unhappy now but your pigheadedness! Young man, I tell you you're a plumb fool!"

One cannot throw one's host out of his own swift-flying car; nor is it wise to jump out one's self.

"Nothing on earth between you but your cussed pride!" Mr. Thaddler remorselessly went on. "This ranch is honestly yours—by a square deal. Your Jopalez business was worth the money—you ran it

honestly and extended the trade. You'd have made a heap by it if you could have unbent a little. Gosh! I limbered up that store some in twelve months!" And the stout man smiled reminiscently.

Ross was still silent.

"And now you've got what you wanted—thanks to her, mind you, thanks to her!—and you ain't willing to let her have what she wants!"

The young man moistened his lips to speak.

"You ain't dependent on her in any sense—I don't mean that. You earned the place all right, and I don't doubt you'll make good, both in a business way and a scientific way, young man. But why in Hades you can't let her be happy, too, is more'n I can figure! Guess you get your notions from two generations back—and some!"

Ross began, stumblingly. "I did not know I was indebted to you, Mr. Thaddler."

"You're not, young man, you're not! I ran that shop of yours a year—built up the business and sold it for more than I paid for this. So you've no room for heroics—none at all. What I want you to realize is that you're breaking the heart of the finest woman I ever saw. You can't bend that girl—she'll never give up. A woman like that has got more things to do than just marry! But she's pining for you all the same.

"Here she is to-night, receiving with Mrs. Weatherstone—with those Bannerets, Dukes and Earls around her—standing up there like a Princess herself—and her eyes on the door all the time—and tears in 'em, I could swear—because you don't come!"

*

They drew up with a fine curve before the carriage gate.

"I'll take 'em all home—they won't be ready for some time yet," said Mr. Thaddler. "And if you two would like this car I'll send for the other one."

Ross shook hands with him. "You are very kind, Mr. Thaddler," he said. "I am obliged to you. But I think we will walk."

Tall and impressive, looking more distinguished in a six-year-old evening suit than even the Hoch Geborene in his uniform, he came at last, and Diantha saw him the moment he entered; saw, too, a new light in his eyes.

He went straight to her. And Mrs. Weatherstone did not lay it up against him that he had but the briefest of words for his hostess.

"Will you come?" he said. "May I take you home—now?"

She went with him, without a word, and they walked slowly home, by far outlying paths, and long waits on rose-bowered seats they knew.

The moon filled all the world with tender light and the orange blossoms flooded the still air with sweetness.

"Dear," said he, "I have been a proud fool—I am yet—but I have come to see a little clearer. I do not approve of your work—I cannot approve of it—but will you forgive me for that and marry me? I cannot live any longer without you?"

"Of course I will," said Diantha.

(To be continued)

THE GOOD MAN

A certain Good Man possessed many Virtues of character by right of inheritance, so that my Critical Friend remarked, "It is easy for him to be good."

Now the Good Man was by no means satisfied with his inherited virtues, and with Ceaseless Diligence

and Long Effort he strove to acquire more, and in due season acquired them, abundantly, so that even my Critical Friend allowed these virtues were of some credit to him.

Nevertheless, being critical, he criticized the Good Man, to my grief and amazement.

"How can you criticize this Great White Soul?" I cried. "He has never committed a crime."

"Neither have you or I," interrupted my Critical Friend.

"He has never sinned," I continued, "he has not a single vice, he has not even a fault! And as to his Virtues!"

"What are his Virtues?" asked my Critical Friend.

Then I considered the Virtues of that Great Man and was lost in admiration and amazement. "He is unimpeachably Honest, Trustworthy and True," said I. "He is Humble and Modest even in his Superiority, and has Hope of Improvement; he is Brave in meeting adversity and Patient in bearing it. He is Chaste and Temperate, he is Generous and Unselfish and Self-sacrificing, he is Persevering and Diligent, Faithful and Enduring. He is *good*."

"Yes?" said my Critical Friend. "What good is he?"

"*What* good?" said I.

"Yes, what good? What does he *do*?"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "His business?"

"Of course. What's his business? What does he do in the world?"

"He's a business man," said I, "and a very good business man, if that is what you mean."

My Critical friend grinned unfeelingly. "What use is he?" he asked. "Whom does he serve? Of what use to humanity is his work? In what may the human race be benefited by his business? What will the world lose when he is gone?"

"They will lose a Good Man," said I, a little angrily.

And my Critical Friend subsided, merely grunting once more, in that tiresome way of his, "*What* good?"

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE; OR, THE MAN-MADE WORLD

XIII.

INDUSTRY AND ECONOMICS.

The forest of Truth, on the subject of industry and economics, is difficult to see on account of the trees.

We have so many Facts on this subject; so many Opinions; so many Traditions and Habits; and the pressure of Immediate Conclusions is so intense upon us all; that it is not easy to form a clear space in one's mind and consider the field fairly.

Possibly the present treatment of the subject will appeal most to the minds of those who know least about it; such as the Average Woman. To her, Industry is a daylong and lifelong duty, as well as a natural impulse; and economics means going without things. To such untrained but also unprejudiced minds it should be easy to show the main facts on these lines.

Let us dispose of Economics first, as having a solemn scientific appearance.

Physical Economics treats of the internal affairs of the body; the whole machinery and how it works; all organs, members, functions; each last and littlest capillary and leucocyte, are parts of that "economy."

Nature's "economy" is not in the least "economical." The waste of life, the waste of material, the waste of time and effort, are prodigious, yet she achieves her end as we see.

Domestic Economics covers the whole care and government of the household; the maintenance of peace, health, order, and morality; the care and nourishment of children as far as done at home; the entire management of the home, as well as the spending and saving of money; are included in it. Saving is the least and poorest part of it; especially as in mere abstinence from needed things; most especially when this abstinence is mainly "Mother's." How best to spend; time, strength, love, care, labor, knowledge, and money—this should be the main study in Domestic Economics.

Social, or, as they are used to call it, Political Economics, covers a larger, but not essentially different field. A family consists of people, and the Mother is their natural manager. Society consists of people—*the same people*—only more of them. All the people, who are members of Society, are also members of families—except some incubated orphans maybe. Social Economics covers the whole care and management of the people, the maintenance of peace and health and order and morality; the care of children, as far as done out of the home; as well as the spending and saving of the public money—all these are included in it.

This great business of Social Economics is at present little understood and most poorly managed, for this reason; we approach it from an individual point of view; seeking not so much to do our share in the common service, as to get our personal profit from the common wealth. Where the whole family labors together to harvest fruit and store it for the winter, we have legitimate Domestic Economics: but where one member takes and hides a lot for himself, to the exclusion of the others, we have no Domestic Economics at all—merely individual selfishness.

In Social Economics we have a large, but simple problem. Here is the earth, our farm. Here are the people, who own the earth. How can the most advantage to the most people be obtained from the earth with the least labor? That is the problem of Social Economics.

Looking at the world as if you held it in your hands to study and discuss, what do we find at present?

We find people living too thickly for health and comfort in some places, and too thinly for others; we find most people working too hard and too long at honest labor; some people working with damaging intensity at dishonest labor; and a few wretched paupers among the rich and poor, degenerate idlers who do not work at all, the scum and the dregs of Society.

All this is bad economics. We do not get the comfort out of life we easily could; and work far too hard for what we do get. Moreover, there is no peace, no settled security. No man is sure of his living, no matter how hard he works, a thousand things may occur to deprive him of his job, or his income. In our time there is great excitement along this line of study; and more than one proposition is advanced whereby we may improve, most notably instanced in the world-covering advance of Socialism.

In our present study the principal fact to be exhibited is the influence of a male culture upon Social Economics and Industry.

Industry, as a department of Social Economics, is little understood. Heretofore we have viewed this field from several wholly erroneous positions. From the Hebrew (and wholly androcentric) religious teaching, we have regarded labor as a curse.

Nothing could be more absurdly false. Labor is not merely a means of supporting human life—it *is* human life. Imagine a race of beings living without labor! They must be the rudest savages.

Human work consists in specialized industry and the exchange of its products; and without it is no civilization. As industry develops, civilization develops; peace expands; wealth increases; science and art help on the splendid total. Productive industry, and its concomitant of distributive industry cover the major field of human life.

If our industry was normal, what should we see?

A world full of healthy, happy people; each busily engaged in what he or she most enjoys doing. Normal Specialization, like all our voluntary processes, is accompanied by keen pleasure; and any check or interruption to it gives pain and injury. Whosoever works at what he loves is well and happy. Whoso works at what he does not love is ill and miserable. It is very bad economics to force unwilling industry. That is the weakness of slave labor; and of wage labor also where there is not full industrial education and freedom of choice.

Under normal conditions we should see well developed, well trained specialists happily engaged in the work they most enjoyed; for reasonable hours (any work, or play either, becomes injurious if done too long); and as a consequence the whole output of the world would be vastly improved, not only in quantity but in quality.

Plain are the melancholy facts of what we do see. Following that pitiful conception of labor as a curse, comes the very old and androcentric habit of despising it as belonging to women, and then to slaves.

As a matter of fact industry is in its origin feminine; that is, maternal. It is the overflowing fountain of mother-love and mother-power which first prompts the human race to labor; and for long ages men performed no productive industry at all; being merely hunters and fighters.

It is this lack of natural instinct for labor in the male of our species, together with the ideas and opinions based on that lack, and voiced by him in his many writings, religious and other, which have given to the world its false estimate of this great function, human work. That which is our very life, our greatest joy, our road to all advancement, we have scorned and oppressed; so that "working people," the "working classes," "having to work," etc., are to this day spoken of with contempt. Perhaps drones speak so among themselves of the "working bees!"

Normally, widening out from the mother's careful and generous service in the family, to careful, generous service in the world, we should find labor freely given, with love and pride.

Abnormally, crushed under the burden of androcentric scorn and prejudice, we have labor grudgingly produced under pressure of necessity; labor of slaves under fear of the whip, or of wage-slaves, one step higher, under fear of want. Long ages wherein hunting and fighting were the only manly occupations, have left their heavy impress. The predacious instinct and the combative instinct weigh down and disfigure our economic development. What Veblen calls "the instinct of workmanship" grows on, slowly and irresistably; but the malign features of our industrial life are distinctively androcentric: the desire to get, of the hunter; interfering with the desire to give, of the mother; the desire to overcome an antagonist—originally masculine, interfering with the desire to serve and benefit—originally feminine.

Let the reader keep in mind that as human beings, men are able to over-live their masculine natures and do noble service to the world; also that as human beings they are today far more highly developed than women, and doing far more for the world. The point here brought out is that as males their unchecked supremacy has resulted in the abnormal predominance of masculine impulses in our human processes; and that this predominance has been largely injurious.

As it happens, the distinctly feminine or maternal impulses are far more nearly in line with human progress than are those of the male; which makes her exclusion from human functions the more mischievous.

Our current teachings in the infant science of Political Economy are naively masculine. They assume as unquestionable that "the economic man" will never do anything unless he has to; will only do it to escape pain or attain pleasure; and will, inevitably, take all he can get, and do all he can to outwit, overcome, and if necessary destroy his antagonist.

Always the antagonist; to the male mind an antagonist is essential to progress, to all achievement. He has planted that root-thought in all the human world; from that old hideous idea of Satan, "The Adversary," down to the competitor in business, or the boy at the head of the class, to be superseded by another.

Therefore, even in science, "the struggle for existence" is the dominant law—to the male mind, with the "survival of the fittest" and "the elimination of the unfit."

Therefore in industry and economics we find always and everywhere the antagonist; the necessity for somebody or something to be overcome—else why make an effort? If you have not the incentive of reward, or the incentive of combat, why work? "Competition is the life of trade."

Thus the Economic Man.

But how about the Economic Woman?

To the androcentric mind she does not exist. Women are females, and that's all; their working abilities are limited to personal service.

That it would be possible to develop industry to far greater heights, and to find in social economics a simple and beneficial process for the promotion of human life and prosperity, under any other impulse than these two, Desire and Combat, is hard indeed to recognize—for the "male mind."

So absolutely interwoven are our existing concepts of maleness and humanness, so sure are we that men are people and women only females, that the claim of equal weight and dignity in human affairs of

the feminine instincts and methods is scouted as absurd. We find existing industry almost wholly in male hands; find it done as men do it; assume that that is the way it must be done.

When women suggest that it could be done differently, their proposal is waved aside—they are "only women"—their ideas are "womanish."

Agreed. So are men "only men," their ideas are "mannish"; and of the two the women are more vitally human than the men.

The female is the race-type—the man the variant.

The female, as a race-type, having the female processes besides; best performs the race processes. The male, however, has with great difficulty developed them, always heavily handicapped by his maleness; being in origin essentially a creature of sex, and so dominated almost exclusively by sex impulses.

The human instinct of mutual service is checked by the masculine instinct of combat; the human tendency to specialize in labor, to rejoicingly pour force in lines of specialized expression, is checked by the predacious instinct, which will exert itself for reward; and disfigured by the masculine instinct of self-expression, which is an entirely different thing from the great human outpouring of world force.

Great men, the world's teachers and leaders, are great in humanness; mere maleness does not make for greatness unless it be in warfare—a disadvantageous glory! Great women also must be great in humanness; but their female instincts are not so subversive of human progress as are the instincts of the male. To be a teacher and leader, to love and serve, to guard and guide and help, are well in line with motherhood.

"Are they not also in line with fatherhood?" will be asked; and, "Are not the father's paternal instincts masculine?"

No, they are not; they differ in no way from the maternal, in so far as they are beneficial. Parental functions of the higher sort, of the human sort, are identical. The father can give his children many advantages which the mother can not; but that is due to his superiority as a human being. He possesses far more knowledge and power in the world, the human world; he himself is more developed in human powers and processes; and is therefore able to do much for his children which the mother can not; but this is in no way due to his masculinity. It is in this development of human powers in man, through fatherhood, that we may read the explanation of our short period of androcentric culture.

So thorough and complete a reversal of previous relation, such continuance of what appears in every way an unnatural position, must have had some justification in racial advantages, or it could not have endured. This is its justification; the establishment of humanness in the male; he being led into it, along natural lines, by the exercise of previously existing desires.

In a male culture the attracting forces must inevitably have been, we have seen, Desire and Combat. These masculine forces, acting upon human processes, while necessary to the uplifting of the man, have been anything but uplifting to civilization. A sex which thinks, feels and acts in terms of combat is difficult to harmonize in the smooth bonds of human relationship; that they have succeeded so well is a beautiful testimony to the superior power of race tendency over sex tendency. Uniting and organizing, crudely and temporarily, for the common hunt; and then, with progressive elaboration, for the common fight; they are now using the same tactics—and the same desires, unfortunately—in common work.

Union, organization, complex interservice, are the essential processes of a growing society; in them, in the ever-increasing discharge of power along widening lines of action, is the joy and health of social life. But so far men combine in order to better combat; the mutual service held incidental to the common end of conquest and plunder.

In spite of this the overmastering power of humanness is now developing among modern men immense organizations of a wholly beneficial character, with no purpose but mutual advantage. This is true human growth, and as such will inevitably take the place of the sex-prejudiced earlier processes.

The human character of the Christian religion is now being more and more insisted on; the practical love and service of each and all; in place of the old insistence on Desire—for a Crown and Harp in Heaven, and Combat—with that everlasting adversary.

In economics this great change is rapidly going on before our eyes. It is a change in idea, in basic concept, in our theory of what the whole thing is about. We are beginning to see the world, not as "a fair field and no favor"—not a place for one man to get ahead of others, for a price; but as an establishment belonging to us, the proceeds of which are to be applied, as a matter of course, to human

advantage.

In the old idea, the wholly masculine idea, based on the processes of sex-combat, the advantage of the world lay in having "the best man win." Some, in the first steps of enthusiasm for Eugenics, think so still; imagining that the primal process of promoting evolution through the paternity of the conquering male is the best process.

To have one superior lion kill six or sixty inferior lions, and leave a progeny of more superior lions behind him, is all right—for lions; the superiority in fighting being all the superiority they need.

But the man able to outwit his fellows, to destroy them in physical, or ruin in financial, combat, is not therefore a superior human creature. Even physical superiority, as a fighter, does not prove the kind of vigor best calculated to resist disease, or to adapt itself to changing conditions.

That our masculine culture in its effect on Economics and Industry is injurious, is clearly shown by the whole open page of history. From the simple beneficent activities of a matriarchal period we follow the same lamentable steps; nation after nation. Women are enslaved and captives are enslaved; a military despotism is developed; labor is despised and discouraged. Then when the irresistible social forces do bring us onward, in science, art, commerce, and all that we call civilization, we find the same check acting always upon that progress; and the really vital social processes of production and distribution heavily injured by the financial combat and carnage which rages ever over and among them.

The real development of the people, the forming of finer physiques, finer minds, a higher level of efficiency, a broader range of enjoyment and accomplishment—is hindered and not helped by this artificially maintained "struggle for existence," this constant endeavor to eliminate what, from a masculine standard, is "unfit."

That we have progressed thus far, that we are now moving forward so rapidly, is in spite of and not because of our androcentric culture.

A FREQUENT QUESTION

If women become economically independent, their husbands will stop working—and depend on them.

Oh, no, they won't.

How do you know they won't?

Because that kind of man will not succeed in getting that kind of woman to depend on when women are wiser.

What's to prevent the man from becoming a burden on her afterward?

The marriage contract.

You propose a new kind of marriage contract, do you?

Why not? Marriages may be made in Heaven, but the contract is drawn up by mere men. These—and some women to help them—may easily make a better one. Why not?

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

"Boys will be boys," and boys have had their day;
Boy-mischief and boy-carelessness and noise
Extenuated all, allowed, excused and smoothed away,
Each duty missed, each damaging wild act,
By this meek statement of unquestioned fact—
Boys will be boys!

"Now, women will be women." Mark the change;
Calm motherhood in place of boisterous youth;
No warfare now; to manage and arrange,
To nurture with wise care, in woman's way,

In peace and fruitful industry her sway.
In love and truth.

MANY WINDOWS

Many minds are many windows,
Varied are their views;
Each of us, if lonely, knows
Only what one window shows—
Can no further choose.

Many minds are many windows,
One the light divine,
We may freely move and range,
Wide our windows may exchange,—
Come and look through mine!

COMMENT AND REVIEW

Lavina L. Dock is a trained nurse of long and wide experience in more than one country. She is the author of "A Text Book of Materia Medica for Nurses," now in its fourth edition, revised and enlarged, and, in collaboration with M. D. Nutting, R.N., of "The History of Nursing," in two volumes.

Miss Dock's present book, "Hygiene and Morality," is of far wider appeal than either of the former works. The title is a good one, for it links two aspects of one subject, and presents the new case without ignoring the old one.

The work deals in the main, in plain, simple moderate language, with the pathological aspects of what is called "the social evil"; laying stress not so much upon the moral danger, long known, as on the physical danger, to which we are but just awakening.

The first part gives clear descriptions of the venereal diseases, now known to be caused by specific germs; and to be both infectious and contagious in the highest degree; giving statistics as to their prevalence.

The general estimate, in syphilis, she quotes as from five to eighteen per cent of the population, varying in the different countries. Taking the most modest estimate for ours, and allowing our population at 80,000,000—this would give us an army of 4,000,000 syphilitics at large among us—unknown to the public.

Say they had leprosy, or cholera, or smallpox, and imagine our horror; yet these diseases are not comparable in their terrible consequences; not only to the victims, but to their children and grandchildren.

In gonorrhoea, a cause of sterility, blindness of babies, and all manner of surgical operations and "diseases peculiar to women," so common among innocent wives, Miss Dock shows us that European records give about seventy-five per cent of men as infected. In America things are better, a conservative estimate giving the proportion of our men having either syphilis or gonorrhoea as about sixty per cent.

As each of these diseases affects both wife and child, it is specially necessary that women should be informed about them.

The second part treats of Prostitution; the efforts made at its control and regulation, and the new widespread movement for its abolition; and gives melancholy figures to show not only the immense extent of this evil, but the fact that the large majority of its victims are *unwilling* ones.

Abnormal women who might wish to follow this trade are so few that in order to supply the market, innocent young girls, numbering in America about fifty thousand a year, must be forced into this profession, into shame, disease and painful death; hence the "White-Slave traffic."

The third part discusses Prevention; with wise and hopeful words; telling how chance infection may be avoided, how patients with these diseases should be isolated; and how all children should be

educated in full knowledge of this danger and its best avoidance.

Miss Dock is also very clear and strong in showing that women can best reduce this evil through the use of the ballot; and gives conclusive evidence of what is already accomplished in those states and countries having equal suffrage.

It is a clean, forcible interesting book, most moderate in tone; and giving a long list of scientific authorities.

*

Now for an amusing book!

This is "Marriage as a Trade," by Cicely Hamilton, a clever and forcible English writer, co-author of that delicious little play "How The Vote Was Won."

A keen and accurate weapon is Miss Hamilton's pen; and in this work she uses it with delicious dexterity to prick bubbles, to slice off masks, cut veils and bandages, and dissect ancient idols.

Her special matter in discussion is exactly given in the title, and she does not stray from her theme; but brings out, sharply and inescapably, the universal fact, that marriage, to a woman, is not only a happiness (or a grief!), not only a duty, or at least a natural function, but a trade—she earns her living by it!

Miss Hamilton points out very forcibly that not all women are fitted by nature for following the same trade, that not all of them like it; that it produces low grade work and discontented lives; and that many women would infinitely prefer working at some other business.

The value of this book is is the sharp light thrown on this large subject from the woman's view—or at least from a woman's view; and one that will be shared by many others.

Its amusing quality is for those who like trenchant wit and penetrating satire.

*

Mary Jonston is a writer of good novels, strong, thrilling, excellent in workmanship, as all who have read her "To Have and To Hold" will agree; and it was that quality of literary skill which made me seize upon this, in the Woman's Journal of October 8th, before I noticed the name of the author:

THE WISE HOUSEKEEPER:

Will be against
A HOW BUILT ON SAND.

Will be for
THE CATEGORICAL IMPERATIVE.

Will be against
GROUNDS WITHOUT SHADE AND WATER.

Will be for
CONSERVATISM.

Will be against
QUARRELS WITH NEIGHBORS.

Will be for
INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

Will be against
EXTRAVAGANT HOUSEKEEPING.

Will be for
ECONOMY IN ADMINISTRATION.

Will be against
PENNY WISDOM AND POUND FOOLISHNESS.

Will be for
LIBERAL APPROPRIATIONS FOR COMMON WELFARE.

Will be against

DISHONEST SERVANTS.
Will be for
INTELLIGENCE AND HONOR IN OFFICE.

Will be against
DIRT.
Will be for
CLEAN POLITICS.

Will be against
MOTHS, RUST AND MILDEW
Will be for
AN END TO GRAFT.

Will be against
UNTRIMMED LAMPS.
Will be for
THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM.

Will be against
UNPAID BILLS.
Will be for
JUSTICE.

Will be against
DARK CORNERS.
Will be for
COMMON OWNERSHIP IN COMMON NEEDS.

Will be against
DARKENED WINDOWS.
Will be for
COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

Will be against
CANDLES BURNED AT BOTH ENDS.
Will be for
ABOLITION OF CHILD LABOR.

Will be against
CARELESS BREAKAGE.
Will be for
ACTS LOOKING TO PREVENTION OF MINE, RAILWAY AND FACTORY ACCIDENTS.

Will be against
HOUSEHOLD DRUDGES.
Will be for
AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

Will be against
BAD DRAINS.
Will be for
A FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH.

Will be against
STAINS THAT WILL NOT COME OUT.
Will be for
JUVENILE COURTS.

Will be against
POISONS LEFT WHERE THE CHILDREN CAN GET THEM.
Will be for
WAR AGAINST THE SOCIAL EVIL.
WAR AGAINST ALCOHOL.

Will be against
MISTAKEN PARTNERSHIPS.
Will be for

WISER MARRIAGE LAWS.

Will be against
SPOILED CHILDREN.

Will be for
A FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF EUGENICS.

Will be against
A MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE WITHOUT AUTHORITY.

Will be for
THE FRANCHISE FOR WOMEN.

*

"To-day's Problems" is a good ten cents' worth—or five, if you live in Chicago.

It is a pocket-size pamphlet, full of short bits from some hundred and fifty leading writers, workers, and speakers, along lines of Social Progress.

Ministers, college professors, economists, sociologists, editors, authors, organizers, poets, orators; a millionaire, a member of parliament, a prince,—it's a great booklet. And not a thing in it that fills one page, even.

To-day's Problems. Trade Union Book Concern. Chicago, Ill.

*

We mean to carry lists of books useful to our readers. We wish to prove that it will pay publishers to advertise with us. If you order any book reviewed here, please send your order to The FORERUNNER.

"Pure Sociology," by Lester F. Ward, Macmillan, Pub., \$4.00.

"Hygiene and Morality," by Lavina L. Dock, R. N., G. P. Putnam's Sons, Pub., \$1.25.

"Marriage as a Trade," by Cicely Hamilton, Moffat, Yard & Co., Pub., \$1.25.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS

Question.—A radical woman and conservative man are married, have been married for years. The woman now wants to do a share of work for votes for women. The man takes it as a personal reflection. He thinks outsiders will conclude that a woman suffragist must have a family grievance at home. How much suffrage work do you advise her to do?

Answer.—I advise her to do all the suffrage work she thinks right; and any other work she thinks right. What her husband thinks somebody else will think, is a pretty poor obstacle.

If a woman so lives as to hold the love and respect of her husband, she can differ from him quite widely—for conscience sake—and not break their bond.

If he does not love and respect her—why should she mind what he thinks?

*

Here are some earnest questions from an artist:

1. "How shall I be most efficient?"
2. "Which of my work is best—what I think best, or what other people think best?"
3. "If my best work is done by accident, what's the use of trying?"

Answer.—1. Live to your fullest development in all lines—and keep your health. Do not so concentrate on art as to neglect life—and your art will be greater.

2. Do the work you think best, with all your might, accepting others' judgement only when it convinces yours.

3. Trying, always—that is, doing your best work, life long—is what allows those happy accidents. Keep on trying.

*

In this department in August, "E. M. K." asked:

"Would you please outline a plan of organization among married women who wish to continue practicing their profession, through which they may arouse other women; and also reach the authorities who have control over their work?"

I then recommended political organization as the best possible; but have been called upon since to mention The Married Women Teachers' Association, of New York, as an instance of what may be done. The Secretary is Mrs. Anna G. Walsh, 22 Harvard Avenue, Jamaica, N. Y.

FROM LETTERS OF SUBSCRIBERS

"Charlotte Perkins Gilman: Since the first of January, 1904, I've been writing you this letter! 'The Women's Journal,' of Boston, presented you to me—and I've been acknowledging the introduction ever since!! '——' I bought—and read—and re-read your 'Women and Economics' and 'The Home, It's Work and Influence.' I then as now, *knew*—that I had known these things always—you had only beat me to its expression."

*

"The magazine is interesting of course, and clever and inspiring. I enclose check for \$3.00 for my own subscription and for two others, whose addresses I write on the same card."

*

"The Forerunner has such a cheery, hopeful, even confident tone that it is fine to read it. I feel, dear Mrs. Gilman, that as much as I liked your earlier work, I find even more in this latest. It touches the quick more—in me."

*

"Enclosed please find post office order for \$1.00, to cover a year's subscription to The Forerunner, and I sincerely trust that that magazine will have the influence that it deserves. The November number alone is worth the price."

*

"Its going to be well worth a dollar, this Forerunner of yours, if the forerunner I have received of The Forerunner is to be taken as typical, I am immensely interested in your philosophy of life. Your tale of Diantha I turned over to my eldest daughter and its effect is pronounced. She is looking for the next number."

*

"We enjoy the magazine very much, particularly the series of articles titled 'Our Androcentric Culture.' It explains very satisfactorily the present *andrieness* of conditions. May you live a thousand years—and longer; to continue good work of enlightenment."

*

"Mrs. H—— has sent me a sample copy of The Forerunner. It is *fine*. I always run to hear you when you speak,—now I may sit at home and talk with you!"

*

"*The Barrel* is delicious. If Mrs. D—— hasn't already subscribed, do send her this number. I enclose stamps therefor."

*

"May I congratulate you on your magazine, The Forerunner. Of course the things you say in it are good as everything you ever say is, and added to that the magazine is attractive in form and in make-

up. I think that you ought to be happy, indeed, that you are putting forth such a good looking as well as clever publication. I was delighted to see some of your verse again, for no matter what brilliant things you have done along economic lines, nothing has ever gone to the very bottom with me more than your verse, 'In this our world.'"

*

"I have been intending to write to congratulate you upon the magazine. It goes without saying that it is clever and altogether delightful. Long may it continue."

*

"Permit me to congratulate you on getting up a paper with so much intellectual food contained within its covers. Both my wife and self enjoyed reading No. 3 '——-' particularly 'Androcentric Culture.' More power to you!"

*

"Thank you so much for the December and January numbers of The Forerunner;—I think they are great, *great*, GREAT!—Every bit of them makes one grind one's teeth with satisfaction."

*

"We three are familiar with your 'Women and Economics' and regularly announce to each other by post card;—See such a magazine—an article by '*our C. P. G.*' So imagine our satisfaction to learn that 'our Mrs. Gilman' has now a magazine where '*her policies*' are so ably presented! '——-' I shall never lose an opportunity to advertise The Forerunner by word of mouth."

*

"If possible include all numbers of your paper in the following yearly subscriptions. We are anxious to have the file from the first.

"The paper is great. May it be able to outlive the necessity for its mission."

(Encloses three subscriptions).

*

"In our family circle we have read aloud The Forerunner for November and December with much interest and enjoyment. We were particularly pleased with your article on Christmas and the Santa Claus myth."

*

"Hurrah for The Forerunner—He is a bully little youngster—Or is he a *she*?—Sex on cover seems indeterminate. Is he *just human*? I enclose \$5.00 for five subscriptions to following list—(if any are already subscribers they can be omitted). J— tells me that he has already negotiated for a copy for *us*. All good wishes from us both."

*

"I have read the January issue. Of course I heartily endorse it all, since I was long ago converted by your books."

*

"Congratulations on The Forerunner, two copies just received,—the magazine is better than I expected and I knew it would be good. Our dinner table was much enlivened that night, with comments and expressions of approval from all, even to G—, my very conservative son."

*

"I devoured The Forerunner from 'Volume 1' to 'The pain from a raw wound,' and am not yet satisfied. Please take my check for 'more.'"

*

"How much liberty do you wish us to take in the matter of quotations from The Forerunner '——-' Both January copies have just come to hand. Your stories are more interesting than any I've read for a

long time. I hope you will continue these 'Housekeeping Problems.'

*

"I find The Forerunner on our club table far too exciting to pick up and skim. Therefore I enclose a year's subscription."

*

"I am very much interested in your opinions and convictions as set forth in the books I have seen and am hoping to find a guide and friend in the above publication, which has recently come to my notice."

*

"The address was incorrect and so am sending the correct one at the top of this page, as I do not want to chance losing any of the numbers, I enjoy it so thoroughly."

*

"Your January number was fine. Mrs. D—— thinks it is worth the price for the year."

*

"The January Forerunner is especially rich. 'Here is the earth,' is worth the subscription price, to put it mildly."

*

"Mother's copy of The Forerunner has just come, and I want to subscribe right off, before I read it! I know it will be the very cleverest and most stimulating thing in print. I want to lend it to the other girls at college."

*

"I *must* take a few moments to say how much I enjoy The Forerunner."

*

"To speak commercially, I never saw so much value given for the price, in my life! And then the stuff itself! Well;

"Her Housekeeper,' gave me such joy that I read it four times, to be sure I had extracted *all* the juice. A *real* love story! I suppose perhaps the only one that was ever written! I, at least, do not recall, in all the tons of fiction I have swum through a story of real LOVE before. * * * Apropos of this not seeing—not grasping the idea—comes 'The Barrel.' Oh fine! More power to your right arm."

*

"My sister and I have greatly enjoyed your publication, its articles, its poetry, its question box, its *advertisements*. Better send the two subscriptions from January number—we have the magazine at home, but I want my patients to regale themselves with it when they are waiting for me at the office."

*

"The magazine is fine! A real Forerunner. I was in Connecticut when it came, but rushed head first into it on the evening of my return. I hope it will grow and *grow* and GROW! until you have to call a halt on subscribers. I enclose a dollar to have a copy sent regularly to Miss —— ——. It will do them *good*."

*

"We are having *great* amusement over your magazine. For the enclosed please send it to Miss —— —— and to me."

*

"I cannot refrain from expressing to you the great pleasure and satisfaction I got from the one copy of The Forerunner that I have seen. I hope there are many that are as hungry for it as I am. A dollar seems such a ridiculously low amount to give for what this means in study, thought, foresight, courage and independence."

*

"I enclose a dollar for a year's subscription to Charlotte's monthly, The Forerunner. Having read one issue, I am sure a year's subscription will be a good investment."

* "Will it be presumptuous in me to take enough of your time to tell you how much The Forerunner means to an ordinary woman out West? It is defining and putting into shape so many of my vague feelings and muddled ideas. * * * Your books and magazine have been among the few great inspirations of my life that have made all life look big and splendid and worth while."

*

"A word or two of appreciation from Iowa! Your magazine The Forerunner is splendid and no mere words can tell you how I have enjoyed it. The whole thing, from cover to cover, is excellent and vigorous."

*

"The first number came. And I devoured it from cover to cover and back again before I let anyone else see it. Now they are all reading it and chuckling over 'How doth the Hat,' and discussing the serious parts with great gusto. It makes me glad when I think that more numbers are coming regularly now and I can look forward to the next one and waylay the postman when the time comes. Certainly this number has made me (for one), sit up and think a bit. I wish the next one were due to-morrow."

*

"I want to thank you for the January number of The Forerunner—both Mrs. R—— and myself have enjoyed it immensely, as we have enjoyed everything you have written. We want more of it, so here goes my subscription."

*

"Accept my hearty congratulations upon The Forerunner. The first number is delightful, and exceedingly clever. 'What Diantha did,' and 'Androcentric Culture,' are deep and clear and stimulating, and 'How doth the hat' should make all who read it sit up and take notice. It seems to me that every thinking woman who sees this copy will become a subscriber. I enclose a check for my subscription and that of my mother, Mrs. —— ———."

*

"You astonishing woman! To write, edit and publish a magazine all by your lonesome! It seems to me a tremendous undertaking, which by its very courage should appeal to everyone. I do not know that I agree with you in the theory on which The Forerunner stands—I don't know enough about it to agree or disagree—but it's certainly interesting. I like the stories, and the short, clever things by the way. May the magazine be the success it deserves to be! I enclose \$1.00 for the year, and I shall look for it with interest."

*

"Kindly send to Mrs. F——, your magazine beginning with Vol. 1 No. 1 for the year. (One dollar enclosed.) I saw the little magazine at Mr. ——'s, and was much interested in it."

*

"My mother wants you to know of her enthusiasm over the second issue of The Forerunner, which she thinks an advance even over the first number. Her points were these: 1. Such a pleasure to read a homogeneous magazine instead of having to skip from lion hunting to Christian Science and from that to flying machines. 2. Admires the way you take the individual problems of individual women, and by means of the individual problems lead these women into the larger view of life and into an understanding of the androcentric culture. 3. Article on Socialism most concise, clearest and most convincing she has ever read. In this I heartily agree." * * * "4. The trite phrase about 'not one dull word from cover to cover' applies literally and without the slightest exaggeration to this number of The Forerunner."

*

"I enclosed a dollar; please send your magazine for a year to the following address, beginning if possible with the first number, Vol. 1, No. 1. If that cannot be, then start with January. It is to go to my daughter, her husband, and brand new grand-baby; and I am sure it will do them all good."

*

"I am enclosing \$1.00 for the paper—I have mislaid the circular, and if I have not the amount right, I will be very happy to send the difference. If it is practicable, I'd rather you'd send the first number of The Forerunner, instead of beginning with the current number—I'll gladly pay more for the back numbers, if I can get them."

*

"As your lectures and books always appealed to my best judgment, I am anxious to have it a monthly visitor, beginning with the first number."

*

"It has the spirit of making people think and wish to see things go on."

*

"To say that we greatly appreciate it is to only hint our mood. It is by far the strongest and best expressed word on these problems of society in which are inextricably mingled the position of woman. We read it with the greatest satisfaction and feel sure that your message is coming most timely." * * *

*

"Here is my subscription to The Forerunner—one of the most cheerful purchases I ever made, and certainly a bargain! Success attend your efforts, for they mean *much* to mankind."

*

"Let me compliment you on your excellent articles on Androcentric Culture. They contain knowledge combined with so much beauty of expression that they feed and charm the mind alike."

*

"I hope that The Forerunner will meet all the success it deserves and that it will go to the many men and women who are in sore need of it."

*

"Can't be without it any longer. Send Forerunner, and you may begin as far back as you like."

A FRIENDLY RESPONSE

The editor wishes to acknowledge with cordial thanks the warm response to the appeal to subscribers to "renew, and get another."

They are doing it, quite rapidly, and only three or four—so far—have discontinued. One of these did it twice! Evidently The Forerunner was *non persona grata* there.

We begin to feel that we have more friends—and warmer ones—than at first appeared.

OUR BOUND VOLUME AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

The first year comprises fourteen issues—November, 1909, to December, 1910, inclusive.

In it is the Housekeeping novel—"What Diantha Did"—which will interest many, both men and women. It offers a very practical solution to the Servant Question.

In it is also the Book About Men—"The Man-Made World, or Our Androcentric Culture."

There have been books and books about women—mostly, unpleasant. This is the first one about men, as such; men as distinguished from Human Beings—as women have always been distinguished from Human Beings.

You won't wholly like the book—just consider whether it is true!

The novel separately, or the book separately, would also make good presents, but the date of their

publication is not settled, while in the bound volume of the magazine you get them both for only 25c. more than one would cost.

This set, making a volume of some 420 pages, with its twelve short stories, its articles, fables, verse, and other matter, will make a very good gift—for some people. Ready early in December. \$1.25.

TO THOSE SPECIALLY INTERESTED IN THIS MAGAZINE, OR SPECIALLY INTERESTED IN FIFTY DOLLARS

This is not a "Popular Magazine." It does not try to be. It is a magazine which meets the needs of a comparatively few, but they like it immensely—as is shown by the extracts from their letters we are now publishing.

We want to reach, if possible, all the people who would like The Forerunner if they knew about it.

For the rest of this year we are making a special offer to anyone who will get us new subscribers; the regular commission of 25 per cent., and a rising premium which goes up to a total of 50 per cent. for a hundred new paid year's subscriptions.

\$50.00 for one hundred new subscribers!

For a girl in college who wants to help herself;

For a woman in a liberal church, or with a wide acquaintance among progressive thinkers;

For a Suffragist in touch with similar believers;

For any man or woman who can reach organizations of liberal-minded people;

For anybody who thinks they would like to earn \$50.00 that way—it is a good offer.

Write for full terms, samples, etc.

IF YOU RENEW

The first year runs through December; fourteen copies.

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You can't give what you haven't got.
The best gifts are love and wisdom, courage and power.
Lay in some!

IN AS MUCH

The Christian arose upon Christmas Day
And solemnly cleared his score:
He called on the sick, to the needy gave alms,

And entered the prison door.

He lent to his friends, gave away his old coat
Was never by sinners enticed,
And handed the man who complained of a throat
A cup of cold water—iced.

He bestowed on a newsboy a new pair of shoes,
And quoted in pious glee:
"In as much as ye've done it to one of these least
Ye have done it unto me."

*

That night he dreamed upon judgment Day:
Men's hearts were all in their throats;
To his pained surprise he was hustled away
And herded among the goats!

"Oh Lord," he cried, "there is some mistake,
I have always remembered Thee!"
But the world's neglected children rose
And gazed reproachfully.

And a voice replied, "Thy punishment take;
Thy duty thou didst not see!
In as much as ye have NOT done it to ONE
Ye have NOT done it unto me."

A WORD IN SEASON

"Children pick up words like pigeons peas,
And utter them again as God shall please."

When Grandma came to the breakfast table with her sour little smile and her peremptory "Good morning," every one said "good morning" as politely and pleasantly as they could, but they didn't say very much else. They attempted bravely.

"A fine morning, Mother," Papa observed, but she only answered "Too cold."

"Did you sleep well, Mother?" ventured Mama; and the reply to that was,
"No, I never do!"

Then Uncle John tried—he always tried once.

"Have you heard of our new machine, Mrs. Grey? We've got one now that'll catch anything in a room—don't have to talk right into it."

Mrs. Grey looked at him coldly.

"I do not take the least interest in your talking machines, Henry, as I have told you before."

She had, many times before, but Uncle Henry never could learn the astonishing fact. He was more interested in his machines than he was in his business, by far; and spent all his spare time in tinkering with them.

"I think they are wonderful," said little Josie.

"You're my only friend, Kid! I believe you understand 'em almost as well as I do," her Uncle answered gaily; and finished his breakfast as quickly as possible.

So did everybody. It was not appetizing to have Grandma say "How you do dawdle over your meals, Louise!"

Little Josephine slipped down from her chair, with a whispered "Scuse me Mama!" and whisked into her play room.

"How you do spoil that child!" said Grandma, and Mama closed her lips tight and looked at her husband.

"Now Mother, don't you fret about Josie," said he. "She's a good little girl and quiet as a mouse."

"Anything I can do for you downtown, Mother?"

"No thank you Joseph. I'll go to my room and be out of Louise's way."

"You're not in my way at all, Mother—won't you sit down stairs?"

Young Mrs. Grey made a brave effort to speak cordially, but old Mrs. Grey only looked injured, and said "No thank you, Louise," as she went upstairs.

Dr. Grey looked at his wife. She met his eyes steadily, cheerfully.

"I think Mother's looking better, don't you dear?" she said.

"There's nothing at all the matter with my mother—except—" he shut his mouth hard. "There are things I cannot say, Louise," he continued, "but others I can. Namely; that for sweetness and patience and gentleness you—you beat the Dutch! And I do appreciate it. One can't turn one's Mother out of the house, but I do resent her having another doctor!"

"I'd love your Mother, Joseph, if—if she was a thousand times worse!" his wife answered; and he kissed her with grateful love.

Sarah came in to clear the table presently, and Ellen stood in the pantry door to chat with her.

"Never in my life did I see any woman wid the patience of her!" said Ellen, wiping her mouth on her apron.

"She has need of it," said Sarah. "Any Mother-in-law is a trial I've heard, but this wan is the worst. Why she must needs live with 'em I don't see—she has daughters of her own."

"Tis the daughter's husbands won't put up wid her," answered Ellen, "they havin' the say of course. This man's her son—and he has to keep her if she will stay."

"And she as rich as a Jew!" Sarah went on. "And never spendin' a cent! And the Doctor workin' night and day!"—

Then Mama came in and this bit of conversation naturally came to an end.

A busy, quiet, sweet little woman was Mama; and small Josie flew into her arms and cuddled there most happily.

"Mama Dearest," she said, "How long is it to Christmas? Can I get my mat done for Grandma? And *do* you think she'll like it?"

"Well, well dear—that's three *questions!* It's two weeks yet to Christmas; and I think you can if you work steadily; and I hope she'll like it."

"And Mama—can I have my party?"

"I'm afraid not, dearest. You see Grandma is old, and she hates a noise and confusion—and parties are expensive. I'm sorry, childie. Can't you think of something else you want, that Mother can give you?"

"No," said the child, "I've wanted a party for three years, Mama! Grandma just spoils everything!"

"No, no, dear—you must always love Grandma because she is dear Papa's mother; and because she is lonely and needs our love.

"We'll have a party some day, Dearest—don't feel badly. And *we* always have a good time together, don't we?"

They did; but just now the child's heart was set on more social pleasures, and she went sadly back to her playroom to work on that mat for Grandma.

It was a busy day. Mama's married sister came to see her, and the child was sent out of the room. Two neighbors called, and waited, chatting, some time before Mama came down.

Grandma's doctor—who was not Papa—called; and her lawyer too; and they had to wait some time for the old lady to dress as she thought fitting.

But Grandma's doctor and lawyer were very old friends, and seemed to enjoy themselves.

The minister came also, not Grandma's minister, who was old and thin and severe and wore a long white beard; but Mama's minister, who was so vigorous and cheerful, and would lift Josephine way up over his head—as if she was ten years old. But Mama sent her out of the room this time, which was a pity.

To be sure Josephine had a little secret trail from her playroom door—behind several pieces of furniture—right up to the back of the sofa where people usually sat, but she was not often interested in their conversation. She was a quiet child, busy with her own plans and ideas; playing softly by herself, with much imaginary conversation. She set up her largest doll, a majestic personage known as "The Lady Isobel," and talked to her.

"Why is my Grandma so horrid? And why do I have to love her? How can you love people—if you don't, Lady Isobel?"

"Other girls' Grandmas are nice. Nelly Elder's got a lovely Grandma! She lets Nelly have parties and everything. Maybe if Grandma likes my mat she'll—be pleasanter.

"Maybe she'll go somewhere else to live—sometime. Don't you think so, Lady Isobel?"

The Lady Isobel's reply, however, was not recorded.

Grandma pursued her pious way as usual, till an early bedtime relieved the family of her presence. Then Uncle Harry stopped puttering with his machines and came out to be sociable with his sister. If Papa was at home they would have a game of solo—if not, they played cribbage, or quiet.

Uncle Harry was the life of the household—when Grandma wasn't around.

"Well, Lulu," he said cheerfully, "What's the prospect? Can Joe make it?"

"No," said Mama. "It's out of the question. He could arrange about his practice easily enough but it's the money for the trip. He'll have to send his paper to be read."

"It's a shame!" said the young man, "He ought to be there. He'd do those other doctors good. Why in the name of reason don't the old lady give him the money—she could, easy enough."

"Joe never'll ask her for a cent," answered Mrs. Grey, "and it would never occur to her to give him one! Yet I think she loves him best of all her children."

"Huh! *Love!*" said Uncle Harry.

*

Grandma didn't sleep well at night. She complained of this circumstantially and at length.

"Hour after hour I hear the clock strike," she said. "Hour after hour!"

Little Josephine had heard the clock strike hour after hour one terrible night when she had an earache. She was really sorry for Grandma.

"And nothing to take up my mind," said Grandma, as if her mind was a burden to her.

But the night after this she had something to take up her mind. As a matter of fact it woke her up, as she had napped between the clock's strikings. At first she thought the servants were in her room—and realized with a start that they were speaking of her.

"Why she must live with 'em I don't see—she has daughters of her own—"

With the interest of an eavesdropper she lay still, listening, and heard no good of herself.

"How long is it to Christmas?" she presently heard her grandchild ask, and beg her mother for the "party"—still denied her.

"Grandma spoils everything!" said the clear childish voice, and the mother's gentle one urged love and patience.

It was some time before the suddenly awakened old lady, in the dark, realized the source of these voices—and then she could not locate it.

"It's some joke of that young man's" she said grimly—but the joke went on.

It was Mrs. Grey's sister now, condoling with her about this mother-in-law.

"Why do you have to put up with it Louise? Won't any of her daughters have her?"

"I'm afraid they don't want her," said Louise's gentle voice. "But Joe is her son, and of course he feels that his home is his mother's. I think he is quite right. She is old, and alone—she doesn't *mean* to be disagreeable."

"Well, she achieves it without effort, then! A more disagreeable old lady I never saw, Louise, and I'd like nothing better than to tell her so!"

The old lady was angry, but impressed. There is a fascination in learning how others see us, even if the lesson is unpleasant. She heard the two neighbors who talked together before Mama came down, and their talk was of her—and of how they pitied young Mrs. Grey.

"If I was in her shoes," said the older of the two, "I'd pick up and travel! She's only sixty-five—and sound as a nut."

"Has she money enough?" asked the other.

"My, yes! Money to burn! She has her annuity that her father left her, and a big insurance—and house rents. She must have all of three thousand a year."

"And doesn't she pay board here?"

"Pay board! Not she. She wouldn't pay anything so long as she has a relative to live on. She's saved all her life. But nobody'll get any good of it till she's dead."

This talk stopped when their hostess entered, changing to more general themes; but the interest revived when men's voices took up the tale.

"Yes—wants her will made again. Always making and unmaking and remaking. Harmless amusement, I suppose."

"She wastes good money on both of us—and I tell her so. But one can't be expected to absolutely refuse a patient."

"Or a client!"

"No. I suppose not."

"She's not really ill then?"

"Bless you, Ruthven, I don't know a sounder old woman anywhere. All she needs is a change—and to think of something besides herself! I tell her that, too—and she says I'm so eccentric."

"Why in all decency don't her son do her doctoring?"

"I suppose he's too frank—and not quite able to speak his mind. He's a fine fellow. That paper of his will be a great feature of our convention. Shame he can't go."

"Why can't he? Can't afford it?"

"That's just it. You see the old lady don't put up—not a cent—and he has all he can do to keep the boys in college." And their conversation stopped, and Grandma heard her own voice—inviting the doctor up to her room—and making another appointment for the lawyer.

Then it was the young minister, a cheerful, brawny youth, whom she had once described as a "Godless upstart!"

He appeared to be comforting young Mrs. Grey, and commending her. "You are doing wonders," he said, as their voices came into hearing, "and not letting your right hand know it, either."

"You make far too much of it, Mr. Eagerson," the soft voice answered, "I am so happy in my children—my home—my husband. This is the *only* trouble—I do not complain."

"I know you don't complain, Mrs. Grey, but I want you to know that you're appreciated! 'It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a woman in a wide house'—especially if she's your mother-in-law."

"I won't allow you to speak so—if you are my minister!" said young Mrs. Grey with spirit; and the talk changed to church matters, where the little lady offered to help with time and service, and regretted that she had no money to give.

There was a silence, save for small confused noises of a day time household; distant sounds of doors and dishes; and then in a sad, confidential voice—"Why is Grandma so horrid? And why do I have to love her? How can you love people you don't, Lady Isobel?"

Grandma was really fond of quiet little Josephine, even if she did sometimes snub her as a matter of principle. She lay and listened to these strictly private remarks, and meditated upon them after they had ceased. It was a large dose, an omnibus dose, and took some time to assimilate; but the old lady had really a mind of her own, though much of it was uninhabited, and this generous burst of light set it to working.

She said nothing to anyone, but seemed to use her eyes and ears with more attention than previously, and allowed her grand-daughter's small efforts toward affection with new receptiveness. She had one talk with her daughter-in-law which left that little woman wet-eyed and smiling with pleasure, though she could not tell about it—that was requisite.

But the family in general heard nothing of any change of heart till breakfast time on Christmas morning. They sat enjoying that pleasant meal, in the usual respite before the old lady appeared, when Sarah came in with a bunch of notes and laid one at each plate, with an air of great importance.

"She said I was to leave 'em till you was all here—and here they are!" said Sarah, smiling mysteriously, "and that I was to say nothing—and I haven't!" And the red-cheeked girl folded her arms and waited—as interested as anybody.

Uncle Harry opened his first. "I bet it's a tract!" said he. But he blushed to the roots of his thick brown hair as he took out, not a tract, but a check.

"A Christmas present to my son-in-law-by-marriage; to be spent on the improvement of talking machines—if that is necessary!"

"Why bless her heart!" said he, "I call that pretty handsome, and I'll tell her so!"

Papa opened his.

"For your Convention trip, dear son," said this one, "and for a new dress suit—and a new suit case, and a new overcoat—a nice one. With Mother's love."

It was a large check, this one. Papa sat quite silent and looked at his wife. She went around the table and hugged him—she had to.

"You've got one, too, Louise," said he—and she opened it.

"For my dear daughter Louise; this—to be spent on other people; and *this*" (*this* was much bigger) "to be inexorably spent on herself—every cent of it! On her own special needs and pleasures—if she can think of any!"

Louise was simply crying—and little Josephine ran to comfort her.

"Hold on Kiddie—you haven't opened yours," said Uncle Harry; and they all eagerly waited while the child carefully opened her envelope with a clean knife, and read out solemnly and slowly, "For my darling Grand-child Josephine, to be spent by herself, for herself, with Mama's advice and assistance; and in particular to provide for her party!"

She turned over the stiff little piece of paper—hardly understanding.

"It's a check, dear," said Papa. "It's the same as money. Parties cost money, and Grandma has made you a Christmas present of your party."

The little girl's eyes grew big with joy.

"Can I?—Is there really—a party?"

"There is really a party—for my little daughter, this afternoon at four!"

"O where is Grandma!" cried the child—"I want to hug her!"

They all rose up hurriedly, but Sarah came forward from her scant pretense of retirement, with another note for Dr. Grey.

"I was to give you this last of all," she said, with an air of one fulfilling grave diplomatic responsibility.

"My dear ones," ran the note, "I have gathered from my family and friends, and from professional and spiritual advisers the idea that change is often beneficial. With this in mind I have given myself a Christmas present of a Cook's Tour around the world—and am gone. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all!"

She was gone.

Sarah admitted complicity.

"Sure she would have no one know a thing—not a word!" said Sarah. "And she gave us something handsome to help her! And she's got that young widder Johnson for a companion—and they went off last night on the sleeper for New York!"

The gratitude of the family had to be spent in loving letters, and in great plans of what they would do to make Grandma happy when she came back.

No one felt more grateful than little loving Josephine, whose dearest wishes were all fulfilled. When she remembered it she went very quietly, when all were busy somewhere else, climbed up on the step ladder, and took down the forgotten phonograph from the top of the wardrobe.

"Dear Grandma!" she said. "I do hope she liked it!"

CHRISTMAS LOVE

When the Writer or the Preacher or one who chances to be both considers a Christmas sermon, a Christmas story, what is the idea that comes uppermost?

Love, of course. Not sex-love: that's for every day. Not Mother-love: that's always and always. Not any of the minor brands of admiring devotion, gratitude, sympathy, friendship, attraction of any sort. No. When we say "Love" at Christmas time we mean Love, the Spirit of Life.

About once a year we give thought to it. About once a year we seek to express it; and, pitiful and limited though that expression be, its forms are right.

These main forms of Christmas expressions are two-fold: the Spirit of Joy, of Celebration, of High Festival—the highest of all; and the Spirit of Giving. These are found wherever Christmas is kept, and make it, as it should be, the glory of the year. In joy and in giving we are most absolutely in line with the mainspring of the Universe: unmeasured happiness—happiness that cannot be quenched—cannot be kept to ourselves. What must run over and pour forth on other people: that is real Love, Christmas Love—and that, of course, finds physical expression in gay festivities and showering gifts.

Light, color, music—all that is sweet and gay and comforting; games, dances and performances that show the happy heart; and always the overflow—giving, giving, giving. That is the Spirit of Life.

It is the children's festival because children are more in line with the Life Spirit than weazened old folk: the child has the passionate thirst for joy which marks his high parentage.

Whatever else is true about the Central Power of the Universe, this is true: it *is* power. And it pours forth in Radiant Energy. All "inanimate nature," so called, expresses this Power, each form after its kind; and all animate nature, crowned with consciousness, not only expresses it, but *feels* it,—which is called "Living."

We human beings are the highest, finest, subtlest instrument on this planet to receive and to transmit these waves of pouring Power. When we feel it most we call it Happiness. In two ways it reaches our consciousness, as it comes in and as it goes out, via the sensory and motor nerves. The joy of receiving power is great: "stimulus" we call it. It comes to us along the avenues of sense and thrills us with increased well being. But this kind of pleasure is sadly limited by those sense nerves of ours. We are but a little tea-cup: we cannot hold much. The Music of the Spheres might pour round us; the light of a thousand suns, the sweetness of piled banks of flowers, and all honey and sugar and rich food: every sense can be fed to its little limit only—and there the Happiness stops.

We can only feel so much—coming in. But there seems to be no limit to the joy we feel when Power goes out through us. It seems so self-evident, so needless, to say "It is more blessed to give than to receive." *Why of course* it is: any child even knows that.

True, a child, having a fresh, unsated sensorium, can receive with more vivid pleasure than an adult—for a while. But it is easily over-tired, easily over-fed with sensation, easily bored and weary with receiving.

Not with giving! Every child delights to let out the Power which is in him—in her; delights to make and delights to give. Therefore, to children is this their festival: the busy weeks of happiness in making gifts, the swelling, glowing pride of giving them!

It's all right as far as it goes, but why, when such a thing is such transcendent splendid blessedness, why only once a year? Why should this beautiful experience in which we not only remember the birth of the man who taught the world most of love but even try to practise what He preached—why should it be limited to a mere memorial of His birthday, plastered over the remnants of ancient festivals of the return of the Sun God—the Goodness of the Earth Mother?

If Christmas is good, why not more of it? Then we smile, wryly, and say, "Why, of course, we couldn't. The rest of life isn't like that—and we have to live, you see."

Ah, that is where we are wrong—utterly wrong. The rest of life *is* like that. That is *life*—Loving and Giving.

"Tut! Tut!" says the Practical Man. "That's emotional nonsense. That's womanish." Two-thirds right, my practical friend. It is not nonsense, but it is "emotional" and it is "womanish."

Emotion is *consciousness under pressure*. When we feel Power, we call it emotion. Emotions vary: some are helpful and some hateful, according to the nature of the instrument; but not to be emotional at all is not to be alive. Those who spend their lives lit by a blaze of emotion, warmed by a deep, slow-burning fire of emotion, pouring forth that emotion in great works—we call Geniuses. Genius is simply more Power.

As to being womanish: that word is no longer a term of reproach or belittlement. To be womanish is to be human, and we may now turn round and pitifully dismiss much old world folly and passion as merely "mannish." To be womanish—and practical—let us repeat, *Life is Loving and Giving*. When we realize this, intelligently and completely, we shall have a "continuous performance" of Christmases and a higher level of happiness the year round, varied by greater heights. At present the natural flood of Life Force, pouring through us in unbounded creative energy, resulting in the myriad forms of human achievement and manufacture, is sadly thwarted in its output by lingering remains of our old period.

For a long time we lived by getting: to hunt, to catch, to kill, to eat was all we knew: no loving or giving there save as the mother fulfilled the law. But since our Humanness began, since all our thousand powers and talents grew for mutual service, since we learned to do things for each other—to make things for each other, to give things to each other—then grew in us that rising tide of Power which lives out in expression.

In spite of our old world perverseness, that Power pours on. Though we scorn the gifts of those who make the comforts of life for us, though we despise their service and so cruelly use them as to greatly thwart their love—still we are fed and housed and clothed and carried by the love and service of our kind, the daily, hourly gifts of those who work.

"They are not gifts," cries the Practical Man. "They are paid for—every bit of 'em." Yes, Brother. And how paid for? Paid how much? What scant reward, what meagre living, what miserable houses, what stinted food, what limited education, and what poisoned pleasures do we pay to those who make every necessity, comfort, convenience and luxury for us!

Pay indeed! If a man "saves your life" once, and you give him twenty cents an hour for his exertions in your behalf—have you paid him? By the life-long labor of the human race—all those dead workers who built up the structure of our present world, all those living workers who keep the wheels revolving now—by these labors we live, all of us, all the time.

Pay? Pay for daily—hourly—maintenance, protection, food, shelter, safety, comfort? Pay for being kept alive?

Life is giving—Loving and Giving. You can't pay for it. You don't pay for it. But this you do: you hinder it, by your paying. This pitiful trickle of measurement, this ticking and pricing and holding back the world's flood of outpouring energy by our wretched turnstiles—this is what keeps us poor!

We need to let loose the Power that is in us. We need to Love more and Give more—a plain truth, Jesus taught some centuries ago, largely in vain. We have but to let out the love that is in us: there is no limit to its flood.

To so love every child that is born on earth as to provide that child with all that it needs for richest growth, for full appreciation of the splendor of human life—of conscious citizenship! Children so reared will have a thousandfold more to give, and a thousandfold greater joy in giving. Then life will roll out through our glad hearts and willing hands as the sun's light pours abroad—only that we are conscious, we feel this light, this heat, this radiant energy. We call it—*love*.

WHAT DIANTHA DID

CHAPTER XIV.

AND HEAVEN BESIDE.

They were married while the flowers were knee-deep over the sunny slopes and mesas, and the canyons gulfs of color and fragrance, and went for their first moon together to a far high mountain valley hidden among wooded peaks, with a clear lake for its central jewel.

A month of heaven; while wave on wave of perfect rest and world-forgetting oblivion rolled over both their hearts.

They swam together in the dawn-flushed lake, seeing the morning mists float up from the silver surface, breaking the still reflection of thick trees and rosy clouds, rejoicing in the level shafts of forest filtered sunlight. They played and ran like children, rejoiced over their picnic meals; lay flat among the crowding flowers and slept under the tender starlight.

"I don't see," said her lover, "but that my strenuous Amazon is just as much a woman as—as any woman!"

"Who ever said I wasn't?" quoth Diantha demurely.

A month of perfect happiness. It was so short it seemed but a moment; so long in its rich perfection that they both agreed if life brought no further joy this was Enough.

Then they came down from the mountains and began living.

*

Day service is not so easily arranged on a ranch some miles from town. They tried it for a while, the new runabout car bringing out a girl in the morning early, and taking Diantha in to her office.

But motor cars are not infallible; and if it met with any accident there was delay at both ends, and more or less friction.

Then Diantha engaged a first-class Oriental gentleman, well recommended by the "vegetable Chinaman," on their own place. This was extremely satisfactory; he did the work well, and was in all ways reliable; but there arose in the town a current of malicious criticism and protest—that she "did not live up to her principles."

To this she paid no attention; her work was now too well planted, too increasingly prosperous to be weakened by small sneers.

Her mother, growing plumper now, thriving continuously in her new lines of work, kept the hotel under her immediate management, and did bookkeeping for the whole concern. New Union Home ran itself, and articles were written about it in magazines; so that here and there in other cities similar clubs were started, with varying success. The restaurant was increasingly popular; Diantha's cooks were highly skilled and handsomely paid, and from the cheap lunch to the expensive banquet they gave satisfaction.

But the "c. f. d." was the darling of her heart, and it prospered exceedingly. "There is no advertisement like a pleased customer," and her pleased customers grew in numbers and in enthusiasm. Family after family learned to prize the cleanliness and quiet, the odorlessness and flylessness of a home without a kitchen, and their questioning guests were converted by the excellent of the meals.

Critical women learned at last that a competent cook can really produce better food than an incompetent one; albeit without the sanctity of the home.

"Sanctity of your bootstraps!" protested one irascible gentleman. "Such talk is all nonsense! I don't want *sacred* meals—I want good ones—and I'm getting them, at last!"

"We don't brag about 'home brewing' any more," said another, "or 'home tailoring,' or 'home shoemaking.' Why all this talk about 'home cooking'?"

What pleased the men most was not only the good food, but its clock-work regularity; and not only the reduced bills but the increased health and happiness of their wives. Domestic bliss increased in Orchardina, and the doctors were more rigidly confined to the patronage of tourists.

Ross Warden did his best. Under the merciless friendliness of Mr. Thaddler he had been brought to see that Diantha had a right to do this if she would, and that he had no right to prevent her; but he did not like it any the better.

When she rolled away in her little car in the bright, sweet mornings, a light went out of the day for him. He wanted her there, in the home—his home—his wife—even when he was not in it himself. And in this particular case it was harder than for most men, because he was in the house a good deal, in his study, with no better company than a polite Chinaman some distance off.

It was by no means easy for Diantha, either. To leave him tugged at her heart-strings, as it did at his; and if he had to struggle with inherited feelings and acquired traditions, still more was she beset with an unexpected uprising of sentiments and desires she had never dreamed of feeling.

With marriage, love, happiness came an overwhelming instinct of service—personal service. She wanted to wait on him, loved to do it; regarded Wang Fu with positive jealousy when he brought in the coffee and Ross praised it. She had a sense of treason, of neglected duty, as she left the flower-crowned cottage, day by day.

But she left it, she plunged into her work, she schooled herself religiously.

"Shame on you!" she berated herself. "Now—*now* that you've got everything on earth—to weaken! You could stand unhappiness; can't you stand happiness?" And she strove with herself; and kept on with her work.

After all, the happiness was presently diluted by the pressure of this blank wall between them. She came home, eager, loving, delighted to be with him again. He received her with no complaint or criticism, but always an unspoken, perhaps imagined, sense of protest. She was full of loving enthusiasm about his work, and he would dilate upon his harassed guinea-pigs and their development with high satisfaction.

But he never could bring himself to ask about her labors with any genuine approval; she was keenly sensitive to his dislike for the subject, and so it was ignored between them, or treated by him in a vein of humor with which he strove to cover his real feeling.

When, before many months were over, the crowning triumph of her effort revealed itself, her joy and pride held this bitter drop—he did not sympathize—did not approve. Still, it was a great glory.

The New York Company announced the completion of their work and the *Hotel del las Casas* was opened to public inspection. "House of the Houses! That's a fine name!" said some disparagingly; but, at any rate, it seemed appropriate. The big estate was one rich garden, more picturesque, more dreamily beautiful, than the American commercial mind was usually able to compass, even when possessed of millions. The hotel of itself was a pleasure palace—wholly unostentatious, full of gaiety and charm, offering lovely chambers for guests and residents, and every opportunity for healthful amusement. There was the rare luxury of a big swimming-pool; there were billiard rooms, card rooms, reading rooms, lounging rooms and dancing rooms of satisfying extent.

Outside there were tennis-courts, badminton, roque, even croquet; and the wide roof was a garden of Babylon, a Court of the Stars, with views of purple mountains, fair, wide valley and far-flashing rim of sea. Around it, each in its own hedged garden, nestled "Las Casas"—the Houses—twenty in number, with winding shaded paths, groups of rare trees, a wilderness of flowers, between and about them. In one corner was a playground for children—a wall around this, that they might shout in freedom; and the nursery thereby gave every provision for the happiness and safety of the little ones.

The people poured along the winding walls, entered the pretty cottages, were much impressed by a little flock of well-floored tents in another corner, but came back with Ohs! and Ahs! of delight to the

large building in the Avenue.

Diantha went all over the place, inch by inch, her eyes widening with admiration; Mr. and Mrs. Porne and Mrs. Weatherstone with her. She enjoyed the serene, well-planned beauty of the whole; approved heartily of the cottages, each one a little different, each charming in its quiet privacy, admired the plentiful arrangements for pleasure and gay association; but her professional soul blazed with enthusiasm over the great kitchens, clean as a hospital, glittering in glass and copper and cool tiling, with the swift, sure electric stove.

The fuel all went into a small, solidly built power house, and came out in light and heat and force for the whole square.

Diantha sighed in absolute appreciation.

"Fine, isn't it?" said Mr. Porne.

"How do you like the architecture?" asked Mrs. Porne.

"What do you think of my investment?" said Mrs. Weatherstone. Diantha stopped in her tracks and looked from one to the other of them.

"Fact. I control the stock—I'm president of the Hotel del las Casas Company. Our friends here have stock in it, too, and more that you don't know. We think it's going to be a paying concern. But if you can make it go, my dear, as I think you will, you can buy us all out and own the whole outfit!"

It took some time to explain all this, but the facts were visible enough.

"Nothing remarkable at all," said Mrs. Weatherstone. "Here's Astor with three big hotels on his hands—why shouldn't I have one to play with? And I've got to employ *somebody* to manage it!"

*

Within a year of her marriage Diantha was at the head of this pleasing Centre of Housekeeping. She kept the hotel itself so that it was a joy to all its patrons; she kept the little houses homes of pure delight for those who were so fortunate as to hold them; and she kept up her "c. f. d." business till it grew so large she had to have quite a fleet of delivery wagons.

Orchardina basked and prospered; its citizens found their homes happier and less expensive than ever before, and its citizenesses began to wake up and to do things worth while.

*

Two years, and there was a small Ross Warden born.

She loved it, nursed it, and ran her business at long range for some six months. But then she brought nurse and child to the hotel with her, placed them in the cool, airy nursery in the garden, and varied her busy day with still hours by herself—the baby in her arms.

Back they came together before supper, and found unbroken joy and peace in the quiet of home; but always in the background was the current of Ross' unspoken disapproval.

Three years, four years.

There were three babies now; Diantha was a splendid woman of thirty, handsome and strong, pre-eminently successful—and yet, there were times when she found it in her heart to envy the most ordinary people who loved and quarreled and made up in the little outlying ranch houses along the road; they had nothing between them, at least.

Meantime in the friendly opportunities of Orchardina society, added to by the unexampled possibilities of Las Casas (and they did not scorn this hotel nor Diantha's position in it), the three older Miss Wardens had married. Two of them preferred "the good old way," but one tried the "d. s." and the "c. f. d." and liked them well.

Dora amazed and displeased her family, as soon as she was of age, by frankly going over to Diantha's side and learning bookkeeping. She became an excellent accountant and bade fair to become an expert manager soon.

Ross had prospered in his work. It may be that the element of dissatisfaction in his married life spurred him on, while the unusual opportunities of his ranch allowed free effort. He had always held that the "non-transmissibility of acquired traits" was not established by any number of curtailed mice

or crop-eared rats. "A mutilation is not an acquired trait," he protested. "An acquired trait is one gained by exercise; it modifies the whole organism. It must have an effect on the race. We expect the sons of a line of soldiers to inherit their fathers' courage—perhaps his habit of obedience—but not his wooden leg."

To establish his views he selected from a fine family of guinea-pigs two pair; set the one, Pair A, in conditions of ordinary guinea-pig bliss, and subjected the other, Pair B, to a course of discipline. They were trained to run. They, and their descendants after them, pair following on pair; first with slow-turning wheels as in squirrel cages, the wheel inexorably going, machine-driven, and the luckless little gluttons having to move on, for gradually increasing periods of time, at gradually increasing speeds. Pair A and their progeny were sheltered and fed, but the rod was spared; Pair B were as the guests at "Muldoon's"—they had to exercise. With scientific patience and ingenuity, he devised mechanical surroundings which made them jump increasing spaces, which made them run always a little faster and a little farther; and he kept a record as carefully as if these little sheds were racing stables for a king.

Several centuries of guinea-pig time went by; generation after generation of healthy guinea-pigs passed under his modifying hands; and after some five years he had in one small yard a fine group of the descendants of his gall-fed pair, and in another the offspring of the trained ones; nimble, swift, as different from the first as the razor-backed pig of the forest from the fatted porkers in the sty. He set them to race—the young untrained specimens of these distant cousins—and the hare ran away from the tortoise completely.

Great zoologists and biologists came to see him, studied, fingered, poked, and examined the records; argued and disbelieved—and saw them run.

"It is natural selection," they said. "It profited them to run."

"Not at all," said he. "They were fed and cared for alike, with no gain from running."

"It was artificial selection," they said. "You picked out the speediest for your training."

"Not at all," said he. "I took always any healthy pair from the trained parents and from the untrained ones—quite late in life, you understand, as guinea-pigs go."

Anyhow, there were the pigs; and he took little specialized piglets scarce weaned, and pitted them against piglets of the untrained lot—and they outran them in a race for "Mama." Wherefore Mr. Ross Warden found himself famous of a sudden; and all over the scientific world the Wiesmanian controversy raged anew. He was invited to deliver a lecture before some most learned societies abroad, and in several important centers at home, and went, rejoicing.

Diantha was glad for him from the bottom of her heart, and proud of him through and through. She thoroughly appreciated his sturdy opposition to such a weight of authority; his long patience, his careful, steady work. She was left in full swing with her big business, busy and successful, honored and liked by all the town—practically—and quite independent of the small fraction which still disapproved. Some people always will. She was happy, too, in her babies—very happy.

The Hotel del las Casas was a triumph.

Diantha owned it now, and Mrs. Weatherstone built others, in other places, at a large profit.

Mrs. Warden went to live with Cora in the town. Cora had more time to entertain her—as she was the one who profited by her sister-in-law's general services.

Diantha sat in friendly talk with Mrs. Weatherstone one quiet day, and admitted that she had no cause for complaint.

"And yet—?" said her friend.

Young Mrs. Warden smiled. "There's no keeping anything from you, is there? Yes—you're right. I'm not quite satisfied. I suppose I ought not to care—but you see, I love him so! I want him to *approve* of me!—not just put up with it, and bear it! I want him to *feel* with me—to care. It is awful to know that all this big life of mine is just a mistake to him—that he condemns it in his heart."

"But you knew this from the beginning, my dear, didn't you?"

"Yes—I knew it—but it is different now. You know when you are *married*—"

Mrs. Weatherstone looked far away through the wide window. "I do know," she said.

Diantha reached a strong hand to clasp her friend's. "I wish I could give it to you," she said. "You

have done so much for me! So much! You have poured out your money like water!"

"My money! Well I like that!" said Mrs. Weatherstone. "I have taken my money out of five and seven per cent investments, and put it into ten per cent ones, that's all. Shall I never make you realize that I am a richer woman because of you, Diantha Bell Warden! So don't try to be grateful—I won't have it! Your work has *paid* remember—paid me as well as you; and lots of other folks beside. You know there are eighteen good imitations of Union House running now, in different cities, and three 'Las Casas!' all succeeding—and the papers are talking about the dangers of a Cooked Food Trust!"

They were friends old and tried, and happy in mutual affection. Diantha had many now, though none quite so dear. Her parents were contented—her brother and sister doing well—her children thrive and grew and found Mama a joy they never had enough of.

Yet still in her heart of hearts she was not wholly happy.

*

Then one night came by the last mail, a thick letter from Ross—thicker than usual. She opened it in her room alone, their room—to which they had come so joyously five years ago.

He told her of his journeying, his lectures, his controversies and triumphs; rather briefly—and then:

"My darling, I have learned something at last, on my travels, which will interest you, I fancy, more than the potential speed of all the guinea-pigs in the world, and its transmissibility.

"From what I hear about you in foreign lands; from what I read about you wherever I go; and, even more, from what I see, as a visitor, in many families; I have at last begun to grasp the nature and importance of your work.

"As a man of science I must accept any truth when it is once clearly seen; and, though I've been a long time about it, I do see at last what brave, strong, valuable work you have been doing for the world. Doing it scientifically, too. Your figures are quoted, your records studied, your example followed. You have established certain truths in the business of living which are of importance to the race. As a student I recognize and appreciate your work. As man to man I'm proud of you—tremendously proud of you. As your husband! Ah! my love! I am coming back to you—coming soon, coming with my Whole Heart, Yours! Just wait, My Darling, till I get back to you!

"Your Lover and Husband."

Diantha held the letter close, with hands that shook a little. She kissed it—kissed it hard, over and over—not improving its appearance as a piece of polite correspondence.

Then she gave way to an overmastering burst of feeling, and knelt down by the wide bed, burying her face there, the letter still held fast. It was a funny prayer, if any human ear had heard it.

"Thank you!" was all she said, with long, deep sobbing sighs between.
"Thank you!—O—thank you!"

The End

OUR OVERWORKED INSTINCTS

Instinct is a good thing in its place. We, in common with other animals, have instincts, especially in our racial youth; but as reason waxes, instinct wanes. At present, thanks to the development of the brain and even the beginnings of education, we have few instincts left. What we have, we work pretty hard.

Among both men and women, the most primal instincts are still deified. The instinct of self-preservation, which in every species is promptly subordinated to race preservation, we solemnly hail as "Nature's First Law!" It may be first, as creeping comes before walking, but is no more honorable for that!

Then there is the sex instinct, a good second to this first, an ancient, useful and generally pleasant incentive to action; but we, in our simplicity, have set up this contributive impulse as the Lord of Life. "The Life Force," we call it; when it is only one form of expression for the Life Force, and a limited one.

Self-preservation does very well to keep the cards on the table, and race preservation goes on giving

us a new deal, but neither of them alone, nor both of them together, is The Game.

What we are really here for is Growth, Improvement, Progress—and we have a deep and UNIVERSAL instinct towards that, too; but little is said about it! It is our primitive animal instincts we are so proud of: our social instincts we scarcely recognize.

Men have the instinct of combat, a very useful thing in its place. But in their exclusive preoccupation of being men, they have assumed this masculine proclivity to be something of universal importance and solemnly assure us that "Life is a Struggle."

Life is a Growth, a Progress, a Journey, if you will. It may be interrupted by having to stop and struggle, but the struggling is at its best only incidental. Nature, seeking always the line of least resistance, avoids opposition when possible: the masculine instinct of combat courts it, and he idealizes his own instincts.

So also the woman. She has her one, great original maternal instinct; and both man and woman worship it. They assume something intrinsically holy in the feelings of a mother, and something superlatively efficacious in her ministrations. Motherhood is a beautiful and useful institution, but it is not enough to take right care of children.

Every furry animal has a mother: every naked savage has a mother: every ignorant peasant has a mother; and every mother has a compelling instinct which causes her to love and protect her young. But furry animal, naked savage, ignorant peasant they remain for all of their mothers.

Evolution needs more than mothers! It is not enough to live, not enough to reproduce one's kind: we have to change, progress, improve—and instinct is no help here. Instinct is nothing but inherited habit. It always dates a long way behind us. It is never any guide in new conditions or a incentive to betterment. Instinct holds us in chains to the past; or it would if it could.

In human life—especially in modern human life—conditions change so rapidly that we have scant time to form individual habits, much less develop instincts. What we have left are very old ones, prehuman or savage in origin and mostly applying to physical relations. Suppose we recognize these early assistants, regard them with respect as once useful, and lay them where they belong—on the shelf.

Instinct is no guide to proper food to-day: we have to use our brains and learn what is right to eat. It is no guide to proper clothing—as witness the unhealthy, uncomfortable, unbeautiful garments we wear. It is no guide to success in any kind of human industry, business, science or art. These things have to be learned: they do not come "by instinct." It is no suitable guardian of our behavior, either in public or private: all good manners and established government are achieved at considerable expense to "our natural instinct." And assuredly our instincts are not reliable as leaders in education, religion or morality.

Why then, seeing the inadequacy of instinct in all these lines, are we so sure of its infallible guidance in the care of babies? A modern human mother has far less instinct to guide her than her arboreal ancestors: the real advantage her babies profit by are obtained through the development of the father—in reason, in knowledge, in skill, in the prosperity and progress of the world he makes.

He prepares for his children a Home, a School, a Church, a Government, a Nation: he provides them all manufactured articles—each last and least dish, utensil, piece of furniture, tool, weapon, safeguard, convenience, ship, bridge, plaything, jewel. He makes the world.

Into this world of reason, knowledge, skill, training and experience comes the baby, richer in each generation by a new and improved father. He is born and cherished, however, by the same kind of mother, bringing to her tremendous task no new tool worthy of the time, but merely the same old dwindling, overworked "maternal instinct."

The children of today need mothers of today, and they must begin to supplement their primitive impulse by the very fullest, highest, richest powers of the human intellect and the human heart—the real human heart, which cannot be satisfied until every child on earth is more than mothered.

LOVE'S HIGHEST

Love came on earth, woke, laughed and began his dominion.
Strong? Just the Force of Creation. Glad? Merely Joy of Existence.
Love cast about for Expression—for work, which is Love in Expression,
And the fluctuant tissues of life began burgeoning, blooming and

fruiting.

Up through dim ages laughed Love, flowing through life like a fountain,
Pouring new forms and yet newer, filling each form with new passion,
Playing with lives like a juggler, life after life, never dropping;
Till a new form was developed: Humanity came: it was daylight.

Love laughed aloud, rose in splendor, offered up hymns of thanksgiving.

"Now I have room for expression! Here is a vehicle worthy!

Life that is lovelier far than all these poor blossoms and creatures;

Life that can grow on forever, unlimited, changeful, immortal.

Here I can riot and run through a thousand warm hearts in a moment,

I can flash into glories of art! I can flow into marvels of music!

I can stand in Cathedrals and Towers, and sit splendid, serene, in fair cities!

These exquisite, limitless beings shall radiate love from their faces,

Shall uphold it with emulous arms, and scatter it wide with their fingers,

Shall build me, through ages and ages, new forms and new fields of expression!

I have worked through the mosses and grasses till the world was all sweetened with roses,

Warm-clothed with the soft-spreading forests, and fed with ripe wheat and red apples;

I have worked with fur-children and feathered, till they knew the delights of my kingdom;

I have shown, thousand-fold, throughout Nature, my

Masterpiece—Glory—the Mother!

Now love shall pour like the sunlight, shall cover the earth like the ocean,

Love encompassing all, as the air does, not only in fragrance and color,

Not only in Nature and Mothers, but now, in this Crown of Creation—

Latest fruit of the Tree Everlasting, this myriad-featured fulfillment—

With unlimited force I shall fill them, in unnumbered new voices be uttered,

By millions and millions and millions they shall pour out their love in their labor,

And the millions shall love one another.

THE PERMANENT CHILD

I sat watching my baby, my little son, who was asleep—a year old child, fair and strong; and it did not seem a day since he was a tiny red creature, helpless and faintly groping.

As I looked and loved, I thought how it would not seem another day till he was a sturdy boy—a tall youth—a man grown; and I should lose my baby forever!

Then I thought of all the other mothers whose babies were flying from them by day and night—growing up, pushing away; of how we loved our babies and could not keep them even if we would. And I seemed to see the million babies of mankind all over the earth—black and white and yellow and brown, well-loved little ones of a million mothers—breaking into life like bubbles, blossoming, sprouting, coming into being everywhere, every hour, every minute, every second—this budding glory of babyhood—all over the earth: human life springing up in babies, like the Spring grass. And they fled as fast as they came. The days flew by—the weeks, the months, the years—and the babies changes and grew like a transformation scene; taking new shape, new size, new power; disappearing as I watched them, and becoming boys and girls, men and women.

But while I watched this millionfold swift flutter of unceasing change, suddenly something happened to it. The million and million all seemed to coalesce and become one—one little child; and the swift flutter of change grew vague and faint around it, so that although there was a soft uncertainty around the child and a half-visible smoke of growing forms arising from it, yet that small, dimpled shape remained, a little uncertain in outline as in a composite photograph, but steady and changeless as to the eyes—the clear, deep, searching eyes of a child.

My whole heart yearned to him: something rose and swelled within me, deeper, wider, stronger than

anything I had ever felt before. I loved him as I had never loved my own, as I had never known I could love—and suddenly I felt that I too had changed, and that I was now not only a mother but THE MOTHER; and I saw what it was I loved: it was THE CHILD. And I longed to feed and guard and shelter and serve that Child as might a million mothers made into one, with all the sweet helplessness, all the glorious promise of a million children made one for her to love.

Then as I watched those deep child eyes: as my heart swelled and ached with that great love: I saw—I felt—I knew—what had been borne, and still was borne, by this; The Child in human history. I saw the savage mother and the savage father caring for the children the best they knew, with all the torture and distortion, all the cruel initiations, all the black, blind superstitions of those old times, to the crowning horror of infant sacrifice when the child went through the fire to Moloch—for his parents' sins!—the living, loving, helpless child, sacrificed by his parents. I saw the bent skull of the Flathead Indian child, the crippled feet of the Chinese girl child, the age-long, hideous life and death of the child-wife and the child-widow of Hindoostan. I saw The Child in Sparta, and The Child in Rome, The Child in the Dark Ages, The Child scourged, imprisoned, starved, its mind filled with all manner of black falsehoods, its body misunderstood, and maltreated; and my heart ached, and I cried out, "Were there no Mothers for those children?"

And then I saw behind The Child, The Mother visible—the vague, composite, mighty form of a million mothers made as one—but her heart was my heart to feel and know.

I said to her—aching for her yet full of awful blame—"Could you not have saved The Child from this?"

And she wrung her hands. "I loved my child," she said.

"Loved? Loved?" I cried. "Could Love allow all this? Could Love not guard and feed, could Love not teach and save?"

"Alas, no!" she said. "I gave Love: it was all I had. I had neither Knowledge nor Freedom, nor Wisdom, nor Power: and I could not guard nor feed nor teach nor save. But I could love and I could serve—and I could suffer."

And the eyes of The Child, steady, clear, deep as all Time, were on me; and I felt his pain.

Then the moving screen of The Past was swept away and The Present spread and widened before me 'till I saw the whole wide range of Earth in all its starlit glory and sunlit joy—and everywhere The Child. Also everywhere The Mother—still loving, still serving, still suffering, still without Knowledge or Wisdom or Freedom or Power, still unable to guard or feed or teach or save.

Disease seized upon The Child, disease planted in his bones and blood by his Father while the Mother, blind and helpless, became partner in this Unnatural Crime. Disease preyed upon The Child, disease from ignorance and disease from poverty and disease from pride; and the Doctors strove with the diseases—and they strove also with the Mothers, but in vain.

Poverty preyed upon The Child: he suffered for lack of life's necessities, for decency and comfort, for peace and beauty and cleanliness. And the Fathers strove with Poverty. But the Mothers remained alone—and loved and served and suffered.

Labor preyed upon The Child. Forced Labor, Premature Labor, hard, grinding, destructive Labor such as wastes the tissues of strong men; and The Child went down before it like grass before the scythe, for Childhood is meant for Growth and not for Waste and Toil. The Mind of The Child was dulled, the Body of The Child was stunted and crippled and broken: accidents fell upon him, with the Special Diseases of Labor and Premature Death.

And I cried out to The Mother—that mighty figure I saw dimly there behind The Child—to save The Child. But there replied only the faint, piping voices of a million mothers, isolated and alone, each sorrowing one heart-full for one child—and sorrowing in vain.

"My child is dead!" said one, and wept.

"Mine is a cripple!" said another, and wept.

"Mine is an idiot!" said another, and wept.

"Mine is stunted by the mill work!" said another, and wept.

"Mine is ignorant and grows vicious because of our poverty and the vileness wherein we must live!" said another, and wept.

And I cried to them again, "But you are millions upon millions—and you are Mothers! And you can have today—if you will but take it—Wisdom and Freedom and Knowledge and Power, and you can feed and teach and guard and save. And if you do not, the blood of The Child is on your hands! And The Child is The World—the Whole World—a Baby World—and yours!"

But the great picture faded and fled away. The Child disappeared and left first the flickering flight of a million babies like the leaves of a forest, and then but one, my child, asleep before me. That vague and mighty figure of The Mother disappeared, leaving first the sad-eyed faces of a million mothers—loving, serving and suffering—and then nothing but myself and my child.

But in my heart remained an emptiness that nothing could fill. I caught my baby to my heart—but he was not enough! I had seen and I had loved the Child—the Baby World.

"Oh Child of Mine!" I cried, "I will love you and serve you and I will feed and guard and teach and save—but that is not enough! You are but one, oh Child of Mine, and there are millions and millions! There were—there are—and there will be! It is a stream—a torrent. It is everlasting. Babyhood upon earth continuously, always Babyhood, Human Babyhood—and not yet Motherhood to meet its needs!"

No savage Mother is enough. No slavish Mother is enough. No narrow, selfish Mother is enough. No pitiful offered sacrifice of one Mother's life is enough.

The Child does not need sacrifice. It needs Wisdom and Freedom and Knowledge and Power. It needs Social Motherhood—the conscious, united Mother Love and Mother Care of the Whole World.

THE NEW MOTHERHOOD

I have been reading Ellen Key's "Century of the Child," reviewed in this number, and am moved to add, in connection with that review, a "brief" for the New Motherhood.

Agreeing with almost all of that noble book and with the spirit of the whole of it, I disagree with its persistence in the demand for primitive motherhood—for the entire devotion of each and every mother to her own children—and disagree on the ground that this method is not the best for child service.

Among animals, where one is as good as another, "the mother"—each one of them—can teach her young all that they need to know. Her love, care and instruction are all-sufficient. In early stages of human life, but slightly differentiated, each mother was still able to give to her children all the advantages then known, and to teach them the few arts and crafts necessary of attainment. Still later, when apprenticeship taught trades, the individual mother was still able to give all the stimulus and instruction needed for early race culture—and did so, cheerfully.

But we have now reached a stage of social development when this grade of nurture is no longer sufficient, and no longer found satisfying either by mother or child. On the one hand, women are differentiating as human beings: they are no longer all one thing—females, mothers, and NOTHING ELSE. They are still females, and will remain so; still mothers, and will remain so: but they are also Persons of widely varying sorts, with interests and capacities which fit them for social service in many lines.

On the other hand, our dawning knowledge of child culture leads us to require a standard of ability in this work based on talent, love, natural inclination, long training and wide experience. It is no longer possible for the average woman, differentiated or undifferentiated, to fulfill the work of right training for babies and little children, unassisted. Moreover, the New Motherhood is belying to-day the dogma of the high cultural value of "the home" as a place of education for young children—an old world assumption which Miss Key accepts without question and intensifies.

The standards of the New Motherhood are these:

First: The fullest development of the woman, in all her powers, that she may be the better qualified for her duties of transmission by inheritance.

Second: The fullest education of the woman in all plain truths concerning her great office, and in her absolute duty of right selection—measuring the man who would marry her by his fitness for fatherhood; and holding him to the highest standards in his duty thereto.

Third: Intelligent recognition that child culture is the greatest of arts, that it requires high specialization and life service, and the glad entrance upon this service of those women naturally fitted

for it.

Such standards as these recognize the individual woman's place as a human being, her economic independence, her special social service; and hold her a far more valuable mother for such development, able to give her children a richer gift by inheritance than the mothers of the past—all too much in femininity and too little in humanity.

A mother who is something more—who is also a social servant—is a nobler being for a child to love and follow than a mother who is nothing more—except a home servant. She is wiser, stronger, happier, jollier, a better comrade, a more satisfying and contented wife; the whole atmosphere around the child at home is improved by a fully human mother.

On the second demand, that of a full conscious knowledge of the primal conditions of her business, the New Motherhood can cleanse the world of most of its diseases, and incidentally of many of its sins. A girl old enough to marry, is old enough to understand thoroughly what lies before her and why.

Especially why. The real cause and purpose of the marriage relation, parentage, she has but the vaguest ideas about—an ignorance not only absurd but really criminal in the light of its consequences. Women should recognize not only the personal joy of motherhood, which they share with so many female creatures, but the social duty of motherhood and its unmeasured powers. By right motherhood they can build the world: by wrong motherhood they keep the world as it is—weak, diseased, wicked.

The average quality of the human stock today is no personal credit to the Old Motherhood, and will be held a social disgrace by the New. But beyond a right motherhood and a right fatherhood comes the whole field of social parentage, one phase of which we call education. The effect of the environment on the child from birth is what demands the attention of the New Motherhood here: How can we provide right conditions for our children from babyhood? That is the education problem. And here arises the insistent question: "Is a small, isolated building, consecrated as a restaurant and dormitory for one family, the best cultural environment for the babyhood of the race?"

To this question the New Motherhood, slowly and timidly, is beginning to answer, "No." It is becoming more and more visible, in this deeper, higher demand for race improvement, that we might provide better educational conditions for the young of the human species. For the all-engrossing importance of the first years of childhood, it is time that we prepared a place. This is as real a need as the need of a college or school. We need A PLACE FOR BABIES—and our homes arranged in relation to such places.

A specially prepared environment, a special service of those best fitted for the task, the accumulated knowledge which we can never have until such places and such service are given—these are demanded by the New Motherhood.

For each child, the healthy body and mind; the warm, deep love and protecting care of its own personal mother: and for all children, the best provision possible from the united love and wisdom of our social parentage. This is not to love our children less, but more. It is not to rob them of the life-long devotion of one well-meaning average woman, but to give them the immortal, continued devotion of age after age of growing love and wisdom from the best among us who will give successive lives to the service of children because they love them better even than their mothers!

HOW WE WASTE THREE-FOURTHS OF OUR MONEY

The waste of Nature is great, and seems unavoidable: it is Nature's way. She is prodigal of time, of material, of life itself; and seems to have unlimited supplies to draw from. But the waste in our human processes is conspicuously absurd. We submit to it because we are not, in general, awake to what is going on.

Recent spasms of civic investigation have revealed to us one large source of waste in the dishonest use of public money. We are taxed more than is necessary to meet expenses in no way essential to good government. Ten per cent is a moderate allowance for this loss.

We waste more largely and less noticeably in carelessness of our natural resources, as is now beginning to be realized. Waste of timber is followed by waste of water, and that by waste of land. The earth's surface of arable soil is being washed into the ocean at a wholly unnecessary rate, the foundation of all wealth—of our very life on earth—thus slipping away from us unobserved. Every barren, naked hill is a ruined garden; every yellow, muddy river is leaking gold dust from our pockets; every choked harbor is a loss in money. Another ten per cent is scant allowance for this.

The waste of sewage in almost every city so provided, as well as the loss of the same valuable fertilizing material in smaller places, is grotesquely foolish. If we saw a farmer gathering all the material from his stables and cow sheds and throwing it into the sea, we should think he was a fool. We in towns and cities are just as foolish in wholesale waste of what is worth good money to the farmer. The sale of this material by any great city, together with the sale of its garbage, would be a large and steady source of income. At present we pay out large sums for sewage systems to throw away this product, and pay further sums to persons to take away the garbage and other refuse. We then, to accumulate idiocy, pay more large sums to dredge out the harbors we have ourselves obstructed, and furthermore charge ourselves with a heavy death rate and a burden of disease from the effects of the defiled water and poisoned fish—defiled and poisoned by ourselves. Taken altogether this makes another ten per cent. of our wealth wasted. (All these sums are arbitrary, but well below what they would really amount to.)

We pay very heavily to support our public institutions for the defective, crippled and criminal population—in terrible numbers and increasing. Practically all this is pure waste of money—to say nothing of the loss and suffering to humanity. Prisons, hospitals, insane asylums, poor houses, and the like cost the community a prodigious amount.

This is very largely unnecessary. Our criminal population is made—not born! The born criminal belongs in the hospital or asylum. Our crippled and blind are mainly made so by vicious parents—and all that contributes to vice can be avoided. It is a tremendous expense to produce and maintain such a lot of poor human stock—and it is wholly unnecessary—the most utter waste. We will call it another ten per cent.

Our all too numerous diseases with their premature deaths constitute another heavy loss. The waste of human life force in the infant mortality alone is enormous. The cost of medicine, of doctors, of undertakers, of graveyard rents; the loss of services of those prematurely taken from us—all this is a groaning burden of pain and loss amounting easily to another ten per cent.

We lose by fire, unnecessarily, other huge sums—and fire loss is absolute; there is no "come back," no compensating circumstance. More human life is lost in fighting fire. In this, and in the terrible death roll from accident in mill and mine and railroad, we lose in money more than another ten per cent.

In the foolishness of throat-cutting competition with all its multiplication of plant and service, its interruptions and interference and delay, another ten per cent is gone—and more. In the general inadequacy of our people—low grade people where we might have high grade ones, like poor stock in cows or hens, or poor kinds of corn or wheat instead of first-class varieties, we waste again good ten per cent—and more. Also in the blind, careless assortment of occupation where people work grudgingly at what they do not like we lose largely. The vigorous output of happy, well placed workers would be worth ten per cent. added to our present wealth.

Then comes our method of domestic industry in which we waste forty-three per cent. of the productive labor of the world—and three-fourths of our living expenses.

Put these all together—and every one of them is modestly within the mark—and three-fourths is a small allowance to cover our wastes. Isn't it time we had a Social Secretary and a Financial Expert to teach us a few things?

OUR ANDROCENTRIC CULTURE; OR, THE MAN-MADE WORLD

XIV.

A HUMAN WORLD.

In the change from the dominance of one sex to the equal power of two, to what may we look forward? What effect upon civilization is to be expected from the equality of womanhood in the human race?

To put the most natural question first—what will men lose by it? Many men are genuinely concerned about this; fearing some new position of subservience and disrespect. Others laugh at the very idea of change in their position, relying as always on the heavier fist. So long as fighting was the determining process, the best fighter must needs win; but in the rearrangement of processes which marks our age, superior physical strength does not make the poorer wealthy, nor even the soldier a general.

The major processes of life to-day are quite within the powers of women; women are fulfilling their

new relations more and more successfully; gathering new strength, new knowledge, new ideals. The change is upon us; what will it do to men?

No harm.

As we are a monogamous race, there will be no such drastic and cruel selection among competing males as would eliminate the vast majority as unfit. Even though some be considered unfit for fatherhood, all human life remains open to them. Perhaps the most important feature of this change comes in right here; along this old line of sex-selection, replacing that power in the right hands, and using it for the good of the race.

The woman, free at last, intelligent, recognizing her real place and responsibility in life as a human being, will be not less, but more, efficient as a mother. She will understand that, in the line of physical evolution, motherhood is the highest process; and that her work, as a contribution to an improved race, must always involve this great function. She will see that right parentage is the purpose of the whole scheme of sex-relationship, and act accordingly.

In our time, his human faculties being sufficiently developed, civilized man can look over and around his sex limitations, and begin to see what are the true purposes and methods of human life.

He is now beginning to learn that his own governing necessity of Desire is not *the* governing necessity of parentage, but only a contributory tendency; and that, in the interests of better parentage, motherhood is the dominant factor, and must be so considered.

In slow reluctant admission of this fact, man heretofore has recognized one class of women as mothers; and has granted them a varying amount of consideration as such; but he has none the less insisted on maintaining another class of women, forbidden motherhood, and merely subservient to his desires; a barren, mischievous unnatural relation, wholly aside from parental purposes, and absolutely injurious to society. This whole field of morbid action will be eliminated from human life by the normal development of women.

It is not a question of interfering with or punishing men; still less of interfering with or punishing women; but purely a matter of changed education and opportunity for every child.

Each and all shall be taught the real nature and purpose of motherhood; the real nature and purpose of manhood; what each is for, and which is the more important. A new sense of the power and pride of womanhood will waken; a womanhood no longer sunk in helpless dependence upon men; no longer limited to mere unpaid house-service; no longer blinded by the false morality which subjects even motherhood to man's dominance; but a womanhood which will recognize its pre-eminent responsibility to the human race, and live up to it. Then, with all normal and right competition among men for the favor of women, those best fitted for fatherhood will be chosen. Those who are not chosen will live single—perforce.

Many, under the old mistaken notion of what used to be called the "social necessity" of prostitution, will protest at the idea of its extinction.

"It is necessary to have it," they will say.

"Necessary *to whom?*"

Not to the women hideously sacrificed to it, surely.

Not to society, honey-combed with diseases due to this cause.

Not to the family, weakened and impoverished by it.

To whom then? To the men who want it?

But it is not good for them, it promotes all manner of disease, of vice, of crime. It is absolutely and unquestionably a "social evil."

An intelligent and powerful womanhood will put an end to this indulgence of one sex at the expense of the other; and to the injury of both.

In this inevitable change will lie what some men will consider a loss. But only those of the present generation. For the sons of the women now entering upon this new era of world life will be differently reared. They will recognize the true relation of men to the primal process; and be amazed that for so long the greater values have been lost sight of in favor of the less.

This one change will do more to promote the physical health and beauty of the race; to improve the

quality of children born, and the general vigor and purity of social life, than any one measure which could be proposed. It rests upon a recognition of motherhood as the real base and cause of the family; and dismisses to the limbo of all outworn superstition that false Hebraic and grossly androcentric doctrine that the woman is to be subject to the man, and that he shall rule over her. He has tried this arrangement long enough—to the grievous injury of the world. A higher standard of happiness will result; equality and mutual respect between parents; pure love, undefiled by self-interests on either side; and a new respect for Childhood.

With the Child, seen at last to be the governing purpose of this relation, with all the best energies of men and women bent on raising the standard of life for all children, we shall have a new status of family life which will be clean and noble, and satisfying to all its members.

The change in all the varied lines of human work is beyond the powers of any present day prophet to forecast with precision. A new grade of womanhood we can clearly foresee; proud, strong, serene, independent; great mothers of great women and great men. These will hold high standards and draw men up to them; by no compulsion save nature's law of attraction. A clean and healthful world, enjoying the taste of life as it never has since racial babyhood, with homes of quiet and content—this we can foresee.

Art—in the extreme sense will perhaps always belong most to men. It would seem as if that ceaseless urge to expression, was, at least originally, most congenial to the male. But applied art, in every form, and art used directly for transmission of ideas, such as literature, or oratory, appeals to women as much, if not more, than to men.

We can make no safe assumption as to what, if any, distinction there will be in the free human work of men and women, until we have seen generation after generation grow up under absolutely equal conditions. In all our games and sports and minor social customs, such changes will occur as must needs follow upon the rising dignity allotted to the woman's temperament, the woman's point of view; not in the least denying to men the fullest exercise of their special powers and preferences; but classifying these newly, as not human—merely male. At present we have pages or columns in our papers, marked as "The Woman's Page" "Of Interest to Women," and similar delimiting titles. Similarly we might have distinctly masculine matters so marked and specified; not assumed as now to be of general human interest.

The effect of the change upon Ethics and Religion is deep and wide. With the entrance of women upon full human life, a new principle comes into prominence; the principle of loving service. That this is the governing principle of Christianity is believed by many; but an androcentric interpretation has quite overlooked it; and made, as we have shown, the essential dogma of their faith the desire of an eternal reward and the combat with an eternal enemy.

The feminine attitude in life is wholly different. As a female she has merely to be herself and passively attract; neither to compete nor to pursue; as a mother her whole process is one of growth; first the development of the live child within her, and the wonderful nourishment from her own body; and then all the later cultivation to make the child grow; all the watching, teaching, guarding, feeding. In none of this is there either desire, combat, or self-expression. The feminine attitude, as expressed in religion, makes of it a patient practical fulfillment of law; a process of large sure improvements; a limitless comforting love and care.

This full assurance of love and of power; this endless cheerful service; the broad provision for all people; rather than the competitive selection of a few "victors;" is the natural presentation of religious truth from the woman's viewpoint. Her governing principle being growth and not combat; her main tendency being to give and not to get; she more easily and naturally lives and teaches these religious principles. It is for this reason that the broader gentler teaching of the Unitarian and Universalist sects have appealed so especially to women, and that so many women preach in their churches.

This principle of growth, as applied and used in general human life will work to far other ends than those now so painfully visible.

In education, for instance, with neither reward nor punishment as spur or bait; with no competition to rouse effort and animosity, but rather with the feeling of a gardener towards his plants; the teacher will teach and the children learn, in mutual ease and happiness. The law of passive attraction applies here, leading to such ingenuity in presentation as shall arouse the child's interest; and, in the true spirit of promoting growth, each child will have his best and fullest training, without regard to who is "ahead" of him, or her, or who "behind."

We do not sadly measure the cabbage-stalk by the corn-stalk, and praise the corn for getting ahead of the cabbage—nor incite the cabbage to emulate the corn. We nourish both, to its best growth—and are

the richer.

That every child on earth shall have right conditions to make the best growth possible to it; that every citizen, from birth to death, shall have a chance to learn all he or she can assimilate, to develop every power that is in them—for the common good—this will be the aim of education, under human management.

In the world of "society" we may look for very radical changes.

With all women full human beings, trained and useful in some form of work; the class of busy idlers, who run about forever "entertaining" and being "entertained" will disappear as utterly as will the prostitute. No woman with real work to do could have the time for such petty amusements; or enjoy them if she did have time. No woman with real work to do, work she loved and was well fitted for, work honored and well-paid, would take up the Unnatural Trade. Genuine relaxation and recreation, all manner of healthful sports and pastimes, beloved of both sexes to-day, will remain, of course; but the set structure of "social functions"—so laughably misnamed—will disappear with the "society women" who make it possible. Once active members of real Society; no woman could go back to "society," any more than a roughrider could return to a hobbyhorse.

New development in dress, wise, comfortable, beautiful, may be confidently expected, as woman becomes more human. No fully human creature could hold up its head under the absurdities our women wear to-day—and have worn for dreary centuries.

So on through all the aspects of life we may look for changes, rapid and far-reaching; but natural and all for good. The improvement is not due to any inherent moral superiority of women; nor to any moral inferiority of men; men at present, as more human, are ahead of women in all distinctly human ways; yet their maleness, as we have shown repeatedly, warps and disfigures their humanness. The woman, being by nature the race-type; and her feminine functions being far more akin to human functions than are those essential to the male; will bring into human life a more normal influence.

Under this more normal influence our present perversities of functions will, of course, tend to disappear. The directly serviceable tendency of women, as shown in every step of their public work, will have small patience with hoary traditions of absurdity. We need but look at long recorded facts to see what women do—or try to do, when they have opportunity. Even in their crippled, smothered past, they have made valiant efforts—not always wise—in charity and philanthropy.

In our own time this is shown through all the length and breadth of our country, by the Woman's Clubs. Little groups of women, drawing together in human relation, at first, perhaps, with no better purpose than to "improve their minds," have grown and spread; combined and federated; and in their great reports, representing hundreds of thousands of women—we find a splendid record of human work. They strive always to improve something, to take care of something, to help and serve and benefit. In "village improvement," in traveling libraries, in lecture courses and exhibitions, in promoting good legislation; in many a line of noble effort our Women's Clubs show what women want to do.

Men do not have to do these things through their clubs, which are mainly for pleasure; they can accomplish what they wish to through regular channels. But the character and direction of the influence of women in human affairs is conclusively established by the things they already do and try to do. In those countries, and in our own states, where they are already full citizens, the legislation introduced and promoted by them is of the same beneficent character. The normal woman is a strong creature, loving and serviceable. The kind of woman men are afraid to entrust with political power, selfish, idle, over-sexed, or ignorant and narrow-minded, is not normal, but is the creature of conditions men have made. We need have no fear of her, for she will disappear with the conditions which created her.

In older days, without knowledge of the natural sciences, we accepted life as static. If, being born in China, we grew up with foot-bound women, we assumed that women were such, and must so remain. Born in India, we accepted the child-wife, the pitiful child-widow, the ecstatic *suttee*, as natural expressions of womanhood. In each age, each country, we have assumed life to be necessarily what it was—a moveless fact.

All this is giving way fast in our new knowledge of the laws of life. We find that Growth is the eternal law, and that even rocks are slowly changing. Human life is seen to be as dynamic as any other form; and the most certain thing about it is that it will change. In the light of this knowledge we need no longer accept the load of what we call "sin;" the grouped misery of poverty, disease and crime; the cumbrous, inefficacious, wasteful processes of life today, as needful or permanent.

We have but to learn the *real* elements in humanity; its true powers and natural characteristics; to

see wherein we are hampered by the wrong ideas and inherited habits of earlier generations, and break loose from them—then we can safely and swiftly introduce a far nobler grade of living.

Of all crippling hindrances in false ideas, we have none more universally mischievous than this root error about men and women. Given the old androcentric theory, and we have an androcentric culture—the kind we so far know; this short stretch we call "history;" with its proud and pitiful record. We have done wonders of upward growth—for growth is the main law, and may not be wholly resisted. But we have hindered, perverted, temporarily checked that growth, age after age; and again and again has a given nation, far advanced and promising, sunk to ruin, and left another to take up its task of social evolution; repeat its errors—and its failure.

One major cause of the decay of nations is "the social evil"—a thing wholly due to the androcentric culture. Another steady endless check is warfare—due to the same cause. Largest of all is poverty; that spreading disease which grows with our social growth and shows most horribly when and where we are most proud, keeping step, as it were, with private wealth. This too, in large measure, is due to the false ideas on industry and economics, based, like the others mentioned, on a wholly masculine view of life.

By changing our underlying theory in this matter we change all the resultant assumptions; and it is this alteration in our basic theory of life which is being urged.

The scope and purpose of human life is entirely above and beyond the field of sex relationship. Women are human beings, as much as men, by nature; and as women, are even more sympathetic with human processes. To develop human life in its true powers we need full equal citizenship for women.

The great woman's movement and labor movement of to-day are parts of the same pressure, the same world-progress. An economic democracy must rest on a free womanhood; and a free womanhood inevitably leads to an economic democracy.

THE NUN IN THE KITCHEN

When you gaze upon a row of large, beautiful houses; those "residences" to which the citizen "points with pride;" those "homes" which form our ideal of life's fulfillment; bear this in mind:

For every one of those proud, spacious mansions must exist somewhere one or more huts or hovels or crowded city tenements.

Why? To furnish from the daughters of the poor the servants necessary to maintain such a domicile. So long as each woman performed with her own hands the labors of the home; there were physical limits to the size and splendor of that building.

The Palace has its slaves, the Castle its serfs, and the capacious mansions of today owe their splendor—yes, their very existence—to the nun in the kitchen.

"Why nun?" you will ask. Because in entering our service she is required to be poor, chaste and submissive; she gives up home and family; hers is a consecrated life—consecrated to the physical comfort of our families.

We expect our servants to be women as a matter of course: are not women made to serve? As a matter of fact, they are. That is, they are made to serve children, but we make them serve men. And since a married woman must serve her own husband exclusively, we must have unmarried women to serve other women's husbands! Hence the demand for maid service; hence the constant—though futile—effort to prevent our maids from marrying; and hence—this we have hitherto utterly overlooked—the continuous inadequacy of that service.

Thus an endless procession of incompetent young people—necessarily incompetent—is forever passing in and out of our back doors; and our domestic life—its health and happiness—is built upon these shifting sands!

When slaves were owned we had a secure foundation, such as it was; but the present servant is not held by a chain or collar, and as she flits through the kitchen—either slowly or swiftly—the mistress of the mansion is drawn upon, in varying degree, to be a stop-gap.

The family and the home are far too important to our happiness to be left at the mercy of such a fleeting crowd of errant damosels. Affection and obedience they may give—or may not—but competence does not come to ignorant youth. We need, to keep the world well fed and really clean, skilled, specialized, experienced, well-paid workers; and it is none of our business whether they are

married or single.

LETTERS FROM SUBSCRIBERS

Being wholly unable to respond individually to the kind and helpful letters, I wish here to personally thank each friend for his or her really important contributions to the establishment of this magazine.

It is the rich response which gives assurance that the work is worth doing, and that it reaches those for whom it is written.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

THE CENTURY OF THE CHILD

This is the well chosen title for one of the most important books of this Twentieth Century, written by Ellen Key, that great Swedish woman who so intensely loves "the child," a book which has set all Europe thinking, has revolutionized the attitude of mind of thousands of young women, and filled thousands of old ones with vain remorse.

In Germany a very considerable movement among girls of the upper classes, involving a new attitude towards marriage and maternity, has resulted from this one work.

I take a special, personal interest in it because my "Woman and Economics" was held to represent the opposite pole of thought regarding women from that of this book.

What is Miss Key's position?

She holds that "the child" is the most important of personages, that life should all be bent to its service, that the woman's one, all-inclusive purpose is the right bearing and rearing of children. She shows how painfully inadequate is our present provision for child culture, how unprepared is the average mother, how unsuitable the atmosphere of the average home and also of the average school; and makes searching comment on our methods of teaching—especially in teaching religion.

Her chapter on "The Education of the Child" is so important that it has been taken out and made a book by itself.

There is present throughout the book a deep sincerity, a boundless love and sympathy, and evidence of the widest and most searching observation. It throws a relentless light on our cheap and trivial way of facing the gravest issues of life, and should stir every woman's heart to new enthusiasm for the power and glory of motherhood.

The most controversial chapters—to most of us—are the first, in which marriage is discussed, and the one on religion; but to my mind the most important question here, as in all deep study of child culture, is this: Is the mother the best person to supply the entire care for and culture of the child?

Miss Key holds that she is. For that reason she deprecates any education, any profession, any interest or purpose in a woman's life which at all interferes with this primal claim of motherhood. She allows to women the right, as individuals, to forego motherhood and develop their egos as they will; but of women as a class she demands the most entire consecration to this function. Her requirements are soul-absorbing and exclusive of all others. It is not alone in the hours spent with the child that the mother should be at work upon him, but in every waking hour—in her work and rest times—the child should be always on her heart, and she should ceaselessly revolve in her mind the problems of her work as a mother.

The book is a determined protest against the present tendency to specialization among women: it is thrown up like a rampart against the rising tide of independence and free human life demanded by the girls of today—and its strength lies in the deep truth of its attitude towards the child.

It is true that the child is the most important personage. In him—in her—must appear the inherited growth of the world. Unless our children are born better, born stronger, born cleaner and more beautiful than we, the race does not progress. And unless the first years are rightly treated, we lose in

wrong education much of the fruit of right breeding.

It is true that we need among women a new, strong, clear "class conscious" motherhood which shall recognize that this deep duty is superior to that of the wife; that it is woman's worst crime to consent to bear children of vicious, diseased fathers; that it is woman's first duty, not merely to reproduce, but to improve the human race.

So far I am in hearty agreement with Ellen Key, and congratulate the world of to-day upon her book. She herself is a "human mother," a "social mother," loving children because they are children not because they are her own. Such love, such high intelligence and insight, such quenchless enthusiasm, are in themselves the proof that wise and beneficial child-service may be given by extra-maternal hearts, heads and hands. Wherein I disagree with this world-helper will be found in a few remarks on "The New Motherhood," elsewhere in these pages.

*

I was asked by a justly indignant subscriber to review Molly Elliot Sewell's amazing performance in the September "Atlantic" called "The Ladies' Battle," and replied at the time that I had not seen the article. Since then I have, and am glad to say a few words on a matter the only importance of which is that The Atlantic Monthly should have committed itself to such a presentation.

There is but one reasonable way to oppose Woman Suffrage today: that is to bring definite proof that it has worked for evil in the states and countries where it has been long in practice. This means not merely to show that evil still exists in these communities, or even that some women take part in it: it must be shown that new or greater evils exist, and that these are proven due to use of the ballot by women. We have yet to wait for such legitimate opposition.

This effort of Miss Sewall's, like all the others, consists almost wholly of prophesies of horror as to the suppositious effects of an untried process, and where she does bring definite charges of corrupt behavior in a woman suffrage state, the corruption charged is one common to man suffrage everywhere, and is in no way attributable to the presence of voting women. Her anti-suffrage opinions, quoted from these states, can be overwhelmingly outnumbered by pro-suffrage ones from equally good sources.

She repeatedly alludes to woman suffrage as "a stupendous governmental change," "the overturning of the social order which woman suffrage would work," and other similar alarmist phrases; yet, as a matter of fact, women have voted more than a generation, and are now voting, in various of our states and in foreign countries all over the world without the slightest "governmental change" or "overturning of social order" other than a gradual improvement through legitimate legislation.

The notable essence of this paper lies in two statements, advanced with the utmost solemnity as "basic principles" and "basic reasons," whereas they might both be dismissed by sweeping legal exclusion as "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

First, no electorate has ever existed, or ever can exist, which cannot execute its own laws.

Second, no voter has ever claimed, or ever can claim, maintenance from another voter.

To dismiss the second with an airy wave of the hand, us its merely inquire if it is a fact that in our four woman suffrage states married women have no legal claim to support from their husbands? As a matter of fact, they have. Therefore it is apparent that even now in this country, as in many others, one voter has claimed, does claim, and succeeds in getting, maintenance from another voter. Exit the second "basic reason."

The first one looks quite formidable. It calls up in one's mind a peculiar alignment of the sexes in which all the women voters are segregated and opposed to all the men voters and that this all-woman vote is on some matter which concerns all men, and that all men utterly object to doing what all women want them to do, and that all women could not make all men do what they wanted them to do—against their wills. Perhaps they couldn't. Perhaps they could. There are more ways of coercing them than by brute force. But in any case what has this preposterous vagary to do with woman suffrage?

Have the women voters of any state or country ever united as a body against the men voters? Is there any reason to suppose that they ever will? There are some measures, as in dealing with the social evil, wherein women might conceivably vote "solid" against a considerable number of men; but even then there would remain a large proportion of wise and good men on the side of virtue and health—and this proportion is increasing daily. Decisions made by all women on questions of this sort could be efficiently enforced by them.

The absurdity of this first "basic proposition" is in its innocent assumption of flatly opposing interests between men and women, whereas most of their interests are identical. In following out her grisly fears of valiant man forcibly preventing womankind from voting, our authoress again forgets existing facts and again surrenders herself to gloomy prediction.

"A dozen ruffians at a single polling place could prevent a hundred women from depositing a single ballot," she says.

Yes. But do they?

A dozen ruffians could do alarming damage to a hundred women almost anywhere if the women had no guns. Has Mrs. Seawell ever had the pleasure of observing the absence of "ruffians" at the polling places in Woman Suffrage states? She seems to imagine that women, in acquiring the ballot, instantly thereby lose, not only all their male relatives, but the protection of the law, and become a species of "enemy," with men, terrified and enraged, banded together against them—which is a childish absurdity.

The errors of fact in this article are gross and unpardonable. If Mrs. Seawell had ever examined "The Woman's Bible" she would have noticed that it was not "Miss Anthony's," but was undertaken by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton with collaboration of some others, and that it was not an attempt to make the Bible a "suffrage document" but to show how it discriminated against women.

She alleges that the divorce rate is "practically higher" in the four suffrage states than in any others in the Union whereas Wyoming is the one state where divorce has decreased rather than increased. She speaks of Colorado as having had "more than thirty years of suffrage" whereas it was only introduced in 1893.

Any person capable of real interest in this question of practical politics and world improvement are urged to concentrate their study, not on the most fiercely sentimental presentation of what woman suffrage will do or will not do, but on the numerous and easily accessible facts as to what it really does, information concerning which can be readily obtained at the National Woman Suffrage Headquarters, 505 Fifth avenue, New York city.

*

In the preliminary announcement of this magazine, twelve short articles were promised by name.

As the months came round, other matters arose for attention, other articles were urgent, and this arbitrary set was much in the way.

One, *The Nun in the Kitchen*, was seized upon by another magazine. They wanted the title particularly, so it was given them—and the price thereof goeth to feed the Forerunner. But, being a much larger magazine, they benevolently allowed the same name and a similar article to appear in these modest pages.

The others, "Our Overworked Instincts" and "How We Waste Three-Fourths of Our Money" being promised, are now printed, altogether and with most gratifying brevity, their length never having been specified. The New Year is not going to be hampered with any such too previous announcements.

*

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"Pure Sociology," by Lester F. Ward, Macmillan, Pub., \$4.00.

"Hygiene and Morality," by Lavina L. Dock, R.N., G. P. Putnam's Sons, Pub., \$1.25.

"Marriage as a Trade," by Cicely Hamilton, Moffat, Yard & Co., Pub., \$1.25.

"To-day's Problems." Trade Union Book Concern. Chicago, Ill.

"The Century of the Child," by Ellen Key; G. P. Putnam's Sons., Pub., \$1.50.

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Success Magazine
For December and January

December
Our Prize Fiction Number'

When "MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE" appeared, our readers gave us no peace until we promised another story by the same author. Our Christmas number opens with "THE PINK SASH," by *Eleanor Hollowell Abbott*.

In "THE HAZARD," *Katherine Cecil Thurston* gives an exciting romance of the days when feelings ran high in the fight for a maiden's hand.

Rupert Hughes' story, full of snow, Christmas presents, soldiers and a girl, is entitled "DUMBHEAD."

In the "FIRE_BLUE NECKLACE," by *Samuel Hopkins Adams*, the well-known detective hero, "Average Jones," while in search for the adventure of life, lends Cupid a helping hand.

"THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER," by *Seumas MacManus*, is the first of a series of delightful Irish sketches. *John Kendrick Bangs* comes into our Christmas issue with one of his up-to-date fairy stories; "PUSS IN THE WALDORF."

Among the many entertaining stories in our January issue there is one by *Mary Heaton Vorse*, entitled "THEY MEANT WELL"—a story of too many chaperons and what happened to the girl; also, in "THE LITTLE MOTHER AND THEIR MAJESTIES," *Evelyn Van Buren* accomplishes her usual feat of making the reader laugh and cry at the same time.

The Boy Scout movement, its purpose and its laws, is treated by *Ernest Thompson Seton* in the article "ORGANIZED BOYHOOD."

Miriam Finn Scott in "SHOW GIRLS OF INDUSTRY" relates interestingly how beauty of form and features figure as a big asset in the Business World.

"THE STORY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS," by *Charles Edward Russell*, is a vivid and inspiring character sketch of this great orator and friend of freedom.

A Few Of Our January Articles

Franklin Clarkin, in a beautifully illustrated article, "CITY BEAUTY PAYS," proves that it pays big to make a city beautiful—pays in actual dollars and cents. In "THE EVERYDAY MIKADO," *Adachi Kinnosuke* gives a lot of interesting and hitherto unknown facts about the Emperor of Japan, his daily life and his responsibility for the modern movement in the Island Empire.

"A SOFT-PEDAL STATESMAN," by *Robert Wickcliffe Woolley*, is a slashing character picture of the rich, influential and reactionary Senator Murray Crane, of Massachusetts.

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