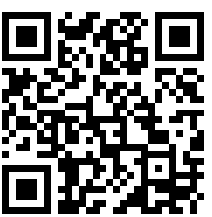
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SOCIAL ABOMINATIONS,

OR

The Follies of Modern Society,

PORTRAYED BY

MANY EMINENT WRITERS.

INTRODUCTION BY

RUSSELL H. CONWELL, D. D. LL. D.

AUTHOR OF: "LIFE OF EX-PRESIDENT GARFIELD, BAYARD TAYLOR, HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, ACRES OF DIAMONDS, LIFE OF SPURGEON," ETC., ETC.

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Preface.

WE have been convinced for some time that there should be a book published which would be a great social and moral teacher, making an open and fearless warfare against the many evils that beset us all on every hand, uplifting humanity so that we might have a greater degree of purity in our homes, in our society, and in our nation. In presenting Social Abominations to the public, we trust we may have the hearty coöperation of good, moral people everywhere, in this great crusade against sin and crime which is now so alarmingly prevalent. We have given the thoughts of the most prominent men and women of the age, and if they sound a note of warning to the erring and restrain our bright youth from social and moral ruin, they will feel that a great mission has been accomplished.

As there are so many influences in our pathway which have a tendency to degrade and corrupt, we deem it essential to

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constantly surround ourselves with higher and purer influences which will be such an impenetrable barrier to everything low and debasing, that we will be uncontaminated, and will rise to a loftier manhood and womanhood.

This work contains nearly fifty chapters on as many different subjects which are sure to interest all people, no matter what their position in life may be, and tend toward accomplishing a grand social and moral reformation, and will be a lamp to their feet, illuminating the pathway to the sky. We wish to thank the Arena Publishing Company for their many courtesies given us and the interest they have exhibited not only in this book, but for the elevation of mankind.

THE PUBLISHERS.



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RUSSELL H. CONWELL, D. D., LL. D.

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Introduction.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL, D. D., LL.D.

I TAKE this book by the hand and introduce it to you. I wish I could have the satisfaction of sending it into every home on this great continent. It will stand like a sentinel at the door guarding the sacred circle from defilement, and watchfully giving warning of danger. The many eminent writers who have spoken in this book have large hearts and brilliant intellects. They love mankind. They love God. They speak because they must speak. They are watchmen on the walls, and if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound no one will prepare himself for battle. If the wrongs this book fearlessly assails, and the evils it skilfully impales could be driven out of every home and country, a paradise would be enjoyed on earth, and the New Jerusalem would indeed come down to dwell with men. But such a volume as this, which gathers the best and the mightiest things written by the noblest men of our age does far of more than to caution the venturesome, and denounce the villainous. It greatly encourages the weak. It puts a strong

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arm about the young and helpless and inspires fainting hearts to snatch victories from the jaws of defeat.

This book will make childhood more sweetly obedient, maindenhood more purely innocent, manhood more grandly noble, married life more sacred, business more honest, politics more honorable, social life more enjoyable, and religion more sincere. What grand castles of literature these valient knights of a clean conscience and a pure heart have built for the refuge and admiration of mankind. There is great need of such fortresses, for the enemy of the home, of childhood and of youth, are so numerous and alert that their power is never overestimated. It is not a useless alarm. In thousands of homes working effectively, but unobserved under the eye of watchful parents, monsters of vice work shame and death unhindered. The unwarned innocent boy in the sequestered home, taken by stealth possibly, becomes the fast youth, the patron of crime, the saloon-keeper, the burglar, the cruel murderer. The lovely girl flushed with health and instinct with the morning's best life grows pale, nervous, disagreeable, as the tempter whispers to her, elopes with the vicious, abandoning home and honesty. Or the evil shadow enters the house in some bad book (as a fascinating servant of Satan), or in some thoughtless and heartless newspaper, and the innocent loveliness of early girlhood gives place to irritable, pallid, invalidism and ends in an early grave. Let us arise together and combat these evils vigorously and without quarter. Let us counteract the evil literature by placing good books on our tables, and keeping the sacred home circle well-warned for the detection of evil. Such a book as this must prevent much

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wrong and save much pain and disease. It must defeat many plans to ruin homes, and keep thousands from enlisting in the ranks of vice. It must teach economy of money and strength, inculcate the value of true friendship and pure affection. It will keep sacred the hearthstone and the church altar. It will keep many from the foolish extravagance and the silly pride which result in crowding the slums with the degraded poor. Go on, thou car of Truth! Gather up the afflicted, save the wounded on the way, and discharge your broadsides into every camp of the enemies of the Good and True. Be a messenger of peace and charity to all whose purposes are noble, and an engine of divine justice to all who love not God, and regard not man.



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Sabbath Desecration.

REV. WILBUR CRAFTS.

A UNION depot with a dozen or more railroads radiating from it in every direction, each sending out its noisy, toilsome trains, becomes, on Sunday, a deadly devil-fish that crushes the health and home life and consciences of trainmen and passengers by the thousand to feed its insatiate greed.

A certain fast train is called "The Cannon Ball." Sunday trains are all cannon balls that smite with deadly effect that citadel of Christianity and patriotism, the American Sabbath, at the same time wounding the bodies and homes and souls of millions. These bomb-shells are loaded with Sunday mails and Sunday newspapers, whose noise and confusion they throw into almost every town in the land. It is not easy to decide whether these cannon balls or the bottles of the Sunday saloon strike the Sabbath citadel with most deadly effect.

The worst thing about Sunday newspapers is that they are drilling fifty thousand newsboys in law-breaking, besides, depriving many of them of the training in obedience to the laws of God and man which they would receive but for this worst form of child-labor, which dwarfs not the body only, but the conscience. When will Sunday papers cease to ignore in their

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excuses the fact that Sunday work is done on a Sunday newspaper, not only for four hours in the manufacturing it, but for twenty by a much larger number in distributing it?

From the railroad windows in some parts of the West, the traveler sees for miles telegraph poles crossed at the top that throw the shadow of the cross upon the desert sands, suggesting that the cross is the symbol of progress, opening its way in the wilderness. Railroads and telegraphs and all great inventions originate in the lands of the cross. Alas! that they so often become, by Sunday toil, the iron nails to crucify the Christianity which is their creator!

To desecrate the Lord's Day is to rend the flag of Christ, to trample on the holy sign of his benignant royalty. To desecrate the Sabbath for trifles such as ordinary thoughtless society makes use of as excuses for Lord's Day lawlessness, is less excusable than to do so under the stress of great temptations, such as the drunkard's thirst for alcohol and the millionaire's greed for the gains of his Sunday trains.

You notice that I have introduced the word "Sunday," which has been ostracized by those foremost defenders of the Sabbath, the Covenanters and United Presbyterians. This is the only point where I claim to have outrun them. I never use the word Sabbath in a bad sense, such as "Sabbath mails," "Sabbath amusements." These are "Sunday mails" and "Sunday amusements," that is, they are borrowed from heathen and Continental Sundays. There is nothing Sabbatic about them. Let us say "Sunday work," "Sabbath rest;" "Sunday dissipation," "Sabbath worship;" "the Continental Sunday," "the Christian Sabbath."

When nearly all the work was in the open air, in forest and field, was there more need to protect the toilers' right to one day's release from labor, than now, when many thousands work at night and in the mine, and thousands more in stifling

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UNION DEPOT, NEW YORK.

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shops? Is there more excuse for keeping thousands toiling on the Sunday mail now, when a letter is carried from New York to San Francisco in five days, than in our fathers' days when such a journey took five months? Was there less excuse for our fathers to issue Sunday papers when news crossed the Atlantic in two months, than there is for us when the news of Europe reaches us by telegraph the day before it happens?

Every change in the world since the Sabbath was instituted has been a new reason why God's Sabbath laws and ours should not be changed. They came to the kingdom for such a time as this. More than ever before, we should see to it that neither ourselves nor others cause any Sunday work except of necessity or mercy.

But the Sabbath is not only the Lord's Day and Labor's Day; it is also the Home Day, the cheering star of love. There can hardly be a "sweet home" that has no weekly Home Day of family reunion. The lack of it multiplies divorces for wives and disgraces for sons. The appalling wickedness of Sunday work, prompted by the prodigal's greed for pleasure and the miser's greed for gain—the Greed brothers, sons of selfishness—is startlingly seen when we consider the fact that these Greeds drag the father or brother or sister from every sixth home in the land on their God-given Home Day. God's first two gifts to unfallen man were the family and the Sabbath, the Jachin and Boaz, pillars of strength and beauty before man's Edenic home, which, though scarred by the fall, still stand. like majestic shafts and capitals, amid surrounding ruins and hovels. In the Christian Sabbath at home, we find, nearer than anywhere else on earth, our Paradise Regained. Let it be remembered that the Home cannot stand if its twin pillar, the Sabbath, is broken down. The breaking of the fourth commandment endangers the seventh.

What pathos there was in the word of that child who said,

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when the mother had just read of the seven days of creation, "Mamma, we shall have to get God to make an eighth day, so that papa can be at home with us like the papas in other homes that have a loving day!" God rather expects us to see that the Sabbath that He "made for man" shall be restored to those from whom the Greeds have taken it.

Because the Sabbath is the Home Day, Sunday visiting, except of relatives, is an impertinence as well as a sin. Let the family circle have one day of unbroken fellowship in the church and the home.

But the Sabbath is also the weekly Independence Day, when every employé should be allowed to come out from under human masterships and stand erect, with no master but God, and devote the day to the culture of intelligence and conscientiousness, which are necessities of life in a republic—intelligence to protect against the sophistries, conscientiousness to protect against the bribes, of the demagogue, the worst of despots.

It is yet more strange that the American Sabbath should be antagonized by any body of Christians, even though they may themselves prefer another day. Everywhere are seen the foot-prints of the little but lively denomination of Seventh Day Adventists, who are outdoing not only Seventh Day Baptists, but even Hebrews, infidels and liquor dealers, in battling against Sunday law, as if it was the worst of vices. They put beautiful tract-holders into depots, filled with their literature, which they also distribute from door to door with a generosity and industry that shame by contrast the meagre gifts and efforts of the friends of the American Sabbath. I cannot, however, commend for imitation their plan of campaign, which is to fight in disguise, not as Seventh Day Adventists, but under such aliases as "The Pacific Press Publishing Company," "The International Missionary and Tract So-

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ciety," "The Religious Liberty Association," "The American Sentinel, devoted to American Interests," etc. These aliases are confessions that their own name is offensive; but a false name, when discovered to be such, will prove still more so.

The attacks upon the American Sabbath in the interest of Saturday by those who believe the latter to be the true Sabbath would hardly be condemned by fair-minded opponents if the "Saturday" on their banner were not concealed under the word "Liberty," if they did not attempt to secure by false pretenses from the friends of the American Sabbath, meeting-houses, presiding officers, audiences, purchasers for their books, and signatures to their petitions. Their speakers do not seem to understand the relation of masks and aliases to honesty, or of false flags and false uniforms to honorable warfare. They seem unaware that the rule, "The end justifies the means," is the leading doctrine of the Jesuitism they so earnestly condemn.

These Adventists declare as confidently as if it were an axiom, that work which is right at one time cannot be wrong at another, but the swift answer is that work which is right at the tenth hour of daily labor may be wrong and unjust at the eleventh, and so work which is right on the sixth day of successive weekly labor may be cruel and unjust on the seventh.

These Adventists also declare with like confidence that Sunday work "disturbs" only in the sense of "a mental disturbance," of which, say they, the civil law should take no account. But the reply to this, if it were true, would be that indecent exposure and many other nuisances which they would not themselves tolerate on any day, cause only "mental disturbances."

But Sunday work causes physical injury also. Here is an engineer who does fifty-four days' work a month, making his regular salary of $100 per month swell to $180 almost every month. A part of the extra work he does because he does not wish to displease his superior when asked to do two days'

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work in one, and a part because of his blind ambition to make money at any cost. He is slightly wounded in an accident from which he would have quickly recovered but that he has no reserves of strength, no recuperative power, and so he dies at the close of seven years' service for lack of a nine-hour law and a six-day law. Many railroad men substitute for these best of safety appliances the perilous brace of alcohol to hold themselves at their overwork, so bringing themselves, if not others also, to wreck.

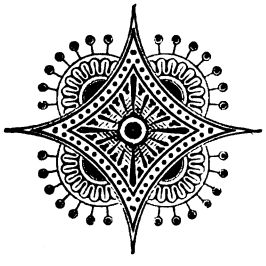
Sunday work wrecks not only trains but cities. Strikes would not so easily pass into riots if laborers were not so many of them demoralized by being deprived of the Sabbath's humanizing home fellowships and its culture of conscience. In a very literal sense our nation is "laying up wrath" by its delay to emancipate our three millions of "white slaves" from their Sunday slavery. Sunday work is unpaid toil in a deeper sense than that of the slaves of the South. They at least were paid clothes and food, but those who work seven days in the week get only six days' pay and and so are working for nothing and boarding themselves. Such unpaid toil has to be paid at last in the losses of war and insurrection, with blood for interest.

That Sabbath-keeping and other moralities are commercially profitable is too often overlooked. I heard a Missouri politician pour forth a cyclone of indignation on Kansas for her attitude towards the liquor traffic, after which, in a lucid interval, he admitted that the gray-haired father from New England, who comes into the West to settle his two grown sons, when he remembers how many young men he has seen wrecked physically and financially as well as morally by drink, says, with justice, "Kansas or Iowa is the safest place for my boys.

Settlers of the best quality are also affected by the status of

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the Sabbath. Why should a man settle, where as a merchant, he must open his shop seven days in the week or lose his trade to competitors who do? Why should a man not partial to heart-ache and heart-breaks try to raise a family where the street, even on the Sabbath, is the Devil's gauntlet that he has no right to expect his son and daughter to run in safety? Why should not every Western community adopt such a policy as will bring Eastern men for citizens as well as Eastern money for mortgages? Both for the individual and the State the Sabbath is closely related to success as well as salvation.



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Swearing and Cursing.

THE REV. CHAS. H. HALL, D. D.

THE American rough man indulges in profane swearing to an unexampled degree with as little of the real art of cursing as he can have. The Oriental, who never swears in our sense of the word, has perfected the art of cursing to a point little less than sublime. Of all mean and silly habits, the American has devoted the most time and pains to that which is meanest and least advantageous to him. The Turk has at least the claim to a superior position—that he can on occasion be really eloquent in denunciation; can express, with terrific force of word, sound and gesture, the darkest passions of anger, rage and malice; and in giving expression to his enmity, can leave Satan himself at a disadvantage for lack of a body by which to point his hatred.

There is a wide distinction to be drawn between cursing and profane swearing. They are by no means the same thing. The curse is the direct wish and worded expression of desired injury. It rises to the dignity of earnestness, has in it elements of consistent wrath, and reaches a place of bad eminence among the evil arts. It is, so to say, inverted religiousness, or elaborate diabolism; a sort of worship of the spirits of evil; a mode of prayer to Satan that good may be turned into

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evil; that the elements may be reversed for an enemy, and all things changed to destructive forces to blast and ruin him, body and soul. I am sorry to find a striking example of what I mean in the Psalms of David, but the 109th of the Psalter certainly leaves common minds far in the rear in concentrated rage. The writer reveled in a plenitude of wordy wrath against his enemy. Listen to his well-timed numbers: "Set a wicked man over him, and let Satan stand at his right hand. Let him be condemned, and his prayer become sin. Let his days be few, and let another take his office. Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow; his children be vagabonds, and seek bread out of desolate places. As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him; as he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him. As he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment, so let it come into his bowels like water, and like oil into his bones. Let it be his girdle, his covering garment, and come to him from the Lord." A prisoned, inner, unescapable religiousness of horrible, lost agony ruin both to body and soul; and the smile of God upon it all, to make its blackness of darkness tenfold more awful and unendurable! This, you will notice, is not profane swearing. It is quite another sort of speech. It is religious cursing. The common, vulgar swearer among us generally leaves off his ordinary *patois* when he gets to be in earnest, and drops down into simple forms of speech when he really seeks to emulate these ancient masters of the art of cursing. The Church, so far from considering such language profane, for many ages unhappily consecrated it and used it on occasion as the sacred vehicle of her priestly denunciations. There are some left in the Church, even to this late day, who try to find in it a sublimer inspiration, and, while they abjure it for their private uses, do not incline to yield it as other than very holy in the lips of the original speaker. We leave it in com-

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mon with the infirmities of patriarchs and the usages of the Israelites in the matters of divorce, as things in the old record which God "winked at" because of their ignorance. The teachings of Christ, who spake as never a man had spoken before Him, have shut off such language from Christians forever.

There is, then, this distinction between cursing and profane swearing. If I were an artist only, and desired to cultivate the truest and most elegant expressions of the former in the people at large, I would argue against the vulgarizing stupidness of the common habits of American speech.

No artist could draw an interesting picture of a vulgar American swearer. He is essentially a bad subject, a miserable nuisance, as odious as dust in one's eyes; as disagreeable as a sleety day with a northeast wind; dull and disgusting to all about him. The other day, as I went on board of a Bay-line boat, his tone struck on my ear, and I felt as if I had gone back forty years, to hear his old whisky brag and foul splutter as his ignorant "country cracker" vanity and profanity revealed the "poor white trash" of the past. But one could paint a curser, for the subject is poetical. Byron might, in some of his moods, have sat for the painting.

The fact of this distinction will explain my meaning when I say that there is nothing said in Scripture of profane swearing. The commandment that reads, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," forbids perjury. In Hebrew it reads, "Thou shalt not put the name of the Lord thy God to a vanity, a nothing." Thou shalt not use religion for hypocritical purposes, and call on God to endorse a lie. In fact, the two habits of solid cursing and profane swearing are inconsistent. The one belongs to men in earnest; the other, men will tell you, is the folly of those "who don't mean anything by it."

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The Orientals were too much in earnest—were too religious, or too superstitious, to use sacred things profanely. They would as soon have thought it a nice thing to play with lightning, or to embrace lepers, as to use the sacred names and holy things irreverently. They felt as those who climb Mont Blanc, beyond the Muleto in the famous pass, when the guide has warned them that a loud word may bring the avalanche down on their heads. There is no temptation. Such men see no fun in it. Your Arab uses the name now of Allah very freely, but with just exactly a contrary pose of mind from the American. A friend told me that, once crossing an Eastern lake in a rough wind, the Arab boatmen became panicy, and as the leaky skiff rose on the wave each one groaned out, "Billah!" which means "By God;" and as it fell into the trough said, "Walloth!" or, "My God." But they meant it for praying, of a low, animal sort. These people do not understand what one would mean by "profane swearing." The words are incompatible. So is it with Scripture. Swearing and oaths in the Bible mean substantial things.

The only instance that I remember which seems to vary from this rule—and only seems to do it—is when Peter began to "curse and swear" as to his ignorance of Jesus. He was, for the time, utterly demoralized: he had lost his head. Satan was "sifting him like wheat;" but his oaths and curses were in dead and sinful earnest, and demonstrate the excess of his terror and impiety. Corner the Oriental now, and the glib eloquence of his solemn adjurations of all the gods, to deceive you; his heaping up curses on his head, on his grave, and on his soul, to cover up a lie, is an art which ages of superstition have perfected. We are an enigma to him: that we are profane without reason or reward. He is a riddle to us: that he can lie so smoothly, audaciously and piously. He comprehends how to call all sacred things to seal a curse or to com-

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plete and establish a falsehood, but would shrink with a sense of degredation at the thought of useless playing with sacred names. The Bible, therefore, as it was written in that old Shemetic tongue, has no place for profane swearing. St. James, when he wrote, "Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing," was condemning the cursing spirit in Christian Jews—men who proposed to be like fountains sending out of the same mouth sweet water and salt; out of the same heart love, peace and benediction, and hatred, strife and denunciation. If you had described to him an American gentleman of irregular epithets, he would have termed him a madman and a son of Belial, an unreasoning and besotted suicide.

We must treat the subject of profane swearing, therefore, on its own demerits. It is a modern invention; an evolution, if not a devolution, from other forms of vice and error.

First, then, I am willing to allow to the common swearer all the advantages he can fairly claim. The sin of this irrev erence possibly began in the errors of Christians. Preachers sometimes handle certain subjects in a way which, though they do not intend it, is essentially profane. I know that there are men in pulpits who are essentially mechanical and profane for lack of true reverence. To test it, no one of us would go to them to explain things that we really reverence. They would handle a man's love for his mother so as to defile it. They would leave sooty finger-marks on the the love of his wife and children. They degrade the thoughts of God into mechanical measures, till we lose reverence for His awful majesty, and think of Him only as a stern tyrant whose name conveys no sense of gratitude and little tenderness of respect. I think that I am right in the opinion that certain forms of extreme dogmatizing have overstrained the reverence of men, and, side by side with terrifying forms of teaching, we often find a sort of plucky recalcitration against all religion. A boy

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QUEEN ELIZABETH.

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was once unhappily warned by his mother that if he did not reverence all the old gray-haired men he met, he would probably share the fate of the children who mocked at the prophet Elisha. The boy went into the street and called after the first gray-haired man that he saw, and then audaciously invited any one to bring on the bears! No American proposes to be bulldozed into piety.

In the age of Queen Elizabeth, the English world was largely agitated by constant discussion of the Lord's Supper. Some of the oaths of that period which were coined out of that subject were horrible, as we read of them now; but they were very fascinating to all young bloods and hot-bloods then, and even her most sacred majesty was somewhat given to a kind of swearing, which would paralyze the tongue of Victoria to-day.

An old bishop of the seventeenth century, speaks of his own times thus: "Such are a company of idle words frequently used in the mouths of many, which formerly were bloody oaths, but are now worn to rags, and disguised into imperfect sounds and nonsense. Few that speak them know what they mean; but if they did, certainly they would tremble at such execrable words that hide and dissemble the most horrid oaths that can be uttered—some of them being blasphemous, as those that are conceived by the limbs of God; and others being idolatrous, as those which are conceived by creatures, as in that ordinary by-word, marry, which is no less than swearing by the Virgin Mary."

Yet they all passed away. We may hope for the surcease of our wretched bad English of the present time. When men read in the revised edition of their Bibles "Sheol" and "Hades" in place of hell, where they belong, and "judgment" and "condemnation" instead of the coarse word damnation, they may cease to fancy it pleasant to be invoking them upon

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their own souls, or wishing their friends a passage thitherward. Christians may yet learn that they are are inheritors of blessing and not of cursing, and purify their sacred speech. The world will be better for the change. I am not denying the finalty and terribleness of final punishments, but criticising only the unhappy and indiscriminate indulgence in threatening denunciations of divine wrath.

Again, somehow there is a general impression in the community at large that the vast majority of men are lost, and lost, too, by first intentions. I refer you to Burns, the poet of Calvinistic Scotland, for details of this impression. Now, I grant to the swearer that, under such a general impression, there is in men a corresponding general plucky and dare-devil spirit which, with a grim jocoseness, inclines them to irreverent speech. I allow it be so; I do not justify it. Our people dare nature in all her tenses. We have largely conquered them, one by one. We run a train of cars every morning out of Jersey City, which the company does not wish you to find; and if by search you do find it, you must take your risk in the neck-or-nothing ride that ensues. Some years ago, a ship up in the Arctic Ocean, after the nights had grown to be twenty-two hours long, and all the European sailors had run into safe coves to be safely frozen up for the winter, turned back to go home, and ran a race with an iceberg where a miss would have been utter destruction, and was then caught by an ice-pack and drifted about for six months. It illustrated the American mind in its wild and reckless daring. Hence it is inevitable to our times that we should be fascinated with irreverent daring of supernatural powers; that the common mind should constantly tend to impiety and evil courage. There is a vulgar herd to whom profane swearing is as tempting as rum to an inebriate. Such an one swears in the presence of refined people with, as he thinks, all the spirit of the Declaration of Independence in

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him. It is a cheap assertion of his manhood. It shows his courage in his contempt for the feelings of those who, by wealth, refinement, or education, seem to him to put on airs as if they felt themselves to be above him.

Again, I allow to the swearer, if he wishes it, that expletives of some sort are next to necessary. It is an evil, but a common infirmity. The man who strikes at a nail and hits his own fingers with the hammer is apt to express himself rapidly and tersely. Possibly, few ever become saintly enough not to be thrown off their balance at sudden pain produced by their own bungling. But, granting this, what possible necessity or excuse is there for such horrible denunciations of one's soul, or such utter willingness to accept all the penalties of the lost, and such rude apostrophes to the place of final torment? If you must have an expletive, in all good sense and common decency take one that means nothing, or howl with the pain without words. Profane swearing, in such moments, either means nothing, or it means what is brutally horrible. At the beginning of the war a brave officer once complained to me that he had always been in the army and had been taught to swear from his boyhood, so that, when his company at times made him mad, he would do it before he had time to think. I persuaded him to always count three before he swore, and he broke himself of the habit.

But now, granting all that I have stated, I claim that the common oath-language is, to the lest degree, vulgar and brutal and wrong. It is vulgar in its silliness. The fact that sensible men do not swear in the presence of ladies proves it. It is vulgar, again, as it is the vice of the lowest classes, of the drunken classes, of the mean and vicious souls who swear best when they are dirtiest and most un-manlike. Of all the modes of asserting the equality of men it is the poorest when the better classes imitate "the lewd fellows of the baser sort." When

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the Spartan sage showed to his son a drunken slave, in order to disgust him with intemperance, he was wise. When a man who knows better indulges in the speech befitting a drunken sailor, he is exceeding foolish. Yet your dapper dandies on the street have not graduated to the degrees of manhood till they have learned to garnish their speech with the euphonisms of the prize-ring and the saloon. It is vulgar in essence and cowardly in effects.

It needs some courage for a young man to keep his mouth pure. I was once for a little while, by necessity, in company with some three-card-monte men, and watched their tricks. I confess that I was surprised to feel the temptation to take part in the rascals' discussion, and to find that it needed some nerve not to be humbugged by their skilful appeals. And if an old fellow like me feels that for a moment, I recognize that a young man may find ways of excusing himself in dropping into the speech of Ashdod. I presume that, just now, it requires courage in a woman to wear a sensible and comfortable bonnet. We shrink from being singular, but there is surely no honor in being fashionable in dirt and vulgarity with the lowest classes of mankind.

It is wrong. Every man is really ashamed of it. He knows that it is not his better self, but his meaner nature, that indulges. He cuts into his own self-respect. Some men now doubt whether oaths in a court of justice amount to much in the long run; but no man really respects his own character who finds himself always bolstering up his own word with adjurations of wrath and ruin for his soul. Granting that he means nothing—that the words are all worn out, so that he utters them as if he were saying milk and water—he is all the time perverting his sense of right and wrong. He is iodizing his inner man, and sooner or later it must show its ghastly color in his complexion. It is wrong. Men in their better

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moods do not swear. Surrounded by the amenities of home, free from care and perplexity, an oath would be harsh and horrible. In the places and times when all that is truest and best about them is roused, they use clean speech; and as such feelings grow on them the Belial dialect falls away. Leave it to the vile, the ignorant, the bullies and sharks to damn their own souls in their own way; but, in the name of all that is lovely and of good report, do not imitate them. Men show that it is wrong by the fact that they expect all Christians to be free from it. Why? Why should not a preacher begin his sermon with an oath? You remember how a thrill of horror went through the whole land, some years ago, at the false report that one had done so in the beginning of a sermon. What right have you that we have not? What claim have you to another sort of conscience from mine? You would not like to have your wife a notorious swearer. You would dislike to hear your daughters practicing some mincing oaths. You shrink with an electric pang when a son tries his 'prentice hand at it. Why? Because it is all wrong, untrue and mean in them and in you. Be reverent of your manhood, and set us all an example of pure speech, out of a clean conscience. Society, the Church, and your families need all the force of your example to keep in sight and sound. There is one place where few men swear; or, if they do, all are horrified—and that is the bed of death. When we come to it, we may curse in horror or despair, but then profane swearing would be an anomaly. May God keep us all pure from it always!

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Social Extravagance.



HOSE who thoughtfully follow events as they transpire in our great cities to-day cannot fail to be impressed with the many points of striking resemblance between our civilization and the condition of Roman society under the Cæsars, and the state of the French people during the closing years of Louis XV. and the early reign of Louis XVI. It is an easy matter to cry alarmist when facts of startling significance are brought home, and to eulogize life as we find it to-day, for such a course is sure to meet the approbation of society. Such is the siren cry of every age and never uttered with such vehemence and recklessness as during the eclipse or decline of a nation. I do not claim that our Republic has entered the shadow of decline, but I do maintain that our present social conditions are so strained that unless the public mind is quickened, unless the conscience and intelligence of the nation are aroused to the gravity of the situation, the hour will soon strike when cool, dispassionate judgment will give place to passion; when the frenzy of the multitude who are now restless with discontent will convulse society in revolution.

It is therefore the part of wisdom to frankly face conditions as we find them, and calmly confront the dangers which menace the stability of our government. It is true that we have not reached anything approaching the immorality, effem-

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inacy, or brutality which marked high society in Rome before her fall; neither have we behind us the centuries of oppression or generations of want and misery which culminated in the wild frenzy of the French Revolution; nevertheless, we are confronted by a state at once alarming and unique in history. The past few decades with us have been marked by the possession of colossal fortunes accumulated with a rapidity that finds no parallel save in campaigns of war and plunder not unfrequent in earlier epochs. Speculation, special privileges, and unearned increment have poured into the lap of a favored few royal fortunes, and with the possession of this money this same class has been enabled to triple and quadruple fortunes, often at the expense of hundreds of thousands of worthy but less fortunate fellowmen. Of this army many have been pushed from small homes to crowded tenements, and from crowded tenements to dens in disreputable sections, where the very atmosphere is brutalizing, where hope is killed and joy departs; where immorality, vice, and crime become the environment of childhood, until despair claims the parents and ignorance, sensuality and vice their offspring. Thus through unjust social arrangements the gamblers and the *protëgës* of class laws or special privileges have amassed fortunes of fabulous proportions at the expense of those who have toiled in legitimate fields for every dollar they have earned, oftentimes earning far more than they have received. Each year during the past decade has widened the gulf between the plutocrat and the proletariat. The very system which has enabled the former to thus rapidly acquire almost unbounded wealth without earning the same, has necessarily blunted his moral susceptibilities until the ethical relation of the fortunate to the unfortunate is lost sight of: a feeling of general indifference is exhibited by the very rich toward the struggling bread-winners whose every day is darkened by fear; whose

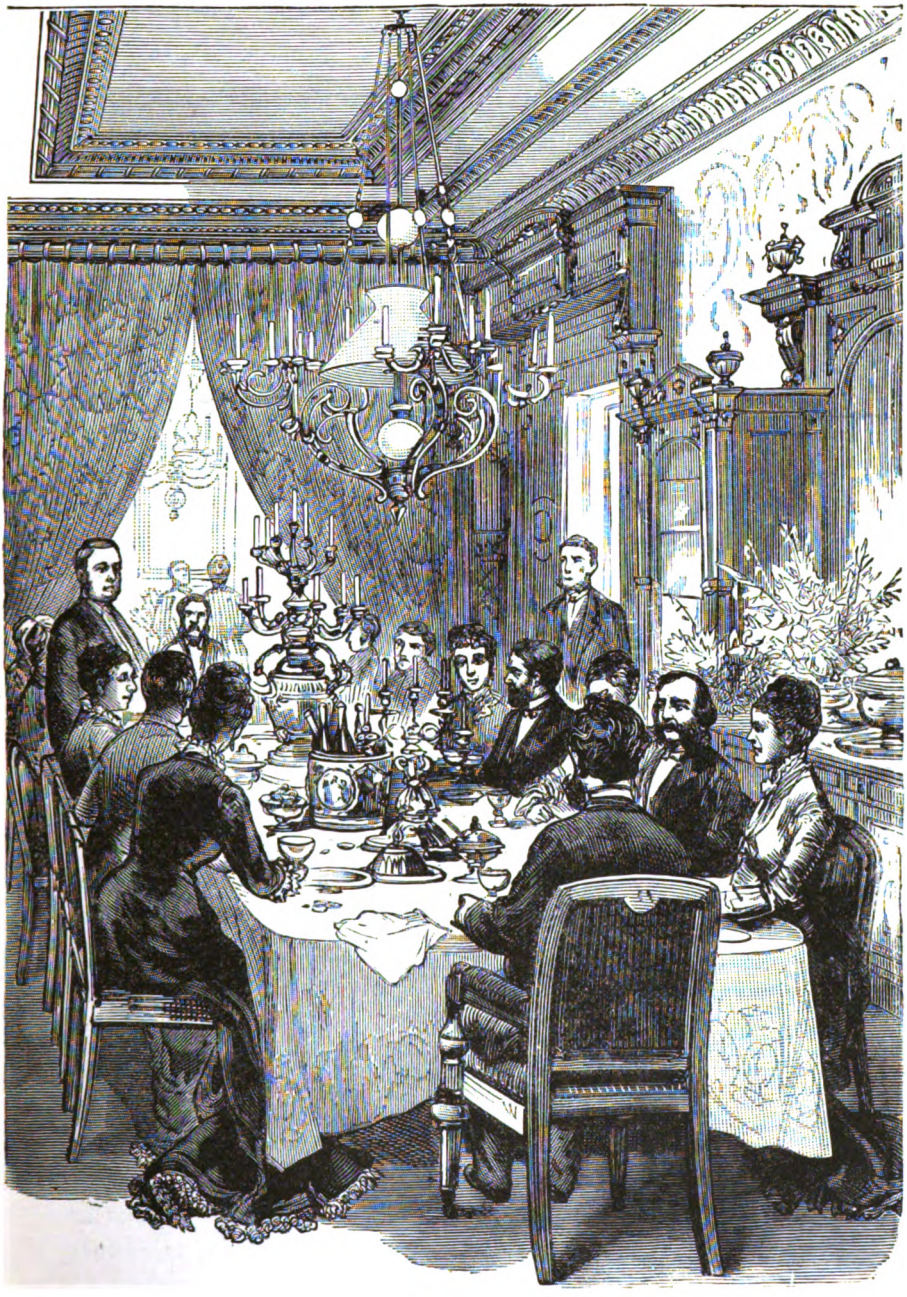
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dreams are haunted by dread; whose life is a terrible nightmare in which his mind is constantly racked by a confused vision, wherein wife and children are starving or begging—sick, without necessary food or treatment—virtue sold to drive back starvation—shame and the Potter's Field are strongly mingled—a kaleidoscope view of possible horrors. And what makes this thought still more impressive is the stolid indifference displayed by wealth toward want that cries so loudly for work that it may not starve beneath the very eyes of the many-time millionaires. A ten-thousand-dollar lace dress for a baby, or an equal amount spent for a banquet for a score or more well-fed society leaders might not assume criminal proportions were it not for the background of want presented in the same city that witnesses these lavish expenditures. The following description of the table at the notable banquet recently given by State Senator Brown, at which Mr. Cleveland and Governor Hill were the honored guests, is suggestive:

"The library is upon the second floor of the club-house, known for years to residents of this city as the Stewart mansion. It is a large room, grandly furnished, and just the place for a dinner of this limited proportion. The table has been especially constructed for the occasion, and it is said that for two days a landscape gardener and a florist were employed in decorating it. A glance at it made this appreciable. Most of those present were ardent sportsmen, and to this instinct the table appealed in the strongest measures.

"It looked like an immense marsh, just the place for fowl, and up from the waters of the small lakes which dotted the view four live diamond-backed terrapins shot up their heads every now and again and winked slyly at the guests. Cat-tail, fern, grass, and wild flowers hid the banks of the lakes, and amid this greenery stuffed wild water fowl were hidden, as if in the

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EXTRAVAGANT BANQUET.

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attempt to escape the guns of the sportsmen. In the center of the pool lay the gnarled stump of an immense oak, and imbedded in this was a nest containing an egg for each one of the guests."

This pen picture serves as an illustration of the reckless expenditures which are of almost weekly occurrence in New York, where, according to a careful canvass of the unemployed, taken a few days after Senator Brown's banquet, by one of the metropolitan journals, it was shown that there were more than one hundred and fifty thousand persons who were daily unsuccessfully seeking work within the city limits of New York; who were being dogged night and day by the spectre of want; who were haunted by the fear that eviction from their humble lodgings would overtake them: that sickness, if not slow starvation, would be the fate of those they loved better than life. It will not do to say every man has a right to spend his money as he sees fit, any more than to argue that every man has a right to get money in any manner he can. There is an ethical principle involved which true men and women cannot overlook. In the annals of nations time emphasizes with pitiless force the fact—which frequently does not become apparent in individual lives as we see not beyond the dead line—"whatsoever is sown will be reaped." The abstract principles of right and wrong, the ethical truths which underlie civilization and which must ever give to it permanency and growth, cannot be disregarded without fatal results. However much we who are more fortunate than others may wish to shuffle the lesson illustrated by the parable of the Good Samaritan, the truth, nevertheless, confronts us as a menace to our consciences unless they are vice-calloused.

We are neighbers to all who are in distress or who need our aid. We are brothers to every man who is sinking in the great ocean of want, and we have no ethical right to squander

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a dollar while one-tenth of all who die in our greatest city are thrown into the trenches kept for the city's dead. It is a terrible fact, yet true as it is appalling, that last year, as shown by the court records, there were evicted during the winter months 5,420 families in three judicial districts of New York City. Now, if we multiply this by five, the average of each family, we have an army of 27,150 persons, embracing men, women, children and babes, who were thrust out of their wretched lodgings in the fourth, fifth and seventh judicial districts of New York because they could not pay their paltry rent, a large per cent. of whom were incapacitated for work by disease brought on by slow starvation. In the entire city of New York there were last year 23,895 families evicted, or an army of almost one hundred and twenty thousand persons forcibly turned from their lodgings. This not only gives us a hint of the extent of pressing want in our large cities, but it lends additional emphasis to the great truth that no man has a moral right to squander a dollar while such abject and far-reaching poverty abounds.

The pessimism which is so slowly but surely permeating the masses and gnawing into the vitals of liberty, establishing distrust and appealing to law for every real or supposed danger, results chiefly from the moral indifference of society, which has systematically ignored justice although studiously keeping within the letter of the law, while it has wronged the weak and defenceless. The hope of the future depends on quickening the moral sensibilities of the whole people, of establishing life upon the foundation of the Golden Rule, at all times insisting upon liberty, fraternity and justice for every man, woman and child.—*B. O. Flower, in Arena.*

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White Slaves of New York.

I KNOW of no lives so essentially heroic as those of the working-girls of our great cities, who have almost nothing on the social side of life, whose very existence is bleak as winter in the Arctic; whose future is made radiant by no star; who, day by day, hour by hour, patiently endure the slow grinding of hopeless poverty; before whose life, dread of want, fear of sickness, and the awful blackness of the Potter's Field, hang a perpetual cloud—and yet who, despite all these tragic influences than which nothing is better calculated to crush and destroy, endure their lot uncomplainingly, never swerving from the highway of pure, honest life, though temptations invite at every step. He who feels the fire of enthusiasm swell in his breast when a life is in peril in a great fire and risks all to save a stranger, or he who, under the intoxicating spell of battle, rushes to death at the cannon's mouth, though brave, knows nothing of that sublime heroism which suffers without hope, which labors patiently on starvation wages, endures the steady strain on body, brain and soul, and spurns all temptations, illustrating how strong is woman's honor, how deep-rooted in chastity is the every fibre of her being.

Much is written about reducing the time of man's daily work from ten to eight and nine hours, and this is well, but how little is written or spoken about the hours of woman's work. Though

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she labors for less than one-half as much as man receives, she is compelled to work ten, eleven, twelve, fourteen, and in very busy times frequently even longer. Legislatures which are yearly enacting numerous unjust and uncalled-for laws, to please classes from whom in turn favors are expected, and who trim laws to catch votes, take little interest in the wages or conditions of the working women and girls, because they do not vote, and votes weigh far more than the great fundamental principles of justice in the estimation of the ordinary politician. Thus are our working-girls left to the rapacity and greed of men.

In the future when woman shall be fully emancipated, when the great army of bread-winners will have a voice in lawmaking, and will stand side by side with man in the enjoyment of a larger freedom and more perfect justice than she has hitherto known, we will come to appreciate the brutality of a system which insists that woman is frail, delicate and weaker than man, yet demands that her day's work be far longer than the common artisan, though she receives less than half his wages. Then, also, we will appreciate how unhealthy is a public sentiment which pays homage to the men who grow rich through white slave labor, while it brands with disgrace the poor, starving girl, who, finding herself confronted with starvation or sin, chooses the latter. Miss Alice S. Woodbridge, the Secretary of the Working Women's Society of New York, after a recent tour of investigation, sums up the result of her observation, in the following words:

"I found that the hours in stores are excessive, and employés are not paid for overtime. Some stores on Grand Street open at 7.50 A. M. and close at 6 P. M., with a half hour for lunch, except on Saturday, when the closing hours are 10 and 11 P. M. The Saturday half-holiday is not observed. In the majority of stores all over the city saleswomen and children

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TIRED CLERK.

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are kept after 6 o'clock to arrange stock, the time varying, according to the season, from fifteen minutes to four hours nightly. For three or four weeks previous to the holidays these women and children remain until 11 and 12 o'clock at night without supper or extra pay.

"In engaging employés the employers do not contract for a certain number of hours a day, but stipulate for such a time as the firm requires their services. Thus a child on a salary of $2 a week may be obliged to work sixteen hours a day at certain seasons of the year and is forced to go long distances, through questionable localities, late at night, and is thus rendered liable to insult and immoral influences.

"The sanitary arrangements in most of the stores are wretched. In a certain fashionable store, the women cashiers are in the basement—or rather cellar, for it is nothing else. In the center of the cellar a room is walled up and in it are seated fifteen or twenty cashiers. The automatic carriers are used. No air came to the cashiers when the arrangement was first made, and in the fetid atmosphere, in the strong glare of the electric lights, with hundreds of carriers pouring in upon them with a noise so deafening that two women seated side by side could not hear each other speak without shouting, the situation was too much for the strongest man. Girls fainted day after day and came out of the cellar at night looking like corpses. Finally, as the intense heat of the summer came on it became unendurable, and an air tube which came from the surface a long distance away was opened in the cellar. Even then the thermometer registered 90° on the coldest days. No slaves ever underwent such torture.

"The toilet arrangements in many stores are simply horrible; yet the board of health apparently takes no notice of the fact. In the manufacturing department of one of our largest stores, the closets for males and females stand side by side, and are not

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sufficiently separated for common decency; only a thin board partition, not reaching to the ceiling, separating them. Many men are employed, and the same wash basin and towel has to serve for all.

"I discovered that long and faithful service does not meet with consideration. On the contrary, service for a number of years is a reason for dismissal. It has become the rule in some stores not to keep any one more than five years, because employers fear that employés who have served longer than that will get an idea that they have a claim on the firm and may ask for an advance of salary. I know of instances where women have been discharged for no other reason than this—the firm stating that they did not like to have women too long in their employ. A double injury is done to these discharged women, for it is almost impossible for them to obtain employment in other houses.

"The wages paid to women average between $4 and $4.50 a week, and are often reduced by unreasonable and excessive fines. The little cash girls do not average $2 a week. In one large house the average wages for saleswomen and cash girls is $2.40 a week. In many fashionable houses the saleswomen are not allowed to leave the counter between the hours of 11 A. M. and 3 P. M., except for lunch, and if a saleswoman has a customer when the lunch hour arrives, she is obliged to remain and wait on the customer, and the time so consumed is deducted from the lunch-time.

"If mistakes are made, they are charged to the saleswomen and cash girls. Generally the delivered goods are placed in a bin and slide down to the floor below. If a check is lost, the goods are charged to the saleswoman, although it may be the fault of the shipping clerk.

"In some stores the fines are divided between the superintendent and time-keeper. In one store where these fines

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amounted to $3,000, the superintendent was heard to reproach the time-keeper with not being strict enough.

"Men's wages are very low, but it seems that they cannot fall below the point where existence is possible. Women's wages, however, have no low limit, since the paths of shame are always open to her. The very fact that some of these women receive partial support from their brothers and fathers and are thus enabled to live on less than they earn, forces other women, who have no such support, either to suffer for necessaries or to seek other means of support. Cases might be cited where frail, delicate women, unable to exist on the salaries they earn, are forced to crime or suicide. The story of Mrs. Henderson, who threw herself from the attic window of a lodging-house some time ago, is the story of many another. There have been many such instances in the last two weeks. Mrs. Henderson could not live on the salaries offered her. She could live if she accepted the "propositions" of her employers. The hope of an easier life, the fear of death, and the natural clinging to life, turn many working-women to the paths of shame."

Miss Woodbridge further adds "that in Paris it is an understood fact that women who are employed in shops cannot exist without assistance from other questionable sources," and, she continues, "unless something is done at once, this must also become the case in our land, where we pride ourselves on our respect for honest toil." Few problems transcend this question in vital consequences. In spite of the degradation of manhood, which a double standard of morality has brought about, womanhood has as a whole remained pure.

The fabric of feminine character has withstood in a marvellous degree the pressure of seductive temptation. If it ever gives way, our civilization will share the fate of Greece and Rome. Justice and morality are the bed rocks upon which civilization rests; when they yield, the soul of the unfortunate nation dies.—*B. O. Flower, in Arena.*

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Clandestine Marriages.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

THE Garden of Eden was an orchard of fruit-bearing trees, bushels and bushels of round, ripe, glorious fruit, but the horticulturist and his wife having it in charge, hankered for one special tree, simply because it was forbidden, starting a bad streak in human nature, so that children will now sometimes do something simply because they are forbidden to do it. This kink in the human race is not easily unsnarled. Tell a company that they may look into any twenty rooms of a large house except one, and their chief desire is to see that one, though all the others were picture galleries, and that a garret. If they were in a region of mineral springs twenty fountains, but the proprietor had fenced in one well from the public, the one fenced in would be the chief temptation to the visitor, and they would rather taste of that than of the other nineteen. Solomon recognized this principle, and also the disaster that follows forbidden conduct, when he said: "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there." I aim a point blank shot at "Clandestine Marriages and Escapades." Yonder comes up through the narrows of New York harbor a ship having all the evidence of tempestuous passage; salt-

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water mark reaching to the top of the smoke-stack. Mainmast, foremast, mizzenmast twisted off. Bulwarks knocked in. Lifeboats off the davit. Jibsheets and lee-bowlines missing. Captain's gig demolished. Main shaft broken. All the pumps working to keep from sinking before they can get to wharfage. That ship is the institution of Christian marriage, launched by the Lord grandly from the bank of Euphrates, and floating out on the sea for the admiration and happiness of all nations. But free-lovism struck it from one side, and Mormonism struck it from another side, and hurricanes of libertinism have struck it on all sides, until the ship needs repairs in every plank and beam, and sail and bolt, and clamp and transom, and stanchion. In other words, the notions of modern society must be reconstructed on the subject of marriage institution. And when we have got it back somewhere near what it was when God built it in Paradise, the earth will be far on toward resumption of Paradisaical conditions. Do you ask what is the need of discussing this subject? The man or woman who asks this question is either ignorant or guilty. In New England, which has been considered by many the most moral part of the United States, there are two thousand divorces per year. And in Massachusetts, the headquarters of steady habits, there is one divorce to every fourteen marriages. The State of Maine, considered by many almost frigid in proprieties has in one year four hundred and seventy-eight divorces. In Vermont, swapping wives is not a rare transaction. In Connecticut, there are women who boast they have four or five times been divorced. Moreover, our boasted Protestantism is, on this subject, more lax than Roman Catholicism. Roman Catholicism admits of no divorce except the reason that Christ admitted as a lawful reason. But Protestantism is admitting anything and everything, and the larger the proportion of Protestants in any part of the country,

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the larger the ratio of divorce. Do you not then think that Protestantism need some toning up on this subject?

Aye, when you realize that the sacred and divine institution is being caricatured and defamed by clandestine marriages and escapades all over the land, does there not seem a call for such discussion? Hardly a morning or evening paper comes to your possession without reporting them, and there are fifty of these occurrences where one is reported, because it is the interest of all parties to hush them up. The victims are, all hours of the night, climbing down ladders or crossing over from State to State that they may reach laws of greater laxity, holding receptions six months after marriage to let the public know for the first time that a half year before they were united in wedlock. Ministers of religion and justices of the peace, and mayors of cities, willingly joining in marriage runaways from other States and neighborhoods; the coach-box and the back seat of the princely landeau in flirtation; telegrams flashing across the country for the arrest of absconded school misses who started off with arms full of books, and taking rail trains to meet their affianced—thousand of people in a marriage whose bans have never been published; precipitated conjugality; bigamy triumphant; marriage a joke; society blotched all over with a putrefaction on this subject, which no one but the Almighty God can arrest.

We admit that clandestinity and escapades are sometimes authorized and made right by parental tyranny or domestic serfdom. There have been exceptional cases where parents have had a monomania in regard to their sons and daughters, demanding their celibacy or forbidding relations every way right. Through absurd family ambition parents have sometimes demanded qualifications and equipment of fortune unreasonable to expect or simply impossible. Children are not expected to marry to please their parents, but to please them-

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selves. Given good morals, means of a livelihood, appropriate age and quality of social position, and no parent has a right to prohibit a union that seems deliberate and a matter of the heart. Rev. Philip Henry, eminent for piety and good sense, used to say to his children: "Please God and please yourselves, and you shall never displease me."

During our civil war a marriage was about to be celebrated in Charleston, S. C., between Lieutenant de Rochelle and Miss Anna, the daughter of ex-Governor Pickens. As the ceremony was about to be solemnized, a shell broke through the roof and wounded nine of the guests, and the bride fell dying, and, wrapped in her white wedding robe, her betrothed kneeling at her side, in two hours she expired. And there has been many as bright union as that proposed, that the bomb-shell of outrageous parental indignation has wounded and scattered and slain. If the hand offered in marriage be blotched with intemperance, if the life of the marital candidate has been debauched, if he has no visible means of support, poverty and abandonment seem only a little way ahead; if the twain seem entirely unmatched in disposition, protest and forbid, and reinforce your opinion by others, and put all lawful obstacles in the way; and do not join that company of parents who have ruined their children by a plutocracy of domestic crankiness which has caused more than one elopement. I know of a few cases where marriage has been under the red-hot anathema of parents and all the neighbors, but God approved, and the homes established have been beautiful and positively Edenic.

But while we have admitted there are real cases of justifiable rebellion, in ninety cases out of a hundred, yea, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, these unlicensed departures and decampments by moonlight are ruin, temporal and eternal. It is safer for a woman to jump off the docks of the East river and depend on being able to swim to the other

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shore or get picked up by a ferry-boat. The possibilities are that she may be rescued, but the probability is that she will not. Read the story of the escapades in the newspapers in the last ten years and find me a half dozen that do not mean poverty, disgrace, abandonment, police court, divorce, death and hell. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there." Satan presides over the escapade. He introduces the two parties to each other. He gets them to pledge their troth. He appoints where they shall meet. He shows them where they can find an officiating minister or squire. He points out to them the ticket office for the rail train. He puts them aboard, and when they are going at the rate of forty miles an hour he jumps off and leaves them in the lurch; for while Satan has a genius for getting people into trouble, he has no genius for getting them out. He induced Jonah to take the ship for Tarshish, when God told him to go to Nineveh, but provided for the recreant prophet no better landing place than the middle of the Mediterranean sea.

The modern novel is responsible for many of these absconding. Do you think that young women would sit up half a night reading novels in which the hero and the heroine get acquainted in the usual way and carry on their increased friendliness until, with the consent of parents, the day of marriage is appointed, and amid the surrounding group of kindred the vows are taken? Oh, no. There must be flight and pursuit, and narrow escape, and drawn dagger, all ending in sunshine and parental forgiveness and bliss unalloyed and gorgeous. In many of the cases of escapade the idea was implanted in the hot brain of the woman by a cheap novel, ten cents worth of unadulterated perdition.

These evasions of the ordinary modes of marriage are to be deplored, for the reason that nearly all them are proposed by

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bad men. If the man behave well he has a character to which he can refer, and he can say: "If you want to inquire about me, there is a list of names of people in the town or neighborhood where I live." No, the heroes of escapades are nearly all either bigamists, or libertines, or drunkards, or defrauders, or first-class scoundrels of some sort. They have no character to lose. They may be dressed in the height of fashion, may be cologned and pomatumed and padded and diamond-ringed and flamboyant-cravated, until they bewitch the eye and intoxicate the olfactories, but they are double distilled extracts of villainy, moral dirt and blasphemy. Beware of them.

Fugitive marriage is to be deplored because it almost always implies woman's descent from a higher social plane to a lower. If the man was of a higher plane, or the marriage on an equality, there would be no objections, and hence no inducement to clandestiny. In almost all cases it means the lowering of womanhood. Observe this law: A man marrying a woman beneath him in society, may raise her to any eminence which he himself may reach; but if a woman marry a man beneath her in society, she always goes down to his level. That is a law inexorable, and there are no exceptions. Is any woman so high up that she can afford to plot for her own debasement? There is not a State in the American Union that has not for the last twenty years furnished an instance of the sudden departure of some intelligent woman from an affluent home to spend her life with some one who can make three dollars a day provided he keeps very busy. Well, many a man has lived on three dollars a day and been happy, but he undertakes a big contract, when, with three dollars a day, he attempts to support some one who has lived in a home that cost twenty thousand dollars per annum. This has been about the history of most of such conjunctions of simplicity and extravagance, the marriage of ox and eagle. The first year they got on tolerably well, for

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it is odd and romantic, and assisted by applause of people who admire outlawry. The second year the couple settle down into complete dislike for each other. The third year they separate and seek for divorce, or, as is more probable, the man becomes a drunkard and the woman a blackened waif of the street.

These truant marriages are also to be deplored, because, in most instances, they are executed in defiance of parental wisdom and kindness. Most parents are anxious for the best welfare of a child. If they make vehement and determined opposition, it is largely because it is a match unfit to be made, and they can see for their daughter nothing but wretchedness in that direction. They have keener and wiser appreciation, for instance, of the certain domestic demolition that comes from alcoholism in a young man. They realize what an idiot a woman is who marries a man who has not brains or industry enough to earn a livelihood for a family. No bureau of statistics can tell us the number of women who, after marriage, have to support themselves and their husbands. If the husband becomes an invalid, it is a beautiful thing to see a wife, uncomplainingly, by needle, or pen, or yard-stick, or wash-tub, support the home. But those great, lazy masculine louts that stand around with hands in their pockets, allowing the wife with her weak arm to fight the battle of bread, need to be regurgitated from society. There are innumerable instances where the wife pays the rent and meets all the family expenses, and furnishes the tobacco and the beer for the lord of the household. No wonder parents put on all the brakes to stop such a train of disaster. They have too often seen the gold ring put on the finger at the altar turning out to be the iron link of a chain of domestic servitude. What a farce it is for a man who cannot support himself and not worth a cent in the world, to take a ring which he purchased by money stolen from his grandmother's cupboard and put it on the finger of a

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bride, saying: "With this ring I thee wed and with all my wordly goods I thee endow."

It is amazing to see how some women will marry men knowing nothing about them. No merchant or merchantess would sell one hundred dollars worth of goods on credit without knowing whether the customer was worthy of being trusted. No man or woman would buy a house with incumbrances of mortgages, and liens and judgments against it uncanceled; and yet there is not an hour of the day or night for the last ten years, there have not been women by hasty marriage intrusting their earthly happiness to men about whose honesty they know nothing, or who are encumbered with liens, and judgments, and first mortgages and second mortgages and third mortgages of evil habits. No wonder, then, in such circumstances, parents, in conjugating the verb in question, pass from the subjunctive mood to the indicative, and from the indicative to the imperative. In nearly all cases of escapade that you will hear of the rest of your lives, there will be a headlong leap over the barriers of parental common sense and forethought.

We also deplore these fraudulent espousals, and this sneaking exchange of single life for married life, because it is deception, and that is a corroding and damning vice. You must deceive your kindred, you must deceive society, you must deceive all but God, and him you cannot deceive. Deception does not injure others so much as it injures ourselves. Marriage is too important a crisis in one's life to decide by a sleight-of-hand or a sort of jugglery, which says: "Presto change. Now you see her and now you don't." Better wait for years for circumstances to improve. Time may remove all obstacles. The candidate for marital preferences may change his habits, or get into some trade or business that will support a home, or the inexorable father and mother may be promoted

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to celestial citizenship. At the right time have the day appointed. Stand at the end of the best room in the house with hands joined and minister of religion before you to challenge the world that "if they know of any reason why these two persons shall not be united they state it now, or forever hold their peace." And then start out with the good wishes of all the neighbors and the halo of the divine sanction. When you can go out of harbor at noon, with all flags flying, do not try to run a blockade at midnight.

In view of all this I charge you to break up clandestine correspondence if you are engaged in it, and have no more clandestine meetings either at the ferry, or on the street, or at the house of mutual friends, or at the corner of the woods. Do not have letters come for you at the post-office under assumed address. Have no correspondence that makes you uneasy lest some one by mistake open your letters. Do not employ terms of endearment at the beginning and close of letters, unless you have a right to use them. That young lady is on the edge of danger who dares not allow her mother to see her letters.

If you have sensible parents take them into your confidence in all the affairs of the heart. They will give you more good advice in one hour than you can get from all the world beside in five years. They have toiled for you so long, and prayed for you so much, they have your best interests at heart. At the same time let parents review their opposition to a proposed marital alliance, and see if their opposition is founded on a genuine wish for the child's welfare, or on some whim, or notion, or prejudice, or selfishness, fighting a natural law and trying to make Niagara run up stream. Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister of England, was always saying wise things. One day Sir Walter Farquhar called on him in great perturbation. Mr. Pitt inquired what was the matter, and Sir Walter told

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him that his daughter was about to be married to one not worthy of her rank. Mr. Pitt said: "Is the young man of respectable family?" "Yes." "Is he respectable in himself?" "Yes." "Has he an estimable character?" "Yes." "Why, then, my dear Sir Walter, make no opposition." The advice was taken, and a happy married life ensued. Let ministers and officers of the law decline officiating at clandestine marriages. When they are asked to date a marriage certificate back, as we are all asked, let them peremptorily decline to say that the ceremony was in November instead of January, or decline to leave the date blank, lest others fill out the record erroneously. Let a law be passed in all our States, as it has already been in some of the States, making a license from officers of the law necessary before we can unite couples, and then make it necessary to publish beforehand in the newspapers, as it used to be published in the New England churches, so that, if there be lawful objection, it may be presented, not swinging the buoy on the rocks after the ship has struck and gone to pieces. And here it might be well for me to take all the romance out of an escapade by quoting a dozen lines of Robert Pollock, the great Scotch poet, where he describes the crazed victim of one of these escapades:

Yet had she many days
Of sorrow in the world, but never wept.
She lived on alms, and carried in her hand
Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring.
When any asked the cause, she smiled and said
They were her sisters, and would come and watch
Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke
Of her deceiver, father, mother, home,
Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God, but still
In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
Upon the withered stalks and talked to them
Till wasted to the shadow of her youth,
With woe too wide to see beyond, she died.

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But now I turn on the subject an intenser light. The headlight of a locomotive is terrible if you stand near enough to catch the glare of it. As it sweeps around the "Horseshoe Curve" of the Alleghenies, or along the edge of the Sierra Nevadas, how far ahead and how deep down, and how high up it flashes, and there is instantaneous revelation of mountain peak and wild beasts hiding themselves to their caverns, and cascades a thousand feet tall, clinging in white terror to the precipices. But more intense, more far-reaching, more sudden, swifter and more tremendous, is the headlight of an advancing Judgment Day, under which all the most hidden affairs of life shall come to discovery and arraignment. I quote an overwhelming passage of Scripture, in which I put the whole emphasis on the word "secret:" "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil." What a time that will be in which the cover shall be lifted from every home and from every heart. The iniquity may have been so sly that it escaped all human detection, but it will be as well known on that day as the crimes of Sodom and Gomorrah, unless for Christ's sake it has been forgiven. All fingers of universal condemnation will be pointed at it. The archangel of wrath will stand there with uplifted thunderbolts ready to strike it. The squeamishness and prudery of earthly society, which hardly allowed some sins to be mentioned on earth, are past, and the man who was unclean and the woman who was impure will, under a light brighter than a thousand noon-day suns, stand with the whole story written on scalp, and forehead, and cheek, and hands, and feet; the whole resurrection body aflame and dripping with fiery disclosures; ten thousand sepulchral, and celestial, and infernal voices crying, "Unclean!" "Unclean!" "Unclean."

All marital intrigues and all secret iniquities will be published as though all the trumpets spoke them and all the

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lightnings capitalized them and all the earthquakes rumbled them. Oh! man, recreant to thy marriage vow. Oh, woman, in sinful collusion. What then will become of thy poor soul? The tumbling Alps and Pyrenees and Mount Washington cannot hide thee from the consequence of the secret sins. Better repent of them now, so that they cannot be brought against thee. For the chief of sinners there is pardon, if you ask it in time. But I leave you to guess what chance there will be for those who in earth lived in clandestine relations when on that day the very Christ who had such high appreciation of marriage that he compared it to his own relation to the church, shall appear at the door of the great hall of the last assize, and all the multitudes of earth and hell and heaven shall rise up and cry out from the three galleries: "Behold the bridegroom cometh."



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Pitfalls for Our Boys.

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

THE highway which leads from early boyhood to youth and manhood, is beset by pitfalls which lie all along the road, skilfully hidden from the view of the unwary and the unenlightened, and certain to entrap a large portion of those who are to be the men of the future generation, and lead many of them down to present and eternal ruin, unless they are rescued and saved by some God-inspired influence, from the snares set for their inexperienced feet by the enemy of all goodness and purity. Of all the yawning pits with lie concealed beneath the feet of our boys just starting out upon life's pathway, none are more numerous than those through which so many thousands fall into the Stygian sea of impurity. Every mother ought to be thoroughly awakened to a proper sense of her responsibility and duty in the work of saving those who are yet pure, and rescuing those whose garments are already soiled by contactwith vice. Mothers are, of all others, the best fitted for this work, and to fully prepare themselves for it, they need to consider well the special influences which tend to lead boys to lives of impurity. Among these, some are briefly considered in this little tract.

The troops of boys of all ages from five to twenty, that we

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see upon the streets of every city, sitting on the curbstone, loitering about the corners, gathering here and there in little knots, from which the ears of passers-by may easily catch words and phrases which bring the blush to virtue's cheek, are evidence that mothers are by no means generally awake to the danger which lies in evil companionship. Many boys, especially in the cities, are, after they reach the age of ten or twelve years, allowed to select their own associates, and it is generally the case that the association most easily formed is with some foul-minded youth who is only too anxious to impart to an innocent lad the evil knowledge which he has in like means gained from some other boy missionary of evil.

The damage which would be done by a terrific hurricane sweeping with destructive force through a thickly-settled district, is insignificant compared with the evil work which may be accomplished by one vicious lad. No community is free from these vipers. Every school, no matter how select it may be, contains a greater or less number of these young moral lepers. Often they pursue their work unsuspected by the good and pure, who do not dream of the vileness pent up in the young brains which have not yet learned the multiplication table and scarcely learned to read. I have known instances in which a boy, seven or eight years of age, has implanted the venom of vice in the hearts and minds of half a score of pure-minded lads within a few days of his first association with them. Vice spreads like wild-fire. It is more "catching" than the most contagious disease, and more tenacious, when once implanted, than the leprosy.

Mothers cannot be too careful of the associations of their children. Often those who would be least suspected of such wickedness are the agents of sin, and will instruct their innocent little ones in the most debasing of habits. Trust no one not known to be pure. Keep your little ones under your own

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roof until you are sure that their characters are sufficiently well formed to resist the encroachments of evil. The first impure thought instilled into a child's mind is usually the source of all the subsequent ruin. A child whose mind has been contaminated by evil communications may be rescued, but cannot be fully restored to the innocence which, when once lost, is gone forever. A scar will always remain which cannot be effaced. Hence, it is vastly better to prevent evil communications than to undertake to undo their effects after the work of mischief has been done.

The evils which grow out of bad associations, and which, one by one, lead down to physical and moral ruin through impurity, are almost too numerous to name. One of the first signs of moral decadence in a lad is, in many cases, a loss of that modest demeanor and reserve, or that frank openness of manner so characteristic of innocence. The bold manners of boys who acquire much of their early education upon the street, are a fair index to the depravity of their young minds, and exert a most pernicious influence upon any with whom they come in contact. Modesty and courtesy in deportment are safeguards against impurity which no wise mother will neglect to cultivate in her boys while they are yet around the hearthstone.

Tobacco-using is a vice usually acquired by evil association, and is an almost certain indication of the existence of other vices, among which impurity in thought and act is seldom absent. A lad who uses tobacco has formed associations with lads whose very presence contaminates.

From evil companionship comes also that ghost of vice which, more than all other influences, leads to actual transgression of the law of purity, lewd conversation. Many a mother admits within the sacred precincts of her house, to become the companions of her little ones, boys whose blighting influence

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upon the characters of those with whom they associate can scarcely be estimated. If she could listen to the talk of the visitor with her own boys in the seclusion of the play-room or the bed-chamber, she would be as terrified as though she had discovered a venomous reptile nestling among her little ones. If mothers could know one-tenth of the real truth regarding the extent of this evil among boys, they would be appalled. Among lads of ten and twelve years, especially city boys, the most impure stories, and the vilest jokes and phrases are current to an extent almost beyond belief.

The language of impurity, at first meaningless to the listening learner in the school of vice, speedily develops into impure thoughts, and ultimately brings forth a harvest of impure acts. A lad whose mind has become a hold of unclean thoughts, will not long remain innocent of impure acts. The ancient adage, "As a man thinketh, so is he," finds here its truest illustration.

The remedy for this evil tendency in boys is two-fold. First, so long, and so far as possible, prevent contamination by contact with evil associations; second, preëmpt the fertile soil of the young mind with pure, elevated and ennobling thoughts. The mind will be occupied by something. If not fully occupied with pure and wholesome thoughts, mischievous and often unchaste ideas will spring up spontaneously, like the weeds in an uncultivated garden. Here is a great and most important work for mothers. Make home a delightful place for your growing sons. Make your own mind fruitful by diligent culture, through the aid of books and prayerful reflection upon the beauties of nature and the marvelous works of God in creation. Always have something fresh and interesting with which to entertain the little ones, and satisfy the keen appetites of their unfolding intellects. Interest them in flowers, in birds, in works of natural history and travel, in the biog-

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raphies of good and self-made men, in whatever will inspire them with aspirations after what is good, and noble, and true. and thus there will be left no room for impure thoughts to do their pernicious work.

The mind must be educated to love and dwell upon pure subjects in early life, as by this means only can a foundation be laid for that purity of character which alone will insure purity of life. When the mind once becomes contaminated with evil thoughts, it requires the work of years of earnest effort to purge it from uncleanliness. Vile thoughts leave scars which even time will not always efface. Teach the child that God knows these, if no human being does, and that, if harbored and cherished, they will tell against the character in the day of judgment as surely as will evil words and deeds. Foul thoughts, once allowed to enter the mind, stick like the leprosy. They corrode, contaminate, and infect like the pestilence; naught but almighty power can deliver from the bondage of sin a soul once infected by this foul blight, this moral contagion. Much of the mischief wrought through the evil with which we are endeavoring to cope is rendered possible by ignorance, Mothers are themselves ignorant of the extent and magnitude of certain vices among boys with which physicians are perfectly familiar. Many mothers are willing to believe that other children may be as bad as possible, but their own little boys must certainly be above suspicion. This self-delusion often leads mothers to neglect to inquire into the habits of their sons until they have attained an age at which their habits are too fixed to be easily changed, or until the work of ruin has been wrought. A few years ago, a superintendent of city schools made a careful inquiry into the personal habits of four hundred boys between the ages of ten and eighteen, and found but seven of the entire number who claimed to be free from improper practices. That evils of this class are increasing, is

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apparent to all who have had even ordinary opportunies for observation, and to this cause must be attributed much of the physical weakness, the mental inefficiency, the weak will, lack of moral backbone, and the premature decay of so many young men of the rising generation.

Themselves living in ignorance of the dangers to which their sons are exposed, they allow themselves to grow up in total ignorance of these evils, and leave them to gain their first and only knowledge of a subject which false modesty has covered with a veil of mystery, from vile books, or the still more corrupt lads, the emissaries of vice and corruption, whom they meet upon the street or in the public schools. When and how to impart the wise instruction which may forestall that most powerful enemy to purity, "evil communications," is a problem to which every mother should give earnest and prayerful consideration. Without attempting to speak infallibly upon this subject, we may venture the suggestion that it is perfectly safe to begin imparting suitable instruction at as early an age as the danger of contamination is incurred. How early this may be must be determined in each individual case by individual circumstances and conditions. There is, unquestionably, far greater danger of delaying the matter too long, than of giving information too soon. Those whose experience has never brought them into personal contact with the facts in relation to the early formation of evil habits, would be astonished at the revelations of infantile depravity which might easily be made.

Idleness is an invitation to vice. The street loiterers and corner loafers of the cities, are among the most debased, morally, of all classes of boys and young men, and are active recruiting officers for perdition. Keep a lad busy, from the time he is old enough to work, or study, or play, and he will not be very likely to wander into the paths of vice, unless ex-

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posed to special temptations. Occupation, to be absorbing, to really engage the mind as well as the body, must be interesting. Irksome employment is in no way conducive to mental or moral growth. The problem of occupation for her sons, employment which shall so exert their physical and mental powers as to leave no time for vicious associations, and shall efface the desire for gross pleasures—this is a question which mothers may profitably make the subject of discussion and thought.

Last, but not least, of the influences which lead boys and young men to lives of impurity, is the early acquirement of disrespect for womanhood. The average mother of to-day is over-indulgent in the management of her children; and boys in particular are petted and spoiled. They are veritably spoiled in more senses than one. A boy who is allowed to trample upon maternal authority, soon loses respect not only for his mother, but for her sex. The discrimination often seen in families in favor of sons, leads them to esteem lightly their sisters, and they soon come to look upon all women as inferior beings. In many families the sisters are made to wait upon their brothers, and defer to their wishes and whims, until the young tyrants come to look upon them as little better than slaves; and they grow up to young manhood with the idea that women are of little account except as they may be made to minister to man's convenience or pleasure. There needs to be a revolution, and mothers are the agents by whom the change must be wrought in this matter. Boys should be taught from earliest childhood that their sisters have equal rights with themselves. They should be inspired with that genuine respect and sacred regard for woman that will lead them to despise those who delight in her degredation, and will actuate them to noble efforts for the protection of the weak, and the rescue of the erring. If all mothers would join in this reformatory effort in

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the early training of their sons, it would require but a single generation to abolish from the face of the earth the last stain of social iniquity, and to place woman upon an equal footing with her brother, intellectually and socially, as well as morally.



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Danger to Our Girls.

L. ANNA BALLARD, M. D.

THE fountain cannot rise higher than its source. The weal of humanity rests so heavily upon womanhood, and its life depends so much upon the activities and integrity of woman, that we must guard well this spring of the life of our race. A pure and bright girlhood, a strong and noble womanhood, an intelligent and watchful motherhood—these are conditions that must be kept inviolate or we shall cut ourselves off from our birthright as "children of the king." Either we have never risen to our best estate in these conditions or we have fallen from it. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, of London, says, "The failure of young women of any country to embody the beauty and strength of virtue is one of the most serious evils that can befall a state." We will not go over the history of the past to learn if we ever reached nearer the perfect woman than we do now; we will accept the simple fact that to-day there are dangers surrounding the girls, and they are largely growing into womanhood robbed of their power in integrity, self-reliance and reserve. We must try to learn what these dangers are, and try to overcome them, and place in their stead those wholesome influences about girlhood that shall help it to rise to the full tide of womanly energy.

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We are convinced that these dangers do not come as the natural outgrowth of civilization, and the expanding of the opportunities, of womankind. Indeed, enlarged opportunities, an expanded life, should build up a larger character, should inspire greatness of soul. The outlook for womanhood to-day should help to hold it closer to the divine plan in the upbuilding of character.

Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson tells us that "the childhood of this generation is crying out 'Educate my mother.'" The childhood of the next generation will cry in a still louder voice, unless certain traits that are growing into the character of women to-day are uprooted, and better ones implanted. We have learned in the study of heredity, that any class of influences will in time develop a certain trait of character. This is a blessed guarantee to us that if we are diligent in setting in motion good influences, we may outstrip the evil and bridge over the dangerous places. "It is ours to do; the results are God's."

We little realize how much the circumstances under which the young girl comes into this life have to do in shaping her character; and we do not sufficiently consider the strong bent given an individual life during the period in which all its growth and all its impressions come from the mother. To illustrate; in the character of women we have often to deplore the frivolity, the extravagance, and the monstrosity in dress. How much of these traits were formed in those first months of the young life, by the intense concentration of all the powers of the mother-heart and brain upon the intricacies and minutiæ of an elaborate wardrobe? Not alone in houses of wealth, but among most well-to-do people, how often we find the mother more absorbed in the baby's outfit than in the qualities of heart and mind which she alone can give it! Let me charge you with the words of Frances E. Willard: "Put

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your wealth into the arteries, store it away in the brain cells and heart fibres of your children."

To reap the greatest good of our civilization, and to make the most of the vast opportunities offered, we need to get back to simplicity of tastes and habits. We can never do this by cultivating in the girls, either before or after, tastes for elaborate dress, or surroundings, cravings for luxury and ease, by being entirely absorbed in them ourselves. We have too much of the restless, desponding craving, that impresses the moral constitution with a lack of stability of character, instead of that sterling self-reliance that we need to help the intellect to perceive right from wrong. We should shun any influences that tend to dwarf or belittle mind, soul or body. As a general rule, "as the girl is, so will the woman be," Few are able to outgrow or grow above defect in the early training. It is a notable fact in the history of families as well as of nations, that it is during the "hard times," that the hardy characters are developed. Ease and luxury tend to effeminacy, and do not give us strength to "endure hardness as a good soldier." Cannot the mother heart be impressed that it is safer and easier to form character right than to reform it? Habit is a controlling force in human character. Vice or virtue, indolence or industry, self-reliance or dependence, are elements of character established both by hereditary impress and by individual conduct and training. Miss Peabody formulated this thought when she said: "We can learn goodness by being good." So industry and self-reliance become permanent traits of character by training the child in these virtues. Some one has said: "Habits are moulds into which the plastic spirits are run, shaping the character." Are mothers mindful of this when they always sew on the buttons and darn the little breaks in the stockings, while the daughter, it may be, far in her teens, pours out her vitality, exhausting her nerve energy,

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weakening and dissipating her mental faculties over an exciting novel, or promenading the streets? There is no better way to make a neat housekeeper of a girl than to train her to keep her own room in a neat orderly manner. When and where do mothers expect their girls to learn the minutiæ of homemaking, if not in their girlhood and under the kindly instruction of the mother? It is becoming a far too general custom with mothers for very insufficient reasons to excuse the girls from any care of their clothing or rooms. Let us note some of the results of this lack of home training. In the first place, all our faculties are developed by exercise, and any failure in this development dwarfs our powers and limits our possibilities for usefulness, Secondly, a life of healthful exercise by directing the life forces to the development of the muscular system and the enlarging of the mind, represses the activity of the nervous forces, which control the emotional nature, and thus prevents the premature activity of the sexual system. As a rule, boys and girls who live in the country mature later than those accustomed to the excitement of city life. The early awakening of the emotional nature is in every way prejudicial to the well-being of the young. Such awakening is at the expense of the integrity of nerve and muscle which need these early years for their maturity, before the life forces are so prominently directed to other channels. Dr. Kellogg, in "Plain Facts," says, "Whatever occasions premature sexual development also occasions premature decay."

A third serious result of bringing up girls to idleness and dependence is their failure to become good housekeepers and homemakers. One of the most blighting spectacles, and one of the greatest perils to the home lies in the lack of preparation among girls for the home life. When order and thrift and economy are not known in the home, happiness and virtue will not long abide. In the words of that noble English

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woman, Frances Power Cobb, "Till you lift womanhood itself, you will never arrest—nay, you will never importantly diminish the dreadful curse, the great sin of great cities." The salvation of man must come through woman. She must know her power to attract and to hold in every good way and work, and must know how to exercise it. Marrying for a home is not a motive that will inspire women to their best efforts or grandest virtues. We do not mean that no responsibility rests upon men for the purity of the home. Neither do we mean that fathers and mothers have not need to be more watchful of the boys and more helpful to them. But because the girls of to-day are the mothers of to-morrow, the dangers that touch them touch not them alone.

The fourth result of not training girls to be self-reliant and helpful is the saddest of all. The uncertainties and changes of of life make it just as needful that the daughter of the richest, as well as of the poorest, should know how to care for herself, and to what she can turn her hand to earn an honest living. A training that develops skill in labor of any class is a tower of strength to a girl before temptation. A lack of any industrial training is a direct leading-string to sin and crime. This statement is amply illustrated by this fact given by Frances E. Willard in her annual address at the National Convention at Minneapolis. She says, "Of eight hundred and seventy girls and women who were arrested and lodged in one police station, in one month, in Chicago, only one hundred and thirty of them could sew or do housework, and none of them had ever learned a trade."

Nothing except the grace of God has more power than industry and self-reliance to keep us true to ourselves in the midst of temptation.

It is not enough to train girlhood in these strong and helpful virtues. There are yet other dangers in their pathway,

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which too often blast the fond hope of the mother heart in the lovely young womanhood, and narrow the usefulness of promising lives. Is there not something wrong when girls grow up with a lack of reserve and self-respect? Time was when the bold, flashy, flirting girl was the exception, upon whom other girls looked with a shudder, abashed and astonished. Is she the exception now? Is not the lack of true knowledge of themselves and their high and holy mission the enemy that robs them of their reserve?

Motherhood is a precious word, and a precious relation; but it is overwhelming in its responsibility. To train the young life through innocence into virtue is a mission that not every mother has yet dreamed of as hers. Too much is expected of girls, as well as boys, without training. Parents seem to expect the young to grow into virtue, somehow, without any guidance respecting the most important and mystical faculty of their organism. Ignorance of selfhood is a constant pitfall to youth. Ignorance of self and its faculties is not virtue. Virtue is a strong power. Self-control must include knowledge of self also. The highest human faculty is that of sex in its mental and physical powers. It is the one most closely related to individual life, and to all social life. There is no faculty more subject to the will and the mind, and none in which there is so great need for intelligent control. Without the restraining and intelligent guidance of the will, this one faculty may so enslave the being as to dwarf all other powers, and make an imbecile of the brightest intellect, or turn the finest nature into a satanic character. This is not because this faculty is a low order of our being. It is a great and noble force, adding grace, and beauty, and strength to human character. It is ennobling or degrading as it is developed under control of reason and helpful influences, or as the individual follows, unguided, the bent of every sensation, nat-

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urally developed, or unnaturally stimulated. Should a child be left unguided, with the possibilities of such power within it? Not only the individual but nations and races deteriorate that follow a low standard of morals. Nations have lost their greatness, in moral degredation, for lack of wise guidance in the individual sexual life. All greatness rests upon virtue; and the nature that is left to follow its own sensations, to find its own knowledge of itself, will be more easily drawn into vice than virtue. "Moral development," says Dr. Blackwell, "must keep pace with the intellectual, or the race degenerates." Any influence that degrades sex in the mind of a people degrades the moral standard of that people. The high character of this faculty renders neglect of the right training of the individual the more dangerous. It is a physiological fact, that every faculty naturally develops and matures in a certain order. That order is maintained by the growth of the organ through which the faculty finds expression. The individual will descend in the scale of being unless the order is preserved. Any deviation from it, any forcing or stimulating of a faculty, not only weakens and blights it, but, by diverting nutrition, robs all other faculties of their full development in strength and completness. Each new faculty or life force has a dormant or formative period, but its active growth is marked by certain series of sensations. The beginning of sexual activity is thus marked by a predominance of sensations and emotions which need controlling by a wise influence. In that guidance should be exhibited the influence of the parent. The young life should not be left to judge of its own sensations. It would be quite as rational to leave the infant to follow its own instincts in the selection of food, or in the adjustment of its relations with its fellow beings, as to leave the youth, untaught and uncontrolled, at the mercy of his sensations as the sexual faculty is developing. It is in the light

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PURE GIRLHOOD.

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of the experience of one generation, given to the one succeeding, that advancement is made in social life. Dr. Blackwell tells us that "it is not rigid laws nor formal instruction that is needed, but the formative power of loving insight and sympathy." The great privilege of the parent is to be the confidant and counsellor of the child, to whom it may freely turn with all its questionings. With the sacredness of the maternal instinct upon her, the mother, with tender and reverent heart, may well be the agent for conveying such instruction to the young.

Do you ask, "If the mothers do not comprehend the high and noble character of sex, in its dual nature of mental and physical power, how shall they teach their children?" We can only answer, responsibility and penalty do not stop because of the ignorance of any who may stand in the line of that responsibility. The perils and dangers only deepen and multiply with every successive generation, until, in the terrible prevalence of vice and crime, the duty is seen, and by the power of the parent the race is brought back to its high estate in self-knowledge and self-control. The knowledge of good and evil is in the world. If the mother, unthinking, or indifferent, or incompetent, fails to set the one before her child, there are influences that will freely give to it the other. Have we lost the thought that parentage means something more than the simple bringing of life into the world?" Have we forgotten that the soul has little to be thankful for in the gift of life, unless the tiny bud of character is opened by true knowledge and right influences into its full bloom and beauty?

The power and influence of woman have not reached their zenith, but are expanding with every decade as she sees her duty before her, and especially for her children she will reach to her utmost power. In the words of Dr. Blackwell, "To be wise, knowledge of truth is essential, and the adult woman,

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the center of home influences, must acquire correct knowledge of all subjects that concern family life. A woman is mother always, not only of the infant, but of the growing and grown man. The high influence which women are intended to infuse into sex makes the subject a holy one to the wise mother. She can approach in moments of sacred earnestness which wound no natural reserve, but excite a grateful reverence in the young mind." Through the dependent years the child looks to the mother for comfort, and explanation of all things. In this confidence may it not always be held? May not the affection of the mother hold the daughter from early seeking outside the home for expressions of love, that are more liable to stimulate to premature development the latent faculty? Can she not, while watching and guiding the physical growth, also direct in self-respecting habits? "The key of moral education is respect for the human body and its faculties." The intelligent mother is careful to guide in the intellectual training of the young; shall she not be quite as anxious about the unfolding of the emotional nature? I cannot refrain from again quoting to you the weighty words of another: *"An invaluable provision for the education in the principle of sex exists in the companionship of brothers and sisters. The familiar intercourse of boys and girls in the kindly presence of their elders is of very great advantage. The friendship and affection of these natural associates should be sedulously promoted by companionship in studies, in music, in out-door pursuits and amusements. There is peculiar value in the influence of sisters. It is a special mission of young women to make virtue lovely. To make brothers love virtue, to make all men love purity through its incarnation in virtuous daughters, is a grand work to accomplish. The necessity of cultivating mental purity and respect for the principles

*The Moral Education of the Young, by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell.

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of sex, exists as strongly in relation to girls as to boys ; and it is only by securing this mental purity that young women will unconsciously address themselves to the high, rather than to the lower, instincts of their male companions."

Does not the mother betray her daugher, and future generations as well, when she accepts a double standard of morals, and for material advantage consents to her union with a profligate or licentious man ; or, when she sends her into her new home, it may be with an elaborate wardrobe, or richly endowed with material goods, but without counsel upon the responsibility concerning the new life and relationship, and without forecasting to her the duties of maternity ?

Aye, the pathway of girls, as well as boys, is hedged with dangers from the cradle to the grave ; and with the inherited tendencies entangling them it seems well nigh hopeless to think of holding them in the pathway of moral rectitude. But woman is coming to the rescue. She is beginning to realize her power, and is rising grandly to the new conception of the Divine plane of human life ; and when the motherhood of the race takes a forward step, all humanity must follow, all social life must be elevated. There is hope and courage in the fact that woman is hanging out the signal lights, and stationing sentinels at the pitfalls ; that the thoughts of a degraded womanhood no longer finds her indifferent, but rather, with all her love and pity aroused, seeking to turn the wayward into straighter paths and to keep the tender feet of the little ones away from the thorns and briars.

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Fashion's Slaves.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THE last session of the International Council of Women discussed no question of greater importance to civilization than that of dress reform. The fact that this world's congress, representing the most thoughtful, conscientious, and broad-minded women of our age, has taken up this subject with a firm determination to accomplish a revolution which shall mean health and happiness to the oncoming generation, is itself a prophecy pregnant with promise of a substantial and enduring reform. It will not be surprising if in the near future it is found that this earnest though somewhat timid discussion marked a distinct step in the world's progress; cetainly it was the most significant and authoritative utterance from united womanhood that has yet been made touching a problem which most vitally affects civilization.

To the student of sociology nothing is more perplexing or discouraging than society's persistency in blindly clinging to old standards and outgrown ideals which can no longer be defended by reason; and this is nowhere more marked than in the social world, where fashion has successfully defied all true standards of art, principles of common sense, rules of hygiene and what is still more important, the laws of ethics which underlie all stable or enduring civilizations.

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At the very threshold of this discussion, I ask the reader to, as far as possible, divest his mind of all prejudice arising from preconceived opinions, and view in a perfectly candid and judicial manner this problem upon which the last word will not be spoken until woman is emancipated. As long as free discussion is tabooed and conservatism finds it possible to dismiss the question with a flippant jest, a ribald joke, or a basely unjust imputation, the old order will stand ; partly because woman feels her helplessness and largely because so few people stop to trace cause and effect or patiently reason upon results of the most serious character. Conservatism is stongly entrenched in the minds of the millions, and to a certain degree mental lethargy broods over the world. It is true that in woman's sphere to-day mental activity is more marked than in any other age, and the best brains and most thoughtful women of our time are boldly denouncing the bondage of fashion and bravely pleading for such radical reforms in dress as will secure to womanhood health and comfort, while being genuinely artistic and graceful, breathing true refinement and conforming to æsthetic principles rather than the caprice of fashion. To me there is someting infinitely pathetic in the brave protests that have from time to time flashed from the outraged sensibilities of those who represent the very flower of American womanhood, when discussing this subject, for running through their almost every utterance is the plaintive note of helplessness, mingled with the consciousness of the justice of the cause for which they plead. The talented and universally respected Mrs. Abba Woolson Gould some years ago thus gave expression to her feeling when writing of the long, heavy, disease-producing skirts of women :

"Do what we will with them, they still add enormously to the weight of clothing, prevent cleanliness of attire about the ankles, overheat by their tops the lower portion of the body. im-

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pede locomotion and invite accidents. In short, they are uncomfortable, unhealty, unsafe and unmanageable. Convinced of this fact by patient and almost fruitless attempts to remove their objectionable qualities, the earnest dress-reformer is loath to believe that skirts hanging below the knee are not transitory features in woman's attire, as similar features have been in the dress of men, and surely destined to disappear with the tight hour-glass waists and other monstrosities of the present costume. . . . . Any changes the wisest of us can to-day propose are only a mitigation of an evil which can never be done away till women emerge from this vast swaying, undefined, and indefinable mass of drapery into the shape God gave to His human beings."

Mary A. Livermore voices a sad and terrible truth when she observes:

"The invalidism of young girls is usually attributed to every cause but the right one; too hard study—coëducation—which, it is said, compels overwork that the girl student may keep up with the young men of her class; too much exercise, or lack of rest and quiet at certain periods when nature demands it. All the while the physician is silent concerning the glove-fitting, steel-clasped corset, the heavy, dragging skirts, the bands engirdling the body, the pinching, deforming boot, and the ruinous social dissipation of fashionable society. These will account for much of the feebleness of young women and girls. For they exhaust nervous force, make freedom of movement a painful impossibility, and frequently shipwreck the young girl before she is out of port.

"We have a theory, generally accepted in civilized society, which we never formulate in speech but to which we are very loyal in practical life. This theory, put in plain language, is follows: God knows how to make boys; and, when he sends a boy into the world, it is safe to allow him to grow to man-

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hood as God made him. He may be too tall or too short, for our notions, too stout or too thin, too light or too dark. Nevertheless, it is right, for God knows how to make boys. But when God sends a girl into the world, it is not safe to allow her to grow to womanhood as He has made her. Some one must take her and improve her figure, and give her the shape in which it is proper for her to grow.

"Accordingly, the young girl comes some day from the dressmaker with this demand: 'Mme. ——— (the dressmaker) says that I am getting into horrid shape, and must have a pair of corsets immediately.' The corsets are bought and worn, and the physical deterioration begins."

Miss Francis E. Willard thus touchingly refers to the bondage of fashion:

"But there came a day—alas! the day of my youth—on which I was as literally caught out of the fields and pastures as was ever a young colt; confronted by a long dress that had been made for me, corsets and high-heeled shoes that had been bought, hair-pins and ribbons for my straying locks, and I was told that it simply 'wouldn't answer' to 'run wild' another day. Company from the city was expected; I must be made presentable; 'I had got to look like other folks.'

"That was a long time ago, but I have never known a single physically reasonable day since that sweet May morning when I cried in vain for longer lease of liberty."

Mrs. Francis E. Russell, whose significant paper read at the Woman's Council elicited universal approbation, in the following extract from her able essay in *The Arena*, sounds a more hopeful note than her illustrious predecessors, for she is nearer the dawn, and the horizon of woman's freedom is broadening:

"The fiction that women have no legs is now fully discredited, for in the show windows of the largest dry goods stores stand dummies of the female figure dressed only in the combi-

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nation undersuit made of wool or silk 'tights,' covering the whole body, except the head, hands and feet. By this time everyone must know that woman, like man, is a biped. Can anyone give a good reason why she must lift an unnecessary weight of clothing with every step she takes—pushing forward folds of restricting drapery and using almost constantly not only her hands, but her mental power and nervous energy to keep her skirts neat and out of the way of harm to herself and others?

"Much discussion has been wasted over the question whether a woman should carry the burden of her voluminous drapery from the shoulders or the hips. Why must she carry this unnecessary weight at all?

"Now let us join hands, all lovers of liberty, in earnest co-operation to free American women from the dominion of foreign fashion. Let us, as intelligent women, with the aid and encouragement of all good men, take this important matter into our own hands and provide ourselves with convenient garments; a costume that shall say to all beholders that we are equipped for reasonable service to humanity."

Conservative critics have so frequently misrepresented those who have honestly pleaded for dress reform, that it is no longer safe to be frank, and this fact alone has constrained numbers of earnest writers from expressing their sentiments who have felt it their duty to speak in behalf of health, beauty and common sense; indeed so certain is one to be misrepresented who handles this subject in anything like a reasonable and unconventional manner, and so surely will his views be assailed as improper, owing to the age-long cast of conventional thought, that were it not that this question so intimately affects fundamental, ethical and hygienic laws, and bears such a vitally important relation to true progress, I frankly admit that I doubt whether I should have the courage to discuss it. But I find it impossible to remain silent, believing as I do most profoundly

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From 1860 to 1865. The era of hoop-skirts.

that the baleful artificial standards so long tolerated must be abolished, that the fetish of the nineteenth century civilization must be overthrown, and that it is all-important that people be thoroughly acquainted with the far-reaching and basic significance of this problem, through courageous and persistent agitation and education, in order that manhood and womanhood be brought up to the ethical plane which marks enduring civilization. In the examination of this subject I desire to very briefly notice it from æsthetic, hygienic and ethcial points of view. It is a singular fact that every effort made toward a healthful and common sense reform in woman's apparel has been assailed as inartistic or immoral; while fashions at once disgusting, indecent, destructive to life and health, and degrading to womanhood have been readily sanctioned by conventionalism. This antagonistic attitude toward any movement for an improvement in woman's attire founded on the laws of health, art, comfort and common sense was characteristically expressed in a recent editorial in a leading Boston daily, wherein the writer solemnly observed:

"The simple truth is, the great majority of the women appreciate the fact that it is their mission to be beautiful, and the dress reformers have never yet devised any garment to assist the women in fulfilling this mission."

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The author of the above fairly represents the attitude of conventional thought—its servility to fashion, its antagonism to reformative moves. The implied falsehood that fashion represents beauty and art, or is the servant of æstheticism has been reiterated so often that thousands have accepted it as truth.



1870 to 1875. The era of the enormous bustle and train of sweeping dimensions.

In order to expose its falsity, I have reproduced in this paper plates taken from leading American and English fashion monthlies during the past three decades, in each of which it is noticeable that extremes have been reached. In 1860–65, the hoop-skirt held sway, and the wasp waist was typical of beauty. Then no lady was correctly attired according to the prevailing idea who did not present a spectacle curiously suggestive of a moving circus tent. During this era four or five fashionably dressed women completely filled an ordinary drawing-room; while the sidewalk was often practically monopolized by moving monstrosities, save when in front or behind the formidable swinging cages, moved escorts, who with no less servility than American womanhood bowed to the frivilous and criminal caprice of the modern Babylon. But fashion is nothing if not changeable; fancy not art guides her mind. What to-day types beauty, is by her own voice to-morrow voted indecent and absurb. Thus we find in the period extending from 1870 to 1875 an entirely new but none the less ridiculous or injurious extreme prevails. The wonderful swinging cage, the diameter of which at the base often equaled the height of the

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encased figure, has disappeared, being no longer considered desirable or æsthetic, and in its place we have prodiguous bustles and immense trains, by which an astonishing quantity of material is thrown behind the body, suggesting in some instances a toboggan slide, in others the unseemly hump on the back of a camel. This is the era of the enormous bustle and the train of sweeping dimensions.

When we examine the prevailing styles which marked this period, we are struck with amazement at the power exerted by fashion over the intellect and judgment of society. Imagine the shame and humiliation of a woman of fashion, endowed by nature or afflicted by diease with such an unsightly hump on the back as characterized the fashionable toilet of this period!



1870 to 1875, "Suggesting in some instances a toboggan slide; in others, the unseemly hump on the back of a camel."

Toward the end of the seventies, we find another extreme reached, which if possible was more absurd and injurious than those which marked the early days of this decade. This was the period of the tie-back, or narrow skirts and enormous trains. As in 1860 fashion's slaves vied with one another in their effort to cover the largest possible circular space, now their ambitions lay in the direction of the opposite extreme; the skirts must be as narrow as possible even though it greatly impeded walking, for, as will be readily observed, all free use of the lower limbs was out of the question during the reign of the "tie-back."

The reaction in favor of a more sensible dress which followed was of brief duration. During this time, however, the

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long trains were seldom seen, and thoughtful women began to hope that the arbitrary rule of fashion was over. It was not long, however, before the panier period arrived, and what was popularly known as the pull-back was accepted as the correct style in fashion's world. Of this latter conceit little need be said, for it has so recently passed from view that all remember its peculiarity, which to the ordinary observer seemed to be a settled determination on the part of its originators to render walking as difficult and fatiguing as possible, while fully exposing the outline of the wearer's body below the waist at every step. What in '60 or '70 would have been accounted the height of indecency, is in the eighties perfectly proper in the fashionable world. During this time it was not enough to have the skirts very narrow, they must at every step give the outline of the limbs [or as our Minnesota solon would put it, *nether* limbs], hence we find the pull-backs in which "two shy knees appear clad in a single trouser."



1878. **The period of the tie-back, narrow skirts, and enormous trains.**

Such have been the inconsistencies, inconguities, and absurdities of fashion as illustrated in the past three decades, in view of which one may well ask whether in fashion's eyes women are such paragons of ugliness that these ever-varying styles (introduced, we are seriously informed, to conserve to her beauty) are absolutely essential, and by what rule of art

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The tie-backs of 1878 and 1879.

can we explain the fact that the ponderous hoop-skirt was the essential requirement of beauty in the sixties and the enormous bustles demanded in the seventies. The truth is, fashion is supremely indifferent alike to all laws of art and beauty, health and life, decency and propriety—a fact that must be patent to any thoughtful person who examines the prevailing styles of a generation. I submit that the wildest extremes to which well-meaning but injudicious dress reformers have gone in the past have been marked by nothing more inartistic than the costume of the reigning belle in 1860. Each successive decade has been marked by an extreme which, surveyed from the vantage ground of the present, is as ridiculously absurd as it has been wanting in beauty or common sense. Nowhere have the laws of true art been so severely ignored as in the realm of fashion. Yet this view of the problem palls into insignificance when we come to examine the question from the standpoint of health and life.

One would think that after thousands of years of sickness and death, with all the advantages of increased education and a broadening intellectual horizon, we would have arrived at such an appreciation of the value of health and the solemn duty we owe to posterity, as to compel this consideration to

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enter into our thoughts when we adopted styles of dress; yet nowhere is the weakness of our present civilization more marked or its hollowness so visible, even to the superficial thinker, as in the realm of fashion, where every consideration of health, and even of life, and all sense of responsibility to future generations are brushed aside as trivialities not to be seriously considered. In vain have physicians and physiologists written, lectured and demonstrated the fatal results of yielding to fashion. The learned Doctor Trall, in writing on this subject, wisely observes:



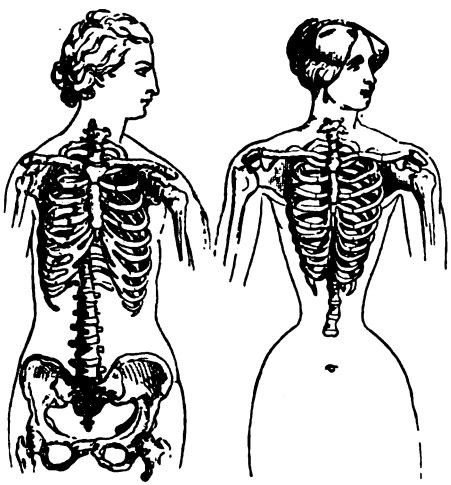
The pull-back of 1886.

"The evil effects of tight-lacing or of lacing at all, and of binding the clothing around the hips, instead of suspending it from the shoulders, can never be fully realized without a thorough education in anatomy and physiology. And if the illustrations here presented should effect the needed reform in fashionable dress, the resulting health and happiness to the human race would be incalculable; for the health of the



Fashionable walking costume in the early sixties. Woman appreciating the fact "that it is her mission to be beautiful.

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Anterior view of thorax in the Venus of Medicea. The same in a fashionable corset-wearing lady of to-day.

mothers of each generation determines, in a very large measure, the vital stamina of the next. It is obvious that, if the diameter of the chest, at its lower and broader part, is diminished by lacing, or any other cause, to the extent of one-fourth or one-half, the lungs, B, B, are pressed in towards the heart, A, the lower ribs are drawn together and press on the liver, C, and spleen, E, while abdominal organs are pressed downward on the pelvic viscera. The stomach, D, is compressed in its transverse diameter; both the stomach, upper intestines and liver are pressed downward on the kidneys, M, M, and on the lower portions of the bowels [the intestinal tube is denoted by the letters f, j and k], while the bowels are crowded down on the uterus, i, and bladder, g. Thus every vital organ is either functionally obstructed or mechanically disordered, and diseases more or less aggravated, the condition of all. In post-mortem examinations the liver has been found deeply indented by the constant and prolonged pressure of the ribs, in consequence of tight-lacing. The brain-organ, protected by a bony inclosure, has not yet been distorted externally by the contrivances of milliners and mantua-makers; but, lacing the chest, by interrupting the circulation of the blood, prevents its free return from the vessel of the brain, and so permanent congestion of that organ, with constant liability to headache, vertigo, or worse affections, becomes a 'second nature.' The

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vital resources of every person, and all available powers of mind and body, are measurable by the respiration. Precisely as the breathing is lessened, the length of life is shortened ; not only this, but life is rendered correspondingly useless and miserable while it does exist. It is impossible for any child, whose mother has diminished her breathing capacity by lacing, to have a sound and vigorous organization. If girls will persist in ruining their vital organs as they grow up to womanhood, and if women will continue this destructive habit, the race must inevitably deteriorate. It may be asserted, therefore, without exaggeration, that not only the welfare of the future generations, but the salvation of the race depends on the correction of this evil habit. The pathological consequences of continued and prolonged pressure on any vital structure are innutrition, congestion, inflammation, and ulceration, resulting in weakness, waste of substance, and destruction of tissue. The normal sensibility of the part is also destroyed. No woman can ever forget the pain she endured when she first applied the corsets ; but in time the compressed organs become torpid ; the muscles lose their contractile power, and she feels dependent on the mechanical support of the corset. But the mischief is not limited to local weakness and insensibility. The general strength and general sensibility correspond with the breathing capacity. If she has diminished her 'breath of life,' she has just to that extent destroyed all normal sensibility. She can neither feel nor think normally. But in place of pleasurable sensations and ennobling thoughts, are an indescribable array of aches, pains, weaknesses, irritations, and nameless distresses of body, with dreamy vagaries, fitful impulses, and morbid sentimentalities of mind. And yet another evil is to be mentioned to render the catalogue complete. Every particle of food must be aerated in the lungs before it can be assimilated. It follows, therefore, that no

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one can be well nourished who has not a full, free and unimpeded action of the lungs. In the contracted chest, the external measurement is reduced one-half; but as the upper portions of the lungs cannot be fully inflated until the lower portions are fully expanded, it follows that the breathing capacity is diminished more than one-half. It is wonderful how any one can endure existence, or long survive, in this devitalized condition; yet thousands do, and with careful nursing, manage to bring into the world several sickly children. The spinal distortion is one of the ordinary consequences of lacing. No one who laces habitually can have a straight or strong back. The muscles being unbalanced become flabby or contracted, unable to support the trunk of the body erect, and a curvature, usually a double curvature, of the spine is the consequence. And if anything were needed to aggravate the spinal curvature, intensify the compression of the internal viscera, and add to the general deformity, it is found in the modern contrivance of stilted gaiters. These are made with heels so high and narrow that locomotion is awkward and painful, the centre of gravity is shifted to 'parts unknown,' and the head is thrown forwards and the hips projected backwards to maintain perpendicularity."

In speaking of the destructiveness to health caused by woman's dress, Professor Oscar B. Moss, M. D., declares:

"Although the corset is the chief source of constraint to the kidneys, liver, stomach, pancreas and spleen, forcing them upward to encroach upon the diaphragm and compressing the lungs and heart, its evils are rivalled by those resulting from suspending the skirts from the waist and hips, by which means the pelvic organs are forced downward and often permanently displaced. Now, add to these errors a belt drawn snugly around the waist, and we have before us a combination of the most malignant elements of dress which it would be possible to invent.

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Street costume. Spring, 1884.

"The waist belt enforces the evils which the corset and skirts inaugurate. Every proposition of anatomy and physiology bearing upon this subject appeals to reason. Did the abdominal organs require for their well-being less room than we find in the economy of nature, less room would have been provided. Nature bestows not grudgingly, neither does she lavish beyond the requirements of perfect health.

"The same laws which govern the nutrition of muscles, apply also to the vital organs. Pressure that impedes circulation of blood through them must suppress their functions proportionally. With the lungs, heart and digestive organs impaired by external devices, which force them into abnormal relations, health is impossible. Every other part of the body—nay, life itself—depends upon the perfection of these organs. The ancients fittingly called them the tripod of life.



Street costume. Summer, 1891. (Compare waist with anterior view of thorax of corset wearing lady of to-day.)

"Consumption, heart disease, dyspepsia, and the multiform phases of uterine and ovarian diseases are among the natural and frequent consequences of compressing the internal organs. Men could not endure such physical indignities as women inflict upon themselves. Should they attempt to do so, they

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would not long hold the proud position of 'bread winners,' which is now theirs by virtue of their more robust qualities.

It is difficult to imagine a slavery more senseless, cruel or far-reaching in its injurious consequences than that imposed by fashion on civilized womanhood during the past generation. Her health has been sacrificed, and in countless instances her life has paid the penalty; while posterity has been dwarfed, maimed and enervated, and in body, mind, and soul deformed at its behests. In turn every part of her body has been tortured. On her head, at fashion's caprice, the hair of the dead has been piled. Hats and bonnets, wraps and gowns, laden with heavy beads and jet, have as seriously impaired her health as they have rendered her miserable; the tight lacing required by the wasp waists has produced generations of invalids and bequeathed to posterity suffering that will not vanish for many decades. By it, as has been pointed out by the authorities cited, every vital organ in the body has been seriously affected. The heart and lungs, by nature protected by a cage of bone, have been abnormally crushed in a space so contracted as to absolutely prohibit the free action upon which health depended; while the downward pressure was necessarily equally injurious to her delicate organism. The tightly drawn corset has proved an unmitigated curse to the living and a legacy of misery and disease to posterity. And this cruel deforming of the most beautiful of God's creations was said to be beautiful simply because fashion willed it. Nor was this all; enormous bustles and skirts of prodigious dimensions have borne their weight largely upon that part of her body which above all else should be absolutely free from pressure. By this means the most sensitive organs have been ruthlessly subjected to down pressing weights which for exquisite torture and for the absolute certainty of the long train of agony that must result, rival the heartless ingenuity of the Inquisi-

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tion of the Middle Ages. Beyond this generation of debilitated and invalided mothers, rises a countless posterity robbed of its birthright of health while yet unborn. A possible genius deformed and dwarfed by the weight of a fashionable dress; a brain which might have been brilliant rendered idiotic by the constant pressure of a corset, and the wearisome weight of a "stylish" dress pressing about the hips; a child whose natural capacity might have carried him to the seat of a Webster or into the laboratory of an Edison, condemned to drag a weakly, diseased, or deformed body through life, with mind ever chained to the flesh, through the heartless imposition which fashion imposed on his mother! What thought can be more appalling to a conscientious woman? Yet until a revolution is accomplished and a reign of reason and common sense inaugurated, this crime against the unborn will continue. But some argue the days of these extremes are past.

I answer not past, but they are assuming other forms. Since 1890 dawned, the evils in some respects have been aggravated; for it must not be forgotten that the daughters of the prestent decade have, in order to be fashionable, compressed beyond all healthful bounds the flesh of their arms, retarding circulation and inviting pneumonia and other ills. And in order to look stylish, thousand of women wear dress waists so tight that no free movement of the upper body is possible; indeed in numbers of instances ladies are compelled to put their bonnets on before attempting the painful ordeal of getting into their glove-fitting dress waists. Many young women to-day, yielding to the spell of fashion, place the corset next to their flesh, while a still greater number have merely the thinnest possible undershirt between the flesh and the corset, after which they tightly draw the dress waist until it meets. This seems incredible, but it is vouched for by several ladies of my acquaintance, among whom are physicians

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whose large practice among their sisters gives them peculiar facilities for knowing the absolute facts. Health, posterity, and all the instincts of the higher self are ruthlessly sacrificed to the fickle folly of fashion's criminal caprice. And we must not forget that even now the sweeping train is coming in vogue and correctly attired ladies must consent to carry the germs of death with quantities of filth from the streets of our metropolitan cities into their homes of wealth and refinement. The corset and high-heeled shoes, the two most deadly foes to maternity and posterity, are also seen at the present time, on every hand.

If outraged nature could show the procession of mothers sacrificed on fashion's altar during the past generation, or unveil the suffering and deformity being borne by posterity at the present time, through this slavery, the world would be thrilled with an indescribable horror. Health, comfort, and human life have paid the penalty of a criminal servitude to the modern juggernaut, before whose car millions of our women are bowing in abject servility, knowing full well that at each turn of its wheel new pains or fresh diseases will be inflicted. And what power controls and gives life to this mistress of modern civilization? At whose behest is this crime against reason, life and posterity perpetrated? The cupidity of the shrewd and unscrupulous and the caprice of the shallow and frivolous.

The moral aspect of this subject is even more grave than the hygienic. Anything which injures the physical body, whether it be licentiousness, intemperance, gluttony or vicious modes of dress, is necessarily evil from an ethical point of view. Not simply because the law of our being decrees that whatever drains or destroys the physical vitality must sooner or later sap the vital forces of the brain; but also because anything is ethically destructive which chains the mind to the realm of

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Vagaries of Fashion. A belle in the eighties.

animality, when, unfettered, it should be unfolding in spiritual strength and glory. Thus it will be readily seen that any article of clothing which presses upon the vitals of the body so as to cause displacement of the delicate organism, or so cumbersome as to cause general fatigue, anything, as is the case with high heels, which throws the body out of its equilibrium, or any article of dress which makes the mind ever conscious of the body by virtue of its uncomfortableness, is injurious from an ethical point of view. This fact, which has been so generally overlooked, will become more apparent, if, for the sake of illustration, we suppose for a moment that a plant is endowed with reason and sensation, and obeying the general law of its being, and the persuasive and inspiring influence of the sun and rain, is struggling to rise heavenward, and give to the radiant world above its impearled wealth—its gorgeous bloom, its marvelous fragrance and fruit; but by virtue of the bonds of a prison-house below—a small pot or a rocky encasement—its lifework is thwarted, its bloom, perfume and fruit, if they come at all, are stunted, limited and imperfect. For generations woman's condition has been like that of the plant, the wealth of her nature has been dwarfed, the marvelous richness of her life has been marred by the imprisoned conditions of her body, and infinitely more sad and far-reaching have been the baleful consequences upon millions of her offspring, dwarfed, weakly, sickly, enfeebled in body and soul. A mother whose thoughts have voluntarily or involuntarily been held in the atmosphere of the physical nature, necessarily

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Vagaries of Fashion. A belle early in the sixties.

imparts to her child a legacy of animality which, like the corpse of a dead being, clings to the soul throughout its pilgrimage. Terrible as have been fashion's ravages on woman's physical health, the curse which she has exerted when the ethical aspect of the case is entertained, far transcends it.

It is a curious fact that almost all the opposition from women to proposed reforms in woman's dress comes from two extremes in society. Those who do no independent thinking, taking all their thoughts and opinions from the expressed views of the men with whom they associate, and the profoundly earnest and thoughful, but conservative, women of society. The opposition of the former class is merely the echo of husbands, brothers, fathers and lovers; but the others are moved by conviction, and for this reason their views are worthy of consideration. They fear that any radical change will exert an immoral influence. Their minds are swayed by ancient thought which throughout all ages has cast its baleful shadow over the brain of the world. They are held under the spell of a conservatism which unquestioningly tolerates established institutions and existing orders, but has no confidence in aught that proposes to break with these, even though the new has reason and common sense

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clearly on its side. Thus time and again fashions have been tolerated, although known to be morally enervating and singularly repulsive to all refined sensibilities; while proposals from without for reforms based on the laws of health and beauty have called forth the most determined opposition from this conscientious class, merely because the proposed innovations have not conformed to ideas entertained by virtue of prevailing fashions, and have been therefore regarded immoral. And herein lies an important point to be considered. Anything which is radically unlike prevailing standards or styles to which we have become accustomed will impress most persons as being immodest or indecent. The unusual in dress is usually denounced as immoral because we are all prone to allow our prejudice to obscure our reason and o'ersway our judgment. This point must be recognized before any real reform can be accomplished. When humanity has grown sufficiently wise to reason broadly and view problems on their own merits, aside from preconceived opinion or inherited prejudice, real instead of false standard of morality will prevail, and we shall cease to condemn anything as pernicious simply because it is unusual, radically unlike that to which we have been accustomed, or revolutionary in its tendency. Let me make this, if possible more apparent by an illustration, because it bears such an important relation to the main issue. If men had for ages worn long flowing robes, completely enveloping their bodies,

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From copyrighted photo by Sarony.

MARY ANDERSON AS PARTHENIA.

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but on a certain day with one accord exchanged them for a costume similar to that now seen throughout the civilized world, society would experience a distinct shock; immoral, indecent, pernicious and vulgar would mildly express the sentiment of conventional thought, until the same society had become accustomed to the change. To us at the present time it's difficult to conceive how women of sense and refinement submitted to the swinging-cage paraphernalia of the sixties, or the Grecian bend of a later date. Yet in those days the severely plain skirts of the present would have seemed positively indecent. It has been necessary to dwell on this thought in order to sufficiently remove existing prejudice to enable a fair consideration of the question in its broader aspects. I have also introduced fair examples of prevailing fashions during the past generation and reproductions of Greek, Shakesperian, and other simple costumes worn at the present time by the queens of the stage, to show by comparison how infinitely more graceful, beautiful, comfortable, healthful, and by their very elements of comfort and healthfulness, ethically superior, are these costumes to those which conventionalism sanctioned in the sixties, seventies and eighties. Is there anything immodest, indecent, or suggestive of impropriety in Mary Anderson in the graceful Grecian costume of Parthenia, presented on the preceding page? Of the tens of thousands of people who have witnessed the performances of Madame Modjeska, Miss Anderson, Julia Marlowe, or Margaret Mather in the costumes given in this paper, it is not probable that a perceptible number have seen aught improper or even injuriously suggestive, notwithstanding they are so radically unconventional. Surely no mind accustomed to think broadly and view problems on all sides, and unaccustomed to revel in the sewer of sensualism would see in the attire of these estimable ladies aught but costumes at once

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graceful, refined and apparently infinitely more comfortable and healthful than those represented in any of the fashion plates I have reproduced, and which millions of women of good sense have, under the stress of conventionalism, been compelled to wear. Let us compare Miss Anderson's Grecian costume with the dress of a society belle in the seventies, which required from twenty to thirty yards of material, and when completed and fitted transformed the wearer into a monstrosity with an unsightly hump on the back, and a street cleaner of immense dimensions trailing for several feet in her rear.

From artistic, hygienic, economical and ethical points of view, to say nothing of common sense and comfort, is not the simple and beautiful costume of Parthenia incomparably superior to that which marked the second decade of the past generation? Would not woman to-day, clothed in close-fitting garments of silk or woolen fabric, with an outer robe or loose dress fashioned something after the order of the ancient Grecian or Roman pattern, be far more beautiful than she is as a slave to fashion's fickle fancy, while the requirements of life, health and comfort would be fully met? Again, let us compare one of the plates of the sixties, with its wonderful expanse of skirt to the simple, graceful attire of Miss Marlowe as Viola in the "Twelfth Night," and, laying aside all preconceived opinions (with the influence which we have seen the unusual plays in fashioning our ideas of propriety), does not our reason and common sense sustain the view that the latter is far more refined, simple and less vulgarly ostentatious than the inflated garment of the early sixties? Or, if we compare the pictures of Modjeska and Miss Marlowe in Shakespearian rôles, or that of the former in the neat and graceful gathered gown, and Miss Mather in the simple peasant dress, are they not one and all far more chaste, artistic, sensible and healthful than

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JULIA MARLOWE.



HELENA MODJESKA.



MARGARET MATHER.



HELENA MODJESKA.

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the hoop-skirt, bustle and train, or the tie-back? Do not, however, understand that I advocate the introduction of any of these costumes. It is for woman, and woman alone to decide what she will wear, and in this paper I am merely seeking to second the splendid work that has by her been inaugurated, and by speaking as one of the younger men of this decade, to voice what I believe American womanhood will find to be the sentiment of the rising generation, whenever she makes a concerted effort to emancipate herself from the slavery of Parisan fashions. There are many evidences that the hour is ripe for a sensible revolt, and that if the movement is guided by wise and judicious minds it will be a success. Two things seem to me to be of paramount importance :

(1.) The commission of women acting for the Council should decide definitely upon the nature and extent of changes desired. The ideal costume should be clearly defined and ever present in their mind. But it would be exceedingly unwise to attempt any radical change at once. This has been, more than anything, the secret of the partial or total failures of the movements of this character in the past. The changes should be gradually made. Every spring and autumn let an advance step be taken, and in order to do this an American fashion commission or bureau should be established, under the auspices of the dress reform committee of the Women's Council, which at stated intervals should issue bulletins and illustrated fashion plates. If the idea is kept constantly in view, every season slight changes are made toward the desired garment, the victory will, I believe, be a comparatively easy one, for the splendid common sense of the American women and men will cordially second the movement. Concerted action, a clearly-defined ideal toward which to move, and gradual changes—these are points which it seems to me are vitally important. One reason why the most ridiculous and in-

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artistic extremes in fashion have been generally adopted is found in this policy of gradual introduction, a fact which must impress anyone who carefully examines the fashions of the past. First there has been a slight alteration, shortly becoming more pronounced, and with each season it has grown more marked, although perhaps not for four or six years has the extreme been reached. At every step there have been complaints from various quarters, but steadily and persistently has the fashion been pushed until it reached its climax, after which we have had its gradual decline. This was the history of the hoop skirt and the Grecian bend, and has been that of most of the extremes which have marked the past, and we can readily believe that in no other way could womanhood have been insnared by such supreme and criminal folly as has characterized fashion's caprices in unnumbered instances.

(2.) Another very essential point is the proper education of the girls of to-day, for to them will fall, in its richest fruition, the blessings of this splendid reform if it be properly carried on, and if they be everywhere instructed to set health above fashion, and seek the beauty of Venus de Medici rather than the pseudo-beauty of the wretched, deformed invalid, who, at the dictates of the modern Babylon, has trampled reason and common sense, health and comfort, the happiness of self and the enjoyment of her posterity, under foot. Teach the girls to be American; to be independent; to scorn to copy fashion, manners, or habits that come from decaying civilizations, and which outrage all sentiment of refinement, laws of life or principles of common sense. The American girl is naturally independent and well endowed with reason and common sense. Once shown the wisdom and importance of this American movement, and she will not be slow to cordially embrace it. In many respects the hour is most propi-

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Some of Liberty's recent dresses. The Grecian Costume.

tious, owing to a combination of causes never before present, among which may be mentioned the growing independence of American womanhood; the enlarged vision that has come to her through the wonderfully diverse occupations and professions which she has recently embraced; the growing consciousness of her ability to succeed in almost every vocation of life. The latitude enjoyed by her in matters of dress in the mountains and seashore resorts; the growth of women's gymnasiums; the emphasis given to hygienic instruction in schools, and the recent quiet introduction of a perfectly comfortable apparel for morning wear, which, strange to say, has originated where one would least expect, among the most fashionable belles of the Empire city. This significant innovation which is reported by the daily press, as becoming quite popular among the young ladies of the wealthy districts of New York, consists of a comfortable blouse worn over knickerbocker trousers. Clad in this comfortable attire the belles come to breakfast, nor do they subsequently change their dress during the morning if they intend remaining indoors. If a sedate or fastidious caller is announced, a beautiful tea-gown, which is at hand, is slipped into, and the young lady is appropriately clad to suit even conventional requirements. The bicycle and lawn tennis costumes now becoming so popular also exercise a subtle but marked influence in favor

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Some of Liberty's recent dresses. *The Juliet.*

of rational dress reform, not only giving young ladies the wonderful comfort and health-giving freedom which for ages have been denied her sex, but also by accustoming them to these radically unconventional costumes.

Another encouraging sign of the times is the increasing demand on the great and fashionable house of Liberty & Co., of London, for the Greek and other simple costumes by fashionable ladies, who are using them largely for home wear. I have reproduced two recent styles of dresses made by Liberty. All fabrics used are rich, soft and elegant, and the effect is said to be gratifying to lovers of art, as well as far more healthful and comfortable than the conventional dress. The most important fact, however, is the effect or influence which is sure to follow this breaking away from the ruling fashions in wealthy circles. When conventionalism in dress is fully discredited, practical reform is certain to follow. The knell of the one means the triumph of the other.

Believing as I do that the cycle of woman has dawned, and that through her humanity will reach a higher and nobler civilization than the world has yet known. I feel the most profound interest in all that affects her health, comfort and happiness; for, as I have before observed, her exaltation means the elevation of the race. A broader liberty and more liberal meed of justice for her mean a higher civilization, and the solution of weighty and fundamental problems which will never be equitably adjusted until we have brought into political and social life more of the splendid spirit of altruism, which is one of her most conspicuous characteristics. I believe that morality, education, practical reform, and enduring progress wait upon her complete emancipation from the bondage of fashion, prejudice, superstition and conservatism.

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The Age of Swindles.

THE REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

THE two most skilful architects in all the world are the bee and the spider. The one puts up a sugar manufactory and the other builds a slaughter-house for flies. On a bright summer morning, when the sun comes out and shines upon the spider's web, bedecked with dew, the gossamer structure seems bright enough for a suspension bridge for supernatural beings to cross on. But, alas, for the poor fly, which in the latter part of that very day ventures on it, and is caught and dungeoned and destroyed. The fly was informed that this was a free bridge, and would cost nothing, but at the other end of the bridge the toll paid was his own life. The next day there comes down a strong wind and away goes the web and the marauding spider and the victimized fly. So delicate are the silken threads of the spider's web that many thousands of them are put together before they become visible to the human eye, and it takes four million of them to make a thread as large as a human hair. Most cruel, as well as the most ingenious, is the spider. A prisoner in the Bastile, France, had one so trained that at the sound of a violin it came every day for its meal of flies. Job, the author of my text, and the leading scientist of his day, had no

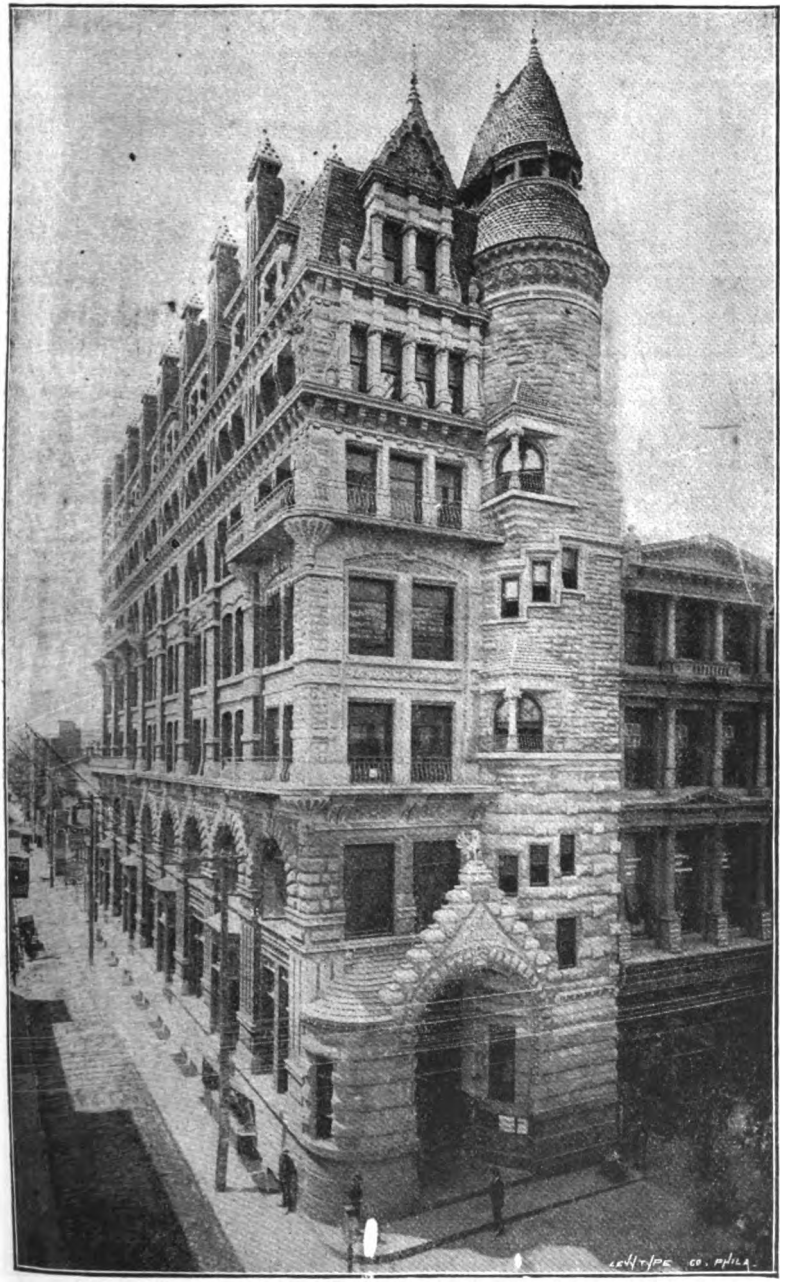
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doubt watched the voracious process of this one insect with another, and saw spider and fly swept down with the same broom, or scattered with the same wind. Alas, that the world has so many designing spiders and victimized flies.

There has not been a time when the utter and black irresponsibility of many men having the financial interests of others in charge has been more evident than in these last few years.

The unroofing of banks and disappearance of administrators with the funds of large estates, and the disorder amidst post-office accounts and deficits amid United States officials, have made a pestilence of crime that solemnizes every thoughtful man and woman, and leads every philanthropist and Christian to ask: "What shall be done to stay the plague?" There is a monsoon abroad, a typhoon, a sirocco. I sometimes ask myself if it would not be better for men making wills to bequeath the property directly to the executors and officers of the court, and appoint the widows and orphans a committe to see that the former got all that did not belong to them. The simple fact is that there are a large number of men sailing yachts and driving fast horses, and members of expensive club-houses, and controlling country-seats, who are not worth a dollar if they return to others their just rights. Under some sudden reverse they fail, and with afflicted air seem to retire from the world, and seem almost ready for monastic life, when in two or three years they blossom out again, having compromised with their creditors; that is, paid them nothing but regrets, and the only difference between the second chapter of prosperity and the first is that their pictures are Murillos instead of Kensetts, and their horses go a mile in twenty seconds less than their predecessors, and instead of one country-seat they have three. I have watched and have noticed that nine out of ten of those who failed in what is called high

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life, have more means after than before the failure, and in many of the cases failure is only a stratagem to escape the payment of honest debts and put the world off the track while they practice a large swindle. There is something wofully wrong in the fact that these things are possible.

First of all, I charge the blame on careless, indifferent bank directors and boards, having in charge great financial institutions. It ought not to be possible for a president or cashier or prominent officer of a banking institution to swindle it year after year without detection. I will undertake to say that if these frauds are carried on for two or three years without detection, either the directors are partners in the infamy and pocketed part of the theft, or they are guilty of a culpable neglect of duty, for which God will hold them as responsible as He holds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have prominent business men to allow their names to be published as directors in a financial institution, so that unsophisticated people are thereby induced to deposit their money in or buy the scrip thereof, when they, the published directors, are doing nothing for the safety of the institution? It is a case of deception most reprehensible. Many people with a surplus of money not needed for immediate use, although it may be a little further on indispensable, are without friends competent to advise them, and they are guided solely by the character of the men whose names are associated with the institution. When the crash came, and with the overthrow of the banks went the small earnings and limited fortunes of the widows and orphans, and the helplessly aged, the directors stood with idiotic stare, and to the inquiry of the frenzied depositors and stockholders who had lost their all and to the arraignment of an indignant public had nothing to say except "We thought it was all right. We did not know that there was anything wrong going on." It was their duty to know.

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They stood in a position which deluded the people with the idea that they were carefully observant. Calling themselves directors they did not direct. They had opportunity of auditing accounts and inspecting the books. No time to do so? Then they had no business to accept the position. It seems to be pride of some moneyed men to be directors of a great many institutions, and all they know is whether or not they get their dividends regularly, and their names are used as decoy ducks to bring others near enough to be made game of. What first of all is needed is that five thousand bank directors and insurance company directors resign or attend to their business as directors. The business world will be full of fraud just as long as fraud is so easy. When you arrest the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest the directors. They are guilty either of neglect or complicity.

"Oh," some one will say, "better preach the gospel and let business matters alone." I reply: If your gospel does not inspire common honesty in the dealings of men, the sooner you close up your gospel and pitch it into the depths of the Atlantic ocean, the better.

An orthodox swindler is worse than a heterodox swindler. The recitation of all the catechisms and creeds ever written, and drinking from all the communion chalices that ever glittered in the Churches of Christendom will never save your soul unless your business character corresponds with your religious profession. Some of the worst scoundrels in America have been members of churches, and they got fat on sermons about heaven when they most needed to have the pulpits preach that which would either bring them to repentance or thunder them out of the holy communions where their presence was a sacrilege and an infamy.

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"We must especially deplore the misfortune of banks in various parts of this country in that they damage the banking institution, which is the great convenience of the centuries, and indispensable to commerce and the advance of nations. With one hand it blesses the lender, and with the other it blesses the borrower. The bank was born of the world's necessities, and is venerable with the marks of thousands of years. Two hundred years before Christ the Bank of Ilium existed and paid its depositors 10 per cent. The Bank of Venice was established in 1171, and was of such high credit that its bills were at a premium above coins, which were frequently clipped. Bank of Genoa, founded in 1345; Bank of Barcelonia, 1401; Bank of Amsterdam, 1699; Bank of Hamburgh, founded in 1619, its circulation based on great silver bars kept in its vaults; Bank of England, started by William Patterson in 1642, up to this day managing the stupendous debt of England; Bank of Scotland, founded in 1695, Bank of Ireland, 1783; Bank of North America, planned by Robert Morris, in 1771, without whose financial help all the bravery of our grandfathers would not have achieved American Independence. But now we have banks in all our cities and towns, thousands and thousands. On their shoulders are the interests of private individuals and great corporations. In them are the great arteries through which run the currents of the nation's life. They have been the resources of the thousands of financiers in the days of business exigency. They stand for acccommodation, for facility, for individual, state and national relief. At their head and in their management there is as much interest and moral worth as in any class of men—perhaps more. How nefarious then, the behavior of those men who bring disrepute upon this venerable, benignant and God-honored institution.

We also deplore the abuse of trust funds because they fly

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in the face of that divine goodness which seems determined to bless this land. We are having the eighth year of unexampled national harvest. The wheat gamblers get hold of the wheat, and the corn gamblers get hold of the corn. The full tide of God's mercy toward this land is put back by those great dikes of dishonest resistance. When God provides enough food and clothing to feed and apparel this whole nation like princes, the scrabble of dishonest men to get more than their share, and get it at all hazards, keeps everything shaking with uncertainty and everybody asking: "What next?" Every week makes new revelations. How many more bank presidents and bank cashiers have been speculating with other people's money, and how many more bank directors are in imbecile silence letting the perfidy go on, the great and patient God only knows! My opinion is that we have got near the bottom. The wind has been pricked from the great bubble of American speculation. The men who thought that the judgment day was at least five thousand years off found it in 1888, 1887, 1886; and this nation has been taught that men must keep their hands out of other people's pockets. Great businesses built on borrowed capital have been obliterated, and men who had nothing have lost all they had. I believe we are started on a higher career of prosperity than this land has ever seen, if, and if, and if.

If the first men, and especially Christian men, will learn never to speculate upon borrowed capital. If you have a mind to take your own money and turn it all into kites, to fly them on every commons in the United States, you do society no wrong, except when you tumble your helpless children into the poor-house for the public to take care of. But you have no right to take the money of others and turn it into kites. There is one word that has deluded more people into bankruptcy, and state prison and perdition than any other

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word in commercial life, and that is the word borrow. That one word is responsible for all the defalcations, and embezzlements, and financial consternation of the last twenty years. When executors conclude to speculate with the funds of an estate committed to their charge, they do not purloin, they say they only borrow. When a banker makes an overdraft on his institution, he does not commit a theft, he only borrows. When the officer of a company, by flaming advertisement, in some religious papers, and gilt certificate of stock, gets a multitude of country people to put their small earnings into an enterprise for carrying on some undeveloped nothing, he does not fraudulently take their money, he only borrows. When a young man with access to his employer's money drawer, or a confidential clerk, by close propinquity to account-books, takes a few dollars for Wall street excursion, he expects to put it back; he will put it all back; he will put it all back very soon. He only borrows. What is needed is some man of gigantic limb to take his place at the curb-stone in front of Trinity Church, and when that word borrow comes bounding along kick it clean through to Wall street ferry-boat, and if, striking on that, it bounds clear over till it strikes Brooklyn heights or Brooklyn hill, it will be well for the City of Churches.

Why, when you are going to do wrong, pronounce so long a word as borrow, a word of six letters, when you can get a shorter word more descriptive of the reality, a word of only five letters, the word steal?

There are times when we all borrow, and borrow legitimately, and borrow with the divine blessing, for Christ in His sermon on the mount enjoins, "from him that would borrow from thee turn thou not away." A young man rightly borrows money to get an education. Purchasing a house and not able to pay all down in cash, the purchaser rightly borrows it

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on mortgage. Crises come in business when it would be wrong for a man not to borrow. But I roll this warning through all the land, never borrow to speculate; not a dollar, not a cent, not a farthing. Young men, young men, I warn you by your worldly prospects and the value of your immortal souls, do not do it. There are breakers distinguished for their shipwrecks—the Hanways, the Needles, the Caskets, the Douvers, the Anderlos, the Skerries and many a craft has gone to pieces on these rocks; but I have to tell you that all the Hanways, and the Needles, and the Caskets, and the Skerries are as nothing compared with the long line of breakers which bound the ocean of commercial life, north, east, south and west with the white foam of their despair and the dirge of their damnation—the breakers of borrow.

If I had only a worldly weapon to use on this subject I would give you the fact fresh from the highest authority, that ninety per cent. of those who go into speculation in Wall street lose all; but I have a better warning than a worldly warning. From the place where men have perished—body, mind and soul—stand off, stand off! Abstract pulpit discussions must step aside on this question. Faith and repentance are absolutely necessary, but faith and repentance are no more doctrines of the Bible than commercial integrity. Render to all their dues. Owe no man anything. And while I mean to preach faith and repentance, more and more to preach them, I do not mean to spend any time in chasing the Hittites, Jebusites and Girgashites of Bible times, when there are so many evils right around us destroying men and women for time and for eternity. The greatest evangelistic speaker the world ever saw, a man who died for his evangelism—peerless Paul—wrote to the Romans, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men;" wrote to the Corinthians, "Do that which is honest;" wrote to the Philippians, "Whatsoever things are

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honest;" wrote to the Hebrews, "Willing in all things to live honestly." The Bible says that faith without works is dead, which, being liberally translated, means that if your business life does not correspond with your profession, your religion is a humbug.

Here is something that needs to be sounded in the ears of all the young men in America, and iterated and reiterated, if this country is ever to be delivered from its calamities, and commercial prosperity is to be established and perpetuated, live within your means.

I have the highest commercial authority for saying that when the memorable trouble broke out in Wall street four years ago there were $225,000,000 in suspense which had already been spent. Spend no more than you make. And let us adjust all our business and our homes by the principles of the Christian religion.

Our religion ought to mean just as much on Saturday and Monday as on the day between, and not to be a mere periphrasis of sanctity. Our religion ought to first clean our hearts, and then it ought to clean our lives. Religion is not, as some seem to think, a sort of Church delectation, a kind of confectionery, a sort of spiritual caramel or holy gumdrop, or sanctified peppermint, or theological anæsthetic. It is an omnipotent principle, all-controlling, all-conquering. You may get along with something less than that, and you may deceive yourself with it; but you cannot deceive God, and you cannot deceive the world. The keen business man will put on his spectacles, and he will look clear through to the back of your head and see whether your religion is a fiction or a fact. And you cannot hide your samples of sugar, or rice, or tea, or coffee if they are false; you cannot hide them under the cloth of a communion table. All your prayers go for nothing so long as you misrepresent your banking institu-

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tion, and in the amount of the resources you put down more specie, and more fractional currency, and more clearing-house certificates, and more legal-tender notes, and more loans, and more discounts than there really are, and when you give an account of your liabilities you do not mention all the unpaid dividends, and the United States bank notes outstanding, and the individual deposits, and the obligations to other banks and bankers. An authority more scrutinizing than that of any bank examiner will go through and through and through your business.

There are many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so intrusted; but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be careful, be as careful of the property of others as you are of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property; they put it into investment and away it all goes, and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion, and the money market is shaken, and the press denounces, and the church thunders expulsion. You have no right to use the property of others except for their advantage, nor without consent, unless they are minors. If with their consent you invest their property as well as you can and it is all lost, you are not to blame; you did the best you could, but do not come into the delusion, which has ruined so many men, of thinking because a thing is in their possession therefore it is theirs. You have a solemn trust which God has given you. In this vast assemblage there may be some who have misappropriated trust funds. Put them back, or if you have so hopelessly involved them that you cannot put them back, confess the whole thing to those whom you have

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wronged and you will sleep better at night, and you will have a better chance for your soul. What a sad thing it would be if after you are dead your administrator should find out from the account books, or from the lack of vouchers, that you not only were bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul. If all the trust funds that have been misappropriated should suddenly fly to their owners, and all the property that has been purloined should suddenly go back to its owners, it would crush into ruin every city in America.

A missionary in one of the islands of the Pacific preached on dishonesty, and the next morning he looked out of his window and he saw his yard full of goods of all kinds. He wondered and asked the cause of all this. "Well," said the natives, "our gods that we have been worshipping permit us to steal, but according to what you said yesterday the God of Heaven and Earth will not allow this, so we bring back all these goods, and we ask you to help us in taking them to the places where they belong." If all the ministers in America should preach sermons on the abuse of trust funds, and on the evils of purloining, and the sermons were all blest of God, and regulations were made that all these things should be taken to the city halls, it would not be long before every city hall in America would be crowded from cellar to cupola.

Let me say in the most emphatic manner to all young men, dishonesty will never pay. An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground and the owner would not sell it, but the owner finally consented to let it to him until he could raise one crop, and the abbot sowed acorns, a crop of two hundred years! And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow you with horrible darkness—overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for two hundred years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

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I have also a word of comfort for all who suffer from the malfeasance of others, and every honest man, woman and child does suffer from what goes on in financial scampdom. Society is so bound together that all the misfortunes which good people suffer in business matters come from the misdeeds of others. Bear up under distress, strong in God. He will see you through, though your misfortunes should be centupled. Philosophers tell us that a column of air forty-five miles in height, rests on every man's head and shoulders. But that is nothing compared with the pressure that business life has put upon many of you. God made up His mind long ago how many or how few dollars it would be best for you to have. Trust to His appointment. The door will soon open to let you out and let you up. What a shock of delight for men who for thirty years have been in business anxiety when they shall suddenly awake in everlasting holiday. On the maps of the Arctic regions there are two places whose names are remarkable, given, I suppose, by some Polar expedition, "Cape Farewell," and "Thank God Harbor." At this last the Polaris wintered in 1871, and the Tigress in 1873. Some ships have passed the cape, yet never reached the harbor. But from what I know of many of you I have concluded that though the voyage of life may be very rough, run into by icebergs on this side and icebergs on that, you will in due time reach Cape Farewell, and soon after drop anchor in the calm and imperturbable waters of Thank God Harbor. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

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Hypnotism in Relation to Crime.

A. TAYLOR INNES.

THE scientific discussion of Hypnotism or Mesmerism, which has for some years passed in a full wave over the Continent, has at last broken on our shores. Among the many resulting suggestions, I observe one constantly put forward. It is said that hypnotism is full of risks, not only in the region of health, but in that of crime; that its practice should not be allowed to remain in the hands of persons wno are ignorant and unauthorized; and that it should be at once placed under legal restrictions and confided to the medical profession alone. It is, perhaps, time that this proposal should be looked at critically; and rather from the side of another profession, though, as I hope, equally in the public interest.

That hypnotism opens many possibilities of crime is undoubted. It does so, in the first place, as a mere state of passivity. If the human race had never known what it was to fall asleep, one could easily imagine (following the suggestion of Blanco White's sonnet on Night) with what well-founded alarm we should regard the first approach even of ordinary slumber—of sleep, with all its death-like helplessness and exposure to assault. Well, hypnotism presents us with a form

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of sleep, or of lethargy, or, at least of passivity; and in all these forms it leaves the subject without defense against personal outrage. But the hypnotic sleep is characteristically the sleep, not of lethargy, but of somnambulism. It is active rather than passive; and though the activity is of the imaginative rather than of the reasoning faculties, it often reaches a high degree of exaltation. But the peculiarity of this form of somnambulism is that it is absolutely under the control of suggestion from without. The hypnotiser, or any other who puts himself into relation with the subject, can make him believe, or feel, or do, anything that is suggested to him. Everything presented to the subject's fancy becomes more or less a hallucination; and it is all inspired and guided from the outside. Here is a new danger, to which ordinary sleep, or even somnambulism, is not exposed; for I do not suppose that it would be easy to procure from a somnambulist a cheque for ten thousand francs, as a hypnotist, who was sentenced the other day to penal servitude in Paris, easily did from his patient. But a man in a completely hypnotic state at once obeys the suggestion to what thus injures himself, or even to what, if the actor was under his own control, we should all call a crime. And these risks are more alarming, because the patient does not usually remember on awakening what happened during the sleep. At all events, he forgets it when he is ordered to do so. The representatives of the best known foreign school of hypnotism, the Salpêtrière of Paris, tell us: "The oblivion of what has occurred is complete when the experimenter has taken care to tell the subject that he will remember absolutely nothing. * * * A suggestion will destroy the subject's recollection of all that has happened to her during hypnosis." And not only does he or she forget what has happened; they frequently remember, when ordered to do so, what has never happened at all. The hallucination

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impressed upon them while being hypnotised may thus be made permanent. The danger of this, even to third parties, is obvious, and is pointed out by the same authors. "If an unlawful or criminal act should be committed on the subject, or in her presence, an accusation might be made against an innocent person, and it would be maintained with the deepest conviction." The criminal possibilities of hypnotism, therefore, affect not only the accuser and the accused, the person upon whom or by whom the criminal act is alleged, but they attack the witness-box too. And all this has come more to the front in consequence of the universal acceptance in recent years of what is called post-hypnotism. Not only is it possible to make a man feel or do, while in the hypnotic sleep, whatever is suggested to him; it is possible to suggest or order him, while he is in that condition, to feel or do something after he has come out of it and is in his ordinar state. It is possible to suggest to a subject in a state of somnambulism, fixed ideas, irresistible impulses, which he will obey on awakening with mathematical precision. The danger of criminal suggestions is increased by the fact that, at the will of the experimenter, the act may be accomplished several hours, and even several days, after the date of suggestion." Dr. Albert Moll, of Berlin, in his very careful book recently translated, says that "the longest post-hypnotic suggestion I have seen was executed at the end of four months; no hint had been given to the subject in the meantime." But he mentions another case, given on excellent medical authority, which was after exactly a year. Some of these were no doubt startling cases, like one recently reported in our newspapers. Dr. Charcot is said to have enjoined upon a gendarme to go to a certain corner of the garden and assassinate the President of the Republic. The man glided away to the spot indicated, made his stab in

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the bosom of an old tree growing there, and coming back, pale and trembling, confessed the crime. And Dr. Charcot's pupils tell also how they suggested to a subject when asleep that she should poison X. with a glass of pure water, which was said to contain poison. The patient woke, and without delay offered the glass to X., and invited him to drink by saying, "Is it not a hot day?" "We ordered another subject to steal a pocket handkerchief from one of the persons present. The subject was hardly awake when she feigned dizziness, and staggering towards X., she fell against him, and hastily snatched his handkerchief." Some day M. X——— will be found dead in earnest, and it will be pleaded for the hand which carried the poison or the knife that the act was done under hypnotic influence, and that the unknown inspirer of the deed and not the actor is responsible. When that defence is made, or when one of the many other accusations which hypnotism renders possible is made, a number of difficult questions will arise. But they will arise on a broad basis of well ascertained facts, common to theorists of half a dozen different schools in Europe, and with which by this time we are or ought to be familiar.

We ought to have been so very long ago. I remember the occasion when this was first made plain to me. I was in a little town in the north of Scotland during the college vacation of 1851. The hall was filled with some two hundred people of both sexes and of every age, but all known to each other from childhood. The only stranger was the mesmerist, H. E. Lewis, a graduate of Edinburgh and a pupil of Professor Gregory there. Before he had been in the hall an hour he brought out all the ordinary phenomena. That is, he showed that a large proportion of those present were quite easily put into a state between sleeping and waking, in which every suggestion made to them was accepted as real by the

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imagination and senses, so as for the time absolutely to control the will. But on this Saturday night he went farther. Among the sensitive part of the audience was a young lad, named J. M. He was not only in perfect health, but, with his brilliant complexion and golden hair, a model of the Apollo type of youth. All the more astonishing was the contrast when Lewis, after making other suggestions which were instantly obeyed, put a staff into the young fellow's hand and whispered to him that he was an old man. He turned from Apollo into Tithonus before our eyes, the very muscles of his cheek falling in, and the hue of age overspreading his face as he tottered amid the wondering crowd. But this, too, was in the familiar order of experiment. What followed was new. Just before J. M. awakened, Lewis repeated to him twice over: "At twelve o'clock on Monday—on Monday at midday—wherever you happen to be, you shall go with my compliments to Mr. Kenneth Murray at the bank." The other murmured an assent, but when wakened the next moment he started away in bashful surprise to find himself the center of so many gazers. As usual in such cases, he had not the least recollection of what had happened before he woke; and when told of his promise he made it very plain that he did not intend to make a fool of himself again on Monday at twelve. I had determined to see out the play, and at that hour I found myself behind some windows which commanded the shop where J. M. was doing his daily work. Several men were in it, but with no serious expectation of seeing the result, as to which some of them were chaffing him. Twelve struck, and before the strokes ended the young fellow seemed to get confused and abstracted. As the last sound ceased he vaulted over his counter and came out into the street, bareheaded and blushing, and evidently exquisitely uncomfortable. Yet in this state of bashful torture (and not in the least asleep,

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as he had been on the Saturday night) he walked in the required direction through the assembled gazers of his native town ; and when some of them, failing to turn him back by strong words, went in front and formed a chain with their arms linked together, he suddenly burst through them, broke into a run, and never slackened his pace till he had delivered the message entrusted to him at the place prescribed.

Incidents of this kind have recently come to be accepted as among the regular phenomena. But at that time they were new, and only to be received where there were exceptional opportunities for scrutiny. And the opportunities for scrutiny into this kind of thing are perhaps greater in a quiet rural district, where every one is known to every one, than in the crowded meetings and platforms of a great city. Another such opportunity happened about the same time to a friend of mine, who is now Principal Miller, of Madras, a C. I. E., and well-known as the center of great educational influences in Southern India. He also was then a young student come home from college, not to Ross-shire, but to hyperborean Thurso,

> "Where upon the rocky Caithness strand,
> Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began."

Lewis had gone north there also, and, finding a fellow-student of Miller's among his most sensitive subjects, had ordered him to go at a particular hour on the following day with the same sort of message to a house in Thurso. The student, when wakened, was indignant at having been made a subject of exhibition, and, while treating with scorn the idea of his obeying the injunction, he quietly arranged with his friend to put it out of the question by taking a long walk together, before the hour named, into the country. Accordingly, they were then four miles out of town, and in a deep metaphysical or literary discussion. Suddenly the student friend stopped, hesitated, apologized, struggled on again, and finally declared

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that he felt he must return. Dr. Miller tried reasoning, ridicule, entreaty; and at last resorted to friendly violence to tide over the bad minute. But the result was other than he had expected, for his friend (whose name I do not know or am willing to forget) first quietly deposited his mentor in the ditch by the roadside, and then taking to his heels ran the four miles into town, delivered his message, and was laid up for days thereafter in bed from fatigue or collapse.

Now such things as these called for careful inquiry, apart altogether from the theory which was presented along with them. Lewis's theory was that of his master, Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, who had translated Baron Reichenbach's book on *odic* force. This was a supposed vital force, which the will of the mesmerizer could direct and concentrate upon the mesmerized. Master and pupil fully believed in it; and when the hour came at which he had ordered one of his subjects to go and do anything, Lewis was in the habit of sitting down and deliberately willing him to carry it out. His volition, he asserted, was equally effective whether he was distant one mile, or ten, or a hundred, from the man to be influenced by it. I have no doubt it was. For with regard to this, and to nearly all the other mesmeric phenomena then attracting attention, some of us, who then studied the matter as amateurs at a very early age, came to the conclusion that the state of mind or will of the magnetizer had nothing to do with it. It was altogether, in our view, a question of the state of mind—the will, or the want of will—of the magnetised. In short, we gave in our adhesion substantially to the view which had already been put forward by Mr. James Braid, of Manchester, and which has since become famous under the name of hypnotism. The leading idea of Braid was that the mesmerizer was of no consequence—you could dispense with him and mesmerize yourself, if need be; the main characteristic of this

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extraordinary and hitherto unrecognized state being the absolute subjection of the subject to every suggestion which reached the patient from the outside—a subjection which sometimes prolonged itself, as we had ourselves seen, after the sleep proper was over. All this was even then abundantly and superfluously proved, and it was enough for science. There might perhaps be more. There was a fringe of further phenomena not quite proved or accounted for, but all in the direction of hyperæsthesia, exaltion of faculty, will-force, clairvoyance, magnetic influence, etc. To facts that looked in such directions, we, in those days of youth, kept an open mind—greatly assisted by men like Sir William Hamilton and Sir James Simpson, who were then our guides in the Scottish Capital and its University. But even then it would have required far more evidence than I at least possessed to make me ascribe the phenomena we saw either to a magnetic force, with Mesmer and Reichenbach; or to a will force, with our novelists and poets; or to a spirit force, with Western seers and Eastern theosophists. Nor did we need to go farther than what was already proved in order to excite intense interest in the subject. The territory even then opened to science was vast enough. It was full of magnificent promise, and it at least call for exploration.

It had to wait for thirty years, and when it came the result was in one sense most honorable for England; in another, not so much so. What is flattering is, that all over Europe Mr. Braid is now regarded as the founder of the modern science. There is now an active school of hypnotic observation, not only in France and Germany, but in Italy, Greece, Switzerland and Spain; in Russia, Denmark, Sweden and Norway; in the South of America, as well as in the North. But everywhere its cultivators look back to the Manchester surgeon. "At the time when the Paris Academy of Medi-

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cine was condemning animal magnetism, Dr. James Braid directed the question into its proper field—that of observation and experiment. Braid must be regarded as the initiator of the scientific study of animal magnetism. For this reason, since it expresses the change of method which he effected, it is usual to substitute for that of animal magnetism the word hypnotism, by which he designated the artficial nervous sleep." This testimony is conclusive because it comes from the school which regards Braid's theory as insufficient, though fundamental, and which for itself prefers the term animal magnetism, as embracing additional phenomena than those which are universally recognized. The truest representatives of Braidism or hypnotism proper, however, seem to be, in France, the school of Nancy. Their conclusion that everything is done by mere suggestion or working upon the imagination, and nothing by a direct physical influence of hypnotizer or hypnotized is supported with great vigor of reasoning as well as a large range of experiment upon sane and healthful subjects. Of course such a negative conclusion must yield to positive observations, and those which are put forward by the Saltpêtrière, as proving a direct physical influence also, are admirably recorded, and would have great weight if the subjects were not in almost every case girl-graduates who have taken a high degree in hysteria. The attitude of Germany and the rest of Europe seems to be very fairly reflected in the book already mentioned, by Dr. Moll. The Berlin writer thinks that nothing more than hypnotic suggestion has yet been proved, but that the alleged evidence for direct physical influence, though inconclusive in the meantime, deserves investigation. This is not unlike Braid's own attitude to clairvoyance and similar phenomena, for which he did not make himself responsible, while inquiring into them; and it is satisfactory that a common-sense method of investigation

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should have been once more derived by other countries from the country of Bacon.

What is less satisfactory is that in that investigation our country has, during the intermediate time, taken scarcely any share. There have been exceptions in our philosophical literature, notably that of Dr. Carpenter. There have been exceptions in our medical literature, as in the case of Dr. Laycock. When this was last a fashionable subject of inquiry—about the year 1850—at least two leading men in Edinburgh, Sir James Simpson and Dr. Bennett, took an active part in its cultivation. But the British medical faculty as a whole* has then and ever since ignored it. And this raises a question. We who live near the University of Edinburg have all an admiration for that faculty. And now that it has been proposed to hand over this whole matter to it exclusively, I cannot but recall the reasons repeatedly given by very representative members for not taking any interest in the subject in the past. The reasons were not always consistent. Sometimes it was said the thing was not grave enough; that it might be fit for quacks and platforms, but not for a responsible profession. Sometimes, on the other hand, the experiments were deprecated as involving serious risks to the minds and bodies of those concerned. Plainly these two positions could not well stand together. Both reasons could not be true. But both might be worthless. That every showman could produce on a platform these hitherto unclassed and unverified phenomena, and that scores of schoolboys passed every evening under their hands into a physical or nervous condition not yet recognized by science or admitted into the books—all this was no reason for science closing its eyes against the thing, but very much to the contrary. And the well-founded surmise that, behind all this wealth of facile ex-

* I quite acknowledge individual exceptions: Brown-Séquard, etc.

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periment, there might be serious risks, was a still stronger reason against ignoring it. Every power of evil is also a power for good, but not until it is studied and brought into its proper place in science. Every medicine is a poison, and, for all I know, every poison may be a medicine. But that is no reason for excluding poisons from the study of the medical faculty. Nor is it a reason for confiding poisons exclusively to its care, unless and until it has first made a study of their nature and uses. Now the positions I have mentioned were taken up expressly as reasons against undertaking such study in this particular department. And until that attitude is altered, and indeed reversed, I foresee extreme difficulty in persuading an English legislature to abdicate in favor of any profession, however learned. Why should it hand over the key of knowledge to those of whom it might for so many years be said: "They enter not in themselves, and those that would enter in they hinder?"

Has that attitude been altered? I am sure to some extent it has; and symptoms like the appearance during last winter of the able papers of Dr. Felkin in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* are reassuring. But I wish to propose a test case. Suppose a grave inquiry arising in our courts into a murder or personal outrage, with hypnotic agency as the main ground of accusation on the one hand, or defense on the other. As things stand at present, it would be a sensational trial; and the mere fact that it was coming on would strengthen the demand for handing over to responsible guardians a region with such hideous possibilities. But suppose the day of trial actually come. You cannot try such a case without skilled witnesses. Are the witnesses skilled in this particular matter to be those habitually and professionally occupied with it, or are they to be medical men? And if medical men, are they to be men who have made a special study of this region; or men

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of eminence generally, who may be supposed to have all the regions more or less before them? If we get the latter, as in so many respects is desirable, it is quite certain that the results of examination and cross-examination would be satisfactory to a jury, or to the public outside? The facts have, no doubt, been before this country for forty years at least; and they have been so common and notorious that their notoriety and commonness have been pleaded against the profession inquiring into them. But could we depend on the leading men of the profession even now agreeing (apart from theories to account for them) on the great mass of unquestionable facts? Are they as skilled witnesses prepared, with a decent measure of unanimity, to separate these facts, accepted throughout Europe, from those others on which the most zealous schools are not agreed? That is, of course, one of the first things which a witness professing knowledge would be invited to do. And the attempt to discriminate between facts ascertained, and facts more or less doubtful, would lead to the region of theories, in steering amid which the witness would have the usual opportunities of shipwrecking his credibility. Let us hope that he will not think it necessary to commit himself, as the *Quarterly Review* of July is disposed to do, to Mesmer and his universal magnetic fluid. That sort of eccentricity, at the recurring periods when this discussion becomes fashionable in England, is the pendant of the equally unscientific neglect of the facts for the twenty-five years or so between. We will believe rather that our coming witness, after overawing the jury by his height of professional attainment, proceeds to fascinate them by his common-sense use of it; that he discriminates the hypnotic state from madness, hysteria and somnambulism on the one side, and from sleep and lethargy on the other; that he informs us what proportion of healthful persons in every room are capable of passing into it, if not

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by what test we may beforehand distinguish such persons from their neighbors; that he goes on to testify to the control which one *en rapport* with the subject, even for the first time in the latter's life, may have first over his imagination, and then over his will, and lastly over his memory—and not only his memory of the past, but, if I may use the expression, his memory of the future—for the phenomena of post-hypnotism, however they are to be explained, must often be the central facts in the evidence; that, after speaking of those who are susceptible generally, he gives the result of his observation of the individual (for each subject has his hypnotic peculiarities and specialties, and the question for the jury is not whether a man might be influenced, but whether this man was so influenced, in point of fact, as on the one side or the other is alleged); and lastly, that, passing from experience and observation to experiment, he enables justice to use tests like that "memory-bridge" by which truth, which in this matter dwells so near the bottom of her well, sometimes leaps out of it.

Well, all this may happen. And sooner or later it will happen. But until something of the sort does turn up, I do not believe that the larger jury outside, which elects our legislature, will be persuaded to pass a law restricting experiment in the vast region around psycho-therapeutics, even to a recognized and privileged and highly-cultured profession. The suggestion that it should do so was made by medical men forty years ago, when the subject was last under discussion, and it is always one deserving consideration. But before handing over the key of knowledge, the public desires to know whether it is to be used in order to open or to shut. And there is too much foundation for the criticism that if this transfer had been made forty years ago, the whole region would have been still under lock and key. It is quite certain, indeed, that the blame of the neglect of this subject in Great Britain during the last four de-

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cades does not fall on the medical profession exclusively. During all that time experiment has been free. It has been carried on largely for the amusement of the idle and the curious, but it was open to the members of any profession—say, to that of law—to take it up more intelligently and persistently. They have not done so, and must bear their share of the blame. But, on the other hand, the medical is the only profession for which the claim has been made that this region belongs to it—belongs to it properly and perhaps exclusively. There is a sense in which I believe that claim to be well founded. Experience, I think, shows that until this great section of our educated men have taken up such a subject as this for persistent study, there is not likely to be real advance in it. But they must take it up, before they can exclude others. They must annex the region professionally, or at least scientifically, before they can be allowed to evict from it the whole human race. That they have now, however, begun to explore it, though after long delay, and after letting other countries get too much in advance of us, the original and translated works which have been cited bear witness. The first steps have been taken, and we may look forward to the public being satisfied—perhaps not in the dramatic way that I have suggested—that the whole subject is now being explored with the explorer's passion, and can at any moment be explained with an enthusiasm at once professional and scientific.

But when that happens, another question may arise. The light of the investigating lantern will then have been turned on this hitherto obscure corner of human affairs. It will reveal among other things crime and the appliances of crime. But it will necessarily reveal at the same time the means of its prevention, of its detection, of its proof and of its punishment—or, if it does not reveal them all at once, it will point

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in the direction in which that may be done by further investigation. Are we likely to take the opportunity, just when we have gained so much by the use of our lantern of publicity, to shut up the slide? Or, are we likely to hand over, even to a profession which has proved itself willing and worthy to deal with such matters, the power to slip the slide in or out at its pleasure? No one would have proposed this in the old days, when the relation of the profession to this subject was that of alternate denunciation and ridicule. Few would propose it now, when that is changed so much for the better. But even in the days fast coming, when that relation is to be at its healthiest and best, there will still be difficulties about restrictive legislation.

The first objection will be in the general interest of science. The practical or therapeutic aspect of hypnotism is only a part, perhaps a small part, of the whole. Up to the present moment, its very existence has been doubted or denied. The pyschological and scientific interest of all parts of the field, on the other hand, is undoubted, and the whole must not be sacrificed to a part. There is a kind of utilitarianism which has always been the reproach of England, a tendency like that of the child, which, whatever you give it, puts it at once into its mouth. But that a thing is good is no reason why it should disappear into the professional maw. It is true that up to the present time the therapeutic side of this subject has been neglected by the faculty as much as the scientific. That, however, will be no longer the case; the risk already is that, in professional minds inside, as in vulgar minds of all kinds without, the practical or technical interest may swallow up the rest. That it should do so would be a great misfortune, even for the study of hypnotism in its restricted sense. The few but distinguished medical men from Scotland rather than England—who committed themselves to this inquiry at Birm-

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ingham, must not imagine that the harvest of theory has been already reaped abroad. We look for sheaves to them also—not, I will add, as a committee, but as individual observers. Two facts alone seem to me to show that we are entitled to do so. It has, in the first place, never been quite settled whether hypnotism is an active or transitive phenomenon, or a merely passive one—whether, that is, it is in any sense an animal magnetism (a certain influence of one organism upon another), or a mere susceptibility which any one can excite in those who are susceptible. And, secondly, supposing this last to be the case (as must be assumed till the other is proved), there has been no answer as yet to the obvious question, Who are the susceptible? What are the qualities, characteristics, habit of mind, habit of body, "temperament" (or whatever is the present medical equivalent of that useful old word), which determine that one man or woman shall be susceptible, or more than commonly susceptible, to hypnotism? A field with fundamental questions like these unsolved is full of invitation. But I must not rest my case for freedom on this or that bribe. The main ground is that science is wider than art; and in the interest of art inself it is needful that science shall be free. Above all, it must not be restricted in the interest of one particular art founded upon it, however legitimate. The world is wider than the Salpêtrière, and psychology demands other than morbid subjects to experiment upon. But even psychology does not exhaust the range of the speculative relations of hypnotism; nor is medicine the only profession whose instinct it is to say: "You must investigate through us, or you shall not investigate at all." The authorities of one ancient church some time ago attempted, in vain, to arrest the inquiries which Europe has now again taken up. The authorities of more novel and nebulous churches, Psychical and Spiritualistic, struggle against the

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same tendency. They, too, are tempted to restrict the conclusions, and even the methods, of this science according to their own more special views. To all such pretensions, from whatever quarter, the answer seems to me to be the same. It may be desirable to have priests of every science, as of every art. But it is very undesirable to give any of them exclusive or authoritative powers. To do so would be in the first place to surrender what is not ours to give. And our treason to truth would soon find its appropriate punishment; for exclusive powers, demanded for investigation, will come almost certainly to be used rather for repression.

And I conclude by putting the same general objection in its legal form. It rests upon that fundamental principle of legislation for adhering to which England, though reproached by a few, has, on the whole, been the envy of the wise and good. This is not a matter on which we are at all likely to follow precedents from abroad. In France, Charcot approves of the practice of hypnotism being restricted to medical men, and perhaps to its being exercised only on that class of patients which he cultivates. In Prussia, public exhibitions of hypnotism have already been forbidden, and Moll, though hesitatingly, approves. But in those countries, where human life moves under the sanction at every step of police authorization, there is no such presumption against the institution of restrictive or preventive or *prealable* legislation as there is, and I hope will long continue, in our own. Our principle rather is, that every one shall have freedom to investigate all the secrets, and to exercise all the powers of nature and of mind—reserving to law the right *ex post facto* to punish the abuses of the liberty which it concedes. It may well happen that in the case of hypnotism it shall never be found necessary to depart from this most healthful general rule. It is at all events far too early to do it now.

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Nurseries of Crime.

BY THOMAS BYRNES, CHIEF INSPECTOR OF POLICE, NEW YORK CITY.

THE lodging-houses of New York constitute an evil of large and growing proportions. This fact is palpable to any one who has to deal with the criminal classes here, or who is familiar with the methods of life in the least respectable parts of the city through missionary work or in any other way. Of lodging-houses in other cities I have no personal knowledge; but it is fair to presume that the same evil exists in all large cities to a greater or less extent. In the following pages I speak only of New York, and the facts mentioned have all come within the range of my personal experience.

It is undeniable that the lodging-houses of the city have a powerful tendency to produce, foster and increase crime. Instead of being places where respectable people reduced in circumstances or temporarily short of money can secure a clean bed for a small amount of money, they have come to be very largely frequented by thieves and other criminals of the lowest class, who lodge in these resorts regularly and here consort together and lay their plans for crimes of one sort or another. But this is not the worst feature of the matter. Take

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A CHEAP LODGING HOUSE.

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the case of a young man who runs away from his home in the country, or for any reason finds himself stranded in the great city. In searching for a cheap place to lodge in, he naturally drifts into one of these lodging-houses, and it is almost inevitable that association with the people who make these places their headquarters will corrupt him. In nine cases out of ten—I am quite confident that this proportion is not too large—he turns out a thief or a burglar, if, indeed, he does not sooner or later become a murderer. Hundreds of instances of this kind occur every year.

The lodging-house in New York is a modern institution. It was started by a man named Howe, who came here from Boston, about twelve years ago. He opened his first lodging-house in Chatham street (now Park Row), near Tryon Row. It was a success, and he soon extended the business. When he died, seven years ago, he left a large fortune as the result of his shrewd management of this new enterprise. The number of lodging-houses has increased rapidly since Howe made his first venture, and there are now three hundred and forty-five such places in the city. There is one class in which fifteen, twenty or twenty-five cents are charged for a night's lodging, while in another and lower class the prices are only five and ten cents.

The cheapest class of lodging-houses are generally the resort of drunkards and people of the lowest type, though all of them are infested with thieves, idlers and loafers of every description. Hence it is no exaggeration to assert that they are very hotbeds of crime. More than one murder has been committed in these houses. One well-remembered crime of this sort was that of Quimbo Appo, who stabbed and killed a young man named John Kelly in a lodging-house in Chatham street. Kelly was the son of respectable parents, but had fallen into dissolute habits, and was accustomed to spend his nights in

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these resorts. One night Quimbo got into an altercation with him; blows followed, and the result was that Kelly received fatal wounds. Another man was killed at the Phœnix lodging-house in the Bowery. He applied for a lodging, which for some reason was refused; he quarreled with the clerk, and the clerk killed him, being subsequently acquitted on the ground of justifiable homicide. It was at this same Phœnix House that I and my men not long ago arrested the notorious Greenwall and Miller on the charge of murdering Mr. Lyman S. Weeks in Brooklyn. There is little doubt in my mind that this murder, a most dastardly crime (Mr. Weeks being shot down in his own house by a burglar who had invaded it), was hatched in this or some other house of like character. In the very same place three men were arrested recently for a burglary committed in a residence in Mount Vernon. At the lodging-house No. 262 Bowery we secured a gang of thieves who had been engaged in a series of robberies at Kingston, New York, and they were sent up there for punishment. Among other cases of criminals who made their abode in houses of this sort may be mentioned the following, all the acts being of recent occurrence: Charles Hoffman, convicted of highway robbery and sent to the state-prison; James McGann, burglary, sent to the state-prison; Hugh O'Neill, burglary, sent to the state-prison; Jacob Meyer, burglary, sent to the state-prison. There are hundreds of other instances of the same kind.

A case somewhat out of the ordinary run was that of Henry Bishoff, who was convicted of forgery on the complaint of a well-known business man. Bishoff had only been in this country for a year, and for some months he had been out of employment. During this time he lived at the Victoria Hotel lodging-house, at No. 9 Bowery. There he was inoculated with criminal ideas, and he made it a practice to follow

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letter-carriers while making deliveries. When letters were deposited in small boxes in front of stores and lofts, and a good opportunity presented itself, Bishoff would abstract them by means of long keys and a piece of steel wire. In this way he got a letter out of the box of a leading clothing firm. It was from a Philadelphia house, and contained a check or draft for a large sum. He forged the indorsement of the New York firm and obtained the money. Subsequently he was arrested by this bureau and sentenced to a long term in prison.

Within the last three years crime has increased very rapidly, so far as the lodging-houses of the city are concerned. A large number of young fellows hailing from these places have been arrested for stealing blankets from horses whose drivers have been compelled to leave them for a minute or two, or for picking up anything else of trifling value that they could lay hands on. These are beginners in crime, as a rule, and they undoubtedly associate with older and more experienced men, who tell them how and where to dispose of their booty for a small sum of money. It is in this way that young men get their initiation in crime. I personally have arrested a considerable number of men in lodging-houses for carrying burglars' tools. Hundreds of criminals must be made every year through the associations they form in these breeding-places of lawlessness.

Lying on my desk as I write are two tin-types of the cheapest sort, evidently taken in the Bowery. They represent two young "toughs," each holding a pistol at the head of the other. They were taken from the pockets of the young fellows, who were brought into my office the other day on charges of robbery. These photographs interested me, and I asked the boys how they came to be taken in that style. "Oh," they answered, "we held a pistol up to the head of a man one night and got his money, and we just thought we

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would like to see how we looked." They seemed rather proud of their achievement. I mention this as an illustration of the sort of young criminals the lodging-houses of New York turn out.

During the last two or three years at least four hundred young men have been arrested for petty crimes that originated here. In many of these cases it was the first step in crime that was being taken. Observation in the courts convinces me that three-fourths of the young men called on to plead to various offenses are under twenty years of age; they are poorly clad and without means. Their crimes are petty ones as a rule, and they seem to have no realizing sense of the enormity of their deeds. It is the customary thing, when such people are arraigned in the Court of General Sessions, for the judges to assign counsel to defend them, since these criminals have no money to hire professional advice.

Some twelve or thirteen thousand persons sleep almost nightly in the lodging-houses of the city, some of which have as many as three hundred beds. Among the houses of the lowest order are the Kingston in East Broadway, some of those already mentioned, and those at the following numbers: 15, 23, 34 and 68 Bowery, 18 Pell street, 9 Doyers street, 197 Worth street, 33, 35 and 62 Mulberry street, 44 East Houston street, 176, 184 and 194 Park Row, and 9 Mulberry street. One of the very lowest of all is that at No. 18 Pell street. The charge there is five cents a night, and the lodgers sleep on strips of canvas suspended by ropes, something after the fashion of hammocks. Suppose that a young man, who finds himself in the city without a home or friends or money, gets into a place of this kind; it will take not more than ten days at the furthest to familiarize him with crime and criminals, and the chances of his leading an honest life afterwards are not one in a hundred—hardly one

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in a thousand. There are a few Italian lodging-houses in the city; they are very low and dirty, and give the police the greatest trouble of all.

It has frequently been stated to me by thieves that large numbers of foreigners who are criminals have their passage paid to this country by the authorities or by somebody else. When they land here they have no money, or very little, and they immediately flock to the lodging-houses, where they can live for almost nothing, where they meet people congenial to them, and are soon put in the way of engaging again in their criminal pursuits. I remember the case of a boy named Fritz who came here from Antwerp not long ago, and secured employment with one Jacob Thoman. Thoman noticed that the boy acted in a queer, nervous way, and questioned him, whereupon the boy confessed that in Prussia, his native country, he had had a quarrel with another boy, and in a moment of passion had dashed his brains out. The boy was arrested by detectives from this office, and the matter was brought to the attention of the German consul. But the consul had no official advices regarding the matter, no charge was pressed against the boy, and he was discharged. He then went to live in one of the low lodging-houses, where, I suppose, he was instructed in crime. At all events, in a short time he was detected in the act of committing a burglary in the place of business of his former employer. Only recently I arrested a man who was engaged in robbing private houses in the upper part of the city. He told me that he had been sent here on account of being caught in thieving operations "on the other side." He had no money when he arrived except a few shilling, and almost the first place he got into was one of the cheap lodging-houses. He soon became acquainted with the inmates, who were mostly thieves, and in a little while they took him out over the city and set him

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to stealing. I have not the least doubt that there are numerous cases like this.

But the evils that have been already mentioned are not the only ones that are produced by the lodging-house system. It is notorious that these houses are used every year for the "colonization" of voters. A large number of men register regularly from these places, and they have not the slightest hesitation about swearing in their votes in case they are challenged. Now and then somebody comes to grief through this practice, but it still flourishes. Not long ago the proprietor of the Windsor, at No. 41 Bowery, was sent to prison for "colonizing" voters. But usually this work is done in the interest of some local political "boss," who stands by the owner of the house in case the latter gets into trouble. This alone is certainly an evil of large dimensions.

I might cite many other cases that have come under my personal observation, where crimes have been the direct offspring of life in lodging-houses. Take the case of "Mike" Drohan, a notorious thief, who lived at the Windsor, to which reference has just been made. Drohan went to Johnstown after the recent horrible disaster, and was shot and killed while engaged in the fiendish work of robbing the dead bodies of victims of the flood. Assuredly there was a case where a criminal got something like his just deserts. Again, these lodging-houses become the dwelling-places of many of the convicts who are released from prison. These men have little money, and very naturally they gravitate to these places, where they are likely to find people they know. These houses they use as their rendezvous, and there they soon arrange to meet their companions and to plot various crimes. Lodging-houses thus play an important part in causing ex-convicts to resume their former vocation.

It may be asked whether these resorts do not serve any use-

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ful purpose. Undoubtedly there are frequently worthy people who are glad of an opportunity to get a night's lodging for a trifle; but these are a small minority of the *habitués* of such houses. In the course of my professional duty here I have found among the patrons of these places a sprinkling of professional men who have held good positions in society—lawyers, doctors, civil-engineers and even authors. In the usual course they have become drunkards, and have gone down the ladder, step by step, until they have been abandoned by their friends, and have become drunken sots in the lowest lodging-houses, presenting no difference in their personal appearance from the commonest patrons of such places. It would require a conversation with these people to show that they were educated, and had sunk from a lofty position through a lack of will-power. I remember one who was brought here on suspicion, who belonged to a family that had held an exalted position in society, He was the black sheep of the family, and had at length got so low as to consort with the class of people that are to be found in the cheapest lodging-houses. There seemed to no posibility of reclaiming him, and I suppose he will spend his days there.

Such is the evil—a menace to good order and the well-being of society of rapidly enlarging proportions. And the remedy? That I conceive to lie outside of my province as a police official. But I am convinced that a remedy ought to be applied—a drastic, searching remedy—and applied without delay. This is not a case for a palliative; as Emerson would say, it is a "case for a gun"—for the knife, the blister, the amputating instruments. I will venture to offer one or two suggestions only, which philanthropists who endeavor to solve the problem may care to take into account. There should be stringent laws enacted by the legislature for the regulation of lodging-houses in this city. The records and books of these

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houses should be open at all times to the inspection of the proper authorities. It should be made a misdemeanor for the proprietor of such a house to mutilate or destroy his books, and he should be compelled to keep an accurate record of all his lodgers. This would be important in the matter of preventing fraudulent registration, etc. No person who is not of good character should be permitted to own or maintain a lodging-house, and bonds should be required of and licenses issued to those who desire to carry on this business. In my judgment, based on many years' experience, the lodging-house business should be under the immediate supervision of the police, since they are the officials who practically enfore the laws, and because they have better opportunities than any others for ascertaining the character of persons and places.



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Sincerely yours
Elizabeth Cady Stanton

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Divorce Versus Domestic Warfare.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

THE fetich of our time is the legislative enactment. It is considered that men should be more moral, more temperate, immediately a party arises in the State, clamoring for a law to legalize its theories.

But, unfortunately, progress cannot be obtained by an act of parliament. Development is a plant of slow growth, and the only soil in which it will flourish is that of broad human culture. Harmonious progress is not to be secured for the individual or society by hasty methods. You can make men hypocrites by prohibitory laws; you cannot make them moral.

There is a demand just now for an amendment to the United States Constitution that shall make the laws of marriage and divorce the same in all the States of the Union. As this suggestion comes uniformly from those who consider the present divorce laws too liberal, we may infer that the proposed national law is to place the whole question on a narrower basis, rendering null and void the laws that have been passed in a broader spirit, according to the needs and experiences in certain sections, of the sovereign people. And here let us bear in mind, that the widest possible law would not make divorce obligatory on any one, while a restricted law, on

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the contrary, would compel many living perhaps at one time under more liberal laws to remain in uncongenial relations.

Moreover, as we are still in the experimental stage on this question, we are not qualified to make a perfect law, that would work satisfactorily, over so vast an area as our boundaries now embrace. I see no evidence in what has been published on this question of late by statesmen, ecclesiastics, lawyers and judges, that any of them have thought sufficiently on the subject, to prepare a well-digested code, or a comprehensive amendment to the National Constitution.

Some view it as a civil contract, though not governed by the laws of other contracts; some view it as a religious ordinance, a sacrament; some think it a relation to be regulated by the state, others by the church, and still others think it should be left wholly to the individual. With this wide divergence of opinion among our leading minds, it is quite evident that we are not prepared for a national law.

Moreover, as woman is the most important factor in the marriage relation, her enfranchisement is the primal step in the sentiment of the basis of family life. Before public opinion on this question crystallizes into an amendment to the national constitution, the wife and mother must have a voice in the governing power, and must be heard on this great social problem in the halls of legislation.

There are many advantages in leaving all these questions, as now, to the states. Local self-government more readily permits of experiments on mooted questions, which are the outcome of the needs and convictions of the community. The smaller the area over which legislation extends, the more pliable are the laws. By leaving the states free to experiment in their local affairs, we can judge of the working of different laws under varying circumstances, and thus learn their comparative merits. The progress education has

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achieved in America is due to just this fact—that we have left our system of public instruction in the hands of local authorities. How different would be the solution of the great educational question of mtual labor in the schools, if the matter had to be settled at Washington! The whole nation might find itself pledged to a scheme that a few years would prove wholly impracticable. Not only is the town-meeting, as Emerson says, "the cradle of American liberties," but it is the nursery of Yankee experiment and wisdom. England, with its clumsy national code of education, making one inflexible standard of scholarship for the bright children of manufacturing districts and the dull bairns of the agricultural counties, should teach us a lesson as to the wisdom of keeping apart state and national government.

Again, before we can decide the just grounds of divorce, we must get a clear idea of what constitutes marriage. In a true relation, the chief object is the loving companionship of man and woman, their capacity for mutual help and happiness, and for the development of all that is noblest in each other. The second object is the building up a home and family, a place of rest, peace, security, in which child-life can bud and blossom like flowers in the sunshine.

The first step towards making the ideal the real, is to educate our sons and daughters into the most exalted ideas of the sacredness of married life, and the responsibilities of parenthood. I would have them give at least as much thought to the creation of an immortal being as the artist gives to his landscape or statue. Watch him in his hours of solitude, communing with great nature, for days and weeks in all her changing moods, and when at last his dream of beauty is realized, and takes a clearly defined form, behold how patiently he works through long months and years, on sky and lake, on tree and flower, and when complete, it represents to him

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more love and life, more hope and ambition, than the living child at his side, to whose conception and antenatal development not one soulful thought was ever given. To this impressible period of human life, few parents give any thought, yet here, we must begin to cultivate the virtues that can alone redeem the world.

How oblivious even our greatest philosophers seem to the well-known laws of physiology. Think of a man like Darwin, so close an observer of every form of life, so firm a believer in the laws of heredity, venturing on marriage and fatherhood, while he was the victim of an incurable hereditary disease. That he thought of this while raising a large family is plain from his published letters, in which he deplores his condition, and groans lest his physical afflictions be visited on his children! Alas! who can measure the miseries of the race resulting from the impure and unholy marriages into which even intelligent men and women so recklessly enter.

The tone of society is indeed low in regard to all these matters. We get a much fairer idea of the settled opinions of men on any given subject from their civil and canon laws, their popular literature, their customs in every-day life, the judgments rendered in their courts, the precepts read in their pulpits, than from their occasional guarded utterances, when called on for their well-digested theories.

Judging their estimate of woman and the marriage institution by the civil code and the common law of England, by the opinions of the fathers of the church and the apostles, there is very little purity, dignity, or sacredness pertaining thereto.

The contract is wholly an unjust, unequal one; woman is left at a disadvantage at every point. The best writers on law claim that there should even be a different code of morals for husband and wife, that the violation of the marriage vow is worse on her part than that of the man.

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"Many jurists," says Kent, vol. 2, p. 88, "are of opinion that the adultery of the husband ought not to be noticed or made subject to the same animadversions as that of the wife, because it is not evidence of such entire depravity, nor equally injurious in its effect upon the morals, good order and happiness of domestic life." Montesquieu, Pothier and Dr. Taylor all insist that the cases of husband and wife ought to be distingushed, and that the violation of the marriage vow on the part of the wife, is the most mischievous, and the prosecution ought to be confined to the offense on her part—and remember the administration of justice depends far more on the opinions of eminent jurists than on law alone, for law is powerless when at variance with public sentiment.

Do not the above citations clearly prove inequality? Are not the very letter and spirit of the marriage contract based on the idea of the supremacy of man as the keeper of woman's virtue—her sole protector and support? Out of marriage, woman asks nothing at this hour but the elective franchise. It is only in marriage that she must demand her rights to person, children, property, wages, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. How can we discuss all the laws and conditions of marriage, without perceiving its essential essence, end and aim? Now, whether the institution of marriage be human or divine, whether regarded as indissoluble by ecclesiastical courts, or dissoluble by civil courts, woman, finding, herself equally degraded in each and every phase of it, always the victim of the institution, it is her right and her duty to sift the relation and the compact through and through, until she finds out the true cause of her false position. How can we go before the legislatures of our respective states and demand new laws, or no laws, on divorce, until we have some idea of what the true relation is?

We decide the whole question of slavery by settling the

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sacred rights of the individual. We assert that man cannot hold property in man, and reject the whole code of laws that conflicts with the self-evident truth of that assertion.

So I assert that man cannot hold property in woman, that a husband cannot own and hold a wife, except by the power of mutual love and attraction. In this relation they must stand as equals and all laws that do not recognize this fact should be null and void.

The Christain doctrine of marriage, as propounded by Paul in the seventh chapter of Corinthians, degrades alike the woman and the relation. He teaches that the sole reason for marriage is that a man may gratify instinct without sin. But for this object, he says, it were better not to marry. On this idea, the doctrine of celibacy was made obligatory in the priesthood in the Catholic church. In fact Paul's teachings fairly represent the spirit of the church for centuries. This influence still pervades our laws, corrupts our thoughts, and demoralizes our customs. The marriage service of the Church of England, which incorporates the Pauline doctrine, is felt by English brides and bridegrooms to contain what is so offensive to decency that many clergymen mercifully make lawful omissions.

The contradictory views in which woman is represented are as varied as pitiful. While the Magnificat to the Virgin is chanted in all our cathedrals round the globe, on each returning Sabbath day, or her motherhood extolled by her worshippers, maternity for the rest of womankind is referred to as a weakness, a disability, a curse, an evidence of woman's divinely ordained subjection.

Yet surely the real woman should have some points of resemblance in character and position with the ideal one whom poets, novelists and artists portray.

It is folly to talk of the sacredness of marriage and mater-

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DOMESTIC WARFARE.

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nity, while the wife is practically regarded as an inferior, a subject, a slave.

Having decided then that companionship and conscientious parenthood are the only true grounds for marriage, if the relation brings out the worst characteristics of each party, or if the home atmosphere is unwholesome for children, is not the very *raison d'être* of the union wanting and the marriage practically annulled? It cannot be called a holy relation—no, not even a desirable one—when love and mutual respect are wanting. And let us bear in mind one other important fact; that lack of sympathy and content in the parents indicates radical physical unsuitability, which results in badly-organized offspring. As Milton says:

"Children born in these unhappy and unhallowed connections are, in the most solemn sense, of unlawful birth—the fruit of lust, but not love—and so not of God, divinely descended, but from beneath, whence proceed all manner of evil and uncleanliness. Next to the calamity of such a birth to the child, is the misfortune of being trained in the atmosphere of a household where love is not the law, but where discord and bitterness abound; stamping their demoniac features on the moral nature, with all their odious peculiarities—thus continuing the race in a weakness and depravity that must be a sure precursor of its ruin, as a just penalty of long-violated law."

If then the real object of marriage is defeated, it is for the interest of the state, as well as the individual concerned, to see that all such pernicious unions be legally dissolved.

Inasmuch, then, as incompatibility of temper defeats the two great objects of marriage, it should be the primal cause for divorce. To quote Milton again, who speaks boldly on this point:

"Of all insulting mockeries of heavenly truth and holy law, none can be greater than that physical impotency is cause suffi-

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cient for divorce, while no amount of mental or moral or spiritual imbecility is ever to be pleaded in support of such a demand. Such a law was worthy those dark periods when marriage was held by the greatest doctors and priests of the church to be a work of the flesh only, and almost, if not altogether, a defilement—denied wholly to the clergy, and a second time forbidden to all."

We hear from all sides that the indissolubility of marriage is absolutely necessary to the happiness of the family, the purity of society, and the good of the state. But to my mind, so important is unity in marriage, so dependent upon this the usefulness of the home, the good of society, the solidarity of the state; so lamentable the consequences invariably resulting from disunity in marriage, that every encouragement to divorce ought to be given.

Transient lapses from some of the cardinal virtues, might not be as disastrous to the peace of home life as a perpetual domestic warfare, with no truce ever granted and no quarter given.

The true standpoint from which to view this question is individual sovereignty; individual happiness. It is often said that the interests of society are paramount and first to be considered. This was the old Roman idea, the Pagan idea, that the individual was made for the state.

The central idea of barbarism has ever been the family, the tribe, the nation, never the individual. But the great doctrine of Christianity is the right of individual conscience and judgment. The reason it took such a hold on the hearts of the people, was because it taught that the individual was primary, the state, the church, society, the family secondary. However, a comprehensive view of any question of human interest shows that the highest good and happiness of the individual and society lie in the same direction.

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The question of divorce, like marriage, should be settled as to its most sacred relations, by the parties themselves, neither the state nor the church having any right to intermeddle therein. As to property and children, it must be viewed and regulated as a civil contract. Then the union should be dissolved with at least as much deliberation and publicity as it was formed.

There might be some ceremony and witnesses to add to the dignity and solemnity of the occasion. Like the Quaker marriage which the parties conduct themselves, so in this case, without any statement of their disagreements the parties might simply declare that, after living together for several years, they found themselves still unsuited to each other and incapable of making a happy home.

If divorce were made respectable, and recognized by society as a duty as well as a right, reasonable men and women could arrange all the preliminaries, often even the division of property and guardianship of children, quite as satisfactorily as it could be done in the courts. Where the mother is capable of training the children, a sensible father would leave them to her care, rather than place them in the hands of a stranger. But where divorce is not respectable, men who have no paternal feeling will often hold the child, not so much for its good, or his own affection, as to punish the wife for disgracing him. The love of children is not strong in most men, and they feel but little responsibility in regard to them. See how readily they turn off young sons to shift for themselves, and unless the law compelled them to support their illegitimate children they would never give them a second thought. But on the mother-soul rests forever the care and responsibility of human life. Her love for the child born out of wedlock is often intensified by the infinite pity she feels for its disgrace. Even among the lower animals we find the female ever brooding over the young and helpless.

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Limiting the causes of divorce to physical defects or delinquencies; making the proceedings public, prying into all the intimate personal affairs of unhappy men and women, regarding the step as *quasi criminal;* punishing the guilty party in the suit—all this will not strengthen frail human nature; will not ensure happy homes; will not banish scandals and purge society of prostitution.

No, no; the enemy of marriage, of the state, of society, is not liberal divorce laws, but the unhealthy atmosphere that exists in the home itself. A legislative act cannot make a unit of a divided family.

Many writers on divorce dwell on the general corruption and demoralization that has grown out of the liberal laws on that subject.

Mr. Gladstone thinks he can see a change for the worse since the English divorce act was passed in 1857, and yet it is said that Queen Victoria has kept the purest court known in English history. I think if Mr. Gladstone had taken time he could have recalled other periods when there was far more social corruption than in his day.

A writer in the *Forum* mourns over the facts brought out in a report for which congress made an appropriation in 1887, showing that 25,000 divorces had been granted in a single year in the United States. He says: "This is a disgrace to our country." Our rulers on all sides are sounding the alarm loud and clear. "Our homes, our firesides, our sacred family altars, are all about to be swept away." Twenty-five thousaand divorces in one year, and the majority demanded by women.

There seems to be almost a panic just now lest the foundations of our social life be swamped in the quicksands of liberal divorce laws. Seeing how difficult a matter it is to trace all the pitfalls in society to their true causes, it is an unwarrantable and wholesale assumption to attribute all our social up-

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heavals to the liberal divorce laws that have been passed within the last fifty years. Whence came all the adverse winds that produced the terrible corruptions and endless changes in the marriage relation, through polyandry, polygamy, *the mutterrecht*, concubinage, and the morganatic relations so frequent in the royal families in the Old World? Marriage has been a bone of contention in church and state for centuries, that made the canon and civil law a kind of football for popes and kings, ecclesiastics and statesmen, and now, forsooth, because under free republican institutions, a new type of womanhood has been developed, demanding larger freedom in the marriage relation, justice, liberty and equality under the law, our conservatives think the whole institution is about to topple on their heads.

I would recommend every rational man and woman thinking and writing on this subject, to run through their life-experience, summon up all the divorced people they know, gauge their moral status, and, if possible, the influence of their lives as writers, speakers, artists and philanthropists, and see if they do not compare favorably with the best men and women of their acquaintance. In my own circle of friends, I can recall at most about two dozen—all as gifted, moral and refined men and women as I ever knew. But few of the women married again, and those who did have been exceptionally happy in their new relations.

The rapidly increasing number of divorces, so far from showing a lower state of morals, proves exactly the reverse. Woman is in a transition period from slavery to freedom and she will not accept the conditions in married life that she has heretofore meekly endured.

When the mother, with all her steadfast love of home and children, her natural aversion to change, demands release, we may rest assured her reasons for sundering the tie are all sufficient to herself and should be to society at large.

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The frequent demands for divorce simply mean that we have not yet reached the ideal marriage state. Divorce is a challenge to our present system. Evolution has been the law of life. The relation of the sexes has passed through many phases and is likely to pass through many more.

So long as it is the testimony of missionaries among the abandoned classes, that prostitution is largely supported by married men, and so long as it is the verdict of one of the keenest observers of human nature that, after eighteen hundred years, the man is still imperfectly monogamous—so long as these facts remain, no one need hope for permanent social relations. To quote Milton again:

"Observation and experience daily show how incompetent are men, as individuals, or as governments, to select partners in business, teachers for their children, ministers of their religion, or makers, adjudicators, or administrators of their laws; and as the same weakness and blindness must attend in the selection of matrimonial partners, the dictates of humanity and common sense alike show that the latter and most important contract should no more be perpetual than either or all of the former."

Though marriage be in itself divinely founded, and is fortified as an institution by innumerable analogies in the whole kingdom of universal nature, still, a true marriage is only known by its results and, like the fountain, if pure, will reveal only pure manifestations. Nor need it ever be said, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," for man could not put it asunder; nor can he any more unite what God and nature have not joined together.

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MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

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Social Purity.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

IN the year 1869, while studying in Paris, I used often to see passing along the pleasant streets great closed wagons, covered with black. Inquiring of my elegant landlady the explanation of these somber vehicles, she answered sorrowfully, "It is the demi-monde who go to be examined." I then learned for the first time that in Paris, fallen women have a legal "permit" to carry on what is a recognized business, but must remain secluded in their houses at certain hours, must avoid certain streets, and must go once a week, under escort of the police, to the dispensary for examination and certificate that they are exempt from contagious disease. Always after that, those awful wagons seemed to me to form the most heart-breaking funeral procession that ever Christian woman watched with aching heart and tear-dimmed eyes. If I were asked why there has come about such a revolution in public thought that I had gained the courage to speak of things once unlawful to be told and you may listen without fear of criticism from any save the base, my answer would be:

"Because law-makers tried to import the black wagon of Paris to England and America, and Anglo-Saxon women rose in rebellion."

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Even a worm will turn at last, and when her degradation was thus deliberately planned and sanctioned by the State on the basis of securing to the stronger partner in a dual sin the same protection from nature's penalty which society had granted him so long, and of heaping upon the weaker partner in that sin all the disgrace and shame, then womanhood's loyalty to woman was aroused, it overcame the silence and reserve of centuries and Christendom rings with her protest to-day.

Thus do the powers of darkness outwit themselves and evils evermore tend to their own cure. It is now solemnly avowed by thousands of the best and most capable women who speak the English tongue, not only that the contagious-diseases acts shall never be tolerated upon a single inch of British or American soil, but that houses of ill-fame shall be not only prohibited but banished altogether. The system of license must not come. The "let-alone" policy must go. The prohibitory method must be achieved.

"And he gave some prophets and some apostles and some teachers and some evangelists." This is the order in each new evolution of that gospel which would bring about equality between Jew and Greek, bond and free, male and female, in Christ Jesus. To see the prophet of this new civilization we must go to the beautiful old cathedral town of Winchester, England, and find a Christian mother with husband and sons about her. She lost her only daughter long ago, and with the chrism of this great sorrow on her heart, dedicates her rare gifts of faith and works of pen and voice to the lost daughters of mothers still more sadly stricken and bereft.

History will record that Mrs. Josephine Butler, wife of Canon Butler, of Winchester Cathedral, was the earliest public champion of the cause of social purity. For well nigh twenty years this noble woman has battled against the odious

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contagious-diseases acts in England and on the continent, and lives to see them rendered inoperative during six years past, and to witness an almost unanimous vote in the House of Commons for their repeal within the past few weeks. Listen to her prophetic words :

"We perceive that the repeal of these 'acts' is the key to our future work, as our opposition to them has been the needful training for that work. We see that all things are possible with God ; that nothing can resist the progressive force of a pure principle and the aroused conscience of a great nation, and we are led on, step by step, to contemplate a victory far beyond the defeat of this unholy law, viz., the overthrow of the permitted systematic sacrifice to destruction of a section of the community for whom Christ died."

In America the committee "for the Prevention of the State Regulation of Vice" consists of Mrs. Abby Hopper Gibbons (daughter of Isaac T. Hopper), Aaron M. Powell and Mrs. Powell, Drs. Emily Blackwell and Anna Lukens, and Miss Elizabeth Gay. They are now battling to prevent the passage of a bill by the New York Legislature similar to that so successfully antagonized by our English friends. This committee publishes an invaluable reform paper entitled the *Philanthropist*, at No. 58 Reade street, New York, and the British workers are represented by the *Sentinel*, edited by Alfred S. Dyer, Rose street, corner Paternoster Row, London.

The "teacher" in this movement is Miss Ellice Hopkins, whom we hope to welcome within a twelvemonth to the United States. Born and reared in the shadow of Cambridge University, the daughter of a former president of the British Scientific Association, this cultured lady of the Church of England passed her novitiate as a Christian worker in London under the guardianship of Canon Wilkinson, now Bishop of Truro. Sorrow consecrated her to the unexampled mission

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in which she has now been for years engaged. The gentlemen whom she was to have married was a physician, a young man of great heart as well as talent, and it is said his dying request was for her to engage in the work of promoting social purity. The preventive aspect of this work has been developed by Miss Hopkins as by no one else.

She is the founder of the White Cross Army for young men, under the patronage of the Bishop of Durham, which in three years has extended over Great Britain, and now bids fair to take firm root in America, where it was introduced about one year ago by the Rev. Dr. B. F. DeCosta, of New York, rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist. Miss Hopkins has prepared its literature and formulated its obligations, which are as follows:

1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.

2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.

3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

4. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brothers.

5. To use all possible means to fulfil the command, "Keep thyself pure."

The principle on which this movement rests is that to be forewarned is the only way to be forearmed; that virtue based upon knowledge is safer than innocence based upon ignorance, and that the recital of the creative mysteries from a mother's lips imparts to the child's mind such a sense of their solemnity and sacredness as cannot be otherwise obtained. The girl and even more especially the boy who feels a confidential freedom in bringing to the home sanctuary the mysterious questions sure to be asked and answered somewhere, will be

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likely to maintain purity of word and deed even amid youth's manifold temptations. Some author has beautifully said, "God could not be everywhere, so He made mothers." Happy the child whose mother has his entire confidence all his life long. I have been told by many a fortunate mother that her son indignantly repelled the degredation of the common-school boy talk upon subjects he had learned to regard as sacred by reason of confidences exchanged between himself and her who bore him.

Mothers' meetings for conference upon these themes are a part of our White Cross plan in the W. C. T. U., and we have a list of topics that will be furnished on application at the *Union Signal* office, Chicago. It is well for us to remember that the work of the two ladies I have named and the loyal followers whom such leadership could not fail to secure conducted directly to the mighty consequences involved in the *Pall Mall Gazette* disclosures.

Through their efforts the Criminal Reform Bill had been introduced into the House of Commons. Its principal provision was one which raised the "age of consent" (i. e. the age at which a girl could deliberately agree to her own ruin) from ten to sixteen years. By British law a little girl who was not old enough to make a legal sale of her own doll was declared sufficiently wise to protect her own honor. Also, by British law, it had been held that no child's testimony could be put in evidence unless the little creature was able to explain the "nature of an oath." By this ingenious but most iniquitous legislation the ravisher usually got off scot free, for if the child were ten or more she was held to be old enough to consent, in which case her assailant went unpunished, and if less than ten she could seldom explain the nature of an oath, hence she could not bear witness against him. Thus considerately have men from time immemorial legislated for women. Their

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laws have shown the mercy that the wolf shows for the lamb.

Similar laws are on the statute books of the United States. In the very particulars where women most needed protection they have been least protected. How much longer must we wait before women will begin to beg the privilege of doing a little legislation on their own account, or at least having a voice in choosing the men who shall represent their interests and protect by law the physically weaker sex? This righteous bill, which raised the age of consent to sixteen years (it should be eighteen, for sixteen is a most irresponsible age), and made a little girl's testimony valid as to who injured her, was lying becalmed, and had been for years, when Mrs. Butler and Miss Hopkins prevailed upon Mr. William T. Stead to be its champion. His brave record as a journalist had long been known to them and his paper was one of leading influence.

To my thought he is the apostle of this movement. Before taking up the bill he wished to learn for himself the correctness of some of the frightful statements made by its friends, and soon found the half had not been told. So terrible were his disclosures and such dismay did they scatter among the libertines of high as well as low life that through their influence he was arrested, and upon a legal technicality thrown into jail. But, meanwhile, Lord Shaftesbury, England's foremost philanthropist, stood by him, the last public speech of that illustrious nobleman being in defense of Mr. Stead; the Parliamentary commission with the Archbishop of Canterbury at its head, appointed to test the truth of the disclosures, declared them substantially correct, and the criminal reform bill, its sails filled with the new tempest of the people's wrath, raised by intelligent opinion, and aroused conviction, swiftly made the safe harbor of a well-nigh unanimous adoption. I feel bound to utter and reiterate these facts out of my deep thank-

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fulness to Mr. Stead, because men of the world have been industrious in their attempt to blacken the name of one to whom women owe a debt of eternal gratitude. His revelations have not only given to England such legislation for the protection of woman's honor as a year ago was deemed hopeless, but have hung out danger-signals for every home, and rendered every little girl more safe. Publicity was precisely what was needed.

A conspiracy of silence is almost always a conspiracy of sin. Whether conducted by boys in the pantry or by men in society, it is pretty sure to be at the expense of something precious to the home-keepers. The hush-a-by policy has had ample time in which to disport its virtues, and it has miserably failed. Bad men would have good women think that a gulf like that which separated Lazarus from Dives must separate them from women no worse than the very men who inculcate this shameful heresy. Bad men would have us believe that to be virtuous we must be ignorant, and the least contact with such women as they hold themselves free to consort with would be to us a profanation.

No wonder that a subtle Frenchman said, in view of the long subjugation of the gentler sex: "The virtue of women is the wittiest invention of men." Its earliest purpose was doubtless rooted in that passion for power, which has been the most enduring attribute of the physically strong. Having dominated a tribe during his lifetime, the chieftain wished a son to inherit his prowess and the prerogatives he could no longer grasp. But in order to satisfy the chieftain's sense of ownership and gain the tribe's submission, this son must be undoubtedly his own.

Hence, to assure this fact, the most cruel expedients were resorted to. It is believed that we have here the origin of the cruel practice of binding up the feet of Chinese women

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of the higher class, so that they should be of necessity shut up in the house of their master. The faces of Mohammedan women were veiled, and they were hidden away in harems guarded by eunuchs, and a hundred other devices were invented too revolting for an occasion like the present, but we have here the origin of fashions and customs regnant to-day, for the examples of "chiefs," whether in a savage tribe or so-called civilized nation, are universally contagious, and by their tenacity of life illustrate the survival of the most unfit.

Even in our own day, Russian peasants, returning from wars in in which the outrages inflicted by them upon women have been limited by their opportunity alone, will cut the tongues from their own wives or beat them to death, if in the husband's absence they have proved untrue.

Little does the fine lady on the avenue suspect that the smile with which she receives some dissolute young man who comes to spend the evening with her daughter is but the shading off of that same enforced subserviency which makes a Cossack's wife kneel to be whipped by a husband far more guilty than herself.

Little does the simpering belle who talks lightly of her future husband as one who has "sown a good many wild oats" reflect that she is unspeakably degraded by an admission which allies her to the women of the cruel past. Nothing will ever open the eyes of women to their duty of tender helpfulness toward their fallen sisters and the correlate duty of social ostracism toward their fallen brothers, except to study this whole subject in the light of history and to adopt Christ's teachings, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

"Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone." On these two hang all the law and the prophets in the dispensation of social purity.

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The great naturalist, Darwin, says that in no race except the human is the male ever unkind to the female. Guided by nature's instinct, even the tiger and the wolf are considerate toward their weaker mates, and never use their superior force to intrude upon or in any wise harm them. Nor is this done, in the whole realm of nature, save where animals have been trained by man to some faint imitation of their own inconsiderateness and cruelty.

It will be perceived that whoever touches this question of the origin of the social evil has come near finding the "origin of evil" itself. That the world's equilibrium is lost we all concede. That it shall be restored when woman takes her rightful place, and not till then, intelligent students of science, history and the New Testament believe. On a low plane, and for sordid ends, primeval and medieval man wrought out, by fiercest cruelty, virtue as the only tolerated estate of one-half of the human race. On a high plane, and for the noblest purpose, Christianity, working through modern women, shall yet make virtue the only tolerated estate of the whole human race. Whatever standard women steadfastly insist upon, with power to enforce that insistence, men will attain. In practical life this greatest of reforms will work itself out on this wise.

Whenever the young women of this nation, or any other, able to earn their own living, ready for an independent life, yet sweetly drawn by the elegant persuasions of their hearts to the old and sacred pathways of love, marriage and home—whenever they can say to the young men: "You must choose between tobacco and me." "You must choose between strong drink and me." "You must choose between a pack of cards and me, between an immoral life and me," then, and not till then, these sensual indulgencies will be relinquished by young men; then, and not till then, the cause of social purity shall grandly triumph.

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Whenever it has dropped, like leaven into the lump of human sin and sorrow, Christianity, like nature, has prescribed one code of morals to the male and, female of the race. That code exists to-day wherever the teachings of Christ are made the law of daily life. When I said to women in France and Italy that I was confident a large majority of the men in my own social circle were as chaste as women, the statement was invariably received with shouts of laughter, and some such pitying comment as "L'Americaine has spent her life with books, 'tis evident; she does not know the world." But what I then believed I believe now.

The manhood of America is the noblest and most masterful on earth, because it has most mastery of itself. Nor is there any explanation of this fact so adequate as that our every-day religion has so developed women and refined men that men think of us with respect and reverence; see us from many angles of vision; realize our power on the industrial plane; recognize the possibility of intellectual comradeship with us; count on our help in all religious and philanthropic movements, and, a little beyond the swinging door of the twentieth century, will seat us beside themselves upon the throne of government. Then shall be enacted such a code of laws for the protection of woman's honor as the world has never seen or dreamed of, for it shall protect man's honor, too!

For the first time in history he shall be held to equal penalties with woman, and his superior physical strength shall be counted at its just value as presumptive evidence against him in all cases of indecorous or cruel treatment toward the weak. Then shall woman, with all the avenues of development for brain and hand wide open to her, and women in the court and on the jury to defend her interests, begin to know her own value and find her inclinations and temptations to a debasing life reduced to zero.

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A physician, who was also a phrenologist, told me that self-esteem seemed wanting in the craniums of women who had fallen, and it is so with those who consent to live with drunken husbands. Financial reasons are the consideration in the latter case, as I know from long and painful observation.

This great uplift of the working class has in it blessed hopes for women, and hence for social purity. Whatever takes the yoke from off the laboring man helps to a truer individuality the woman by his side.

But the outworking of this mightiest of reforms, which, in the last analysis, we have perceived to be part and parcel of the great temperance movement, is no more in the interest of woman than of man. For "they rise or fall together, dwarfed or Godlike, bond or free." No true reformer among women has harsh and bitter thoughts of men. Their inheritance from the dark ages, unsunned by Christ or science, the two blessed revelators, is their misfortune rather than their fault, as ours is also. But, working side by side, be it theirs and ours to restore to this pitiful word the Eden it has lost.

A few years ago, by request of a delegate, I called together, at the Louisville convention, a few of our most thoughtful ladies for a private conference concerning our duty as a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to include "fallen women" in the scope of our work, as we had from the first labored to save "fallen men." This was agreed to, and at the next convention (Detroit, 1883) the committees on resolutions and plan of work both endorsed the movement, and the convention appointed Mrs. Sarah Knowles Bolton, of Cleveland, Ohio, superintendent of a new department for the "Suppression of the Social Evil." In our ten years novitiate we had learned of the effects of malt liquors upon the lower nature; the relation of the drinking and tobacco habits to prostitution; that every house of ill-fame is a saloon and almost

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every inmate an inebriate, so that our duty as temperance women to work for these outcasts stood clearly before us, as it could not have done in our years of inexperience. But Mrs. Bolton's literary engagements rendered it impracticable for her to accept this appointment, and Mrs. Dr. Kellogg, of Battle Creek (now my associate in this work), was persuaded to take her place, but she had already the engrossing cares of the department of hygiene. She, however, made a report at St. Louis in 1885—the first on record in our national minutes. The District of Columbia had already appointed a superintendent, and Mrs. Kellogg says that two States responded in 1884. One of these was Iowa, always in the forefront of every righteous battle. The chief difficulty was to induce women to stand at the head of such an unpopular movement. Several ladies of high position and great wealth who have founded homes for outcasts have told me that they carried on this work almost at the expense of social ostracism.

We had no superintendent last year and no report. But meanwhile the London cyclone had cleared the air. The spell was broken. Silence became criminal and speech, at last, was golden. As the explosion at Hell Gate made "plain sailing" for a fleet, so did the *Pall Mall Gazette* disclosures open the way for our white-ribbon ship to run up the white cross as an ensign and to set out upon its most difficult voyage. Already, since November last, we have in thirty States and Territories our superintendents who have taken up this new work in the towns and cities of their respective commonwealths, besides hundreds of local superintendents. Already bills for the protection of women have been introduced into several States and adopted in some and by Senator Frye, presented to the National Congress. Already our leaflets, white cross pledges for young men, etc., are circulating in every quarter of the Republic, and the demand grows greater every day.

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"Prevention," "Reformation," "Legislation," these are our watchwords, and along these lines we mean, with God's help, steadily to push the battle. Far be it from us to forget that other women were much earlier in the field and that by their self-sacrificing labors in the Erring Woman's Refuge, moral education and reform societies, etc., the way has been prepared before the later comers.

On taking up the work in Chicago my thoughts naturally turned to those noble coadjutors who from the first have been so earnest and successful. It was a foregone conclusion that in Mrs. T. B. Carse, whose broad philanthropy includes other than temperance charities and who has so long sought to help the foundlings of this city, there would be a friend for the mothers of foundlings and for the lost daughters of mothers who cherished them in long-lost homes. Mrs. J. P. Hobbs, who had for years sought out the fallen in police stations and jail, was already enlisted in this work; Miss Mary Allen, our National Editor and State President, was an invaluable friend at court, and Miss Helen Hood, State and City Secretary of the W. C. T. U., had given practical demonstration of her interest by her work in our Bethesda Mission. Our State Superintendent is my earnest-hearted friend, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Hibben, of Peoria, former President of Illinois W. C. T. U. Dr. Kate Bushnell, a well-educated physician, who was my pupil at Evanston years ago, and whose devotion to the work among fallen women had been testified by its success, was made evangelist to the National department of social purity work for the W. C. T. U., and entered on her duties in Chicago some time ago, our object being to demonstrate the feasibility of our plans at a center of influence and iniquity which Chicago certainly is.

For ours is largely a European city and has the unenviable fame of being the Paris of the United States. Our work has

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depended and must depend in future upon the free-will offerings of those who are "not willing that any should perish," and the outward and visible sign of success is to be seen at No. 40 Fourth avenue. A beautiful reading and coffee-room stands with a "light in the window for thee," sister who didst believe thyself forgotten. Its beams will guide from darkness into noonday all who will frankly follow them. They will conduct from grossness to refinement; from baseness to purity; from contradiction to peace; from sin to salvation. This is a moral Pharos shining out in the murky atmosphere of as low a quarter as curses our great city. Whoever will may come, and, if sincere, and after testing of the hope within her, will be handed along to better company, brighter faith, and the possibility of honorable self-support. As Horace Greeley said of specie payments, "The way to resume is—just to resume." This place, so wholesome and so fair, is, on the one hand, just the place in which to resume a true womanly life; and, on the other, since the only way of meeting Magdalenes is to go where they are, it is fitting that Christian women should seek, in their own haunts, those to whom the Master said, "Go and sin no more." Our gifted and devoted Dr. Bushnell will develop more fully the aim and purpose of this enterprise as the work unfolds. To my own thought it is like a beckoning hand, welcoming to a better life all who will follow. It testifies, as do the Erring Woman's Refuge, the Martha Washington Home, and many another blessed institution of Chicago, that somebody cares; and this one fact is a whole evangel in itself.

I do not for a moment admit that women have ever been at heart indifferent to the shame and sorrow of such women as this new enterprise would gladly help to save. Let no one say we have not cared. Rather say we have not dared. But the longest lane will have a turning. The times have changed.

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The deluge of prejudice has subsided from off the earth; the last thunder-clouds are grumbling low on the horizon's edge, and women are coming forth like singing-birds after a storm. Noble knights of the new chivalry are rallying to their help and encouraging them by word and deed and bank-note as they hasten to the rescue of the fallen.

We mean that faith in us shall lead these women back to faith in God, and we steadfastly believe that the aroused loyalty of womanhood to woman, whose dawn upon the world's long savagery our happier age beholds, shall merge into full noonday of practical Christianity, which shall so comfort and uplift the weak that there shall be no record in a Gospel land of even

> "One more unfortunate, weary of breath,
> Rashly importunate, gone to her death."

For in Christ's holy name we will

> "Take her up tenderly, lift her with care,
> Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."

and blessed be God, we will "take her up" while she is yet alive.

The general plan is, first, to open reading and coffee rooms in different quarters of the city, which shall furnish a connecting link between the tempted, the penitent, the lost, and those who would shield, comfort and save them; next, to establish an industrial home in the suburbs of the city, at which those who reform may be tested as to their earnestness; and, last, by means of the local W. C. T. Unions, to establish "life-saving stations" in towns and villages, where women who have proved the genuineness of their changed purpose, may be received as Christian sisters and helped to earn an honorable maintenance. The ground has already been offered to our indefatigable Mrs. Carse, on which this Industrial Home will be established, in the suburbs of the

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city, and all good people are implored to help build it without delay.

The final question, here and evermore, must be the same. Is all this anything to me? I am told on good authority that Chicago has to-day no less than thirty thousand prostituted women. Have they any reason to think that we are grieved for their sake; that we desire to do them good; nay, that we are determined to help them if they will accept our offers of sympathy and aid? What have we done, each one of us, for the amelioration of their hideous estate? Breathing the same air, walking the same streets, reading the same newspapers, we have no more knowledge of each other than if the thirty thousand fallen women lived upon the planet Venus. In saying this I would by no means ignore the exceptional Christian workers and institutions here and there, but I mean the great mass of us who have not specifically taken up this branch of philanthropic endeavor. We are professed followers of Him who, as He went about doing good, seemed, if possible, more compassionate toward the Magdalene and those like her, than toward any other class of evil doers. And yet, the fallen women of Chicago might justly rise up on the last day and accuse us of unfaithfulness, and might justly say: "You belonged to the fortunate class, whose opulent and forceful lives were fed from a thousand springs of opportunity and blessing, but we were untrained, unwarned, uncared for. You were shielded in Christian homes, while we were motherless or unbefriended and in our youth and inexperience exposed to manifold temptations. You had the discipline of education and the stimulus of intellectual development; we never knew the wholesome companionship of great thoughts and the self control which only studious habits can impart. The love of Christ was a beacon of light to your lives, while we plodded on in shadowy paths of sin, and yet you never tried to match

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our weakness by your strength, our poverty by your riches, our ignorance by your knowledge, our sin by your saintship—you never tried at all." Dear sisters, who of us is willing to face such a record as that? Not one; and yet it is our own to-day. But, thank God, the account is not yet closed; the blessed opportunity is ours; the smallest effort made by a fervent heart will not be lost. Let us go home with the question reverberating through the halls of conscience; Lord, what wouldst Thou have me do?

Let me close with two incidents:

I had a letter recently from that noble philanthropist, Frances Power Cobbe, of London, the author of "The Duties of Woman." With it she sent me her monograph on the late Lord Shaftesbury, with whom she was so long associated in works of Christian charity, and she wrote that a year before his death, having spoken to her concerning the suffering of women and girls, he added simply, while tears stood in his eyes so used to scenes of sorrow:

"When I feel age creeping on me and know I must soon die—I hope it is not wrong to say it—but I cannot bear to leave the world with all this misery in it."

Thus he, who, if any man might do so, looked forward with confidence to entering at death "into the joy of the Lord," yet wished to live, because he could do somewhat to relieve the sorrows of the weak.

Other men have desired to remain in the world because of the pleasures it offers them; others again have wished to quit a scene of such anguish and injustice. But Lord Shaftesbury wished to live because of the world's misery.

Have we reached the heights of a pity so divine? This one man's glorious life makes us almost ready to forgive some of the awful crimes of his sex toward our own.

Mrs. Butler gives a wonderful instance of Christlike pity on

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a woman's part. "Mme. de Pollalion was left a widow early in life; she became governess to the children of the Duchess of Orleans, but finding the atmosphere of the court prejudicial to moral health, she left it and devoted herself to the service of the most helpless of the human family. At one time she adopted the coarse dress of a servant of the humblest class and engaged herself to wait upon eight young women who lived together in the profession of infamy. She spent the first week in almost constant prayer, silently offering up supplications to God, even while dressing up her mistresses for their orgies of iniquity. Gradually she began to add to her prayers gentle entreaties and warnings, and soon succeeded in shaking her employers out of their lethargy of sin. In less than three weeks every one of them had forsaken her evil life, and each was weeping and praying by herself in her own room. The event justified and God set His seal of approval on a step which to most people seemed to pass the bounds of prudence by granting her to witness the constancy in virtue of those eight women."

Abundant reproaches fell upon Mme. de Pollalion, as they will fall upon any of us who may take up this work, and yet who knows but for this very sake we came into the world? Contradiction will follow us, and criticisms not easy for gentle hearts to hear. But the discords and jargon of the shore are well-nigh silenced to the ear of him who hears the solemn anthem of the sea, and with eternity so near us, its waves rolling at our very feet, its breath upon our foreheads, its endless calm before us, let us not be disconcerted, knowing that if bad men curse and vilify our names, good men will defend and bless them; knowing that our work shall gladden hearts and homes now sorrowful and dark; knowing that God is with us, and when we go forward with the patient courage He imparts, "all discords met by harmonies, die in the large and charitable air."

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Early Influences.

BY IRMA A. JONES.

BLINDNESS to moral dangers often invites calamity. That many mothers enshrined in the safe seclusions of pure homes, absorbed in the tender joys of maternity, are blind to dangers menacing their loved ones, is not strange. But the quickened conscience of the age, with prophetic vision sees approaching peril, and is sounding cries of warning. It no longer suffices for devoted mothers to gather their children in the home-fold and watch their coming and going, excluding all that can defile until the time comes when they must stand alone. the men and women of the future. Experience has taught that such sheltering too often results in weakness of character, unable to resist the harpies which forever lie in wait for unsuspecting souls. Ideal manhood and womanhood demand for their attainment something vastly more difficult and complicated than shutting out or shutting in.

Every woman, mother of one child or of ten, needs first to recognize the fact that certain moral evils infest the atmosphere of childhood, and they are as likely to attack her child as any other. Again, whether they know it or not, whether they shirk, evade or deny it, "it is to mothers that the most

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tremendous work in the whole universe, even the training of an immortal soul for good or for evil, for life or for death, for God or for the devil, is entrusted."

The fancied security, the unwakened ignorance concerning early perverting influences, the unceasing devotion to externals of dress, food, fancy-work and furniture, prevailing among many mothers, who are otherwise really good and conscientious women, are largely responsible for the beginnings of many moral evils. Many and many a mother knows not the worth of a godly life as a moral purifier until the sorrow of seeing one or more of her children struggling in the snares of impurity or of sin has taught her the terrible mistake of failing to ground her children, while they are very young, in gospel truth and love to God.

How can a life of moral purity and self-control be developed in a child, if his mother has no firm and unwavering conviction of its value, no high and fine ideal of its future possibilities, no loving, abiding trust in the Searcher of Hearts? "Do we not sorely need a deepening and intensifying of our spiritual life? Do not all women need to draw nearer together with a more whole-hearted devotion to the service of God, according to our several abilities and opportunies?" As we attain this, and thus only can we effectively undertake social reform, and be ready to combat evils which assail our loved ones from the day of their birth.

The scope of this paper does not include the dangers which threaten childhood from inheritance; but the necessity, or the love of ease, which brings a nurse to care for the growing child, bring not infrequently, a source of impurity as unsuspected as it is deadly. Many use utmost caution that no physical infection come in at the door which admits the nurse; how many are equally careful that no contagion of impurity enter to sow foul seeds of perennial vitality. If the

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EARLY INFLUENCES.

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ideal mother is rarely to be found what shall be said of the ideal nurse? Calm discreet vigilance on the part of the mother can accomplish wonders of preventive work, and may be a blessing to both child and nurse. Every thoughtful woman can recall instances of children having suffered severe physical injuries from the carelessness of their attendants, and nearly an equal number of cases will recur in which "familiarity with sin was acquired by children from their nurses, or by young men through their intercourse with abandoned women who have made their acquaintance when engaged as servants."

A little girl less than five years old, left in charge of an unprincipled nurse, was carried frequently into a saloon, where she was given liquor to intoxication and where she learned to enjoy the coarse caresses of the half-tipsy frequenters of the place. Her mother thus obtained freedom to dress and visit; but only a miracle will keep the child from entering the paths of "the strange woman." Though this seems an extreme case, it is true, and shows how great the necessity for watchfulness on the part of parents.

Children as young as two years, and even infants, are known to have been taught vile practices by nurse girls. This would seem incredible except for most trustworthy evidence. Dreadful as it is to speak of such things, ought they not to stand as solemn warnings to every woman who is tempted to barter the priceless jewel of her children's innocence and purity for selfish ease or leisure?

Hardly less to be dreaded are the coarse jokes, indecent language, irreverent and profane speech, and the undue familiarity between acquaintances, so constantly indulged in by nurses before their young charges. These things are seldom less fatal to youthful purity of thought and life, than the more repulsive vileness. A lady of my acquaintance has the accent

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and peculiarities of negro utterance indelibly impressed upon her speech from having spent all her early years in the care of a colored nurse. If such things are true of physical traits, how much more likely that moral susceptibilities, so much more delicate and sensitive, will be marred and injured by such influences as have been mentioned.

Would that a heavenly vision might blaze upon the conscience of every American mother the awful responsibility and duty of making the first ten years of her children's life her personal care—her golden opportunity to seal their destinies for goodness and purity! Would that I could convince every woman who shall read or hear these words, how earnestly I believe it is possible for the true mother within these years to sow such seeds of righteousness that impurity and wickedness shall become well-nigh impossible!

In a well-known New England family, whose children now occupy places of unusual influence and celebrity, kissing and fondling the little ones were strictly forbidden. Patience, gentleness, loving-kindness were constant and unvarying, but the demonstrative expression of love which often indicates only animal tendencies was considered unwise.

Over-much petting of boys tends to effeminacy if nothing worse, as excessive demonstration of affection lavished upon little girls by male relatives and friends does not stimulate their moral or mental growth. Can we doubt that it is better to limit, or even withhold caresses, than to risk the evil consequences of sexual precocity? It is not claimed that this is entirely caused by these things; but if in any case there exist a tendency to coarseness, either by inheritance or from evil associations, this will be strengthened by them. A thousand times rather never permit your child to be caressed by nurse and older relatives, and even repress sometimes your own tender inclinations, than intensify and foster latent germs of

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impurity. Kissing and embracing are by no means the only, as they are not the purest and tenderest, expressions of affection; their absence or infrequence are not of necessity signs of a cold and unloving nature.

Young infants, when being extravagantly fondled, have been seen to show signs of a latent sensualty which needs only favoring influences to develop into disgusting precocity.

The children of many well-to-do families, "over-fed and under-worked," taught self-gratification rather than self-control, having their physical appetites stimulated to excess, are not seldom, almost helplessly put under the dominion of the lower instincts by the conditions of their every-day life. The fond thoughtlessness which urges a child to eat more than is needful, until a habit of gluttony is formed, which enjoys every indication of physical progress, without ever thinking of his mental and spiritual development, is surely begetting a tendency and habit of animalism which furnishes a nourishing and fertile soil for temptations awaiting boys and girls in school and shop. Thus, when awakening instincts of sex begin to manifest themselves, when young people are of necessity more and more away from home, they are unfortified and undefended in the most subtle and serious encounter of their lives. Happy, indeed, is that child whose mother has been keen-eyed, intelligent and brave enough to prepare him for the conflict.

Few questions are more perplexing, than that of determining how much mingling of boys and girls in sports, or at evening entertainments can prudently be allowed. Evidently it is useless to sigh for the "good old times" when lights went out at curfew bell, and boys and girls had little thought of society beyond the home circle, for in those days families were so large in number that the home supplied abundant companionship.

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Children's evening parties, even under most favorable conditions, with their too frequent opportunities for juvenile flirtations, and their inevitable tendency to emphasize distinctions of sex, furnish too many temptations to be considered other than dangerous. Were there no other evils connected with them, these are sufficient to condemn them in the mind of every mother who has her child's moral welfare deeply at heart.

That any woman can think or say of childish lovers, "it is such a pretty sight to see them so devoted," and then encourge separating themselves to each other's society to carry out the conceit, is most surprising.

"Why, there is no harm," say you, "they are only children." But can you not see to what such talk and such thoughts lead; how they weaken modesty and reserve, which are the strongest safe-guards of purity; how they direct the thoughts of the growing boy toward matters with which maturity is often unable to cope successfully?

It is only a conservative whim, that it is unwise, nay perilous, to allow any association of boys and girls during childhood, or even trifles of speech, which place their thoughts strongly upon difference in sex? If, by any mischance, there have come to either, impure words or suggestions, such speech, such associations inevitably tend to fix and nourish them. It is impossible in such matter to over-estimate the importance of "little things, little decent ways, little safe-guards and watchfulness." One has said, "Sow thoughts and reap actions; sow actions and reap habits; sow habits and reap character." These words indicate the logical sequence of destiny—a life of purity or a life of shame, a life for God or a soul lost. This inexorable law of being explains why even so small an affair as a juvenile flirtation, or the evil companionship of an hour may be the beginning of unspeakable sin and misery.

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In this land of democratic ideas, and while we are striving to understand and solve the problem of "universal brotherhood," our children are in constant and imminent peril from associations which it is difficult to forbid or control. Apparently, now-a-days, many children and young people choose their associates as freely as birds their mates, without word or warning from parents. How much wiser that mother, seeing the lovely and helpful in some, should quietly encourage these, while the coarse and harmful are as quietly but firmly crowded away by what is better! Let it never happen that the young become suspicious of every one by our much-speaking and condemning of what is manifestly corrupting in their associates; rather, with loving words of commendation for the good, and a silent withdrawal, or disapproval of the bad, lead them to the best. Above all, let every woman know with whom her children associate, and learn their character. Then, if you have love, that love which is strong in self-control and strong in God, you will find some way to encourage the good, and keep evil at a distance; but, beware that no glamour of wealth, position or fine raiment blind your eyes to what is evil, or make you shrink less from the vice of respectability than from that of your less reputable neighbor.

From out the dim distance, in manifold visions, you appear to me, O, mothers of little children! and from my own experience of motherhood arises a mighty sympathy for the perplexities, the needs and the triumphs which await you. In beautiful homes, where there is no lack of comfort and luxury, in humbler abodes where life is a perpetual struggle, in the cottage which grim want often enters, you are busy with loving ministers for the little ones; have you realized as you are brought face to face with life which is your own, yet not your own, that the beautiful innocent sleeping in your arms is God's child?—that the indwelling spirit which looks forth

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from those calm silent eyes is of more value than time, or money, or knowledge, or power? Your days are so full of care for his body, the little hands clinging to your garments have so many wants, your eyes are so heavy with weariness that it is no wonder that things invisible are hid sometimes, and the immortal within the robe of clay is forgotten. Alas! that such truths come too late to some of us, to others, never!

"Their angels do always behold the face of your Father which is in Heaven." O mother-heart, know thy power, and the inestimable worth of the wondrous gift bestowed upon thee! An eternity lies folded in those feeble forms. Knock at Heaven's gate, and learn the worth of a life pure enough to see God.

Though in the midst of manifold perverting influences, you have not to fight the battle single-handed; the great, loving, omnipotent heart of Jehovah stands pledged to your assistance. Beware of first steps to impurity; watch, as well as pray. I close with the tender words of another: "If we can only get our boys and girls to realize that from the soles of their feet to the crowns of their head they belong to Christ; that their feet belong to Him by the prints of the nails in His, their hands, by the wounds in His palms, their bright young faces by the crown of thorns He wore for them, their whole body and soul by the great passion of His love poured out to win them to God—we shall have gained more than half the battle in making them modest and pure and brave."

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The Dance.

T. J. LEAK, D. D.

MAN is a many-sided being, alive to influences, grave and gay; enjoying both activity and rest in turn, and needing all these in the development of his complex nature. He may grow into a wonderful capacity for work, and when weary by labor is entitled to seek recreation in play.

In his search for the latter many fields open before him, so that he is confined to no special lines of pleasure, but, from a variety of sportive exercises, is free to choose. In making his choice he should be guided by certain principles, that he may be kept from evil.

Without endeavoring to cover the whole ground, or to give an exhaustive list of the rules of choice, we would say that the following suggestions should have weight in all selections of amusements, namely, they should be healthful to body, mind and soul, or, to state it in other words, they should be beneficial to the physical, mental and moral natures. Whatever is detrimental to the best interests of either of these should be looked upon with suspicion, whatever is injurious to all should certainly be avoided. From this standpoint we would study "The Dance."

We wish to make a clear distinction between "the dance,"

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as it is known among us, and dancing. In discussing "the dance" we do not refer to "The Dance" spoken of by Solomon which was a religious leaping before the Lord, or to the Greek "Dance of Innocence" performed by young girls with each other, but to "the dance" of our days as seen in the parlors and ball rooms of modern times.

Of this dance we ask, is it physically healthful? If it should be claimed that dancing is a health-giving exercise, we should not object; if by dancing is meant the going out upon the green lawn, on a sunshiny day, and running, leaping, scampering about in the open air, exercising one's self vigorously, and filling the lungs with a pure atmosphere, such dancing is certainly productive of good health. But that is vastly different from "the dance" of modern society, in which men and women are dressed in the height of fashion, sometimes with clothing so tight that free breathing is impossible, and mingling with a large company in a room filled with a fetid atmosphere, engaging in most vigorous exercise, until the perspiration flows from every pore of the skin, the lungs are filled with dust and poison, and sustaining this until the "we sma' hours," or until nature is exhausted and the body unfitted for the duties of the following day.

That is not healthful to the body which is said, upon divine authority, to be "the temple of the Holy Ghost." On the contrary, it is a health-destroying amusement which has sent large numbers to untimely graves.

Under the exciting strains of music, and in the midst of the whirl of competing dancers, nature makes drafts upon the future for needed strength, and with a more than a Shylock's exactness will exact her "pound of flesh."

At a dancing party in Avoca, Ga., the company became greatly overheated in the hall; on starting for home they discovered that the weather had suddenly grown cold, and the

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THE DANCE.

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shock from the change of atmosphere was so great that of the dancers two died the next day, and seven within a few weeks. There have been many incidents similar to this in the history of the modern dance, while larger numbers have, at the dance, received seeds of disease, which, while maturing more slowly, have at last led to the same results. Unquestionably "the dance" has been the cause of many a premature death. It is not healthful to the body.

Is "the dance" a healthful intellectual exercise? That there is much "midnight oil" burned during its indulgence no one will deny but it would puzzle the wisest minds to discover how it can be made to feed the mind with useful knowledge, or in any way increase mental power. Indeed it has seemed to me that the dance must have been invented largely to relieve the embarrassments growing out of a social condition in which conversation was an unacquired or lost art, and when a gentleman invites a lady to dance with him, is it not equivalent to saying, "your conversation is extremely insipid and dull, suppose we try something at which you are proficient, so that time may be killed, if it cannot be improved?" That such a condition of society existed before it was thought worth while to educate women we are not surprised, but now—

Is dancing calculated to cultivate a taste for reading? is your habitual dancer likely to be an earnest student of letters or of science? Will the college president advise his pupils to spend the hours of the night in the dance, so that they may be ready for their recitations in the morning? Is not the dance likely to rob him who habitually indulges in it of all high and earnest purpose in life? Think of it, here are a number of men and women gathered together on a floor for the purpose of going through sets of figures and motions belonging to a specified dance, or as they are called off by a leader; there are young men and maidens, older men and matrons, addressing them-

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selves to the stupendous task of gliding and whirling, of tripping and sliding, of bowing and scraping in the midst of the dust, perspiration and odors of a great crowd like so many of Mrs. Jarley's wax-works. What intellectual inspiration will be obtained from such a performance? What a noble thing it would be for a college professor to lecture his pupils upon the exalted possibilities of the human mind, urging them to aim high in intellectual attainments, and then follow his lecture with a dance.

"The dance" interferes with mental improvement in breaking off opportunity for conversation. Said a lady at a social gathering where she and others were dancing, "how I wish they would stop dancing and give us an opportunity to get acquainted." So, ofttimes it would be well to stop dancing and give opportunity for conversation. It is sometimes said that a social company is too dull without dancing. Surely that is a sorry admission for the youth of our day to make, that they cannot enjoy an evening together without this exercise. Of what use then is the education they have received in the schools; of what value the libraries to which they have access, and the periodicals that come to their homes so numerously; of what use the vast amount of money spent upon them for their cultivation in the arts of music, painting, etc., if it is true that with all these helps they cannot spend their evenings profitably and pleasantly together without the dance? If that is to be the highest interest in society, then by all means let the toes, and not the brains, be educated. In thinking of all this I do not wonder that Cicero said that "no man in his senses would dance." That Thackery, the renowned novelist, called that man "a donkey who professed to be fond of the dance," or that an African prince looking into an English ballroom, and seeing lords and ladies laboring together for dear life in terpsichorean exercise, asked "Why do you not let

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your servants do this?" Sometimes we are asked, "do you not think it better to dance than to spend the time in slandering our neighbors?" Most assuredly I do, and if there is any law compelling you to do one or the other, then by all means dance. Again the statement reaches us, "I think it a great deal better to dance than to engage in kissing games." So do I, if you *must* do either, by all means dance. But is it not true that in this free land of ours, if we will, we may exercise our liberty to do neither? Is it not clear that "the dance" is no aid to mental improvement?

We come now to the third test of the value of this amusement, and ask "Is 'the dance' morally healthful?"

Some will say I have danced, and have not been injured thereby. Undoubtedly that is true of many, it is such that I desire to read the following pages thoughtfully. I do not hope to reach those who have already been injured.

The conditions of the ball-room, with its gay company, its elegant robes, its exciting music, and whirling movements are calculated to arouse to its highest pitch every sense of the body, and as the circling of the waltz proceeds, as hand clasps hand, arm encircles waist, the hot breath of each reaches the other, heart beats to heart, and eye responds to eye, as they move onward in the giddy and exciting maze, under the stirring notes of the music and sometimes the exhilarations of the wine cup, the dancers are, to say the least, not under the holiest possible moral influences, and soon, getting beyond their own best judgment, some at least will go whirling on in the "dance of death." Does any one grow indignant at the picture? I leave it to the consciousness of any good waltzers if it might not have been drawn in stronger colors. Why is it true that in these dances husbands are so rarely the partners of their wives, brothers with their sisters, or fathers with their daughters?

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I call attention to what a few parties conversant with this subject have said about it. General Albert Pike, a southern poet, and thoroughly a man of the fashionable world, wrote: "The waltz is only fit for houses of prostitution, and I never could understand how any father could permit his daughter, or any husband his wife, to waltz with any other man."

A prominent Catholic priest of San Francisco, and no other class of men is better qualified to speak upon this subject than his, for the confessional of that church reveals many of the secrets of the heart, says: "The evil is there, we know it, who are left to heal the sores of the soul, they know it, who with the indulgence of easy parents, and the sanction of fashion, avail themselves of the opportunities of the dance.

George Howard, a gentleman of San Francisco, and president of "The Knights of Pythias" library association, says: "Having resided for several years in the Hawaiian islands, I am convinced that the halahula of the natives is not half so demoralizing in its effects as the modern waltz."

Mrs. General Sherman, a devout Catholic lady, wrote: "I have always given this miserable dance (the waltz) a silent condemnation by refusing to allow my daughters to participate in it under any circumstances."

A prominent lady teacher of dancing in a large city, said: "After many years of experience in teaching dancing school, I can testify that 'the dance' has, to my knowledge, been the means of the separation of many young husbands and wives."

The chief of police in Syracuse, New York, sometime since made the statement that "two-thirds of the young women of that city who had fallen into vice, had done so through the dance."

I heard a prominent artist in an address to young ladies upon "Art," refer to the dance of our fathers, mentioning especially, I think the "Minuet" as being artistic, and esthetic

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in its movements, but, said he, "not so with the modern waltz, that is beastly." He spoke from a purely artistic standpoint. I have collected scores of just such statements from men and women representing almost every circle of society and position in life, and from the mouths of so many witnesses, and witnesses too of unquestioned character and veracity, the truth must be given.

Many people say, we too condemn the public ball, it is only the quiet home dance that we advocate, we allow our children these pleasures at home that they may have no inclination to go abroad for them, but, when the children have been taught to dance in the home, they have in their possession the very means by which they may be led to the extremes of the dance when away from home. The quiet dance of the parlor is but the alphabet of the wild whirl of the ball-room, and not all of the dancers will be satisfied with the alphabet alone. You say, surely there is no harm in two young girls gliding gracefully in the waltz to the movements of enchanting music, in itself. I say so too, but can you keep it to itself? "There's the rub." Bishop Twigg, of the Roman Catholic church in western New York, objected to the children of his diocese learning round dances, he would not say that there is harm in these little people swinging together if it would stop there, but, as a priest, he had learned too well what early familiarity with such dances leads to, and he raised his voice against them. A working man, not a member of any church, said to me sometime since: "I have seen so much of 'the dance' in this city that I have determined that my two little girls shall never learn it." Some say: "Our children dance only at home, or at the neighbors." But, do they even there know with whom their loved ones dance? Are they certain that none of the young men who visit their homes and dance with their daughters have learned the tricks of the waltz from the

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public ball, or even the low dance house? Go look into some of these latter places and you will be startled at some faces you may see there.

A young married man, fond of the dance himself, and who does dance, said to me, in speaking of this exercise in the parlor: "I do not think that I have ever been at a parlor dance with my wife that there were not some men present with whom I would not allow her to dance."

Surely a social amusement that needs so close watching as that is not morally healthful. A young lady, a member of a congregation of which I was formerly pastor, was solicited by a lady friend to participate in the dance. "Why, she responded," "I never could stand it to have young men put their arms around me." "O!" quickly came the answer, accompanied with a laugh, "you soon get used to that." Aye, there is the trouble, the human heart soon becomes used to anything.

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

I advocate total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks, not because I believe that such use will always lead to drunkenness, but because I know that it frequently will, and no one can tell who is to be the victim, so I advocate total abstinence from "the dance," not that I think that every dancer will be led thereby into evil ways, but, because I am convinced that some will, and no one can predict who. I purposely avoid discussing this question from a religious standpoint, I only present the dangers of the dance in their relation to the body, mind and morals; but these are certainly sufficient to demand our serious attention.

It is so natural for the youth, all alive with animal spirits

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and nervous force, to be enchanted with external beauty and present attractions that, lost in these, he neglects the future to which they point,

He launches his bark upon the stream of time amid the most glowing and happy circumstances, he may chose to row up the stream or to float down it; the one is difficult, requiring at times almost heroic effort to make any progress, the other is so easy that, while resting on his oars and wondering which way he would better go, he is already floating with the current. Balmy zephyrs fan his cheeks, the sweetest perfumes fill the air; there are grassy slopes upon the shore, on either side, and charming islands in mid river which seem to form a part of fairy land, so beautiful are they; birds of brightest plumage soar above his head, and make the air musical with their warblings; from shores and islands float strains of sweetest melody, sung by lovely maidens whose beautiful forms and faces add charm to his surroundings; every sense is intoxicated, and the youthful soul is exhilirated with joy as he floats along. From the far distance may be heard the roarings of a cataract, and the thunders of a threatening storm, while ominous clouds appear above the horizon, and occasional voices of warning fall upon his ears. Still on he floats, nor heeds the signs of danger; why should he care for the morrow amid the enchantments of to-day?

The waters are getting rougher, the clouds are heavier, but he is fond of excitement by this time, and all seems but a part of the play; still the tempest gathers above his head, the sky is now black with clouds, thunders are muttering, lightnings are flashing, the rush and roar of the waters falling over the cataract indicate how near to destruction the floating youth has reached; the smiling sirens now become laughing fiends, and, amid their mocking cries and the shriek of the storm king, the bark of our youth crashes over the ragged rocks to be wrecked

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and ruined as it sinks to the depths beneath, and the careless journey is ended. My reader there is a better way; thoughtfully, earnestly, industriously apply yourself to rowing up the stream, denying yourself of every doubtful pleasure, closing the ear to every seductive voice, "press toward the mark for the prize of your high calling."

"He liveth long, who liveth well,
All else is being flung away.
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day."



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Cordially Yours

W. O. Hunter

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Deplorable Social Conditions.

B. O. FLOWER.

SOCIAL problems are assuming giant proportions. The relations existing between capital and labor are daily growing more strained. The stream of misery grows broader as colossal fortunes rise skyward. The poverty in all our great centers of civilization, as well as throughout the landlord and mortgage-cursed frontiers, is, year by year, growing more terrible and more general. There have been two thousand six hundred and fifty foreclosures of farm mortgages in Kansas during the past six months. In the city of New York there are over one hundred and fifty thousand people who earn less than sixty cents a day. Thousands of this number are poor girls who work from eleven to sixteen hours a day. Last year there were over twenty-three thousand families forcibly evicted in that city, owing to their inability to pay their rent. One person in every ten who died in New York in 1889 was buried in the Potter's Field. These are facts which may well give rise to anxious thoughts.

The prime factors in producing the crime, misery, and degradation which mark the lives of untold millions are summed up in that trinity of evil: poverty, rum and masculine immor-

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ality. By poverty as here used I mean uninvited want. If we except the lot of the poor factory and sewing girls, whose fate is often so grimly tragic that it is only their splendid moral strength which keeps them from the abyss of vice, there are few sadder spectacles in life to-day than the poor who cry for work, who pace the pavements from dawn to dark, hunting employment and finding none. In his valuable work, "How the Other Half Lives," Mr. Riis cites the following case, typical of thousands of lives in New York city: "A young woman employed in a manufacturing house in New York; she averages three dollars a week, pays one dollar and a half for her room. For breakfast she has a cup of coffee; lunch she cannot afford. One meal a day is her allowance." According to Mr. Riis, the sweater of the East Side pays his white slaves from twenty to thirty-five cents a dozen for making flannel shirts. During the great shirt-makers' strike in New York, many tales of infinite misery were recited. The pathos of some of these simple narrations eclipses the finest touches of the masters in fiction. One poor woman testified that she worked eleven hours in the shop and four hours at home, in all fifteen hours every day, and never made more than six dollars a week. "I commence work," said another, "at four in the morning, and do not leave off until eleven at night." They had to find their own thread and pay the rent of their machines out of the beggarly pittance they received. Nor is New York an exception, although poverty is doubtless more terrible there than in our other populous centers. All the great cities, however, have a large army of honest toilers who are heroically battling for the bare necessities of life; many struggle to hide their true condition, and it is only to those they know and in whom they can confide that the depth of life's bitterness is revealed. Many instances of this character are constantly coming to my ear. A few weeks since a friend

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met a poor woman in the Institute Fair of this city. She was making four dollars a week; of this two dollars were spent for rent; one dollar and a half for food for herself and child, leaving fifty cents for light, heat, clothing and extras. She lived a great distance from the fair building, but could not afford to ride either way. She did not complain, however, of her condition so long as the fair continued, but expressed dismay at the outlook after it closed, as winter was before her and she knew not what she could do. This case typifies hundreds in Boston. The Rev. Walter J. Swaffield, of the Baptist Bethel in this city, has recorded the following suggestive facts which he compiled for *The Arena*,—facts which have been forced upon his attention in visiting the very poor in his parish in Boston:

On the fifth floor of an over-crowded tenement house in the north end of Boston, a sick man, wife and six children were found, huddled together in two dingy, smoky rooms, neither of them larger than 8x8, for which they had to pay one dollar and a half per week. The only means of support they had was the uncertain revenue derived by the woman for making pants. She could seldom earn more than two dollars and a quarter per week, leaving but seventy-five cents with which to clothe and support the family. For six years that woman had worn the same dress, while the children had but one or a part of one garment apiece.

Another family of seven persons, invalid husband, wife and five children, were crowded in a room hardly large enough for two persons. All the furniture in the room was an old borrowed stove, one broken chair, and a broken bedstead, no cooking utensils. The children had scarcely a rag on them, and for their dinner were eating sliced raw potatoes. They had not tasted bread for three days, nor meat for weeks. One week after our visit, another child was born into the fam-

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ily, only to die of starvation and cold, for the poor mother had no nourishment to give it, no fuel nor fire for two days, and was dependent upon the kindness of a widow in the next room for a warm place beside her fire.

In another house was an American family of six persons living in two rooms rented at one dollar and a half a week. The man out of work, not a morsel of food in the place, no fuel or fire, the only articles of furniture being a stove, a small trunk, a dry goods box, and on the floor in the corner of the room a heap of seaweed which was their only bed. It had been gathered from the beach the day before.

Not far from this family was found another room full of poor and suffering ones without food or fire, in the depth of winter. The four eldest children huddled together in bed at noontime to keep each other warm, while the hungry and crying baby was blue with cold in the bosom of its starving mother.

A widow, left with five little children, has to support herself and family, and pay one dollar and a half per week rent for two small rooms. Her only hope is in securing pants enough to make at fourteen cents a pair. In order to keep body and soul together, she must teach the two little girls "Constance," and "Maggie," aged five and three, how to sew, and thus do their part in keeping the wolf from the door. These two babies work early and late, the five-year-old seamstress overcasting the long seams of four pairs of pants a day, and the three-year-old tot managing to overcast two pairs. They handle the needle like professionals. Mother and two daughters together thus earn from two dollars and a quarter to two dollars and a half a week, after paying rent having but a single dollar left to feed and clothe the whole family.

The time of my visit was near the dinner hour, but all the preparation for the principal meal of the day was the stirring of corn meal into boiling water.

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ONLY FOURTEEN CENTS PER PAIR FOR PANTS.

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Mr. Swaffield declares that these are not exceptional cases, that there are scores if not hundreds of little ones who are from three years old upwards, who are thus compelled to work or starve. These very poor persons, he observes, live on the very refuse of the market; they harden themselves against the bitter cry of hungry children. The army of the honest unemployed! Pathetic beyond words is their fate: hunger, cold and humiliation their common lot. If they sink into vice or crime, no mercy is accorded them, and yet every thing conspires to drag them down.

THE RUM CURSE.—No one who gives personal attention to the problems of poverty and crime can fail to be impressed with the power of the saloon as a factor in the degradation and misery of humanity. Rum is criminalizing the poverty-stricken world. This great deadly shadow which rests so heavily over the teeming, seething, struggling millions is the despair of the philanthropist. Take, for example, New York. In this city alone we find nearly eight thousand saloons. Below Fourteenth street we find one hundred and eleven Protestant churches, and over four thousand saloons! And these four thusand rum shops are turning the political wheel of the Empire city, while they are glutting the criminal courts, and overshadowing with misery, degradation and nameless dread the lives of tens of thousands of the half million dwellers in tenement houses who are huddled in this section of the city. "In Ireland," says Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, "intemperance leads to nineteen-twentieths of the crime; but," he adds, "no one proposes a coercion act." English and American judges, who are not the protegés of the rum power, all agree that this is the giant feeder of crime. But aside from the crime that blazes forth in our criminal courts, the saloon is one of the greatest feeders of the immorality that flourishes under cover

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and which is probably more than any other one thing undermining society and enervating manhood and womanhood today. In his valuable work recently published in Paris, entitled "Anthropometric Study of Prostitutes and Thieves," Dr. Tarnowski informs us that both parents, in fifty cases out of one hundred and twenty-four prostitutes, whose cases he exhaustively examined, were drunkards, and ninety-five out of one hundred and fifty cases freely admitted that they used liquor to excess; in other words, they could ply their terrible trade only by drowning all their nobler impulses and unnaturally firing their bestial instincts. These are only hints of facts which are known to every one who stops to think. In vain do men lecture, in vain cite statistics, in vain prove that rum is building our jails, peopling our prisons and the prime consumer of millions upon millions of dollars for maintenance of criminal courts to inflict punishment on those who, through its deadly influence, have committed crime. We all know the facts. The very hopelessness of the case seems to lie in the indifference of society,—the conscience of civilization is so paralyzed that the appalling truth make but little impression. Until this condition can be changed, until the moral death-spell can be broken and the higher impulses quickened, we may continue to pass laws, continue to experiment with a traffic which has proved itself to be the most unmitigated curse that has ever visited the earth; but little good will result. In olden times, when Christianity meant something, the great apostle of the Gentiles thundered forth these words, "If the eating of meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." At the present time, in the presence of a Christian civilization that is disgraced and dishonored by a curse which all admit is the most frightful source of crime and misery, the clergy of the Christian church is not imitating the apostle; on the contrary many ministers are in-

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dulging moderately in wine, in brutal disregard of the weak brothers who are stumbling: while with a few honorable exceptions, the clergy is not thundering against this curse. If with the vast influence which it wields it was filled with the conviction of common justice, lit by divine love for humanity, and fired by the spirit of truth, it could, in a few weeks, enthuse the civilized world; it could create public sentiment that would sweep this curse from the face of civilization. So deeply, however, has the rum power embedded itself in many of the churches, so powerfully do its feelers grasp the woof and web of fashionable Christianity, and so loudly does the cry, "Prophesy to us smooth things," come from the richly-cushioned pews on the one hand, while so meaningless have grown the grand ethical impulses of Christendom on the other, that we cannot expect such action from the church as a unit. Yet this direct appeal to the conscience of the people must be made. This positive and energetic agitation must be inaugurated. It is idle to make laws and leave the public impulse dormant. Arouse the people, and the evil will disappear. Make men see and feel that the rumseller is a greater curse to the community than a professional thief; that a saloon is a more positive evil to a neighborhood than a shanty filled with small-pox patients, and a fire will be kindled which will purge the country of its greatest crime and misery breeder whose collossal shadow envelopes Christendom and carries a thrill of misery, a pulsation of vice, a throb of degradation wherever it falls.

THE SALOON CURSE.—First in the list of crime-producing, soul-destroying evils of metropolitan life, rises the saloon, the deadly upas of the nineteenth century civilization, the black plague of moral life. In Chicago there are about 5,600 saloons. During the year ending March 1, 1891, observes the

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author of "Chicago's Dark Places," the expenditure for beer in Chicago alone was not less than forty million dollars ($40,000,000). He continues:

"The population is about 1,200,000. This gives an average expenditure for beer alone of $33.25 for every man, woman and child in Chicago, and these results are gained after the most conservative figuring. This would give over fifty-three gallons of beer to be consumed by each man, woman and child in the city.

"We are told that Germany is a great beer-drinking country, and yet the official statistics for 1888 show that in Germany only twenty-five gallons per capita were drunk. Our estimate for Chicago shows more than double that per capita.

"Let us look now and see what this immense sum of $40,000,000 annually spent in beer might do for this city if wisely expended. It would supply to 40,000 Chicago families an income of $1,000 a year, or over $83 a month.

"Where would our Chicago poverty be, if 40,000 families were each spending in legitimate trade $83 a month? Workmen would be in demand, and business would so increase as to make Chicago in ten years the leading city on this continent; or, take this money and spend it directly in building beautiful new homes for the workingmen of this city, and what should we see?

"Fourteen thousand commodious cottages built at a cost of $2,500 each, on lots which, bought in acreage in a suburban district, could be deeded to the workingmen at $180 each, and these, together with a check for another $180, given to each family to help in furnishing the houses they owned. What an aggregation of domestic happiness in home life, and all for the money spent in beer for one year alone.

"Now, if Chicago's expenditure for beer only amounts to $40,000,000 we may safely say that for all kinds of intoxicat-

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ing beverages, including wines and distilled liquors, Chicago spent last year upwards of eighty millions of dollars. Is there any limit to the great good that could come to the city with this amount expended in proper channels?"

Another well-taken point is the lawlessness of the saloon power. It is essentially a law-defying, crime-breeding and disorder-producing element, a terrible arraignment, yet no one can question the truth of the last two charges, while its lawless character is seen in the facts set forth in this volume wherein it is shown, (1) that the Brewers' Association pays the costs of all the suits and defends all its members, whether they have violated the laws or not. (2) The saloons are required to close on Sunday, yet a large number totally ignore the law, running every Sunday. (3) They are required not to sell to minors without a written order from parents or guardian, and yet there are thousands of saloons which pay no attention to this requirement. (4) They are forbidden to harbor women of bad repute, and yet we are informed that one saloon in Chicago keeps from twenty-five to forty harlots, while in hosts of other saloons special arrangements are made for the gratifying of all forms of nameless immorality which springs from lust fed and inflamed by rum.

The influence of the saloon on the young is one of the most serious phases of the many-sided evils of the liquor traffic. All persons who know anything about the effect of strong drink freely indulged in, know that, like opium, it weakens when it does not destroy the moral nature; it wipes out the line of moral rectitude from mental discernment; it feeds the fires of animal passion as coal feeds a furnace; it drys up the soul and shrivels the higher impulses and nobler aspirations of its victims. Yet we are told that in a saloon under one of the newspaper offices in Chicago one night,

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fourteen boys and girls from fourteen to seventeen years of age were seen to enter; and to show that this is an evil by no means confined to Chicago, facts gathered from other reliable sources are cited from which we find that nine hundred and eighty-three young men and boys were seen to enter nineteen saloons in Albany, Indiana, one evening within one hour and a half. On a certain evening in Milwaukee four hundred and sixty-eight persons were seen to enter a single saloon, most of whom were young men and boys.

The question is often asked how it is that society tolerates such a confessed violator of law and order as the saloon has demonstrated itself to be. If an individual defied the law as a large number of the saloon keepers do, he would be quickly punished. Nay, more, if a poor, starving man steals a loaf of bread to appease his gnawing hunger, or to save the life of his starving family, he is sent to prison, that the majesty of the law may be vindicated. But when a saloon-keeper breaks the law in keeping open on Sunday in selling liquor to minors, or in making his saloon a rendezvous for women of bad repute, nothing is said because, (1) of the moral apathy throughout the web and woof of Christian society; (2) professing Christians are more loyal to party-hacks and demagogues than they are in their own homes and their country; (3) the saloon is a unit in its voting strength, loyal to its tools and relentless to its foes, and the voting power of the saloon element in any great city when united with the voting strength of the Christian element in either of the great parties, turns the scales for the minions of the rum power. Let me illustrate. In Chicago there is about 5,600 saloons. These saloons will average not less than two voters to the saloon, the proprietor and the bar-keeper; as a matter of fact, I expect four votes would come nearer the correct figures, as numbers of saloons have several bar-tenders. But placing the number at two,

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we have a voting strength of 11,200. Now each one in this army can surely influence four persons, many can influence from six to ten votes, but placing the figures at four we have the enormous total of 44,800 voters to be added to the 11,200 engaged in the traffic, giving a startling aggregate of 56,000 voters, which the saloon power can count on with reasonable certainty, when any measure affecting its interests is to be acted upon, or when persons are to be elected who can enforce or ignore laws enacted to restrict the liquor evil. This argument presented to the political parties is usually irresistible; they simply permit the saloon element to dictate its policy and its candidates. And against this army of home destroyers, this solid battalion of evil, this power which prostitutes political integrity, destroys virtue, breeds crime, fills prisons with victims and homes with misery, and requires the expenditure on the part of the government of millions of dollars in punishing the criminals and the paupers it annually makes—I say against this army engaged under the banner of the rum traffic, what counteracting opposition is springing from the home-loving, the upright and pure-minded citizens of our great cities? What concerted action is the church, with her tens of thousands of communicants, putting forth? It would be an easy matter to thwart the allied power of rum, if a few persons in every church and every society for ethical improvement were ablaze with moral enthusiasm, and wise enough to adopt lines ofaction similar to those successfully carried out by the liquor interest. For example: Suppose in every church four or six earnest men and women form a league for the protection of the home; let them secure the pledge of every voter in the church who has love for his fellow-men and respect for decent government, that he will vote for no man for any office who patronizes the saloon, who fraternizes with the liquor element, or who is supported by the rum shops, and that he will use all honorable

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means to further good government, by seeking the advancement to office of pure and upright citizens. Something like that would be all that would be necessary for the general membership to sign. Then let each league appoint an executive committe of three or five to act precisely as do officers in an army, to confer with the executive committee of other leagues to secretly arrange or map out a campaign, and to give commands to the army. It would be an easy matter to poll the saloon vote in such a way as to ascertain exactly where it stood in cases where there was a question as to the position of candidates, after which the word could be given that no votes be cast for the choice of the saloon element. I am speaking now chiefly of municipal elections, as they most intimately affect the saloon power in our great cities. If something like this policy was followed, and every church had its active league, it would not be long before there would be enrolled on the side of pure government and true morality, an army far eclipsing in strength and number the rum element, an army that could easily turn the balance of power into the hands of high-minded citizens, who would enforce the laws with equal justice, without fear or favor. I merely throw out this as a hint of what might be accomplished, because it has become fashionable for good but easy-going people to dismiss these matters with the remark that nothing practical can be done to meet the demoralizing and degrading power of the saloon.

THE POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. — When one turns from a view of the magnitude of these giant evils, fostered by our social conditions, to a contemplation of the great moral power resting in the hands of the Christian ministry, he may well ask whether the nineteenth century clergy of the palatial, stone, heaven-piercing, turreted temples are not materialists, on whose souls the life

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and teachings of their reputed Master work no greater spell than they did with the Sadducees of old, who regarded that great life, burning at white heat with moral enthusiasm and holy love, as a troublesome interloper, a disturber of religion and society worthy of death. With a few noble exceptions—who are bravely battling for justice, for the poor and for the light to be thrown into the dark places, our city clergymen merit arraignment at the bar of civilization for burying their talents, for trifling away the power which has been given them as standard bearers of the cause of human brotherhood and universal justice; for truckling to wealth and cringing before a cynical and supercilious element who, by an unhappy chance, wield some influence and succeed in making the superficial imagine they imagine they represent popular sentiment and culture. It is a crying shame to-day, that with the magnificent intellectual power and influence swayed by the great divines who preside over the wealthy temples of Boston, there should be such frightful wretchedness within cannon shot of their churches and the homes of their wealthy parishioners; or that with the brilliancy and power represented in the pulpit of Chicago, there should be such iniquity flourishing unrestrained as depicted in "Chicago's Dark Places." Whether the clergy can be aroused to recognize its duty and be touched by the world of wretchedness and sin sufficiently to dare to assail our present evil condition, is a question of vital importance, inasmuch as it wields a vast moral influence. Unto the clergy much has been given, and if its members believe the impressive declaration of their great Leader, from them much will be demanded. Their responsibility is as great as their apathy is marked; an indifference which springs from timidity or ignorance. If from timidity or fear that honesty of thought and a brave unmasking of evil conditions would cost them their positions, they have no right to bear aloft the banner of Him

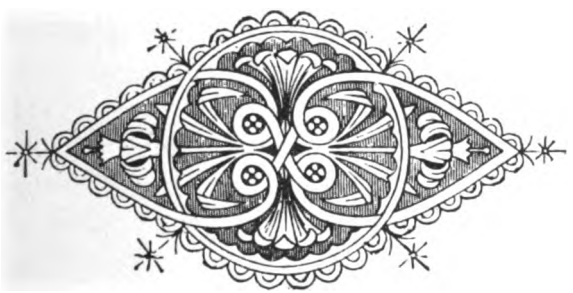
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who rejected all life's comforts, all honor of the rich and cultured, respect, power and popularity; who, turning His back at once on ease and conventional thought, chose to live without a roof, save the azure dome, that by mingling among the poor, the sin-diseased and miserables of his people, He might ease their suffering, bring sunshine into their darkened and wretched abodes, and lift them from the sewers of animality into the pure health-giving and soul-inspiring atmosphere of true spirituality. If, on the other hand (and I believe this is the chief reason), our clergymen are ignorant of the deep degradation and the dire want which is flourishing within cannon shot of their homes, they are treating with culpable contempt the life and teachings of Jesus, who constantly mingled with this class, never weary in seeking to aid them, and who taught so solemnly and impressively that His mission was "to seek and to save those who were lost, to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach liberty to the captives, and opening the prison to them that are bound, and to comfort all that mourn."

If the clergymen of our great cities would carry out the example set by their Master, would refuse to take the words of those who are blinded and callous by conventional thought and the indifference which comes to sordid natures long accustomed to mingle with wretchedness, and themselves frequently visit the exiles of society in the cities where they dwell; if its members would for one day in each week visit the miserables of society, I doubt not that the pulpit would soon become a most powerful battery of moral power and light, which would, in a surprisingly short time, revolutionize our conditions, so that in the place of thousands of people, sandwiched in dens of indescribable squalor, we would see healthful apartment houses; instead of horrible drinking dens and rendezvous of degradation and debauchery, flourishing and rank

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as tropical forests, we would find temperance eating-houses; social club houses where every evening the poor man and his family could spend an hour, looking through the paper of the day, enjoying the illustrations and the intellectual worth of our periodical literature, or, if they chose, hear in other rooms lectures or charcoal talks dealing with practical pictures of life, of history, travels, social problems, and other themes of value, and where at a very moderate price healthful and nutritious food could be enjoyed. Well-supported industrial schools would also blossom where now only here and there we find a school struggling for existence and handicapped for want of means for its proper carrying on.



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Broken Promise of Marriage.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

GEN. JEPTHAH, the commander-in-chief of the Israelitish forces, buckled on the sword for the extermination of the pestiferous Ammonites, and, looking up to the sky, he promised that if God would give him the victory he will put to death and sacrifice as a burnt-offering the first thing that comes out from the door of his homestead when he comes back. The hurrahing of triumph soon runs along the line of all the companies, regiments and divisions of Jepthah's army. A worse beaten enemy than the Ammonites never strewed any plain with their carcasses. Gen. Jepthah, fresh from his victory, is now on his way home. As he came over the hills and through the valleys the whole march homeward for his men is a cheer, but for him a great anxiety, for he remembers his vow to slay and burn the first thing that comes forth from his house to greet him after his victory. Perhaps it may be the old watch-dog that shall first come out, and who would get heart to beat out the life of a faithful creature like that as he comes fawning and barking and frisking and putting up his paw against his master in merry welcome after long absence? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jepthah. Perhaps it may be a young dove let out from its

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cage in the General's house, which, gaining its liberty, may seem to rejoice in the public gladness and flutter on the shoulder of the familiar head of the household. But who could have the heart to slay such a winged innocent? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jepthah. Or it may be some neighbor that will rush out to greet him, after having first been in to tell the family of the near approach of the General. But who could slay a neighbor who had come on the scene to rejoice over the re-united household? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephtah.

As he advances upon his home the door opens and out of it comes one whose appearance under other circumstances would have been an indescribable joy, but under the pledge of a sacrifice becomes a horror which blanches his cheek and paralyzes his form and almost hurls him flat to the earth. His child, his only child, his daughter, comes skipping out to greet him, her step keeping time to a timbrel which she shakes and smites. Did ever a conqueror's cheer end in such a bitter groan? No wonder Doré, in two of his masterpieces, presents the scene. And Handel made it the last and climacteric work of his life to put this pathetic and overpowering circumstance in an oratorio, seven months toiling amid its majestic harmonies until his eyesight gave out, and, as though the sad scene of Jepthah's daughter's sacrifice were too much for mortal vision, the grand old musician was led blind into the orchestra for the first rendering of Jepthah. All the glories of victorious war are blotted out from Jepthah's memory, and his banner is folded in grief, and his sword goes back into the scabbard with dolorous clang and the muffled drum takes the place of cymbals, and the "tromolo" the place of the trumpet, and he cries out, "Alas, my daughter, thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me; for I have opened my mouth to the Lord and I cannot go back." During

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two months amid the mountains, without shelter, the maidens who would have been at the wedding, ranged with Jepthah's daughter up and down, bewailing her coming sacrifice. Commentators and theologians are in dispute as to whether that girl was slain or not, and as to whether, if she were slain, it was right or wrong in Jepthah to be the executioner, a discussion into which I shall not be diverted from the overmastering consideration that we had better look out what we promise, better be cautious what engagement we make, better that in regard to all matters of betrothal and plighted vow we feel the responsibility lest we have either to sacrifice the truth or sacrifice an immortal being, and we be led to cry out with the paroxysm of Jepthah: "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back."

There is one ward in almost all insane asylums and a large region in almost every cemetery that you need to visit. They are occupied by the men and women who are victims of broken promises of marriage. The women in those wards and in this mortuary receptacles are in the majority, because woman lives more in her affections than does man, and laceration of them in her case is more apt to be a dementia and a fatality. In some regions of this land the promise of marriage is considered to have no solemnity or binding force. It was only made in fun. They may change their mind. The engagement may stand until some one more attractive in person or opulent in estate appears on the scene; then the rings are returned and the amatory letters and all relationship ceases. The whole subject needs to be taken out of the realm of comedy into tragedy, and men and women need to understand that, while there are exceptions to the rule, once having solemnly pledged to each other heart and hand, the forfeiture and abandonment of that pledge makes the transgressor, in the sight of God, a perjurer, and so the day of judgment will reveal it.

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The one has lied to the other; and all liars shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.

If a man or a woman make a promise in the business world, is there any obligation to fulfil it? If a man sign a note for five hundred dollars, ought he to pay it? If a contract be signed involving the building of a house or the furnishing of a bill of goods, ought they to stand by that contract? "Oh, yes," is always answered. Then I ask the future question: Is the heart, the happiness, the welfare, the temporal and eternal destiny of a man or woman worth as much as the house, worth five hundred dollars, worth anything? The realm of profligacy is filled with men and women as a result of the wrong answer to that question, The most aggravating, stupendous and God-defying lie is a lie in the shape of broken espousal. But suppose a man changes his mind, ought he not back out? Not once in ten thousand times. What if I changed my mind about a promissory note and declined to pay it, and suddenly put my property in such shape that you could not collect your note? How would you like that? That, you say, would be a fraud. So is the other a fraud, and punish it God will, certainly as you live and just as certainly if you do not live. I have known men betrothed to loving and good womanhood resigning their engagement, and the victim went down in hasty consumption, while suddenly the recreant man would go up the aisle of a church in a brilliant bridal party, and the two promises "I will," with a solemnity that seemed insurance of a lifetime happiness. But the simple fact was, that was the first act of a Shakesperian play entitled "Taming the Shrew." He found out when too late that he had not married into the family of the "Graces," but into the family of the "Furies." To the day of his death the murder of his first betrothal followed him.

The Bible extols one who sweareth to his own heart and

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changeth not. That is, when you make a promise keep it at all hazards. There may be cases where deception has been used at the time of engagement, and extraordinary circumstances where the promise is not binding, but in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, engagement is as binding as marriage. Robert Burns, with all his faults, well knew the force of marital engagement. In obedience to some rustic idea, he, standing on one side of the brook Ayr, and Mary Campbell on the other, they bathed their hands in the water and then put them on the boards of a Bible making their pledge of fidelity. On the cover of the Old Testament of that book to this day, in Robert Burns' handwriting, may be found the words: "Leviticus XIX, 12: Ye shall not swear by my name falsely: I am the Lord." And on the cover of the New Testament, in his own handwriting: "Matthew V, 33: Thou shalt not foreswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths."

Suppose a ship captain offers his services to take a ship to sea. After he gets the ship a little way he comes alongside of a vessel with a more beautiful flag, and which has perhaps a richer cargo and is bound for a more attractive port. Suppose he ring a bell for the engineer to slow up and the wheel stops. Now I see the captain being lowered over the side of the vessel into a small boat, and he crosses to the gayer and wealthier craft, and climbs up the sides and is seen walking the bridge of the other ship. I pick up his resigned speaking trumpet and I shout through it: "Captain, what does this mean? Did you not promise to take this ship to Southampton, England?" "Yes," says the captain, "but I have changed my mind and I have found I can do better, and I am going to take charge here. I shall send back to you all the letters I got while managing that ship, and everything I got from your ship, and it will be all right." But it is just what a man

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or woman does who promises to take one through the voyage of life, across the ocean of earthly existence, and then breaks the promise. The sending back of all the letters and rings and necklaces and keepsakes cannot make right that which is in the sight of God, and ought to be in the sight of man, an everlasting wrong. What American society needs to be taught is that betrothal is an act so solemn and tremendous that all men and women must stand back from it until they are sure that it is right, and sure that it is best, and sure that no retreat will be desired. Before that promise of lifetime companionship any amount of romance that you wish; any ardor of friendship; any coming and going. But espousal is a gate, a golden gate, which one should not pass unless he or she expects never to return. Engagement is the porch of which marriage is the castle, and you have no right in the porch if you do not mean to pass into the castle.

The trouble has always been that this whole subject of affiance has been relegated to the realm of frivolty and joke, and considered not worth a sermon or even a serious paragraph. And so the massacre of human lives has gone on and the devil has had it his own cruel way; and what is mightily needed is that a pulpit and platform and printing press, all speak a word of unmistakeable and thunderous protest on this subject of infinite importance. We put out into thin poesy and light reading the marital engagements of Petrarch and his Laura, Dante and his Beatrice, Spencer and his Rosaland, Chaucer and his Philippa, Lorenzo de Medici and his Lucretia, Waller and his Saecharissa, not realizing that it was the style of their engagement that decided their happiness or wretchedness, their virtue or their profligacy. All the literary and military and religious glory of Queen Elizabeth's reign cannot blot out from one of the most conspicuous pages of history her infamous behavior towards Seymour and Philip and Melville

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and Leicester and others. All the ecclasiastical robes that Dean Swift ever rustled through consecrated places cannot hide from the intelligent people of all ages that fact that by promise of marriage which he never fulfilled he broke the heart of Jane Waring after an engagement of seven years, and the heart of Stella after an engagement of fourteen years, and the poetic stanzas he dedicated to their excellences only made the more immortal his own perfidy.

"But suppose I should make a mistake," says some man or woman, "and I find it out after the engagement and before marriage?" My answer is, you have no excuse for making a mistake on this subject. There are so many ways of finding out all about the character and preferences and dislikes and habits of a man or woman that if you have not brain enough to form a right judgment in regard to him or her, you are not so fit a candidate for the matrimonial altar as you are for an idiot asylum. Notice what society your especial friend prefers, whether he is industrious or lazy, whether she is neat or slatternly, what books are read, what was the style of ancestry, noble or depraved, and if there be any unsolved mystery about the person under consideration postpone all promises until the mystery is solved. Jackson Hollow, Brooklyn, was part of the city not built on for many years, and every time I crossed it I said to myself and others, why is not this land built on? I found out afterward that the title to the land was in controversy, and no one wanted to build there until that question was settled. Afterward I understood the title was settled, and now buildings are going up all over it. Do not build your happiness for this world on a character, masculine or feminine, that has not a settled and undisputed title to honor and truth and sobriety and kindness and righteousness.

O woman, you have more need to pause before making such an important promise than man, because if you make a mistake

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it is worse for you. If a man blunder about promise of marriage, or go on to an unfortunate marriage, he can spend his evenings away, and can go to the club, or the Republican or Democratic headquarters, and absorb his mind in city, or state and national elections. But there is no place for regular retreat for you. Before you promise pray and think, and study and advise. There will never again in your earthly history be a time when you so much need God.

It seems to me that the world ought to cast out from business credits and from good neighborship those who boast of the number of hearts they have won, as the Indian boasts of the number of scalps he has taken. If a man will lie to a woman and a woman will lie to a man about so important a matter as that of a lifetime welfare, they will lie about a bill of goods and lie about finances and lie about anything. Society to-day is brimful of gallants and man-milliners and carpet knights and coquettes and those most God-forsaken of all wretches—flirts. And they go about drawing rooms and parlors of watering places, simpering and blowing and scraping and wispering, and then return to the club-rooms if they be men, or to their special gatherings if they be women, to chatter and giggle over what was said to them in confidence. Condign punishment is apt to come upon them and they get paid in their own coin. I could point you to a score whom society has let drop very hard in return for their base traffic in human hearts. As to such men they walk around in their celibacy after their hair is streaked with gray, and pretending that they are naturally short-sighted when their eyes are so old in sin that they need the spectacles of a septuagenarian, an eyeglass about number eight, and think they are bewitching in their stride and overpowering in their glances, although they are simply laughing stocks for all mankind. And if these base dealers in human hearts be females, they are left after awhile

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severely alone, striving in a very desperation of agony of cosmetics to get back to the attractiveness they had when they used to brag how many masculine affections they had slaughtered. Forsaken of God and honest men and good women, are sure to be all such masculine and feminine triflers with human and yet immortal affections. Oh, man! Oh, woman! having plighted your troth stick to it.

And here my ideas widen and I have to say not only to those who have made a mistake in solemn promise of marriage, but to those who have already at the altar been pronounced one when when they were two, or in diversity of tastes and likes and dislikes are neither one nor two, but a dozen—make the best you can of an awful mistake. And here let me answer letters that come from every State of the American Union, and from across the sea, and are coming from year after year from men and women who are terrifically allianced and tied together in a hard knot; a very hard knot. The letters run something like this: "What ought I to do; my husband is a drunkard?" "My wife is a gad-about and will not stay at home." "My companion is ignorant and hates books and I revel in them." "I like music and a piano sets my husband crazy." "I am fond of social life and my companion is a recluse." "I am trying to be good and my life-long associate is very bad. What shall I do?" My answer is this, there are certain good reasons for divorcement. The Bible recognizes them. Good society recognizes them. But it must be the very last resort, and only after all reasonable attempts at reclamation and adjustment have proved a dead failure. When such attempts fail it is generally because of meddlesome outsiders, and women tell the wronged wife how she ought to stand on her rights, and men tell the wronged man how he ought to stand on his rights. And let husband and wife in an unhappy marriage relation stand punctiliously on their rights and there will be no

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re-adjustment, and only one thing will be sure to them and that is hell on earth.

If you are unhappily married, in most cases I advise you, make the best you can of an awfully bad bargain. Do not project your peculiarities more than is necessary. Perhaps you may have some faults of your own which the other party in the marital alliance may have to suffer. You are in the same yoke. If you pull aside the yoke will only twist your neck. Better pull ahead. The world is full of people who make mistakes about many things, and among other things about betrothal and marriage, and yet have been tolerably happy and very useful in the strength of God and by the grace promised in every time of need if those who seek it conquer the disadvantageous circumstances. I am acquainted with lovely women married to contemptible men and genial men yoked with termagants inspired with the devil. And yet under these disadvantages my friends, are useful and happy. God helps people in other kinds of martyrdom and to sing in the flame, and he will help you in your life-long misfortune. Remember the patience of Job. What a wife he had. At a time when he was one great blotch of eruptions, and his property was destroyed by a tornado, and, more than all, bereavement had come and the poor man needed all wise counsel, she advises him to go to cursing and swearing. She wanted him to poultice his boils with blasphemy. But he lived right on through his marital disadvantages, recovered his health and his fortune and raised a splendid family, and the closing paragraph of the book of Job has such a jubilant that I wonder people do not often read it.

Now, my badly married friend of either sex, if Job could stand it by the help of God, then you can stand it by the same divine reinforcement. You have other relations. Oh, woman, beside the wifely relation. If you are a mother, train up your

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children for God and heaven. If you are a member of a church, help move on its enterprises. You can get so much of the grace of God in your heart that all your home trials will seem insignificant. How little difference does it make what your unrighteous husband calls you, if God calls you His child and you are an heiress of the whole kingdoms beyond the sky? Immerse yourself in some kind of outside usefulness, something that will enlist your prayers, your sympathies, your hand, your needle, your voice. Get your heart on fire with love to God and the disenthrallment of the human race, and the troubles of your home will be blotted out in the glory of your consecrated life. I cry out to you, oh, woman, as Paul exclaims in his letter to the Corinthians: What knowest thou, oh, wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? And if you cannot save him you can help in the grander, mightier enterprise of helping save the world. Out of the awful mistake of your marriage rise into the sublimest life of self-sacrifice for God and suffering humanity. Instead of settling down to mope over your domestic woes, enlist your energies for the world's redemption.

Some parts of Holland keep out the ocean only by dykes or walls of stout masonry. The engineer having these dykes in charge was soon to be married to a maiden living in one of the villages, the existence of which depended on the strength these dykes. And there was to be a treat feast in one of the villages that approaching evening in honor of the coming bridegroom. That day a great storm threatened the destruction of the dykes, and hence the destruction of thousands of lives in the village sheltered by that stone wall. The ocean was in full wrath, beating against the dykes and the tides and the terror were still rising. "Shall I go to the feast," says the engineer, "or shall I go and help my workmen take care of the dykes?" "Take care of the dykes," he said to himself, "I must and

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will." As he appeared on the wall the men working there were exhausted and shouted: "Here comes the engineer, thank God, thank God." The wall was giving away, stone by stone, and the engineer had a rope fastened about his body, and some of the workmen had ropes fastened around their bodies and were let down amid the wild surges that beat the wall. Everything was giving away. "More stones," cried the men. "More mortar." But the answer came: "There is no more." "Then," cried the engineer, "take off your clothes, and with them stop the holes in the wall." And so, in the chill and darkness, and surf, it was done, and with the workmen's apparel the openings in the wall were partially filled. But still the tide rose and still the ocean reared itself for more awful stroke and for the overwhelming of thousands of lives in the villages. "Now we have done all we can," said the engineer, "down on your knees, my men, and pray to God for help." And on the trembling and parting dykes they prayed till the wind changed and the sea subsided, and the villagers below, which, knowing nothing of the peril, were full of romp and dance and hilarity, were gloriously saved.

Now, what we want on this work of walling back the oceans of poverty and drunkenness and impurity and sin, is the help of more womanly and manly hands. Oh, how the tide comes in. Atlantic surge of sorrow after Atlantic surge of sorrow, and the tempests of human hate and satanic fury are in full cry. Oh, woman of many troubles, what are all the feasts of worldly delight, if they were offered you, compared with the opportunity of helping to build and support barriers which sometimes seem giving away through man's treachery and the world's assault. Oh, woman, to the dykes! Bring prayer, bring tears, bring cheering words. Help! Help! And having done all, kneel with us on the quaking wall until the God of the wind and the sea shall hush the one and silence the

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other. To the dykes! Sisters, mothers, wives, daughters of America, to the dykes! The mightiest catholicon for all the wounds and wrongs of woman or man is complete absorption in the work to rescue others. Save some man, some woman, some child. In that effort you will forget or be helped to bear your own trials, and in a little while God will take you up out of your disturbed and harrowing conjugal relation of earth into heaven, all the happier because of preceding distress. When Queen Elizabeth, of England, was expiring, it was arranged that the exact moment of her death should be signaled to the people by the dropping of a sapphire ring from the window into the hands of an officer, who carried it at the top of his speed to King James, of Scotland. But your departure from the scene of your earthly woes, if you are ready to go, will not be the dropping of a sapphire unto the ground, but the setting of a jewel in the King's coronet. Blessed be His glorious name forever.



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Social Shams.

IF this is "the age of brass and impertinence" it is also the age of shams. We have shams in everything—in commerce, in religion, in society, in literature, in charities and education,

> All the world's a stage
> And all the men and women merely players.

as "the immortal Will" wrote long ago of his contemporaries, who were infinitely slower and less given to outside show, fashions and fripperies than the people of the present time. Byron said, "falsehood is the truth in disguise." The disguise is often thin; we see through it, but pretend we do not, smiling inwardly, meanwhile.

If a genuine article is manufactured it is almost immediately imitated in cheaper and less valuable materials which are within the means of moderately well-to-do people until it becomes positively cheap and undesirable. The best possible illustration of this condition is the bric-a-brac craze, imported from the *salons* of the Old World by some of our wealthy Americans, and now reduced to a supreme folly by those who cannot afford the real articles of ornamentation, and stuff their parlors and living-rooms with imperfect resemblances of the works of the great masters of art. Such shams are sometimes positively grotesque. True art is beautiful, divine;

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the imitation often absurd. If we cannot purchase a painting by Meissonier, Gerome, or Zamacois, a Doulton or Sevres vase or an example of Venetian glass, let us have a charming water color or a fine engraving, some inherited fragments of old blue china, and a stained glass window, perchance by the associated artists of New York—anything that is real in preference to sham. An imitative servant of a mistress given to what she calls decorative art was found to have pasted some pictures and tied a ribbon on her kitchen candle-stick; and when it was remarked by one of the family, she replied:

"Well, I guess I have a right to bric-bracs as well as anybody."

It goes without saying that the American women have a perfect passion for dress and the display of fine garments. The finest goods manufactured abroad are for the American market, and here they are copied and reproduced. The rich woman wears the splendid material, her less wealthy neighbor buys the first imitation, and her servant the second reproduction, which is a fraud and sham. These reproductions are so rapid that certain ladies, through agents, send for their clothing from the markets where unique garments may be purchased. The shams in jewelry are of the commonest kind, particularly in diamonds; every woman, whether mistress or maid, rich or poor, wearing the real or the imitation, in the street and all public places. The solitaires in the ears of the mistress may have cost $500, those in the ears of the servant $1; but each possessor is content—the mistress for the reason that the jewels proclaim her wealth, the servant that she is in the fashion. The very framework, so to speak, of the gown at the present time is called a sham, and it is covered like many another sham, with an attractive exterior. The martyrs of old did not suffer more that some people we have all known for the sake of appearances. A large family, poor and proud,

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living in a good house and fashionable neighborhood, had their reception days, and all through the cold winter never had a fire in the furnace excepting on those days. At other times the family crowded into a small sitting-room on the second floor for warmth and comfort, if they were not in the gay world. The paterfamilias of this establishment had his chamber in the fourth story of the house, to which he always retired after the six o'clock dinner and there worked till midnight. He once said that he had earned $100,000 in his profession as a lawyer, which his family had spent. His sons at the time were doing fairly well. It would answer for them to work and help maintain the family, but the daughters would consider it a disgrace to earn a penny, although they were all accomplished. Said one of these fair maids:

"We are a family of shams, except poor papa. We girls hope to marry rich men. It is our only escape from poverty."

And they have married rich men, and just in time, too, for poor old papa is dead, and ambitious, intriguing mamma is in ill-health, worn out in the battle of shams.

The religious sham is the most painful of all shams. If we revere anything in life it is the truly honest, upright, good man or woman, and the shock is correspondingly great to find religion used as a cloak to cover depravity, to hide conceit, sensuality and baseness. An eminent pulpit orator of this city once said in a sermon that a "church is a corporation." Happily, it is not always so, but something better. We are all acquainted with church members, who, in agreement with the highest standards, live most excellent lives. Such people keep society from being utterly corrupt. But we are also acquainted with both men and women who attend church, who are members of churches, who live in agreement with no standard, excepting not to be found out. Such people serve

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the world, the flesh, and the devil, and cover it with the sham of attending church high days and holy days and making a rigorous observance of Lent. There was a time when Lent was only observed by Episcopalians and Romanists. It was the time of fasting, repentance and prayers and new resolutions for living, some men and more women making a retreat from the world with due solemnity, in remembrance of the forty days' temptation of our Lord in the wilderness till the angels came and ministered unto Him. What does Lent mean now to the greater part of the world, to all denominations, particularly to what is called society? It is made a resting time between the balls and festivals before and after this season. The belles and beaux recuperate for further conquests. It is the fashion to make a renunciation of some kind during Lent, and Miss Smith goes without butter, Miss Brown denies herself candy, and Miss Jones will not attend the theater. But after all there are Lenten gayeties. There are tea parties with sewing for the poor, and it is a poor kind of sewing. The young ladies meet in the afternoon, don a charming little white lace apron trimmed with bright ribbons, and under the direction of a *chaperon* make impossible garments. Somebody meanwhile reads—not a book of devotion, but a sensational novel or a piquant biography. Later tea is served, when the beaux come in, who upset the work-baskets, set the spools in a tangle, and scatter the needles over the carpet haphazard. A little dance may be improvised and at ten o'clock the bevy go home in excellent spirits. Private theatricals are considered a Lenten diversion and private concerts and candy-pulling and no end of progressive card parties.

In many households it is the time for especial domestic labor, for the arrangement of wardrobes, and concocting plans for the coming summer. Church services with church people must meanwhile be attended, and a sham devotion is

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affected in being seen at the five o'clock daily prayer or Friday evening service. The homilies, the sweet, sad hymns appropriate for the season touch no chords in such hearts; it is the outward and not the inward response which is given, with "Lord, be merciful to us," "Lord, have mercy upon us miserable sinners." At the church door young Goldfellow, in irreproachable garments and tan-colored gloves, stands waiting for Miss Jones, when the service is over. He has run around from his club just in time to hear the benediction. Is it any wonder that there are 200,000 people in our city who do not attend religious services of any kind when we remember the foibles of clergymen, their bragging, so to speak, and antics, and munchings, and efforts at oratory; when we remember the assumptions and shams of so-called religious people, who in no wise copy the works and words of the Divine Master whom they profess to worship?

For "sweet charity's sake" covers another prodigious sham. If a woman desires to become a shining light in society charity is made the ladder for such an ambition. She finds the poor orphans and the nameless women and children very interesting and pitiful, and offers her services and her dollars for their relief. The patrons of the institution find her assistance useful. By and by, through such companionship, madam's name is added to their visiting list. It was a woman of this kind—an arrogant, unconventional, and tasteless person, who, after earning her own bread, became the wife of a millionaire and edged herself into society through various charities—that snubbed a young author in her own house, who had gone there by invitation to read or recite. The occasion was for a charity. The poor fellow's shoes were dusty and his clothing of an unfashionable cut, so madam, not being acquainted with literary folk, eyed the young man with distrust and asked him to take a back seat. Ah! who of us can for-

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get how his eyes fairly flamed and his cheeks burned when he was called forward to recite "Misunderstood," a genuine touching little poem of his own.

The affectation of literary taste and culture is another popular sham. Thank Heaven, we have not the degree of affectation in this vicinity that has been reached in Boston, where everybody who is anybody is more or less of the blue-stocking order among the women and "deep thinkers" among the men, and where they all belong to a literary club of some kind for discussions on tweedledum and tweedledee!

It is a delicate subject to take up the present dislike to grow old and shams of transforming age into youth with cosmetics and various devices of the toilet. "We are as old as we feel," some one has said, and another that "we should reckon our age by heart throbs and not by years." It was George Eliot who wrote that "the Tuscans never mentioned the years, save as seasons for paying rent." It is said that the manufacturer of a cosmetic now in repute has made $50,000 in one year. A lady who is a high authority in social matters thinks it is the duty of every woman to make herself as beautiful as possible, and as young as possible, by the use of cosmetics, or whatever will accomplish this purpose; but the transformation must be well done. This kind of sham she considers not only excusable, but commendatory. General Wallace told us in a lecture on Turkey, at the Academy of Music, how the ladies of the harem are made up every day so charmingly, so artistically, that a homely and *passé* woman is turned into a pretty and youthful creature and a pretty woman to an absolute beauty. He, too, spoke of this practice with commendation. We may or may not agree with him. There are many standards of beauty, but we cannot efface the marks of time and care and suffering from the human face successfully, and if there is one thing more absurd than another it is

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the old beau made up with plumpers in his cheeks, corsets, cosmetics and false hair. He is more absurd than a woman made up in the same way. There is no country in the civilized world where age is not respected save America. If it were honored with us there would be be less shams in this respect, less of prevarication as to age. A cynic has said:

"If a woman calls herself thirty you may be sure she is forty, and you may be sure if she talks of the age of other women she is sensitive regarding her own."

But are not men quite as sensitive in this respect as women?

Ah! yes; we are all actors in this moving pageant we call life; we all sham more or less, and we must be so or our experiences would be less pleasant than they are for most of us. Was Goethe right when he wrote, "Nothing is beautiful that is not true?" And Chaucer, that "Truth is the highest thing that man may keep?"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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Literature and Vice.

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

AT sight of this heading, many mothers and teachers will at once think of Mr. Anthony Comstock, and of the terrible facts he has brought to light respecting the manufacture and sale of illegal and obscene reading matter and pictures. They will remember how this vile stuff has been found in the possession of young boys and girls in the most trusted schools and in the most respectable homes. Doubtless the statements respecting the prevalence of this purposely obscene literature have been sometimes exaggerated, but it still remains a horrible and menacing fact that there are men at work using the printing press and cheap picture-making processes, and all the contrivances of trade, and all the ingenuity of evasion of law, to maliciously and of purpose vitiate the youth of our land. Into the home, the public school, the private seminary and the college, these agencies of corruption are sent, whenever and wherever the vigilance of parents and teachers and of a decent public sentiment is relaxed. Hence the first duty of all concerned in the training of children in the matter of "literature and vice," is to see to it that none of this openly and utterly obscene matter reaches them. For a picture, or a story, or a suggestion, made for

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the express purpose of debauching youthful innocence, does its work fatally well. A child cannot, if it would, forget readily a leading toward evil of this sort. The obscenity reaches down through the purity which is the child's priceless birthright, down to that animalism which underlies the human and divine in our natures; and, stirring that animalism to conscious life, it forces a warring of elements in the soul, for which the child has as yet no moral strength. After evil is once known, and known in its most polluting forms, only the strenuous efforts of conscious virtue can hold the uncaged beast in check. That there should be any human being fiendish enough to deliberately plan and work to excite immoral thoughts and vulgar and debasing curiosity, to stimulate passion and start the fires of unholy desires in innocent children, is almost past belief! Yet facts make us believe that this sweetest and most hopeful treasure of humanity—the purity of little children—is thus systematically assailed. Let every parent watch well, then, the channels through which such unspeakable impurity can enter the school or the home. If in any newspaper coming under the eye of the child a mysteriously worded advertisement of books, papers or pictures, to "be sent through the mails in secure covers," is found, let the parent or teacher be on guard! If slips of paper are handed around slyly and with guilty look among the children, let a watch be set! And above all things, the parent should speak of this danger to the teachers of both private and public schools, for the circulation of vile matter, sent around illegally in secret ways, is much more apt to be detected in the school than in the home. First, then, to protect our children against the vicious influences that come through the printing press, look out for the obscene matter sent by criminals through the mails, and help bring the evil-doers to justice!

After watching for and dealing with these monstrous slay-

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ers of innocence, we must take vigorously in hand the legal and respectable agencies which pander to and increase a depraved public taste in literature. There is an almost limitless number of publications, books, magazines and papers, which are made not to destroy youthful innocence, but merely "to sell." And the vast majority of these, which find easy access to the uneducated classes in our community, are the cheap "story-papers" and trashy novels which either weaken or debauch the moral sense.

At a newspaper stand in a small and very respectable country town, a traveler asked for reading matter. She was shown six specimens of story-papers. She looked them over carefully to see what was the general taste that led the dealer, from his experience, to offer them so confidently. All were illustrated, and the pictures portrayed for the most part horrible or sensational situations of terror, vice or crime. The headings were: "Escaped; or The Betrayed Bride," "The False Wife," "A Fight For Life; or The Escaped Convict," and the like. Asking the dealer if he had anything more thrilling and "spicy" than these, the traveler was shown a package of papers not put on the public tables, but on a handy shelf below. These were *The Police Gazette* and others devoted exclusively to the recital of criminal matters.

"Do you sell many of these papers kept out of public sight?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, yes; quite a number for this small place. Nine of them are taken by regular subscribers, and I get rid of a dozen at least each issue."

"How many inhabitants have you?"

"About twelve hundred."

"And how many of the sort of papers you showed me first do your villagers take?" pursued the inquirer.

"Oh, a large number; more than sixty families take this

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regularly," handing out one not so bad as some, but palpably sensational in moral tone, and wholly devoid of literary merit. "And I get rid of more than a hundred and fifty story-papers altogether each week."

"Do you sell any large number of first-class magazines or papers?"

"Oh, no; most people who read them order direct from the publishers. The people who buy at news-stands generally read papers like these."

A week later the same traveler stood in the magnificent public library building of one of the largest, richest and most cultured cities in America. It was Saturday afternoon. In the rooms where reference books and standard literature of all sorts were kept, there was no crowd, although a goodly number of students and readers were using the books and applying for them to take home. But in the department of "fiction," at the tables from which books were sent out, there was a crowd so great that from twenty to thirty stood in line waiting their turns, and many rows of long benches were filled with those waiting a chance to get into line. Inquiring of a courteous attendant if this crowd was unusual, the traveler received the reply: "No; not for Saturday afternoon." Asking what authors and what sort of books were most in demand, the inquirer was shown a list in which authors' names were arranged in the order of their popularity. Leading this list were the names of writers known to be most prolific in exciting incidents, terrific plots, and freest use of all the coarser tragical elements of life. Among them were authors who, like "Ouida," portray man only as a trained animal of physical senses and public ambitions; and portray woman as the clever and seductive panderer to man's passions, and his need to be "amused." Among these authors were many who were simply silly, and whose work must act upon the mind as the

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swiftly-flying telegraph poles upon the eye of the steam-car passenger—to confuse and to weaken. But so far as the knowledge of the traveler, and of the library attendant, also, went, the books most in demand by this great crowd of seekers were more or less base or foolish representations of a false conception of life. In them "luck" ruled, not life's stern laws of "reaping as we sow." In them happiness was dependant upon and secured by houses, and lands, and fine clothes, and the world's admiration, rather than by the inward satisfactions of a clean conscience and a loving heart. In them, the heroine always achieved a brilliant marriage, and the poor girl found opportunities for social elevation which real life does not give. In them, the hero was a striking personage who seemed out of place in this hard-working world. To feed on such mental diet must inevitably make one more and more discontented with the steady drudgery, the humble pleasures, the simple joys, the obscure self-sacrifices, and the everlasting struggle which life, real life, alone demands and affords to the most of us. Such reading must make the boy more ready to seek to "live by his wits," even if not quite honestly, than to work hard for little pay. Such reading must make the girl more ready to accept marriage at any sacrifice of better judgment, than to strive steadily for honorable independence until the true and elevating love comes. Aye, such reading must make the girl's mind more open to the voice of the tempter who promises ease, and fine dresses, and theatres, and "shows," and all sorts of "good times," in exchange for her virtue!

Thinking of this, our traveler noted the extreme youth of many of the crowd at the fiction-table in the public library. And in response to her questions, the attendant said, "These are mostly school children. In the evening we have the shop-girls, even the cash-boys and girls, not older than these younger ones, in just such a crowd."

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"And do many of these come often, so that you get to know them?"

"Oh, yes. That girl you see at the desk now," a slender child, not above thirteen, by her looks, "takes out two books a week regularly. That boy you see gets two every Wednesday, and two more every Saturday; and he wants the most exciting stories we can select for him; won't take anything better if we suggest it to him. And the girl just back of him is a high-school scholar, and takes out from two to four a week. We know almost all of this crowd!"

"And, so far as you know, they select for themselves; are allowed to choose from this public table without home restriction as to quantity or quality?" asked the inquirer.

"Yes; the most of those who come to this department on Saturday. At the department of travel, biography, history, science, art and standard fiction, many young boys and girls come with slips of paper on which are written the titles of books they have been advised to consult, or take home to read, by their parents or teachers. We try to advise those who pick for themselves—the trustees of the library wish us to do so—but we can't make them take what they don't want, and we don't have much time to talk with any of those who come in such a crowd as this."

After this revelation, one does not wonder that Mr. Charles Francis Adams questioned the right and usefulness of such lavish provision in public libraries for the free gratification of the taste for ordinary works of fiction.

Let no one understand that we are opposing, or speaking slightingly of the great department of literature spoken of as fiction. A story may be, and often is, the very highest mental and moral food, and the imagination should be treated as the most creative element in the child's mind, and fed abundantly in all true and harmless and beautiful ways; but a perverted

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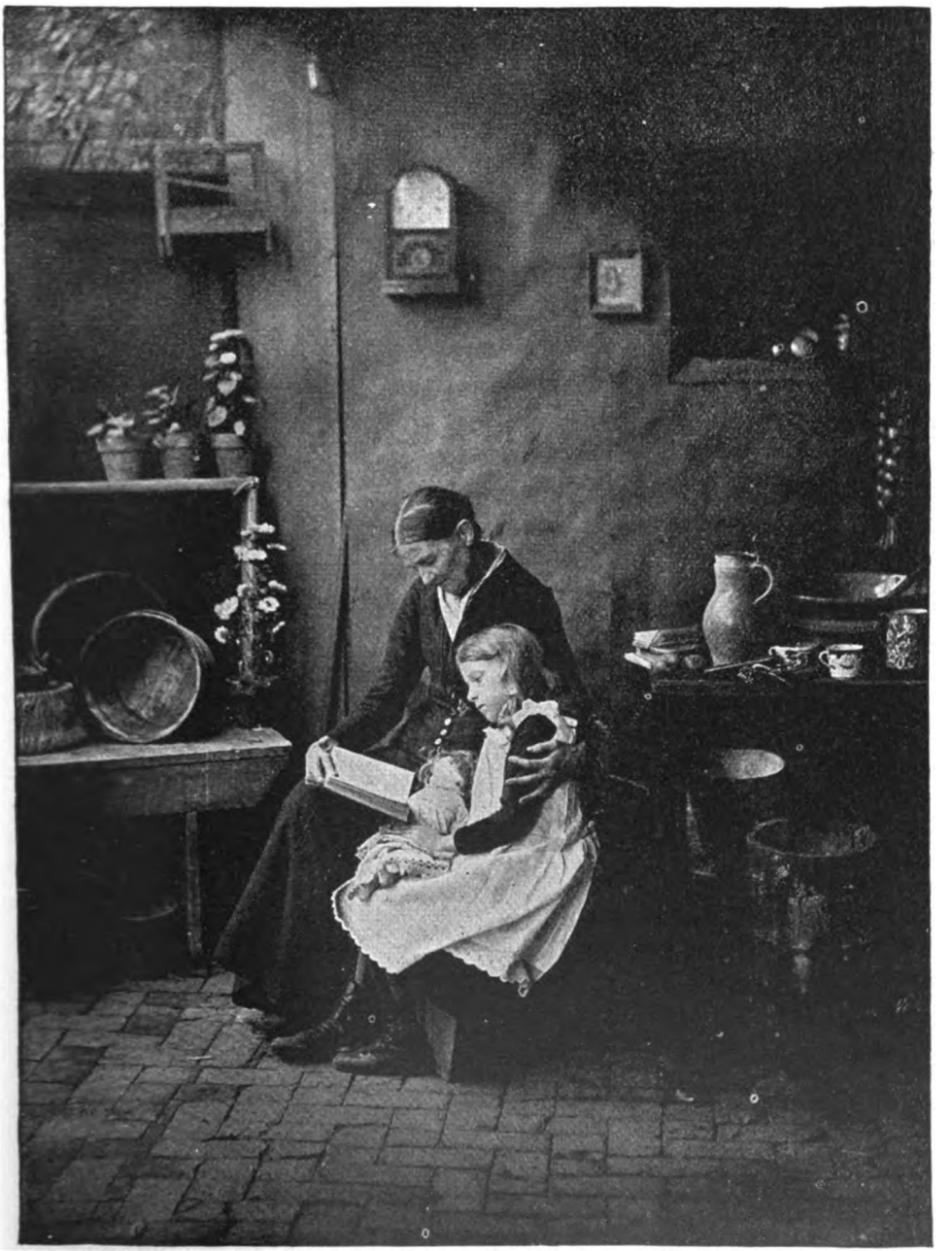
imagination is the readiest panderer to vice; and much of what is called fiction is the chief perverter of the young imagination.

There are two inflexible rules which every parent should obey and make the child obey, in respect to all reading outside of that required and suggested by a competent and trusted teacher in connection with school work. The first rule is, get the best and widest knowledge possible to you in respect to mentally and morally desirable books and papers for your children to read. The second rule is, allow no child to read anything which you have not selected yourself understandingly.

What would be thought of a parent who turned a baby loose upon a table of indigestible and poisonous foods and drinks prepared for feasting grown-up and depraved appetites, and let it eat and drink at will? Yet, inasmuch as the mind and conscience are more precious and costly than the body, to permit a child to range, unattended and unrestrained, through the field of literature, is far more murderous and criminal!

There can be hardly one mother in all America so isolated from educated people, or so poor in literary opportunity, that it is impossible for her to get something good, wholesome and attractive for her children to read. Cheap editions of standard books, and low-priced magazines, free libraries, and friendly advisers among ministers and teachers and helpful people, abound. It is failure to appreciate at its full power the evil that is in bad or poor literature, rather than inability to find out and procure good literature, which is the real trouble. It is the failure of ordinary parents to appreciate the duty to control and protect the growing mind, as of the same binding importance as the protection and care of the little body, which is the real trouble in this matter. It is, deeper than all, a false taste and vitiated moral judgment in the

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READING TO CHILD.

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parents themselves that leave the children a prey to bad and silly books and papers. Let the parents "begin at Jerusalem." Let them cultivate in themselves a refined taste, a discriminating mental choice, and a real elevation of moral feeling respecting literature, and then they can and will surround their children with reading matter which will be altogether helpful.

Another point which parents must think of seriously in studying the effects of literature upon vicious tendencies, is the influence of the daily press. The newspaper is almost the sole literature of millions of families; of more people by far than read books or magazines. The "story-papers" before alluded to are, with a few honorable exceptions, weakening to the mind, and enervating or positively hurtful to the moral sense. They give low ideals of life, false pictures of society, and strained or over-stimulating play of incident; but numerous and widely circulated as these story-papers are, the daily newspaper is doubtless read by a hundred where these are read by one. The agency, then, affecting social purity most widely and directly through the printed word, is the ordinary daily press. What is its teaching and influence?

There are clean journals; giving news, and not vulgar gossip; giving a full record of the time, of the evil as well as the good, as a true newspaper must do; but showing, by the space given respectively to each, that they hold great movements in the conduct of public affairs to be of more importance than small details of personal vice and crime. But of how many newspapers is this true? In how many is the eye first attracted by showy headings relating to the evil doings of insignificant people, or vulgar details of personal gossip? In how many is to be found a disgusting particularity in all reports of scandals and obscenities? In how many is the space not devoted to advertisements given much more largely to

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the vicious than to the good side of life? In how many are the "police court reports" and the "about-town notes" modeled after *The Police Gazette* columns rather than after any decent sheet?

If complaint is made to the editor respecting these points, he declares he "must make a paper that will sell." And is this really what sells best? An account of private affairs which only the most audacious insolence could gain knowledge of? A minute photograph of the personalty of the meanest and commonest people who gain notoriety by a murder, or a theft, or a foul social sin? A detailed description of the animalism of human nature, a "realistic" picture of the mental idocy and moral dementia, of poor creatures whom a decent respect for society, or a spark of pity for the unfortunate, would alike hide under the veil of silence; is this indeed, what "sells?"

Then must the work of mothers' meetings, as respects "literature and vice," begin with the public taste which forms the popular daily newspaper, and reform it!

What the spoken word of the old civilization was in the education of the people the printed word is now.

Let mothers and fathers see to it that the daily press, the cheap story paper, the widely-circulated book, and all the reading matter which enters the home, or is suffered to influence the child, is pure in tone, and elevating to mind and to heart.

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Christians and the Opera.

THE REV. J. O. PECK, D.D.,
Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

IN the 150th Psalm is an invocation of all music in the worship of God. The whole orchestral range of musical instruments then known is challenged. The trumpet with majestic notes is sounding. The psaltery or guitar is sweetly vibrating. The harp with gentle strains is thrilling. The timbrel with drum-like music stirs the ardor of the soul. The dance, or fife, with shrill notes of martial music is tingling the nerves. (The "dance" does not refer to motions of the feet, but was a wind instrument, like fife or flute.) The triangular-stringed instrument sweeps from deep bass to high treble in marshaling the pomp of melody. The organ—a mouth instrument, through which the soul breathes its joy—is warbling its harmonious notes. The cymbals are clanging, and the high-sounding cymbals are crashing in mimic thunder above the head The whole orchestra, with all voices in full chorus, are thus Scripturally united in celebrating the sonorous hallelujah in the sanctuary of God, and in swelling its majestic strains beneath the firmament of His power.

Here is the warrant for the grandest music in the church of

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God. Every instrument and all voices may sound the praises of God. I don't know how the old-time Methodists and Scotch Presbyterians could read this Psalm and then denounce church organs and other instruments used in the worship of God.

Old Hundred, and Coronation, and Martyn, and Greenville, and Rockingham are sacred and grand on organ, cornet, flute or violin. I believe that God is pleased when we make all instruments voice, resound and thunder His praise. The solo and quartette, the full chorus and full orchestra, the skilled artists and unskilled singers, are all acceptable to Him when they sincerely exalt His name. Music is the normal language of religious emotion. In joy we sing; in sadness we voice our grief in pensive, plaintive strains. Music is the language of the unspeakable. It has been imagined by some that it will be the universal language of heaven. It holds foremost rank in the fine arts, the creative genius, the esthetic culture and pleasure, the inspiring and elevating influence, and the religious development of mankind. But music, like other grand things, may be perverted and debased. The more elevated and celestial anything is, if it becomes prostituted to unholy purposes, perverted in its essential character, the lower it sinks. All the finer and more generous sensibilities of man, when corrupted, only deepen his ruin.

Woman, who, in her best estate, represents to the highest degree the gentle, the loving, the pure, the self-sacrificing, the heroic and holy in human nature, when perverted, becomes more coarse and brazen and abandoned than man. The black, diabolical fiends of Pandemonium were once shining angels before the throne of God. Music warbling in the forest in the sweetest carols ever sung; music emparadising home with its sacred minstrelsy, soothing infancy with its never-to-be-forgotten lullabies, whose echoes cease not in the soul when fhe gentle mother's voice is silent forever; music that inspires

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the martial ardor of embattled hosts to sublimest heroism, kindling patriotism in hearts that sing in death, *Dulce est pro patria mori;* music that is blended with the sweetest hours of religious experience, and diffuses a sacred awe or holy ecstacy through the worshippers of the temple of God; music that is revealed to us as the most conspicuous characteristic of heaven, bursting in full chorus from ransomed and sinless throngs as they celebrate the power and glory and love of God; music that stands like angelic ministry around the dying couch to solace the departing spirit and escort it through the valley of the shadow of death—

> "Then to my raptured soul
> Let one sweet song be given,
> Let music cheer me last on earth
> And greet me first in heaven."

This earthly ministrant of sacred service and heavenly celebrant of the glory of God often becomes a fallen angel, and trails his celestial robes in the mire of sinful places. In bacchanalian song and amorous ditty, in the prurient ballads of the modern stage, in the immoral pieces of the opera, music, pure and innocent in itself, is married to abominable words and sentiments and plays. The music is rendered unholy by vicious association. There is melody in drinking songs, theatrical ballads and operas, that might be used in the house of God to the best effect were it not married, in the public ear and taste, to words and associations that defile and excommunicate it.

Therefore all music cannot be patronized by Christians, because of its associations. Having warmly accorded to music its high and sacred place in the economy of human life, and granting that it is prohibited only when it is united in unholy wedlock with words, sentiments, teachings and scenes, which are antagonistic to pure morals and Scriptural piety, we now

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proceed to discuss a specific form of music—the opera. Keep in view the standpoint of the discussion. We are simply inquiring whether Christians can participate in worldly amusements which, in their spirit and tendency, are contrary to the spirit and tendency of pure Christianity. I should say that it is axiomatic or self-evident truth that no Christian can encourage and sustain any amusement whose spirit and tendency are contrary to the spirit and tendency of the Christian religion. The theater and the opera cannot be both harmonious with Christianity and contrary to it. They are either favorable or unfavorable to piety. We have overwhelmingly proven, and the common-sense of mankind renders the same verdict, that the theater, as a whole, is a demorolizing, debasing, anti-Christian institution. It then follows that it is wrong for a Christian to visit or sanction the unholy thing. We now apply the same Christian tests to the opera, and wait for the verdict of the same rigorous, fearless, remorseless logic.

If the opera is productive of good morals and piety, Christians may legitimately attend it; if not, they cannot do so blamelessly.

We turn to the history of the opera. If it were conceived in good purposes and dedicated to moral ends, and its career has been promotive of human good, its history will disclose it.

The opera originated about the year 1600. It was an imitation of the Greek drama, where the words were sung not spoken. Its origin was Italian, but it was soon adopted in Spain and France. It was dedicated solely to purposes of amusement. It was devised in an age and for people in those countries where Christianity had been most perverted, and where its influence for good was smallest. It arose under the sway of corrupting influences which were actively at work in all directions in all the countries of Europe. It was designed to furnish amusement to people notoriously lacking in piety

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and decent morals, who, wanting the experience and enjoyment of Scriptural holiness, must seek, like their kind to-day, worldly amusements for their satisfaction. It took root among, and was passionately adopted by those people where the Sabbath was openly desecrated by bull-fights, by theaters in full operation, by carousal and wassail, by more sin and immorality than any other day of the week; where there is so little reverence or piety, that great political meetings and elections are always held on the Sabbath-day; where purity and chastity were and *are* lightly esteemed by both man and woman; where living in known and open violation of the most sacred relations of marriage is no bar to respectability but is impudently boasted of and flounted in the face of society which dares not condemn such crimes. It was of such parentage the opera was born—a condition of society frivolous, irreverent, impudent, immoral. By such society it was early adopted and has been continually maintained. It was designed to meet the desires of this class of society. Hence, the most gay, voluptuous, worldly capitals of Europe are the strongholds of the opera, and the worse the city the worse opera. Paris is the gayest capital of Europe, and has the most scandalous class of operas. And the tendency in American fashionable society is not only to import their fashions, their wedding *trousseaux* from Paris, but also to import French manners and French tastes, and French sentiments, and in too many cases it all ends in French morals. And the French opera, which is the opera of most popularity, is flavored with French morals. When the first Italian opera was performed in London in 1710, it meet with the ridicule of men of wit and the contempt of learning. Now, an institution born, nourished and developed in such conditions of society, and designed to pander to all its vices, does not present a history which commends it presumptively to the confidence and patronage of Christian people.

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But this is not alone sufficient to prohibit it. Perhaps it has reformed and experienced a change of heart. Some times a youth spent in sin is succeeded by a manhood of strict piety. If the opera has escaped from the bad influences of its early history and become a school of pure morals, no longer pandering to the vices and passions of immoral society, it will show a changed character.

We look at the moral tone of operas. I remark, in the first place, since music in itself is innocent, the moral character of opera must he determined from the story, plot, poetry and sentiments to which the music is sung. No one can claim any intellectual advantage from the opera, as may be claimed legitimately from some of the masterpieces of Shakespeare and other dramatic literature. What Scott said of the intellectual value of the opera in his day is equally true to-day: "The mean and paltry dialogue which is used as a vehicle for the music is become proverbial to express nonsense and insanity." And what he says of its moral tone, that it is "effeminate and meritricious," is vastly worse in modern operas. Recollect that underneath the music of an opera is a theatrical play, which is represented by dress, gesture, scenery and acting, just as truly as in the theater. And if the sentiments of an immoral play in the theater preclude the propriety of Christians attending it, they have no more right to attend an opera saturated with the same abominable sentiments. It is self-evident that a Christian has no right, nay, that it is positively sinful, to go and see represented in an opera what would scandalize and send to perdition a soul for doing. Yet the operas of the day are many of them as vicious as the most sensational plays of the theater. The only difference is that one is sung and acted and the other is spoken and acted. But to sing or hear sung immoral sentiments is just as wicked as to speak or hear spoken the same sen-

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timents. The garb of music does not sanctify a bad play. And one other fact shows how Christians who would not attend the theater exhibit a monstrous inconsistency. It is this: Many of the operas are nothing else than the vile plays of the theater set to music. For instance, "Maritana" is nothing but the immoral drama of "Don Cæsar de Bazan" set to music. "La Traviata" is nothing but "Camille," one of the most scandalous dramas ever played in the theater, sung instead of spoken. "Don Giovanni" is simply the foul, abominable "Don Juan" of Byron, which no man or woman could read aloud to a company of friends in their parlor, sung to sensuous music. And other operas are copies of vicious plays. Now, what is the difference in seeing "Camille" played in the theater one night and in hearing it sung the next night in the same theater, under the operatie name of "La Traviata?" Common-sense condemns such mental jugglery. "Don Giovanni" is as abominably sung and acted as spoken and acted under its true name, "Don Juan." But are not these exceptions? Not at all. The pure and chaste opera is the exception. There are some I do not condemn. But to attend these is to sanction and sustain the opera as an institution, just as to attend a decent play sanctions theater-going. Our influence is thereby given to encourage attending *all* operas.

Lest some one think I do not fairly represent the average opera, let me characterize (I will not describe the details, so as not to offend good taste) other popular operas. Some of the sweetest strains of music ever sung are in the opera of "Norma." Yet the hero of Norma is a shameless violator of the most sacred command of the Decalogue touching pure morals. And this unholy passion is not condemned, but the hero is glorified by simulating heroism and cheerfully braving death in pursuit of his sin. Can charming music justify Christians in attending an opera which glorifies such shame? The

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heronie of "La Favorita" is a wretched, abandoned character, whose sin is represented by song, dress, attitude and insinuation. And the fascination of music throws its charm over sin I will not name. Can Christians go to the opera which presents such morals and do it "to the glory of God?" The opera of "Martha" is characterized by affinity with the comic French opera, and it is enough to say it is full of French morals, which would subvert the ethics of Christianity. "Faust" is another opera equally bad. But what shall I say of "Zerlina," "Lucretia Borgia," "Robert le Diable," and kindred operas? The true characterization of these operas would shock any ears but those accustomed to the purlieus of vice! These operas are as vile as the worst plays of the theater. And yet Christians who would not visit the latter go to hear these equally corrupting operas sung. Can they do this to the "glory of God?" It would defile the English language to describe much of the operatic spawn of French and Italian sliminess which many Christians have patronized because of their love of music.

Carlo Bassini, the teacher of Miss Kellog (p. 10, Art of Singing), warns American singers against going to Italy to study, because they must "pass through that very worst and most dangerous of ordeals, the immorality of secondary Italian theaters." Another fact: Several of these operas are so immoral that Jenny Lind, Miss Emma Abbott and other *prima donnas* have refused to rehearse and sing in them. If a pure-minded professional cannot sing them, can Christians hear them? There is a professional basso in this city who sang in opera till converted. He then joined the Episcopal church, and left the operatic stage as incompatible with a Christian life. Not only some operas, but all operas, were abjured. It was the institution as a whole that he who knew all the facts felt compelled in Christian consistency to abandon. If he

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could not sing in opera because inconsistent with his vow to renounce the "vain pomp of the world," how can other Christians attend the same without violating their vows and honor?

What must be the effect upon the artists themselves? They must personate the immoral characters in the *dramatis personæ*. To act and sing well, they must make the characters their own for the time being. They must throw their "soul" into it. "What must be the effect of perpetually committing to memory, practicing and striving to get into the spirit of such productions as I have described? And a man or woman who is, as a business, constantly stimulating the lowest passions of human nature, who is shamming all kinds of sin as a profession, will not, cannot, long remain virtuous, unless he or she be a moral miracle. * * * Think of a man who daily communes with his God swaggering nightly on the stage in the character of a licentious reprobate! You cannot conceive it. Think of a pure and virtuous woman filling her memory and heart with sensual thoughts and imagery, committing her whole nature to their direction, and pouring them from her lips over vast throngs of all grades of pleasure-seekers, season after season, and yet remaining a woman whom you would not blush to own as a wife or sister! It is hardly imaginable, simply because actors and actresses (in the opera) are not angels, but men and women" (Newhall). Their dress attitude, gestures, intonations, and the whole play of acting, must personate the "diabolical thoughts" of the characters in the opera.

"Now, a man," says Dr. Newhall, "who attends the opera, must patronize men and women whose whole business it is, night after night, to sham these foul and filthy crimes and to avow their wild and maddening love of them, not, as it were fitting, in notes of hellish discord, but in ravishing melodies which rival the warblings of the nightingale. Suppose, as it is alleged, that there be music there that can be heard nowhere

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else, which is of the most value to you, an ear delicate and sensitive, or a heart pure and chaste? If these melodies are the garb of seductive sin, can you safely open to them your soul? And if you feel safe, strong in your virtue, is it so with others who will follow your example? Will you patronize an institution which perfumes sin with roses and crowns it with garlands? There are often choice bits of song, delicate *morceaux* of melody scattered through the whole, in themselves innocent, pure and beautiful, and so there is fine poetry in 'Don Juan' and stanzas which might be quoted from the pulpit, but that does not make 'Don Juan,' as a whole, chaste and decent."

If it be said that in all, excepting English opera, the language in which these vicious sentiments are expressed is a foreign language, and therefore the poison will not be imbibed, it does not essentially change the estimate. This is the reply:

Many of the audience know enough of French and Italian and German to comprehend the sentiments.

The *libretto* is usually in the hands of the auditors, where the drift of the plot is all translated into English, and they can read it before and between the scenes.

The singers understand the language and sentiments, and by all the sorcery of music, voluptuous draperies, insinuating attitudes and personating acting, never fail to interpret the sentiments and moral impurities to the audience. "Love is the predominent passion of the opera, and generally unchaste and lawless love." To go to hear the holiest sentiment of the human heart and the very character of Deity—for "God is love"—profaned and blasphemed in its unlawful and abhorrent abuse, is what no Christian can do "to the glory of God!" Sin is represented, not in its damning guilt and revolting heinousness, but "wrapt in voluptuous draperies, wreathed in

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fascinating smiles, charming to the ear, bewitching to the eye," and, most diabolical of all, "enjoying the smile of heaven." Unholy love, that belongs to the outcasts of society, is here tricked out in elegant attire and carolled with "seraph-voiced Parisian" *eclat.* The singers must have a contempt for all piety when they see Christians enjoying and applauding their rendering of sentiments which profane the most sacred emotion of pure hearts, and it is well known that there are as few Christians on the operatic stage as on the theatric boards. There have been some *prima donnas*, like Jenny Lind, Parepa Rosa and Tietjens, who are held in highest honor. But when others are blemished in character they still continue favorites with opera-goers despite their immoralities, like Patti in Europe and some I could name in America. Is it right to sustain an institution that offers blemished characters for the patronage of Christians?

Besides, it is a notorious fact that most, if not all, operatic singers come before a Christian audience to delight them while under the influence of intoxicating drink. Not all of them intoxicated (though that has often been the fact, and sometimes to the degree that they could not take their parts at the last moments), but singing under the influence of intoxicating beverages.

But I may speak authoritatively, without giving names, on this point: A living American *prima donna*, who has appeared with eminent success in this city as well as elsewhere, told me that the operatic singer, man or woman, who did not sing under the influence of intoxicants was the exception; that it was customary not only to drink before, but during, the opera; that the leading artists had it behind the scenes, where they could step aside for a moment and nerve themselves with some champagne or stronger drinks; and then gave me the names of distinguished singers who practiced this while they were de-

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lighting Christian and temperance people. But people say: We didn't know this. Well, you do now; and we ought to know what we are sanctioning before we commit our influence where religious character is compromised. In his book ("Crotchets and Quavers," p. 158), Max Maretzek says of the best company of "admirable artists" he ever managed, that they were "jealous, intriguing, quarrelsome, cheating, thievish, malicious." If Christians can patronize, support and sanction such a crowd of miscreants, they can sanction and support all other vicious characters of the community.

There is one more view of the opera, viz., the *ballet*. There is in the average opera more or less indecent dancing—much that in dress, attitude and significance rivals the Lydia Thompson shows, which a physician of this city, not a member of any church, told me that he was once induced to visit, but which were so abhorrent to every sentiment of decency that he left in a few minutes. This immoral dancing or *ballet* (which shows its French origin) is part of the opera as much as the music, and must be patronized and sanctioned if Christians attend. All these evil influences must be encountered at the opera, and must be sanctioned by those patronizing the institution, since they are component parts of it; and to many persons (not the best, to be sure), they are great attractions. For, of the opera, as of the theater, I unhesitatingly affirm that if the ballet, the voluptuous dress, the impure sentiments, and the immoral characters were excluded, it would lose a large share of its patronage—just as in horse-racing gambling is an inseparable vice, without which it could not be sustained. The president of one of these associations told me if gambling were prohibited the whole business would collapse, and added that he always sent complimentary tickets to the leading gamblers and sporting characters of large cities, to induce them to be present. It is a humiliating spectacle when an American Con-

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gress, called in extra session on urgent business, adjourns to go junketing to Pimlico races, with its drinking, gambling, cut-throat crowd. So the pure opera is defiled in pandering to the passions and tastes of men and women who cannot be content with good music without the vicious accessories of the theater.

There are so many people who cannot enjoy amusements without a dash of wickedness in them! A representative Frenchwoman held aloft a glass of pure water in her jewelled hand at a banquet, and thus moralized: "Oh, if it were only a little wicked to sip that water, how sweet it would taste!" So many seem to think that a spice of sin sweetens the taste of pleasure! Operas are written and put on the stage and played to cater to this depraved taste of the public. Can Christians patronize and sustain an institution that covers these evils with only the thin drapery of music? It may please the ear, but it contaminates the heart. The whole atmosphere is loaded with influences deleterious and poisonous. What, if some have gone there and felt no evil influence! Others have been destroyed. People have lived in districts visited by yellow fever and plague and not been harmed; others have died. Does that prove yellow fever and plague harmless influences to be encouraged? But the great apology is that persons only go to hear the best music of the world. If this is honest, I will prove that it is not necessary to go to the opera, and thus take away the only legitimate plea that is now offered for patronizing the institution.

Every argument against attending the theater holds good against the opera. There is no difference between them except this—that one is spoken, the other sung. An opera is a musical theater. It has the same dramatic form, the same stage accessories, the same immoral sentiments, the same debasing influence on actors, the same dependence upon dress, attitudes,

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gestures and scenes, to convey impression; the same dissipating and demoralizing effect upon spiritual life; for you cannot find an opera-goer, any more than a theater-goer, that is an earnest, spiritual laborer in the Church of God. They may not be corrupted, but their passion for the opera is greater than their zeal for Christ. I don't say this to pain or reproach any one, but you know it is true. The opera has more attraction than prayer-meeting. You who attend opera, like theater-going church members, do not do the work of Christ in church. How can a soul filled with the love of God, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, crying out for deep and holy communion with God, desire the vain amusements of the world? An earnest and devoted Christian does not need or desire them. If the love of Christ constrained us to live in self-denying devotion to our Lord, we should have neither time, nor money, nor influence, to squander in the amusements that destroy spirituality. When I see the opera-goers of my church faithful in church work, punctual to class and prayer-meetings, laboring in revivals, and giving evidence of high religious experience, I will then concede it does you no harm. But so long as the opposite is shown, remember your Lord said, "A tree is known by its fruits." Is the opera making you a better child of God? Do you live nearer to Christ? Is it preparing you to meet God with better hope? Will it be any comfort on the dying pillow to recall many operas? Will it help you to sing the new song in Heaven? Holy living and earnest work for Christ will do all this. Which course will you follow?

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The Decollete in Modern Life

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

ONE of the profoundest bits of philosophy uttered in our time was given us by Ruskin when he said, "All real strength lies in delicacy." The Corliss engine could cut the finest of watch screws. "It alway reminds me of God," said Mrs. Hawley at the Centennial Exhibition. We feel, more often than we perceive, the fact that force and fineness are one. Indeed, we are more apt to be aware of the antagonism than of the harmony between these two things. Superficially, they seem to conflict. The protest of force is noisy and self-assertive. The scorn of fineness is misapprehended, neglected, too often dumb.

If there is any department of life in which civilization is supposed to have achieved something, it is the moral. It is conceded that we do, on the whole, live better lives than people did two or three thousand years ago. It is claimed, and it is probably true, that "we, the people" of to-day, have purer homes and higher ideals than history has had to show for itself before our times. It is claimed and it is probably true, that the average civilized man or woman is a person of decency of life and ready conformity to social ethics. It is claimed—but is it true?—that the instinct of delicacy has ma-

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tured with the world, and goes to the front with other advancing growths and graces in the movement of life.

Civilization, symmetrically developed, must bring progressions of human strength. Disproportionately developed, it may bring retrogressions. Increased delicacy is the ready proof of increased civilization. We may almost say that civilization is delicacy. In one important respect this definition perhaps fails us. It is doubtful if the sense of personal modesty has kept pace with the progress of the age. We might ask if this instinct has not been the subject of an atavism. Has it retroverted to a ruder and earlier state of development? I think there are indications of such a fact. If it be a fact, it is one of a class which brings the swiftest sense of general or particular disgrace. For civilization supremely implies personal modesty. The lack of personal modesty betokens the savage.

It is not easy, but it is quite possible, to treat a coarse subject in a delicate way. It is with a deep sense of both the difficulty and the responsibility of the undertaking that I venture to consider some serious aspects of the question with which this paper deals. Our boundaries forbid anything like an historical view of our subject; nor is it our purpose to handle remote ethical arguments, but to stimulate moral sensibility by a few illustrations and suggestions such as come closely and readily to the point.

A good lady of Puritan training (but, let it added, of thorough education and generous culture) took a trip abroad in middle life under circumstances which required her to *chaperon* some young friends to the French opera. She was the object of infinite *bandinage* when it was discovered that during the performance of the ballet she always shut her eyes. A prominent literary man, himself used to the world and the ways thereof, urged earnestly upon the author the

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Marie Burroughs.

From a photograph by Aime Dupont, New York.

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publication of this paper, saying, "In my humble opinion, the ideal of propriety held by what is called society has absolutely no relation to the moral sense. To take a point; when I see the ease, nay, the eagerness, with which our young girls attend and seem to prefer those plays where the ballet is enough to make any gentleman uncomfortable, I am confused. What does it mean?"

What does it mean, indeed? Is the sense of modesty declining among our women? Or, to put the question more exactly, is it falling behind the onward motion of other fine forms of progress? Is it the laggard in the great race of the higher evolution? The writer is no crusader against the theater, though not a frequenter of it, but has personally often shared the editor's wince at the attitude of the present race of young ladies toward the indelicacies of the stage. There is a *sang froid*, an ease in the presence of atrocious scenes, which is amazing. The drooped eyelid, the mounting blush, the protest of maiden modesty against sights and suggestions from which any pure girl ought to revolt—when do we see these signs of outraged womanly nature? Admitting all that we must or should of the usefulness of a refined and a cleanly drama, and doing full justice to its best possible and best actual facts, nevertheless it remains undisputed that very good people encourage very bad things in our theater and opera, and that our women give their full share of this encouragement. Our stage exhibits moral monstrosity to the edge of abomination. No one denies this, any more than we deny the intellectual stimulus of Booth's "Hamlet," or the moral usefulness of Mrs. Vincent in the Boston Museum. The power of Irving, the purity of Modjeska, the wit of Gilbert-Sullivan, do not deter the popular playwright from inuendoes which disgrace his play, or prevent the spectacular *danseuse* from indulging the public taste with indecencies which no

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matron ought to witness; while the fathers of our girls pay two dollars and a half a seat for the privilege of exposing their daughters to sights which ought to be suppressed under the law prohibiting the exhibition of obscene pictures.

There is an indescribable expression of the eye—every fine observer knows it—which distinguishes a modest girl from a matron. Look for it in the eyes of our girls to-day. It is missing so often, it is replaced by another so unwelcome, so worldly-wise, so unpleasantly experienced, that we shrink with a sense of having lost the most precious thing in girlhood. It is not our purpose to prove here that the lax theatrical view of life is largely responsible for this, but only to ask, by the way, how far it may be responsible. Better, like the Puritan lady, to shut the eyes when the ballet comes. Better a simple, serious, unworldly ignorance of the low and vicious coming in the name of the high and cultured. Better, a thousand-fold, the instinct of modesty which cannot see a coarse sight, than the cool, indifferent, ungirlike familiarity with criminal suggestions which is now the fashion among us.

Let it be said that the theater has alway existed, has always deserved moral stricture, and has always been frequented by refined women. What then? Suppose it were said that the advance in moral refinement is too great, or ought to be too great, to justify the rudeness of the past, and that our women ought to be the first to feel the uplifting standard, and our young girls the first to illustrate it. If they are not, why are they not?

Probably the influence of the spectacular stage in coarsening the delicate instincts is more than shared by some of the social customs of our homes. Take, for instance, the promiscuous dances favored by what we call society. One need not to be a Quaker or a Puritan, a hermit or a devotee, to turn with disgust and distrust from offenses against a refined taste ac-

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cepted by dancing people as evidences of it. When all is said that may be—and much can be said—of the beauty, of the innocence, of the grace of

"Music and measure
Set to pleasure,"

of the pure delights afforded to irreproachable people by our dancing customs, enough remains in the illustrations offered by the liberties of the ball-room to startle any disinterested observer. Any fashion which gives to a *roué* the right to clasp a pure woman in his arms and hold her for the length of an intoxicating piece of music, is below moral defense. I firmly believe that the time will come when our present license in this respect will be regarded as we now regard the practices attending the worship of Aphrodite. It might be said that the nautch dance is modesty beside our waltz. Bluntly, to one who knows the facts behind our gayest social scenes, how far do we seem to have advanced beyond the Congo idea of a social entertainment? The groves of Ishtar were more frank about it. The drawing rooms of polite America veil and evade the eternal, unutterable, identical thing.

Let it be said that dancing has always existed, and has always been the subject of moral rebuke. Undoubtedly. But suppose it be said that moral ideas have reached a height, or ought to have reached it, where the more indelicate forms of what could easily be kept an innocent and exquisite amusement should not be tolerable; and let us ask, why do our refined men and women—especially our refined men, who understand the actual working of these evils better than their partners—tolerate them? Let it be suggested again, how far is the contradiction between our dancing habits and the natural progress of delicacy responsible for other licenses which have crept into the social preserves? There was a time when well-

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bred society stigmatized those little personal liberties which brush the bloom from the heart, at least as earnestly as it would discourage the eating of peas with a knife, or the disposition to say "Haow."

It is to be feared that the very excellent parents who compose our "select circles" have no more intelligent idea of the amusements affected by the "set" with whom their sons and daughters disport themselves, than they have of the entertainments of a factory holiday or a firemen's pic-nic.

A lady reared in the traditions of high birth and gentle training of a generation ago, has a certain exquisite innocence, herself, like an ideal girl's, which prevents her from appreciating the perils of her children. She who would have thought it a moral lapse to allow a young man, without right, to hold her hand; she whose lips were never touched by man until she gave them to her plighted lover; she who went to her husband as unmarred as an ideal in a dream, does not readily perceive or accept the conditions of a lowered moral standard. Is it not enough to be a lady? Is not my girl the daughter of her mother? Read your girl's eyes, you lovely lady of the Brahman birth and sweet soul. Question her. She may return you the clear, heavenly look of the heart of your own high youth, and Heaven bless her! Far be it from me to mutter and croak, as if a modest maid were an extinct curiosity. But, if she has passed from under your shelter and beyond your standards; if she has been what we call "gay"? if she has tossed a good deal in the foam of young people's frolics; if she has had some mock of a chaperon, or none at all; if she has sat in the parlor alone till midnight with a young man once too often; if, in short, she has drifted on the current of existing social streams—question her; question her.

I repeat, it is an unwelcome task to do the croaking for a cause; but this humble plea for a revival of modesty would

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have some weight if it could be understood what pressure from what sources compels it. I may be pardoned for saying that it is not of my own will that I have taken up this subject. I have been solemnly urged thereto by women whose experience in the world entitles their views of social matters to every consideration. "The voice said, Cry!" "This is the curse; Write."

As an instance of the extent to which personal demoralization has invaded what we still call our upper circles, I have been begged to make public the following case, which is typical of too many and of too much. A couple of distinguished foreigners, a gentleman and his wife, visiting a certain town for the first time, were invited to a dinner given in their honor by some member of the fashionable society of the place. When the dinner was over, the wife sought the first opportunity to confer privately with a lady of acknowledged high position in society and of unquestionable refinement. "What does this mean?" cried the stranger with blazing eyes. "What is this society we are invited to in your city? What do the people in this house take us for? Are my husband and I considered to be dissolute characters? We have never been so insulted in our lives!" Upon being pressed for an explanation, the guest indignantly replied: "Do you know the woman who sat next my husband? Her behavior to him was such throughout the meal that he told me he had been asked to take a disreputable women down to dinner, and was ready to leave the house at any time I said."

One need not to be a fanatic in the temperance movement to discern one cause for the decrease of modesty in the increase of drinking habits among a certain class of our ladies—thank Heaven, we may still believe that this class is not a large one. "Certainly," testifies the first young man I happen to ask, himself a person of so-called good morals; "certainly,

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I have often danced with young ladies who were intoxicated. It is not an uncommon thing to meet them 'too far gone' to converse." If the delicacy of a sober girl cannot protect her from the taint in the social atmosphere, what is to be expected from the modesty of a drunken one?

In the conscientious treatment of a subject like this, it is a question whether one should omit a matter so hard to discuss that only the urgency of the case could induce the pen of this contributor to meddle with it. I refer to the injury wrought upon the delicacy of our women by the fashion of resorting to physicians of the opposite sex in cases when any sensitive woman would seek a women's care if it could be had for the praying or the paying. Far from this pen be any flippant fling at the honor, the uprightness, the delicacy of honorable and upright pure-minded physicians who happen to be men. But, for young women who prefer attendance which is abhorrent to nature, to that which the progress of science has made practicable from woman to woman—for girls who choose the one when they can command the other—there is no condemnation too severe. For mothers who encourage them, what is to be said?

It is probable that the great increase of physical weakness in our times, and the publicity of physiological discussions, have led to a certain blunting of delicacy in speech which our Brahman lady of the earlier day knew not of. There is reason to believe that too many of our young girls to-day adopt among themselves a tone of discussion to which their more refined mothers never descend. In the old times a modest wife hardly conversed with her own husband as young women may be known to do to-day with young men of their acquaintance. In this respect, certain associations for the advancement of moral purity have wrought mischief by relaxing the strict rule of reserve in speech. Anything which does that, whether it

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come from the moralist or the scientist, the sick room or the ball room, is doing a harm less easy to rectify because it is so difficult to define and so easy to defend.

One cannot pass such a topic as this without flinging one more lance of scorn at the subject of women's dress. A dozen years ago a movement known as the "dress reform" impressed the moral natures of our women to an unprecedented extent. The wave, which began with a few of the wide-eyed people who are called fanatics, passed on up, or down, as you choose to put it, into less unworldly circles. It became "the thing" to have some knowledge of improved methods in dress. Corsets were judged inartistic; the tight French waist was discovered to be unesthetic. "Where, ten years ago, we had only strong-minded women for our patrons," said the chief of a large furnishing store for "reformed" garments, "we now have orders from fashionable ladies, ten to one." Hygiene and art, pathology and morality, were summoned to the aid of this movement, and responded heartily. Thoughtful women, who believe that the progress of their sex is seriously impeded by the abuses of their dress, have observed with dismay the ebb which seems within a few years to have borne away all those improvements or elements of improvement in feminine attire which concern the personal modesty of the wearer. It is a fact, gloss it anyhow as we may, that decent women have never dressed so indecently in our country and our century as they do in fashionable life to-day.

Would that some enterprising journal might take the moral census on this subject as a substitute for prize-baby competitions or guesses on Nelly Bly. We should like to throw down the gauntlet to the women of America. "Defend these immoralities! Speak up for yourselves if you can!" I do not believe that two reputable women in the land would dare publicly to defend the styles of undress which now disgrace

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our sex. The time has more than come for such a protest against this abomination as will smite women to the dust for shame. What is to be said? Enter any fashionable drawing room and look for yourselves. What is said? Think of it, you high-born ladies! But I forget myself; the ladies who go disrobed in public are not apt to be readers of the *Forum*. That their fathers and their husbands may be, is, however, quite possible; and it is with some faint hope of reaching daughters and wives through them indirectly that one ventures an appeal like this.

What is the evening dress of a fashionable woman but a burlesque on civilization? It exposes the body with an indifference which nothing seems to abash. The reproofs of the pulpit, the complaints of the press, the denunciations of modest members of our own sex, flit over these bared bosoms like the feathered tips of their own fans. The impression goes no deeper.

In the most decorous city in our country, a lady representing what may deservedly be called one of the "best" families in the State, herself a middle-aged, queenly, home-loving matron, the wife an affectionate husband, the mother of grown sons and daughters, wears her dress—but my pen shrinks from writing what this high-bred lady does. This case, which represents scores of others, is of importance because the offender herself is so unconscious of her offense, and so far in other respects above it. There is no life of concealed dishonor, no intrigue, no shoddy birthright, no fast-and-loose views of duty. The woman is otherwise immaculate. How explain this ethical enigma? Are our ladies morally insane, or mentally? Do they not know what they are doing? And if not, why not? How shall we characterize the too-low corsage, with some nothing for a sleeve; the lower bodice, with no sleeve at all; nudity covered by transparency; and what is

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known as the V-back? They are below excuse, as they are beyond explanation. What moral mania blunts the sensibilities that ought to fix the standards of a nation? What dementia deters the "ever-womanly" from "leading us on," at least so far that the simplest instinct of feminine modesty—that which covers nakedness—may keep stroke with the moral development of the age? Let it be said that gay women always have dressed improperly. What of it? Is that any reason why they always should?

O women! queens of life! bestir your hearts. Rouse your dulled perceptions of the monstrous things you do and suffer to be done. Call the fact by its right name. Blush for it, and abhor it, for it is abhorrent. So long as you take your fashions from the *demi-monde*, wherein are ye better than these? The Irish cook in your kitchen is your superior, madam, when she goes to her ball-room on St. Patrick's Day clothed to the throat, as by the customs of her people she is required to be. And the rules of the Roman Catholic Church forbid her to waltz.

Between the ballet girl who dances for bread, and the society girl who dresses as she does for a title or a fortune, there is a moral gap, to be sure; but, for one, I would take my chances with the ballet if I had to face the social standards of another life with either record behind me. Does the lady returning from the theater for her late cognac or champagne, think that she can sit with her body half exposed in the uncurtained window of the *café* before which men and women of the street stand gazing, and count herself the moral superior of that other woman looking in? Tell us, my lady, if you can, when you exhibit yourself for promiscuous surf bathing, before a thousand spectators, in a bathing costume which stops—where it does, how much more modest are you than the circus dancer, or the mermaid in the ten-cent variety show?

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Let us have done with playing about the fire, and call a low thing low, and out with it. Face the truth. An immodest dress does not cover a modest woman. If your costume is coarse and vulgar, you can blame no voice or pen which calls you coarse and vulgar too. If the dress is disgraceful the wearer is disgraced. The woman who dresses indecently—never mind who, never mind where, never mind why—is indecent. The woman who dresses without shame is shameless.

By their robes ye shall know them. And, pray, why not? As you characterize the *danseuse*, as you stigmatize the poor creature who flaunts herself in the eye of vice, why shall not yourselves be judged by their judgment? Have women of fortune any special immunity from heaven or earth which releases them from the common, human, moral conditions of their sex? To be rich and fashionable—does this give one the privilege of being immodest and respected?

We are a club-burdened age, and of forming many societies there is no end; but let one association more be suggested; and Heaven hasten, as it will surely prosper it! Let a dozen of the most influential women in the city of New York be banded together—that would be enough; as many in Washington, Philadelphia and Boston. Let these women, having agreed to regulate their own costume with regard to the essentials of decorum, bind themselves never to receive a second time into their parlors a woman who is immodestly dressed. Let them agree that they will accept no invitations coming from indecently-dressed hostesses. Let them reduce their definitions of modesty to a few articles (this is not intended, Heaven forbid! for a mantua-maker's pun); and the thing is done. It is perfectly easy. Any of us can think, at hap-hazard, of a dozen society ladies, any one of whom would gladly do this if the other eleven would. Suggest, for such an association, simply this name—The Ladies. Suppose that there

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were added to the efforts of these ladies, in full harmony with them, the sympathy of a dozen clean-hearted, high-minded, socially-powerful men? We are glad to believe that it would be quite possible to find them. Let these gentlemen firmly take the stand, "We accept no invitations from hostesses who invite us to meet immodestly-dressed guests." What would happen, think you? Society would be revolutionized in three months. From a half-nude set of Bacchantes, we should become decently-draped human beings, and probably stay so. When we consider how much easier to put in motion this would be than most social reforms, it is a matter of surprise that some such simple project has not been tried.

At the present state of art and literature, we can but cast a glance so brief as to have little value; yet asking the question plainly, what is the moral advance of the world accomplishing here? we may pretty near the surface find reason to doubt whether the sense of modesty is developing in proportion to the advance of civilization.

Art, as we all know, kneels no longer before her angels, but, as one of her own great spirits has testified, "paints two dropped eggs on toast." and seems content to do so. It cannot probably be said that the manners and morals of artists are growing worse than they used to be, but are they improving?

Take the always doubtful question of the use of the nude. Are undraped models going out of date? Do nude women cease to pose for young men? Ask the *atelier* to reveal its secrets. They would not encourage us. Seek the "references" of the moral character of artists in Paris—of American artists in Paris. We might not be proud of them. Raise the question fairly, how far is the present decadence of noble art to be attributed to her losing ground in the moral race? That realism has weighted her flying feet is only too evident. One might add to that hindrance a less fashionable thing,

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which the common mind would call shiftlessness. Relatively to the proportion of artistic talent which has received the excellent equipment of our times, the result in really great work is pitiably small. Paltry subjects occupy petty brushes *ad nauseam.* Smatter and spatter, under the names of impressions and sketches, mock grand construction and noble toil. The largest efforts are too apt to lack the broad, ample scope which the maturity of art should possess as naturally as the sea or the mountains possess fine horizons. Imagination pure and simple, imagination lofty and sanctified, is dying out of art, like a lamp flickering on an altar. Study the moral facts. History has given us the hint. Behind every great intellectual or aesthetic decline a moral cause will be discovered. How far may the decline, or what many would prefer to call the variation of weakness, in art, characteristic of our times, be attributed to a deficiency in the sense of delicacy? Let it be said that art has never been ascetic, that morally-deficient artists have always co-existed with good pictures. What then? Is this is a reason why they always should? Is it even a reason why they always can?

Under the present ethical standards of civilized life, a man does not go from his mistress to his madonna. One nature or the other, the low or the high, revolts at the leap. It is to be believed that in our present moral enlightenment too many studies from the nude possibly disincline the imagination to reach high themes, or disqualify the hand for touching them. Nature ascends, even if man does not keep pace with her. She whispers her secret to the fine ear. The pure eye sees the ineffable. Who will be the master of masters in human art? The old words of a wise book occur to us: "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart" ascends to the holy place. Here is good psychology and good sense.

In alluding to the bearing of this question on letters, the

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writer of this paper is at a disadvantage. I ought, perhaps, frankly to own that my opinion here may have less usefulness from the fact that, when it comes to immoral literature, I am without education in that department of culture. With bad books I am not familiar. With one or two accidental exceptions, I must confess that I have not even read the masterpieces of salacious literature which any well-educated person is expected to study. I hasten to say that I claim no special merit for this refraining. The only reason why I have not read these books is because I do not like them. What one finds unreadable, one leaves unread, and one may follow a personal instinct, not a literary custom, in laying aside celebrated works whose coarseness would give more pain than their art could give pleasure. Nevertheless, in spite of this deficiency, I venture to suggest that we have not yet proofs that the sense of delicacy is receiving in literature any culture corresponding to the progress of the age.

For the coarseness of a ruder and earlier day, we have substituted a subtler method of sinning against decency, but we go on sinning with a polite persistence worthy of a better cause. Of an American writer whose questionable book ran like wildfire into every reading home in the country, a publisher said: "You cannot blame her; she was born *décolloté*." Yet this women has written one of the most exquisite and purest short love stories in the English language, and there is no more doubt of her genius than there is that the color of carmine is red. She adapted herself to the lower demands of her public; and behold her public turns and rends her, and not a woman of us stays to pity her, for is she not a woman? And what foreclosure had high literature upon her sacred gifts?

"All knowledge," says the Talmud, "is but a step to modesty and the fear of Heaven." The public taste for ques-

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tionable tales, the readiness of literary talent to supply them—for aught the most hopeful of us can see or say, these two facts continue to be correlated in our times even as in a coarser and cruder age. A publisher of experience gave it as his testimony that seventy-five per cent. of the manuscripts submitted to him since the appearance of ——— (a popular and indelicate novel) have been morally so tainted or so coarse that he could not even consider them. "Evidently," he says, "our young writers have the impression that, to 'sell,' an author must be improper."

A few weeks ago, I read through, for the first time in my life, one of those volumes which one does not care, after reading, to leave upon the center table. The name and fame of the author, his well-known high moral standards, and the intense religious character which he is understood to cultivate—these beguiled me, and I did read. Here is the man who has been treated by literary critics as a second Christ, and who, despite certain slips in taste which we all recognize, has certainly moral motives of a very high and noble order. Here is he who has been boldly called the greatest novelist of this or any age or of any tongue. May we not trust Tolstoi to the extent of one very small story published with what we cannot deny to be the highest moral aim? One would have thought so. But if his last volume be a fair specimen of what we are to expect of the genius, of the morality, of the modesty, of the true art of our times, may Heaven save us, and the author too! Silence upon him. Let him put his hand to his mouth, and his mouth in the dust, and stay there. Tolstoi's chief mistake in the abominable little, true, coarse, well-meant, and ill-executed book, is one of art. He has overlooked the circumstance that the novel is not a medical treatise. He has converted the pen of the story-writer into the probe of the physician. Tolstoi's psychology is nothing but physiology. His unpardonable

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fault is one of literary taste. He lacks more than refinement; he lacks simple human decency; and that is the beginning and end of the matter.

If civilization implies a high degree of delicacy, if the lack of delicacy betokens the savage, and if we are falling behind our times in personal modesty, it is well to put the situation in a few of those blunt words which appeal to human pride. Many a man or woman is kept virtuous from vanity. Our sense of superior delicacy is, after all, a tremendous moral support. Many of us would rather be called criminal than coarse. To be known as unrefined is the pit of social degradation. Convince the half-nude waltzing woman that she is not a lady but a savage, and she will clothe herself and invent a new dance. Convince the writer of indelicate literature that he is not an artist but a savage, and he will burn his manuscripts and discover a new literary fashion. Let us draw the lines clearly, and having done that, abide by them. Society always respects her own restrictions, no matter how she may treat those of a higher and truer life. Make it fashionable to be decent, and the day is won.

The power of genuine refinement is immeasurable. It is said that there is but one thing a rough sailor respects besides a fine ship, and that is a delicate lady. If we have come to the pass where our instinctive delicacy is really endangered; where art, literature, recreation, the home and all that is therein, are suffering from a slow subsidence of the principle of modesty; what is to be done about it? The answer is a brief and ready one. Let us cultivate the fine more assiduously than we attack the coarse. The greatest preacher in America does not discuss the doctrine of eternal viciousness; he urges the beauty of holiness for all time, both present and to come. "For the great point," said Goethe, "is not to pull down but to build up; and in this humanity finds pure joy." Seek the high

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rather than exhibit the low. Uplift the ideal; believe in the ideal; *be* the ideal. The disgraceful real will take care of itself. Personal delicacy is like the sword of the St. Michael in Guido's picture. It awes; it does not need to pierce the dragon. Such a plea as this paper makes should be seldom needed, and should be offered only when it is inevitable.

Yet the most refined man who ever lived, made on occasion, the most tremendous denunciation of an evil thing. The hypocrite and the money-changer got no spiritual coddling from him. But we observe that he never wasted the awful and beautiful power of moral indignation. It was divinely economized; it was elemental; it went to its end as straight as the torrent to the lowland; it overwhelmed, like the destruction of a planet. One cannot help wondering how the supreme tact of this spiritual teacher would handle the present moral situation of the civilized world.



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The Opium Habit.



E may theoretically affirm that man can live by food only; that he does not need any of that class of irritants called stimulants; that the world unwisely, nay unnecessarily, resorts to coffee, tea, tobacco, coca, cocoa (*cacao*), alcohol, opium. Practically, man declares that he will use them; that science and morality may declaim against them, but that the human body takes exception to such disapproval, craves them, and will have them.

The grandmother who wonders that her son takes brandy and water at dinner, and that her grandson can soil his shirt-bosom and defile his breath with tobacco, could ill-spare the fragrant tea which gives her refreshment every evening and morning. The Mohammedan would not touch wine to his lip; but the spicy coffee sends up its aroma from the oasis where he stops to rest. The South American Indian chews the coca-leaf to help him go fasting up steep hills and across wide plains; the Malay gets wild exhilaration from the fiery hasheesh; the barbarous tribes of Africa prepare the fermented juice of the palm tree, and all China yields to the seductive delights of opium.

It is stated by Von Bibra that "coffee-leaves are taken, in

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the form of infusion, by two millions of the world's inhabitants; Paraguay tea by ten millions; coca by as many; chicory, either pure or mixed with coffee, by forty millions; cacao, either as chocolate, or in some other form, by fifty millions; hasheesh is eaten and smoked by three hundred millions, opium by four hundred millions; Chinese tea is drank by five hundred millions. Finally, all the known nations of the world are addicted to the use of tobacco, chiefly in the form of smoke; otherwise by snuffing or chewing."

In the "Chemistry of Common Life" (a lucid and popular work upon the articles in most general use as beverages and condiments, and well worth the perusal of every man, woman or youth of either sex) it is "shown that no considerable tract of the earth's surface is without some special indigenous narcotic plant, of which the natives freely avail themselves, not merely for medicinal purposes, but for every-day use."

Dr. Anstie, of Westminster Hospital, says: "Nor is the use, in every-day life, of these substances an outgrowth of modern corruption; on the contrary, it is consecrated by whatever sanction immemorial custom can confer. There is absolutely no period of history as there is obsolutely no nation upon earth, in which we do not find evidence of this custom. Against these weighty statements there is nothing to be said; they are as free from any admixture of fallacy as they could possibly be. It is idle to urge that the subject of a carefully-prepared experiment can be made to live in apparent health without the use of any of the substances vulgarly called narcotics, if the practical fact be that nations cannot and never have been able to do without them."

What do these stimulants do for a man that he is so prone to their use? They give him temporary power to work; they drown fatigue; they beguile care and sorrow; they quiet the nerves; they paralyze for a time the gnawings of hunger;

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they vivify the passions; they give zest to pleasure; they produce hallucinations in which the mind revels. So long, then, as man feels weak in the presence of imperative labor, whether of body or mind, or dull in some favorite pursuit; so long as he has care, sorrow, fatigue and disordered nerves; so long as he is hungry and unfed, so long will he use stimlants. And so long as body and mind are unabashed by the moral power, and demand abnormal indulgence, so long will he use them, whether they harm him or not.

The Genius of Health looks on in grief when she sees the lean office-boy creep out from his poor home, and with a dry crust for breakfast go hurriedly to make fires, sweep walks, run of errands and work until night, not able to spare from his scanty earnings more than a few pennies to buy a cracker or an apple, in place of the good dinner that he ought to have to develop his muscles and bones, and build him up to the fair stature of a hardy man. She knows that soon he will buy a cigar to give the strength and spring which nutritious food ought to have been preparing in the years past; and she fears that alcohol will soon after be called upon to give more strength and warmth and power to fight the battle of life. She looks with pain on the child of wealthy parents, who comes from school hungry and tired and is put off with a bit of cake, a cup of tea, or told to wait till the late dinner, instead of having prepared for him, at the time when he needs it, the juicy steak or chop, the nutritious broth with wholesome bread and butter. She sees dyspepsia ready to lay hands on the neglected boy, and knows that later he will seek tobacco and alcohol, perhaps opium, to help him do his work.

Before we go further, we would earnestly call the attention of women of all ages to this view of the matter. The mother who sees that her child has palatable, wholesome food in

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abundance; who, when he is hungry, thinks it of just as much importance that he shall be satisfactorily fed as that his father shall be when he comes home hungry; who watches that he does not go off to school, or office, or even to play, without a sufficient meal, is doing a good work for the whole of her son's life—is literally strengthening him against temptation in coming years. In our country it is not always possible to have even so simple a matter as this attended to without the personal daily supervision of the mother, or of an intelligent and kindly sister. If left to the boy or youth himself, or to servants, it will rarely be suitably or systematically done.

That the occasional use of a favorite stimulant may soon assume the proportions of a habit, and that habit easily becomes a master, and ultimately be a tyrant, is known to all; we see its proofs in our own homes, and in the homes of our acquaintances. What shall we do, then? Let those who now abstain from the most deleterious stimulants—alcohol and opium—continue, in the name of moral dignity, to abstain from them; let all beware how they come to depend overmuch upon the exhilaration caused by tobacco, tea or coffee. What harm these three narcotics, as at present in use, do, is a disputed point among scientific men; each intelligent and candid consumer knows for himself something of their deleterious effects, if taken in what he calls excess. Whether he thinks it best to use them at all is a question he answers by his practice, which may be supposed to be the ultimatum of his intellect and conscience combined. When we come to alcohol, there are none but its victims who commend its daily use; there are millions who mourn its effect; there are thousands who pour out body and soul in such libations to the infernal deities.

But a man may use even so dangerous a stimulant as alcohol and keep the mastery over it. There are many who nave

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taken a daily glass for years, and not increased its strength. All our ordinary stimulants are capable of such moderation. Tea, coffee, chocolate, tobacco, do not of necessity compel those who use them to increase the quantity used the longer they indulge in them.

But there is a stimulant—employed more widely, both in England and in our own country, than is generally supposed—which demands, after a time, that the consumer shall increase the quantity consumed, or suffer severe distress of body and mind. This stimulant is attractive to those who possess much self-respect, and who greatly dread falling in the esteem of their fellow-men, because it does not produce any of those outward unmistakable and unconcealable signs of intoxication which alcohol produces. It is deliberately chosen by the lawyer, the minister, the literary man, for its supposed vivification of the intellect, and for its convenient secrecy. It finds its way to the ignorant by the hand of the physician, who, knowing how unwillingly pain is endured, gains the gratitude of his patient by giving the speedy anodyne which, while it lulls pain, does unfortunately, in many cases, much more—makes the patient cowardly to endure suffering, weakens the will, supplies a purchasable, injurious way out of pain and a means of invigoration when effort is being made; while the fact that a physician first gave it quiets the doubtful mind. There are women who have risen from the bed of sickness, and by a dose of morphine have gained strength to go to a ball and dance all night; there are others who have performed prodigies of domestic labor under its influence; there are those who by its support are enabled to go on in a life of vice and exhaustion. There are essayists who have owed to it their brilliancy, and public speakers who have electrified audiences by the power it imparted.

It is true that, by the use of opium, as by the use of other

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stimulants, a man may be able to accomplish feats he could not accomplish without it; but it is doubtful whether a man owes, either to his fellows or to God, the work, however commendable in itself, which he has not the power to do without the aid of a deleterious excitant; and he would do well to pause and ask "Does duty demand this?" before he undertakes it.

The penalty which must sooner or later be paid for the stimulus that opium, in any and all its officinal forms, imparts is such as to make any well-informed person shrink appalled from having any commerce whatever with the drug. The depressions which succeed its exaltations are terrible; the illness that follows abstinence is exhausting; and so unendurable is the state of body and mind that the victim turns again to the same drug for relief from his distress and for renewed power and enjoyment. If he persists in its use, he must ultimately increase the dose or suffer. When he has increased the dose, abstinence is attended with still greater misery; even a diminution of quantity causes distress; and so he goes on, his mental capacity gradually yielding to the poison, his will continually weakened, until death lulls to sleep with its final anodyne.

These are the facts with regard to opium. They are fully and ably set forth in a recent publication from the press of Harper & Brothers, entitled, "The Opium Habit with Suggestions as to the Remedy." It takes for its motto the well-known request of Coleridge (one of the most notable sufferers from opium): "After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narrative of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the dire example." The book contains, besides much original matter and several republications from magazines, a full account of what is known of the experience of

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Coleridge in this regard, copious extracts from De Quincy's "Confessions of an Opium-eater," and several interesting minor instances of attempts to abandon the use of the drug. It closes with a proposed mode of effecting the liberation of those in bonds to this narcotic, entitled "The Outlines of the Opium Cure."

The object of the book is to reach out a helping hand to opium-eaters, and to inspire them with a hope of mastery over their enemy. Such an effort is always laudable, and we wish the book really accomplished what it tries to do. The victim of opium, however great his desire to be cured of the habit, cannot have any form of opium lie within his reach and yet not take it. He cannot imagine any way to obtain it—by theft, by bribery, by deceit of any kind—and not obtain it. It is, therefore, necessary to encompass him with such surroundings that it is absolutely out of his power to get an atom of it. A young girl was placed at a boarding-school, in the hope that she might be restrained from opium, to the use of which she had become addicted during illness. The teachers watched her with the greatest care; she was never allowed to go into the street alone. One day a very young pupil was seen to hand her a small package. It was seized and found to contain a lump of opium. On examination, it was found that the laudanum vial in the medicine chest had been emptied. She was at once confined to her room. Illness soon made her so weak that she could not leave her bed. Her physician finally, alarmed, ordered that a drop or two of laudanum be put, unknown to her, into her bowl of arrow-root. No sooner had she tasted the arrow-root than her dull eyes brightened and her whole face lighted up with pleasure. To her there was neither activity nor joy in life without opium; and yet she was only sixteen years old. To such absolute tyranny are all the victims of this drug subjected.

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Abstinence, when its use has become a habit, causes more suffering to body and mind than abstinence from any other known stimulant. The will is also more demoralized by its use. It follows, therefore, that, if it be necessary to keep the victim of alchohol out of temptation, it is still more needful to banish opium from the reach of him who craves it. But he must not, while abstaining, be left to wrestle with his despair unaided. If the wisdom and benevelence of one's fellow-men be at any time needed to direct and support, it is at this crisis of the opium-eater's fate. In view of this fact, this "cure" proposes an asylum where the patient shall be protected from all possibilities of disloyalty to his desire for cure; and where he may be, at the same time, subjected to hygienic and medicinal treatment.

The cases cited and claimed as cures do not seem to us to merit the name. It is clearly stated that Coleridge was never cured. Notwithstanding De Quincy's declaration, no one believes that he gave up the habit. Blair, whose autobiography is given, struggled in vain against it, and finally gave up the contest. Rev. Mr. Brush, finding he could not (at least, did not) overcome the habit, hung himself. In another case the man has not taken morphine in ten months; left it off in the spring of 1867, gives us his record in 1868. Shall we accept this as a permanent cure? If over-exertion, or sorrow, or ambition, or desire for excitement come, will he remain firm? Another publisher, so late as 1868, his recent conquest of the habit. Has enough time elapsed to make it deserve the name of a cure? These cases, and perhaps others known to the reader, throw great doubt on the possibility of an entire abstinence from opium in any case after it has been so indulged in as to have become an essential article in the person's daily regimen. Cases where a man has continued the use of opium after illness, and, on perceiving his danger, has given it up,

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and endured sleeplessness, weakness and misery for a time, are not rare. We have, probably, all known men and women who, under the doses of morphine or other preparations of opium, prescribed in a general way, to be taken whenever certain sufferings manifest themselves, suddenly found that they were growing puerile, cowardly, dependent; and who, without any previous instruction on the dangers of the drug, were able, by their own observation on themselves, to perceive that it was the result of the use of morphine, or some form of opium; and who, before their will succumbed, sprang away and suffered pain rather than become slaves. We must all learn sooner or later that the pain is not the worst evil one can endure. Better a clear and healthy mind with pain than a stupid or unnatural excited brain in a drugged body.

But, if the book before us can hardly be said to give the confirmed opium-eater the encouragement it desires to give, it may, by a comparison of his case with the ones so minutely set forth here, give him aid and sympathy, and awaken hope in the heart of those who have not yet suffered utter shipwreck. It certainly runs up a black flag of exposure over the pirate-ship "Opium,' warning all who are in danger but not yet grappled to her side to beware, to crowd on all sail, and flee with all speed from the ruin and death that threaten. As a warning which may last a lifetime, and as a means of information with regard to a most seductive and, in our country, constantly increasing habit, we would advise all discreet youth of either sex and all adults to carefully persue this volume. We have used the word "discreet" in the above sentence for the reason that the *Opium Habit*, in common with most books intended to deter from the formation of dangerous or vicious habits, is liable to abuse from the class of readers whose imagination takes fire, or whose appetite is aroused by even the disapproving portrayal of any possible and untried experience which promises excitement or pleasure.

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It has been objected to De Quincy's "Confessions" that he therein sets forth the delights of opium in so attractive a manner—revels, in the presence of his readers, in such an elysium of bliss—that many are beguiled to eat, that they too, may be as gods. It is certain that he has avoided detailing or dwelling upon his worst sufferings; when his narrative approaches them, he puts his reader off with some subterfuge, says he will not distress him with the recital of his misery. This would be unfair if his confessions were intended to awaken the will and act on the conscience. But they were rather written to gratify his own love of narrating; and he depicts the very joys of opium with a hand which, guided by an opium-inebriated eye, exaggerates the scene portrayed. The reader must bear in mind that he is not studying the observations of a normal and healthy mind on a disordered body, but the observations of a diseased mind upon its own diseased body, and give the statements their proportional value. Do we envy the insane man the glories amid which he lives? Would we take any draught which, by dethroning the mind, shall make us kings? De Quincy and Coleridge laud the pleasures of the drug. The other confessors in the *Opium Habit* say little of its enjoyment; they speak of it as an alleviator of the dreadful sufferings caused by abstinence from its accustomed stimulus, which are similar in kind to the sufferings of convalescents from certain diseases. De Quincy seems to find an insane enjoyment in the pangs of soul and reproaches of conscience induced by his inability to resist the craving for opium. Such enjoyment is possible—there is such a thing as a soul's enjoying its despair; but such enjoyment, once developed, makes the return to a normal condition exceedingly difficult.

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The Tobacco Evil.

LIDA B. INGALLS.

GOD has given us a bright and beautiful world. pure air and glad sunshine, and fruit and vegetables for sustenance. He has also furnished fuel for our comfort, grass and grain for the animal creation. The Indian, anxious to have a share in everything, twisted the tobacco leaf and smoked it; then the white man, with his superior intellect, followed in the footsteps of his red brother, and for years smoking tobacco has been the popular pastime of our boys and men, rich and poor alike, until we have become a smoking nation. Sometimes even our songs and prayers ascend to heaven throught a cloud of tobacco smoke.

Tobacco was introduced to the knowledge of civilized nations on the discovery of America. It derives its botanical name (*Nicotiana*) from Jean Nicot, French ambassador to Portugal, who introduced it into France, and did all in his power to render its use fashionable. In 1621, a ship brought over to America sixty girls, and sold them for 120 to 150 pounds of tobacco. Think of it! tobacco was the price of our first slaves, and those slaves were young innocent girls. To-day men become slaves to this same tobacco and find the

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master such a tyrant it is hard to break the chains and be free.

The surface of the tobacco leaf is spotted with small glands, which contain an oil found in no other plant, the proportion of this oil being about seven per cent. of the whole weight of the leaf. This oil is *nicotiana*, a colorless liquid alkaloid, with an acrid burning taste, one of the strongest poisons. A pound of tobacco contains on an average 380 grains of this deadly poison, of which one-tenth of a grain will kill a dog in three minutes.

Physicians, chemists and botanists agree in pronouncing tobacco one of the most deadly poisons known. This poison is introduced into the system by smoking, chewing and snuffing; it cannot be taken into the stomach without injurious results, and sooner or later produces a variety of painful diseases, frequently resulting in premature and sudden death.

As the opinion of prominent persons is the best argument, I give the testimony of a few leading gentlemen.

Professor John Lizars, Edenburgh:—"Tobacco creates ulcers on the lips, tongue, cheeks and tonsils; it produces giddiness, vomiting, dyspepsia, diarrhœa, followed by constipation, diseased liver, congestion of the brain, apoplexy, palsy, madness, loss of memory, feebleness and cowardliness."

Dr. Willard Parker, New York:—"For many years my attention has been called to the insidious but positive destructive effects of tobacco on the human system. Tobacco manufacturers and excessive chewers or smokers of tobacco, are more apt to die in epidemics, and cannot recover soon and in a healthy manner from injuries or fever."

M. Orfila, President of the Medical Academy of Paris:—"Tobacco is the most subtle poison known to the chemist except the deadly prussic acid." His testimony is confirmed by the works on *Materia Medica*, and is not contradicted by any

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man of science, European or American. This point, therefore, is settled beyond all candid dispute.

Dr. Pidduck :—"Leeches are killed instantly by the blood of smokers."

M. Landeu, France :—"It is the appalling testimony of a college of Physicians that twenty thousand persons in our land die annually from tobacco poison."

Dr. J. H. Kellogg :—"The fact is established beyond the possibility of successful controversy, that tobacco is a poison deadly in large doses, pernicious and harmful in all doses. It taints the breath, ruins the digestion, obliterates taste and smell, spoils the blood, oppresses the brain, depresses the heart, irritates the nerves, wastes the muscles, obstructs the liver, dims the vision, stains the skin, and deteriorates and contaminates every organ and tissue with which it comes in contact in the body. Its influence is to lessen vitality, to benumb the sensibilities, to shorten life, *to kill.*"

The use of tobacco causes irregular action of the heart and is the true cause of a large number of fatal cases of heart disease. Among the applicants for enlistment as apprentices in the navy, during the year 1879, ten in a thousand were rejected on account of functional lesions of the heart, indicating tobacco poison.

The foul air occasioned by smoking is exceedingly disagreeable to persons who do not smoke, and highly injurious to every one. How often we see the wife or children of a habitual smoker puny and sickly, a condition caused by this poison! There is creosote in the fumes of tobacco; this same creosote is used to kill the nerve of a tooth; thus we see the effect it has on the nerves.

A member of one of the largest tobacco firms in St. Louis said recently that tobacco killed more men than alcohol. When the manufacturers themselves say this is it not time for alarm?

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Using tobacco is dangerous, degrading, filthy and expensive. Dangerous and degrading because it is an undisputed fact that two-thirds of the young men who begin to smoke before they are fifteen years of age become drunkards. It causes the mouth and throat to become hot and dry, a thirst that water does not quench, in a majority of cases, and craving something else, beer or wine is taken; thus tobacco becomes the first step to the drunkard's grave. One writer calls it, in its many forms, "the tributaries to the great ocean of intemperance." It is said that rum is used in manufacturing it for the market.

There were six hundred prisoners confined in the state prison at Auburn, New York, a few years ago, for crimes committed when they were under the influence of strong drink; five hundred of these testified that they began their course of intemperance by the use of tobacco.

That it is filthy, the user of the weed will not himself deny; when he is first learning to use it the organs repel it as sickening and disgusting.

It is difficult to understand how a good man can allow himself to become a slave to such a filthy appetite; how a clean man can take such a mess into his mouth; how a refined man can tolerate for a moment anything so degrading, or how an unselfish man can annoy his friends with a habit so disgusting.

The thing itself is filthy, It is stripped, sorted and flavored; it is then put into large piles, and negro men, in check shirts only, are put on the pile to work in the flavoring; they get on to it and tramp as they do hay in the country. The room is kept very warm, and the negroes tramp, tramp all day, (this process the writer saw); it is afterwards made up into plugs and sold to our fastidious gentlemen.

We all know it is expensive. The tobacco productions of the United States, from the census of 1880, is 472,661,159 pounds,

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taking 638,841, acres to raise it; much of this will be used by men whose families need the comforts of life.

Dr. Higginbottom, of England, says: "Tobacco has no redeeming property whatever, and at the present time is a main cause of ruining young men, pauperizing workingmen, and rendering useless the best efforts of the ministers of religion."

One of the important issues of the day is the labor question; the struggle between capital and labor is kept constantly before our eyes. We hear a man rant and rave about monopoly with a ten or fifteen cent cigar in his mouth; sending away in smoke the money that would help to place him beside the capitalist, using up nerve power that might make him the peer of any man; but puff, puff, goes the cigar, while he grieves over the fact that wages are so low, and this country "going to the dogs," not only destroying his own health, but injuring the wife and child who are compelled to breathe the same atmosphere. Let him throw away the tobacco, clear his system of the poison he has forced into it, and his brain will be clearer, his nerves stronger, and he will have the satisfaction of knowing he has not wasted his life in an endeavor to enrich tobacco factories.

This free American country is, in many respects, a paradise for young men. By proper industry and self-denial they can, in ordinary cases, acquire distinction and wealth: but the tobacco-user puts obstacles in his own pathway.

The use of tobacco in any form is hurtful, but cigarette smoking is by far the most injurious.

It is an evil which has sprung into prominence within a very few years, and it is one which, unless checked and stamped out, will work untold injury to our nation. It is doing more to-day to undermine the constitutions of our young men and boys than any other one evil.

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Cigarettes are made from inferior tobacco; stumps thrown away by the smoker (perhaps a smoker with a contagious disease) are gathered and used largely in the manufacture of cigarettes. This being poor tobacco, saltpetre is freely employed to keep it from becoming musty. Saltpetre is highly injurious. A physician who analyzed a cigarette found it strongly impregnated with opium. The paper wrapper has lead or arsenic, sometimes both, in it. Cigarette smoking, which was formerly confined to Cubans, is now the favorite mode of using tobacco with our young men and boys, and is by far the most serious evil.

"That tobacco is injurous to growing boys, especially to school boys, is a subject not open to discussion."—(*Professor Richard H. McSherry, President Baltimore Academy of Music.*)

"Among children from nine to fifteen years of age, smoking undoubtedly causes palpitation, intermittent pulse, and *chloro anæmia*."—(*Decaisne.*)

"A youth of fourteen smoked fifteen cents worth of tobacco for toothache, fell down senseless and died the same day."—(*Drahen.*)

The use of tobacco makes it difficult for the student to concentrate his mind upon study. Before the full maturity of the system is attained, even the smallest amount of smoking is very harmful.

Dr. Albert L. Gihon, medical director of the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, was instrumental in having the use of tobacco prohibited at the naval academy in the year 1875. Dr. Gihon told me himself, that he smoked at that time, and as he cannot be called a fanatic, his testimony is very valuable, and I quote part of a report given by him in 1879:

"Unquestionably, the most important matter in the health

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history of the students at this academy is that relating to the use of tobacco; and I have urged upon the superintendent as my last official utterance before leaving this institution, with which I have been so long and pleasantly associated, the fact of the truth of which five years' experience as health officer of this station has satisfied me, that beyond all other things the future health and usefulness of the lads educated at this school require the absolute interdiction of tobacco.

"In this opinion I have been sustained not only by all my colleagues, but by all other sanitarians in military and civil life whose views I have been able to learn, while I know it to be the belief of the officer who is to succeed me in the charge of this department, and who was one of the board of medical officers which, in 1875, reported that the regulations against the use of tobacco in any form cannot be too stringent.

"Since then three successive annual boards of visitors, to wit, the board of 1877, of which Commodore J. W. A. Nicholson was president, the board of 1878, of which Rear Admiral John L. Worden was president, and the board of 1879, of which Commodore T. H. Stevens was president, have indorsed the prohibition of tobacco 'as a wise sanitary provision.' With a sense of the serious responsibility which devolves upon the sanitary officer of this establishment, conscious that the bodily welfare and happiness of these young men and of their future offspring may be permanently influenced by this vicious indulgence, I have most earnestly advised that the strongest efforts of the authorities of the academy shall be directed towards the prevention of this pernicious, indefensible and wholly unnecessary habit.

"By the continued excitation of the optic nerve, tobacco produces amaurosis, a fact demonstrated by Wordsworth, Mackenzie, Hutchinson, Sichel and Chisholm.

"I have several times rejected candidates for admission into

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the academy, on account of defective vision, who confessed to the premature use of tobacco, one of these from the age of seven.

"The defective muscular coördination occasioned by this drug is remarkably illustrated by the fact, which I learn from Professor Oliver, head of the department of drawing, that he can invariably recognize the user of tobacco by his tremulous hand in manipulating the pencil, and by his absolute inability to draw a clean, straight line."

It is pertinent to introduce in this connection the following expression of opinion by the board of visitors to the United States Military Academy at West Point, for the year 1880: "The board have learned with surprise and regret that the cadets are permitted the use of tobacco. The regulations of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis prohibit its use in any form as a wise sanitary provision, and the board would most respectfully urge the strict enforcement of the same sensible regulation at the military academy, as in its judgment the law against the use of tobacco, whether by smoking or otherwise, cannot be too stringent."

Thus we see great care being taken to make our army and navy strong, by forbidding the use of this poison by the cadets; but our boys—who are watching them?

General Grant told the boys in Girard College, he "hoped they were not allowed the use of tobacco, for if kept from it while under training they would be far less likely to indulge in it when they went out." He well knew the evil effects, yet was so wedded to his beloved cigar he did not give it up. George Trask wrote a letter to General Grant in 1866 urging him to stop smoking; but although he had promised to give up tobacco, the habit had such a hold on him that he who was such a great soldier, failed to conquer this enemy. We know it caused his death. The death of Senators Hill and

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Carpenter, is also said to have resulted from the use of tobacco.

The tobacco habit has encountered constant opposition. Systematic and strenuous efforts were made to prevent its introduction into Europe. King James I. of England, wrote a "Counterblast to Tobacco," which was an excellent article, and was expected to overthrow the habit at once. Pope Urban excommunicated those who used it in the church. The priests of Turkey declared smoking a crime, and Sultan Amuret IV. put smokers to death. In the early part of the seventeenth century the noses of smokers were cut off in Russia.

In 1861, the Minister of Public Instruction of France issued a circular forbidding the use of tobacco by pupils in the public schools.

Thus we see its use has been prohibited from time to time in various places; but many of our boys are left free to ruin health and usefulness.

"Not willing that any should perish," the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is asking the Legislatures of the several States to pass laws forbidding the sale of tobacco to minors; urging ministers and public speakers to warn the people of this great evil; petitioning school boards to employ only those who are free from this habit as teachers; distributing literature, and doing all possible to induce men using tobacco in any form to abstain from its use, and to keep the boys from forming the habit.

We have no proper idea of the extent of evil induced by this poisonous narcotic, or we would, with one accord, rise up against it, and wage such a war upon it that no man who cared for the respect of woman would dare to use it in her presence or out of it. For the popular use of tobacco women are not entirely blameless; many of our young girls permit the smoking of "a good cigar" in their presence. "Why, I rather

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like it!" is the false expression that comes from many girlish lips.

We must sound the keynote of warning. Let the women of our land take a firm stand against this vile habit; not tolerate the cigar, or the man whose breath and clothing are an abomination from the use of tobacco in any form, and the evil is already stamped out.

The American women have the destiny of this nation in their hand; too long have they quietly slumbered, and let sin grow in strength and greatness until, like a monster, he is monarch of all he surveys; but a halt has been called, and the women are awakening from the Rip Van Winkle sleep that has so long held them, and when once awake, King Alcohol and all his aids-de-camp will tremble, and trembling fall.



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Society's Exiles.

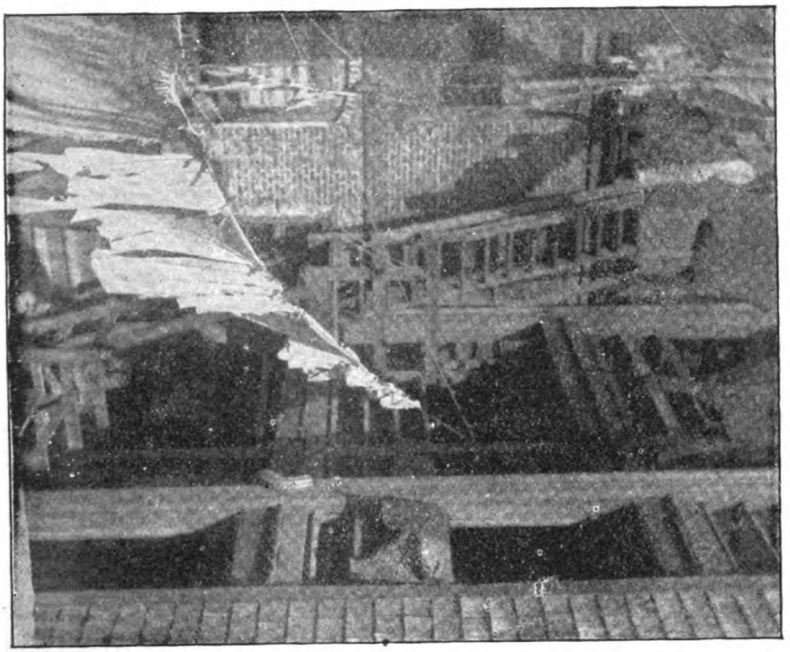
BY B. O. FLOWER.

IT is difficult to over-estimate the gravity of the problem presented by those compelled to exist in the slums of our populous cities, even when considered from a purely economic point of view. From the midst of this commonwealth of degradation there goes forth a moral contagion, scourging society in all its ramifications, coupled with an atmosphere of physical decay—an atmosphere reeking with filth, heavy with foul odors, laden with disease. In time of any contagion the social cellar becomes the hotbed of death, sending forth myriads of fatal germs which permeate the air for miles around, causing thousands to die because society is too short-sighted to understand that the interest of its humblest member is the interest of all. The slums of our cities are the reservoirs of physical and moral death, an enormous expense to the State, a constant menace to society, a reality whose shadow is at once colossal and portentous. In time of social upheavals they will prove magazines of destruction; for while revolution will not originate in them, once let a popular uprising take form and the cellars will reinforce it in a manner more terrible than words can portray. Considered ethically, the problem is even more embarrassing and deplorable; here,

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as nowhere else in civilized society, thousands of our fellow-men are exiled from the enjoyments of civilization, forced into life's lowest strata of existence, branded with that fatal word scum. If they aspire to rise, society shrinks from them; they seem of another world; they are of another world; driven into the darkness of a hopeless existence, viewed much as were lepers in olden times. Over their heads perpetually rests the dread of eviction, of sickness and of failure to obtain sufficient work to keep life in the forms of their loved ones, making existence a perpetual nightmare, from which death alone brings release. Say not that they do not feel this; I have talked with them; I have seen the agony born of a fear that rests heavy on their souls stamped in their wrinkled faces and peering forth from great pathetic eyes. For them winter has real terror, for they possess neither clothes to keep comfortable the body, nor means with which to properly warm their miserable tenements. Summer is scarcely less frightful in their quarters, with the heat at once stifling, suffocating almost intolerable; heat which acting on the myriad germs of disease produces fever, often ending in death, or, what is still more dreaded, chronic invalidism. Starvation, misery and vice, trinity of despair, haunt their very step. The Golden Rule—the foundation of true civilization, the keynote of human happiness—reaches not their wretched quarters. Placed by society under the ban, life is one long and terrible night. But tragic as is the fate of the present generation, still more appalling is the picture when we contemplate the thousands of little waves of life yearly washed into the cellar of being; fragile, helpless innocents, responsible in no way for their presence or environment, yet condemned to a fate more frightful than the beasts of the field; human beings wandering in the dark, existing in the sewer, ever feeling the crushing weight of the gay world above, which thinks little and cares less for them. Infinitely pathetic is their lot.

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INTERIOR OF A TENEMENT.



UNDERGROUND TENEMENT WITH TWO BEDS.

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The causes that have operated to produce these conditions are numerous and complex, the most apparent being the immense influx of immigration from the crowded centers of the Old World; the glamor of city life, which has allured thousands from the country, fascinating them from afar much as the gaudy colors and tinsel before the footlights dazzle the vision of a child; the rapid growth of the saloon, rendered well-nigh impregnable by the wealth of the liquor power; the wonderful labor-saving inventions, which, in the hands of greed and avarice, instead of mitigating the burdens of the people, have greatly augmented them, by glutting the market with labor; the opportunities given by the government through grants, special privileges, and protective measures for rapid accummulation of wealth by the few; the power which this wealth has given its possessors over the less fortunate; the spread of that fevered mental condition which subjects all finer feelings and holier aspirations to the acquisition of gold and the gratification of carnal appetites, and which is manifest in such a startling degree in the gambler's world, which to dignify we call the realm of speculation; the desire for vulgar ostentation and luxurious indulgence, in a word the fatal fever for gold which has infested the social atmosphere, and taken possession of hundreds of thousands of our people, chilling their hearts, benumbing their conscience, choking all divine impulses and refined sensibilities; the cowardice and lethargy of the Church, which has grown rich in gold and poor in the possession of moral energy, which no longer dares to denounce the money changers, or alarm those who day by day are anesthetizing their own souls, while adding to the misery of the world. The church has become, to a great extent, subsidized by gold, saying in effect, "I am rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing," apparently ignorant of the fact that she "is wretched, poor, blind and naked," that she has signally failed in her

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mission of establishing on earth an ideal brotherhood. Instead of lifting her children into that lofty spiritual realm where each feels the misery of his brother, she has so far surrendered to the mammon of unrighteousness that, without the slightest fear of having their consciences disturbed, men find comfort in her soft-cushioned pews, who are wringing from ten to thirty per cent. profit from their fellowmen in the wretched tenement districts, or who refuse to pay more than twelve cents a pair for the making of pants, forty-five cents a dozen for flannel shirts, seventy-five cents a dozen for knee pants, and twenty-five cents a dozen for neckties. I refer not to the many noble exceptions, but I indict the great body of wealthy and fashionable churches, whose ministers do not know and take no steps to find out the misery that is dependent upon the avarice of their parishoners. Then again back of all this is the defective education which has developed all, save character, in man; education which has trained the brain but shriveled the soul. Last, but by no means least, is land speculation which has resulted in keeping large tracts of land idle which otherwise would have blossomed with happy homes. To these influences we must add the general ignorance of the people regarding the nature, extent and growing proportions of the misery and want in the New World which is spreading as an Eastern plague in the filth of an oriental city.

It is not my present purpose to dwell further on the causes which have produced these conditions. I wish to bring home to the mind and heart of the reader a true conception of life in the slums, by citing typical cases illustrating a condition prevalent in every great city of the Union and increasing in its extent every year. I shall confine myself to uninvited want as found in civilized Boston, because I am personally acquainted with the condition of affairs here, and because Boston has long claimed the proud distinction of being practically free from poverty.

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I shall briefly describe scenes which fell under my personal observation during an afternoon tour through the slums of the North End, confining myself to a few typical cases which fairly represent the condition of numbers of families who are suffering through uninvited poverty, a fact which I have fully verified by subsequent visits to the wretched homes of our very poor. I purposely omit in this paper describing any members of that terrible commonwealth where misery, vice, degradation, and crime are inseparably interwoven. This class belongs to a lower stratum ; they have graduated downward. Feeling that society's hand is against them, Ishmael-like they raise their hand against society. They compliment the uninvited poor ; both are largely a product of unjust and inequitable social conditions.

The scenes I am about to describe were witnessed one afternoon in April. The day was sunless and dreary, strangely in keeping with the environment of the exiles of society who dwell in the slums. The sobbing rain, the sad, low murmur of the wind under the eaves and through the narrow alleys, the cheerles frowning sky above, were in perfect harmony with the pathetic drama of life I was witnessing. Everything seemed pitched in a minor key, save now and then there swelled forth splendid notes of manly heroism and womanly courage, as boldly contrasting with the dead level of life as do the full rich notes of Wagner's grandest strains with the plaintive melody of a simple ballad sung by a shepherd lad. I was accompanied in this instance by the Rev. Walter Swaffield, of the Bethel Mission, and his assistant, Rev. W. J. English.

The first building we entered faced a narrow street. The hallway was as dark as the air was foul or the walls filthy. Not a ray or shimmer of light fell through transoms or sky-light. The stairs were narrow and worn. By the aid of matches we were able to grope our way along, and also to observe more

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than was pleasant to behold. It was apparant that the hallways or stairs were seldom surprised by water, while pure, fresh air was evidently as much a stranger as fresh paint. After ascending several flights, we entered a room of undreamed-of wretchedness. On the floor lay a sick man. He was rather fine-looking, with an intelligent face, bright eyes, and countenance indicative of force of character. No sign of dissipation, but an expression of sadness, or rather a look of dumb resignation, peered from his expressive eyes. For more than two years he has been paralyzed in his lower limbs, and also affected with dropsy. The spectacle of a strong man, with the organs of locomotion dead, is always pathetic; but when the victim of such misfortune is in the depths of abject poverty, his case assumes a tragic hue. There for two years he had lain on a wretched pallet of rags, seeing day by day and hour by hour his faithful wife tirelessly sewing, and knowing full well that health, life and hope were hourly slipping from her. This poor woman supports the invalid husband, her two children and herself, by making pants at twelve cents a pair. No rest, no surcease, a perpetual grind from early dawn often till far into the night; and what is more appalling, outraged nature has rebelled; the long months of semi-starvation and lack of sleep have brought on rheumatism, which has settled in the joints of her fingers, so that every stitch means a throb of pain. The afternoon we called, she was completing an enormous pair of custom-made pants of very fine blue cloth, for one of the largest clothing houses in Boston. The suit would probably bring sixty or sixty-five dollars, yet her employer graciously informed his poor white slave that as the garment was so large, he would give her an extra cent. Thirteen cents for fine custom-made pants, manufactured for a wealthy firm, which repeatedly asserts that its clothing is not made in tenement houses! Thus with one of the most pain-

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CONSTANCE AND MAGGIE.



WIDOW AND TWO CHILDREN.

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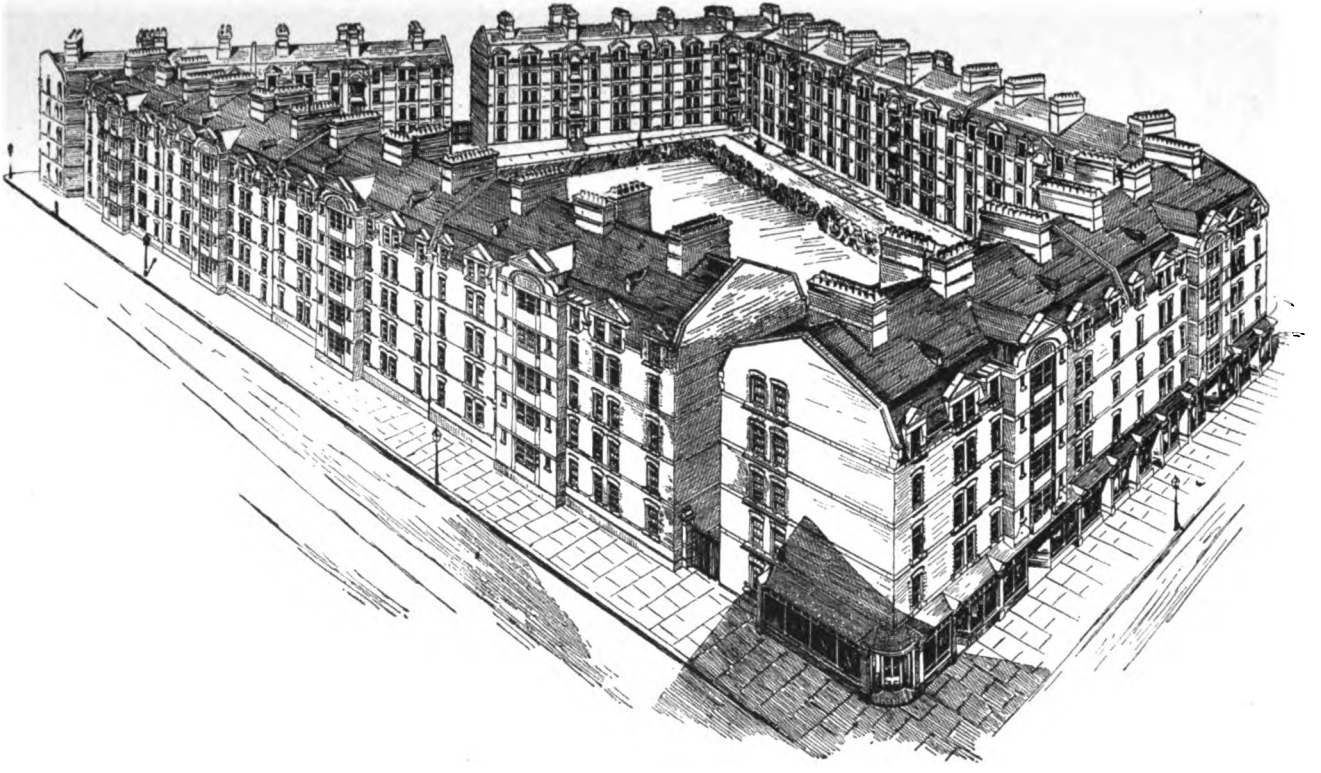
ful diseases enthroned in that part of the body which must move incessantly from dawn till midnight, with two small dependent children and a husband who is utterly powerless to help her, this poor woman struggles bravely and uncomplainingly, confronted ever by a nameless dread of impending misfortune. Eviction, sickness, starvation—such are the ever-present spectres, while every year marks the steady encroachment of disease, and the lowering of the register of vitality. Moreover, from the window of her soul falls the light of no star athwart the pathway of life.

The next place we visited was in the attic of a tenement building even more wretched than the one just described. The general aspects of these houses, however, are all much the same, the chief difference being in degrees of filth and squalor present. Here in an attic lives a poor widow with three children, a little boy and two little girls, Constance and Maggie. They live by making pants at twelve cents a pair. Since the youngest child was two-and-a-half years old she has been daily engaged in overcasting the long seams of the garments made by her mother. When we first called she had just passed her fourth birthday, and now overcasts from three to four pairs of pants every day. There, seated on a little stool, she sat, her fingers moving as rapidly and in as unerring manner as an old experienced needlewoman. These three children are fine-looking, as are most of the little Portuguese I visited. Their large heads and brilliant eyes seem to indicate capacity to enjoy in an unusual degree the matchless delight springing from intellectual and spiritual development. Yet the wretched walls of their little apartment practically mark the limit of their world; the needle their inseparable companion; their moral and mental natures hopelessly dwarfed; a world of wonderful possibilities denied them by an inexorable fate over which they have no control and for which they are in no way

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responsible. We often hear it said that these children of the slums are perfectly happy; that not knowing what they miss life is as enjoyable to them as the young in more favorable quarters. I am satisfied, however, that this is true only in a limited sense. The little children I have just described are already practically machines; day by day they engage in the same work with much the monotony of an automatic instrument propelled by a blind force. When given oranges and cakes, a momentary smile illumined their countenances, a liquid brightness shot from their eyes, only to be replaced by the solemn, almost stolid, expression which has become habitual even on faces so young. This conclusion was still more impressively emphasized by the following touching remark of a child of twelve years in another apartment, who was with her mother busily sewing. "I am forty-three years old to-day," remarked the mother, and said Mr. English, "I shall be forty-two next week." "Oh, dear," broke in the child, "I should think people would grow so tired of living so many years." Was utterance ever more pathetic? She spoke in tones of mingled sadness and weariness, revealing in one breath all the pent-up bitterness of a young life condemned to a slavery intolerable to any refined or sensitive nature. Is it strange that people here take to drink? To me it is far more surprising that so many are sober. I am convinced that in the slums far more drunkeness is caused by abject poverty and inability to obtain work, than want is produced by drink. Here the physical system, half starved and often chilled, calls for stimulants. Here the horrors of nightmare, which we sometimes suffer during our sleep, are present during every waking hour. An oppressive fear weighs forever on the mind. Drink offers a temporary relief and satisfies the craving of the system, besides the environment invites dissipation, and human nature at best is frail. I marvel that there is not more drunkenness exhibited in the poverty spots of our cities.

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THE VICTORIA SQUARE APARTMENT HOUSE.

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Among the places we visited were a number of cellars or burrows. We descended several steps into dark, narrow passage-ways, leading to cold, damp rooms, in many of which no direct ray of sunshine ever creeps. We entered a room filled with a bed, cooking stove, rack of dirty clothes and numerous chairs, of which the most one could say was that their backs were still sound and which probably had been donated by persons who could no longer use them. On the bed lay a man who has been ill for three months with rheumatism. This family consists of father, mother and a large daughter, all of whom are compelled to occupy one bed. They eat, cook, live and sleep in this wretched cellar and pay over fifty dollars a year rent. This is a typical illustration of life in this underground world.

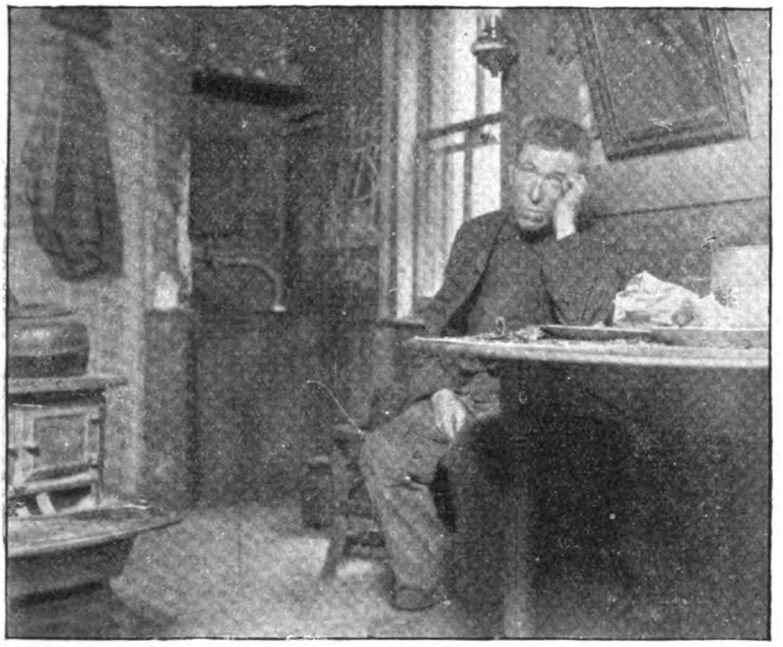
In another similar cellar or burrow we found a mother and seven boys and girls, some of them quite large, all sleeping in two medium-sized beds in one room; this room is also their kitchen. The other room is a storehouse for kindling wood the children gather and sell, a little store and living room combined. Their rent is two dollars a week. The cellar was damp and cold; the air stifling. Nothing can be imagined more favorable to contagion both physical and moral than such dens as these. Ethical exaltation or spiritual growth is impossible with such environment. It is not strange that the slums breed criminals, which require vast sums yearly to punish after evil has been accomplished; but to me it is an ever-increasing source of wonder that society should be so short-sighted and neglectful of the condition of its exiles, when an outlay of much smaller sum would ensure a prevention of a large proportion of the crime that emanates from the slums; while at the same time it would mean a new world of life, happiness and measureless possibilities for the thousands who now exist in hopeless gloom.

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In a small room fronting an interior court we found a man whose face bore the stamp of that "hope long deferred which maketh the heart sick." He is, I am informed, a strictly temperate, honest and industrious workman. Up to the time of his wife's illness and death, which occurred last summer, the family lived in a reasonably comfortable manner, as the husband found no difficulty in securing work on the sea. When the wife died, however, circumstances changed. She left six little children. one almost an infant. The father could not go to sea, leaving his little flock without a protector, to fall the victims of starvation, and since then he has worked whenever he could get employment loading vessels, or at anything he could find. For the past six weeks he has been practically without work, and the numerous family of little ones have suffered for life's necessities. His rent is two dollars and a quarter a week.

In the attic in another tenement we found a widow weeping and working by the side of a little cradle where lay a sick child, whose large luminous eyes shone with almost phosphorescent brilliancy from great cavernous sockets, as they wandered from one to another, with a wistful soul-querying gaze. Its forehead was large and prominent, so much so that looking at the upper part of the head one would little imagine how terrible the emaciation of the body, which was little more than skin and bones, speaking more eloquently than words of the ravages of slow starvation and wasting disease. The immediate cause of the poor woman's tears was explained to us in broken English, substantially as follows: She had just returned from the dispensary where she had been unsuccessful in her effort to have a physician visit her child, owing to her inability to pay the quarter of a dollar demanded for the visit. After describing as best she could the condition of the invalid, the doctor had given her two bottles of medicine and a pre-

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OUT OF WORK.



PORTUGUESE WIDOW IN ATTIC.

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scription blank on which he had written directions for her to get a truss that would cost her two dollars and a half at the drug store. She had explained to the physician that owing to the illness of her child she had fallen a week and a half in arrears in rent; that the agent for the tenement had notified her that if one week's rent was not paid on Saturday she would be evicted, which meant death to her child, so she could not buy the truss. To which the doctor replied: "You must get the truss and put it on before giving anything from either bottle, or the medicine will kill your child." "If I give the medicine," she repeated, showing us the bottles, "before I put the truss on, he says it will kill my child," and the tears ran swiftly down her sad but intelligent face. The child was so emaciated that the support would inevitably have produced terrible sores in a short time. I am satisfied that had the physician seen its condition, he would not have had a heart to order it.

I thought as I studied the anxious and sorrowful countenance of that mother, how hard, indeed, is the lot of the very poor. They have to buy coal by the basketful and pay almost double price, likewise food and all life's necessities. They are compelled to live in frightful disease-fostering quarters, and pay exorbitant rents for the accommodations they receive. When sick they are not always free from imposition, even when they receive aid in the name of charity, and sometimes theology under the cloak of religion oppresses them. This last thought had been suggested by seeing in our rounds some half-starved women dropping pennies into the hands of Sisters of Charity, who were even here in the midst of terrible want, exacting from the starving money for a church whose coffers groan with wealth. O religion, ineffably radiant and exalting in thy pure influence, how thou art often debased by thy professional followers! How much injustice is meted out to the

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very poor, and now many crimes are still committed under thy cloak and in thy holy name! Even this poor widow had bitterly suffered through priests who belong to a great communion, claiming to follow Him who cried, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," as will be seen by the following, related to me by Rev. Walter Swaffield, who was personally cognizant of the facts. The husband of this widow was out of work for a time; being to ill to engage in steady work, he found it impossible to pay the required ten cents for seats in the church to which he belonged, and was consequently excluded from his sitting. Shortly after he fell sick, his wife sought the priest, imploring him to administer the sacrament, and later extreme unction, which he positively refused, leaving the poor man to die without the consolation of the church he had from infancy been taught to love and revere.

It is not strange that many in this world of misery become embittered against society; that they sometimes learn to hate all who live in comfort, and who represent the established order of things, and from the rank of the patient, uncomplaining struggler descend to a lower zone, where the moral nature is eclipsed by degradation and crime, and life takes on a deeper shade of horror. This class of people exist on the brink of a precipice. Socially, they may be likened to the physical condition of Victor Hugo's Claude Frollo after Quasimodo had hurled him from the tower of Notre Dame. You remember the sickening sensation produced by that wonderful piece of descriptive work, depicting the false priest hanging to the eaves, vainly striving to ascend, feeling the leaden gutter to which he was holding slowly giving away. His hands send momentary messages to the brain, warning it that endurance is almost exhausted. Below he sees the sharp formidable spires of Saint-Jean-de-Ronde, and immediately

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under him, two hundred feet from where he hangs, are the hard pavement, where men appear like pigmies. Above stands the avenging hunchback ready to hurl him back if he succeed in climbing over the eaves. So these poor people have ever below them starvation, eviction and sickness. Above stands Quasimodo in the form of a three-headed monster; a soulless landlord, the slave master who pays only starvation wages, and disease, the natural complement of the wretched squalor permitted by the one, and the slow starvation necessarily incident to the prices paid by the other. Their lot is even more terrible when it is remembered that their fall carries with it the fate of their loved ones. In addition to the multitude who are condemned to suffer through uninvited poverty, with no hopeful outlook before them, there is another class who are constantly on the brink of real distress, and who are liable at any time, to suffer bitterly because they are proud-spirited and will almost starve to death before they ask for aid. Space prevents me from citing more than one illustration of this character. In an apartment house we found an American woman with a babe two weeks old and a little girl. The place was scrupulously clean, something very rare in this zone of life. The woman, of course, was weak from illness and, as yet, unable to take in any work to speak of. Her husband had been out of employment for a few weeks, but had just shipped on board a sailing vessel for a cruise of several months. The woman did not intimate that they were in great need, as she hoped to soon be enabled to make some money, and the portion of her husband's wages she was allowed to draw, paid the rent. A week ago, however, the little girl came to the Bethel Mission asking for a loaf of bread. "We have had nothing to eat since Monday morning," she said, "and the little baby cries all the time because mamma can give it no milk." It was Wednesday evening

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when the child visited the Mission. An investigation substantiated the truth of the child's words. The mother too proud to beg, struggled with fate, hoping and praying to be able to succeed without asking for aid, but seeing her babe starving to death, she yielded. This case finds many counterparts where a little aid bridges over a period of frightful want, after which the unfortunate are able, in a measure, to take care of themselves.

I find it impossible in this paper to touch upon other cases I desired to describe. The above illustrations however, typical of the life and environments of hundreds of families, are sufficient to emphasize a condition which exists in our midst and which is yearly growing, both in extent and intensity of bitterness; a condition that is little understood by those who are not actually brought in contact with the circumstances as they exist, a condition at once revolting and appalling to every sense of humanity and justice. We cannot afford to remain ignorant of the real status of life in our midst, any more than we can afford to sacrifice truth to optimism. It has become a habit with some to make light of these grim and terrible facts, to minify the suffering experienced or to try and impute the terrible condition to drink. This may be pleasant but it will never alter conditions or aid the cause of reform. It is our duty to honestly face the deplorable conditions, and courageously set to work to ameliorate the suffering, and bring about radical reformatory measures calculated to invest life with a rich, new significance for this multitude so long exiles from joy, gladness and comfort.

We now come to the practical question, What is to be done? But before viewing the problem in its larger and more far-reaching aspects, I wish to say a word in regard to the direct measures for immediate relief which it is fashionable among many reformers to dismiss as unworthy of con-

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sideration. It is very necessary in a discussion of this character to view the problem in all its bearings, and adjust the mental vision so as to recognize the utility of the various plans advanced by sincere reformers. I have frequently heard it urged that these palliative measures tend to retard the great radical reformative movements, which are now taking hold of the public mind. This view, however comfortable to those who prefer theorizing and agitation to putting their shoulder to the wheel in a practical way, is, nevertheless, erroneous. There is no way in which people can be so thoroughly aroused to the urgent necessity of radical economic changes as by bringing them into such intimate relations with the submerged millions that they hear the throbbing of misery's heart. The lethargy of the moral instincts of the people is unquestionably due to lack of knowledge more than anything else. The people do not begin to realize the true condition of life in the ever-widening field of abject want. When they know and are sufficiently interested to personally investigate the problem and aid the suffering, they will appreciate as never before the absolute necessity for radical economic changes, which contemplate a greater meed of justice and happiness than any measures yet devised. But aside from this we must not forget the fact that we have a duty to perform to the living no less than to the generations yet unborn. The commonwealth of to-day as well as that of to-morrow demands our aid. Millions are in the quicksands; yearly, monthly, daily, hourly they are sinking deeper and deeper. We can save them while the bridges are being built. To withhold the planks upon which life and happiness depend is no less criminal than to refuse to face the question in its broader aspects and labor for fundamental economic changes. A great work of real, practical and enduring value, however, is being wrought each year by those in charge of local mis-

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sions work in the slums and by individuals who mingle with and study the actual condition of the very poor. The extent of good accomplished by these few who are giving their lives to uplifting society's exiles is little understood, because it is quiet and unostentatious; yet through the instrumentality of the silent workers, thousands of persons are annually kept from starvation and crime, while for many of them new, broad, and hopeful horizons are constantly coming in view.

Let us now examine a broader aspect of this problem. So long as the wretched, filthy dens of dirt, vermin and disease stand as the only shelter for the children of the scum, so long will moral and physical contagion flourish and send forth death-dealing germs; so long will crime and degradation increase, demanding more policemen, more numerous judiciary, and larger prisons. No great permanent or far-reaching reformation can be brought about until the habitations of the people are radically improved. The recognition of this fact has already led to a practical palliative measure for relief that must challenge the admiration of all thoughtful persons interested in the welfare of society's exiles. It is a step in the direction of justice. It is not merely a work of charity; it is, I think, the most feasible immediate measure that can be employed which will change the whole aspect of life for tens of thousands, making existence mean something, and giving a wonderful significance to the now meaningless word home. I refer to the erection of model tenement apartments in our overcrowded sections, such, for example, as the Victoria Square dwelling of Liverpool. Here, on the former site of miserable tenement houses, sheltering more than a thousand people, stands to-day a palatial structure built around a hollow square, the major part of which is utilized as a large shrub-encircled playground for the children. The halls and stairways of the building are broad, light and airy; the ventilation

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and sanitary arrangements perfect. The apartments are divided into one, two and three rooms each. No room is smaller than 13x8 feet 6 inches; most of them are 12x13 feet 4 inches. All the ceilings are 9 feet high. A superintendent looks after the building. The tenants are expected to be orderly, and to keep their apartments clean. The roomy character of halls and chambers may be inferred from the fact that there are only two hundred and seventy-five apartments in the entire building. The returns on the total expenditure of the building, which was $338,800.00, it is estimated will be at least four and one-half per cent. while the rents are as follows: $1.44 per week for the three-room tenement, $1.08 per week for those containing two large rooms, and 54 cents for the one-room quarters. In Boston, the rents for the dreadful one-room cellar are $1.00 a week; for the two-room tenements above the cellars, the rent so far as I heard, ranged from $1.50 to $2.50; three rooms were of course, much higher. The rooms also are far smaller here than those in the beautiful, healthful and inviting Victoria Square apartments. Yet it will be observed that the Shylock landlords receive more than double the rental paid in this building for dens which would be a disgrace to barbarism. A similar experiment, in many respects even more remarkable than that recently inaugurated by the Liverpool cöoperation, is exhibited in the Peabody dwellings in London. These apartments have been in successful operation for so many years, while the results attending them have been so marked and salutary that no discussion of this subject would be complete that failed to give some of the most important facts relating to them. I know of no single act of philanthrophy that towers so nobly above the sordid greed of the struggling multitude of millionaires, as does this splendid work of George Peabody, by which to-day twenty thousand people, who but for

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him would be in the depth of the slums, are fronting a bright future, and with souls full of hope are struggling into a higher civilization. It will be remembered that Mr. Peabody donated at intervals extending over a period of eleven years, or from 1862 to 1873, £500,000 or $2,500,000 to this project of relieving the poor. He specified that his purpose was to ameliorate the condition of the poor and needy of London, and promote their comfort and happiness, making only the following conditions:

"First and foremost amongst them is the limitation of its uses, absolutely and exclusively, to such purposes as may be calculated directly to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor, who, either by birth or established residence, form a recognized portion of the population of London.

"Secondly, it is my intention that now, and for all time, there shall be a rigid exclusion from the management of this fund, of any influences calculated to impart to it a character either sectarian as regards religion, or exclusive in relation to party politics.

"Thirdly, it is my wish that the sole qualification for a participation in the benefits of the fund shall be an ascertained and continued condition of life, such as brings the individual within the description (in the ordinary sense of the word) of the poor of London; combined with moral character, and good conduct as a member of society."

Realizing that little could be hoped for from individuals or their offspring, who were condemned to a life in vile dens, where the squalor and wretchedness was only equaled by the poisonous, disease-breeding atmosphere and the general filth which characterized the tenement districts, the trustees Mr. Peabody selected to carry forward his work, engaged in the erection of a large building accommodating over two hundred,

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at a cost of $136,500. This apartment house, which is substantially uniform with the seventeen additional buildings since constructed from the Peabody fund, is five stories high, built around a hollow square, thus giving plenty of fresh air and sunshine to the rear as well as the front of the entire building.

The square affórds a large playground for the children where they are in no danger of being run over by vehicles, and where they are under the immediate eye of many of the parents. The building is divided into tenements of one, two and three room apartments, according to the requirements of the occupant. There are also nine stores on the ground floor, which bring a rental of something over $1,500 a year for each of the buildings. By careful, honest and conscientious businest management, the original sum of $2,500,000 has been almost doubled, while comfortable, healthful homes have been procured for an army of over twenty thousand persons. Some of the apartments contain four rooms, many three, some two, others one. The average rent is about $1.15 for an apartment. The average price for three-room apartments in the wretched tenements of London, is from $1.45 a week. In the Peabody dwellings, the death rate is .96 per one thousand below the average in London. Thus it will be seen that while large, healthful, airy and cheerful homes have been provided for over twenty thousand at a lower figure than the wretched disease-fostering and crime-breeding tenements of soulless Shylocks, the Peabody fund has since 1862, grown to nearly $5,000,000, or almost twice the sum given for the work by the great philanthropist. No words can adequately describe the magnitude of this splendid work, any more than we can measure the good it has accomplished, the crime prevented, or the lives that through it have grown to ornament and bless society. In the Liverpool experiment, the work has been prosecuted by the municipal government. In the

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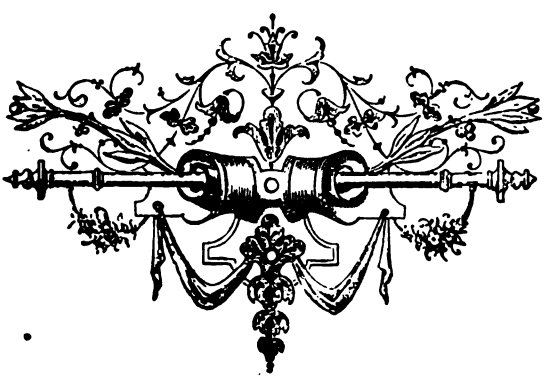
Peabody dwellings, it has, of course, been the work of an individual, carried on by a board of high-minded, honorable and philanthropic gentlemen. To my mind, it seems far more practicable for philanthropic, moneyed men to prosecute this work as a business investment, specifying in their wills that rents shall not rise above a figure necessary to insure a fair interest on the money, rather than leave it for city governments, as in the latter case it would be in great danger of becoming an additional stronghold for unscrupulous city officials to use for political purposes. I know of no field where men with millions can so bless the race as by following Mr. Peabody's example in our great cities. If, instead of willing every year, princely sums to old, rich and conservative educational institutions, which already possess far more money than they require—wealthy persons would bequeath sums for the erection of buildings after the manner of the Victoria Square or the Peabody Dwellings, a wonderful transformation would appear in our cities. Crime would diminish, life would soon rise to a higher level, and from the hearts and brains of tens of thousands, a great and terrible load would be lifted. Yet noble and praiseworthy as is this work, we must not lose sight of the fact, that at best it is only a palliative measure; a grand, noble, beneficent work which challenges our admiration, and should receive our cordial support; still it is only a palliative.

There is a broader aspect still, a nobler work to be accomplished. As long as speculation continues in that great gift of God to man, land, the problem will be unsettled. So long as the landlords find that the more wretched, filthy, rickety and loathsome a building is, the lower will be the taxes, he will continue to make some of the ever-increasing army of bread-winners dwell in his foul disease impregnated dens.

The present economic system is being rapidly outgrown.

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Man's increasing intelligence, sense of justice, and the humanitarian spirit of the age, demand radical changes, which will come immeasurably nearer securing equal opportunities for all persons than the past dreamed possible. No sudden or rash measure calculated to convulse business and work great suffering should be entertained, but our future action should rest on a broad settled policy founded upon justice, tempered by moderation, keeping in view the great work of banishing uninvited poverty, and elevating to a higher level the great struggling millions without for a moment sacrificing individualism. Indeed, a truer democracy in which a higher interpretation of justice, and a broader conception of individual freedom, and a more sacred regard for liberty should be the watchword of the future.



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Whisperers.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

PAUL called the long roll of the world's villainy, and he put in the midst of this roll those persons known in all cities and communities and places as whisperers. They are so called because they generally speak under voice and in a confidential way, their hand to the side of their mouth acting as a funnel to keep the precious information from wandering into the wrong ear. They speak softly, not because they have lack of lung force, or because they are overpowered with the spirit of gentleness, but because they want to escape the consequences of defamation. If no one hears but the person whispered unto and the offender be arraigned, he can deny the whole thing, for whisperers are always first-class liars! Some people whisper because they are hoarse from a cold, or because they wish to convey some useful information without disturbing others; but the creatures photographed by the apostle give muffled utterance from sinister and depraved motive, and sometimes you can only hear the sibilant sound as the letter "S" drop from the tongue into the listening ear, the brief hiss of the serpent as it projects its venom. Whisperers are masculine and feminine with a tendency to majority on the side of those

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who are called "the Lords of Creation." Whisperers are heard at every window of the bank cashier, and are heard in all counting rooms as well as in sewing societies and at meetings of asylum directors and managers. They are the worst foes of society; responsible for miseries innumerable; they are the scavengers of the world, driving their cart through every community, and I hold up for your holy anathema and execration these whisperers.

From the frequency with which Paul speaks of them under different titles, I conclude that he must have suffered somewhat from them. His personal presence was very defective, and that made him, perhaps, the target of their ridicule. And besides that, he was a bachelor, persisting in his celibacy down into the sixties, indeed, all the way through, and some having failed in their connubial designs upon him, the little missionery was put under the raking fire of these whisperers. He was no doubt a rare morsel for their scandalization; and he cannot keep his patience any longer and he lays hold of these miscreants of the tongue and gives them a very hard setting down among the scoundrelly and the murders. "Envy, murder, depate, deceit, malignity, whisperers." The law of a libel makes quick and stout grip of open slander. If I should in a plain way charge you with fraud, or theft, or murder, or uncleanness, to-morrow morning I might have peremptory documents served on me, and I would have to pay in dollars and cents for the damage I had done your character. But these creatures spoken of are so small that they escape the fine-tooth comb of the law. They go on and they go on, escaping the judges and the juries and the penitentiaries. The district attorney cannot find them, the sheriff cannot find them, the grand jury cannot find them. Shut them off from one route of perfidy and they start on another. You cannot by the force of moral senti-

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ment persuade them to desist. You might as well read the ten commandments to a flock of crows, expecting them to retreat under the force of moral sentiment. They are to be found everywhere, these whisperers. I think their paradise is a country village of about one or two thousand people where everybody knows everybody. But they are also to be found in large quantities in all large cities. They have a prying disposition. They look into the basement windows at the tables of their neighbors, and can tell just what they have morning and night to eat. They can see as far through a key-hole as other people can see with a door wide open. They can hear conversation on the opposite side of the room. Indeed, the world to them is a whispering gallery. They always put the worst construction on everything.

Some morning a wife descends into the street, her eyes damp with tears, and that is stimulus to the tattler and is enough to set up a business for three or four weeks. "I guess that husband and wife don't live happily together. I wonder if he hasn't been abusing her? Its outrageous. He ought to be disciplined. He ought to be brought up before the church. I'll go right over to my neighbors and I'll let them know about this matter." She rushes in all out of breath to a neighbor's house and says: "Oh, Mrs. Allear, have you heard the dreadful news? Why, our neighbor, poor thing, came down the steps in a flood of tears. That brute of a husband has been abusing her. Well, it's just as I expected. I saw him the other afternoon very smiling and gracious to some one who smiled back, and I thought then I would just go up to him and tell him he had better go home and look after his wife and family who probably at that very time were upstairs crying their eyes out. Oh, Mrs. Allear, do have your husband go over and put an end to this trouble! It's simply outrageous that our neighborhood should be disturbed in this

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THE GOSSIPS.

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way. It's awful." The fact that one man or woman set on fire of this hellish spirit will keep a whole neighborhood aboil. It does not require any very great brain. The chief requisition is that a woman have a small family or no family at all, because if she have a large family then she would have to stay at home and look after them. It is very important that she be single, or have no children at all, and then she can attend to all the secrets of the neighborhood all the time. A woman with a large family makes a very poor whisperer.

It is astonishing how these whisperers gather up everything. They know everything that happens. They have telephone and telegraph wires reaching from their ears to all the houses in the neighborhood. They have no taste for healthy news, but for the scraps and peelings thrown out of the scullery into the back-yard they have great avidity. On the day when their is a new scandal in the newspapers, they have no time to go abroad. On the day when there are four or five columns of delightful private letters published in a divorce case, she stays at home and reads and reads and reads. No time for her Bible that day, but toward night, perhaps, she may have time to run out a little while and see whether there are any new developments. Satan does not have to keep a very sharp lookout for his evil dominion in that neighborhood. He has let out to her the whole contract. She gets husbands and wives into a quarrel, and brothers and sisters into antagonism, and she disgusts the pastor with the flock and the flock with the pastor, and she makes neighbors, who before were kindly toward each other, over-suspicious and critical, so when one of the neighbors passes by in a carriage they hiss through their teeth and say: "Ah, we could all keep a carriage if we never paid our debts?"

I have more respect for the poor waif of the street that goes down under the gaslight, with no home and no God—for she

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deceives no one as to what she is—than I have for these hags of respectable society who cover up their tiger claws with a fine shawl, and bolt the hell of their heart with a diamond breast-pin!

The work of the masculine whisperers is chiefly seen in the embarassment of business. Now, I suppose out of the numberless men who at some time have been in business trouble in nine case out of ten it was the result of some whisperer's work. The whisperer uttered some suspicion in regard to your credit. You sold your horse and carriage because you had no use for them, and the whisperer said: "Sold his horse and carriage because he had to sell them. The fact that he sold his horse and carriage shows he is going down in business." One of your friends get embarrassed, and you are a little involved with him. The whisperer says: "I wonder if he can stand under all this pressure? I think he is going down. I think he will have to give up." You borrow money out of a bank and a director whispers outside about it, and after a while the suspicion gets fairly started, and it leaps from one whisperer's lip to another whisperer's lip until all the people you owe wants their money and want it right away, and the business circles come around you like a pack of wolves, and though you had assets four times more than necessary to meet your liabilities, crash went everything. Whisperers! whisperers! Oh, how much business men have suffered. Sometimes in the circles of clergymen we discuss why a great many merchants do not go to church. I will tell you why they do not go to church. By the time Saturday night comes around they are worn out with the annoyances of business life. They have had enough meanness practiced upon them to set their whole nervous system atwich. People sometimes do not understand why in the Brooklyn Tabernacle we generally have men in the majority in almost all our audiences.

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It is because I preach so much to business men, and I resolved years ago that I would never let a Sunday pass but in prayer or sermon I would utter my sympathies for the struggle of business men, knowing that struggle as I do in many cases to be the work of whisperers. I have seen men whispered into bankruptcy. You have seen the same thing. Alas, for these gad-abouts, these tale-bearers, these scandal-mongers, these everlasting snoops! I hate them with an ever-increasing vehemence of hatred, and I ask God to give me more intensity with which to hate them.

I think among the worst of whisperers are those who gather up all the harsh things that have been said about you and bring them to you—all the things said against you, or against your family, or against your style of business. They gather them all up and they bring them to you, they bring them to you in the very worst shape, they bring them to you without any of the extenuating circumstances, and after they have made your feelings all raw, very raw, they take this brine, this turpentine, this aqua fortis, and rub it in with a coarse towel, and rub it in until it sinks to the bone. They make you the pincushion in which they thrust all the sharp things they ever heard about you. "Now, don't bring me into a scrape. Now don't tell anybody I told you. Let it be between you and me. Don't involve me in it at all." They aggravate you to the point of profanity and then they wonder you cannot sing psalm tunes! They turn you on a spit before a hot fire and wonder why you are not absorbed in gratitude to them because they turn you on a spit. Peddlers of nightshade. Peddlers of Canada thistle. Peddlers of *nux vomica.* Sometimes they get you in a corner where you cannot very well escape without being rude, and then they tell you all about this one, and all about that one, and all about the other one, and they talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk. After awhile they go

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away leaving the place looking like a barn-yard after the foxes and weasels have been around ; here a wing, and there a claw, and yonder an eye, and there a crop. Oh, how they do make the feathers fly !

Rather than the defamation of good names, it seems to me it would be more honorable and useful if you just took a box of matches in your pocket and a razor in your hand, and go through the streets and see how many houses you can burn down and how many throats you can cut. That is a better business. The destruction of a man's name is worse than the destruction of his life. A woman came in confessional to a priest and told him that she had been slandering her neighbors. The priest gave her a thistle top and said : "You can take that thistle top and scatter the seeds all over the field." She went and did so, and came back. "Now," said the priest, "gather up all those seeds." She said, "I can't." "Ah!" he said, "I know you can't ; neither can you gather up the evil words you spoke about your neighbors." All good men and all good women have sometimes had detractors after them. John Wesley's wife whispered about him, whispered all over England, kept on whispering about that good man—as good a man as ever lived—and kept on whispering until the connubial relation was dissolved.

Jesus Christ had these whisperers after him, and they charged him with drinking too much and keeping bad company. "A wine bibber and the friend of publicans and sinners." You take the best man that ever lived, and put a detective on his track for ten years, watching where he goes and when he comes, and with a determination to misconstrue everything and to think that he goes here for a bad purpose, and there for a bad purpose, with the determination of destroying him, at the end of ten years he will be held despicable in the sight of a great many people.

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If it is an outrageous thing to despoil a man's character, how much worse to damage a woman's reputation? Yet that evil goes from century to century, and it is all done by whisperers. A suspicion is started. The next whisperer who gets hold of it states the suspicion as a proven fact, and many a good woman, as honorable as your wife or your mother, has been whispered out of all kindly associations and whispered into the grave. Some people say there is no hell; but if there be no hell for such a despoiler of womanly character, it is high time that some philanthropist built one! But there is such a place established, and what a time they will have when all the whisperers get down there together rehearsing things! Everlasting carnival of mud. Were it not for the uncomfortable surroundings, you might suppose they would be glad to get there. In that region where they are all bad, what opportunities for exploration by these whisperers. On earth, to despoil their neighbors, sometimes they had to lie about them, but down there they can say the worst things possible about their neighbors, and tell the truth. Jubilee of whisperers. Grand gala day of backbiters. Semi-heaven of scandal-mongers stopping their gabble about their diabolical neighbors only long enough to go up to the iron gate and ask some newcomer from the earth, "What is the last gossip in our cities here?"

Now, how are we to war against this iniquity which curses every community on earth? First, by refusing to listen to or believe a whisperer. Every court of the land has for a law, and all decent communities have for a law, that you must hold people innocent until they are proved guilty. There is only one person worse than the whisperer, and that is the man or the woman who listens without protest. The trouble is, you hold the sack while they fill it. The receiver of stolen goods is just as bad as the thief. An ancient writer declares that a

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slanderer and a man who receives the slander ought both to be hung—the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. And I agree with him. When you hear something bad about your neighbors, do not go all over and ask about it, whether it is true, and scatter it and spread it. You might as well go to a small-pox hospital and take a patient and carry him all through the community. That would be very bad for the patient and the neighbors. Do not retail slanders and whisperings. Do not make yourself the inspector of warts, and the supervisor of carbuncles, and the commissioner for street gutters, and the holder of stakes for a dog fight. Can it be that you, an immortal man, that you, an immortal woman, can find no better business than to become a gutter inspector?

Besides that, at your family table allow no detraction. Teach your children to speak well of others. Show them the difference between a bee and a wasp—the one gathering honey, the other thrusting a sting. I read of a family where they kept what they called a slander book, and when any slanderous words were uttered in the house about anybody, or detraction uttered, it was all put down in this book. The book was kept carefully. For the first few weeks there were a great many entries, but after awhile there were no entries at all. Detraction stopped in that household. It would be a good thing to have a slander book in all households.

Are any of you given to this habit of whispering about others? Let me persuade you to desist. Mount Taurus was a great place for eagles, and cranes would fly along that way, and they would cackle so loud that the eagles would know of their coming and they would pounce upon them and destroy them. It is said that the old cranes found this out, and before they started on their flight they would always put a stone in their mouth so they could not cackle, and then they would fly in perfect safety. Oh, my friends, be as wise as the old

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cranes and avoid the folly of the young cranes! Do not cackle. If you are whispered about, if you are slandered, if you are abused in any circle of life, let me say for your encouragement that these whisperers soon run out. They may do little damage for a while, but after a while their detraction becomes a eulogy, and people understand them just as well as though some one chalked all over their overcoat or their shawl these words: "Here goes a whisperer. Room for the leper. Room!" You go ahead and do your duty, and God will take care of your reputation. How dare you distrust Him? You have committed to Him your souls. Can you not trust Him with your reputation! Get down on your knees before God and settle the whole matter there. That man whom God takes care of is well sheltered.

Let me charge you to make right and holy use of the tongue. It is loose at one end and can swing either way, but it is fastened at the other end to the floor of your mouth, and that makes you responsible for the way it wags. Xanthus, the philosopher, told his servant that on the morrow he was going to have some friends to dine and told him to get the best thing he could find in the market. The philosopher and his guests sat down the next day at the table. They had nothing but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue cooked in this way and tongue cooked in that way, and the philosopher lost his patience and said to his servant, "didn't I tell you to get the best thing in the market?" He said: "I did get the best thing in the market. Isn't the tongue the organ of socialty, the organ of eloquence, the organ of kindness, the organ of worship?" Then, Xanthus said: "To-morrow I want you to get me the worst thing in the market." And on the morrow the philosopher sat at the table, and there was nothing there but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue in this shape and tongue in that shape—and the philosopher

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again lost his patience and said: "Didn't I tell you to get the worst thing in the market?" The servant replied: "I did; for isn't the tongue the organ of blasphemy, the organ of defamation, the organ of lying?" Oh, employ the tongue which God so wonderfully created as the organ of taste, the organ of deglutition, the organ of articulation to make others happy, and in the service of God! If you whisper, whisper good—encouragement to the fallen and hope to the lost. Ah, my friends, the time will soon come when we will all whisper! The voice will be enfeebled in the last sickness, and though that voice could laugh and shout and sing and halloo until the forest echoes answered, it will be so feeble then we can only whisper consolation to those whom we leave behind and only whisper our hope of heaven.

While I write there are hundreds whispering their last utterances. Oh, when that solemn hour comes to you and to me, as come soon it will, may it be found that we did our best to serve Christ and to cheer our comrades in the earthly struggle, and that we consecrated not only our hand but our tongue to God. See that the shadows that fall around our dying pillow shall not be the evening twilight of a gathering night, but the morning twilight of an everlasting day. This morning, at half-past five o'clock, I looked out of the window, and the stars were very dim. I looked out a few moments after, and the stars were almost invisible. I looked out an hour or two afterward. Not a star was to be seen. What was the matter of the stars? Had they melted into darkness? No. They had melted into the glorious light of morn.

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Christ and Fallen Women.

D. L. MOODY.

I WANT to talk to-night about fallen women. There are some people who believe that these have fallen so low that Christ will pass them by. But, my friends, that thought comes from the Evil One. In all this blessed book there is not one, not a solitary one, of this class mentioned that ever came to Him but that He received them. Yes, He even went out of His way and sought them out. Now I want to take three representative cases where these women had to do with Christ. One is the case of an awakened one. The spirit of God has dealt with her anxious wakened soul. The Lord was one day at Jerusalem, and a banquet was given him by Simeon. There was a banquet table in the house, arranged according to the fashion of that day. Instead of chairs for the guests, as was customary, the guests sat reclining on lounges. Well, it was just one these repasts that our Lord sat down to, along with the wealthy Simeon and his many guests. But no sooner had He entered than this woman followed him into the house, and fell down at His feet and began to wash them with her tears. It was the custom in those days to wash one's feet on entering a house. Sandals were worn, and the practice was necessary. Well, this woman

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had got into the house by some means, and once inside, had quietly stolen up to the feet of Jesus. And in her hand she brought a box. But her heart, too, was just as full of ointment as the box she carried; and there was the sweetest perfume as she stole to His feet. And her tears started to fall down on those sacred feet—hot scalding tears that gushed out like water. She said nothing while the tears fell; and then she took down her long black hair, and wiped His feet with the hair of her head. And after that she poured out the ointment on His feet. Then straightway the Pharisees began to talking together. Now, all through the New Testament these Pharisees keep whispering and talking together. They said, shaking their heads, "This man receiveth sinners;" and then, "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him, for she is a sinner." No prophet, they insisted, would allow that kind of a woman near him, but would push her away. An then the Saviour read these thoughts and quickly rebuked them." He said, "Simeon, I have something to say to thee." And he said, "Master, say on." And He said, "Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water to wash my feet; but she has washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman since I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment." Simeon was like a great many Pharisees nowadays, who say: "Oh, well, we will entertain that minister, if we must. We don't want to; he's a dreadful nuisance; but we will have to put up with him; it's our duty to be patronizing." Well the Master said more to his entertainer. "There was a certain creditor," he said, "which had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty, and when he had

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nothing to pay"—Mark that sinner; the debtor had nothing to pay. There is no sinner in the world that can pay anything to cancel his debt to God. The great trouble is that sinners think they can pay—some of them seventy-five cents on the dollar; some even feel able to pay ninety-nine cents on the dollar, and the one cent that they are short, they think they can make up some way. That is not the way; it is all wrong; you must throw all the debt on God. Some few, perhaps, will only claim to pay twenty-five cents on the dollar; but they are not humble enough either, they can't begin to carry out their bargain. Why, sinner, you couldn't pay one-tenth part of a single mill of the debt you are under to Almighty God. Now, it says in this parable, that they could not pay him anything; they had nothing to give, and the creditor frankly forgave them both. "Now, Simeon," the Master asked, "Which should love that man the most?" "I suppose," was the reply, "he that was forgiven the most?" "Thou hast rightly judged; this woman loves much because she has been forgiven much." And went on to tell Simeon all about her; I suppose he wanted to make it plainer to Simeon. Then He turned to the poor woman and said: "Thy sins are forgiven"—all forgiven; not part of them; not half of them, but every sin from the cradle up, every impure desire or thought, is blotted out, for time and eternity. And He said, "Go in peace." Yes, truly, she went out in peace, for she went out in the light of heaven. With what brightness the light must have come down to her from those eternal hills; with what beauty it must have flashed on her soul. Yes, she came to the feet of the Master for a blessing, and she got it; and if there is a poor woman here to-night who wants a blessing, she will get it.

I want to call your attention to a thought right here. You have not got the name of one of those poor women. The

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three women who had fallen, who had been guilty of adultery, and had been blessed by Him, not one of them has been named. It seems to me as if it had been intended that when they got to heaven we should not know them. They will just mingle with the rest. Their names have not been handed down for eighteen hundred years. They have called Mary Magdalen a fallen woman; but bear in mind there is nothing in Scripture to make us understand that she was a poor fallen woman, and I believe if she had been, her name would not have been handed down.

Now, the next woman was altogether different from the woman in Luke. She didn't come with an alabaster box, seeking a blessing. She was perfectly indifferent; she was a careless sinner. Perhaps, there are some poor, fallen women who have come to-night in a careless spirit, only out of curiosity; they don't want a Saviour; they don't want their sins blotted out; they dont wan't any forgiveness. Perhaps one had heard that at Moody and Sanky's they were going to preach repentence, and that a great many fallen women were likely to be there, and thought she would just come down to see how they took it. Now you have a representative here. After Christ had that interview with Nicodemus, we are told he went up to Galilee by Samaria. He could have gone up to Galilee without going to Samaria; but He knew there was a fallen women there. He got to the well and sent off His disciples to get bread. Why did He not keep one with him? Because he knew the woman was coming that way, and she would not probably like to see so many. While he is sitting on the curb-stone of the well, a poor fallen woman of Samaria comes along for water. You know the people in those days used to come out in the morning and evening to get their water, not in the blaze of the noon-day sun. No doubt she was ashamed to come out there to meet the pure and virtuous at the well, and

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that was the reason why she stole out at that hour. She brought her water-pot to get water; and when she came up the Master stopped her and asked her for a drink, just to draw her out. She saw he was a Jew. We can always tell a Jew; God has put a mark upon them. "How is this? You a Jew, and ask a Samaritan for a drink? The Jews have no dealings with Samaritans." "Ah, you don't know me," He replied; "If you would have asked me for a drink I would have given you living water." "How could you give me living water? Why you have no vessel to draw water with." "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him will have a well springing up in his heart into everlasting life." "Well," probably she thought, "that is a good thing. One draught of water will give me a well—one draught of water for the rest of my days." She asked Him for this living water, and He told her, "Go, bring thy husband." He was just drawing her out, just to get her up to the point of confession. "I have no husband," she said. "For thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly." I can see that woman's astonishment. She looks all around to see who had told Him all about her. Like a man who came up from Michigan lately, who came into the Tabernacle and listened to the sermon which, as he told me, seemed all to be preached at him. He wondered who had told me all about him. He got Christ, and is going back to Michigan to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. The word of God reached her, and she saw she was detected. "Sir, I perceive thou art a prophet." Then she went on the old religious discussion; but the Lord turned her from that, and told her that the hour had come when the people must worship the Father in spirit and in truth, not in this or that particular mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem. And she said: "When the Messiah cometh,

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he will tell us all things;" and when she had said this, she was ready for the truth. Then Jesus said, "I am the Messiah." Just then she saw His disciples coming, and probably she thought these men might know who she was; and she got up her pot, and away she went to the city. The moment she got within the gates she shouted: "Come see this man I have met at the well. Is not this the Messiah? Why, he has told me all that ever I did." And you can see all the men, women and children running out of that city, up to the well. As He stands in the midst of His disciples, and He sees the multitudes coming running toward them, He says, "Look yonder; look at the fields, for they are already white with the harvest; look what that poor fallen woman has done." And He went into that town as an invited guest; and many believed on account of the woman's testimony, and many more believed on account of His own.

Now, my friends, He did not condemn the poor adulteress. The Son of God was not ashamed to talk with her, and tell her of that living water, those who drank of which, he said, would never die. He did not condemn her. He came to save her, came to tell her how to be blessed here and blessed hereafter.

The next case is still much worse. You may say it is like black, blacker, blackest, compared with the other two. I want to speak about this one, that in the eighth chapter of John. One woman I have spoken of was in the house of a Pharisee, at a dinner party; the other by the well of Sychar; and now we come to the Temple porch. They had taken a woman in adultery, had caught her in the very act. They had not got the man; they had held only the poor woman. While He is speaking, the Pharisees are driving this poor fallen woman right into the Temple. What a commotion there would be here to-night, if such a scene would take place in the

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Tabernacle! She had broken the law of Moses, by which a woman caught in the act of adultery was to be put to death. The woman is brought toward Him; and now they are about to put the question of her life or death before Him. He had said that He hadn't come to condemn the world, but to save the world; and they are just going to try and condemn Him by His own words. They say to Him: "The law of Moses says stone her; what sayest thou?" But not a word did He speak. Jesus stooped down and wrote on the ground, as though He hadn't heard them. We don't know what He wrote. Perhaps, "Grace and truth come by Jesus Christ;" perhaps He wrote that. But while He thus busied Himself, they cried out the louder, demanding an answer to their question. So at length He lifted Himself up and said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Never did an answer so completely serve its purpose. You who never were guilty of an offense, just you cast the first stone. And amid the strangest silence, He again stooped and wrote with His finger on the ground. This time, perhaps, He wrote: "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." And soon He rose again, but ere He did so He heard the patter of retreating feet on the pavement; and now when he glanced up, He saw none but the woman. One by one they had been convicted by their own conscience, and slunk away; not one of them there could throw the stone. and the Saviour looked at the woman. I can imagine the tears coming trickling down her cheeks as Jesus Christ, in kindest tones, asked her; "Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" And for an instant she could not answer. Who knows how that poor soul had reached her sad plight! One of those very Pharisees who had left her, perhaps, had led her astray. The very man who had clamored loudest to condemn her was likely the

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guilty one. And there she stood alone. The betrayer was left untouched, as too often he is to-day; a miserable, unjust, untrue sentiment, by which the man, who is equally guilty, is received in society, and the woman is condemned. But at last she gained her voice and said: "No man, Lord." And then, perhaps, she told how her parents had died when she was very young; a stepmother, perhaps, had taken her and treated her harshly, and then had turned her adrift on the world. Or, perhaps, a drunken father had turned home into darkness, and she had been driven from it, almost broken-hearted; and so, in her helplessness, her innocent affections were gained, and then she had been led astray. The Master knew it all; and when He heard her reply, He said: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." She had been dragged into the Temple to be stoned; but now Christ had delivered her. She came to be put to death, but she received life everlasting.

My friends, the Son of God will not now condemn any poor fallen woman that leaves off her sins and just casts herself down at His feet. He will take you up just as you are. When in Philadelphia, a fallen woman came into the inquiry room and threw herself down on the floor, the Christian helpers talked and talked to her, but couldn't get a word out of her; they couldn't do a thing with her. Then George H. Stewart came to me and said, "We wish you could come, we don't know what to make of her." She was weeping bitterly; and as far off as I was, I could hear her sobs all over the room. So I went and said: "What is the trouble?" At last she spoke, and the bitterness of her despairing voice went to my heart: "I have fallen from everything pure, and God cannot save me; there is no hope." I told her tenderly that God could still lift her up and save her. I said: "Are you only just willing to be forgiven? A merciful Father is waiting and

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longing to pardon." She said, at last, she could not abandon her course, as no one would give her a home. But that difficulty was got round by my assuring her kind friends would provide for her; and then she yielded, and that same day was given a pleasant place in the home of a Presbyterian minister. But, for forty-eight hours after entering her new home, that poor reclaimed woman cried, day and night; and we went for her mother, and on hearing our story the mother clasped her hands and cried: "Has my daughter really repented? Thank God for His mercy; my heart has just been breaking. I've prayed so long for her without result; take me to her." And that reformed daughter of sin has lived consistently ever since; and when I was last in Philadelphia, she was one of the most esteemed members in that Presbyterian church. And so every one of you can begin anew; and God will help, and man will help you. Oh, turn and do not die. Seven short years is the allotted life of a fallen woman. Oh, escape your early doom, escape your infamy, and hear God's voice calling you to repent. Your resolution to amend will be borne up by hosts of friends; never fear for that. Just take the decisive step, and you will be helped by every good man and woman in the community. Oh, I beseech you to act right now and settle this great question, for time and eternity.

I heard of a mother, whose daughter was led astray; and the poor daughter tried to hide herself, thinking her mother would not forgive her. The mother went to the town where she supposed her child had gone; but she hunted and hunted unsuccessfully. The trouble is, with the most of those girls who go astray, they go under assumed names; and this daughter had done the same thing, and that mother couldn't find her. At last she found a place where fallen women resorted to; and the mother went to the keeper of that place and begged her to let her hang up her picture in the room, and

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consent was granted. Hundreds of fallen women came into that room, and carelessly glanced at the picture, and went out. Weeks and months rolled on, until at length, one night, a poor fallen girl came into the room. She was going out as careless as she had entered, when her eye caught the picture; and, gazing at it for a moment, she burst into a flood of tears. "Where did you get it?" she sobbed. They told her how her mother came there, heart-broken, and asked to have her picture hung up in that room, in the hope of finding her daughter. The girl's memory went back to her days of peace and purity, recalling the acts of kindness of that loved mother; and she then and there resolved to return. See how that mother sought for her, and forgave her. Oh, poor fallen ones, the Son of God is seeking for you to-night. If you haven't got a mother to pray for you, the Son of God wants to be everything to you. He wants to receive you Himself. Let me hold Him up to you as your best friend. He wants to take you to His loving bosom; and this very night and very hour you can be raised if you will. There was a woman who was trying to get a poor girl to go back to her home. She said: "Neither my mother, my father, nor my brothers will forgive me. They won't permit me to go back." "Will you give me your address?" the lady asked. The address was obtained, and the very next post brought a letter marked "Immediately;" and it seemed as if the whole hearts of her father and mother and brothers were poured out in that letter. It was filled with kindness, and urged her to come home and all would be forgotten. There is many a poor fallen girl in Chicago whose mother is praying for her, and whose heart is aching because she won't go back. Your mother will forgive you, and all your friends, if you will only show true signs of repentance. They will take you home.

O, my friends, let this be the last night you will live in sin—

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in shame. Let this be your last night in which you will live in sin. Take those sins you have to Him, and He will forgive you. He has said: "Let the wicked forsake his ways," and pardon is ready. That is what our Lord will do. He will pardon you and make you pure. Will you let Him pardon you to-night?

Just before coming down this evening, I received a letter from a fallen woman. I've received a number during the past few days. Thank God, the spirit is at work among that class! And let me say, right here, if there is any person here who keeps a brothel, if you will allow Christian ladies admittance, they will go gladly and hold meetings. This idea that Christian ladies do not care for your class is false—as false as the blackest lie that ever came out of hell. Why, some of the first ladies of the city have lately been visiting these houses personally, and have been trying to save their erring sisters. A few days ago, several came to me and asked if I couldn't get a list of all the brothels of the city. I went to police headquarters and got the names of the keepers and addresses, and gave it to these Christian women; and since then, many houses have been visited. These charges that Christian women will not have them in their homes are equally false. The other night, a lady of culture was on her knees with a poor one, who told the lady that she was a fallen girl, and did not know where to go if she didn't go back to her brothel. "Come and stay at my house," said the lady; "I will take care of you;" and when the girl got up from her knees, the lady saw she was a poor colored girl. That good Christian kept her until she got her a good situation. Another one not long ago received the truth, and one of our ministers wrote to her parents, got a pass, and sent her home to her forgiving parents. Let me ask you not to believe that we are cruel; that we are hard-heartened; that we do not care for the fallen women, but

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only for the abandoned men. We have a place to shelter you: and if that is not large enough, the business men will put up another. They will do everything for you, if you are only repentant; they will not try to keep you down and cast you off. If you are sincere, there are hundreds and thousands of people in this city whose hearts will go out to you.



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The Bane of the Laboring Man.

BY T. V. POWDERLY.

THE Twentieth Annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was held at Pittsburgh, Pa. General Master Workman Powderly, being unable to attend, the following interesting paper on "Intemperance and Workingmen," written by him, was read by the Secretary:

Before the delegates to this convention separate to go to their homes, I would ask them to go, on foot, through the streets of Pittsburgh and study the temperance question as they go. They will see handsome buildings devoted to the sale of liquor on the principal streets, and, if they estimate the cost of one of these buildings, they will learn that it runs away up into the thousands, far above the reach of the workingman's income. On one of the streets of Pittsburgh will be seen a saloon, the plate-glass front of which is worth $5,000, the bar and the fixtures are worth $10,000, the paintings and other decorations are valued at $7,000. All of this is separate and apart from the building itself and of the plot of ground on which it stands. Stand guard at that door for twenty-four hours and thousands of men will be seen passing in and out. Of the number, nine-tenths will wear the garb of labor; they will be the workers in the mills and fac-

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tories that make Pittsburgh famous and foremost in the history of manufacture in the United States. Follow one of these men to his home and contrast its appearance, condition and surroundings with the palace he stopped at on his way home and not one iota of resemblance will be seen. Inquire if he owns the house he lives in, and it is more than likely that the answer will be in the negative. Ask him why he cannot afford to live in a better or more comfortable home, and his reply will be: "I cannot afford it." Take a walk through the entire city and it will be seen that the palaces in which liquor is sold are costly and well furnished, while the homes of the toilers are cheap and poorly furnished. Go still further and it will be discovered that the men who live in the illy-ventilated, poorly-furnished, stuffy, unhealthy tenements or dwellings are the very men whose dimes and dollars have furnished the "Palaces of Hell" with plate-glass windows, expensive bars and fixtures, costly paintings and neat surroundings.

Inquire at police headquarters, and you will be told that if no liquor were sold in Pittsburgh the number of police could be reduced at least two-thirds. Go to the tax collector's office, and you will learn that the owners of the saloons are every day buying more property, while the workingmen are paying rent and taxes as before, and cannot afford to purchase homes of their own.

Statistics are dry at best, but they are useful now and then, and I must be forgiven for making use of some as they appeared in the papers some three years ago. It was estimated in 1887 that during the preceding year $17,000,000 worth of liquors, ales and beer had been consumed in Allegheny county. I do not vouch for the accuracy of the figures; they are given as they came to me. Of that amount at least one-half, or $8,500,000, came from the pockets of workingmen. It would be manifestly unjust for even an enemy of

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the workingmen to accuse them of drinking all of the liquor that is manufactured, but no reasoning being will claim that it is wrong to say that one-half of the amount spent for liquor is taken from the earnings of labor. The most expensive liquors are consumed by the wealthy, but they are consumed in lesser quantities than the cheaper grades, and, as a consequence, the totals will not foot up evenly. For the sake of argument, we will admit that the wealthy people of Allegheny county spent one-half of what went to pay for liquor in that county in 1887. Eight millions of dollars taken from the pockets of the workers of Allegheny in one year! Now what did that sum represent and what did it do? It is asserted that labor pays for all things, and if that is true, then the labor of Allegheny county paid for $8,500,000 worth of liquor; it erected costly mansions in which saloon-keepers now live; it paid the taxes which defray the expenses of maintaining two-thirds more policemen than are required; it paid the expenses of the trials for disorderly conduct, shooting affrays, quarrels and murders. It first paid $8,500,000 to the saloons, and they in return sent out that which took the lives of men and women and sent others to the gallows. It took $8,500,000 from the support of the wives and children of Allegheny county, and in doing so robbed them of their self-respect and made drunkards of many of them. Labor paid $8,500,000 to make criminals, and then paid the taxes to maintain those who arrested and tried them.

Let the reader or hearer of this think for a moment, and he will call to mind one man of his acquaintance who drinks to excess. Let him carefuly study over the past, and he will recall that when that drunkard is seen on the street he is shunned by his most intimate acquaintance. It will be remembered that even the man who sold him the liquor threw

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him out of his house when his last cent went over the bar. Ask how much respect is due or given to that unfortunate man, and it will be remembered that if respect is shown him at all it is because of what he once was, because of his respectable friends, or on account of some trait in his character that has not as yet been destroyed by his love of drink. Not one man among the millions of our countrymen will stand up anywhere in our broad land and say that he respects the man who drinks—because he drinks.

The cry has been sounded, and, parrot-like, repeated, that "Poverty makes drunkards of workingmen." If there is any truth in that statement, then it is not to the credit of the man, or men, who willfully adds crime to misfortune. I admit that the incentive to become saving and industrious is not so great where the earnings of labor are cut down to the lowest possible figure, but even then there is no excuse for intemperance. If I am in poverty it should be my aim to elevate myself, and it is a stern duty with me to avoid that which will make me poorer. Every sensible man knows that the liquor habit leads to degradation, disease, dirt and death. Not only does poverty follow intemperance, but ill-health and every other ill will assuredly follow in its wake. It is therefore unjust when we excuse the intemperance of a poor man to lay the blame of it to his poverty. We find drunkards everywhere, and, in proportion to their numbers, the wealthy have more victims to the liquor habit than the working people, so that it is not poverty that is to blame. Some men become drunkards because of unhappiness at home. Such men seek for excitement in the saloon, because they will find kindred spirits there. Others are fond of company and seek it in the saloon; but the vast majority are led into the rum-hole by the "friend who treats."

From a purely business standpoint it is wrong for workingmen to drink, for an indulgence in liquor deprives them of

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their faculties, temporarily if not otherwise, and while in that condition opportunities are lost and the means of improving conditions are neglected. In this age of sharp competition the man who would succeed in business or trade must be always in full possession of his faculties; he must "keep his wits about him" and be ever ready to seize an opportunity whereby his condition may be improved. The drinking man cannot do these things, and is either at the bottom of the ladder or in danger of dropping there.

We often hear it said that "the best workmen are drunkards," and many who have had no experience with workmen believe that there is some truth in the statement, but it is absolutely and entirely false. The best workmen are the sober men; and while it is true that many good workmen are drunkards, it is also true that they would be better workmen if they did not touch liquor at all. A drunken workingman cannot be depended on to do anything right, or at the right time; he is a slave to liquor, and the slave of liquor is now and has always been the slave of men.

I have observed during the past ten years that however bitterly the employer of labor may rail against the evils of intemperance, however quick he may be to reduce wages on the plea that "high wages and low go to the dram shop," he seldom takes practical steps to prevent the sale of liquor near his establishment. The vilest rum-holes flourish close by the manufacturies of employers who advise their workmen not to drink, and in quite a few instances, in my experience, it has developed that the employers either held stock in the saloon or countenanced it. Why, it may be asked, will an employer tolerate a saloon near to his works? Because through its effects on the workmen it enables him to hold them subject to his will. He knows what they receive for labor done, he knows what goes to the saloon-keeper, and he knows what should go

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to maintain the family. Knowing these things he is at all time aware how helpless the tippling workman is, and it rarely happens that he fails to take advantage of that helplessness on the part of the workman who loves liquor better than family or self-respect.

Many officers of labor societies are timid about frowning down the liquor habit. They sometimes enter the plea that "poverty begets drunkenness," and use it as though the blame should be laid on other shoulders than the workman's. Let a strike take place and at once these same men will caution and advise the strikers against liquor during the continuance of the controversy. If it is wrong to drink during a strike, it is wrong to drink before it begins; and if advice is good during a strike, it is doubly so when men can be talked to and reasoned with, apart from the excitement and influences begotten by the strike.

I have had an experience of twenty years among workingmen. My life so far has been spent in working among them, and I expect that the remainder of that life will be spent in their interest. That experience causes me to say that liquor has done more harm to workingmen than all other causes. It is not the drinking man alone who suffers, for three drunken workingmen in one hundred will prevent the other ninety-seven from accomplishing what they seek.

If workingmen can build palaces in which liquor is sold, why can they not build respectable homes for themselves? If they can afford the time to ruin body, intellect and family in the saloon, why can they not devote a part of that time to studying the great question of industrial emancipation? Why can they not study how to become a power in the land which their labor makes great and wonderful? If the workman cannot afford to purchase a home because the taxes are too high, because land is too dear, because politicians rule, why does he

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contribute his mite toward an institution which raises taxes—to maintain police? Why devote his pennies to that which blinds him to the iniquitous land system which robs him and which makes him the slave of the corrupt politician, who would have to walk in an upright path if all were sober citizens?

If $8,500,000 can be handed over by the toilers of one county in one year to those who erect saloons and gin palaces, why can they not devote at least a fourth of that sum, proportionately, in every county to the erection of industrial institutes, where the rights, duties and privileges of all men may be discussed, and where a higher education may be had on all subjects which relate to man's stay upon and interest in the earth?

Our temperance men are not aggressive enough. They pat the saloon-keeper on the back and tell him that he is not such a bad fellow after all. They will not hesitate to enter the saloon with a friend who drinks and take a "soft drink" or a cigar. Every act of the organized temperance man's life should be in the direction of uprooting that which makes his society a necessity. There can be no three directions in the temperance cause. There are but two: one leads to a sober life, the other leads to a drunkard's grave, and the sincere reformer will work as hard to cause his fellow-man to lead the better life as he will to prevent him from filling a drunkard's, if not a pauper's grave.

So much has been said on this question, and the writer has written and said so much upon it, that it seemed impossible to avoid repetition. Whether I have repeated anything that has been said before I do not remember, but I believe I have written the truth.

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Woman's Profession Dishonored.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

THE delicate constitution and failing health of young girls, the sickness and sufferings of mothers and housekeepers, the miserable quality of domestic service, the stinted wages of seamstresses, the despair of thousands who vainly strive for an honest living, and the awful increase of those who live by vice, are more and more pressing on public attention

What is the cause of all this? The chief cause is, that woman is not trained for her profession, while that profession is socially disgraced.

Women are not trained to be housekeepers, nor to be wives, nor to be mothers, nor to be nurses of young children, nor to be nurses of the sick, nor to be seamstresses, nor to be domestics.

And yet what trade or profession of men involves more difficult and complicated duties than that of a housekeeper? Where is skill and science more needed than in the selection, cooking and economy of food? What wisdom and self-control are needed to perform all the duties of a wife? What can demand more practical science and skill than the care of infants and young children? What profession of man requires more knowledge and wisdom than the training of the human mind at its most impressible period? Where are skill and science more needed than in woman's post as nurse of the

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sick? And where is trained handicraft more important than in making, mending and preserving the clothing of a family?

And yet where is the endowment and where is the institution that has for its aim the practical training of woman for any one of these departments of her sacred profession?

When parents are poor, the daughters are forced into considerable practical training for future duties, though many a mother toils to the loss of health that her daughters may have all their time for study and school.

In the more wealthy classes the young girl is subjected to a constant stimulus of the brain, involving certain debility of nerves and muscles. Books in the nursery—books in the parlor—books in the school-room surround her. Her body is deformed by pernicious dress, her stomach weakened by confectionery and bad food. She sleeps late in the morning, lives more by lamp and gas than sunlight, breathing bad air in close rooms or a crowded school. A round of scientific study and fashionable accomplishments alternate, while her ambition is stimulated to excel in anything rather than her proper business.

School is succeeded by a round of pleasurable excitement till marriage is secured, and then—perhaps in one short year—the untrained novice is plunged into all the complicated duties of wife, mother and housekeeper, aided only by domestics as ignorant and untrained as herself.

What would a watch-maker be called who should set up his son in the trade when he never put together a watch, furnishing only journeymen and apprentices as ignorant as his son? If in addition to this the boy's right hand were paralyzed, he would be no more unfit for his business than are most young girls of the wealthy classes, when starting in their profession at marriage.

Then, on the other hand, women who do not marry, espe-

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cially in the more wealthy class, have no profession or business, and are as ill-provided as men would be, were all their trades and professions ended, and nothing left but the desultory pursuits of most single women who do not earn their living. A few such can create some new sphere as authors, artists and philanthropists. But the great majority live such aimless lives as men would do were all their professions ended.

Almost every method that can be devised to make woman's work vulgar, and disagreeable, and disgraceful has been employed, till now the word "lady" signifies a woman that never has done any of the proper work of a woman.

Dark and dirty kitchens, mean and filthy dress, ignorant and vulgar associates, inconvenient arrangements, poor utensils, hard and dirty work, and ignorant and unreasonable housekeepers—these are the attractions offered to young girls to tempt them to one of the most important departments of their future profession.

The care of infants and young children is made scarcely less repulsive and oppressive, and usually is given to the young or the ignorant. Thus the training of young children at the most impressive age, the providing of healthful food, and suitable clothing, and of most of home comforts are turned off to the vulgar and the ignorant. A woman of position and education who should attempt to earn her living in any of these departments of woman's proper business would be regarded with pity or disgust, and be rewarded only with penurious wages and social disgrace.

Meantime, while woman's proper business is thus disgraced and avoided, all the excitements of praise, honor, competition and emolument are given to book-learning and accomplishments. The little girl who used to be rewarded at school for sewing neatly, and praised when she had made a whole shirt for her father, now is rewarded and praised only for geography,

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grammar and arithmetic. The young woman in the next higher school goes on to geometry, algebra and Latin, and winds up, if able to afford it, with French, music and drawing. Twenty other branches are added to these, not one of them including any practical training for any one of woman's distinctive duties.

The result is, that in the wealthy classes a woman no more thinks of earning her living in her true and proper profession than her brothers do of securing theirs by burglary or piracy.

This feeling in the more wealthy classes, descends to those less favored by fortune. Though forced by lack of means to some degree of training for woman's business, the daughters of respectable farmers and mechanics never look forward to earning a living in their proper business except as the last and most disgraceful resort of poverty. They will go into hot and unhealthy shops and mills, and even into fields with men and boys, rather than to doing woman's work in a private family. Not that, take the year around, they can make so much more money, but to avoid the tyranny and social disgrace of living as a servant in a kitchen, with all the discomforts connected with that position. Few, except the negro and the poorer German and Irish, will occupy the place which brings to respectable and educated women social disgrace and the petty tyranny of inexperienced and untrained housekeepers, who know neither how to perform their own duties nor how to teach incompetent helpers to perform theirs.

Of that great body of women wno must earn their living, and yet cannot find employment, nine-tenths of them would gain at least tolerable wages were they properly trained to any kind of woman's work. But those who have attempted to aid seamstresses say that all efforts fail because women are not taught either to cut and fit or even to do plain sewing properly.

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Neither are they trained for any other woman's work. Afraid of the disgrace of servitude, they throng to our great cities to perish in vice or on wages that will not keep soul and body together.

The following extract from Madame Demorest's *Mirror of Fashion* gives the views of a practical woman in a position that makes her a competent judge:

"It has been the great curse of American women that work—work for a living—was considered dishonorable, and only to be resorted to in cases of the direst necessity. Even then it must be cloaked and hooded and disguised in all sorts of ways, and, if discovered, apologized for, as if a crime had been committed, instead of an honorable effort made to obtain a livelihood.

"It is this absurd prejudice against labor which makes girls eager to rush into matrimony with the first man who makes them an offer, be he who or what he may, which precipitates them, without reflection or thought of consequences, into unions so unhappy that their whole afterlives are spent in unavailing repentance and remorse. It is this which fills our streets with the wretched daughters of shame, which desolates happy homes, and if it does not urge to crime, does to pitiful meanness, humiliating subterfuge, and constant effort to seem to be what they are not.

"Thus it happens that in no department of business can competent women be found to fulfil the duties as required. Only the extremest necessity will induce them, as we have said, to obtain employment, and then, ignorant though they may be, they imagine themselves conferring a favor, and expect wages that can only be paid to the most experienced persons.

"Any business by which a livelihood can be obtained requires industry and application, as well as some natural ability, before it can be mastered, but this is rarely thought of by

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girls or women who seek employment. They will apply for positions of the duties of which they are totally ignorant, vaguely supposing that they shall learn somehow, and quite satisfied if they succeed in getting their pay. Many young women, indeed, make a merit of never having been 'obliged to work ;' evidently supposing that the mistress of a large establishment will consider herself honored by the possibility of adding to her corps so distinguished a person, and offer increased pay in consequence.

"Feeling no respect for their calling, and determined to escape from it at the first opportunity, girls rarely acquire that proficiency which is only the result and reward of devotion to and honest pride in any profession.

"Where such cases occur, and of course they are to be found occasionally, they are sure of appreciation and substantial encouragement, especially if united with integrity of purpose.

"Take a large dress-making establishment, and imagine how much more profitable a dozen swift, competent, well-paid hands will be than twice the number of slow, ignorant, ill-paid ones, whose work has to be carefully prepared, and half taken out, and who cannot be relied upon for anything but their blunders."

The system of our public schools, especially in large towns and cities, is tending to the destruction of female health, as also to this degradation of women's profession. A recent writer in a leading Boston paper thus describes what is true all over the nation :

"Our school system supposes that the human being from the age of five to fifteen has nothing to do but to acquire by memory the results of the study of the world for some hundred centuries. The system gives no fit place for physical exercise, for personal observation of nature, or for practical

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experience in the humblest details of human life. The girl, properly educated in the system of our public schools, when at the crown of its operation at the normal schools, has only one hour a week for herself. All the rest of her time is devoted to the studies of the school, and to the minimum of exercise by which life can be preserved through the school's ordeals.

"But we shall be told that some girls of the lower classes in our grammar-schools are taught a little sewing in spite of a system which defies memory. We are aware that a pretended concession to good sense is made in this direction by the employment of a few teachers for a few hours a week. We are aware also, however, that the 'experiment,' as it is always called, is frowned on as grossly exceptional by nine out of ten of the authorities; that only the smallest girls avail themselves of it; that no material for work is provided, and that the results are indefinitely small. It answers as so much additional recess, for which we are duly thankful, and for little or nothing more.

"We shall be told again that, when the hours of school are over, study is over; that, in the girls' schools, the rules forbid study at home. To which we reply, that we never meet a company of school girls in the streets but they are lugging more school books than ought to answer the whole purpose of their school-training; and that every head of a family knows that the school regulation must be systematically disobeyed.

"It is evident that careful parents, who care more for the health of their children than for their laurels, more and more regularly attempt to withdraw them from the public schools.

"When do we find any skilful physician intrusting his daughters even to the best public schools? Yet there is virtually no choice. The private schools are worked at as

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high a pressure. Their teachers are intelligent enough to regret it, as are their fellow-laborers who work for the public, but that vitiated public sentiment or public indifference which mistakes book-learning for wisdom, drives them up to the overwork which, with very few exceptions, is the vice of our whole system.

"On the other hand, we constantly hear of children withdrawn where the direction of the physician is the reason assigned. The strain of the whole system is so severe, just at the period of life when the physical functions should be gaining strength, that a medal or diploma is rightly considered poor pay for epilepsy, for dyspepsia, for typhoid fever, or for pulmonary disease.

"The boys, as has been intimated, take this thing a good deal into their own hands. But girls cannot 'go into water,' cannot play cricket on the common, cannot form drill-clubs; and yet, though the earlier development of woman makes it specially necessary that we should relieve them earlier than boys from school, by a sort of fatality we pile upon them a mass of additional sciences which the boys by some good fortune escape from. At fourteen most of the boys throw the whole thing up. Their wages are worth something to their parents, or they themselves decline to have anything more to do with the schools. Some years are left them, therefore, to renew or to create physical vigor before the age of growth is over.

"The girls at the same age are at the most critical period of life. The body is growing most rapidly; its functions are undergoing the most critical changes; its organs are adapting themselves to the necessities of womanhood; and yet at that precise period it is that we say that the rest of the body may look out for itself, but that what we care for is brain, and nothing but brain. The blood shall feed the brain with such nu-

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trition as it can give, and all the rest of the system may go. Still we will not give appetite enough to endow the blood tolerably; for we will not give air or exercise enough to create a healthy appetite. We will have girls who can explain to us the binomial theorem; who can tell us how many metaphors there are in the 'Bugle Song,' and how many metacarpel bones they have. If they can do this it is no matter, we say, whether their metacarpal bones can sustain the weight of a pail of water, or whether they themselves are ever fresh enough or free enough to have written for themselves a 'Bugle Song.'

"Now this becomes a serious matter when, as a generation passes, we find that half our young men are exempt from bearing arms by physical weakness, and that half our young women, in what was once the prime of life, are confirmed invalids. It is a serious matter when, for the class which graduates this year at the normal school, we find that there is another class, as large, of those who have dropped out by the way, unable to bear the high pressure of the grammar schools and of the normal. Such facts of themselves show that the practice is as disastrous as the system is absurd."

The results of *boarding-schools*, as they have been made known to the writer, would make a still more mournful impression. Especially so in those great brick establishments where one, two, and three hundred young girls, at the most critical period of life, are congregated to be put under the extremest intellectual excitement, without parental care to watch and regulate.

God made woman so that her health and comfort are best promoted by doing the work she is appointed to perform. The tending of children, the house-work of a family, duly combined with its sedentary pursuits, all tend to strengthen and develop those central muscles of the body that hold its most important organs in their place.

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But most young girls grow up without those tonic exercises of the arms, chest, and trunk, either at home or at school. Instead of this, a weight of clothing that ought to be held by the shoulders encircles the lower part of the body, impeding action in the most important sustaining muscles, and debilitating also by the heat, drawing the blood from other portions. Then the central part of the body is compressed by tight dress pressing the central organs on to those below, bringing them into a condition similar to a finger when bound with a tight string, thus inflaming and debilitating all the lower organs. Then the brain is excited by constant intellectual stimulus, absorbing to itself and the nerves an over-exciting excess of nourishment, and robbing the muscles of their normal portion. Deformed and weakened, the young girl is then sent to those great boarding establishments, where the muscles of the lower limbs and spine are overworked by the stairs of three and four stories; thus again drawing nutriment from the central organs. And when, under all this, the system begins to fail, then some scheme of calisthenics comes, in many instances, to add to the mischief by unscientific and indiscriminate application. If most of these institutions were labeled aright, they would read, "*Hospitals for the Destruction of Female Health.*"

If the public only knew all that medical men and women could narrate, especially those who conduct health establishments frequented by women and young girls, a cry of horror would go up more agonized than the wail over sons slaughtered on the battle-field. For while the sons are sacrificed for liberty and country in honorable martyrdom, the daughters are led as lambs to a more dreadful and disgraceful slaughter, or to a lingering fate far worse than death. The truth on this subject cannot be spoken—cannot be written—for it is too dreadful and disgraceful to be tolerated in expression.

The census tells us that before the war there were in Mas-

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sachusetts 37,000 more women than men, in Connecticut 8,000, in New Hampshire 7,000, in New York 11,000. To these must be added the mournful multitudes of wives and betrothed maidens widowed by war, and a large increase from this cause of the relative female populatian all over the nation.

What is to become of this multitude of women who can not have homes of their own, while it is disgraceful to do the healthful work that should bring them as honored and well-paid helpers into the homes of others?

These questions are now assuming a shape in which the women of this nation will be called upon to take some practical action. There are plans being devised and discussed that aim to remedy the evils here set forth.—*Harpers' Magazine.*



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Modern Despair and Suicidal Manias.

AUGUSTA LARNED.

THE suicidal manias of the world are recorded on some dark pages of universal history. At different periods hundreds and thousands have given themselves over to death under the influence of religious frenzy. In the sixteenth century multitudes of Indians in the Spanish islands hung themselves in caves and in their dwellings to escape the tortures of their fiendish masters. Before the ninth century of our era, numbers of Northmen sacrificed themselves to Odin, the god of battle; a rock is still pointed out in Sweden from which they threw themselves headlong. The old Romans took their lives with theatrical impressiveness, a certain noble air, which has always imposed upon the world.

The modern suicidal mania is developed especially in times of financial crisis. If fortune vanishes life is no longer worth living, and the man who calls himself ruined resorts to the relief of poison or the pistol. Intellectual and religious despair furnishes the quota of victims. Every year unaccountable suicides occur in all our large cities which seem motiveless and unmeaning. They are only to be explained by sudden insanity, or sheer satiety which follows a life of the senses.

The suicidal mania in these days is only a symptom of much

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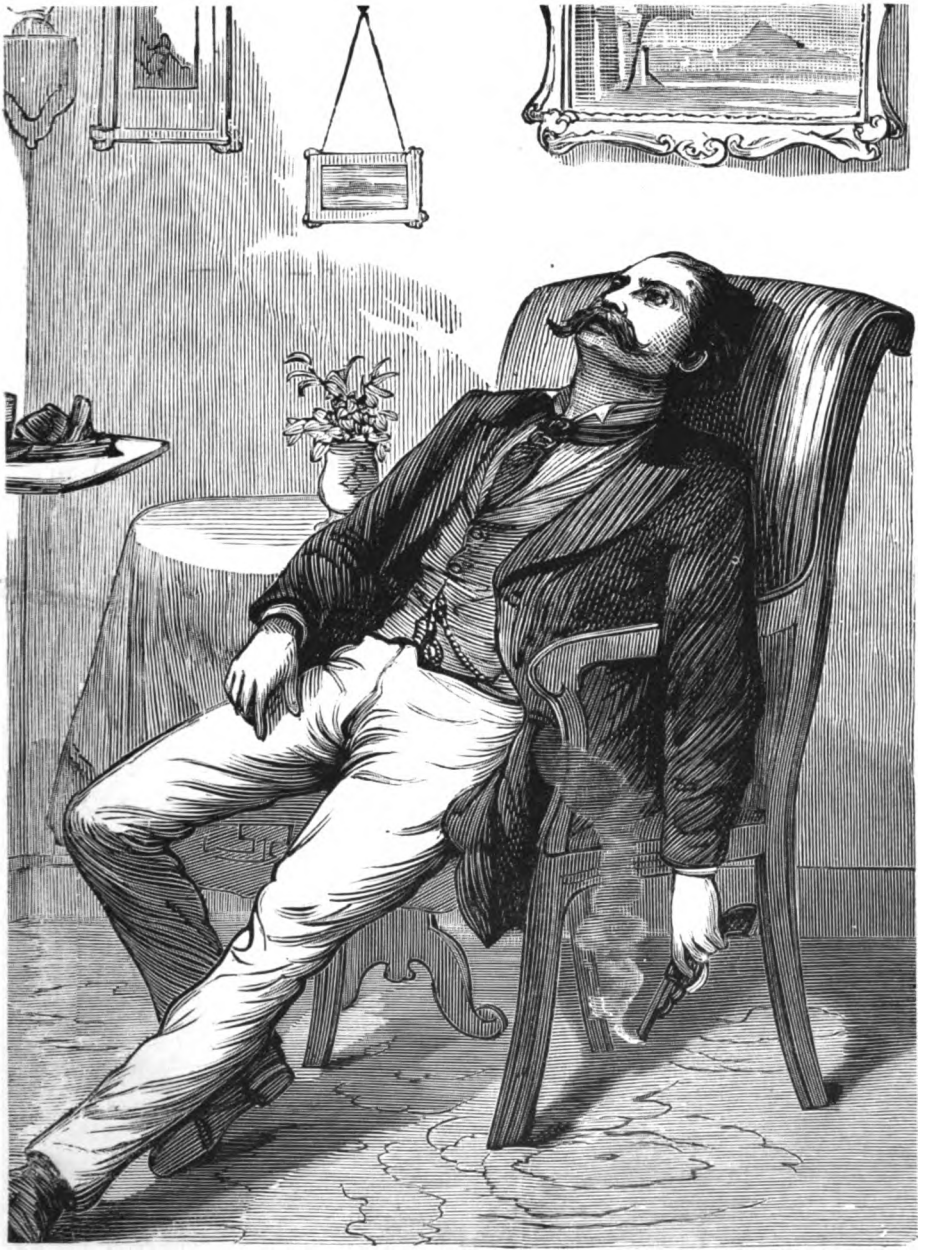
that lies deeper and spreads wider through almost every community. To a thoughtful mind it is evident that the root of the old puritan moral life has been eaten away through large areas of our society. Religious sanctions have ceased to sway as they once did. The doubting spirit is set over against the old command of "thus saith the Lord." Intellectual despair which sees no basis or reason for man's happiness here looks upon the earth as cursed just as the old theology did in its pristine purity, although in a different way,

But intellectual despair does not kill many, although it partially paralyzes, benumbs, large classes of people as diseases are taken by infection. The number of thinkers is small in any community, so small that it is a surprise to any one who takes the trouble to observe the fact. Woe unto those who think persistently wrong and then spread the virus by simple contact.

The despair of our day is more akin to that life weariness of old Rome which resulted from luxury and the mildew of age in youth, and which infected the young men of the Eternal city and made them fly from life in search of a new and piquant kind of sensation. Although we are not yet like the debased Romans of the empire we are approaching them. The contrast of our life are already enormous; and the push and struggle, and tug of existence was something entirely unknown to the ancients. Out of the loss of simplicity and faith has arisen the black phantom which urges men to lay violent hands on the holy of holies. The multitudinous rush of our complex life is still exhaustible. If the depraved appetite could feed on wonders from youth to old age, curiosity would restrain from acts of self-destruction.

But childhood is losing its innocence and abandon. The children grow older and sharper year by year. They have less and less to enjoy as time goes on. The age blights them as

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late frosts kill the setting fruit. Their growth is checked by the stultification of a machine school system, an educational forcing house for the young human plants, and thus unchild-like children are too often found in unhomelike homes.

This unwholesome early development of children kills natural reverence, natural piety, wonder, simplicity, and spontaneous happiness. To the shallow youth who has seen it all, who has lived in a year more than he should in ten, the rich universe seems a blank, existence palls, and he is ready for that access of passion or slight unhinging of the brain which leads to suicide. Unripe age in youth plunges the young into the vortex of animal excess, fastens terrible diseases upon men and women, burns out the life and leaves no resource but self-destruction.

But the disease has gone deeper. With the going out of the worship of God has come in the worship of money. This degrading passion has had its full development in our modern society. It has led to a low material view of enjoyment, a hateful and pernicious ideal of success, a degrading notion of the worth of men and women which bids fair to corrupt both the physical and social springs. It is perhaps the most potent cause of modern despair. What can a man do on this teeming planet who has lost his money but to take his life? The cheapness at which life is held in contrast to the servants of life—gold, goods and lands, is one of the most debasing signs of the times. The man dwarfed before his belongings finds nothing to sustain him when they disappear. The millionaire is too often a wretched, cringing, mean-souled creature before his money-bags. He is prostrate when he finds what his hands have heaped up blown away by the sudden blast of fortune. We respect the half-naked savage with his resources of hand and eye, his swiftness of foot, infinitely more than the cowardly civilian who loses in the stock market and than shoots

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himself because without a certain number of dollars he is better dead than alive.

Go upon the marts and the inscription over the gate is

> "That he shall get who has the power,
> And he shall keep who can."

It is a wild scramble and furious on-rush where men pay away their souls in exchange for coin.

Women are much to blame in fostering the despair which grows out of money losses. A courageous man who has failed can face death, but he cannot face his dainty wife and daughters. The thought of bringing down these delicate creatures to poor surroundings, and the necessity of toil unhinges the mind of many a resolute man. The arms which are about his neck do not support him, they drag him down. The money worship of women though less gross, is subtile and deadly. A woman who loses everything which made her lovely and attractive in the summer of content, when suddenly taken out of her luxurious setting and brought face to face with stern realities can do as much mischief by her helplessness as other women can do by much viler propensities. The fine, strong grain of womanhood which helps men to live instead of driving them on to despair gleams everywhere out of the darkness, but it is not as frequent as it should be among the pampered and indulged classes.

A great portion of suicidal causes are traced to inebriation and insanity, but these conditions were laid in the irregular or brutal propensities of parents. The sin of the father which is visited upon the children takes the form of desperation, and works out the curse through all the channels of the blood and brain. The terrible weight laid upon posterity by evil indulgence has scarcely been worked into human consciousness. Shall there not be a judgment day for what is to come after as well as for what has gone before in men's lives? The cry

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of the unborn to a just inheritance in the fibre of the bones and sinews is yet to be heard. A century ago men thought not of the evil odors in their cellars. People died of the cholera and the plague, but the filth was laid to the account of Providence. In another century perhaps the world shall fully understand that the sin of the private bosom which bears no apparent blight to the careless eye, shall in the next generation rise up and call its progenitor accursed. That curse of inheritance is the longest curse in the world. It is written in idiocy, insanity, the weak will, the depraved appetite, the mania for self-destruction.

Overwork is often given as a cause for the sudden break in the mental powers which wrecks lives. But could we see deep enough we should probably discover that it is overwork and something else. Healthy work is so bracing and tonic it can be indulged in immense quantities with profit. Many of the greatest workers of the world have been the longest livers. Work should invigorate and refresh the body. Where it kills, the body is left out of the question—passed clean away, and the machine burns itself up.

Not so much from excess of work as from emptiness of mind does modern despair come. Our education is a thin glaze leaving a great hollow within. A depraved appetite for unwholesome excitement has eaten out the fibre. Then comes the thought of escape from self—one of the most singular delusions with which nature has cheated our wretched humanity. There is hardly any atheism so deep rooted as to cause men sincerely to believe in annihilation, or the eternal sleep. Consciousness has too firm a grip. Those who claim to believe in annihilation still have a secret satisfaction in thinking that they will know it in the grave, and will find their joy in being snuffed out. So the coward runs from his post before he has earned his day's wages by his day's work, unmindful of the stern task-

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master who demands of him the uttermost he can do every day and every hour. The state recognizes suicide as a crime which deprives it of a citizen. God recognizes it as a crime which deprives him of a worker. We know not the need God has of us here just where are.



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The Real Rights of Women.

BY MRS. ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THERE is so much said of late years about the "Rights of Women," that the phrase has become to some women a terror and a disgust; though a certain class have made it a war-cry, and attached to it a meaning and an importance alike unwarranted and unpleasant.

Those who thus clamor for their "rights" mean by that phrase, to express the matter succinctly, the rights of women to be men. It is useless here either to ignore or contend with their dogmas, for in the end they will inevitably expose their own futility and presumption. It would be simple folly to notice the effort of a botanist to transform all the currant-bushes in the country into oak-trees; and no man or set of men would attempt to train cats to the duties and offices of dogs; ridicule would extinguish their essays and contempt be their portion. The Creator who peopled the earth with various sorts of animals, and made it beautiful with forests and flowers, each bearing seed according to its kind, when he also created man to rule over them, made also a distinction in humanity. "Male and female created he them," and no puny struggles of the race can nullify his original purpose. But in all this clamor, and the just scorn with which the more ra-

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tional portion of the race treat it, there has been little or no attention paid to the fact that women—as women—have certain rights of their own coëxistent with their position in life, which are too apt to be ignored by the men with whom they are associated in any relation. Let us examine a few of these rights, which ought to be self-evident both to men and women.

First—A woman has a right to respect as a woman as long as she respects herself. It is true that it is difficult for men to do this when the spirit of the age is against such an opinion. We find the newspapers full of skits at women: their folly, their extravagance, their ignorance, their shortcomings as mothers, wives, girls in society; especially mothers-in-law and "old maids," are the theme of story and illustration everywhere. And it is not women who write these stories or sketch these illustrations, but men who have mothers, sisters, and wives of their own. Any true and manly man should show respect to women for the sake of his own mother—the mother who bore him at the risk of her very life in cruel anguish and intolerable terror; who reared him with a mother's patience through his helpless infancy and ungrateful childhood; for this office alone should he respect the sex to which he owes so much. And the man whose wife has borne him a family of children should be branded by society as he is by God if he treats that wife with less respect and honor than he would the noblest and greatest among men. Yet the world swarms with men who rob women of this inalienable right all their wretched lives; who treat their mothers and their wives with contumely and cruelty. All women know this to be true, and resent in their hearts the contempt of their husbands and brothers and sons. This it is that drives them thoughtlessly into a struggle to remodel the laws of the land through the doubtful expedient of woman suffrage, through which they hope to reform the laws in their favor. A little calm reflection would show them that

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any law is worthless that is not enforced by public opinion or public and pressing need. Yearly our legislatures enact laws that are daily broken. Who keeps the dog laws, the liquor laws, the laws of trespass, and numerous other statutes? Laws deliberately broken are worse than useless; they are the seeds of rebellion and anarchy; and no human law will help women to abrogate divine edicts. The only hope of women lies in the training of their sons; the boy who is taught from infancy to obey and respect his parents will be worth more to the cause of true "women's rights" than a whole code of legal enactments.

Second—Women have a right to care and consideration on the score of their physical organization. However eager and voluble is the clamor of the "Women's Rights" party to be placed on an equality with men, the very laws of nature laugh at such a reasonless demand. Can a woman, even an abnormally-strong woman, do the hard, rough work of the world? Can women construct railways, canals, houses, sail ships, clear away forests, become pioneers of civilization, or explore remote places of the earth? Could a woman do what Stanley has done? Could she even perform the labor of a common "navvy," who digs all day, week after week, year after year? Every woman knows, if she would only allow it, that this is impossible. Men have an incontrovertible argument against this equality in "their dynamic reasons of stronger bones," and every man knows that women are "the weaker sex" by reason of their physical constitution; therefore I say that women have a right to care and consideration on this account. But do they get it? Where is the man among the working class especially, who will not let his wife, his mother, his daughter, or his sister overwork herself for his support or his aggrandizement? The records of our lunatic asylums fully bear out this statement; one third of their female patients

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come from farms, where they rise early and go to rest late, working incessantly through winter and summer, no matter what is their physical condition; bearing and rearing children through it all; uncheered by recreation, unsolaced by rest; not so much considered as the herded cows or the stabled horses, for these animals cost hard-earned money, but a woman can be had for the asking, and worked like a slave without wages. It is a mistaken ecomony that deprives women of the kindness and care that should lighten their burdens and assuage their anxiety. Men assume toward them the attitude of the immortal Bagnet toward his capable wife,—

"I never saw the old girl's equal! But I never own to it before her. Discipline must be maintained!"

A few kind words, a little appreciation, even a frank acknowledgment of the work she has done, are like reviving balm to weak and weary woman; it pays to praise us—we are so foolishly fond of kind words.

"A merry heart goes all the day;
Your sad one tires in a mile-a!"

And is not this small and easily-rendered wage, which benefits the giver as well as the receiver, a true right of every woman?

Third—A woman has a right to her own religious opinions and preferences; but how rarely is it accorded to her. The married woman almost inevitably leaves her own church and goes with her husband, whether he is a member of the church he attends or not. Daughters. too, come to years of discretion, whatever may be their opinions or their wishes, are almost always expected to go to church with their parents. Indeed, not long since I read a pamphlet in defense of a certain sect, of which the opening argument was that people should always go to church where their parents did! This extraordinary reasoning, which in its full extent would render futile all endeavors to convert Romanists, Jews, infidels, or

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MOTHER AND CHILD.

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even hereditary heathen, to a better way than that in which their ancestors walked, is carried out in too many families to-day. It is as much a woman's right as a man's to select the denomination to which she will belong.

Fourth—Every mother-woman has a right to share in the decisions of the father concerning their children's education. It is impossible for a man engaged in the active business of life, separated from his children during the week days and not extremely intimate with them on Sundays, to understand their characters as well as the mother, who is their daily friend and guide. She knows how the timid and sensitive nature of one of her girls unfits her for fighting her way through a public school; while the courage, alacrity, and self-confidence of another will thrive in such a conflict with others, and find its true level there. She knows that the dreamy, studious boy, who does not care for athletic sports or mathematical problems, but spends his leisure in the fields inspecting stones with his geological hammer, hunting for floral specimens, impaling rare and curious insects round the crown of his hat, is meant to be a professor of natural sciences; while his sturdy, hearty young brother, always "trading" and "dickering" with his fellows, standing high in his arithmetic class, and with a keen eye for his just share in "treats," will be a successful merchant. To the unacquainted father these are generalized as boys and girls, he is just as likely as not to insist on putting the naturalist into a dry-goods shop and trying to make a clergyman of the sharp boy; and it is here that the mother's right to advise, and even insist, comes in; it is the right of superior knowledge, and should be willingly conceded to her.

Fifth—A woman has a right to choose her own husband. To her belong all the consequences of such a choice. It is well to offer advice, to set before her the true character of the

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man she elects to marry, and thereby to clear your own conscience,—the only good result, as a general thing, of such advice!—but to attempt coercion of any sort is a fatal error. Marriage is the great disciplinary institution of the sexes, and its general trend and special detail cannot be averted or avoided by the average man and woman. To women a mistake in this matter is a mistake that involves portentous consequences, and no reasonable man or woman should be willing to take the great responsibility of directing or forcing that choice which will make or mar a whole life. The angelic young women in modern novels, who marry men they loathe to save a father or a brother from deserved shame or pecuniary ruin, are not and should not be the women of real life. "Thou shalt not do evil that good may come," is a divine truth, and ought to be impressed on the minds of our girls. But there is little danger that they will to-day indulge in such self-sacrifice; their end and aim are chiefly to "have a good time," and if they mistake the way to that end they learn a great and stern lesson, which may educate them for the eternal future. Therefore, as it is a purely individual matter, concerning the parties thereto far more than any one else, I contend that it is the inalienable right of every woman to select her own husband and take the consequences on her own shoulders.

Sixth—A woman should be allowed to choose her own physician. This seems on its face to be a trivial matter, but it is one that involves much suffering or much comfort, and is intimately connected with her health—that greatest of earthly blessings. For women, particularly in illness, are nervous, fastidious, and susceptible to odd impressions and strange fancies to an extent no man can comprehend. A sick man is cross or stupid; if he is that *rara avis*, a patient sufferer, he is also silent and grateful; but a woman fidgets, cries, exhausts herself with imaginary terrors and apprehensions, and looks forward

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to her physician's visits with disgust or delight. as the case may be. If she is so unfortunate as to dislike the aspect, the manner, the voice of the most skilful doctor to be had, he will do her little good; she will not tell him her symptoms; she will resent his lightest touch; she will probably refuse to take his prescriptions, or find some means of disposing of his pills and potions wide of their due destination; while if she likes the face and speech of another, much less skilful it may be, his presence will give her comfort, allay her nervous exasperation, and soothe her terrors; her pulse will grow quiet, her restlessness subside, and she will accept his doses with that faith in their efficacy which adds so much to the power of all drugs, and invests the tiniest sugary pellets with all-powerful virtues. It is the petty tyranny of many men to force upon their households physicians of their own choosing, who are objectionable to their wives or daughters; it would be for the good of such autocrats if they reflected that this procedure injures themselves in its reflex action, for it only prolongs the invalidism of the shrinking and suffering patient, and makes the bills, which even autocrats detest, far heavier than they like to pay. Therefore, for the sake of both parties it is best—would it be idle to add kindest?—for women to be allowed this useful right, and to choose the presence that cheers them and the face they trust to medicine both mind and body.

Seventh—Every woman has the right to a home, unless stringent circumstances prevent. I mean to a home in the house of her husband or her father. This seems an unnecessary statement to many people; yet there are instances, numerous enough, where it applies. There may be a nominal home, where a wife leads such an unconsidered, down-trodden existence, so lorn and loveless a life, that it is no real home to her, but the dwelling of a captive in the grip of a tyrant; a position where even her children treat her with cold contempt, and the

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very servants of the house ignore and despise her. Is this to be called a home? Yet such there are; some that I have personally known; more of which I have heard. And there are parents who, for reasons they do not make known, exile their children from their houses; often to please the caprices of other members of the family who do not desire to be bored or affronted by the offending member; often for some freak of their own temper or perverted idea of their own unfilled demands. No idea of duty inspires or daunts them; they do not reflect that they gave existence to these children and owe them unfailing patience and kindness to alleviate that infliction. To deprive a boy or a girl of the shelter and refuge and amenities of a household to which he or she has a birthright is an intolerable injustice, and one that seems impossible, yet is not.

I once heard a man say to his wife, referring to the trouble his wayward daughter gave her (the daughter of his earlier marriage):

"I wish I could afford to send her away to school, and spare you this anxiety and trouble."

"Never!" was the energetic reply. "Not if you were worth millions. She is your child, and she has a right to a home in her father's house; it is my duty to make her home a shelter and benefit to her; and I will, at whatever cost to myself!"

Is not this the right thing to do? Is a man or woman ever cast into such piteous and unchristian exile as when he or she has "no place on the earth to call home," as I heard a woman say once, with a voice of mortal sadness?

Eighth—A woman has a right to the use and control of her own money, whether she inherits or earns it. There is a general feeling among married men that women ought not to have money of their own; that they should ask their masters for every cent they need. I have known a man to invest his wife's small portion, and make her come to him for every needed dol-

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lar, until, being a woman of spirit, she insisted on an allowance. I have known another to take the money left to his children, absolutely to be in their own control, and, without ever rendering them account, invest it in ways they knew nothing of and which proved greatly to their loss, long after they were of full age. They could not go to law with their father, as another set of heirs might have done, but had to bear this injustice and dishonesty as best they might. I have known still another, unfortunately executor of his father-in-law's will, to take money left his wife under that will and spend it as he pleased, so that when she needed and demanded it it was gone. And yet another who, being trustee of an estate from which his wife received a considerable annuity, never allowed her to have one cent of that income, though he was a rich man himself. Nor did he ever give her any money for her own use; she had a bill at the grocer's and the shoe-shop, but he bought her clothes without any reference to her wishes, and paid her dress-maker. I could multiply such instances till time failed me; they are the rule rather than the exception; and these are the humiliating and painful experiences that have driven women to arise and fight for the chimerical rights they demand, considering those the real way to amend the sufferings they do not exploit.

When men are ready to allow women their true and just rights, to remember the admonitions of Holy Writ,—"Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter against them;" "Likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honor unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life, that your prayers be not hindered" (significant latter clause!); "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it;" "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath;" "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be dis-

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couraged,"—then the true rights of a women will be achieved. We have much from pulpit and press to impress on us the duties of wives and children; for it is men who preach and edit; but all duty is of its own nature reciprocal, and the other side of these family obligations is just as stringent as that commonly preached and written about.

Looking over the social, the conjugal, the parental status of the sexes in this age of progress, it is sad to see that the true rights of women are so frequently ignored and set aside. It is true we owe the delay of our restoration to these God-given privileges greatly to those "freedom shriekers" who forget their position and their womanhood, who leave their families neglected and their homes forsaken to rant on platforms and usurp pulpits; the women who demand suffrage for themselves when as yet they are too weak and ignorant to use so mighty a weapon, and try to reverse the creative ordinance that did not make the race all men. These idle and reasonless demands re-act on the more sensible and faithful part of their own sex, and give men, who are so apt to be deluded by "glittering generalities," the idea that all women are fools.

I can but close this attempt to show that we women have some rights that ought in the name of religion and humanity to be respected, but, alas! rarely are, with repeating what Mrs. Siddons said to Samuel Rogers when once her proud soul was sore at seeing honors heaped upon a brother-actor which she knew she better deserved herself, yet never would attain,—"I hope, Mr. Rogers, that one day justice will be done to women!" —*N. A. Review.*

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Yours truly

Phillips Brooks

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Positive and Negative Morality.

THE REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D. D.

IT is strange how far and wide the necessity of choosing between the positive and negative methods of treatment runs. In matters of taste, for instance, there are two distinct ways of trying to perfect the tasteful man. One is by the repression of what is in bad taste; the other is by the earnest fostering of what is good—the method of repression and the method of stimulus. And everybody knows, that no great effect of human genius was ever yet produced except in the latter, larger way. A cold and hard and limited correctness, a work "faultily faultless," weak and petty and timid, is all that the other methods make. For, whether in manners or in art, that which appears at first as coarseness is very often the strength of the whole work. To repress it for its coarseness is to make the whole feeble while we make it fine. To keep its strength and fill its strength with fineness, this is the positive method of the truest taste.

We are witnessing constantly the application of the same principle to the matter of reform, the breaking up of bad habits in an individual or in a community. All prohibitory measures are negative. That they have their use no one can doubt. That they have their limits is just as clear. He who

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thinks that nothing but the moral methods for the prevention of intemperance and crime can do the work, is a mere theorist of the closet and knows very little about the actual state of human nature. But, on the other hand, the man who thinks that any strictest system of prohibition, most strictly kept in force, could permanently keep men from drink, or any other vice, knows little of human nature either. That nature is too active and too live to be kept right by mere negations. You cannot kill any one of its appetites by merely starving it. You must give it its true food, and so only can you draw it off from the poison that it covets. Here comes in the absolute necessity of providing rational and cheap amusements for the people, whom our philanthropists are trying to draw off from the tavern and the gambling-house. Pictures, parks, museums, libraries, music, a healthier and happier religion, a brighter, sunnier tone to all our life—these are the positive powers which must come in with every form of prohibition and restraint before our poorer people can be brought to live a sensible and sober life. Look at the lives that our rich people live. It is not any form of prohibition, legal or social, that keeps them from disgusting and degrading vice. It is the fulness of their lives, the warmth, glow, comfort and abundance of their homes, the occupation of their minds, the positive and not the negative, the interest and plenty which the poor man never knows. Before you or I dare blame him, or despise him, we must, in imagination, empty our lives like his, and ask what sort of people we should be in the squalor of his garret, and the comfortlessness and hopelessness of a lot like his.

We see the same principle, the superiority of the positive to the negative, constantly illustrated in matters of opinion.

How is it that people change their opinions, give up what they have steadfastly believed, and come to believe something very different, perhaps its very opposite? I think we all have

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been surprised, if we have thought about it, by the very small number of cases in which men deliberately abandon positions because those positions have been disproved and seem to them no longer tenable. And even when such cases do occur, the effect is apt to be not good, but bad. The man abandons his disproved idea, but takes no other in its stead; until, in spite of their judgment, many good men have been brought to feel that rather than use the power of more negation and turn the believer in an error into a believer in nothing, they would let their friend go on believing his falsehood, since it was better to believe something, however stupidly, than to disbelieve everything, however shrewdly. But what then? How do men change their opinions? Have you not seen? Holding still their old belief, they come somehow into the atmosphere of a clearer and a richer faith. That better faith surrounds them, fills them, presses on them with its own convincingness. They learn to love it, long to receive it, try to open their hands and hearts just enough to take it in and hold it along with the old doctrine which they have no idea of giving up. They think that they are holding both. They persuade themselves that they have found a way of reconciling the old and the new, which have been thought unreconcilable. Perhaps they go on thinking so all their lives. But perhaps some day something startles them, and they awake to find that the old is gone, and that the new opinion has become their opinion by its own positive convincing power. There has been no violence in the process, nor any melancholy gap of infidelity between. Dear friends, if you have any friend who believes an error, and whom you want to make believe the truth, for his sake, for your own sake, for the truth's sake, I beg you to deal with him positively and not negatively. Do not try only to disprove his error. Perhaps that error, because no error is wholely erroneous, is better for him than no faith at all. But

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make your truth live and convincing. Through every entrance force its life home on his life. Let him hear it in your voice, see it in your face, feel it in your whole life. Make it claim its true kinship with the truth that is lying somewhere in the midst of all his error. Who would go a hundred miles merely to make a Mohammedan disbelieve Mohammed? Who would not go half round the world to make him believe Christ and know the richness of the Saviour?

It seems to me that there is something so sublimely positive in Nature. She never kills for the mere sake of killing; but every death is but one step in the vast weaving of the web of life. She has no process of destruction which, as you turn it to the other side and look at it in what you know to be its truer light, you do not see to be a process of construction. She gets rid of her wastes by every new plan of nutrition. This is what gives her such a courageous, hopeful, and enthusiastic look, and makes men love her as a mother and not fear her as a tyrant. They see by small signs, and dimly feel, this positiveness of her workings which it is the glory of natural science to reveal more and more.

The Bible and its Christianity are not in contradiction against the nature of the man they try to save. Let us never believe they are. They are at war with all his corruptions, and, in his own interest, though against his stubborn will, they are forever laboring to assert and reëstablish his true self. And in this fundamental character of the New Testament, by which it is a book not of prohibitions but of eager inspirations, there comes out a deep harmony between it and the heart of man. For man's heart is always rebelling against repression as a continuous and regular thing. Man is willing to make self-sacrifices for a certain temporary purpose. The merchant will give up his home, the student shut his books, the mother leave her household for a time, to do some certain work. The world is

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full of self-sacrifice, of the suppression of desires, and forcing of natural inclinations; but all the while under this crust the fire is burning; all the time under this self-sacrifice, there is a restless, hungry sense that it is not right, that it cannot be final; there is a crying out for self-indulgence. All the time there is a great human sense that not suppression but expression is the true life. Every now and then, in the most guarded and self-sacrificing men, that restlessness breaks out, and through the strictest moral prohibitions, which have been growing hard and strong for a whole life-time of obedience, the imprisoned spontaneity bursts forth; and some wild, flagrant act is the man's assertion that no law or practice of self-sacrifice can kill or has the right to kill the man's live self. This I see everywhere in man's history, and this it seems to me as if the Gospel so exactly met. It comes to a young man who is just becoming aware of what a forced and artificial and arbitrary state of things there is in this world where his work is just beginning. He has just found out that he has a heart full of passions and desires; and he is just growing half-indignant and half-perplexed as all the moral laws of life, all the decencies of society, all the proverbs and traditions of his fathers gather up about him and give him their good advice. "You will find in yourself," they say, "this passion. It is there simply to be sacrificed and killed." "You will find that appetite. It is never to be gratified." "You will find such and such a desire. Your duty in life is to watch for that desire's rising, and every time it shows its head to smite it and drive it back." "You are full of the lusts of the flesh. They are put into you that you may not fulfil them" He takes this programme for his life and starts out to perform it. It is not very inspiring surely. Its hard negations little suit the eager desire to be doing something strong and positive which belongs to his eager years. It is taking a brave young soldier who wants to be out

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in the very front scaling the enemy's ramparts, and it is setting him to guard the baggage in the rear. That is the low and spiritless tone of so much of the negative morality which rules all the way up from the teaching of the nursery to the doctors of moral philosophy in their college chairs. It makes all enthusiasm of virtue impossible, and instead of letting the effort to be good become, as it ought to be, the brightest, keenest, and most interesting search that man can undertake, it makes it the dull, heavy thing which we all see it and all feel it—the dreary, hopeless trying not to be bad which drags so heavily and fails so constantly.

The young man accepts this theory of life, this negative theory of pure repression for a while; but by and by there comes a great explosion and remonstrance. "It cannot be," he says. "These passions cannot have been given me just to be killed. These strong desires are not in me only to be sacrificed. Why am I living this guarded life of circumspection? Here I am saying No! to all my strongest appetites, and for what? to make this poor, tame, colorless, half-animate conventionality of virtue, which is worth nothing after it is made. It is not right. The law of life cannot be endless self-restraint, endless self-disappointment. I must try something freer and more natural. Let me let myself go. Let me give up restraint and try indulgence. Let every passion have its way." And then what comes? Ah, you all know: that wild unbridled life that seems so free and is such a slavery; that endless cheating of one's self to think that he is happy in his dissipation when he knows that he is wretched; that reckless flinging away of health and vitality until they are all gone, and the worn-out young man settles down into a middle age of enforced and dreary decency, and expects an old age of imbecility and pain. And yet at the back of that young man's outbreak there was a certain clutching at what really is a truth. He could not be-

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lieve that self-mortification was the dreary law of life. He did not believe that the killing of the powers and appetites which He had given them was the education God intended for His children. And now what has the New Testament, what has Christianity, what has Christ to say to that young, hot and rebellious soul? Anything? Remember, his is just the soul that is running its career of ruin in our schools, our colleges, our stores, along our grandest and our meanest streets. It seems to me I can see Christ approach that man, that young rebellious boy. I do not hear him use such words of utter and unsparing rebuke as I have many a time heard lavished on youthful dissipation, and yet His face is sadder over that poor boy's wandering than father's or mother's face ever grew. My brother, I can hear Him say, you are not wholly wrong. Nay, at the bottom, you are right. Self-mortification, and self-sacrifice, is not the first or final law of life. You are right when you think that these appetites and passions were not put into you merely to be killed, and that the virtue which only comes by their restraint is a poor, colorless and feeble thing. You are right in thinking that not to restrain yourself and to refrain from doing, but to utter yourself, to act, to do, is the purpose of your being in the world. Only, my brother, this is not the self you are to utter, these are not the acts you are to do. There is a part in you made to think deeply, made to feel nobly, made to be charitable and chivalric, made to worship, to pity, and to love. You are not uttering yourself while you keep that better self in chains and only let these lower passions free. Let me renew those nobler powers, and then believe with all your heart and might that to send out those powers into the intenset exercise is the one worthy purpose of your life. Then these passions, which you are indulging because you cannot believe that you were meant to give your whole life up to bridling them, will need no forcible bridling, and yet, owing their

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masters in the higher powers which come out to act, they will be content to serve them. You will not fulfil your passions any longer, but the reason will not be that you have resumed the weary guard over your passions which you tried to keep of old. It will be that you have given yourself up so utterly to the seeking after holiness that these lower passions have lost their hold upon you. You will not so much have crushed the carnal as embraced the spiritual. I shall have made you free. You will be walking in the spirit, and so will not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.



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The Wickedness of Legalizing the Liquor Traffic.

LICENSE always implies the legalization of a portion of the liquor traffic. It aims also to repress a portion of that traffic. It contains thus both a sanction and a condemnation of the saloon. It is a statutory authorization of a part of the traffic. It is also in theory a statutory limitation of another part of the traffic. It is this double character of license which causes, even among intelligent voters, so much confusion of thought concerning it. But it is highly important to emphasize the fact that license represses one portion of the traffic only at the expense of sanctioning another portion of it.

This simple analysis of the definition of license answers most of the arguments in defense of it. The question is asked whether ten saloons are not better than fifteen. The reply is that they are not if the fifteen can be reduced to ten only by definitely giving the sanction of government to the ten. Are not ten murders better than twenty? No, if the twenty can be reduced to ten only by a statutory authorization of the ten. Is not half a loaf better than no bread? No, if the half-loaf can be had only on condition that it be first saturated with poison, and this by the authority of the whole

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community. Did not Moses license polygamy and so attempt to limit its range? Yes, but not at the expense of assuming that the divine sanction was given to polygamy within the actual range to which it was limited. Of two evils must we not choose the less? No, if in choosing the less we are required to do evil ourselves. Of two evils choose neither.

License makes the community itself a rumseller. It has now become disreputable for the individual to be a rumseller. Comparatively few native Americans engage in the retail liquor traffic. The foremost Christian denominations, such as the Methodist and Presbyterian, exclude liquor-sellers from church membership. But license, high or low, makes the state a liquor-seller. As Horace Greeley was accustomed to say, it is disreputable enough for the individual, under the pressure of personal wants, to become a liquor-seller; but for the whole state to become such, and this with no necessity, but from pure greed and cowardice, is infamous.

The actual saloon of our day is notoriously a school of crime, an ally of anarchy, a fountain of social misery, a source of heavy taxation, a cesspool of political corruption. License makes the whole community a partner in the business of the actual saloon. To that business, with these results, license gives governmental sanction, and so a legal respectability. But the actual saloon in most cases has infamous allies. The gambling-hell and the brothel and the gilded high-license saloon usually go together in great cities. As Professor Herrick Johnson has said in an epigram not soon to be forgotten: "Low license asks for your son; high license for your daughter also." High license tempts the saloon to make alliance with the gambling-hell and the brothel so as to raise funds to pay the high license fees. This temptation is rarely resisted. License of the saloon, therefore, may easily amount in effect to a license of gambling and harlotry. It is assumed

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in this discussion that the wickedness of licensing these allies of the saloon is admitted. But the community that fosters the liquor traffic by giving it legalization does practically make itself largely responsible for the usual allies of the traffic.

Liquor-selling, it is sometimes said, is not a sin in itself. But the business of the actual saloon is what is in question. We think that this is a sin in itself, fully justifying the exclusion of the liquor-seller from church membership, as it now does in the leading evangelical denominations. But certainly the business, even if it were not a sin in itself, is a sin in its circumstances. The wickedness of all forms of license is proved by the wickedness notoriously resulting from the business of the actual saloon of our day. To make the community a partner in that business and its results by license, high or low, is not only the worst social economy but also ethical wickedness. The actual liquor traffic, as the Methodist Church officially declares, "can never be legalized without sin." It may not be a sin in itself to light a match, but it is a sin in its circumstances to light a match carelessly in a powder magazine. The actual saloon manufactures paupers, criminals, widows, orphans, madmen and lost souls, and license of the actual saloon makes the community itself a participator in this wickedness.

License proceeds upon self-contradictory principles. It sanctions the traffic with one hand and condemns it with the other. In the days of the American conflict with slavery, government treated slaveholding as a crime north of Mason and Dixon's line. All the power of the government was to be brought to bear against it there. One hair's-breadth south of that line, however, slavery changed its character and was to be permitted. All the powers of the government were to be exercised to defend it there. History has now proved that a policy thus divided against itself could not prosper. Under

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a license system government treats the liquor traffic as it once did slavery. The license fee is Mason and Dixon's line. On one side of that line government condemns the traffic. A hair's-breadth across the line, on the other side, government defends it. These principles are self-contradictory. A house divided against itself cannot stand.

License forces the saloon into politics, disciplines the enemy, and so is the source of untold political corruption. The licensed liquor traffic corrupts the police force and the lower courts, and is the chief source of municipal misrule, which is the principal peril of free institutions.

License apparently brings a revenue to the state and so intrenches the traffic behind the cupidity of short-sighted taxpayers. It is true that it robs Peter to pay Paul, but it does not pay Paul. The expenses which the traffic brings upon the community greatly exceed any profit arising from license fees. But this fact is overlooked by average voters. The money there appears to be in license is a temptation to the state and a chief source of the political power of the saloon.

License does not for any length of time diminish the amount of sales of liquor, although for a while it may diminish the number of places in which liquor is sold. But the large establishments often own the small ones and foster the illegal trade of the latter. The gilded saloons want the low dives kept open to receive the refuse constituency of the former. When the drunkard becomes a noisy and loathsome sot he is turned out of this upper into the lower grade of saloons.

License gives the traffic legal, industrial, political, and social respectability, and so increases the power of the saloon to tempt the respectable classes, and lowers and corrupts the temperance sentiment of the community at large. The city government of Omaha, under high license of the saloons, has sunk to so low a level that it now derives a large revenue

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from arrangements nearly approaching the licensing of houses of unreportable infamy.

License prohibits prohibition, for it always provides for the continuance of the traffic. The revenue which the misled voter suffers the state to obtain from high license, although it by no means covers the damages inflicted by the traffic, and is collected from the victims of the saloons and their families, operates as a golden bar to prohibition. The higher the license fee the higher and stronger is this bar. It is notorious that the policy of license is favored by politicians as a means of defeating prohibition. The Chicago "Tribune" very justly says: "High license, reasonably and properly enforced, is the only barrier against prohibition in the present temper of the people in almost every State of the Union." In January, 1889, the Omaha "Bee" said: "The only effective way to block prohibition is to enforce rigidly high license."

License is generally approved by the liquor traffic itself.

License, so far as it produces apparently good results, owes its seeming success to its restrictive features. The Brooks law in Pennsylvania, for example, transferred the power to grant licenses in Philadelphia and Allegheny from corrupt political boards to the judges of reputable courts. The judges granted licenses much more cautiously than the politicians had done, and gave full force to the prohibitive elements of the law.

License has been weighed in the scales of practical experience for hundreds of years and found wanting. The present power of the liquor traffic and the current intemperance of our time have grown up under it. Over against this indisputable fact is to be placed the fact which is equally indisputable, that no-license and prohibition, whenever fairly weighed in the balances, have been most significantly approved by their practical results.

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License is condemned as wickedness by the chief Christian denominations of our time. The celebrated declaration of the Methodist Church in its General Conference of 1888 may now fairly be said to represent the opinion of the most enlightened and religiously earnest portions of Christendom at large, so that in citing it here we summarize scores of equivalent declarations from other religious bodies: "The liquor traffic can never be legalized without sin. License, high or low, is vicious in principle and powerless as a remedy." It is gross inconsistency for church members to vote for license and then exclude licensed rumsellers from church membership.—*Cyclopedia of Temperance and Prohibition, Funk & Wagnalls*, 1891.



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Frank Leslie

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Discourtesy to Women.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

IT has always been the boast of Americans, and the concession of visitors to our shores, that nowhere in the world are women so tenderly and so carefully considered as in the United States, and it is a very reasonable source of honest pride. It has never happened to me to travel to any considerable distance alone, but several of my most intimate friends have traversed the length of the continent alone, and have never encountered rudeness or insult, or anything but the most deferential care from their fellow-countrymen.

One very elegant Englishman, with whom one of these ladies chatted as she would have done with an American, took advantage of her confidence to insult her; but he only followed the idea—universal abroad—that a good-looking woman, traveling alone, and willing to speak to her fellow-travelers, is fair game for the equivocal attentions of any man. The lady was quite equal to teaching him his mistake, and did so with such explicitness that he probably spent the rest of the day in readjusting his ideas of the sex in general, and its American branch in particular.

Nor do I dread any change in this chivalrous bearing of our men under such circumstances, so long as man and woman are

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what they are and have been in this country. I say under such circumstances, that is, in long and arduous journeying, in mutual danger and fatigue, or emergencies of any sort. But we all know that emergencies are not of daily occurrence, and that one does not require to be rescued from burning buildings, or sinking ships, or wrecked trains more than once in a lifetime; whereas one never stirs out of doors and meets one's fellow-man without the opportunity for mutual courtesy, and it is in the little matters of every-day life, that it has sometimes seemed as if our busy citizens were forgetting or neglecting the traditions of their fathers.

Traversing, as I do daily, half the length of the city by the elevated railway, I see, and occasionally experience, a good deal of this new order of things, especially in coming home between four and five o'clock, when a stream of professional and business men, tired, hungry, cross, or perplexed, is pouring uptown, and flooding every car to repletion.

Getting in at Park place, I have not infrequently found every seat filled by men with newspapers opened before them, and among those standing a number of women who, like myself, work like men, get tired like men, and are far less able than men, to stand up for the two or three miles' transit.

What more forlorn and undignified position can you picture than that of a little woman, with a muff in one hand and the other tightly gloved, clinging to a strap high above her head, while her light figure sways and trotters painfully as the train sweeps around the curves, or starts with a jolt from each station. If a dressing-room were attached to the train, and all ladies expecting to stand were clothed in a gymnasium suit, with flat-soled shoes and stout leathern gloves, the matter would be considerably amended. But unfortunately, the liberal management has not yet reached this point, and the poor victims are clad in snug-fitting dresses, whose sleeves are not intended

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to be raised very high, and which cut the shoulder piteously, if they are forced to do so.

The small feet, elevated upon high heels, are not a sturdy foundation at the best, and little hands covered with well-fitting kid gloves are not very good for gripping a leathern strap; and the consciousness of being in an ungraceful, undignified and absurd position makes the dress tighter, the sleeve more cruel, the feet more unsteady, and the hand more feeble and insecure. I can, for myself, quite imagine how women used to feel in the pillory. The men meantime sitting at either hand of these dangling and mortified victims are quite conscious of their proximity and of their feelings, but they have encouraged themselves and each other, in obedience to the unwritten law, that the elevated railway is a business convenience, and that women cannot possibly be business people, and so have no concern on a business conveyance.

In fact, one man, and he one who would risk his life any day to save a woman from peril, said, in this connection: "Very few women have any sort of business down-town, and those who have, might just as well use the stages or surface cars, for their time is of no account, and they ought not to put themselves in the way of tired and hurried business men."

But there are a large number of women—delicate, refined and tenderly nurtured women—who earn their bread by daily toil in the public and private offices and counting-houses below Union square, and I submit that their work is as important, and as punctual, and quite as wearing to both nerves and muscles, as that of the men, who employ and pay over to them but an infinitesimal proportion of the money they help to earn.

Where is the justice, the humanity, the courtesy of refusing to these tired women the same privileges their employers so eagerly grasp for themselves?

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Making this matter rather a study during my daily pilgrimage, I noticed that men are not accessible here to the motives that usually govern their sex. In a Fifth avenue omnibus, or a Third avenue car, if an old woman, or a pretty girl, or a richly dressed lady enters the vehicle, two or three men rise and offer a seat, often most ungraciously and ungratefully accaccepted. But on the elevated road no amount of prettiness, or winsomeness, or toilet, or grace produces any effect whatever. The stolid midas has not had his dinner,and his own wife dresses as well as you do, and his own daughter is quite as pretty and winsome as this young girl, and he remains inflexible. An old woman is rarely seen on the road, she, generally, much preferring the conveyances of her youth ; but I doubt not that, should one enter the most crowded of these cars, she would have the offer of as many seats as it contained. I do not even question this, my countrymen. But after some experimental research, I find that there is one lever outside of old age that will lift one hundred and fifty or more pounds of man out of one of those seats with great despatch and certainty—and that is the tired look.

Dear sister, the next time you find yourself suspended from a strap try this method : Catch the eye of any man you please in your immediate neighborhood, and this in itself is no easy matter, for they are all ashamed of themselves, and will hide as thoroughly as possible behind their newspapers—but persevere, and when he at last unwarily glances toward you, impress upon your features an air of utter and wistful weariness, a sort of sweet, uncomplaining martyrdom, that has resigned itself to bear all that human nature can endure, but finds itself fast approaching the limit and pensively considering on whose lap it will presently be necessary to fall in a dead faint.

Just get all that on your face without looking at anyone, and the chances are largely in favor of your having one seat of-

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fered—perhaps a choice of them. Please don't tell that I recommend this method, for I may have occasion to use it myself, but I assure you it is an effective one.

The occasional discourtesy of a certain class of men toward women, young, attractive, and sometimes educated and refined, who are forced to earn their daily bread in public places, is noticeable, both from a social and moral point of view.

I said, and surely that class is not the gentleman grade of man, although many of those guilty of this form of discourtesy are ranked among our triply-gilded youth. I mean the discourtesy of familiarity, of carelessness in speech and manner, of a vague and general absence of that respect the man would pay to a well-dressed women of leisure and wealth, although she might be a stranger.

Or, perhaps, instead of carelessness the gilded youth feels that here he may express any admiration he may feel, and openly comment, perhaps to his companion, perhaps to the young woman herself, upon the pretty eyes, hair, complexion, hand, or foot she carries, and all the more amused if his audacity rouses the indignation of the unprotected girl, who, in our country of rapid evolution, may well have been, or may well become, his social equal.

Another form of discourtesy, becoming more pronounced in every new development of woman's versatile powers, is man's obstinate incredulity as to her serious claim to mental equality with himself, in any discussion outside of domestic or social topics.

"Only a woman's notion," has been, and largely is, considered a sufficient reply to many a well-thought-out and well-expressed idea, which the masculine hearer declines to consider on its own merits, feeling sure that "no good thing can come out of Nazareth," whatever spacious appearance it may present.

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I am afraid that this prejudice—sometimes in very gentle and courteous guise, sometimes more blunt and crude—lies deep in the mind of nearly every son of Adam. And in our day of woman's progress, it constantly finds expression in the columns of the newspaper, in the polished phrases of the orator, or the clumsy sneer of the thick-witted lord of creation, whose demure little wife winds him round and round her finger, so gently and so prettily, that he never suspects it.

Perhaps, as Burke declared, "the age of chivalry is past," in one phase, but men, my brothers, the workers! do not let it pass away in the fullest, finest, most important phases! Keep your hearts full of that noble and generous honor for your mother's sex, for the delicacy and tenderness of your sisters, your wives, your little daughter's sex that has made American women the envy of the world, and gained for the American man, the reputation of the champion knight of the nineteenth century.



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The Froth and the Dregs.

BY B. O. FLOWER.



N entering one of our largest bookstores, a short time since, my eye rested on two immense tiers of books, placed side by side, on one of the most prominent counters. Both were meeting with immense sales. One of the volumes was bound in black, very plain. The delicate binding of the other was protected by white-glazed paper covers, printed in gold. The sight of these two books, placed in juxtaposition, produced in me a distinct mental shock—a strange thrill, such, as I remember experiencing a few months since, when, glancing over one of the New York dailies, I noticed an extended description of a magnificent ball given by the Vanderbilts at Newport, while in another column, I saw a wonderfully pathetic pen-picture of the terrible want then being experienced in the little cottages and hovels of the poor strikers on the Vanderbilt road. It almost seemed, as I beheld in bold antithesis those graphic scenes of gilded splendor and grim squalor, that triumphant capital sought to exasperate vanquished labor beyond the bounds of human forbearance; and I felt a shock akin to the experience one undergoes when first reading the pictures of the giddy, voluptuous, and selfish life at the Louvre, immediately preceding the French revo-

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lution, while the multitudes of Paris saw the world through fierce eyes sunken far into their sockets by hunger long endured. Something of the same sensation I experienced on seeing these two books side by side one: "Society as I Have Found It," by Ward McAllister; the other might have been termed, "Society as I Have Found It," by General Booth. One being an elaborate description of the froth on the surface of social life to-day, the other a picture of the dregs of civilization; vivid glimpses of the upper and lower strata of our modern life. The world of indolent frivolity, and the world of crime, degradation and poverty. The denizens of the one,—idlers who eat, drink, dance, and are consumed in a butterfly existence; the other filled with gaunt, hungry, hollow-eyed millions to whom life is an awful curse. The one basking in the sunshine of wealth, floating on the surface, held up by the great current beneath; the other doomed to dwell in perpetual night, having settled or been forced to the bottom where the pressure is greatest and hope dies.

These pen pictures of two phases of our civilization are written by persons who may be justly termed experts in the fields they discuss; and though, from a purely literary point of view, their work is vulnerable, there is no reason to believe that either has given other than a truthful narration, for each is in perfect *rapport* with his theme; each knows the ground over which he journeys, as thoroughly as a trapper knows the mountain trail.

*The first of these works, as I have indicated, treats of what

* I am aware that several critics have assailed Mr. McAllister as rendering a false picture of the gay world of fashion in New York. The fact remains, however, that this same giddy world of wealth and pleasure have not repudiated their leader. No renunciation of him has come from this charmed circle; on the contrary, the following extract from the New York *Herald* of December 9, gives an idea of the position held by Mr. McAllister at the present time. This, together with the fact that

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may be termed the froth of society, that is, the wealth-laden idlers who live chiefly for themselves, for the petty triumphs in fashion's hollow life, those who enjoy the superficial and artificial life of what is known as society, when millions of their fellowmen are being forced to the depth of want and often

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for years he has been the idol of the "four hundred," is sufficient to refute the claim that the picture he presents of the froth of society is misleading.

Delmonico's white and gold ball room was ablaze with light last night.

This is the eighteenth year of the Patriarchs' ball, and the occasion just celebrated was the largest and most brilliant of any ever given.

As it was opera night, none of the guests came until eleven o'clock.

They entered the blue room, and then the second *salon*, where the Hungarian band from Buda-Pesth played all the evening.

There were fully three hundred and seventy five people present, just twenty-five less than the famous four hundred.

William C. Whitney, W. Watts Sherman, and John Alsop Griswold are the newly elected Patriarchs.

Supper was announced at half past twelve.

THE LEADERS.

Mr. McAllister led with Mrs. Astor, followed by the Duchess of Marlborough with Mr. W. C. Whitney, the Duke of Marlborough with Mrs. Whitney, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt with Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, and Mr. Chauncy M. Depew with Mrs. Paran Stevens.

The Cotillion began at half-past one, and was danced in English fashion continually until half-past two, Mr. Harry Le Grand Cannon leading with Miss Anne Cameron, who is the first *débutante* to have led.

Mr. McAllister danced with Mrs. Michael Herbert, and on his right and left were Mrs. Burke-Roche, Miss Wetmore, Miss Amy Bend, Mrs. Yznaga, Miss Randolph, Miss Grace Wilson, Miss Sallie Hargous, Mrs. W. A. Duer, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Miss Angelica Gerry and Miss Chapman.

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The Patriarchs danced until a late hour, and when they began their departure, clad in greatcoats and wrapped in sables and seals, they presented a picture (with the snow and the street lamps and Madison Square Garden as a setting) that would have delighted the heart of Gérome.

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into crime. Millions of their brothers and sisters are starving, or stealing that they may not starve, who might be saved, who would be redeemed if a small part of this wealth-laden circle in every metropolis would work in concert, and intelligently expend a liberal portion of the immense riches that they annually waste, and which few if any of them have created with their own hands, or by personal exertion outside of speculation. It is this world of idlers which Mr. McAllister describes and extols. Some of them owe their prestige largely to the fact that their ancestors were early settlers of Manhatten Island; others have inherited vast fortunes, while a third class are the children or representatives of the commercial brigands of to-day—men who spend months converting into cash a portion of their vast resources, who then withdraw their deposits from the metropolitan banks in such a manner as to send a thrill of uncertainty through the complex fabric of commercial life; who follow this with gloomy rumors and predictions of impending business failures through the press: who watch an opportune moment, when, with tiger spring, they convulse the speculative world, crushing banks, bankrupting hosts of individuals, causing many deaths and more misery, but at length they emerge from the chaos they have caused with millions of ill-gotten gains—millions of dollars, not a cent of which has been earned, millions of dollars won by gamblers who have money enough to take away all risk on their part and who understand how to utilize for their purses a system of legal gambling which is daily sapping the moral force of the nation and paralyzing legitimate trade. It is from one of these three classes that we find the majority of fashion's votaries in our great metropolis. And how do they live in this charmed circle? They winter in New York and summer at Newport, or some other resort of wealth and fashion. Winter and summer alike they feast, drink, and dance. In summer

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they drive in state. In winter they attend the opera. This, of course does not command all their time, but it represents the great absorbing thoughts that fire and control life. This round of gayety is to this element what invention is to Edison, what evolution was to Darwin, what conquest was to Alexander, what the redemption of humanity was to Jesus—the motive power that most sways life; the over-mastering impulse of existence; the thought or desire, before which all else becomes subordinate. Let us examine a few etchings from Mr. McAllister's gallery that we may acquire a better idea of the essential spirit of this life. Here we have a picture of a typical picnic at Newport:—

"We would meet at Narragansett avenue at one p. m., and all drive out together. On reaching the picnic grounds, I had an army of skirmishers, in the way of servants, thrown out, to take from each carriage its contribution to the country dinner. The band would strike up, and off the whole party would fly in the waltz, while I was directing the icing of the champagne, and arranging the tables; all done with marvelous celerity. Then came my hour of triumph, when, without giving the slightest signal (fearing some one might forestall me and take off the prize), I would dash in among the dancers, secure our society queen, and lead with her the way to the banquet. Now began the fun in good earnest. The clever men of the party would assert their claims to the best dishes, proud of the efforts of their cook, loud in their praise of their own game pie, which most probably was brought out by some third party, too modest to assert and push his claim. Beauty was there to look upon, and wit to enliven the feast. The wittiest of men was then in his element, and I only wish I dared quote here his brilliant sallies. The beauty of the land was also there, and all feeling that they were on a frolic, they threw hauteur, ceremonial, and grand company manners aside, and,

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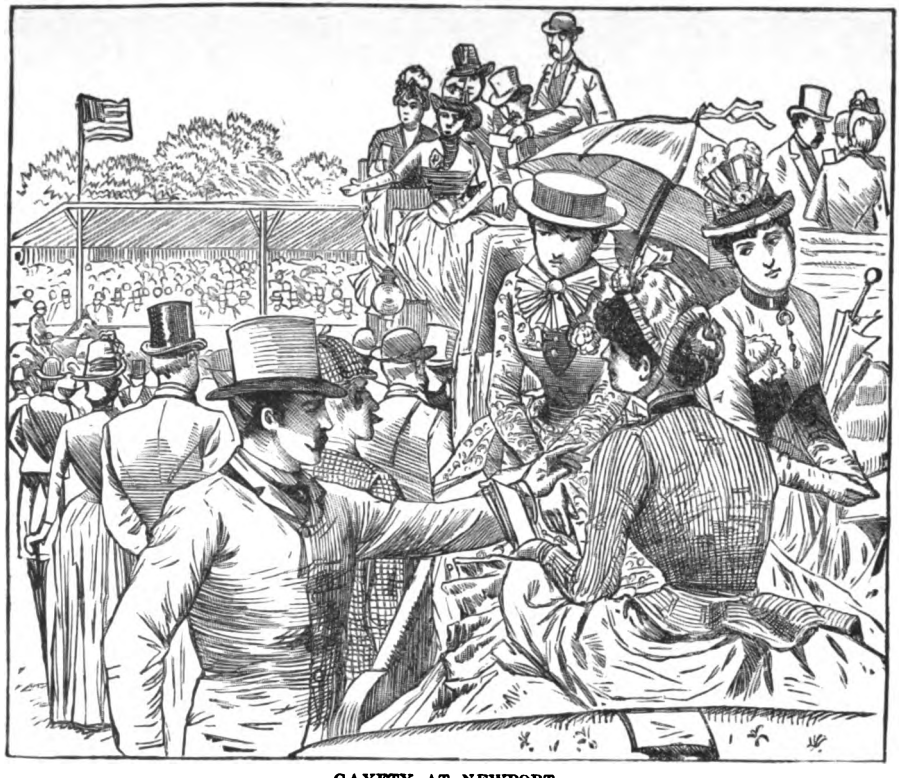
in place, assumed a spirit of simple enjoyment. Toasts were given and drunk, then a stroll in pairs, for a little interchange of sentiment, and then the whole party made for the dancing platform, and a cotillion of one hour and a half was danced till sunset. As at a 'Meet,' the arrivals and departures were a feature of the day. Four-in-hands, tandems, and the swellest of Newport turn-outs rolled by you. At these entertainments you formed lifetime intimacies with the most cultivated and charming men and women of this country.

"These little parties were then, and are now, the stepping-stones to our best New York society. People who have been for years in mourning and thus lost sight of, or who, having passed their lives abroad and were forgotten, were again seen, admired and liked, and at once brought into society's fold. Now, do not for a moment imagine that all were indiscriminately asked to these little *fetes*. On the contrary, if you were not of the inner circle, and were a newcomer, it took the combined efforts of all your friends' backing and pushing to procure an invitation for you. For years whole families sat on the stool of probation awaiting trial and acceptance, and many were then rejected, but once received, you were put on an intimate footing with all."

From Newport we turn to New York and view a banquet for seventy-two persons, given by a member of this exclusive class. The cost of this banquet was to be ten thousand dollars.

"Accordingly, he (the gentleman giving the banquet) went to Charles Delmonico, who in turn went to his *cuisine classique* to see how they could possibly spend this sum on this feast. Success crowned their efforts. The sum in such skilful hands soon melted away, and a banquet was given of such beauty and magnificence, that even New Yorkers, accustomed as they were to every species of novel expenditure, were astonished at its lavishness, its luxury. The banquet was given at Delmonico's, in Fourteenth street.

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GAYETY AT NEWPORT.

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"There were seventy-two guests in the large ball-room looking on Fifth avenue. Every inch of the long-extended oval table was covered with flowers, excepting a space in the center, left for a lake, and a border around the table for the plates. This lake was indeed a work of art; it was an oval pond, thirty feet in length, by nearly the width of the table, inclosed by a delicate golden wire network, reaching from table to ceiling, making the whole one grand cage; four superb swans, brought from Prospect Park, swam in it, surrounded by high banks of flowers of every species and variety, which prevented them from splashing the water on the table. There were hills and dales; the modest little violet carpeting the valleys, and other bolder sorts climbing up and covering the tops of those miniature mountains. Then, all around the inclosure, and in fact above the entire table, hung little golden cages, with fine songsters, who filled the room with their melody, occasionally interrupted by the splashing of the waters of the lake by the swans, and the cooing of these noble birds, and at one time by a fierce combat between these stately, graceful, gliding white creatures. The surface of the whole table, by clever art, was one unbroken series of undulations, rising and falling like the billows of the sea, but all clothed and carpeted with every form of blossom. It seemed like the abode of fairies; and when surrounding this fairyland with lovely young American womanhood, you had indeed an unequalled scene of enchantment. But this was not to be alone a feast for the eye; all that art could do, all that the cleverest man could devise to spread before the guests such a feast as the gods should enjoy, was done, and so well done that all present felt, in the way of feasting, that man could do no more. The wines were perfect. Blue seal Johannisberg flowed like water. Incomparable '48 claret, superb Burgundies, and amber-colored Madeira, all were there to add to the intoxicating delight of the

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scene. Then soft music stole over one's senses; lovely women's eyes sparkled with delight at the beauty of their surroundings, and I felt that the fair being who sat next to me would have graced Alexander's feast."

After reading the above it is well to call to mind the awful facts, that out of 39,679 deaths in New York city in 1889, 7,059 died in the hospitals, insane asylums, and work houses; more than one person in every six who died in New York, died in public institutions, and 3,819 of those who died were thrown into the Potter's field, too poor for decent burial. In the presence of such frightful facts the heartless selfishness which characterizes the reckless extravagance of the society of which Mr. McAllister writes, assumes criminal proportions. But this is by no means the only evil which attends such life. The very atmosphere cannot fail to stifle the highest nature of man, to dwarf, shrivel and kill the true ethical or spiritual essence of his being, which instinctively turns to humanity's miserables with soul overflowing with love, which ever shrinks from a mere selfish, butterfly existence as one shrinks from an adder, knowing it will poison unto death the highest attributes of the soul. The following extract well illustrates the blighting influence upon the individual, as well as the false idea of life that such an existence inculcates. A wealthy friend, on sailing for Europe, placed in the charge of Mr. McAllister his wife and daughter, requesting him to give them a splendid ball at Delmonico's, and draw on him for all expenses. At this our author proceeds:—

"I replied: 'My dear fellow, how many people do you know in this city whom you could invite to a ball? The funds you send me will be used, but not in giving a ball.' The girl being a beauty, all the rest was easy enough. I gave her theatre party after theatre party, followed by charming little suppers, asked to them the *jeunesse dorée* of the day; took her repeat-

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edly to the opera, and saw that she was always there surrounded by admirers; incessantly talked of her fascinations; assured my young friends that she was endowed with a fortune equal to the mines of Ophir, that she danced like a dream, and possessed all the graces, a sunbeam across one's path; then saw to it that she had a prominent place in every cotillion and a fitting partner; showed her whom to smile upon, and on whom to frown; gave her the *entrée* to all the nice houses; criticised severely her toilet until it became perfect; daily met her on the avenue with the most charming man in town, who by one pretext or another I turned over to her; made her the constant subject of conversation; insisted upon it that she was to be the belle of the coming winter; advised her parents that she should have her first season at Bar Harbor, where she could learn to flirt to her heart's content, and vie with other girls. Her second summer, when she was older, I suggested her passing at Newport, where she should have a pair of ponies, a pretty trap, with a well-gotten-up groom, and Worth to dress her."

Another significant illustration of the artificiality of this existence and its essential demoralizing effect is seen in the *naive* observation of McAllister:—

"The highest cultivation in social manners enables a person to conceal from the world his real feelings. He can go through any annoyance as if it were a pleasure; go to a rival's house as if to a dear friend's; smile and smile, yet murder while he smiles."

In speaking of the Patriarchs' balls which are such a feature of society life among the "four hundred," Mr. McAllister describes how he fought for and secured entertainments of the most luxurious and expensive character possible. "We must spare no expense to make them a credit to us and to the great city in which they are given." A credit to squander money,

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while thousands in the compass of New York are slowly starving for the lack of money to buy the food the system craves. But our author continues :—

" The social life of a great part of our community, in my opinion, hinges on this and similar organizations, for it and they are organized social power, capable of giving a passport to society to all worthy of it."

And now let us see a typical man of this mad, gay world:

" I must here give as light sketch of one of the handsomest, most fascinating, most polished, and courteous gentlemen of that or any other period. We will here call him the major; amiability itself, a man both sexes could fall in love with. I loved him dearly, and when I lost him I felt much of the charm of life had departed with him. At all these country parties, he was always first and foremost. My rapidity of thought and action always annoyed him. 'My dear fellow,' he would say, 'for heaven's sake, go slow; you tear through the streets as if at some one's bidding. A gentleman should stroll leisurely, casting his eyes in the shop windows, as if in search of amusement, while you go at a killing pace, as if on business bent. The man of fashion should have no business.' Again, he had a holy horror of familiar garments. 'My dear boy,' he would smile and say, 'when will you discard that old coat? I am so familiar with it, I am fatigued at the sight of it.'

" On one subject we were always in accord—our admiration for women. My eye was quicker than his, and I often took advantage of it. I would say, 'Major, did you see that beauty? By Jove, a most delicious creature!' 'Who? Where?' he would exclaim. 'Why, man,' I replied, 'she has passed you; you have lost her.' 'Lost her! How could you let that happen? Why, why did you not sooner call my attention to her?' "

From this pitiful picture of life, that is worse than a failure,

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of the froth on humanity's bosom, where riches are squandered while manhood is enervated; where the noblest ideals are eclipsed by life devoted to gratification of the "lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life," we turn to view another phase of our civilization. In his "Darkest England," we have a vivid picture of society as General Booth has found it. Here a colossal figure looms up in a world of darkness; a voice comes from the brink of the abyss, speaks in tones that ring around the globe, a clarion voice pleading in humanity's name for the submerged millions. On the verge of the social pit the eye of the looker-on dilates with horror; the voice is hushed, the heart sickens. As one descends it grows darker. Here society exists in strata.

In London alone there are more than three hundred thousand souls who are hanging on the brink of the abyss, whose every heart-beat thrills with fear, whose lifelong nightmare is the dread that the little den they call home may be taken from them. Beneath them at the door of starvation are over two hundred thousand human lives; still further down we find three hundred thousand in the stratum of the starving, in the realm where hunger gnaws night and day, where every second of every minute, of every hour, of every day, is crowded with agony. Below the starving are the homeless; they who have nothing with which to buy a lodging in the worst quarters; they who sleep out the year round, hundreds of whom may be found any night on the cold stone slabs along the Thames embankment. Some have a newspaper between themselves and the damp stones, but the majority do not even enjoy this luxury! This army of absolutely homeless in London numbers thirty-three thousand.

Below these hells we find others still more terrible—the hells of vice and crime. In Great Britain alone are one hundred thousand prostitutes, and General Booth estimates at

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least a hundred thousand more very poor women whom poverty has driven to secretly increase their earnings by their shame.

There are twenty-two thousand juvenile thieves, there are thirty-two thousand nine hundred and ten reputed known thieves out of prison and thirty-two thousand in jail. There are half a million drunkards in Great Britain. The court record for a single year showed the conviction of one hundred and sixty thousand drunkards. It is estimated that sixty thousand drunkards annually die in the United Kingdom. Below these hells are others where all light has vanished, where we hear naught but the confused roar of angry brutes, madly, blindly grappling whom they may destroy. Then we have the public institutions, laden with the miserables. According to the official reports of the Register-General, one person in every five in London dies in the workhouse, the hospital, or the lunatic asylum. In 1887, there were eighty-two thousand five hundred and forty-five deaths in London. Of these seventeen thousand perished in public institutions.

Such are the rugged outlines which meet the eye as one glances at this world at the social nadir; such the general facts as from the verge of the abyss one's eyes wander down the strata that commence with the honest, industrious poor, and end with the hopelessly depraved. This is the world of which General Booth writes and in which he has already accomplished wonders.

In order to gain a better idea of this life it is necessary to notice a few typical cases. We have just examined the sketch drawn by Mr. McAllister of a typical life in his butterfly world; let us now squarely face life in the abyss. That we may better know this world we must approach it. From a distance the scene startles and staggers the mind. A closer

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examination touches the heart. He who would fathom its misery must look upon individual scenes and cases which are strictly typical. In this manner the truth is brought home—what before was merely *seen* is now *felt*, and the tragic aspects of the life of the submerged millions is sensibly appreciated. Let us, then, glance at some typical aspect of life in this grim world. The following picture would form a striking background for a setting showing the ten-thousand-dollar banquet at Delmonico's, so felicitously described by Mr. McAllister. It is taken from the record of one of General Booth's most trusted officers, who was sent to investigate the actual condition of the homeless poor in one portion of London:

"Just as big Ben strikes two, the moon, flashing across the Thames, and lighting up the stone-work of the embankment, brings into the relief a pitiable spectacle. Here on the stone abutments, which afford a slight protection from the biting wind, are scores of men, lying side by side, huddled together for warmth, and, of course, without any other covering than their ordinary clothing, which is scanty enough at the best. Some have laid down a few pieces of waste paper, by way of taking the chill off the stones, but the majority are too tired even for that."

General Booth's officer interviewed these homeless ones, three hundred and sixty of whom he found, one night, sleeping out along the Thames, between Blackfriar's and Westminster. We will select a few cases.

"No 1. 'I've slept here two nights. I'm a confectioner by trade. I come from Dartford. I got turned off because I'm getting elderly They can get young men cheaper, and I have the rheumatism so bad. I've earned nothing these two days. I thought I could get a job at Woolwich, so I walked there, but could get nothing. I found a bit of bread in the road, wrapped up in a bit of newspaper; that did me for yesterday.

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I had a bit of bread and butter to-day. I'm fifty-four years old. When it's wet, we stand about all night, under the arches.'

"No. 2. 'I'm a tailor. Have slept here four nights running. Can't get work. Been out of a job three weeks. It was very wet last night. I left these seats and went to Covent Garden Market, and slept under cover. There were about thirty of us. The police moved us on, but we went back as soon as they had gone. I've had a pen'worth of bread, and pen'worth of soup during the last two days—often goes without altogether. There are women sleep out here. They are decent people, mostly charwomen and such like, who can't get work.'

"No. 3. Elderly man: trembles visibly with excitement at mention of work; produces a card, carefully wrapped in old newspaper, to the effect that Mr. J. R. is a member of the Trade Protection League. He is a waterside laborer. Last job at that was a fortnight since. Has earned nothing for five days. Had a bit of bread this morning, but not a scrap since. Had a cup of tea, and two slices of bread yesterday, and the same the day before. The deputy at a lodging house gave it to him. He is fifty years old, and is still damp from sleeping out in the wet last night.

"No. 4. Been out of work a month. Carman by trade. Arm withered, and cannot do work properly. Has slept here all the week. Got an awful cold through the wet. Lives at odd jobs [they all do]. Got sixpence yesterday for minding a cab and carrying a couple of parcels. Earned nothing to-day. Has been walking about all day, looking for work, and is tired out.

"No. 5. Youth aged sixteen. Sad case. Londoner. Works at odd jobs and at matches selling. He has taken 3d. to-day; *i. e.*, net profit, 1½d. Has five boxes still. Has slept here every night for a month. Before that slept in Covent Garden Market or on doorsteps. Been sleeping out six months. Has

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had one bit of bread to-day; yesterday had only some gooseberries and cherries, *i. e.*, bad ones that had been thrown away. Mother is alive. She 'chucked him out,' when he returned home on leaving Feltham, because he couldn't find her money for drink."

These are fairly typical cases, writes General Booth, of the army of nomads, who are wandering homeless through the streets, and he continues:—

"Work, work! it is always work that they ask. The Divine curse is to them the most blessed of benedictions. 'In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread,' but alas for these forlorn sons of Adam! they fail to find the bread to eat, for society has no work for them to do. They have not even leave to sweat. Most of them now do more exhausting work in seeking for employment than the regular toilers do in their workshops, and do it under the darkness of hope deferred which maketh the heart sick."

Below this tier of the homeless who have hope looms up the despairing multitude, they who battle until body fails and brain reels, they who, confronted by the spectre of crime and the spectre of death, hear the voice of fate cry Choose! Here is a typical case:

"A short time ago a respectable man, a chemist, in Holloway, fifty years of age, driven hard to the wall, tried to end it all by cutting his throat. His wife also cut her throat, and at the same time they gave strychnine to their only child. The effort failed, and they were placed on trial for attempted murder. In the court, a letter was read which the poor wretch had written before attempting his life:—

"'My dearest George:—Twelve months have I now passed of a most miserable and struggling existence, and I really cannot stand it any more. I am completely worn out, and relations who could assist me won't do any more, for such was

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uncle's last intimation. He never inquires whether I am starving or not. Three pounds—a mere flea-bite to him—would have put us straight, and with his security and good interest might have obtained me a good situation long ago. I can face poverty and degradation no longer, and would sooner die than go to the workhouse, whatever may be the awful consequences of the steps we have taken. We have, God forgive us! taken our darling Arty with us, out of pure love and affection, so that the darling should never be cuffed about, or reminded or taunted with his heart-broken parents' crime. My poor wife has done her best at needle-work, washing, house-minding, etc., in fact, anything and everything that would bring in a shilling; but it would only keep us in semi-starvation. I have now done six weeks' travelling from morning till night, and not received one farthing for it. If that is not enough to drive you mad—wickedly mad—I don't know what is. No bright prospect anywhere; no ray of hope. May God Almighty forgive us for this heinous sin, and have mercy on our sinful souls, is the prayer of your miserable, broken-hearted, but loving brother Arthur. We have now done everything that we can possibly think of to avert this wicked proceeding, but can discover no ray of hope. Fervent prayer has availed us nothing; our lot is cast, and we must abide by it. It must be God's will, or He would have ordained it differently. Dearest Georgy, I am exceedingly sorry to leave you all, but I am mad—thoroughly. You, dear, must try and forget us, and, if possible, forgive us; for I do not consider it our fault we have not succeeded. If you could get three pounds for our bed, it will pay our rent, and our scanty furniture may fetch enough to bury us in a cheap way.

"Don't grieve over us or follow us, for we shall not be worthy of such respect. Our clergyman has never called on us or given us the least consolation, though I called on him a month

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ago. He is paid to preach, and there he considers his responsibility ends, the rich excepted. We have only yourself and a very few others who care one pin what becomes of us; but you must try and forgive us, is the last fervent prayer of your devotedly fond and affectionate, but broken-hearted and persecuted brother. [Signed] R. A. O———.'

"This is an authentic human document, a transcript from the life of one among thousands who go down inarticulate into the depths. They die and make no sign, or, worse still, they continue to exist, carrying about with them, year after year, the bitter ashes of a life from which the furnace of misfortune has burnt away all joy, hope and strength."

Then we have the vicious—a world so terrible that one sickens as he explores it; a world into which the vast majority have been forced by the selfishness and brutality of our present civilization—the inhumanity of man.

My present purpose does not necessitate prosecuting our investigations through the hell of vice and crime into which the vast majority of those in the upper stratum, who do not perish in the battle for bread, ultimately sink. I simply desire to place in antithesis the idle rich and the starving poor, and by typical illustrations lead men and women to *think*. If a general agitation can be brought about, if the element in life to-day which appreciates the importance of an active ethical education can be marshalled in line, it will not be long before methods for the amelioration and redemption of society's submerged millions will be at hand. The crying need of the hour is a great moral agitation, an aggressive movement on ethical lines; the conscience of civilization must be appealed to in the name of justice, civilization and our common humanity.

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Woman s Dress.

BY FRANCIS E. RUSSELL.

LEADING thinkers among women of broad culture have long been pleading for the freedom of woman, urging her right to education, wages, and suffrage on an equality with man. The world is slow to yield their demand. Did it ever occur to you that this is partly owing to the appearance of woman which seems to vitiate her claim to equality?

She asks for education, but she usually arrays herself in a style that suggests either the infantile or the idiotic. She seeks for work and good wages, but stands before the world fettered by her clothing and weighted with unnecessary drapery and trimmings. She would engage in political affairs, but seems unable to apply common-sense principles to the clothing of her own body.

Handicapped and weakened as woman has been by her costumes, she has again and again, in individual cases, proved the justice of her claims to equality on intellectual, industrial, and social planes of activity. These facts make small impression on the judgment of mankind, compared with the proofs of her inferiority daily visible to the naked eye. From the crown of her head, decked with the stuffed bodies or wings of slaughtered song-birds, or cruelly weighted with jet and glass

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ornaments, to the soles of her feet perched upon disease-producing heels or standing in shoes too thin-soled to protect from dampness—the average dress of the average woman pronounces against her the verdict, fickle, frivolous, incompetent!

There are no better missionaries to the heathen in foreign lands than American women, but the Japanese in their loose drapery and Sandwich Islanders in their Mother Hubbards, look with amusement or contempt upon the corsets of Christians. The good works of the Women's Christian Temperance Union are well-known, but, amid the highest civilization of Christendom, women still wear jewels hung in the flesh; and in a single season I have seen presidents of local unions wearing birds on their bonnets, apparently in ignorance of the efforts of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the protests of nature-lovers, the entreaties of ornithologists and the ridicule of the press. It is probable that they gave no thought to the matter; they followed the fashion.

Jet and glass trimmings have lately had a long reign, adding greatly to the weight of hats, wraps, and gowns. A lady reporter had the curiosity to ask the weight of a bead-trimmed suit. The scales reported a weight exceeding the maximum of that allowed our soldiers in the last war, their accoutrements, ammunition and all. One handsome, bead-trimmed cloak was sent back to the dealer, because the lady for whom it was purchased could not stand up under its weight.

We have only just escaped from the imposition of the bustle. For a few years it held sway so universally that intelligent women at last put it on, feeling that their own comparative flatness of back was positive deformity. We all remember the not long-past days when women in every station in life went trailing dress fabrics behind them, upstairs and downstairs, in kitchen, schoolroom, shop, street, and field, un-

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less they carried their skirts in their hands. Women who did not wear trains were looked upon by others as lacking appreciation of the line of beauty, the long sweeping curve. Suddenly the Greek line of beauty disappeared from common view, and the trimmed skirt appeared. No more long lines, but no end of pleating. Rows on rows of heavy pleating, till it became the main task of dress-making, and the chief weight of the garment. Women actually died of pleating.

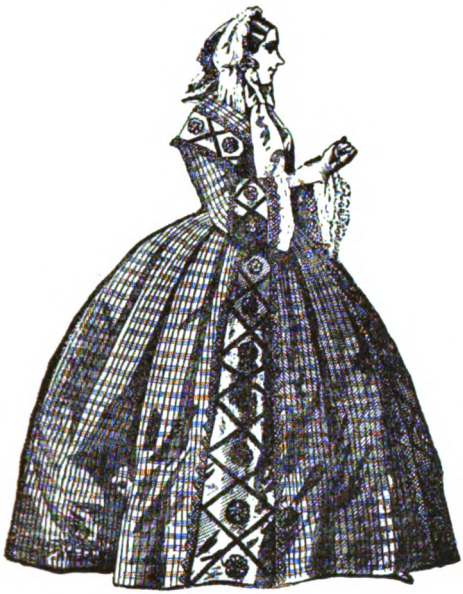
Machines for its home manufacture were peddled from door to door, and ready-made pleating was sold with dress materials. It had become one of the great staple productions, when suddenly—no more pleating! A plain skirt was true elegance.

What a relief we have lately had? Superficial observers began to speak of progress, and to see in this change of fashion, the hand of evolution. But women had not fairly adjusted themselves to the new *régime* of simplicity, when their skirts were drawn back, with all the gathers behind—a very literal drawback to a woman walking. "Her two shy knees clad in a single trouser," as Coventry Patmore said of the "girl of the period," in the former days of the "tie-back"—a more immodest exposure, than if she went her way clad in unmistakable, roomy, two-legged trousers.

This is the situation at present. No pockets, no free use of the lower limbs, for her who is "in style;" and "they say" that skirts are lengthening, must now touch the floor; that trains are coming back, and that a demand for hoops is arising.

I remember the evolution of the skeleton skirt, of about thirty years ago, just following the rise and fall of the Bloomer costume. For years, the skeleton skirt swung in the breeze, and served as a sign before the door of every dry goods store. It was absurd and inartistic; but, if active women must wear long skirts, the skeleton skirt made them more endurable.

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1860



1872



1878



1886

VAGARIES OF FASHION. PREVAILING STYLES IN WALKING COSTUMES DURING THE PAST THIRTY YEARS.

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There was comparative freedom for the organs of locomotion underneath the swinging cage, and one hand could lift the superimposed drapery, instead of using the two hands commonly required to help long skirts upstairs. A yard-long whalebone sewed in the hem of the petticoat, giving a decidedly bell-shaped appearance to the wearer, was the first form of hoop-skirt, I remember, but at last hoop-skirt factories sprang up all over the land, till it was argued that it would be a sin to oppose the fashion, lest the ruin of the factories should throw thousands out of employment. Women went about like moving pyramids. Inflated skirts, varying in outline from time to time, became so common that a woman without hoops seemed positively immodest.

What a travesty upon good taste—each one of the ridiculous fashions detailed above "all of which I saw, and a part of which I was!" Is there a more conspicuous instance of "a thoughtless yes" than is found in woman's relation to her own costume? What is it but fetich worship? I refer to the attitude of most women, the unthinking majority. But the report of the minority is about to be heard—a minority so weighty in character and influence that when once heard upon this subject, it cannot long remain the minority.

Who or what is this fashion, that makes such fools of womankind—dragging them from one extreme to another, and offering for each change some absurd and contradictory pretence? Though many of her freaks are known to be the result of accident, the eccentricities or misfortunes of great beauties or leaders of society serving as models for the imitative—there appears to be some method in her madness. She seems bent upon making *our* wardrobe as expensive as possible. Some change in her tactics has been observed since the advent of copyrighted patterns. The coöperation between manufacturers, dealers and patternmakers is a mystery

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to the uninitiated, but it is evident that women have become, as Jennie June says, "the victims of trade."

The whole superstructure of woman's dress seems to be founded on a mistake—that beauty should be its chief object. Is not beauty, like happiness, something that comes unsought, as a result of following duty? It seems to me a kind of atheism to call anything beautiful which is an injury to humanity. That fashion knows nothing whatever about genuine beauty, is evident from her contradictions.

Herbert Spencer says, in the opening chapter of his book on Education:—

"It has been truly said that in the order of time decoration precedes dress. Among people who submit to great physical suffering that they may have themselves handsomely tattooed, extremes of temperature are borne with but little attempt at mitigation. Humboldt tells us that an Orinoco Indian, though quite regardless of bodily comfort, will yet labor for a fortnight to purchase pigment wherewith to make himself admired; and that women of the same tribes would not hesitate to leave their hut without a fragment of clothing on, would not dare to commit such a breach of decorum as to go out unpainted. * * * In the treatment of both mind and body, the decorative element has continued to predominate in a greater degree among women than among men. Originally, personal adornment occupied the attention of both sexes equally. In these latter days of civilization, however, we see that in the dress of men the regard for appearance has, in a considerable degree, yielded to the regard for comfort; while in their education the useful has of late been trenching upon the ornamental. In neither direction has this change gone so far with women. The wearing of ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelets; the elaborate dressings of the hair; the still occasional use of paint; the immense labor bestowed in making habiliments sufficiently attrac-

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tive; and the great discomfort that will be submitted to for the sake of conformity, show how greatly, in the attiring of women, the desire of approbation overrides the desire for warmth and convenience."

But men are the world's recognized workers. They consider themselves free and independent; themselves "the people," women, their adjuncts. This is the unspoken opinion of the majority. It is still the theory of the unthinking that women are "protected" and "supported" by men. Woman's dress typifies her subject condition. As she emerges from mingled dollhood and drudgery to reasonable womanhood, to "her grand new standing place of perfect equality by the side of man," she should have the outward appearance of a reasonable being. This does not mean that women should adopt male attire. Equality does not necessarily mean identity. The united wisdom of our women physicians, artists, teachers, preachers, dressmakers, housekeepers, actors, editors, authors, can surely invent a better costume for women who wish to be useful, than any fashion has yet vouchsafed to either sex.

But will women wear it? Individuals must not be blamed for dressing with "due regard" for the accepted style. Every woman's dress expresses, not only something of her own individuality, but it expresses, even more, her unity with the race, the common history and status of her sex. Viewing the subject from this philosophical standpoint, it seems possible that men are equally responsible with women for the grotesque attire of the female half of humanity.

Some men say strong things against absurd feminine fashions. So do many women. Many more, both men and women, would speak their minds even more strongly and frequently on the subject, but women feel their individual helplessness, and men are too chivalric to taunt them with it. They see how difficult it is for one alone to oppose the strong tide of public sentiment or appear conspicuously "out of fashion."

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It is possible, indeed, that men individually are no more independent of fashion than women. There is certainly more variety of personal taste shown in the details of dress among women than among men. But the whole male sex is upon a footing of greater freedom than is the female sex, and this greater freedom is expressed by the main features of their costume—of general rather than personal adoption.

In independent action, it seems impossible to go beyond a certain point without social martyrdom. Read the story of Jean Paul Richter and his effort to go without a cue when his countrymen all wore them, as told by Carlyle in his Miscellanies. Grace Greenwood made this idea very graphic in her lecture on "The Heroic in Common Life," as I heard it more than twenty years ago. She confessed that though she had, in moments of exaltation, felt that she might have done some of the famous heroic deeds of acknowledged heroines, like Joan of Arc, never, never had she felt that she had the courage to calmly face the small boy at the street corner with his derisive yell of "Bloomer!"

The failure of the dress reform movement of about forty years ago, known as the bloomer episode and begun by some of the very best women of the time, was due largely to its making so great a departure from the common outward appearance. The time was hardly ripe, then, for full dress reform, because so many women, even among those conspicuous in the attemped reform, were so ignorant of physiological principles.

A later dress reform movement, begun by the New England Woman's Club, made improvements that came to stay. A committee from their number thoroughly investigated woman's dress, and recommended important reforms in the underclothing. These were immediately adopted by many of the best educated woman, but it remained for Mrs. Annie Jenness-

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Miller to make them so widely and favorably known that, at last, they are "the fashion." The fiction that women have no legs is now fully discredited, for in the show windows of the largest dry goods stores stand dummies of the female figure dressed only in the combination undersuit made of wool or silk "tights," covering the whole body, except the head, hands, and feet. By this time every one must know that woman, like man, is a biped. Can anyone give a good reason why she must lift an unnecessary weight of clothing with every step she takes,—pushing forward folds of restricting drapery and using almost constantly, not only her hands, but her mental power and nervous energy to keep her skirts neat and out of the way of harm to herself and others?

Much discussion has been wasted over the question whether a women should carry the burden of her voluminous drapery from the shoulders or the hips. Why must she carry this unnecessary weight at all?

If fashion was indeed a fiend, bent upon the hopeless subjugation of one-half of the human race, and, through their degradation, upon the extinction of the sentiment of freedom in all humanity, she might go about the work just as she has lately begun, and train girl babies to their lot, from the cradle.

What are mothers thinking about who put long skirts upon their little daughters, and so deprive them of the few years of physical freedom heretofore allowed our girls? Surely they never rightly valued their own freedom and felt its loss, as did Frances Willard, who says:—

"But there came a day—alas! the day of my youth—on which I was as literally caught out of the fields and pastures as was ever a young colt; confronted by a long dress that had been made for me, corsets and high-heeled shoes that had been bought, hair-pins and ribbons for my straying locks, and I was told that it simply 'wouldn't answer' to 'run wild' another

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day. Company from the city was expected; I must be made presentable; I 'had *got* to look like other folks.'

"That was a long time ago, but I have never known a single physically reasonable day since that sweet May morning, when I cried in vain for longer lease of liberty."

The transition from the short dresses of childhood to the long skirts of womanhood has been so gradual for most of our younger women, that the victims have paid little heed to the change; especially as skirts have, for some years past, until quite recently, have been worn at what is called "walking length," instead of touching the floor, as fashion now decrees.

In some respects the time now seems very ripe for an onward movement in dress reform. The main stay of the corset was the basque—the great discomfort caused by having gowns in two pieces, with heavy skirts, being less noticeable when the corset made the pressure more even. Making a slight exception for the high sleeves, one may say that the female figure is now less dehumanized in its outline, by fashion, than at any time in many years.

More than twenty years ago, Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson, one of the New England Club committee, wrote of skirts:—

"Do what we will with them, they still add enormously to the weight of clothing, prevent cleanliness of attire about the ankles, overheat by their tops the lower portion of the body, impede locomotion and invite accidents. In short, they are uncomfortable, unhealthy, unsafe, and unmanageable. Convinced of this fact by patient and almost fruitless attempts to remove their objectionable qualities, the earnest dress-reformer is loath to believe that skirts hanging below the knee are not transitory features in woman's attire, as similar features have been in the dress of men, and surely destined to disappear with the tight hour-glass waists and other monstrosities of the present costume. * * * Any changes the wisest of us can

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to-day propose are only a mitigation of an evil which can never be done away till women emerge from this vast, swaying, undefined and undefinable mass of drapery into the shape God gave to His human beings."

Mrs. Jenness-Miller, in her lectures on Dress, advises her hearers to read Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead's book entitled "What is the Matter?" Few of her hearers know how very radical are the ideas of dress in that very entertaining little volume, which especially attacks long skirts, and considers none short enough that come within a foot of the floor. All the dress reformers who have helped us hitherto are willing to help us farther.

Now let us join hands, all lovers of liberty, in earnest co-operation to free American women from the dominion of foreign fashion. Let us, as intelligent women, with the aid and encouragement of all good men, take this important matter into our own hands and provide ourselves with convenient garments; a costume that shall say to all beholders that we are equipped for reasonable service to humanity. Let us reserve the long flowing lines and "art dress" for hours of ease and dress occasions, but in our working hours let us be found no longer simply draped, but clothed and in our right minds—with a dress that allows freedom of lungs and of limbs, one that has plenty of accessible pocket room, a dress that can be easily put on and comfortably worn, subservient to the human body and not its master; not a dress for any distinct "working *class*" of women, but a costume that every woman may wear freely when she pleases, and by thus wearing may show to all beholders that she wishes to be useful in the world and not a dependent and burden to other workers.

Let us choose a committee of our most capable and honored sisters, and instruct them to give us a costume suitable for walking and for working. If their recommendations shall be for

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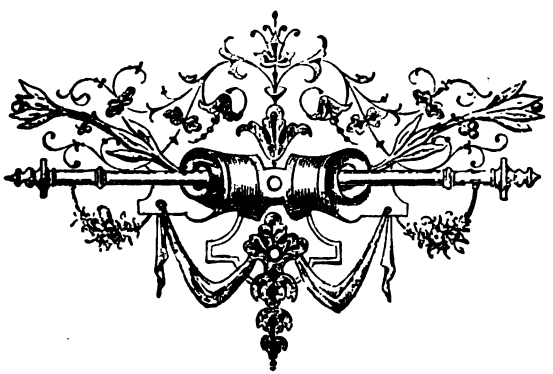
great changes in the outward garments, they may appoint a day when all who are willing to help forward the good work for humanity will simultaneously make the change. Should much opposition to their plans appear, they might well recommend that all men, as well as all women, opposed to free lungs and free limbs for women, should, on that day, go about in corsets and in skirts reaching to the floor, or with trains and bustles.

For the leaders, and for the rank and file of a new dress reform army, we have now abundant and excellent material. Consider the large number and respectability of our women physicians and artists. Colleges for women have risen on every hand. They have their gymnasiums and their resident physicians, and every year they send out groups of young women exceptionally strong in mind and body. The Society of Collegiate Alumni now numbers between eleven and twelve hundred. Our women's clubs in every city and village are a credit to our sex and an honor to our country. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has its ramifications everywhere, and its honored leader is brave and outspoken in her advocacy of physical freedom for women, recommending often and heartily Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' dress reform book on "What to Wear." The Association for the Advancement of Women, the Woman's Suffrage Association with its numerous branches, the Woman's Council, and many other organizations of women—surely all these will help to undo the heavy burdens and let the fashion-oppressed go free. If the pulpit and the press will stand by us in this most religious and patriotic undertaking, we may now take a decided onward step in the civilization of the race. A great burden may be lifted, a great shame abolished, and a new lease of life and liberty assured to unborn generations.

When old world visitors come to our great celebration, a

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few years hence, let us show them our better way of clothing women. Let this physical freedom, and with it an incalculable advance in spiritual freedom, be the legacy which the women of this decade shall leave to the twentieth century.



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The Working-Women of To-day.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE story of working-women, of those women forced by changes in industrial and social conditions into occupations outside the home, is limited to the last hundred years. The division of labor resulting in the factory system, and the multiplication of trades, has opened many employments hitherto unknown, in which the use of female labor has become almost a necessity. Woman has had her share of work from the beginning, often much more than her share, but it ran usually in the simple lines of household requirements; and if it chanced, here and there, to be of larger scope, this was, after all, mostly tentative. Work with deliberate intent to earn a living is chiefly a fact of the nineteenth century, and any tangible estimate of woman as a competitor of man in the struggle for existence must be based upon the facts of the past hundred years. It is within hardly more than a generation that the importance of the subject has become plain, and now we are all questioning as to what is included in the life of the working-woman; what is her economic and social condition; what are her rights and her wrongs; what bearing have they on society at large, and what concern is it of ours why or how she works, or what wages she receives?

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We are well aware that humanity has always had the enforced work of women as an essential part of its development, enforced not by law but by the necessities of life. In any new country, the work of women is a vital factor in its success or failure, in its growth and general prosperity; and in the early days of our own country this was far truer than now. There were then no trades open to women, because the organization of society was much less complex than it now is, and the family represented a union of trades. This had been the case in England and, indeed, in all civilized countries, and is even true of those early days when skins were all that was needed, and thorns were the only needles and pins. But from the day of that disastrous experience in the Garden, clothing, and the necessities involved in it, has been the synonym of sorrow for women, and the needle stands as the visible token of disaster, sorrow, and wrong of every order—"the asp upon the breast of the poor."

Civilization has always in the nature of things meant war. It is only out of the conflict of class with class, interest with interest, that advance comes. "Strife is the father of all things and the king of all things," was the word of Heraclitus the Wise. "It has brought forth some as gods and others as men, and hath made some bond and others free. When Homer prayed that strife might depart from amongst gods and men, he wist not that he was cursing the birth of all things, for all things have their birth in war and enmity."

It is only in this later day that we begin to realize other possibilities, and to wonder if the world has not had enough of wars and tumults, and cannot bring about the desired end without further expenditure of blood and tears. With war has ever been, and ever will be, the forcing of women left with no breadwinner into the ranks of the earners, and only later centuries have given an opportunity beyond domestic service.

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It is the last fifty years that has suddenly opened up the myriad possibilities in the more than four hundred trades into which women have thronged.

The field is so enormous that one is tempted aside from the real point at issue. What we have to do is to consider work for women as a whole, with all that it involves for womankind. It is not alone the worker herself, but the woman who uses the product of the worker's labor that should understand what obligation is laid upon her. She is not free from responsibility, for certain conditions which have come to the surface, that form part of the life of the day, and must be dealt with in wiser fashion than heretofore, if we are to attain the "consummation devoutly to be wished."

In the beginning of our history, women were at as high a premium as they are now in the remote west, but this was a temporary state, and as, more and more, fortune smiled on the struggling colonies, many forms of labor were transferred from male to female hands. Limitations were of the sharpest. That they were often unconscious ones, made them no less grinding. To "better one's self" was the effort of all. Long before the Declaration of Independence had formulated the thought that all men possess certain inalienable rights, amongst which are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," this had become the faith of those who, braving the perils of the deep, had settled in an unknown county, that they might enjoy the rights to which they had been born. The largest liberty for the individual consistent with the equal liberty of others was demanded and received, nor did it lessen as time went on. Liberty begat liberty. The ideal was always a growing one. Less limitation, not more, was the order of each fresh day that dawned. To every soul born into the colony, to every descendant of these souls, was a larger hope, a higher ambition. The standard of living altered steadily even

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in that portion of the country which retained longest the old simplicity, and best knew how to combine "plain living and high thinking," until in course of time the family remained no longer a colony in itself. Clothing and every necessary, which was formerly of home manufacture, could now be obtained from without, and women found, outside the family, practicable work to do.

The first factory established in New England, early in the present century, ended the old order or rather was the beginning of the end. But long before machinery had made the factory a necessity, there had been the struggle to break the bonds which held all women, save the few who had wealth, fast to the household. The same spirit that brought the pilgrim over the sea stirred in his descendants. The kitchen had proved itself a prison no less than now, and women and girls flocked into this new haven and worked with an enthusiasm that nothing could dampen.

"Oh, those blessed factories!" said to me one day, a woman, herself an earnest worker for present factory reform, and who began her literary life as contributor to the Lowell *Offering*. "You people will never know the emancipation they brought. I loathed the kitchen, and life went by in one. So many New England kitchens were built with no outlook, and ours was one. I used to run round the house to see the sunset over the mountain, and I can hear Aunt Nabby now: 'There goes that child again! I'd lock her up if she were mine!' We were all locked up! No chance for more than the commonest education; no money for any other. And then came these blessed factories! You laugh, but that was what they seemed then. We earned in them and saved, and in the end got our education, or gave it to our brothers, who were almost as shut in. They have altered—yes; but they were deliverance in the beginning, I can tell you, and in spite

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of present knowledge, I never see one of the tall chimneys without remembering and being thankful."

Such has been the story of most of man's inventions. Beginning as blessing they have in the end shown themselves largely as instruments of oppression. But in this case it is not the factory; it is the principle of competition, carried to an extreme, that has brought in its train child labor and many another perplexing problem. So many changes for the better are also involved; the general standard of living is so much higher, that unless brought into direct relation with workers under the worst conditions, it is impossible to know or realize the iniquities that walk hand-in-hand with betterment.

To one who has watched these conditions, the question arises, does the general advance keep step with the special? Mental and spiritual bonds are broken for the better class. Does this mean a proportionate enlightenment for the one below? Has the average worker time or thought for self-improvement and larger life? Are hours of labor lessening and possibilities increasing? These questions, and many of the same order, can have no definite answer from the private inquirer, whose field of observation is limited, and who can form no trustworthy estimate till facts from many sources have been set in order, such order, that safe deductions are possible for every intelligent reader.

It is to Massachusetts that we owe the first formal, trustworthy examination into the status of the working-woman, and the remarkable reports of that Bureau of Labor, under the management of Mr. C. D. Wright, have been the model for all later work in the same direction. As the result of a steadily growing interest in the subject, we have now under the same admirable management, the first authoritative statement of conditions as a whole. The fourth annual report of the United States Bureau of Labor, entitled, "Working-

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women in Large Cities," gives us the result of some three years' diligent work in collecting information as to every phase of the working-woman's life, from the trade itself, with its possibilities and abuses, to the personal characteristics of the woman who had chosen it. It is not only the student of social science who needs to study the volume, but the working-women themselves will find here the answer to many questions, and to some of the charges now and then brought against them as a class.

The value of figures like these is seldom at once apparent, since many facts seem isolated and irrelevant. But the fact that they have not been gathered in the interest of a theory but are set down merely as material for deduction, gives them a value not always attached to figures, and will make them serve as the basis of many a practical reform.

It is women earning a living at manual labor who are meant by working-women, and thus all professional and semi-professional occupations, such as teaching, stenography, type-writing, and telegraphy, with the thousands who are employed in them are excluded from the report. Outside of these occupations, three hundred and forty-three distinct industries have been investigated. Twenty-two cities have given in returns, all representative as to locality, and ending with San Francisco and San José for the Pacific slope. Personal interviews were had by the government agents with 17,427 women, this being, according to the estimate of the report, from six to seven per cent. of the whole number of women engaged in the class of work coming under observation. I am convinced that this estimate of the United States report is very misleading. The 17,427 women being six per cent. of all those engaged in the three hundred and forty-two industries investigated, the total so employed in the twenty-two cities would be 290,450, which on the face of it appears to be absurd. The New York Com-

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missioner of Labor, in the report of his Bureau for 1885, estimates that there were, in 1884, over 200,000 women employed in the various trades in the city of New York alone. Neither of these reports includes women employed in rougher manual labor, such as scrubbing, washing, and domestic service. If the New York Commissioner's estimate for New York City is correct, and I confess it seems to me to be nearly so, and if Mr. Wright's estimate is as much too low in all the other cities as it seems to be in New York, the actual number employed in trades in the twenty-two cities instead of being only 295,450, cannot be far from 1,200,000. With the exception of certain statistics on prostitution, the entire work of the United States report has been done by women appointed by the Bureau, and Mr. Wright bears cordial testimony to the efficiency of each one in a most difficult and laborious task, adding: "They have stood on an equality in all respects with the male force of the department, and have been compensated equally with them. It was considered entirely appropriate in an investigation of this kind, that the main facts should be collected by women. The wisdom of this course has been thoroughly established."

Here, then, for the first time since labor questions began to attract the attention of students of social science, is an aid to stating definitely certain facts hitherto unknown to the public at large, and only surmised by those interested in the subject. Save for the Massachusetts reports already mentioned, and the valuable one of the New York Commissioner, Mr. Charles H. Peck, for 1885, with that of the first report of the Colorado Bureau of Labor Statistics, for 1887 and 1888, prepared under the very competent and careful supervision of Mr. E. J. Driscoll, there has been no authoritative word as to numbers employed, ages, conditions, average and comparative earnings, hours of labor, nationalities and the many points

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most difficult to determine.* Few but students, however, are likely to read these volumes, and thus a *resumé* of their chief points might find place here were I not limited as to space. Having in mind the injunction of the editor of *The Arena*, to be brief, I shall quote only from the United States report. As all three of the Commissioners named agree in the most important details, except as to numbers employed, the United States report will speak for them all.

In the twenty-two cities investigated by the agents of the United States Bureau, the average age at which girls begin work is found to be fifteen years and four months. Charleston, S. C., gives the highest average, it being there eighteen years and seven months, and Newark the lowest, fourteen years and seven months. The average period during which all have been engaged in their present occupations, is shown to be four years and nine months, while of the total number interviewed 9,540 were engaged in their first attempt to earn a living.

As against the opinion often expressed that foreign workers are in the majority, we find that of the whole number given, 14,120 were native born. Of the foreign born Ireland is most largely represented, having 926, and Germany next with 775. In the matter of parentage, 12,904 had foreign-born fathers, and 12,406 foreign-born mothers. The number of single women included in the report is 15,387; 745 were married and 1,038 widowed, from which it is evident that as a rule it is single women who are fighting their industrial fight alone. They are not only supporting themselves, but are giving their earnings largely to the support of others at home. More than half—8,754—do this, and 9,813, besides their occupation, help

*The Report of the California Bureau of Labor, 1887-8, Commissioner John J. Tobin, should be included, but came after the above had gone to press.

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in the home housekeeping. Of the total number, 14,918 live at home, but only 701 of them receive board from their families. The average number in these families is 525, and each contains 248 workers.

Of those who reported their health condition at the time their work began, 16,360 were in good health, 883 in fair health, and 183 in bad health. A distinct change in health condition is shown by the fact that 14,550 are now in good health, 2,385 in fair health, and 489 in bad health.

Concerning education, church attendance, home and shop conditions, 15,831 reported. Of these, 10,456 were educated in American public schools and 5,375 in other schools; 5,854 attend Protestant churches; 7,769 Catholic, and 367 the Hebrew. A very large percentage, comprehending 2,309 do not attend church at all. In home conditions 12,020 report themselves as comfortable, while 4,693 give the home conditions as poor. "Poor" is, to the ordinary observer, to be interpreted wretched, over-crowding, all the numberless evils of tenement-house life, which is the portion of many. A side light is thrown on personal characteristics of the workers, in the tables of earnings and lost time. Out of 12,822 who reported, 373 earn less than a hundred dollars a year, and this class lost an average of 86.5 for the year covered by the investigation. With the increase of earnings the lost time decreases; the 2,147 who earn from two hundred to two hundred and fifty losing but 37.8, while 398, earning from three hundred to five hundred dollars a year, lost but 18.8 days.

The average weekly earnings by cities is no less suggestive. In Atlanta the wages are the lowest of any of the twenty-two cities, being only $4.05; in San Francisco they are the highest, being $6.91. The wages in the other cities vary between these two extremes. In New York the average wage is $5.85; in Boston, $5.64; in Chicago, $5.74; in St. Paul, $6.02; and in New Orleans, $4.31.

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These sums represent the earnings of skilled labor. Many women under this head can earn eight and ten dollars a week, but the general average is only $5.24. The large proportion of unskilled workers whose wage does not exceed one hundred dollars a year, include cash girls and the least intelligent class. It is this class that suffer most from the fine system, since punctuality and thoroughness are the result of educated intelligence. The largest number earn from two to two hundred and fifty dollars, and, as has been said, lose an average of thirty days in the year. The highest average wage, $6.91, is little more than subsistence, and the lowest, $4.05, is far less than decent subsistence requires.

Absolute violation of sanitary laws, over-crowding, and a host of other evils are specified as part of the factory system. Deliberate cruelty and injustice are met only now and then, but competition forces the working in as inexpensive a manner as possible, and so makes cruelty and injustice necessary to continued existence of the employer as an industrial factor. Home conditions are seldom beyond tolerable. For the most part, they must be summed up as intolerable. Inspection, the efficiency of which has greatly increased; the demand, by the organized charities, for women inspectors, and the gradual growth of popular interest, are bringing about a few improvements, but the mass at all points are as stated. Ignorance and the vices that go with ignorance, want of thoroughness, unpunctuality, thriftlessness, and improvidence, are all in the count against the poorer order of worker, but for the most part they are living honest, self-respecting, infinitely dreary lives. This fact is emphasized in every labor report in which the subject of women wage-workers is treated, and impersonal as figures are usually counted to be, from each one sounds a warning which, if unheeded, must in the end mean the disaster to which these returns point as inevitable. Even in Colorado,

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a State not included in the government report, where opportunity is larger, it has been said, than at almost any other point in the Union, Mr. Driscoll's report for that State shows an average wage for women of about six dollars, which, considering the cost of living, is less than the New York rate.

It is a popular belief that the working class forms a large proportion of the numbers who fill the houses of prostitution, and that "night-walkers" are made up largely from the same class. Nothing could be farther from the truth than the last statement, the falsity of which was demonstrated in the fifteenth annual report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, its testimony being confirmed and repeated in the report we have under consideration. For the first, diligent investigation in fourteen cities showed clearly that a very small proportion among working-women entered this life. The largest number classed by occupations came from the lowest order of workers, those employed in housework and in hotels, and the next largest was found among seamstresses, employés of shirt factories, and cloakmakers, both of these industries in which under-pay is proverbial. The great majority receiving not more than five dollars a week, earn it by seldom less than ten hours a day of hard labor, and not only live on this sum, but assist friends, contribute to general household expenses, dress so as to appear fairly well, and have learned every art of doing without. More than this. Since the deepening interest in their lives, and the formation of working-girls' societies and guilds of many orders, they contribute from this scanty sum enough to rent meeting rooms, pay for instruction in many classes, and provide a relief fund for sick and disabled members. Aids, alleviations, growing interest, all are to-day given to the worker. "Homes" of every order open their doors, some so hedged about by rules that self-respect revolts and refuses to live the life demanded by them. In all of these

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homes, even the best, lurks always the suspicion of charity, and even when this has no active formulation in the worker's mind, there is still the underlying sense of the essential injustice of withholding with one hand just pay, and with the other proffering a substitute in a charity, which is to reflect credit on the giver, and demand gratitude from the receiver. Here and there this is recognized, and within a short time has been emphasized by a woman whose name is associated with the work of charity organizations throughout the country—Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell. I doubt if there is any one better fitted by long experience and almost matchless common sense to speak authoritatively. Within a short time she has written: "So far from assuming that the well-to-do portion of society have discharged all their obligations to man and God by supporting charitable institutions, I regard just this expenditure as one of the *prime* causes of the suffering and crime that exist in our midst. I am inclined, in general, to look upon what is called charity as the *insult* which is added to the *injury* done to the mass of the people by *insufficient payment for work*.

Disguise this fact as we will; bear testimony to the inefficiency and incompetency of the workers; admit every trial and perplexity of employers, every effort to better conditions, yet there remains in the background always this shadow, in which the woman who elects to earn an honest living must walk. No more heroic battle has ever been fought than this daily one, waged silently and uncomplainingly in our midst by these workers. Their lot is all part of the general evolution from disorder, ignorance, and indiffence, into the larger life, opening so slowly that impatient spirits demand dynamite to hasten the process, but as surely as the earth marches forever on its round toward that central sun that draws each smallest star of that system we call our universe.

It is certain that this is a transition period; that material

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conditions born of a phenomenal material progress have deadened the sense as to what constitutes real progress, and that the working-woman of to-day contends not only with visible but invisible obstacles, the nature of which we are but just beginning to discern. Twenty years ago one of the wisest of modern French thinkers, M. Paul Leroy-Beauleiu, wrote of women wage-earners: "From the economic point of view, women, who has next to no material force, and whose arms are advantageously replaced by the least machine, can have useful place and obtain fair remuneration only by the development of the best qualities of her intelligence. It is the inexorable law of our civilization—the principle and formula even of social progress, that *mechanical engines are to accomplish every operation of human labor which does not proceed directly from the mind.* The hand of man is each day deprived of a portion of its original task, but this general gain is a loss for the particular and for the classes whose only instrument of labor is a pair of feeble arms."

Untrained intelligence finds earning a more and more difficult task, and for all of us it has become plain, that in the mighty problem given us by a civilization which at so many points fails to civilize, every force must be brought to bear upon its solution. These pale, anæmic, undeveloped girls swarming in factory and shop, are the mothers of a large part of the coming generation, defrauded before birth of all the elements that make strong bodies and teachable souls. It is not alone the present with which we deal. Out of the future comes a demand as instant, and justice to-day bears its fruit in larger life for other days to come. For this must be two awakenings. One for the looker-on in the struggle who has no eyes for what still lies in shadow. The other for the worker, who must join the army already aroused, realizing its limitations, reaching out for training and larger opportunity, and seeking with the

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eagerness born of hard conditions, some permanent way of escape. And for watcher and worker alike the word is the same :

"Light, light, and light! To break and melt in sunder
All clouds and chains that in one bondage bind
Eyes, hands, and spirits, forged by fear and wonder,
And sleek fierce fraud with hidden knife behind;
There goes no fire from heaven before their thunder,
Nor are the links not malleable that wind
Round the snared limbs and souls that ache thereunder,
The hands are mighty were the head not blind"



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Divorce.

HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT AND B. O. FLOWER.

DURING the past few years the divorce problem has assumed commanding proportions, due largely to a variety of causes aside from the rapid increase in the number of legal separations granted during the last few decades. The persistent efforts of the National Divorce Reform League to obtain statistics and create a public sentiment primarily in favor of uniform laws, and, secondarily, in favor of reducing the number of causes for which marital bonds may be legally severed, have doubtless contributed very largely to the general discussion of the subject, and from this source it is probable many of the popular prejudices have arisen, due to distorted and exaggerated conceptions of what is by many considered a menacing evil. But whether or not this is true, a great number of well-meaning but, in my judgment, mistaken individuals have for many years been industriously laboring to create a sentiment against our present divorce laws. We have been told (1) That divorces are evil. (2) That the present lax laws enable men to take cruel advantage of women. (3) That no other nation is disgraced by such liberal laws as America, and as a result the Republic is held in contempt by the older civilizations. (4) That the ends of marriage are being

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defeated by the present laws. (5) That owing to the absence of uniform laws, certain States are being over-run by adventurous spirits, who seek to break sacred ties that they may contract unholy alliances, the effect to which is far-reaching and demoralizing. (6) That the evil has grown so great it now menaces the State and the integrity of the family. (7) That the injury suffered by children through the lax laws, which render it possible for parents to obtain a divorce, affects the innocent and gives additional force to the demand for prohibitive, or, at least, more restrictive laws. These are briefly the practical and ethical grounds upon which a number of able thinkers ask for, first, uniform laws, and, secondly, a reduction of the number of causes for which divorces may be granted. Of course there is the religious reasons, which, doubtless, in most cases is the real cause of the zealous activity, but which it is not, as a rule, thought wise to make prominent in discussions in this country, where the State recognizes marriage as a civil, instead of a religious, contract.

It must be admitted that, if the above indictment is a "true bill," the remonstrants against our present laws have a strong case. Indeed, if half of what they claim could be substantiated, while on the other hand it could be proved *that no serious evils would necessarily ensue were their plans adopted*, they might well challenge thoughtful consideration. Unfortunately for them, however, their assertions, with possibly one exception, have been critically examined and the fallacy of each fully exposed by the Hon. Carroll D. Wright,* than whom no man in the Republic is better able to speak authoritatively as a statistician by reason of his official position. He is also recognized

*This address of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright was delivered before the fourteenth National Conference of the Unitarian Society, recently held in Saratoga, N. Y. It was published complete in the *Christian Register* of October. 8, 1891.

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as one of the most careful, conservative, and thoughtful authorities on social problems in America. Mr. Wright, in a masterly manner, has, one by one, noticed these objections, not as a sentimentalist on the one hand, or as a bigot on the other; not as one who views this great problem flippantly, nor yet as one who has worshipped at the shrine of ancient thought so long that mental ossification has set in. Not as one who values the home lightly, or who would sacrifice the happiness of the living, and the hopes of posterity, rather than give up an ancient religious prejudice. He has made the problem a subject of the most profound and conscientious investigation, and speaks not as a partisan but as a patriot; not as an irresponsible tyro, but as a critical scholar, under whose official supervision the statistics have come, and to whom the question has appeared in its varied aspects. The views of such a thinker must challenge the careful consideration of every American who possesses the power to rise above prejudice and bigotry. So significant are the utterances of Mr. Wright in view of the claims which are persistently urged on every hand by those who seek prohibitive divorce laws, that I shall quote at length from his arguments, appreciating the fact that on this subject his utterances will probably carry more weight than the views of any other American scholar.

Before noticing the items in the indictment against our divorce laws, it is well to remember that the institution of marriage relates to society as here constituted. It refers to life on this planet, and has nothing to do with any possible existence after death. Indeed, this point has been settled by the highest Christian authority. When interrogated by his critics as to whose wife the seven-times-married woman would be in the next world, Jesus said, "In Heaven they are neither married nor given in marriage." Thus, divorce, according to the founder of Christianity, is a secular rather than religious ques-

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tion, and is not a legitimate subject for religious interference. Of course it is within the province of any church to make such rules or laws for *its membership* as may be considered consistent with the alleged commands of Jesus to his disciples upon this subject, as it is also within the province of the Roman Church to forbid her members partaking of meat on Friday, and to insist on each communicant subscribing to the infallibility of a man in a foreign land whom she acknowledges as her head. This, however, relates to the Church and not the State. So far as the State is concerned, marriage is a purely secular institution created and perpetuated for the happiness of the individual and the welfare of society; hence, if it be shown that social happiness can be enhanced by a change in laws on this point; if it can be demonstrated that more happiness and less evil will result from liberal laws at the present stage of civilization, it being admitted that it is not a problem that concerns eternity, it is the duty of society to further those measures which will secure the greatest happiness.

Is Divorce an Evil?—Without appearing to have any special objectin view other than a candid and exhaustive review of this problem, Mr. Wright has taken up, one by one, the various slogan cries of the opposition—the leading counts of the indictment against liberal divorce laws made by those who are laboring to effect prohibitive legislation. Thus he notices the popular cry, "Divorce is an evil," quietly but very effectively. It is not wise to be dogmatic. It is no evidence of large brains or a spirit rich in wisdom to make sweeping assertions, especially when no fund of facts is at hand to fortify the statements. Mr. Wright sounds this question, and answers it, while he also shows that prohibitive or restrictive divorce laws would in no wise cure the evil of domestic infelicity, in the following thoughtful observations:—

"The purpose of marriage as a civil institution means the

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security of society, and the security of society depends upon the continued sacredness of the civil contract. Every one, with perhaps few exceptions, indorses the idea that marriage should be dissolved for the one Scriptural cause. But why should marriage be dissolved by legal process for this one cause? Simply because by it and through it the divine and the civil purposes of marriage have been preverted, happiness has been completely wrecked, and the moral sentiment of society outraged. This position is eminently sound, and will hold through all time. Bear in mind that it is because the civil and divine purposes of marriage have been thwarted that the Scriptural cause is almost universally indorsed as a righteous one for the legal dissolution of marriage ties. In granting this position, those who adhere strictly to the ecclesiastical view of divorce abandoned the whole question; for, if the Scriptural cause is good for the reason stated, then whatever cause eventuates in the same results must be logically as adequate for divorce as the Scriptural one.

"It is true that through legal restrictions the statistical array can be vastly decreased. In fact, if divorces are prohibited, the statistics can be entirely wiped out, and, so far as figures are concerned, law can secure a perfect immunity from divorce. Does any sane person believe that by such restriction or prohibition the evil, if there be one, can be cured? We might as well say that, when the blotches resulting from humors are covered by a beautiful enamel, the human system is therefore freed from their influences, as to say that by the prohibition of divorces by law there will be no more evil practices. Is it not better, when conditions become unbearable, when the integrity of one of the parties can no longer endure the horrid conditions resulting from mismating, that a separation should be legally provided for, rather than to have the conditions either continually endured or the separation illegally carried

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out? Is not legal divorce infinitely better, from every point of view, than illegal separation and all the train of evils which comes from such separation?

"The divorce statistics do not fully indicate or measure the marital infelicity or social misery of the country; *they only measure that misery which can no longer abide conditions and when parties have the courage publicly to seek release from demoralizing burdens.* They indicate a discontent; but is it not the discontent which shows ambition for better things, just as to-day the discontent of the farmers is that which arises from their awakening to the possibility of a more cultured life? Should men engage in agricultural pursuits live in the old narrow way in which their ancestors lived—and they need not go back more than a generation or so—modern economic conditions would enable them to secure a competency; but they desire the surroundings and the embellishments which make life pleasanter and more congenial. They must have in their homes the adornments which belong to prosperity. 'Tis a healthy discontent; 'tis a discontent which comes from increased knowledge, from a higher estimate of human possibilities. The world cannot progress, human affairs cannot develop, on a contentment which induces one to be satisfied with bare living.

"May there not be in this thought an indication of what creates the great array of divorce statistics? What is marriage for? It is for happiness, the divine end of all institutions. I use the word 'happiness' in no narrow personal sense, but in its broadest significance. If marriage results in happiness, the divine end has been secured. If marriage does not result in happiness, the divine end of the institution has been sadly missed; and divorce then more perfectly secures the divine end than a continuation of the compact, which may be, under some conditions, the burden to one of the parties of the unholiest prostitution that can exist."

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IMPORTANT DIVORCE STATISTICS.—The second count in the indictment against liberal divorce laws asserts that through them men are working great evil and far-reaching suffering by "being enabled to take cruel advantage of women." This has been given general currency through the press, until thousands of earnest persons have come to accept the assertion as a demonstrable truth. But here again Mr. Wright corrects the general erroneous impression by an exhaustive examination of the statistics of the question which reveals the significant fact that 65.8 per cent. of the divorces granted during the past twenty years have been in answer to the petitions of wives. So rich in food for reflection are Mr. Wright's remarks on this point that I quote at length.

"The statistics of divorce are exceedingly interesting and thoroughly essential in comprehending the magnitude of the subject; yet but few States provide for them. It is fortunate for the discussion that agitates the public mind that the federal statistics are fairly accurate. The exceptions to accuracy in one respect are quite offset in some other respect, so that, on the whole, the records of the courts of the United States for the period named must be accepted as correct. These statistics cover all the courts having divorce jurisdiction; and they show that during the period of twenty years, from 1867 to 1886, inclusive, there were granted in the United States 328,716 decrees for divorce. The number in 1867 was 9,937. The increase during the twenty years was steady and rapid, the number for the last year of the period being 25,535—an increase of nearly 157 per cent. in the twenty years. The population of the United States increased during the same period about 60 per cent. Only four States in the Union, not considering South Carolina, where no divorce law exists, show a decrease in their divorce figures. Taking the census years 1870 and 1880, the only two occurring in the period covered,

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we find that during the ten years the population of the United States increased 30.1 per cent. while the divorces for the same period, ten years, increased 79.4 per cent. The number of married couples to one divorce in the United States in 1870 was 664, while in 1880 the number had been reduced to 481, which is a practical increase in the ratio of divorces to married couples. The number of divorces relative to population can only be stated for census years. In 1870 there were 3,517 people to each divorce granted in the year, while in 1880 the proportion had arisen to 2,551 persons to each divorce granted These figures show the rapidity with which divorces have increased during the twenty years named.

"Of the 328,716 divorces granted in the United States for the twenty years specified, 216,176, or 65.8 per cent. of the whole, were granted to wives, on their petitions for divorce from their husbands, and 112,540 were granted husbands for the alleged fault of the wives, being 34.2 per cent. of the whole number; that is to say, in the proportion of nearly two to one it is the wife who seeks a divorce rather than the husband.

"While, as I have said, the statistics of divorce show that forty-two causes are found, taking the whole country together, more than 81 per cent. of all decrees are for five great causes, coming under the general heads of: adultery, 20.5 per cent.; cruelty, 15.7 per cent.; desertion, 38.54 per cent.; drunkenness, 4.2 per cent.; and neglect to provide, 2.42 per cent. The balance is for minor causes and combinations of two or more of the great causes with minor ones.

"It is true that the causes alleged do not accurately disclose the real causes in all cases for which divorces are sought. This is true even when a single precise cause for which a decree is granted has been alleged; for parties are quite likely to state that cause which is most easily proved, or that which involves the least amount of moral turpitude, or which, if proved, results in the least humiliation to all concerned.

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"It is true that in many cases the cause alleged is not the real cause for the dissolution of the marriage. As, for instance, a cruel, brutal husband so ill-treats his wife that she is compelled to desert him. She is the innocent party; she might have sought and secured a decree for divorce, had she been so minded; but the husband files a libel for divorce, setting up the desertion of his wife, and she, glad to rid herself of the cruelty of her husband, makes no defense or opposition. So the guilty party secures a divorce for a cause which he compells."

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.—There has unfortunately for America, grown up in this Republic a spirit of toadyism which is as menacing to liberty and true advancement as it is disappointing to those who believe that true progress lies before instead of behind. The time was when the Republic of America was an inspiration to the older civilizations and the masses in the monarchical despotisms of Europe. Now, however, it has become fashionable to go to the decaying empires and old civilizations of Europe for rules of practice. It is thought that anything that has the stamp of European approval must be correct. As well might Rome have affected contempt for the large measure of freedom accorded her women because the older civilization of Greece held such freedom to be demoralizing and improper, as to advance as an argument the fact that Europe is less lenient in this respect then America. Surely the shame to America would be great if it were otherwise, for America, above all nations, has set a high standard of justice, liberty, and social equality.

Because America is more liberal in her divorce laws than Europe proves nothing, unless it can be shown that this liberality is demoralizing womanhood, degrading manhood, and menacing the home and the nation, and these evils so careful a thinker as Mr. Wright finds are not following in the wake of our liberal laws. On this point he observes:—

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"Before the facts were gathered, the supposed magnitude of the divorce movement in the United States, and, since they were collected, the known magnitude of the movement, have led to bitter attacks upon this country. We have been jeered at, our laws, our school system, our prevailing religion, condemned in terms that would seem to indicate that the country was retrograding at a rapid rate; and yet there is not a people on the face of the earth by whom woman is so much respected, honored, and protected as by our people; there is not a land in which she is happier, or in which she holds so exalted a position as in this; there is not a nation that has placed her on so independent a basis, or given her more nearly equal conditions with man before the law as has this nation. Have these things anything to do with the divorce movement? Would the perfect independence of woman, her perfect equality before the law as a sovereign citizen, accelerate the divorce movement? Is it a disease peculiar to our country or our times?

"In looking at this question from what I believe to be a high ethical standpoint, I am perfectly free to admit the force of some of the arguments which are considered very ugly. It is probably true, although I am not willing to make the statement as positively impregnable, that contemporaneously with the agitation for what is called the emancipation of woman, or, more popularly, the discussion of the woman's rights question, which means the independence and the social and legal equality of woman, there has been a decrease in marriages relative to the increase of population, a relative increase of illegitimate births, and a very large relative increase in the number of divorces granted. Do these coincidental facts mean anything in relation to the divorce movement? Contemporaneously, too, there has been an increased industrial and economic independence of woman. Hundreds of occupations are now open to her that a generation ago were effectually closed

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to her entrance. She is taking magnificent rank in the world of mind, of art, of science; she is demonstrating her birthright to any position she seeks; she is convincing the world that she can successfully, and happily, too, enter the struggle in the highest educational fields. Higher institutions of learning are everywhere being opened to her. The right hand of fellowship, in this country at least, is freely and magnanimously and courteously extended to her. As a teacher, the preeminence of her qualifications is acknowledged everywhere; as a preacher, she is doing God's service; in the grand healing art, she takes her place at the dissecting table, and carries through her professional work with courage and skill. And so in all walks her independence, economically, socially, and politically, is gradually, but rapidly, being acknowledged. She is no longer the slave of man. With increased economic independence, she will more and more throw off galling yokes and assume her rightful place; and, along with this disposition, she is more likely to contract a marriage that will bring to both parties the highest, the purest, and the holiest happiness.

"It is but natural, then, I insist, that under such circumstances, with the new conditions that surround all members of society, the divorce movement should have been accelerated. It is useless to undertake to stop the movement; for law facilitates the carrying out of personal wishes, it does not create the wish. Law is the statutory expression of public sentiment. Public sentiment is therefore in favor of divorce, because it says the end of human institutions is human happiness, and the divine end of divine institutions is happiness, and whatever stands in the way, through human institutions, of securing these grand ends must be set aside. But you say divorce is resorted to for unholy purposes; the guilty seek it that they may enter other marital relations. You must not use this

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argument. If you do, you must abandon civilization; for there is not one step of progress that does not carry along with it apparent and consequent evils. It is only with the development of civilization that we recognize criminal conditions; it is only when we go back to a state of barbarism that we should be free from all the evils that beset society; it is only through enlightenment that we recognize immoral and criminal conditions. Education, science, religion even, all that adorns life in what we call civilized communities, are but cloaks at times for the evil-minded. The rain falls on the just and on the unjust; refreshing showers give life to the dishonest man's crops as perfectly as they do those of the saint. Some of the staunchest pillars of the church, so far as I have observed, are the most contemptible scoundrels in all that makes a contemptible human being that I have ever met; yet the purity of religion, the integrity of law, the truths of science, the granduer of civilization are not impaired either by the motives or the actions of the base. We cannot use the argument without stultification.

"Conditions and burdens become too galling to admit of further continuance with the preservation of purity and integrity. I have known pure-minded women, after years of hesitation and an anguish that can only come of brutal conditions, to knowingly perjure themselves, so far as law is concerned, that they might rid themselves of conditions no longer bearable. I have known impure men and women, without perjury, to be able to secure release from disagreeable, or even hated, marital relations that they might enter others more agreeable, even if more unholy. Shall we deprive the first of the means of release in order to prevent the actions of the second?"

A POPULAR MISCONCEPTION CORRECTED.—Another charge made against our divorce laws is that, not being uniform, certain states are being over-run with persons of loose moral char-

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acter, who seek release from marriage ties. Those who make this charge seem to overlook the fact that persons of loose moral character would not be likely to go to the trouble of leaving their home and state in order to gratify guilty passions. But those who find the marriage tie too galling for endurance and yet who wish to be law-abiding citizens presumably, will take advantage of liberal, enlightened, and humane laws, framed with a view to increase the happiness of the people rather than made in such a way as to foster immorality and enforced prostitution. Owing to sensational articles in the newspapers and the persistent labors of those interested in what is popularly termed Divorce Reform Legislation, the people have been wofully misinformed on this point, as will be seen by Mr. Wright's statement :—

"A vital question connected with divorce relates to the real or supposed migration of parties from one state to another for the purpose of seeking divorce. The popular idea is that a great deal of migration takes place for the purpose named. This idea is dispelled in some degree by the statistics that have been collected. Taking all the facts that are available upon this point, and getting at the truth as nearly as possible, it is found that but little less than 20 per cent. of all the couples divorced in the country were divorced in other states than those in which they were married. But the ordinary migration of parties for legitimate purposes, especially from the older to the newer states, which in 1870 showed that 23+ per cent. of the native-born population, and for 1880 22+ per cent. of such population were living in states other than the ones in which they were born, would apparently reduce the percentage of persons migrating for the purpose of divorce to a point even less than that stated."

DIVORCE NO MENACE TO THE SACREDNESS OF THE FAMILY.—The gravest charge in the indictment against our present laws

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is, that through them divorce has become so common that the purity and sacredness of the family relations are seriously threatened. Upon this point, Mr. Wright expresses himself in no uncertain tone :—

"I do not believe that divorce is a menace to the purity and the sacredness of the family; but I do believe that it is a menace to the infernal brutality, of whatever name, and be it crude or refined, which at times makes a hell of the holiest human relations. I believe that the divorce movement finds its impetus outside of laws, outside of our institutions, outside of our theology; that it finds its impetus in the rebellion of the human heart against that slavery which binds in the cruelest bonds of the cruelest prostitution human beings who have, by their foolishness, by their want of wisdom, or by the intervention of friends, missed the divine purpose, as well as the civil purpose of marriage. I believe the result will be an enhanced purity, a sublimer sacredness, a more beautiful embodiment of Lamartine's trinity—the trinity of the father, the mother, and the child—'The father, the mother, and the child which perpetuates their being, unceasingly reproduces the trinity, which of itself completes and continues the race;' and, if we would preserve this beautiful trinity in all its sacredness, society must take the bitter medicine labeled 'Divorce.'"

I have quoted only such parts of this notable address as touched directly upon what seems to me to be the popular misconception of facts, feeling assured that these utterances will carry far more weight with thinking people than the opinion of any other competent critic on this subject, and because his official position, as before observed, has given him the best possible opportunity to acquaint himself with all the important facts relating to this subject.

THE CHILDREN OF DIVORCED PARENTS.—The question of the children is often used as a strong point in favor of restrictive divorce measures. Yet Mr. Wright shows us that—

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"That phase of the question which involves the children of unhappy unions, is one which appeals to our sympathies in all directions. In the investigation referred to, thereof, the number of children involved was, as far as possible, ascertained; but in a very large proportion, it was unknown whether there were children or not. In this number of cases, 141,810, which constituted forty-three per cent. of the whole number, the children formed no part of the questions arising under the petitions for divorce, and to this number must be added those declaring that they had no children, which was 57,524. The total number of cases, then, in which children played no part in the divorce proceedings, under any cause for which divorce was sought, was nearly 200,000; or, in other words, in over sixty per cent. of all the cases there was a notable lack of the influence of children."

While on the other hand, one of the most serious reasons for liberal divorce laws is found in this very question of children, which singularly enough Mr. Wright seems to have overlooked. With laws as they are to-day in many States, wives are made unwilling mothers of thousands of children who are conceived in bitterness of soul, born into an atmosphere of hate, reared in homes where all that fosters and enriches the soul-life is absent, while contention, discontent and mutual disgust are everywhere present. Thus are our prisons and reformatories filled. Thus is society cursed. Thus is to-morrow inflicted with an army of human beings, destined to become a curse to themselves no less than to the race. Few greater crimes can be imagined than that against debauched motherhood and helpless posterity. Yet this is precisely the moral crime which the Church or State which prohibits divorce is a party to. When a woman no longer respects her husband; when a man's regard for a woman has changed to loathing or disgust; when love is dead; when the touch of the one creates a thrill

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of horror in the other, any law which compels them to remain united, is more than barbarous—it is criminal. And when, as is the case to-day throughout a large part of the Christian world, wives who no longer love, are compelled to yield to the brutal passions of their masters, and bring children of hate into the world, children cursed before they see the light of day, we find prostitution in its most frightful phase and moral criminality, branding unborn innocence with leprosy of the soul. And yet conditions which render this possible are upheld in the sacred name of religion and morality.



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Mistakes we Make with Men.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE most interesting study of womankind is man; it ever has been, ever will, and ever should be so. Above all other ambitions is woman's desire to please man. Whatever else she achieves, she is dissatisfied with herself if she has not done that. Whatever else she has not achieved, she is in a great measure self-satisfied if she is popular with the stern sex.

The woman who is forever antagonizing men, who regards them as our natural enemies, to be scolded and found fault with, is quite as obnoxious to her own sex as to mankind. We all pity or dislike her, and wonder what she expects to accomplish by such a course of conduct; yet many of us, who deserve to be appreciated, admired and respected by King Man, are making quite as great mistakes in one way or another, in our associaton with men, as this belligerant man-hater makes in another.

One type of woman who makes a great mistake with men, is she who talks too much about "oppressed woman" and "tyrant man;" while others of us talk too much about "queen woman" and "slave man." Men like to call woman a queen, and declare themselves her slaves; but they are not fond of hearing too much about these relative positions of the sexes from her. The woman who incites attention, or who by some

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inborn subtle charm, commands the regard of men, is one being; and the woman who demands it as her right, is another. The young lady who is forever dropping her fan, gloves, parcels and handkerchief for the pleasure of seeing her escort pick them up, thereby proving he is her slave, ceases to be a queen in the eyes of the young man ere long. The young woman who invents all sorts of laborious tasks to test her lover's devotion, makes a mistake, and learns it often to her sorrow, as did the fair lady of old who demanded the flower from the brink of the precipice, and received it together with her disillusioned lover's farewell.

So much has been said regarding the charm of a vivacious manner that many young women attempt to appear animated without any feeling of, or cause for, animation. Nothing is more disastrous than a forced gayety of manner; and many a man is led to wonder uncomfortably if his tie is disarranged, or his collar crooked, when he finds his most commonplace remarks met with a senseless and perpetual laugh, while the mistaken young lady who seems to be on the verge of hysteria, imagines herself bright and animated. Animation must come from within, not from without; it cannot be assumed at will and should never be attempted. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that a quiet gravity of manner, or a serious conversation is uninteresting to men; or, that to keep them entertained it is necessary to wear a perpetual smile.

I remember once reading an absurd article, written, I think, by Mortimer Thompson, whose pen name was "Doesticks." It described the efforts of a wife to please a rather fault-finding husband. Having read that a wife should always greet her husband with a smile, she assumed one as her husband's step was heard in the hall, and turned her beaming face upon him. His greeting, after a wondering glance at her face, was:

"Well, old woman, what are you grinning at?"

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I often think of this query when I see the forced effort at gayety made by some young women in society.

Men never like gloomy or cynical women; but a quiet repose of manner pleases them quiet as much as a strained effect of vivacity.

No greater mistake can be made with men than for a woman to boast of her success in winning hearts and proposals. It seems impossible that a woman possessed of one ray of common sense, or a particle of breeding, could do such a thing; yet it is not unusual to hear a young lady relating her conquests to a group of admirers, and laughing over the susceptibility of mankind. Though they may laugh with her, they are sure to laugh about her among themselves when her back is turned. It is a mistake for a woman to ever be led into lowering her ideals, because some man she loves and admires urges her to step down. He invariably curses her if she goes; while if she turns and pauses above him, she hears his benediction, and eight times out of ten he follows her.

It is always a mistake for a young lady to talk to a man as if she were *blasé* and widely experienced in all human emotions, frailties and faults. Many innocent and inexperienced girls adopt this manner, thinking it will render them fascinating in the eyes of men.

Men are not analytic or deep-minded enough in regard to our sex to realize that a girl who has drank too deeply of the waters of knowledge does not talk of it. Men take us for what we seem, not for what we are. The most hardened *mondaine*, who wears a mask of frank innocence, fares better, with them than the good, sweet-hearted girl who puts on *blasé* airs, and pretends to be a little wicked. Men judge by appearances far more than women do, and, except in cases where women are rivals, they are less liable to condemn one another for a slight lapse of speech or conduct, than men are to condemn us.

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It is also one of the mistakes which women sometimes make, to ask any favor of a gentleman which will incur the least expense for him. No matter how pressing are the circumstances, she should never take the liberty unless he is a near relative. In the various circles of American society, where it is the custom for young men to escort young ladies to theatres and other places of entertainment, it is a mistake for a young lady to ever voluntarily expatiate her fondness for the theatre or the concert in his presence. It might be proper to say here, perhaps, that it is a mistake for young ladies to attend such places with young men, unaccompanied by a chaperon. But, though much is said and written about the chaperon nowadays, I am willing to assert that in the whole of America there are not more than one thousand young ladies who consider the chaperon a necessity, while at least half a million very excellent young ladies are being escorted about by admiring swains every evening in the year.

It is also a mistake for a young lady to correct or scold her parents in the presence of young men, imagining they will admire her culture or courage, or imagine they will not notice it. I heard a wealthy and accomplished young lady at one of our noted seashore resorts, severely criticised and condemned by a group of gentlemen one day, because one of them had heard her speak unkindly to her mother.

It is a mistake for a woman (wife, mother, sister or sweetheart) to make plans for the disposal of all a man's spare hours, and then expect him to enjoy himself.

It is a mistake for a woman to try to prove to men her great knowledge and superior intellect. They enjoy an intellectual woman when they discover her brightness themselves, but they do not like to have her force her brains and learning upon them.

But it is just as great a mistake to assume an air of insipidity,

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and expect a man to think it charming. Men are exacting in their demands. Too much or too little brain in woman is equally offensive to them.

It is the mistake of a lifetime to give a man any liberty which you would not want known, and to expect him to keep the matter a secret. The exceptional man will sometimes hide the indiscretion of a young girl whom he believes spoke or acted from ignorance ; but the average man, in the highest the same as in the lowest walks of life, boasts of his successes with foolish women, and the rendezvous, the letter, the embrace, or the souvenir which she has given him, thinking it will never be known to others than themselves, is shortly the matter of gossip among a dozen people.

Women hide their secrets far better than men do. They fear the censure of the world too much to share their errors or indiscretions with confidantes. But men are almost invariably vain and proud of their conquests, and relate their achievements with the fair sex to one or two admiring friends. They may not use names, but let the incidents once be told, it is an easy matter to discover the personages if one is at all curious to do so.

The only way to keep men from betraying our indiscretions is not to commit them. I once made these remarks in the presence of several ladies, and one of them replied, " that she was glad she had never been acquainted with the class of men I knew." At the same time that lady's name had been used lightly in a club room not a week previous, and her indiscreet actions had been commented on by " the class of men " she did know.

It is the worst mistake of all for a woman to think she can make no mistake. The moment that conviction enters her head she is on the highway to some grand blunder whereby she will wound, disgust or antagonize the man she most cares

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for. Eternal watchfulness, never-failing caution, perpetual tact, and equal quantities of pride and humility are necessary ingredients in the behavior a woman needs to use with men. This should be garnished with good sense, flavored with coquetry and served with good nature. And even then we will be liable to make some mistakes, since one man will complain of too much coquetry in the flavoring, and another will call it insipid; one will say we have too much pride to render the dish palatable, and another will complain of an overdose of humility; and still another will think we served our conduct too cold, while his comrade will think the opposite.



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Equal Rights for Women.

THE HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

FROM the theory of ancient society, that woman is absorbed in man, that she is a social inferior and a subordinate part of man, springs the system of laws in regard to women which, in every civilized country, is now in course of such rapid modification, and it is this theory which so tenaciously lingers as a traditional prejudice in our political customs.

If any one insists that there are no such things as natural political rights, and that no man is born a voter, I will not now stop to argue with him: but I will suggest that if no man is born a voter, so no man is born a man—for every man is born a baby. But he *is* born with the right of becoming a man without hindrance; and I ask whether, if every man is not born a voter, he is not born with the right of becoming a voter on equal terms with other men?

There are, as I think we shall all admit, some kinds of natural rights. The air is vocal with the traditional eloquence with which those rights were asserted by our fathers. The rights which they declared to be inalienable are what are usually called natural, as distinguished from political rights, but they are not limited by sex. A woman has the same right to her life, liberty and property that a man has, and she has con-

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sequently the same right to an equality of protection that he has; and this, as I understand it, is what is meant by the phrase, the right of suffrage. If I have a natural right to my life and liberty, I have the same right to everything that protects that life and liberty which any other man enjoys. I ask the same for every woman in this state. Long before James Otis, Lord Somers said to a committee of the House of Commons, that the possession of the vote is the only true security which an Englishman has for the possession of his life and property.

Our fathers answered the question of the best and surest protection of natural right by their famous phrase, "the consent of the governed." That is to say, since every man is born with equal natural rights, he is entitled to an equal protection of them with all other men; and, since government is that protection, right, reason and experience alike demand that every person shall have a voice in the government upon perfectly equal and practicable terms—that is, upon terms which are not necessarily insurmountable by any part of the people.

I deny that the people of the State of New York can rightfully, that is, according to right reason and the principles of this government derived from it, *permanently* exclude any class of persons or any person whatever from a voice in the government, unless it can be clearly established that their participation in political power would be dangerous to the state. "There ought to be no Pariahs," says John Stuart Mill, "in a full-grown and civilized nation; no persons disqualified except through their own default. * * * Every one is degarded whether aware of it or not, when other people, without consulting him, take upon themselves unlimited power to regulate his destiny." "No arrangement of the suffrage, therefore, can be permanently satisfactory in which any person or class is peremptorily excluded; in which the electoral privilege is not open to all persons of full age who desire it."

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If every person has a natural right to life, liberty and property, and a coëxistent claim to a share in the government which defends them, regulated only by perfectly equitable conditions, what are the practical grounds upon which it is proposed to continue the absolute and hopeless disfranchisement of half the adult population?

"There is no instance on record," says Buckle, in his history of civilization in England, "of any class possessing power without abusing it." It is as true of men as a class as of an hereditary nobility, or of a class of property-holders. Men are not wise enough, nor generous enough, nor pure enough, to legislate fairly for women. The laws of the most civilized nations depress and degrade women. The legislation is in favor of the legislating class.

We ask women to confide in us, as having the same interests with them. Did any despot ever say anything else? And, if it be safe or proper for any intelligent part of the people to relinquish, exclusive political power to any class, I ask the committee, to what class, however rich, or intelligent, or honest, they would themselves surrender *their* power? They know, as we all know, as our own experience has taught us, that the only security of natural right is the ballot.

If I am asked what women want the ballot for, I answer, what do men want it for? Why do the British workmen at this moment so urgently demand it? Look into the British laws regulating labor, and you will see why. They want the ballot because the laws effecting labor and capital are made by the capitalist class alone, and are therefore unjust. I do not forget the progressive legislation of New York in regard to the rights of women. Upon this point, one honorable gentleman asked whether the laws both for men and women were not constantly improving, and whether, therefore, it was not unfair to attribute the character of the laws about women to

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the fact that men made them. The reply is very evident. If women alone made the laws, legislation for both men and women would undoubtedly be progressive. Does the honorable gentleman think, therefore, that women only should make the laws?

It is not true that, in the ordinary and honorable sense of the words, women are represented. Laws are made for them by another class, and upon the theories which that class, without the fear of political opposition, may choose to entetain, and in direct violation of the principles upon which, in their own case, they tenaciously insist.

I have no superstition about the ballot. I do not suppose it would immediately right all the wrongs of women, any more than it has righted all those of men. But what politicai agency has righted so many? Here are thousands of miserable men all around us; but they have every path opened to them. They have their advocates; they have their votes; they make the laws, and, at last and at worst, they have their strong right hands for defense. And here are thousands of miserable women pricking back death and dishonor with a little needle; and now the sly hand of science is stealing that little needle away. The ballot does not make those men happy, nor respectable, nor rich, nor noble; but they guard it for themselves with sleepless jealously, because they know it is the golden gate to every opportunity; and precisely the *kind* of advantage it gives to one sex, it would give to the other. It would arm it with the most powerful weapon known to political society; it would maintain the natural balance of the sexes in human affairs, and secure to each fair play within its sphere.

Or shall I be told that women, if not numerically counted at the polls, do yet exert an immense influence upon politics, and do not really need the ballot? If this argument was seriously urged, I should suffer my eyes to rove through this

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chamber and they would show me many honorable gentlemen of reputed political influence. May they, therefore, be properly and justly disfranchised? I ask the honorable chairman of the committee, whether he thinks that a citizen should have no vote because he has influence? Ability, intelligence, honesty. Are these to be excluded from the polls? It is only stupidity, ignorance and rascality which ought to possess political power?

Or will it be said that women do not want the ballot and ought to be asked? And upon what principle ought they to be asked? When natural rights or their means of defense have been immemorially denied to a large class, does humanity, or justice, or good sense, require that they should be registered and called to vote upon their own restoration? It must be assumed that men and women wish to enjoy their natural rights, as that the eyes wish light or the lungs an atmosphere. Did we wait for emancipation until the slaves petitioned to be free? All our lives had been passed in ingenious and ignominious efforts to sophisticate and stultify ourselves for keeping them chained; and when war gave us a legal right to snap their bonds, we did not ask them whether they preferred to remain slaves. We knew that they were men, and that men by nature walk upright, and if we find them bent and crawling, we know that the posture is unnatural, whether they may think so or not. In the case of women, we acknowledge that they have the same natural rights as ourselves—we see that they hold property and pay taxes, and we must of necessity suppose that they wish to enjoy every security of those rights that we possess. So when in this State, every year, thousands of boys come of age, we do not solemnly require them to tell us whether they wish to vote. We assume, of course that they do, and we say to them, "Go, and upon the same terms with the rest of us, vote as you choose." But gentlemen say that they know a great

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many women who do not wish to vote, who think it is not ladylike, or whatever the proper term may be. Well, I have known many men who habitually abstained from politics because they were so "ungentlemanly," and who thought that no man could touch pitch without defilement. Now what would the honorable gentlemen who know women who do not wish to vote have thought of a proposition that I should not vote because my neighbors did not wish to? There may have been slaves who preferred to remain slaves—was that an argument against freedom? Suppose there are a majority of the women of this State who do not wish to vote—is that a reason for depriving *one* woman who is taxed of her equal representation or one innocent person of the equal protection of his life and liberty?

But I shall be told that the proposition is openly at war with the distribution of functions and duties between the sexes. Translated into English, this means that it is unwomanly to vote. I know that at the very mention of the political rights of women, there arises in many minds a dreadful vision of a mighty exodus of the whole female world, in bloomers and spectacles, from the nursery and kitchen to the polls. It seems to be thought that if women practically took part in politics, the home would be left a howling wilderness of cradles, and a chaos of undarned stockings and buttonless shirts. But how is it with men? Do they desert their workshops, their plows and offices, to pass their time at the polls? Is it a credit to a *man* to be called a professional politician? The pursuits of men in the world, to which they are directed by the natural aptitude of sex, and to which they must devote their lives, are as foreign from political functions as those of women. To take an extreme case: there is nothing more incompatible with political duties in cooking and taking care of children than there is in digging ditches or making shoes, or in any

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other necessary employment, while in every superior interest of society growing out of the family, the stake of women is not less than men's, and their knowledge is greater. In England, a woman who owns shares in the East-India Company may vote. In this country she may vote as a stockholder upon a railroad from one end of the country to another. But if she sells her stock and buys a house with the money, she has no voice in the laying out of the road before her door, which her house is taxed to keep and pay for. Why, in the name of good sense, if a responsible human being may vote upon specific industrial projects, may she not vote upon the industrial regulations of the State? There is no more reason that men should assume to decide participation in politics to be unwomanly than that women should decide for men that it is unmanly. It is not our prerogative to keep women feminine. Nature is quite as wise as we. Whatever their sex incapacitates women from doing, they will not do. Whatever duty is consistent with their sex and their relation to society, they will properly demand to do until they are permitted.

We cannot know what is womanly until we see the folly of insisting that the theories of men settle the question. We know now what the convenience and feelings of men decide to be womanly. We shall know what *is* womanly in the same sense that we know what is manly, only when women have the same equality of development and the same liberty of choice as men. The amendment I offer is merely a prayer that you will remove from women a disability, and secure to them the same freedom of choice that we enjoy. If the instincts of sex, of maternity, of domesticity, are not persuasive enough to keep them in the truest sense women, it is the most serious defect yet discovered in the divine order of nature.

Are not women as much interested in good government as men? There is fraud in the Legislature; there is corruption

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in the courts; there are hospitals, and tenement-houses, and prisons; there are gambling-houses, and billiard-rooms, and brothels; there are grog-shops at every corner, and I know not what enormous proportion of crime in the state proceeds from them; there are forty thousand drunkards in the State, and their hundreds of thousands of children—all these things are subjects of legislation, and, under the exclusive legislation of men, the crime associated with all these things becomes vast and complicated. Have the wives and mothers and sisters of New York less vital interest in them, less practical knowledge of them and their proper treatment, than the husbands and fathers? No man is so insane as to pretend it. Is there then any natural incapacity in women to understand politics? It is not asserted. Are they lacking in the necessary intelligence? But the moment that you erect a standard of intelligence which is sufficient to exclude women as a sex, that moment most of the male sex would be disfranchised. Is it that they ought not to go to public political meetings? But we earnestly invite them. Or that they should not go to the polls? Some polls, I allow, in the larger cities, are dirty and dangerous places; and those it is the duty of the police to reform. But no decent man wishes to vote in a grog-shop, nor to have his head broken while he is doing it; while the mere act of dropping a ballot in a box is about the simplest, shortest, and cleanest that can be done. Last winter Senator Frelinghuysen, repeating, I am sure thoughtlessly, the common rhetoric of the question, spoke of the high and holy mission of women. What is the high and holy mission of any women but to be the best and most efficient human being possible? To enlarge the sphere of duty and the range of responsibility, where there are adequate power and intelligence, is to heighten, not to lessen, the holiness of life.

But, the objectors continue, would you have women hold

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office? If they are capable and desirous, why not? They hold office now most acceptably. In my immediate neighborhood, a postmistress has been so faithful an officer for seven years, that when there was a rumor of her removal it was a matter of public concern. This is a familiar instance in this country. It was held by some of the old English writers that a woman might serve in almost any of the great offices of the kingdom. And, indeed, if Victoria may deliberate in council with her ministers, why may not any intelligent Englishwoman deliberate in Parliament, or any such American woman in Congress?

If it be unwomanly for a woman to vote, or to hold office, it is unwomanly for Victoria to be Queen of England. Surely if our neighbors had thought they would be better represented in this convention by certain women, there is no good reason why they should have been compelled to send us. Why should I or any person be forbidden to select the agent whom we think most competent and truly representative of our will? There is no talent or training required in the making of laws which is peculiar to the male sex. What is needed is intelligence and experience.

The capacity for making laws is necessarily assumed when women are permitted to hold and manage property and to submit to taxation. How often the woman, widowed or married or single, is the guiding genius of the family—educating the children, directing the estate, originating, counseling, deciding. Is there anything essentially different in such duties, and the powers necessary to perform them, from the functions of legislation?

But, I am asked, would you drag women down into the mire of politics? No, sir, I would have them lift us out it. Now, the science of government is not an ignoble science, and the practice of politics is not necessarily mean and degrading.

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If the making and administering of law has become so corrupt as to justify calling politics filthy, and a thing with which no clean hands can meddle without danger, may we not wisely remember, as we begin our work of purification, that politics have been wholly managed by men? How can we purify them? Is there no radical method, no force yet untried, a power not only of skilful checks, which I do not undervalue, but of controlling character? Mr. Chairman, if we sat in this chamber with closed windows until the air became thick and fetid, should we not be fools if we brought in deodorizers—if we sprinkled chloride of lime and burned assafœtida, while we disdained the great purifier? If we would cleanse the foul chamber, let us throw the windows wide open, and the sweet summer air would sweep all impurity away and fill our lungs with fresher life. If we would purge politics, let us turn upon them the great stream of the purest human influence we know.



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A False Socialism.

THE VERY REV. FATHER J. P. CONWAY, D. D.

UNDER the plausible name of "social reform" socialism was hailed with delight. But it soon assumed the attitude of transforming the civil order and directing its force for the total destruction of property, the family, and religion, which are the supports of the great social edifice.

Socialism, being the mother of communism, anarchism, and nihilism, meets and harmonizes with her dangerous offspring on essential issues. She has by-ways of departure from them, but they all conspire more or less against the civil, moral, and religious orders. Read their books, hear their speeches, and you will be convinced that humanity, its march, its advance, its perfection, is their only theme. They hold that there is no radical evil in man, but in society.

The early and the present peaceful communists of this country, notwithstanding their free-love system and other abominable practices, declare that they are free from sin, and rejoice in their exclusive perfections. They are peaceful humanitarians. Humanity is their god and the earth their paradise. With socialism, they hold that there is no radical evil in man, but in society

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Recently a discordant and revolutionary people sought the liberty and freedom here which they could not enjoy at home. In order to disarm suspicion of their revolutionary aims they formed labor associations. The Socialistic Labor party and the International Workmen's association are of the veriest socialistic stamp. The third and most dangerous society is the International Working People's association, which is chiefly composed of anarchists. These three organizations have their branches in every city in the land. They have their weekly and daily journals published in the great centers from New York to San Francisco. In our own city there are three weeklies and one daily newspaper disseminating the poisons of socialism.

Here is a manifesto unanimously adopted in the Pittsburgh convention:

"The church seeks to make complete idiots out of the masses, and to make them forego the paradise on earth by promising a fictitious heaven."

One of their papers not long since said: "Marriage is only so long moral, as it rests upon the free inclination of man and wife." So much for religion and the family.

The following declaration shows their hatred to society:

"Hypocrisy, fraud, deceit, robbery, and murder are held sacred when beneficial to revolution. We must come forth from cellars and attics, in which our families struggle for existence, and establish ourselves in those splendid buildings which have been raised at the cost of much toil and suffering, and in those spacious apartments in which there is an abundance of pure air and where the sunlight will throw its life-giving radiance upon our little ones. We must take possession of the great warehouses and lay our hands, for the common good, upon the enormous quality of the product."

This hatred to religion, to family, and to society, arises from

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the fact that they contradict the cherished formula, "Man is born good, but society depraves him."

False views and doctrines propagate others. From the formula, "Man is born good, but society depraves him," there follows this other formula, "All human instincts are lawful and all passions are innocent," and, therefore, conclude socialists, communists, and anarchists, that these instincts and passions ought to be gratified. Let me add, in passing, that this conviction of gratifying human instincts and passions is not confined to socialists. It is a conviction which Christians held and still hold, and which largely tends to the destruction of society and to the ruin of many misdirected souls. It is a doctrine that is the mother of egotism, despotism and anarchy.

The formula that "Man is born good and society depraves him" carries in it the germs of social disorder. It is the mother idea of contemporaneous socialism, it is the principle of revolt, and its ultimate end is the total ruin of society. When this most vicious formula was first heard, few foresaw the tempest that it would raise. Even to-day when civil commotions subside there are intelligent men who do not see this diabolical formula written on social ruins.

Against this anti-social and anti-Christian doctrine, "Evil is in society," there must be an antagonistic one. What is this reactionary power? Where is the remedy to quiet the turbulent state of society? For hundreds of years statescraft, scientists, and moralists tried to solve this vexed problem. The civil power was employed, the iron hand of nations instead of effecting a cure, exasperated the people. Scientists sought in vain a remedy. Moralists did not reach the discontented. In churches non-catholic there is no place for the wage-worker. Cast is pronounced, determined, and fixed. The artisan, the laborer, the poor are proscribed and excluded from the society of the wealthy, even in the temples erected for prayer and praise,

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and for the greater glory of God. The executive authorities, contrary to the will of the majority in city, state, and nation, do not strive to undertake most beneficial improvements that would employ the idle and half-starving millions.

There is a society in which there is a common fellowship. There is a church in which poor and rich can unite in prayer and praise of the meek and humble Saviour, who was the poorest of the poor, and who earned his bread by industry. The Saviour loved the poor, and imparted them a rare blessing. From His infinite mind there came a doctrine which socialism hates in its ignorance, but which clearly shows us that evil resides in humanity, a doctrine which is conversant on Adam prevaricating and Christ redeeming us. This doctrine of man's fall is the basis of all Christian theology and philosophy. It is the voice of Christian conscience and the abridgment of all Christian legislation. It is Christianity itself; the intimate and most efficacious remedy for the social ills of human life. It comprises creation, the fall, and redemption.

Creation in humanity originally was order, harmony, beauty, good. The fall was disorder, deformity, evil. Redemption was a divine reaction contrary to human revolt. But between order and disorder, between truth and falsehood, between flesh and the spirit, there began and continues a ceaseless and intestine strife.

The dogma, "Evil is radically in man" is a social as well as a religious dogma. It is the divine key to the mysteries of man, history, and society. As evil is radically in man and is the cause of all the disorders in society, therefore we are to take up the sword of the spirit, to mortify our pride, avariciousness and voluptuousness. "Deny thyself." This divine command supposes evil in man. Humanity for six thousand years proclaims this truth. The voice of all teachings, of all history, of all poetry, of all eloquence, of all philosophy,

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of all literature, of all wars and revolutions and catastrophies proclaims, "Man, thou art evil."

While Christianity holds that evil is in man, it also recognizes the fact that human prevarication passes in a certain measure into society; hence it is the duty of every one to direct man to think and act right for the benefit at once of the social order and for humanity. In other words, we must reform man that we may reform society.

But how accomplish this? The socialists are accessible to arguments and will accept truth. They have heretofore read the productions of materialists, deists, and infidels, and the socialistic periodicals and books which have led them to reject all supernatural religion. Denunciatory speech in forum and pulpit, the exclusion of the man of toil from religious equality, the selfish attitude of the rich, the indifference of the statesmen and wealthy corporations about the comforts, the rights and justice of the employé contribute to foment enmity and socialistic hatred.

Let the leaders of thought, power, and wealth evince a more humane attitude, let the relations of capital and labor be more intimate and confiding, let corporations be more indulgent and generous, let the pulpit speak forth the eternal truths which pertain to rich and poor, let brotherly love and Christian charity prevail, and the minds of the socialists will be arrested to receive truth, and accept the saving doctrines of supernatural religion. They will turn their attention to conquer self, and thus possess peace and enjoy prosperity, fraternity, and social harmony.

A people who wage war against the vicious passions will not need soldiers to keep the peace. Force and restraint are needless for those who are guided by their own virtues. With the benefits of peace and harmony which come from this doctrine, there is another effect— true liberty in man and

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liberty in society. What is liberty? It is the motive power of right, free from the restraint of evil. It makes man to move in a sphere of good, free as the bird in the air and the fish in the water. To do evil is not the essence of liberty, but its imperfection. Hence, the more man subdues himself the more he enjoys true liberty, and the closer is his resemblance to God, who is sovereignly free.

The more liberty this doctrine produces, the more the heart expands, and the more union is among the brethren. What can be more beautiful and harmonious than to see men on earth bound together like unto the unity of heaven? There each is happy in the felicity of all, and all are happy in the bliss of each. But true fraternity gives us here a foretaste of after joy.

We must bear in mind that between egotism and fraternity the war is unceasing and the antagonism is absolute. Fraternity is the cement of the social edifice, while egotism is its dissolvent. Fraternity is heat and expansion, and gives new power to devotedness and heroism. Egotism is the icicles of the pole, fraternity is the glow of the equator. That which eliminates egotism is internal war. We must conquer and reconquer self; otherwise fraternity is but a name, yea a falsehood and a contradiction.

On the one side, then, we see men representing the sublime idea of fraternity, while on the other we behold them sowing in souls the germs of egotism. The God, whom socialism ignores in word and example, instituted Christian fraternity. In His school man learns how to overcome his pride and egotism, and thereby become a saint. The saints were men of combat, and thus they became the apostles of charity. They opened their hearts to human miseries. If there be among us men of devotedness they are men who conquer their passions. If there are men who could bear to martyrdom

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the heroism of fraternity it is because they conquer egotism.

Hence the Christian doctrine, apparently so austere, is productive of the beneficient results. It gives root to the tree of social prosperity, that spreads out its extensive branches, and the people enjoy its protecting shade, and they cull therefrom an abundance of delicious fruits.

If this doctrine were carried into practice to-day, we would behold society crowned with the fairest glories of civilization, and we would see in this valley of tears an image of paradise.

In this combat which each one wages, what purity of morals. what voluntary and free obedience, what harmony between heart and heart, what reflection of soul on soul by the visible example of Christian beauty.

Holy society, divine religion, you have shown to the world what can be attained in a social point of view, by humanity practicing that doctrine which is a guarantee of peace and social progress, the assurance of liberty, fraternity and prosperity of all by perpetual war against self.

In a word, the progressive triumph of the good in society will be realized by the progressive triumph over the evil in the man.

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The Misuse of Wealth.

MERRILL E. GATES, LL. D., PRESIDENT OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

WEALTH is power. It is labor stored up in portable form. It is a charged battery of social force which may be discharged again as motor-power when the owner will. It gives to its possessor his option among many possible lines of effort, in any of which it will further his ends. For wealth is "power to command, in exchange for itself, the labor or the products of labor of others."

Wealth is preëminently a social force. We have met in this conference to study "social problems"—the study which has engrossed the best thoughts of the last century. Social problems have their conditions fixed by the interplay of social forces. And among social forces, wealth has a preëminent interest for us, because it is the meeting-place of labor and power. Into its productions enters labor. In its use lies power. And most that concerns men in their social relations is intimately connected with labor and power.

Wealth cannot be so defined as not to carry in the definition suggestions of a scope vastly wider than selfish personal gratifications. The far-reaching power of wealth for good and for

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evil becomes more and more evident, as society becomes more complex. If wealth confers on a man the *power* to *command the labor* of other men, we find ourselves at once using terms so full of import that no one year, no one generation alone can show their full meaning. When we speak of power in one person to command the fruits of other men's labor—when we deal with the responsibilities and the rights which belong to labor and to social power—we are using terms which history has freighted with significance.

The centuries have their great sub-tones, the diapason-note which one sounds out to another. As the eighteenth century went out in revolution and blood, it said to the nineteenth, "All men shall share in political power. All men shall govern" Round this doctrine the nineteenth century has shaped itself, with its abolition of human slavery, and its popular forms of government. The sovereignty of the people under God, is the significance of our century. Before its resistless power, traditional and hereditary privileges of princes and nobility have steadily fallen away. And now, as its closing decade draws on, the nineteenth century sounds out as a key-note to the twentieth: "Now that all men govern, all men must be *laborers*, too. If all are to govern, all must serve. Fitness for sovereignty is proved only by ability to serve all!"

This is the emphasized utterance of our time. Before it, the last stronghold of selfish privilege, the plea of *wealth* that it can exempt its owners from God's universal law of *unselfish service*, the demand of wealth to be allowed in peace to blind its eyes to its own responsibilities, is to disappear before the law that each man is bound usefully to serve all.

It is a fine old legend, "*Noblesse oblige*," noble blood binds one to noble service. Just so the noblest men of wealth of our time are beginning—*only* beginning—to awaken to the power of the legend "*Richesse oblige*." They are beginning

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to recognize the truth that wealth lays the heaviest possible obligation on its owner to make his unselfish service of the highest welfare of his fellow-men, reach out as widely as his wealth can extend that service. This means that men can no longer be left, unquestioned, to use their wealth, be it great or small, merely for their own selfish gratification. It means that the unvarying law of God which attaches an obligation to every opportunity, and places a duty over against every right, makes no exception of wealth, with its vast powers of service. "With new ability; new responsibility." Wealth is power; and for the unselfish use of *all* his powers, every man must give an account to the God who has taught us that "no man liveth to himself alone."

Wealth is power. Always power carries with it a possibility of its misuse. As a nation we have been told for the last half a century that we were going to be very rich. Each succeeding census has surprised us with its statistics of our wealth. To-day, we are the richest nation in the world. The figures appall us. Over $50,000,000,000, with a daily increase in wealth of more than $6,000,000! Never were we so rich as we are to-day. And yet there are grave doubts, on all sides, as to whether we are gaining ground, socially, politically, morally, in these prosperous years. It is not long since a keenly observant (if not complimentry) visitor to America told us in the chasty-severe dialect of his native Island, that we were "too beastly prosperous!" We understood him without difficulty! And in our hearts we knew that he told us a truth! We have ceased to feel unqualified pride in this abounding wealth. We ask ourselves whether industry in money-getting alone will save a nation. There is a suspicion abroad among us that, while intent upon what we have called "enlightened self-interest," as a people we have lost sight of a host of shining virtues. A prosperous commonwealth is *not*

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insured by the material prosperity which makes wealth common.

When power is used only that the man who wields it may get for himself *more power*, there is danger. To devise checks upon power, to restrain its tendency to beget *more power*, is a large part of the work of the science of politics. Wealth is power. And the deepest-seated danger in its use is the tendency to regard it as in itself, an end, not as a means, for obtaining nobler ends.

The most dangerous misuse of wealth is using it *merely* to get more wealth. A tendency to this misuse is involved in the very nature of the process of wealth-winning. It finds expression in maxims like this, "Let all your spending be for tools of your trade." The steady purpose of the devotees of wealth-winning is to get more power without reference to any right use of that power. In this grim determination to get more wealth at any cost, the man moves and lives and has his being. This is that "*pleonexia*," that covetous, "I *will* have more," which God has expressly called "*idolatry*." Wealth is put openly and prominently in the place of God. "Of money, and through money and to money are all things in my life and to money be the glory," is the faith that is in such a man—a faith revealed by his actions. The clear perception that the eager pursuit of wealth strongly tends thus to engross all a man's powers and aspirations, will explain the fact, one has said, that the Lord Jesus Christ saw in this the only power of evil which he deemed threatening enough in its tendencies to be *personified* as a rival of God for the first place in man's life. He personifies the money-god, Mammon. And he explicitly warns men that they must choose between this mad pursuit of gain, and the service of the living God. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." But the money-god has hosts of apparently single-hearted servants in our land! A passionate eagerness in money-getting—a feverish thirst for quick gains, such as the world never before saw, marks our life as a people.

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"Money breeds!" "Its the first ten thousand that costs; get that, by foul means or fair, but *get it*, and then the thousands will roll up!" As this strong sweeping current of gain gets hold of a man, there comes a rapidly-accelerated motion that takes the breath away. There is an awful peril in launching on this subtly-sucking current of the determination to be quickly rich, and then to be just a little richer, and then to be among the richest! What multitudes of fresh, manly young fellows, the high aspirations of home and college still radaint in their boyish faces, we have seen each year sucked into the outer circles of the great whirlpools of speculation in our cities! Here surge those deep waters spoken of by Paul to Timothy, where "they that *will be rich* fall into temptation and a snare and many hurtful and foolish lusts, which *drown men* in destruction and perdition." As the whirlpool seethes on, we see the drowned men tossed out, ruined in character, paralyzed, broken at forty! With half-palsied brain and eye that has lost its compelling power such a man can now read and understand the words, "He that maketh haste to be rich, *shall not be unpunished.*"

Few men who enter it escape from this service Mammon to the noble service of God. "They are perverted by their means." "The means are too strong for them, and they neglect the end." The passion for gain gets hold of the center of life.

Other passions, the philosophers tell us, from very weariness let men go, as old age comes on. Not so the money-god, Mammon. Once in the heart, he fortifies himself as the man with age grows less pliant. On his very death-bed the poor rich man is harried and goaded by his pitiless demon-god, Greed, until he is driven out of a money-ridden old age, defenesless, to the judgment-bar of a God who will demand a strict account of *that power to do good* which was his, in the wealth he had—that power which he utterly refused to use!

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But even if a man escape this terrible passion of thirst for money for the mere sake of getting money, there is another dangerous effect which attends the contemplation of money gains as the chief end of life. Let us call it the "hypnotizing" power of gold.

The process of hypnotizing is most effective with persons whose will-power is not so strong as is that of the most determined and ambitious victims of the *will* to be rich at any cost. Symptoms of hypnotism, more or less clearly developed, are discernible in most men whose life is immersed in money-getting.

Here are a few sentences describing the phenomena of "hypnotism," sentences taken chiefly from Carpenter's "Mental Physiology," and not intended by him to have any bearing upon such a subject as ours. See whether or not they apply to our theme.

The process of hypnotizing a person is simple. Place before his eyes, and very close to them, some bright glittering object—(a *gold coin* is often used!)—in such a way that he will constantly *look up* to it; and let him fix his attention on this to the exclusion of all other objects. The results which follow are thus described: "The whole force of the man goes into this concentration of attention and will-power upon the sensorial impression." There is "an entire engrossment of the mind," in "sensory impressions," which are "received with extreme vividness." His view "tends to become narrower and narrower;" "it tends to unity and afterward to nullity." Through this fixedness of attention upon *one object*, Dr. Garth Wilkinson continues, "the world of sensations" "plays upon" him "as upon an instrument finely attuned." He is now open to every suggestion from the governing will of the manipulator who has brought about this state of self-surrender through the senses. "No doubts or difficulties present themselves to distract the attention." He will undertake impossibilities at a word of com-

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mand. He cannot take his eyes off the object he is told to see. He refuses to see what lies directly before his eyes unless the master-will bids him recognize it. And all the while the victim fancies himself master of his own actions; and when "he comes to himself," he describes himself as having felt, in his previous condition of pitiable slavery to another, utter obliviousness to, or profound contempt for, any and all other sensations and courses of action, than the one to which his master-sensation induced by the master-will impelled him!

Have you not known many men who were thus "hypnotized" by gazing at wealth—mesmerized slaves of the Mammon-god? The *will* to do anything else but make money is gone. The keen, incredulous gaze with which such men meet you who preach to them, when motives and aspirations higher than money-getting are suggested to them, shows you that they will not understand and do not believe you. You cannot reach them with your voice. They do not hear you. They are as hopelessly beyond reach of argument as are the shrewd, keen wild animals, whose crafty, narrow-eyed intelligence in doing the one thing they plan to do, you wonder at but cannot reason with. In such men's hearts "a strong man armed keepeth the palace," and until "a stronger than he"(even the Mightiest!) "shall come upon him and overcome him," Mammon has sway!

This perversion of all powers of the man to money-winning accounts for much of what we call the "gross materialism" of our land and of our time. To men thus "hypnotized" by money, sensual delights, material evidences of wealth, luxurious surroundings are intensely *real.* These are the embodiment of what they seek. To the world of ideas, the broad human sympathies, of religion, they are *dead.* They simply cannot see these great realities. This one thing they do, they *make money!* This one test they constantly and automatically apply to all questions submitted to them, "Is there money in it?"

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It was to a shrewd financier of this type, who had just completed large plans for reorganizing his industries and his warehouses on a larger scale, that Supreme Wisdom, when here among men, broke out with the pitying exclamation, "Thou fool!" This typical rich fool had not missed a point in his calculations, so far as money-making was concerned. Yet he had really made the blunder, inexcusable in a business-man, of leaving out of account, altogether, the highest present and future values involved in his transactions! Keen money-makers of his class are after all deceived in such a childish way! While they pride themselves on their shrewdness, they steadily lose on every bargain. They invest only in securities that cannot be realized on when the day of settlement comes; they make no use of the finest business-opening they have in life, the chance to use the power their wealth gives them to serve the world nobly; and the most valuable title they ever held, the title to their own souls, they let slip out of their hands for nothing! What is the real percentage of net profit, when you sum up such a life?

From this blindness to all other forces save the material power of wealth, a host of misuses of money follow. We need not dwell on them here, for we have touched the *root* of them all in the two we have considered. The foremost race of the world in Christian civilization has long been so hypnotized by wealth, that with all the wide possibilities of unselfish action, of heroic achievement, and of noble fame open before us, the life and genius of our English-speaking people has fixed upon the phrase "the *main chance*," to express its sense of that which is of highest worth—the chance to make a little money! In a social atmosphere which thus tarnishes the pure gold of language, what wonder that perilous misuses of wealth abound? We are sadly familiar with the catalogue! Speculation on assumed values, that becomes mere gambling, while

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it plays with the fortunes and the daily bread of millions; other forms of gambling undisguised, leading directly to those breaches of trust which have grown too familiar in our daily papers; the wholesale adulteration of food and of other articles of merchandise; gigantic monopolies and fictitious "trusts" organized to serve as vast trip hammers in pulverizing all rivals; the heartless recklessness of corporations regarding the life and health of employés; the printing of licentious literature which corrupts the boys and girls of our land, poisoning life at its fountain-head; and the enormous liquor-traffic, desolator of homes, breaker of hearts, breeder of crimes; with its natural outcome, the effort in the interest of the saloons to break down that strong bulwark of Christianity and morality, the American Sunday. These and countless other misuses of wealth threaten us—and are traceable to the principle we have noticed, the narrowing of the mind to money-making as an end in itself, and the consequent oblivion to all moral ideas and forces, to all noble ends as motives in gaining and using the power of wealth.

No less dangerous are the misuses of wealth by those who distinctly recognize the truth that wealth is power, and systematically employ that power to secure criminal ends. In political life we see this disastrous misuse of wealth. When whole communities lose faith in criminal prosecutions and the administration of justice where wealth is a party in the case, then free institutions are in danger. When thousands of voters and scores of legislators are bribed each year, the very life of the Republic is endangered. Such Republics do not stand waiting until *all* voters and *all* judges and jury-men can be bribed, before they totter and go to ruin. But when bribery and fraud become so common as to weaken the *general confidence* of the people in the ballot-box and in the administration of justice, *suddenly* a test comes from some unexpected quar-

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ter, a strain on some weakest part of the body politic, and a nation stands face to face with destruction.

But the misuse of wealth which is most common among professedly Christian people is after all the greatest peril that threatens our land. Its inertia, its resisting power to all proposed Christian work is so great! The crying sin of the respectable rich people of America is the *ignoring* of all true ends in the use of wealth—the effort to evade responsibility for any unselfish use of its great power for good.

The empty display of wealth merely to outstrip others who are rich, is not a *use* of wealth. Foolish vanity and useless heart-burnings are not the gravest consequences of such reckless lavishness. It is manifestly designed to challenge *envy*. And it attains its end. By such displays there is awakened, in the very poor, an envy which in multitudes is fast turning into a deep-seated hatred of the rich. It is upon *envy* of the rich that the anarchists chiefly rely for the propagation of their doctrines. And anarchists' threats no longer have the dim, remote sound which they had for us five years ago. They are growing painfully familiar. Can they in any other way be so surely checked as by those helpful uses of wealth which prevent an utter alienation between the rich and the poor? While there may be generous expenditure of wealth upon the comforts and the elegancies of refined homes, families who set examples of wasteful, luxuriant, extravagance, uniformly corrupt good manners and lower public mornls. "Fashionable society in our great towns is babyish; wealth is made a toy," says Emerson. And instead of serving art, in whose name these lavish expenditures are often made, they debauch art by leading it to pander to a demand for rich fantastic novelties, while it should present to men noble ideas in forms of true beauty. *Vague squandering* is no true *use* of wealth.

Rich men generally refuse to recognize their responsibility

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to use wealth unselfishly for the welfare of all. Yet in such unselfish service we are called on to use all the powers and social forces at our command. Why should wealth be the sole exception to this law? God has so ordered the social life of our race that no man can make the most of his own powers of mind, and heart, and will, until he employs those powers in the service of his fellow-men. This is an accepted law in the realm of mind and spirit. It is no less binding upon the power which material wealth places at a man's disposal. No man has the slightest right to say of his wealth, "It is *mine*; I may use it selfishly if I will." No man has arrived at a true conception of the responsibility involved in the possession of wealth, until his relations through it to his fellow-men, fill a larger place in his views of life than does his ability by his wealth to serve his own selfish ends. Only by the subordination of wealth "to the noble aim of building up the institutions of humanity," can it be saved from selfishness. Wealth is power. The law of service governs *all* man's powers. No man has any right to seek to exempt his wealth from this law of service.

There still lurks in the minds of many, a confused feeling that if a man has inherited wealth, or has early accumulated it, he is by this made free from the law of service, and may live henceforth a useful or useless life as he pleases, no one having the right to call him to account for it. Not so! The compiler of the old Webster's spelling book chose wisely when he formed the moral conceptions of an entire generation of school-children on that bracing and stimulating sentence: "No man may put off the Law of God!" If a poor man applies to you for assistance, you brand him at once as unworthy, if it can be said of him, "he never does a stroke of work." Does the accident of having money in bank make it any less disgraceful for a man, to have it truly said of him, "he never does a stroke of work?" The rich man has no right to live lazily

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on his wealth, doing nothing for his fellow-men while he is supported by the stored-up labor of his ancestors. If he has health, yet does no work with brain or hand for his fellows, he has no more right to exist among honest men than has the able-bodied tramp. In the social organism he is as truly a pauper as is the man who is fed and clothed from the poor-tax.

The misuses which we have noticed, suggests the right use of wealth. Its right use does not lie in indiscriminate alms-giving, in filling every outstretched hand and open mouth. So wealth might be made to disappear. Not so can it be rightly used. Nor does a right theory of the use of wealth lead to communistic views of property. If all the wealth of our land were equally divided, the share of each man, woman and child, if securely invested at five per cent., would yield but about forty dollars a year. If the principle sum were placed in the hands of each, it would soon be squandered, and inequalities of fortune would again be the inevitable outcome of differing degrees of industry and ability in different individuals.

Wealth must be used for service according to its own laws. It must be used as capital, that is, as wealth employed in the production of new wealth, of new values. But in such use of wealth let us have a clear-eyed recognition of various kinds of value, and of degrees in values. And let us insist upon the steady, systematic preference of *those values which are highest.* Intelligence, morality, conscience, and will power which is steadied and strengthened by conscience, have the highest economic values. Wealth so used as to promote the prevalence of these qualities among a people, is in the truest sense employed in the production of new wealth.

Just as truly as teacher and preacher are under economic laws, and are bound to pay their debts and support their families, just so truly are business men under moral and spiritual

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law, and under obligation to win and use their wealth, and *all* their wealth, with a constant regard to the moral and spiritual welfare of their community and their race. No man is free to make an option as to whether he or his property shall come under God's law of service. He is under that law by virtue of his birth, as he is in society and a member of the state, without his having been asked. He owes steady allegiance to that law of service, by virtue of the solidarity of God's universe of law. And though, in managing his property, he may disregard this obligation, he can never escape it.

"It is by means of wealth that virtue becomes a public good," says Emerson. And when Christian wealth, which is *concentrated power of service*, becomes really *consecrated power of service* in the hands of those who use it, how rapidly we shall move forward in the solution of many of the knottiest problems of social reform!

Wealth, since it is "the usufruct of skill, intelligence and morality," is under obligation steadily to reproduce morality, intelligence and skill. When it is used only to support idlers in luxurious ease, clearly it fails to discharge this obligation. "Redeem the time" that was withheld from God's work by you, while you were making money! Buy it back, by using this money conscientiously for God's work. If you have inherited wealth, let the time and labor *involved* in the rolling up of a fortune be *evolved* again in days and years of active philanthropic and Christian work, done by workers whom your money supports in teaching, in preaching and in mission-fields. What vast donations overdue to schools of applied industry, to institutions of learning and to Christian missions, this view suggests!

Wealth that is wisely used to help others, must help them to help themselves. To educate men in the knowledge and use of their own powers, and to bring them under the sway of

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right principles and feelings, is the true way to make them help themselves. But in every community there is a mass of inefficiency, ignorance and vice, which the stronger and the better must help to elevate. The ignorance, misery and sin of the world is a terrible reality. It will not let thoughtful men sleep! It ought not to let rich men sleep, unless their wealth, which is power of service, is constantly doing something to relieve it. "It was never meant that man should be completely happy, while his fellows are in pain," says one of the truest of our social philosophers.

To make less this sum of ignorance and misery, the man of wealth has many wise ways open to him. To help to work out plans of successful coöperation or profit-sharing, opens a noble avenue for service. The moral effects of such experiments on employers and men are incalculably good.

"He is the rich man in whom the *people* are rich." There is a growing disposition on the part of rich men to recognize this truth by giving public parks, museums and libraries for the use of the people. There is a growing wish to make the life of our toiling men "richer with respect to soul, mind and body." But all attempts to do this throw us back always upon intellectual, moral and spiritual forces, as the means, through education, of raising the condition of men. Something may be done by way of providing halls, books and apparatus for that process of self-education, in matters political, social and industrial, toward which discussions in their own organizations so strongly impel our laboring-men. What a difference in power to produce values, between the dollar you spend to add to your dinner a dish of fruit out of its season, and the dollar you put into a good book upon the duties of citizenship and place in the hands of an intelligent young workman in one of the labor unions!

But even if wealth had supplied all the material appliances

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which men need for self-education and self-elevation, the question would remain, have the men whom you wish to make self-helpful, *the desire* to help themselves? The effort to answer this question will force us to consider such men as individuals, to come into relations with them one by one. To influence personalities strongly, is the great desideratum.

The mightiest educating power is a strong personality. The greatest work which Christian wealth can do for the world, is to bring men one by one under the sway of that one Supreme Personality, the Lord Jesus Christ! The only hope for men is in a close personal relation with a Personal Saviour. Not in masses will men be lifted out of vice and sin. Society will be purified, institutions will be made better and kept better, only as men are drawn one by one to "Him who has been lifted up." The great social discontent of our time springs from the lack of a true center for each man's life, in Christ. The pitiable, blind yearnings of socialism must touch the hearts of Christians, because they are the groping of men after that true brotherhood which men find only when they see the Fatherhood of God. Christ is the "Desire of the Nations," though they know him not. And in our time and in our land, the noblest use for wealth is in promoting efforts to bring the Gospel of Christ home to the hearts of the people and to bring the people home to Christ.

Since wealth has in it the noble possibility of being thus transmuted into spiritual power, how do Christians dare to use so much of it for lower purposes? If the "love of Christ constraineth us," if we and all our possessions have been "bought with a price," the true view is, not "how much of my money ought I to use for the Lord's work," but rather, "all that I am and all that I have is my Lord's; how much of my Lord's substance ought I to use on my family and myself?"

The truth is that wealth is a mighty power, but an exceed-

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ingly dangerous power for him who uses and holds it. The Christian who is to withstand its temptations and to use it aright must constantly ask guidance from God. It is the "*deceitfulness* of riches" which makes Christians imagine that they can lightly set aside or ignore the emphatic warnings of God's Word regarding riches. Only the power and love of God can enable Christians safely to handle wealth. And when all is said, the giving of wealth for Christian work is not a mere business transaction. "They that trust in their wealth and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches, none of them can by any means redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him." Only the power of the Holy Spirit can transmute money gifts into Christian influences which shall win souls to Christ.

The crisis in our national life calls most loudly for Christian work and Christian giving in home fields. From heathen lands come such requests for Christian teachers and missionaries as appall our mission-boards. In our colleges are two thousand young men who say to the Church of America, "Send us, we are ready to go." Now that fields are open and laborers ready, shall we hold back our Lord's money, and keep these heralds of glad tidings from the work they are ready to do?

What an opportunity to use for the noblest ends that *power*, that *concentrated life-effort* which is coined in wealth! You, Christian men of means, who feel that the strength of your life has gone into wealth-winning, yet who have felt your heart stirred by the devotion of a Livingstone, or a Hannington, or a Chamberlain, will you not give largely of God's money entrusted to your management, that by it you may educate and support such heroic workers for Christ?

"Defer not charities till death," says Bacon, "for certainly if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another

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man's than his own." Use your wealth for Christ while you can yourself direct its use, while you can yourself see and enjoy the mighty moral and spiritual values which are produced from the right use of wealth. The example of Christian men and women of property who go, "at their own charges," to mission fields, is inspiring; many will follow it.

Drawn together here by the power of Christian love, let us plan liberal things for the promotion of Christ's kingdom. Let us be ready to give to such Christian work as we may here devise, time and labor which shall bless the godless homes about us.

Let us give time and money joyously, for the love of Christ. Let us rejoice in the brotherly spirit which pervades a gathering of Christians such as this. And if we feel a joyous elation in the conviction that strong men, banded together for the service of God, with his blessing can accomplish much, let us welcome and not distrust that sense of social joy.

"God loveth a cheerful giver." Have you studied the precise import of the word translated cheerful? It came to me with wonderful force a few days since, as I was reading my Greek Testament. The word is "*hilaron.*" There is no mistaking its import. God loves a whole-souled, "hilarious," giver—one who is not ashamed of the cause for which he gives, one who with a strong, buoyant, joyous confidence in the cause, in the men who are working with him for it, and above all in the God who directs the work—gives freely, heartily and *with a swing!* To the sense of duty from the law of Christian service, shall we not by God's help add this crowning grace of spontaneous, hearty, *hilarious* Christian giving of time and money for the cause of our Master?—*An address delivered before the General Christian Conference in Washington, D. C.*

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Gambling.

J. H. NEWMAN.

GAMBLING is an ancient vice. All the authentic histories, all the reliable traditions, are in proof of its universality, and that, from time immemorial, it has been coëxtensive with the abode and business of man. The Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Egyptians gambled. Under the Empire and under the Republic, the evil existed to such an extent among the Romans that legislation was a necessity. In the best days of the Greeks, in the Golden age of Pericles, the evil prevailed throughout the Grecian confederation. The present is like the past. From the emperor to the coolie, the Chinese are a nation of gamblers. This social vice is prevalent in Japan and India and Persia.

When sailing up the Persian gulf I saw a company of Mohammedan pilgrims *en route* to some sacred shrine, and they divided the twenty-four hours of the day between prayers and games. When they did not pray they gambled. Spain, Italy, Austria, Germany and France have been compelled to bring the power of law against this ruinous evil. Prior to the unification of Germany, not a few of the petty states were supported from revenues derived from licensed gambling establishments.

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Nor are Americans strangers to this vice. In some of the States a revenue is derived from licensed gambling saloons. The Territory of Montana is an example. In Kentucky and Louisiana lotteries are under the protection of the Commonwealth; and now the Postmaster General of the United States has forbidden the circulation of the printed advertisements of these lotteries through the mails. This social vice appeals to all classes for correction. It appeals to every employer, it appeals to every parent, it appeals with unwonted force to the wives and mothers of the Republic.

What is gambling, and what are its evils?

Gambling is an abuse of innocent pastime. Some one has said that vice is the excess of virtue. That which is innocent in itself becomes a crime by excessive use.

All nations have games of recreation and pleasure. A nation without games is a nation of idiots. The people should have their pastimes. But it is a sad commentary upon the depravity of humanity that innocent pleasures are degraded into destroying evils,

It may not be easy to define the sin of gambling. The word belongs to that family of words "game and gaming," and in its origin means sport, fun. For want of a better term we call it a social vice, because of the evils which flow therefrom to society.

Gambling is the staking of property to win or to lose on mere hazard. It is not gain for gain. It ignores the law of equivalents. It is something for nothing.

All industry, all trade, all legitimate business, is based on the law of something for something. What does the winner give in exchange for the money he takes? Nothing. A man has a right to give his property, and he receives a reward for the same in the consciousness of a kindness done; but in gambling, he does not intend to give his money. The winner

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does not intend to give an equivalent in return. Gambling is robbery by mutual consent.

Gambling is the enemy of healthful and manly labor. It means money without work. Its chief maxim is: "Take care of yourself; sacrifice others." Do you say the gambler works? So does the bank robber. How immense the skill, the patience, and the effort of him who robs a bank. But it is a criminal work. It is an effort condemned by public opinion and just laws. Do you say the gamblers display skill? Yes, but his is not the honorable skill of the pilot, who guides his ship in a dangerous sea; nor of the lawyer, who applies constitutional and statutory law in the intricacies of a case involving life or property or reputation; it is not the skill of the artist, in the production of works of art to refine public taste and adorn the face of society; it is not the skill of a merchant in the wise management of trade; it is not the skill of the banker in the application of the principles of finance; it is not the skill of the statesman who applies political economy to the welfare of the people; it is not the skill of the physician who studies to cure diseases and to put a heart beneath the ribs of death; but it is the skill that sets at defiance all the laws of honorable labor. It is the development of a cunning to lie and cheat and rob.

I do not say that gambling is atheism, but I declare that it is contrary to the established laws of nature. Chance is the god of the gambler. He constantly appeals to the very uncertain and variable law of chance. Some mathematicians have sought to ascertain and formulate the law of chance, and they assert: "If you throw a dice, it is thirty to one against your turning up a particular number, and one hundred to one against your repeating the same throw three times running, and so on in an augmenting ratio." You have no right to expose your property on such a tremendous margin of thirty to one and of a hundred to one.

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There is certainty in agriculture, there is certainty in commerce, there is certainty in manufacture. God has ordained laws of honest industry; but these do not operate on such immense margins. Do you tell me there is hazard in everything? True, but not to the same extent as in this. Men may be deceived in bargains which they make, in their investments, in their transactions, but in all these there is a reasonable certainty of return.

The principles of gambling are sometimes acted upon where there is neither wager nor play. Some men gamble with capital instead of cards, and take the chances. They throw their immense financial strength in favor of depression or inflation, and hope thereby to win.

Some gamble with the capital of others in reckless speculation. Some gamble with false capital, which is a lie and a cheat. It is a mere fancy; it has no existence or representation. It is a name without fame. Some gamble with ballots instead of dice, and the action of legislatures is influenced thereby. It is a statement made before one of our courts that one railroad company, in the State of New York, paid $60,000 one year and $205,000 another year, to obtain legislation; and it was obtained. It is a duty of legislators to enact laws for the benefit of the people without bribes or money corruption. But these large sums were paid to rob the commonwealth. Some men are too saintly to touch a card or throw a dice, yet they will risk the property of widows and orphans in an amount or kind of business for which their own resources are unequal. I would rather take the chances of a professional gambler at the bar of God than the chances of one of these saintly scoundrels who gamble with the money of widows and orphans. Public prejudice has segregated one branch of business in New York and pronounced its withering condemnation on it. One street is held up as the resort of gamblers and robbers. I am not the

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defender of Wall street, but I would as soon take my chances for Heaven from Wall street as from Broadway, from a stock-broker's office as from some banking houses, or the headquarters of certain railway magnates. There are members of the Stock Exchange as honorable and honest as are any members of the venerable Chamber of Commerce of our great metropolis. It is quite true there are two classes of persons who frequent Wall street who are a disgrace to honorable men: those who seek to depress certain stocks or other securities by destroying confidence in particular individuals, or in the value of the properties themselves, and than take advantage of such depression to accumulate a sudden fortune; and those who seek the same end by the unnatural and unhealthy inflation of stocks and other properties, and thus come into possession of ill-gotten gains. Such men are not only gamblers, but they should be classed as criminals before the law. A citizen has the right to purchase stock out and out, but it is an appeal to chance, it is downright gambling, to put up a margin and then to seek either, by personal means, the depression or inflation of such stock, or to take the chances on their rise or fall.

This is gambling; it is an appeal to chance; it is one hundred to one. Many a man has put up his only thousand dollars as a margin and lost, and then whined in the ear of Providence over the misfortune.

Gambling is an injurious excitement without compensation and consolation. The gambler has hope, but it is not an anchor. It is an unmanageable sail that bears him upon the rocks. It is an excitement that consumes but never recreates. It doth not promote health or happiness. The loser has no compensation. When the merchant loses, from circumstances beyond his control, he has the consolation of knowing that he did his duty. He has regret, but no remorse. He has the sympathy of others, but needs not their pity. God gives him consola-

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tion, but he needs no pardon. The young man who lost $150,000 at cards could not say: "I did my best and Providence sent me adversity" He has remorse, not regret. He may claim our pity, not our sympathy. When all that the merchant had is lost, his character is safe. When the gambler has lost his all, that includes his character.

What a strange fascination there is in gambling. What a spell it throws over the imagination. No serpent ever charmed a bird with greater power, no fowler ever set a snare from which it was so difficult to escape. Why? Gambling is an appeal to the pride of skill, to the love of superiority, to the heroism of our nature and, above all, to gain without work. We all have seen some man under this strange fascination. It is mightier than other forms of delusion. We have seen an honored father and husband under the fascinations of a strange woman—beautiful, artful, enticing. He resolves not to yield; his conscience is against yielding; he recalls his happy home, the wife of his bosom and the children of his loins, but the strange woman leads him astray. We have seen some great, imperial spirit under the charm of intoxication. Resolutions are made, vows are recorded, efforts are put forth; in a moment of holy revenge the evil is consigned to the lowest hell, but the man has been charmed. We have seen the novel reader in a revery, wherein the imagination has been peopled with forms of fancy, in which the actualities of life are disregarded and nature is perverted. With these is the fascination of gambling. All the better nature of the man is at times aroused against it. He resolves and resolves again; he promises wife and children, the angels and his God, but he is under the influence of an entrancing power. Who does not recall with pity that young and brilliant lawyer, who had led to the bridal alter one of the fairest daughters of the land, whose happiness lay in the embrace of a future like an ocean of pearls and dia-

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monds, but who became addicted to this entrancing vice? The habit had fastened upon him, its hooks of steel had entered his very soul. On a certain night he lost heavily. He then staked his splendid mansion, the patrimony from an honored father. The home was lost. In despair he left that hell of hells; the night air touched his temples, but could not chill to the death this charm of charmers. He said there was one hope left, he would return. The gamblers looked amazed at his reappearance. As his last stake—all he had left in the world on which he hoped to recover all that he had lost—he staked his coach and horses. The game was played; again he lost. Leading the winner to the street, he said to his coachman, "Here is your master," and then, in despair that knew no relief; a homeless indignant wretch, he walked the streets of the silent, sleeping city; he looked at the stars of his childhood, but they brought him no relief; he lingered beneath the light of the street lamp, which revealed only a countenance of despair; he pressed his temples and cursed the day of his birth.

Gambling leads to the most heartless associations. It is proper to note the distinction between the professional and the non-professional gamblers. The latter persons engaged in legitimate business, who gambles for pastime or money, or both. All that I have said this far against this vice I apply to the practice of these non-professionals. It is an abuse of innocent pastime, it tempts from lawful labor, it is homage paid to the shrine of chance, it ends in remorse.

Non-professional gambling is the feeder of the professional. Every private house wherein persons play for money is a recruiting office of the gambling hell, to fill the ranks of the professional gamblers.

There is a direct path that leads from one to the other. Ask that young man who lost so heavily at Saratoga last summer, where he acquired the propensity for gambling, and he

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will tell you : " In the private residence of———," wherein wealth abounds and beauty smiles. Why not have your games for recreation without the hazard of a dollar ?

Why should parents complain when their sons are ruined ? Were I a dramatist I would write a drama of five acts. First : A young man in a private house at cards, where beauty smiles and wealth allures. Second : In a hotel where gentlemen meet, where the game is played for the refreshments of the hour and where conscience is quieted by the soothing assurance that it is only pastime. Third : A gambling hell, where the professionals do congregate, where the attention to the game is intense, where self-consciousness reigns supreme, where fortunes are won and lost. Fourth : A den of thieves, from which decency and honor have departed, where dishonesty holds high carnival, where depredations on the property of honest citizens are organized, where murder is planned. Fifth: A gallows, on which hangs the form of that once young and splendid man. It is his last game ; he loses all.

Let us now look at the professional gamblers. Let us go in fancy to the place they do congregate. We do not expect to find angels there, except fallen ones ; nor saints, except those who have outlived their usefulness ; nor church members except hypocrites. What is the average morality of the gambling fraternity ? Who are the men found in these resorts ? There is the cynic, who sneers at virtue ; the polished debauchee, a modern Chesterfield ; the " swell " who is attractive by his flashing manners ; and the selfish man, bereft of all sensibility, who will take the last dollar and then turn the loser out into the cold world.

Gambling is not an isolated vice ; and it is attended with a whole retinue of evils. The sparkling wine cup passes from lip to lip ; inebriety is certain to follow · intoxication is a necessary inspiration ; the " strange woman " is companion to gamblers—

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she whose steps take hold on death and hell. There is a direct road from the gambling hell to the penitentary. Nearly all the embezzlements of which banking clerks have been convicted may be traced to gambling. This social vice disqualifies for all the duties of life. It ruins the mechanic, the lawyer, the physician, the statesman. It is the desolation of home itself.

And what are the remedies? Let the pulpit lift up its voice of warning. Let clergymen appreciate the terrible evil in all its bearings. Let them press home upon the conscience of the people the great moralities of religion. Let the press keep the public informed of the dangers to which society is exposed, and especially of the dereliction of the police, whose business it is to suppress these places which entice the young men of our city. And let parents, by precept and example, from childhood to youthhood, from youthhood to manhood, throw around their sons and daughters those gracious influences which will make home the supreme charm of human life.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night. How dark! No light! No fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint spark expires!
Shivering, she watches by the cradle side,
For him who pledged her love last year a bride!

Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No!—'Tis past!—'Tis gone!
Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once so kind:
And I believed 'twould last!—How mad!—How blind!

Rest thee, babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—For there is no food!—The font is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break!—And thou!—The clock strikes one!

Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes! He's there! he's there!
For this—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

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Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him but for you,
My child!—his child! Oh, fiend!—The clock strikes two.

Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blasts howl by.
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock!—he comes!—he comes once more!
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er.

Can he desert me thus! He knows I stay
Night after night, in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear,
No! no! It can not be! He will be here!

Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband! I die!—Father! it is not he!
Oh, God! protect my child! The clock strikes three.

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast;
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reign'd around—the clock struck four.

—*Dr. Coates.*

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Anti-Lottery Bills in Congress

ON Saturday, August 16, the bill to forbid lotteries the use of the mails and to prevent newspapers from publishing their advertisements passed the National House of Representatives without a dissenting vote. The members who were opposed to the bill did not dare to defy public sentiment so much as to vote against it. All attempts to amend in the interests of the Mexican lottery, or other foreign lotteries, failed. An effort is to be made in the Senate to include express companies within the inhibition of the law. It is difficult to see how the lottery company can survive if it shall be excluded both from the mails and the express. We append as a highly important part of our record of current reform President Harrison's message and Secretary Wanamaker's letter on the lottery evil.

President Harrison's Message.

"*To the Senate and House of Representatives:*—The recent attempt to secure a charter from the State of North Dakota for a lottery company, the pending effort to obtain from the State of Louisiana a renewal of the charter of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and the establishment of one or more lottery companies at Mexican towns near our border, have served a good purpose of calling public attention to an evil of vast

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proportions. If the baneful effects of the lotteries were confined to the States that gave the companies corporate powers and a license to conduct a business, the citizens of other States, being powerless to apply legal remedies, might clear themselves of responsibility by the use of such moral agencies as were within their reach. But the case is not so. The people of all the States are debauched and defrauded. The vast sums of money offered to the States for charters are drawn from the people of the United States, and the general government, through its mail system, is made the effective and profitable medium of intercourse between the lottery company and its victims. The use of the mails is quite as essential to the companies as the State license. It would be practically impossible for these companies to exist if the public mails were effectually closed against their advertisements and remittances. The use of the mails by these companies is a prostitution of an agency only intended to serve purposes of legitimate trade and a decent social intercourse. It is not necessary, I am sure, for me to attempt to portray the robbery of the poor and the widespread corruption of public and private morals which are the necessary incidents of these lottery schemes. The National Capital has become a sub-headquarters of the Louisiana Lottery Company, and its numerous agents and attorneys are conducting here a business involving probably a larger use of the mails than that of any legitimate business enterprise in the District of Columbia. There seems to be good reason to believe that the corrupting touch of these agents has been felt by the clerks in the postal service and by some of the police officers of the District. Severe and effective legislation should be promptly enacted to enable the Post office Department to purge the mails of all letters, newspapers, and circulars relating to the business. The letter of the Postmaster General, which I transmit herewith, points out the inadequacy of the

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existing statutes and suggests legislation that would be effective. It may also be necessary to so regulate the carrying of letters by the express companies as to prevent the use of these agencies to maintain communication between the lottery companies and their agents or customers in other cities. It does not seem possible that there can by any division of sentiment as to the propriety of closing the mails against these companies; and I therefore venture to express the hope that such proper powers as are necessary to that end will be given to the Post office Department.

[Signed] "BENJAMIN HARRISON."

"*Executive Mansion, July* 29, 1890."

POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER'S APPEAL.

"THE PRESIDENT:"

"*Sir*:—In view of the urgent necessities of the case, I feel impelled to anticipate the annual report by this special communication to you in regard to the use of the mails by the Louisiana State Lottery Company.

"Notwithstanding the declaration of Congress that no letter or circular concerning lotteries shall be carried in the mails, every railway postal car, star route, money-order and registry office, and other facility that the postal service affords, is in active daily use by the Louisiana Lottery Company.

"Public sentiment condemns the use of the post office for lottery purposes; but this does not decrease the volume of mails carried to and from lottery companies. On the contrary, the amount of mail-matter going from them to the people, and the number of letters returning to them from the people, have no parallel in the history of the Post office Department. The foothold of the lottery business seems to be firmer, its operations wider, and its enterprises bolder than ever before.

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"Recent and reliable investigations of the mailing operations of the Louisiana Lottery Company, at New Orleans and Washington, prove conclusively the magnitude of its affairs. It is almost incredible, but capable of proof, that its chief business offices in Washington are conducted in two or more localities, employing numbers of clerks, often working night and day, using express wagons and furniture cars to haul the outgoing mail, which is frequently carted in the night from place to place to prevent suspicion or identification. It is estimated that it dispatches from the National Capital alone fifty thousand letters per month, and the mail received at the same office may be safely counted by the ton! What is true of Washington is probably five-fold true of New Orleans, the headquarters of the gigantic company that offers to pay a bonus of one million dollars a year for the privilege of doing a business that could not exist but for the use of the postal machinery of the government.

"This vast business is terribly demoralizing to the postal service. It enlists some of the postmasters, subsidizes clerks, tempts mail assorters and carriers, and compels large outlays from the Department for inspectors to trace lost and stolen letters. The postal employé readily assumes that a letter directed to a lottery company contains money; that it is in the mail in violation of the spirit of the law; that its loss will be difficult to trace and that an attempt to punish the offender who shall abstract it, will more likely fail than prosecutions of an ordinary character. Hence the temptation to purloin it is exceptionally great.

"With all the admitted evils, within and without the postal department resulting from this nefarious traffic, I am, as the head of this Department, powerless to act. It is indeed a humiliating position, subjecting me to the suspicion of law-abiding citizens that your Postmaster General is ignorant of, indifferent

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to, or wilfully evading the law, when he is without authority under existing statutes to exclude this matter from the mail.

"It is even more humiliating to contemplate that the entire Post office Department is, in point of fact, the principal agent of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and that every extension of the postal system spreads the hurtful power and influence of that company.

"The intent of Congress to close the mails against letters and circulars concerning lotteries, and all similar schemes to deceive and defraud the public, for the purpose of obtaining money under false pretenses, is apparent from the language of the three sections of the Revised Statutes, and the acts amendatory thereto, concerning (1) ordinary letters and circulars (R. S. 3894), (2) registered letters (R. S. 3929), and (3) the payment of money orders drawn to the order of any person engaged in conducting such schemes (R. S. 4041).

"These statutes have been found to be inadequate in that they omit to give the Postmaster General any authority to delay or withhold from delivery any ordinary sealed letter which he may have reason to believe, or evidence to suspect, relates to a lottery, or any power to prevent the delivery of registered mail, and the payment of money-orders, to any person unless it be proven that he is actually engaged in conducting such lottery or scheme. The result is, that these three separate and distinct statutes, which were supposed to be effective in ridding the mails of the kind of matter under consideration, have, by practical tests, utterly failed to accomplish the object

"The section referring to ordinary letters has been construed to be a penal statute, enforceable by the courts only ('Op. of Attorneys General,' vol. xvi, p. 5). It confers no authority on the Postmaster General. To make it available in the courts it is necessary to obtain from them the issuance of warrants upon

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probable cause, and supported by oath or affirmation, particularly describing the letters to be seized (*Ex parte* Jackson, 6 Otto, p. 727). Thus it will be seen that the proceeding to seize such letters under the provisions of this section can only reach those that can be particularly described, and they would constitute an infinitesimal part of the mail of any lottery company doing a large business.

"In the attempt to execute the other sections, which refer to registered letters and money-orders, the written instructions or proclamations of one of my predecessors, forbidding the delivery of registers and the payment of money-orders to the Louisiana State Lottery Company or its officers, were promptly followed by the advertisement of said company that such remittances for the purchase of lottery tickets could thereafter be made to the New Orleans National Bank. To prevent such transfer the postmaster at New Orleans was directed by a subsequent official order of the Postmaster General to withhold the delivery and payment of all registered letters and money-orders to said bank, whereupon an injunction was obtained from the court restraining the postmaster from the execution of said order; and, in consequence of such decree, the delivery of these letters and the payment of money-orders have been made to the bank without question for several years.

"This is a brief statement of the situation. With this, marked '*Exhibit A*,' I submit a paper showing in detail the action of the Postoffice Department concerning lotteries. It is manifest that the object of the law has been successfully thwarted, and that without additional legislation the mails must continue to carry this class of matter. I therefore, in this extremity, come to you for such instructions as you may see fit to give, and respectfully present for your consideration in accompanying paper, marked '*Exhibit B*,' the draft of a bill, similar to one already presented to the House of Representatives; which,

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if enacted into a law, will enable the Department to get this business under control.

"The proposed bill defines the offense for depositing letters relating to lotteries and fixes the penalty therefor; provides for the prosecution of the same by information or indictment; extends the jurisdiction so as to include any district into which the letter may pass as well as that of delivery, thus enlarging the opportunity to collect evidence, and to remove the trial from the local influences surrounding the courts in the States where lotteries have been successfully established; it authorizes the withholding of registered letters and the payment of money-orders from banks and individuals acting as agents of lotteries; and also prohibits the use of the mails to newspapers containing lottery advertisements. By the laws of some of the States such advertisements are illegal, and there is reason to believe that the proposition to incorporate such a law into the statutes of the United States would not meet with opposition from any considerable number of the reputable and influential newspapers of the country. If this, or a similar bill, containing all these proposed changes, together with such wholesome amendments as would probably be agreed to in Congress, should become a law, I think the mails could be purged in a short time of such matter as the statutes now intend but fail to prohibit. I, therefore, ask for this communication such consideration as will enable you to determine whether or not the subject of lotteries, and the inability to indorse existing laws against them, is sufficiently important to justify you in calling the attention of Congress to the need of additional legislation.

"Very respectfully,

(Signed) "JNO. WANAMAKER,

"*Postmaster General.*"

Mr. Moore of New Hampshire has been one of the most vigorous opponents of the lottery. He it was who started the

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petition asking the Committee on Rules to set a day for its consideration, an act which has resulted in the passage of a stringent anti-lottery bill. In his earnest speech in support of the bill he presented the following extraordinary facts in connection with this lottery:

"This is a private corporation, and its affairs are veiled in the greatest secrecy. The number of its stockholders is not known, but they are believed to be less then twenty in number. Some five or six control the great majority of the stock. All the proceedings and workings of the company are carefully concealed from the public. The stock of the company embraces 1,200 shares at a par value of $1,200,000. Owing to the large dividends paid by the company, the shares are quoted at $1,200, or an aggregate of $12,000,000. Last year, I am informed, the dividends were seventeen per cent. This dividend, large as it is, represents only half of the profits of the company for a single year. The other profits go to certain preferred stockholders, very few in number.

"In the financial exhibit of the company no account is made of the daily drawings, the exact figures of which are not obtainable, but they exceed $2,000,000 annually, making the enormous annual income of $30,000,000 or twice the sum that was paid Napoleon by Jefferson, in 1801, for the entire Louisiana purchase.

"The remarkable thing about this lottery is the fact that ninety-three per cent. of the income is derived outside the State of Louisiana from the other States of the Union and the Territories. There is not a city or considerable village in the country which does not contribute to the enormous revenues of this gigantic gambling concern."

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Dishonesty.

THE RT. REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D.

AMONG the characteristics of the times we are living in there is one not much mentioned by the many popular speakers, who seem to think the men they speak to are to be benefited chiefly by being assured how much wiser, better and more "progressive" they are than any of their fathers were, who suppose the age is to be instructed by being flattered, and that the country needs to be glorified rather than to be purified; which was certainly not the way of the old prophets. The characteristic I mean is dishonesty. I am not discrediting any of the actual modern merits—intelligence, enterprise, invention, philanthropy. Grant all these, in large degree. Nevertheless, they do not bring with them honesty in proportion. Falsehood and fraud flourish along with them, in spite of them, and in some cases by the help of them. From the vulgar sediment of society up to its highest summits there spreads a tremendous force of selfish materialism—call it sharpness or call it crime—by which men reach after and snatch and call their own, for use or for show or for hoarding, what is not theirs. It is stolen property, only stolen ingeniously and indirectly, and in such ways that the old forms of law, which undertook to punish outright robbery, fail to

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overtake them. If there is the least doubt about it, turn to the files of your public journals, and find one day if you can when there was not an allusion to some conspicuous corruption of the public conscience. Not in a few rare spots, but in every spot where two or three hundred people live together, a part of these people consume, or lay up, or waste, what belongs to other people, and what they have managed to get by some species of deception. What natural production of the earth is there, meant for the sustenance or comfort of man, that is not adulterated by some degrading mixture, or shortened in the measure? Do not the devices of Anglo-Saxon traffic repeat, in faithful exactness, the devices of the Jew, denounced by the prophet, making the ephah of the seller small, and the shekel of the buyer large; selling the refuse for wheat and "falsifying the balance by deceit?" What line of mechanical work is there, where the base material, or the shabby construction, or the over-charge, does not disgrace the handicraft? What branch of commerce without its delusive labels, its broken promises, its advertising fictions, its postponed payments, its calculated bankruptcies, its hollow contracts? Men who will not suffer their respectability to be challenged, look one another in the face and with a mutual jugglery of knavish tricks conspire to grow rich by villiany. The brilliant audacities of the great commercial centers have their lame and creeping copies, hardly less cruel or calamitous, back in the little rural villages, in sight of grave yards where sleep the ashes of clean-handed ancestors, living and dying, in their day, in the faith of a God who has righteousness and judgment for the habitation of His throne. Outside the church are financial Ahabs and social Jezebels. Inside are Ananias and Sapphira, tacitly agreeing together to lie to the Holy Ghost, pretending to give to God, for missions or Bible societies, a hush-money fragment of what they have seized from their fellow-

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men. Too often there is no Peter with the courage to search out their sin—"Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much?" The grand difficulty with our popular piety is that it is still trying to find a way, in this nineteenth century of the Gospel, and beyond the centennial of a nation founded in the Gospel's name, of serving two gods together.

Brethren, it seems to me that if our national Christianity is to maintain its respect, or if it expects to go on in another century, with much honor on its head or much authority in its voice, it will have to deal with these abominations somewhat more directly, more fearlessly and more personally than it is doing now. Greatly to their credit, our cotemporary moralists have undertaken to investigate crime, its sources, its statistics and its correction. But the criminals are of two classes. One class ill-bred, ill-fed, ill-clad, with little knowledge, bad examples and strong temptations, take what they have no right to take and render no equivalent. Another class, better clothed, better educated, with a better chance of living honestly, perhaps holding offices and entertaining flattering assemblies, do precisely the same thing. The first class perform their lawless work in the dark, and so do these. The detected felons sometimes put on masks; and what else but a mask are good manners over an unprincipled heart? The vagrant robbers occasionally come together and lay out their schemes and count their booty. The gentlemanly robbers who haunt the lobbies of legislatures, the municipal chambers and the bribale courts—tramps of the commercial highways—understand each other with an instinct just as keen, and a cunning just as infamous. Now, if this is all true, and if the habitation of the living God is righteousness and judgment, then what is sure to come by and by, when the King, patient as he is, uncovers that Throne, and the Judge finally brings these souls, one by one, to the reckoning? Are we any safer than Ananias and Sapphira?

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Is this a safe country? With all its advantages, its anniversary pageants, its celebrations of what it has done and its loud predictions of what it is going to do, is America resting, secure and approved, at this time, at the foot of God's righteous judgment-seat?

"Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much; and she said, Yea! for so much."

Is there any remedy? The remedy will be found by finding through what popular mistakes the mischief has crept in, and by raising against them the everlasting principles of the Bible-morality, the old-fashioned safeguards of personal uprightness, on the staunch commandments of a God of righteousness.

The unguarded conversation of men is the natural revelation of them; of their moral standards, if they have any, and of their lack of them, if they have none. We hear people continually debating whether some line of action will be lucrative, prudent or agreeable; politic, reputable or successful; whether it will serve some interest, or baffle some opponent, or advance some party. But how often, in all the thoroughfares of society, do we hear any open question shut and concluded by the short, swift, clear argument of a Christian tongue? This is right, and because it is right it must be done, cost what consequences it may; that other thing is wrong, and therefore it cannot be touched, let it promise to pay what it will. In the clamoring of calculation and profit, how often is the simple voice of duty audible and decisive?

Looking for causes, we find that, among the virtues which the people honor, we have been trying a good deal, of late, to make the softer virtues answer for the sturdier, and philanthropy for all the rest. It happened by a natural reaction. In the feudalism and vassalage of the middle ages, and under the monarchies of the old world, the tendency ran to physicial cruelty. Life was cheap. Liberty was crushed. The lower

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classes were not too good to suffer any sort of deprivation. The slave was at the mercy of the master; and where that is true, mercy always gives place, sooner or later, to wrath. When the free spirit arose, and more equal forms of civil society were planted, the milder compassions and gentler sensibilities of Christian people came uppermost. So far as the moral feelings were aroused at all, the impulse was to make everybody comfortable in condition and happy in mind. But there is something higher than that. Wrongs were righted, not always because they were wrongs, and because rights are sacred, but because suffering is disagreeable. If a malefactor was seized by the arm of justice, and shut up in prison, an indiscriminate sympathy, thinking nothing of the safety of society, went about to stir up public sympathy in his behalf, sent flowers and pictures and carpets to his cell, tried to shorten his term of punishment, and if possible, to get him out of the hands of the law altogether. Now, it must be a hard heart which does not recognize in these kindly impulses the working of the spirit of Christian charity. Such ameliorations were needed, in a degree, and they came, and blessed were they by whom they came. But, after all, God does not govern mankind by an unqualified pity, but by mercy balanced with justice; by tenderness harmonized with severity—the severity itself sometimes being merciful. In mortal progress the pendulum swings from one extreme to another. Probably in the old social order, there were some upright and downright traits, intermixed with coarser ones, which, as sons of a God of righteousness, we could not afford to let go, and which we shall have to bring back, and plant side by side with our yielding charities and fair humanities, before we shall throw off this disgrace of dishonesty. There must be more respect for reality, and less for show; more willingness to be poor, if God wills it; less anxiety to hang out the signals of success; more simplicity

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and less extravagance. Nor is there any such thing possible as atoning for a fraudulent getting of money, by giving a part of it away. Ananias laid a part of the proceeds of the land at the Apostle's feet for the use of the church. It is known of one of the foremost of American statesmen that he was in the habit of bestowing munificent alms impulsively on mendicant people about him, and letting his debts go unpaid. What a wretched world this would be if the Almighty turned his ordinances of truth into a confusion of unprincipled indulgences like that! Kindness is always lovely, but kindness will not save us from the consequences, if we do not pay what we owe, or if we take more than our due. An age of mingled philanthropy and dishonesty is not an age of the reign of Christ, whose name has been given us as "the Lord our righteousness.



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The Follies of Social Life.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

WHOEVER invented the phrase "the social ladder" contributed a most picturesque figure to the language, a figure that appeals vividly to the imagination, whether one dwells in a remote village or in the heart of a metropolis. Every community, every state, every nation, nay, the wide world itself, has its metaphorical ladder on the successive rounds of which are perched representatives of the different cliques that go to make up what is known to the census bureau as "the population."

It is not the purpose of the present paper to explain the reasons why these cliques should exist, nor to suggest plans whereby every one may climb to the topmost round. Suffice it that these cliques or grades exist the world over, and that those who occupy the upper rounds of the ladder necessarily look down upon those below them while those who are at the foot look upward with feelings that may be worthily ambitious, or enviously bitter, according to the temperament of the individual.

Here, for instance, is a group seated comfortably enough on one of the midway rounds of the ladder. Judging from

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their dress and general appearance they are well-to-do folk in work-a-day clothes. They are looking at the people on the topmost round, and from their remarks it would seem that they either feel, or wish to be considered as feeling, a hearty contempt for their nice dress, their dainty ways, their correct grammar, and their habitually civil speech. Two or three rounds further up, there is, perhaps, less of contempt and more of envy, more of a disposition to reach up and climb to the next higher round. Downward nobody wants to go, but if we watch the imaginary ladder we may see many lapses. It is far easier to drop to the next round below than it is to mount the next above; nevertheless, there are people on all the rounds who are out of place, and belong properly either higher up or lower down.

Theoretically, social follies are confined to the upper social grades, the upper round of the ladder, that is, but actually they are by no means peculiar to them. There are follies as truly social in their nature among the laboring classes as among the "upper ten," or the more recently invented "four hundred." In a certain very numerous class of the population, for instance, it is necessary in order to keep up the honor of the family when one of its members dies, to set forth in the house of mourning a table liberally supplied with intoxicating liquors. It is incumbent likewise upon the family, no matter how poor they may be, to make as grand a display as possible at the funeral, often incurring debts that it takes many years to pay. These, surely, are social follies quite as absurd in their way as any that can be laid at the doors of fashionable mansions.

To the frontiersman, fair white collars and cuffs are fashionable follies, and his scorn of them would be intensified if he knew that in the effete centers of population it is not unusual for people to change their linen daily or even oftener. Among the mining towns of the West a silk hat hanging in

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the entrance hall of a hotel while its owner is at dinner, is pretty certain to feel the weight of some miner's fist in indignant protest against the encroachment of civilization. To the wearer of fresh linen and the votary of the high hat, this hostility seems barbaric and insolent in the extreme.

It is evident, then, that we must discriminate between follies. We are very apt to denounce as foolish practices what we are not accustomed to, and, on the other hand, we are equally apt to consider as necesssties things that we have always had, simply because we have never been obliged to do without them.

All social customs have some kind of an excuse for existence. The funeral excesses just referred to, originated in one instance in the perfectly natural desire to alleviate the sharp poignancy of grief in a stricken household; and, in the other, from an equally natural desire to honor the memory of the departed.

The recognized custom in polite society of making formal dinner calls and the like, presumably had its beginning in the days when every social assemblage ended in a debauch and it was deemed a delicate attention on the part of guests to call upon the host or hostess to the end that each might be reassured as to the physical survival or well-being of the other.

It is quite natural that silly customs should be more numerous among the wealthy, that is the fashionable classes, than among those that are less free to gratify whims through reckless expenditure of money. This may be said to result from two causes. First, the ranks of fashion are recruited from the people. Every recruit brings some custom or foible from his or her former social circle or local code. By the natural law of variation and increase, these customs and foibles become fixed, varying more or less from the original type, but perpetuated in some form and, perhaps, improved or amplified until

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they become recognized as part of the code broadly embraced in etiquette. Secondly, the leaders of fashion, ever eager to strengthen their hold upon the scepter, spare neither time nor money to devise some excess of manner or dress that shall in due course become part of the established order that rules in upper-ten-dom.

It would be a curious study if one should trace back to their origin all the customs of good society. To some extent this has been done, but with questionable accuracy, for such investigations, like new scientific theories, are largely guess-work, and while it is not hard to make a plausible presumption, it is excessively difficult to prove it.

If it is true that the social follies are most prolific among the wealthy, it follows that they should be most prolific among the most wealthy. It will hardly be disputed that the crowned heads of Europe represent wealth, upon the whole, in its most concrete form. Practically they have their hands in the public treasury, as witness the yearly drafts of the royal family of Great Britain upon the generosity and loyalty of a long-suffering parliament. True to our theory it is about these courts that social follies find their most intense development. Everybody knows the story of the monarch who perished from exposure to a hot fire because the chamberlain of shovel and tongs could not be found to shut off the draught or otherwise check the blaze. Equally familiar is the story of Isabella of Spain, who set the fashion of wearing soiled linen because she with patriotic imprudence vowed a vow that she would not change her dress until her armies had captured a certain fortress. The beleagured garrison, however, was so brave and inconsiderate as to hold out until the Infanta's linen became so very yellow that it set the fashion of the day, and for a long time "Isabella yellow" was in great demand throughout the Spanish dominions.

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Such instances, however, are not confined to the middle ages. It is said that the Prince of Wales recently was seen in public wearing gloves of diverse colors. However the accident occurred, it set the fashion, and for a while it was the correct thing to wear odd-colored gloves. One of the royal princesses, too, had temporarily a halt in her gait, resulting from a sprain, or some slight injury, and forthwith it became the fashion among court ladies to cultivate a pretty little royal limp.

In America we have no prince or princesses of sufficiently permanent title to lead us in precisely such guise as in the instances cited, but we are by no means slow to go as far as we can. No village is so small as not to have its social queen, perhaps two or more rival queens, and aided and abetted by the fashion papers and periodicals, the rest of the community follow their lead with more or less fidelity and success.

Just here it seems necessary to offer a word of apology to the fair sex if this paper seems to accord them a certain pre-eminence in the countenance of fashionable follies. Upon women as a rule, falls the burden of keeping up the round of so-called social duties. There is that in her nature which leads her to care more for becoming dress than men do, and in general, therefore, she gives more thought to it in all its minor details. For the same or a like reason she gives more time to the interchange of formal social civilities, and since she is the prime mover in all these matters it is not unnatural that she should be charged with the main responsibility for the follies that become part and parcel of the social fabric. Men, on the other hand—if we ignore a small percentage insignificant alike in number and as individuals—do not as a general thing object to wearing last year's clothes; and since full evening dress is the same among gentlemen the world over, they do not have to give a moment's thought to personal

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adornment. Men, moreover, do not feel constrained to call formally upon each other in order to keep up friendly relations. In point of fact most of them are very lax in the matter of duty calls upon the ladies of their acquaintance, and were it not for more punctilious wives, daughters and sisters, even the permissible substitution of cards for personal visits would often be omitted. If, therefore, these strictures seem to bear with undue severity upon women, it must be remembered that everywhere in America, society in its formal aspects is almost exclusively under feminine management.

A very great many of our social follies result from ill-advised attempts to import European customs, particularly English customs, and adapt them to a new order of social conditions. There it is rare that a family in what is termed the middle class of life gains social recognition from the aristocracy. Here such changes are of every-day occurrence, in private as well as official life. The man who is destined to be President ten or fifteen years hence is, possibly, a local politician to-day, with a family to whom the complicated formulas of social etiquette are practically a sealed book.

Under such conditions the establishment of fixed rules, according to a recognized social standard, are well-nigh impracticable. There is no final authority. In some parts of the country newcomers call first upon the old residents, after the French custom; elsewhere the old residents call first upon newcomers if their acquaintance is desired; and elsewhere, again, there is a perplexing conflict of the two systems.

In one of our largest cities a certain street, for no apparent reason, divides recognized fashion from mere mediocrity. In the same city actual calls in person are not given or received even between ladies moving in the same circles—cards are made to do duty instead. All these differing systems have their advocates, and generations must pass before New York

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and San Francisco, Boston and New Orleans can acknowledge a common code.

Diversity in manners and customs always goes hand-in-hand with ferocity and lawlessness and, however picturesque these may be in novels, they are sadly detrimental to peace and prosperity in actual life. It is toward the elimination of the barbaric elements that all true systems of civilization must tend. It has been suggested, and with some show of reason, that when men have reached that ideal social state wherein every one is polite and considerate to every one else, there will be no fun in living. True, possibly, when viewed from our present standpoint, but the ideal man and woman of that far distant millennium probably may have a very different idea of fun from that which obtains in this present day of imperfect development.

"An ideal social being," says Herbert Spencer in the "Data of Ethics," "may be conceived as so constituted that his spontaneous activities are congruous with the social environment formed by other such beings." Of course this is merely the doctrine of the perfectionists "writ large," but it is entitled to respect as the theory of ultimate social conditions formulated in some of the keenest intellects that the century has produced. To a thoughtful and appreciative person, women of fashion are always very interesting, and the fact that they do truly regard themselves as the representatives of an indefinite something that is really grand and great is extremely diverting. Their steadfastness of purpose in conforming to trivial ideals, the infinite pains they take in approximating an ever fugitive standard of perfection, the wearisome round of social duties that they discharge with such singleness of mind and intensity of purpose—all these are highly entertaining but saddening withal. One cannot but think how much real good might be accomplished if all this energy and resoluteness—

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often persisted in through untold physical suffering and pain—were directed into channels that look toward a state of "ideal congruity," like that contemplated by Mr. Spencer.

If the average well-to-do American spent as much time as his wife and sisters do in changing attire and making visits, it would have been impossible for him to accomplish all that he has effected in the way of material advancement. How could a man who must dress each day for walking, for the carriage, for calling, for the opera, and for only fashion knows else, who must call on Mr. A.'s friend, on the newcomer on B. Street., on the dinner giver of last week, find time for keeping track of stocks, for consummating great sales and purchases, or for developing great natural resources?

Probably few ultra fashionable women will read this paper, but many women will read it upon whom the burdens of social life weigh heavily. If, say they, we stop exchanging the prescribed civilities of social life, society will go to pieces. Somebody must keep up the organization. Men will not do it, therefore we must do it for them. All this is very true, viewed under the existing order of things. No one, man or woman, likes to lose caste in the social scale, and no one can be blamed for desiring to retain existing friendships and intimacies. The follies of society do not arise from the wish to retain the social relations that one has always been accustomed to, but from an inordinate desire to outshine one's friends and neighbors and approximate the style of living affected by richer people. From such ambitions nothing but disaster can ordinarily result.

American society is necessarily in process of formation, but it is slowly crystallizing into shape. What will be the ultimate lines of separation between the different social grades no prudent man can at present venture to predict. Mr. Bellamy's book, now nearing its four hundred thousandth of circulation, is full of not altogether unreasonable suggestions, and is ap-

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parently bearing fruit in that it has hit the popular fancy and set many people to thinking about matters which they never thought of before.

The manners and customs of gentlefolk are alike in essentials the world over. Books of etiquette may differ, in point of fact no two of them agree, but gentleness, consideration for others, reasonableness, have a code of their own that needs no formulation, that stimulates no ambition for extravagant display, that is responsible for nothing that can be termed a fashionable folly.

A school that shall successfully inculcate such a code will do more to ameliorate social conditions than all attempts of the monied classes to ape the manners of foreign courtiers and introduce in republican America rules of etiquette that are only endurable when they are centuries old.

In the course of national development we shall evolve a social code of our own which will eliminate many of the follies that now threaten to make our aristocracy of wealth more silly than any that the world has seen. Many forces are moving powerfully in this direction, and eventually with broader culture and more right thinking they must triumph over the narrower principles and less enlightened intelligence that prevail in merely fashionable society.

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Yours Respectfully
Geo. L. Farmer

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The Theater.

REV. GEO. C. LORIMER, D. D.

THE theater, furnishing a varied and entrancing kind of entertainment, is open to serious criticism. We are not of those who hate the stage, and yet we are compelled to confess that the poet was not without justification when he said:

"From first to last it was an evil place,
And now such things are acted there as make
The devils blush, and from the neighborhood
Angels and holy men tremblingly retire."

The friends of the stage reply that it is far from being a source of unmixed evil. The theater may be a school of art, oratory, grace and many other things, but not of virtue. There is no manager who would be willing to announce that his plays were all in the interests of morality. They know that their patrons do not seek instruction, but amusement. Moreover, it is true that up to the present moment all endeavors to reform the stage have practically failed. We do not say that future efforts must inevitably come to nothing, or that Mr. Irving, and Mr. Booth may not succeed in doing something. Writers view the drama as it might be and as it ought to be, but not as it is. Does it not seem singular that a school of virtue should draw saloons and bagnios into its vicinity, and should ever be the resort of pimps, blacklegs, topers, sneak-thieves and loafers? Somehow in a theater

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we think of everything going on as artificial, and if there is anything calculated to undermine all confidence in the actual distinction between right and wrong, it is excessive attendance on the drama.

But, supposing that we are at fault in our philosophy, and that some plays are really fitted to quicken the ethical life of society, how very few of them seem to be presented. The mission of the theater is to amuse, and we shall not complain—nay, we will praise it—if it discharges this function without making the people worse than they are.

In looking at the institution in connection with its servants, we find that to scores of outsiders performers are human wonders, without particular cares or burdens, acting their several parts without study or fatigue. Just the contrary. As a rule, their life is a toilsome one. They have no permanent abiding-place; they are betrayed by managers, assailed by boarding-house keepers, and cut up by the press. Often with heavy heart and unfilled stomach the actor or actress has to make his bow, play his part, and seek applause from those whom he does not esteem very highly. And even "the bright particular stars" give anything but an attractive account of their calling. Especially have theatrical performers a right to considerate treatment, for those among them who preserve their integrity do so in the face of terrific odds. Society will patronize a Bernhardt and a Langtry as well and as freely as they will an Anderson or a Modjeska, and from this it is to be inferred that in the theatrical profession a fair name is not necessary to success. Their mode of life leaves them constantly open to temptation.

Admirers repeatedly and insistently offer them drink, and "wine them and dine them" in return for the pleasure their company affords; and they themselves are in danger of seeking its assistance to counteract the effect of their nerve-debilitating labors. Everything about them tends to pretense and to be-

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lief in its efficacy. Scenery with the backs of the "flats" unpainted is just as serviceable as something more substantial and real; fictitious gems and splendors of every kind, and the hocus-pocus, the humbug and the catch-penny arts are just as useful in swaying and thrilling an audience as genuine diamonds and laces, or as veraciousness in all methods and appliances. They see that the world "is still deceived by ornament;" that a lie faithfully simulating truth and a sham fashioned to resemble substance will apparently go as far with it and win its applause as the reality. They live in a domain of phantasmagoria, and that, occupying by far the greater part of their time and thought, is likely to follow them and to disfigure their private life. One illusion following another in swift succession and crowding on every side must have some degree of educational power and must render it hard to escape the impressions that morality itself is also largely an illusion.

To resist such misleading and confusing influences necessarily must require extreme sensitiveness of conscience, great will-force and much buttressing and fortressing of the soul with clearly defined principles of right-doing. No language possibly can do justice to the heroic struggle demanded in these singularly unfavoring circumstances to maintain integrity and purity. Therefore we confess to almost unmeasured respect for the actors and actresses who preserve unstained their good name, and who are practically saints in most unsaintly surroundings.

In all of these representations we have aimed to be perfectly candid and fair; and if they are indeed just, then there can be no doubt but that the theater ought to be recast and remodeled. This conclusion we apprehend very few persons whose opinion is worth anything will seriously challenge. But there is not similar unanimity as to the means fitted to accomplish the work demanded. At this point differences appear. Some friends of reform write and speak in such a way as to create

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the impression that the church could remedy existing evils if she would only take them in hand. With the most charming confidence it has been asserted that her members ought to assure managers of their willingness to support the legitimate drama, and no other; and that were they to do this a strong impulse would be given to its revival. But these gentlemen already know the difficulties in the way of earnest Christians attending the theater, and any number of resolutions would not enlighten them further; and they also have reason to believe were indecencies removed many of them would patronize the drama, because not a few of them—whether "earnest" or not we do not pause to inquire—patronize it now in spite of its demoralizing tendencies. What is needed more than any "assurance" is that, to speak professionally, the managers should take their "cue" from the views of the church, often repeated, and act accordingly.

To managers and to leading performers belongs the direct task of reforming the profession. They must take the initiative. Outsiders cannot interfere successfully in their business. May we not with propriety ask what they have ever done to redeem their vocation from the evils which disgrace it? We know they have resented censure and have indulged in eulogies of what the drama was designed to be and of what it might be. but what have they actually done to render it what it must be if ever it is to deserve the approval of the wise and good? Some things they might have done which they have failed seriously to undertake. They might form themselves into a guild, as the bankers have done, and the various trades, and they might agree among themselves to banish demoralizing plays from the "board," and to exclude from their companies disreputable females and dissipated and dishonorable men. They might also forbid the sale or use of intoxicants on their premises, and refuse to admit infamous women to the audito-

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rium, and equally infamous specimens of the opposite sex to the green-room. Moreover, were they so inclined, they might prevail on the law-makers to permit no saloon to be located any nearer to a theater than to a school-house; and they might decline to employ any person in any capacity whatever who habitually spends the midnight hours in the resorts of drunkards. They might honor the Sabbath day, thus giving to their employés not only a season for recuperation, but opportunity as well to emerge from the dominating control of the artificial; and they might, likewise, break up entirely or materially curtail the present itinerary system which has done so much to deprive actors of the home and the restraining and elevating influences of a settled habitation. All this might do. Nor is this much to require at their hands; nor is there anything in it unreasonable or burdensome. They are asked to do nothing that is not commonly done in other respectable employments; and if they are unwilling to attempt this much, what confidence can be reposed in their expressed desires for reform, or what hope be entertained of the ultimate elevation of the drama?

But beyond this there is a special obligation resting on our civic guardians, which they have very generally ignored, and which, if duly honored, would do much toward correcting a morbid and depraved taste, whose pernicious effects cannot be accurately calculated. What we have in mind is the employment of children. Mere infants are sometimes exhibited on the "boards" in various acts, and idlers crowd to see them, perhaps never adequately realizing that their efficiency has been attained at the cost of their childhood. A few years since in Boston a mere child who had been playing at one of the theaters died. He had attracted considerable attention and was regarded as a prodigy. But he had passed through severe discipline, and had suffered much in the course of his training. The unnatural excitement in which he lived, the

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polluted and stifling air he had to breathe each night, the late hours, the loss of sleep, and the terrible nerve expenditure at last broke him down, and in a little while his troubled spirit had taken its flight to that world where there are no shows and where there is no great public demanding tortured babies for its diversion. But before the boy-martyr ended his brief earthly career, he is reported, as death was chilling his blood and the shores of eternity were dimly visible, to have cried out in pathetic tones, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Is there no room yonder for a little fellow?" In this great world there had been no room found for his childhood, no room for play, for dance and laughing sport; and as he was about to depart, the horrible thought seems to have distressed his mind that even eternity might be so crowded, so full and so busy as to leave no room for him, and for the free expansion and enjoyment of his child-soul. The suspicion was not unnatural; but we are happy in the confidence that it was ungrounded. There is plenty of room in Heaven for these "little fellows;" and the only question is whether there is any room there for the big, wicked fellows, who beat, pinch, starve and abuse defenseless children, or for those other big, heartless fellows who find pleasure in exhibitions which they must know, or ought to know, have been produced at the cost of tears and pain.

In view of such cases, ought not a stop to be put at once to juvenile, acrobatic and other performances? Ought not magistrates and mayors to interfere and prevent these outrages? We believe that something decisive should be done in the premises, not merely on account of the children, but on account of society as well. All entertainments that involve barbarous features, that are also physically hazardous, and that suggest preparatory suffering, are injurious to the spectator. Such representations tend to harden the heart and to render it callous to human misery. They brutalize and prepare the way for

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cruel child-scourgings, wife-beatings and ferocious murders. The taste for the horrible in amusements seem to be increasing, as the titles of plays, illustrated posters and newspaper criticisms abundantly prove. Bloodthirsty dramas are quite the rage and thousands feast their eyes on scenes of simulated anguish, are fascinated and delighted by the mock agonies of writhing wretches; and it is not very wonderful that some among them should seek to perpetuate this pleasure by attempting to reproduce what they witness in real life. Accompanying this thirst for savagery we have a most depraved demand for deformities, monstrosities, and for the hideous and repulsive in humanity. Hence the publications of "dime museums," "chambers of horrors," and other similar places where the misshapen and distorted are exhibited.

The magistrate surely has a solemn duty to discharge in these circumstances. Exhibitions of child-actors should be strictly prohibited, and the prohibition should be rigidly enforced; and as to deformities, whether young or old, their appearance before an audience should be forbidden on pain of weighty penalties. The result of decisive measures in these directions, tending, as they would, to refine the popular taste, would advance the interests of the legitimate drama.

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The Bible and the Newspaper.

BY CHARLES H. SPURGEON.



READ the newspapers, said John Newton, "that I may see how my heavenly Father governs the world;" a very excellent reason indeed. We have read the newspapers during the last three months that we might find illustrations of the teaching of our heavenly Father's word; and we think we have not read in vain, for we have gathered instances in proof, and facts in explanation, which we have jotted down in these pages. The worlds of nature and of providence are full of parallels to things moral and spiritual, and serve as pictures to make the written book of inspiration more clear to the children of God. The Bible itself abounds in metaphors, types, and symbols; it is a great picture-book; there is scarcely a poetical figure which may not be found in the law and the prophets, or in the words of Jesus and his apostles. The preacher is bidden to speak as the oracles of God, and consequently he should imitate their illustrative method, and abound in emblems and parables. A sermon which is full of "likes" is full of windows to enlighten the mind and hands to hold it captive. Discourses decked with similes will not only give pleasure to the children, but persons of riper years will be charmed and instructed thereby.

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Time does not allow us to read the papers with the searching glance which would readily have discovered hundreds of emblems; we have had to give a hasty look as best we could, and hence our harvest is not so rich as that of a more quiet eye. A sense of leisure and of rest is needed if one is to follow the trails of nature, and listen to all her echoes. Not idleness but amplitude of space for thought is a requisite for the weaving of allegory and the fashioning of similitudes. Lacking these essentials, amid the hum of London and the whirl of the wheel of daily duty, we have produced a little homespun where others might have woven tapestries of golden thread.

The things which we have seen and noted we now give our readers, not merely for their entertainment, but that we may encourage in them the habit of looking for emblems and analogies. It is a mental exercise as profitable as it is pleasant. Sunday-school teachers and all other servants of the great parable-making Master would find it an improving occupation to walk abroad in the garden and the field, and resolve to find some instructive similes before they returned home; and it would be almost as helpful to them if they stayed at home and did with the newspaper what we have done. This might be done by Bible-classes and other associations of young men, very much to the development of a happy faculty. In a short time they might produce far more excellent specimens than those which are here presented. When they become practiced fishermen, their nets would probably draw to shore much more precious fish than we in our haste have been able to capture.

Reader, may the good Lord speed us in this and in every other good design. Thine to help.

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CALLING OUT THE RESERVES.

"Reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war."—*Job* 38: 23.

"Prepare ye this among the Gentiles; prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up: beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong."—*Joel* 3: 9, 10.

On the evening of April 1st, the Lord Chancellor read a message from the Queen, stating that,

"Her Majesty has thought it right to communicate to the House of Lords that Her Majesty is about to cause her reserve force and her militia reserve force, or such part thereof as Her Majesty shall think necessary, to be forthwith called out for permanent service."

Might not some such message from the King who is in the midst of Zion be just now very seasonable, if the Holy Spirit should convey it to all the churches? There should be no reserves in the hosts of the Lord; but alas, through the lukewarm condition of many, *these reserves form a numerous part of our membership*, and need a great many calls from their officers before they will obey. Perhaps, if they felt that the King himself ordered that they should be "forthwith called out for permanent service," the love of Christ would constrain them, and we should see them marching forth to war. "I pray thee have me excused," has been upon their lips for a long time, or else they have said, "I go, sir," but they have not gone. The word of Moses to the children of Gad and Reuben is exceedingly needed by many at this time: "Shall your brethren go to war, and shall ye sit still?" The reserve forces are so terribly numerous, as compared with the active army of our great King, that our holy war is sadly hindered and the Canaanites are not subdued. Among these inactive

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professors there are many who are commonly known as "very reserved people." These must no longer sit at ease, but must summon up courage enough to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, lest the curse of Meroz fall upon them Others are idle, and allow their armor and their weapons to rust. Many are busy here and there about inferior things, but forget their allegiance to their Lord. Very much time, talent and opportunity is held in reserve for various reasons, and ought at once to be brought forth and consecrated actively to the Lord. What meanest thou, O sleeper? What aileth thee, O sluggard? There is much to be done; why doest thou not thy part? Every man has a place appointed him in the battle; what excuse can be accepted for those who are at ease in Zion, and stir not a hand for their Master and his cause? Nor is it in men alone that a sinful reserve is made, but great treasures of gold and silver belonging to Christians are laid by to canker, while the Lord hath need of them. Men talk of loving Jesus so as to give him all, and in their hymns they say that if they might make some reserve, and duty did not call, their zeal would lead them to a total sacrifice, and yet the *financial* reserve of the Church of God is probably a hundred times as great as that which is expended in the Lord's service. Your own judgments will confirm this statement. The funds actually in the hands of professed believers are immense, for many Christians are enormously rich, and yet we hear daily appeals for money, till one might conclude that all professors of the Christian faith were as poor as Lazarus, and that nowadays no holy women were able to minister to the Lord of their substance, and such persons as Joseph of Arimathea were no longer disciples of Jesus.

There is a great deal of reserve *time*, and reserve *talent*, and reserve *energy* and *fire*, and we would in the name of

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Jesus call it out. Why, some men when engaged in the service of God seem to be only the tenth part of men compared with their zeal in their business pursuits. It would take nine of some church members to make one real praying man, and twice that number of some preachers to make a downright earnest minister of the Gospel. Is this judgment too severe? Are not some men mere apologies for workers, even when they do pretend to be up and at it? Verily it is so. Oh, if they would but be aroused; if all their manhood, all their heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, were truly engaged, how differently they would act; and if they sought strength from on high, what grand results would follow! I long to see the Holy Spirit filling us all with ardor, and causing every man and woman among us to yield himself or herself fully unto the Lord.

When the reserves are called out, matters look very serious, and we expect to see war. Every lover of peace shuddered as he read the Queen's message, for he felt that at last war was really threatened. God grant it may not be so. But with regard to the Church of Christ, when the reserves are called out, the world believes that it really means war for Christ. At present the world despises many a church for its inactivity; but when *all* Christians come forth, it will know that we are in earnest. While the regular workers are marching to and fro like a standing army going through its regular drill, very little is done beyond mere defense, but when the reserves are called out, it means *defiance*, and the gauntlet is thrown to the foe. Our Lord would have us fight the good fight of faith, and go forth in his name conquering and to conquer; but the elect host is hampered and hindered by the sutlers and camp-followers who hang about us and work us serious ill. If all this mixed multitude could be drilled into warriors, what a band would the son of David lead to the war! Once get the re-

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served members of the church praying, working, teaching, giving, and the enemy would soon know that there is a God in Israël. There is too much playing at religion nowadays, and too little of intense, unanimous, enthusiastic, hard work. A part of the church is all alive, but a far larger portion is as a body of death, by which the life of the church is held in bondage. Once find the whole body tingling with life from head to foot, from heart to finger, and then you shall have power over the adversary and prevalence with God. When all the people shout for joy and long for the battle, the Philistines will be afraid, and cry out, saying, "God has come into the camp." O that my eyes could once perceive the signal! Zion travailing is the sign by which those who know the times will be able to prophecy concerning Zion triumphant. O for the universal agony, the inward throes of deep compassion and consuming zeal; for when these are felt by the whole body, the joyous hour is come.

The queen's message reminds me of a great and comforting truth. *God himself, blessed be his name, has forces in reserve which he will call forth in due time.* Remember the Lord's own language in the book of Job: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?" He represents himself in the language of his servant Joel, as calling out innumerable locusts as a part of his host: "The Lord shall utter his voice before his army; for his camp is very great." The hiding of his power we cannot estimate, but we know that nothing is impossible to him. Whatever the church may have seen and experienced of divine power, there is yet more in reserve, and when the fit moment shall come all restraint shall be withdrawn, and the eternal forces shall be let loose to rout every foeman and secure an easy victory. For the moment our great Cap-

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tain puts his hand into his bosom and allows the enemy to exult; but he is not defeated, nor is he in the least disquieted. "He shall not fail, nor be discouraged." His time is not yet, but when the time comes he will be found to have his reward with him and his work before him. Let us never be daunted by the apparent failures of the cause of God and truth, for these are but the trial of patience, the test of valor, and the means to a grander victory. Pharaoh defied Jehovah while he sees only two Hebrews and a rod, but he will be of another mind when the Lord's reserves shall set themselves in battle array and discharge plague upon plague against him. Even the doubling of the tale of bricks and the wanton cruelty of the tyrant all wrought toward the divine end, and were no real hindrances to the grand design; nay, they were reserved forces by which the Lord made his people willing to leave Goshen and the flesh-pots.

To-day, also, the immediate present is dark, and there is room for sad forebodings; but if we look a little further, and by faith behold the brilliant future which will arise out of the gloom, we shall be of good cheer. My eye rests at this moment somewhat sorrowfully upon the battle-field of religious opinion; truly, there is much to rivet my gaze. It is a perilous moment. The prince of darkness is bringing up his reserves. The soldiers of the devil's old guard, on whom he places his chief reliance, are now rushing like a whirlwind upon our ranks. They threaten to carry everything before them, deceiving the very elect, if it be possible. Never were foes more cunning and daring. They spare nothing, however sacred, but assail the Lord himself; his Book they criticise, his Gospel they mutilate, his wrath they deny, his truth they abhor. Of confused noise and vapor of smoke there is more than enough; but it will blow over in due time, and when it is all gone we shall see that the Lord reigneth and his enemies are broken in pieces.

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Let us watch for the coming of recruits divinely prepared. Let us be eager to see the reserves as they come from the unlikeliest quarters. There may be sitting even now by some cottage fireside, all unknown, the man who shall make the world ring again with the Gospel, preaching it with apostolic power. The orthodox advocate, born to cope with subtle minds and unravel all their sophistries, may even now be receiving his training in yonder parish school; yea, and even in the infidel camp, like Moses in the palace of Pharaoh, there may dwell the youth who shall act the iconoclast toward every form of scepticism. Jabin and Sisera may reign, but there shall come a Deborah from Mount Ephraim, and a Barak from Kedesh-naphthali. Let the Midianites tremble, for Gideon who threshes wheat in the wine-press will yet beat them small. The Ammonites shall be smitten by Jephtha, and the Philistines by Samson; for every enemy there shall be a champion, and the Lord's people shall do great exploits. I for one believe in Omnipotence. All other power is weakness; in God alone is there strength. Men are vanity, and their thoughts shall perish; but God is everlasting and ever-living, and the truth which hangs upon his arm, like a golden shield, shall endure to all eternity. Hither come we, and bow before the face of the Eternal, who reserveth wrath for his enemies and mercy for them that seek him; and as we lie at his feet we look up right hopefully, and watch for the moment when all his reserves of grace and love and glory shall be revealed to the adoring eyes of his chosen people world without end.

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The Deceiver and Victim.

"Though thou rentest thy face with painting, in vain shall thou make thyself fair."—*Jer.* 4 : 30.

"Behold, ye trust in lying words, that cannot profit."—*Jer.* 7 : 8.

"After I had used the wash for some time an eruption came on my face. I think it was in December, 1877, that this occurred. At this time I had paid the defendant altogether about £20, and when I found the rash come out on my face I went to the defendant, and she said that I was in a terrible state, all the pores of my skin were opened, and that unless I let her finish me at once I should be disfigured for life."

These are reported as the words used in evidence concerning a certain madame who pretends to make ladies "beautiful forever." The date was about the same with the last incident. Willing dupes ask for her famous cosmetics, washes and drugs, and beg to be enamelled, that their charms may conquer all who gaze upon them, and before long they find themselves in the deceiver's toils, their hopes all disappointed, and themselves compelled to pay continually, lest some worse thing should happen unto them. Now, this is an admirable parable, and full of detail which a wise man may work out to edification. We will only use it as a caution. Before we commit ourselves into the hands of any of the fair-speaking generation, we had better look about us. Loan-offices profess to help the needy with great generosity, and then devour them with unsparing ferocity. Companies inveigle unwary shareholders, and then strip them of every feather. *Beware!* is a warning much needed on all hands.

In spiritual matters we have many flattering deceivers concerning whom we have need to be on our guard. Peter, speaking of false teachers, says, "Through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you;" and Paul

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says, "Of this sort are they which creep into houses and lead captive silly women." These are the people whom the apostle calls "grievous wolves." Woe unto any unsuspecting sheep if they come in their way, for nothing but almighty grace can rescue them from their jaws.

Yet these flattering teachers who are to do such wonders for their dupes are deceivers all. As the aged pretender, mentioned in the newspaper, was not herself preserved in beauty by her own Oriental balms, and yet boasted of her power to conserve the radiance of youth in others, so Peter says again, "While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption." Still, though the fraud is transparent, custom begets a facility in deception, and there are ungodly men and women of whom again the apostle says that, "they cannot cease from sin; beguiling unstable souls; an heart they have exercised with covetous practices; cursed children." Satan is an arch-deceiver in the line of the pretended beautifier. He told our mother Eve that if she would follow his directions she should be as God, and when, instead thereof, she found herself covered with shame, he knew that he had her in his power. Young men are flattered by the promise of pleasure until they follow after the strange woman, to the ruin of both body and soul, and to their own bitter disappointment as to the very pleasure which sin had promised them. "With her much fair speech she caused him to yield;" but shall he win the bliss which she has promised? Ah, no! "A wound and dishonor shall he get, and his reproach shall not be wiped away."

Self-righteousness also commends itself to men as a choice beautifier, and they spend their money to be enamelled therewith; but ere long it covers them with the purple rash of shame, and their comeliness is turned into corruption. Trust no deceitful word, but seek unto him who is truth itself, whocan make us comely with the true comeliness which he alone can put upon us.

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On Exposing Others to Peril.

"When thou buildest a new house, than thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence."—*Duet.* 22 : 8.

"Thou shalt not kill."—*Ex.* 20 : 13.

The morning papers of May 9th have the following humiliating paragraph :

"An acrobat, named Gilfort, was performing at the Dublin Exhibition Palace, at a height of no less than forty feet from the ground. He was going through the 'acts' usually done by Blondin—lying down on the rope, sitting astride it, pretending to slip from it, balancing himself on it in a chair, and so forth. Suddenly one of the supports by which the fabric was steadied gave way, and the rope jerked violently toward the left, throwing Gilfort off his equilibrium. The unfortunate man made a desperate effort to save himself, clutching at his perch with both arms and legs. The attempt failed, and he fell a sheer distance of forty feet, with his balancing-pole still in his hand. The pole was splintered into fragments by the violence of the fall, Gilfort himself struck the ground heavily, rebounded from it, and was picked up severely crushed and bruised. Immediate assistance was, of course, rendered to him, and at first it seemed hardly possible that he could survive his injuries. He lay, delirious, unconscious of what had happened, and terribly maimed."

Even if the unfortunate acrobat had not fallen, we conceive that attendance at such a performance was in itself an immoral act. The pleasure derived by the spectators arose in a great measure from the extreme danger to the individual. His skill might equally well have been exhibited upon a rope near the ground, or at some small distance above the spectators' heads ; but this would have been unattractive ; the forty feet and the

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danger of a fall gave a horrible interest to the exhibition, and collected the multitude. This, we say, is immoral and degrading; the commandment which forbids us to kill practically prohibits our placing another where his life is in danger, and forbids our doing anything which would lead to his exposing himself by attempting a perilous feat without justifiable cause. When dangerous deeds must be done, we are bound to provide every possible safeguard; but to induce a man unnecessarily to risk life and limb, and to omit precautions, is essentially murder, and every person who by his subscription assisted, or by his presence encouraged, such a risking of life, was guilty of the violation of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." If we are bound to guard against common accidents, such as the fall of a person from a roof, by placing a battlement that none might step over unawares, we are equally bound to keep people out of danger as much as we can. We ought not to need a law to prohibit these horrible exhibitions; there ought to be enough of humanity in the world to lead every human being to denounce the proposal that a fellow-creature should run the risk of falling from a terrible height to be dashed in pieces, merely to gratify a vulgar curiosity.

Yet may we not all have been more or less guilty of such conduct in a moral and spiritual sense? May we not by smiling at the wit of a doubtful story have encouraged the teller to repeat the wicked jest? May we not have introduced others into doubtful questions which have proved too high for them, and have led to their faith staggering and their minds falling into unbelief? Some writers and preachers greatly encourage tight-rope speculations upon mysterious subjects, and cause no end of mischief. A sceptical remark repeated in the pulpit has placed many a youth upon a dizzy height, and caused his ruin; the man who uttered it had no idea of doing harm, but he ought to have remembered that positions which are

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safe for practiced judgments may be deadly to the inexperienced.

May we not, by our lukewarmness in matters of religion, have tempted others to remain careless and indifferent while their souls are in jeopardy? Do not many professors tempt sinners to delay by their own dilatoriness in divine things?

Is it not very possible that some strong minds may, by their example, induce the weaker sort to do that which is eminently hazardous to them? Who among us can plead entire innocence? For the future let us be careful not to lead the feeble-minded into slippery places by going there ourselves.

Another phase of the same subject deserves a passing word. If at any time we join in the popular admiration of men because they are successful and raised to high positions, although their characters are evil and their conduct more than questionable, are we not acting like those who lift up their shouts of applause when the acrobat is pacing along a slender line at a giddy height? It is the part of a Christian to applaud nothing but virtue. Let the world give its acclamations to its heroes as they move aloft, and salute its conquerors with peans as they look down upon them; as for us, let humble piety and quiet excellence engross the whole of our admiration. We have something else to do besides encouraging men in walking in a way which is contrary to the mind of God. They may be very clever, and display wonderful skill; but that is nothing to us if they are doing that which tends to the destruction of their souls. We foresee the awful fall which must end the scene, and we feel more like weeping than shouting.

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TALE BEARING.

"Thou shalt not raise a false report; put not thine hand with the wicked to be an unrighteous witness."—*Ex* 23 : 1.

"Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people."—*Lev.* 19 : 16.

"Keep thee far from a false matter"—*Ex.* 23 : 7.

The *Boston Weekly Advertiser* May 9th, says; "We have often heard the conundrum, 'Which is the mother of the chickens, the hen that lays the eggs or the hen that hatches them?' and now it is gratifying to have a legal decision of this vexed question of agricultural equity. A resident of West Stratford, Conn., owned a hen of a fancy breed that strayed upon a neighbor's premises and laid a nest-full of eggs. another hen belonging to the owner of the land took possession of the nest and hatched the eggs. Then the two neighbors got into a wrangle about the chickens. They were sold by No. 2 to a third party, whereupon No 1 got out a writ of replevin, and the case was tried a few days ago, with able counsel and many witnesses. The court decided that the hen that hatched the eggs was the legal mother, and dismissed the replevin suit."

It may be regarded as equally settled by the court of common-sense that the person who repeats a slanderous tale is as much the parent of it as the first inventor—the hatcher is as bad as the layer, if not worse.

He who first forges the lie is assuredly guilty; but little or no harm would come of his deed if there were not persons willing to hear and to believe the calumny; and even then the mischief would be slight unless there were ready tongues to convey the story from place to place and so spread the evil. If it is true that the receiver is as bad as the thief, he who believes a lie is guilty as well as the man who utters it; how

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much more, then, is he an accomplice in the crime who repeats the falsehood, and finds it currency. Yet this is done very thoughtlessly, and when the slander is refuted, men seldom repent of having repeated it, though it is a sin for which they will have to answer before the Judge of all.

If I did not make the dagger, yet if I stab a man with it I am guilty of murder; if I did not concoct the accusation, yet if I injure my neighbor's character by repeating it, I am a partaker in the crime. To save ourselves from falling into this evil, the safest course will be to be extremely incredulous of all libellous reports, and never under any circumstances to become tale-bearers. There are dogs whose delight it is to fetch and carry, and there can be no need that we should degrade ourselves by undertaking such an errand.

Plautus would have tale-bearers and tale-hearers alike punished by hanging, the one by the tongue and the other by the ears. We should soon be short of timber for gibbets if this witty sentence were carried out, but there is no need that any one of us should earn the right to swing among the company. If telephones and microphones are carried much further, we shall have enough of hearing and overhearing, and it will be wise for us to cultivate deafness when others are chattering. There would be very little lost if we were all to turn our vowels into mutes, and conclude our table-talk with a full stop.

The next time the black hen lays an egg, let her sit upon it herself and bring out her own chicks. No sensible being would wish to stand step-father to a lie, or to be a cat's paw to the devil when he chooses to roast good men in the fire of slander. The town-crier of the city of London has an honorable office, but to be common-crier for the town of Falsehood is not desirable the work ranks next to that of common informer.

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TEMPTING TEMPTATION.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."—*Ps.* 1 : 1.

"Lead us not into temptation."—*Matt.* 6 : 13.

The *Rock* of May 10th speaks of fox-hunting parsons, and remarks: "To come down to modern times, the late Rev. Joseph Berington, Roman Catholic chaplain at Buckland, Berks, and a writer on history, was fond of a run with the hounds. When visiting his patron's family, the Throckmortons, of Weston Underwood, Bucks, he was in the neighborhood of two packs, and did not neglect the opportunity. He did not actually go 'to cover,' but rode out in the direction the hounds might take, and thus fell in with the hunt, and got half a day's sport without appearing to seek it. This was playing the politician to gratify his inclination. This anecdote was learned at a table where he has often dined, from personal friends of his own."

Why could not the man have hunted openly or not at all? If he felt ashamed of it, why did he do it? Thoroughbred fox-hunters must have despised him. The policy of the Rev. Joseph is followed by a great many in daily life; they complain of being tempted, and yet they carefully put themselves in the way of temptation; they profess to have been grievously misled by evil company, and yet they continue to stand in the way of sinners, and to delight themselves with their evil conversation. They express the greatest grief if they fall into drunkenness, and say that they have been "overtaken"; but notwithstanding this they carefully ride along the road which drunkenness is known to pursue, and, under the name of moderation, drink themselves fully up to the boundary line. They do not actually go "to cover," but they ride out in the direc-

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tion which the hounds always take. They profess to be averse to frivolous amusements, to feasting, rioting, and the like, but they are pretty careful to call upon their friends when such things are going on, and so get half a day's sport without appearing to seek it. They are averse to infidelity, and yet peruse sceptical reviews; they dislike licentiousness, and yet spend hours over doubtful novels. They tempt the devil to tempt them, and go into dark lanes in order to be beset by their favorite sins.

Thus to excuse sin as many do is mere nonsense, or worse; such fooling may amuse conscience, and prevent its plainly speaking the truth; but it is altogether unworthy of an honest man. Excuses which hold no water are caught up under the notion that a bad excuse is better than none, the fact being that a bad excuse is worse than none, for it proves that the man has not the courage to defend what he has the audacity to do, nor the common honesty to take the responsibility of his own act and deed. Let us follow the advice of Solomon: "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." We pity a man who catches an infectious disease, but we should cease to do so if we heard that he purposely went down to the fever hospital or wilfully rode in the small-pox carriage. If you go to live with a sweep, you ought not to blame him if your linen loses its whiteness, or, if you do so, every one will see through your inconsistency. If it be true that when you go to Rome you must do as Rome does, then do not go to Rome at all, and no such necessity will arise.

It is wonderful how circumstances appear to help a man when he wants to do wrong, and some there are who even dare to quote the fact as a reason why they ought not to be blamed. "They happened to be on the spot or they would never have thought of it;" thus they are profane enough to hint that Provi-

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dence itself misled them. This is only a repetition of Adam's plea, "The woman whom thou gavest me, she tempted me, and I did eat." Alas, the vile attempt to father sin upon the Lord himself is often made, but it is none the less horrible. Let us abandon such blasphemous endeavors to shift the responsibility of our actions, and give our consciences a fair chance of being heard.

TESTS FOR DIAMONDS.

"The Lord trieth the righteous."—*Ps.* 11 : 5.
"Try my reins and my heart."—*Ps.* 26 : 2.

The following letter suggests thought;

'*To the Editor of the Times:*

"SIR: Already a panic seems to have been created by the report in the *Times* of to-day of frauds in connection with imitation jewelry and diamonds known as the 'Waterkloof.' It may allay much misapprehension if those of your readers who have recently purchased diamonds of which they have any doubt would submit them to a very simple test, viz., the file. By drawing across the surface of any imitation diamond a small steel file, an effect is produced as highly detrimental to the spurious as it is satisfactory to the genuine article. To the uninitiated no better test presents itself.

"Your obedient servant,

"F. W. STREETER.

"*New Bond Street, June* 6."

True faith in God is a gem more precious than the diamond, but, alas! among his many inventions, man has found out how to imitate faith, and he has done it so well that to the external observer it is difficult to tell the spurious article from the faith of God's elect? It can, however, be known by trial, and the great owner of all the true faith in the world is very care-

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ful to apply fitting tests in due time. So sure is he to put all grace to the proof that experienced men have made bold to say that untried faith is not faith at all.

Sometimes the small steel file which the Lord uses is *the preaching of the Word.* Searching doctrines unpalatable to the unrenewed mind are brought forward, and the mere pretender is offended. Our Lord on one occasion uttered certain hard sayings, and the file operated so effectually that many went back and walked no more with him; but his true disciples did not go away, for they said, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." The preaching of a faithful minister will act as a file discerning between the true and the false, as it is written, "If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth."

False doctrine acts in an opposite way, but with the same result. The superficial professor, whose knowledge is altogether of the head, is carried away with plausible arguments and bewitching words, while the man who is taught of God rejects falsehood with prompt decision. The evil teachers of the age would, if it were possible, deceive even the very elect, and as this is not possible, the elect remain in their steadfastness, and the mere pretenders are driven hither and thither.

The file of *persecution*, which was more largely used in ages past, is still in its measure employed by the great discerner of spirits. Under biting sarcasms and cutting jests, base-born professors soon show that they are made of yielding stuff; their piety is scratched and defaced, and they cease to be numbered among the jewels of the Lord; on the other hand, true faith "endureth all things," and even derives benefit from that which is so detrimental to the hypocrite. The more the genuine child of God is reproached and despised the more does he shine with the brightness of the terrible crystal, and the more fully is he recognized by the eyes of the watchers,

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and the holy ones, as being precious in the sight of the Lord.

The *common temptations of life* are another file, and in the hand of God serve valuable purposes as tests. The cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, the passions of the flesh, and the suggestions of Satan, soon detect the paste gem, while none of these things operate to the destruction of the real diamond of God. He is of a nature which through divine grace defies the file, he cannot sin, because he is born of God; the evil one toucheth him not. An inward loathing of iniquity, a fear of himself, and a watchfulness wrought in him by the Holy Spirit, enable the Christian to resist the assaults of temptation, and to come off more than conqueror. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

The ordinary trials of daily life suffice to detect the counterfeit faith of some men. So far from "resisting unto blood striving against sin," they are not able to endure losses and crosses of the most ordinary kind; but the rebellion of their heart is displayed, and they cast off their pretended allegiance to God because they think that he deals hardly with them. Not so the true believer; he endureth trial, for "many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all;" and his beauty is not marred by his adversities, but he comes from under the file altogether unscathed.

Death will operate terribly upon all the imitation jewelry of false religion, utterly destroying its lustre and discovering its worthlessness. The nearness of eternity to the ungodly turns his doubt into despair; apprehension of judgment causes the faith of the hypocrite to give way, and his hope is crushed and utterly ruined; and yet this self-same ordeal only serves to perfect the adamantine solidity of the faith of God's truly regenerate ones. Some of the brightest flashes of the Lord's jewels are seen in the darkest hour, and their reality and infinite worth are proven in the presence of the solemnities of

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eternity. Then doth the Lord discern between him that feareth him and him that feareth him not. Exulting songs of triumph stand out in solemn contrast to the trembling and alarm of the detected formalist.

Do any of our readers question their salvation? Do they desire that their apprehensions may be allayed? Let them apply the file of *self-examination.* Taking the word of God in their hand, and observing carefully the marks and evidences of the child of God, let them see if their spot is the spot of God's children. Let them inquire whether their faith is resting alone upon the blood and merits of the Lord Jesus Christ; whether it is simple and undivided, having no lingering or hankering after legal hope and carnal confidence. Let them examine whether their faith works by love and purifies the soul; whether it leads them to desire communion with God, and likeness to him, and whether it enables them to seek the glory of the Most High rather than their own selfish ends and aims. Such questions as these will be like the use of the file, and will soon discover the stuff which we are made of. "Examine yourselves," says the apostle, "whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" No man should hesitate to apply this file with solemn earnestness; if he dreads the test, his hesitation may suggest a solemn suspicion to his heart. Are you afraid to try yourselves? It is more than probable that you have grave cause for the fear. But are you willing to be tested, and, lest your own test should be insufficient, do you cry "Search me, O God! and know my heart, try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting?" Then the very desire to be searched by the omniscient God may foster the comfortable conviction that you are sincere in heart. Blessed is he who in answer to his Master's question,

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"Lovest thou me?" can answer with Simon, son of Jonas, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."

Diplomacy and Duplicity.

"Not double tongued."—1 *Tim.* 3:8.

"Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor." *Eph.* 4:25.

The *Daily News*, June 15th, commenting on the reply of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to a question concerning the Berlin Congress, says: "We seem, in fact, to be gliding into the use of two tongues, one for the ordinary business of life and one for diplomacy."

Surely this gentleman has forgotten the well-worn description of an ambassador, as a gentleman who is sent abroad to tell lies for the good of his country. Diplomacy from time immemorial has used words rather to conceal its meaning than to express it. In the high quarters where state-craft is carried on the dictum of George Herbert is utterly rejected, "Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie." Lies seem to be about the most necessary stock-in-trade of the managers of foreign politics. Our book of synonyms has a very suggestive list—"*finesse*, trick, dodge, ruse, diplomacy."

It is earnestly to be hoped that the contagion of political example will not spread through other classes of the community, and yet there is great fear that it has already done so. Among the clergy there has been no little talk of words used in a natural and non-natural sense, and many labored treatises have been compiled to explain away the self-evident meaning of language. In polite society it used to be customary to deny one's self, and 'not at home" was a fashionable mode of lying. This habit has, we trust, come to an end, but many of the compliments still exacted by etiquette may come under the

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same censure. Men who hate each other are full of "My dear sir," and call themselves the "obedient servant" of persons whom they regard with supreme contempt. These are mere straws, but they show how the wind blows.

However much falsehood may be tolerated by society, it is none the less loathsome to every pure-minded man; and it is not one whit the less abominable in the sight of God because men combine to keep it in countenance. Its most horrible form is seen when professing Christians become double-tongued and have one voice in religion and another voice in common conversation. Who is not disgusted with lips candied with affected love, and yet bitter with malicious hate? It is dreadful to speak like a saint at one time and like a devil at another. We have known persons who have talked so unctuously of divine things in religious meetings that they have won a high repute for godliness out of doors, while at home, under the little provocations of common life, they have habitually stormed and raved, and led their children and servants a sorry life. This thing deserves no quarter. Occasionally we hear of fictitious experience, and listen to wonderful narratives of events which never occurred; this also is execrable.

Actions have as plain a voice as words, and there is a duplicity of life which is quite as evil as verbal falsehood. Many characters are double-tongued. Spencer said of Lady Wortley Montagu that she was a shining character, "but like a camel she is all irregularity, and always wandering." He calls her "the most wise, most imprudent, loveliest, most disagreeable, best-natured, cruelest woman in the world." Other forms of practical contradiction are common; some are intolerantly liberal, others are ferocious advocates of peace or intemperate upon intemperance. We have known persons who were rashly slow and imprudently wise, hot and cold in five minutes. You would think the man to be two persons till you revised

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your opinion and reckoned him to be nobody at all because one side of his character neutralized the other. Nothing is more sad than to see that things do not tally in a man's character. We have known great pleaders for generosity who were themselves miserably stingy. We have heard of persons who have been wonderful sticklers for "the truth," meaning thereby a certain form of doctrine, and yet they have not regarded the truth in matters of buying and selling, or with regard to the reputations of their neighbors, or the incidents of domestic life. "These things ought not so to be." If by speaking the truth we shame the devil, we must be consistent in it as long as we live, or surely the devil will shame us.

WANT OF STAMINA.

"Ye did run well; who did hinder you?"—*Gal.* 5:7.

"If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."—*Prov.* 24: 10.

Out of the lion Samson took an abundance of honey, and we also may learn something from an evil business.

The *Daily News*, June 21st, in an article upon horse-racing, says: "It is in regard to stamina that the French race horses distinguish themselves the most. While the English thoroughbreds can nearly always hold their own against the French over short courses, they are year by year less able to maintain their former supremacy over long distances."

And this is exactly the point where many men fail in the race of life. There is no stay in them, they make a rush of it at the first, but they cannot maintain the pace or persevere to the end; and all because they lack stamina. Hence the great importance of maintaining the inward strength; he who would run well must first have the strength to run with. Vital godliness is the chief consideration, because out of it must

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come all practical godliness. It is clear that nothing can come out of a man which is not in him ; if, therefore, grace be at a low ebb his life will be shallow, but if the life of God in his soul be deep and vigorous, his action will be correspondingly forcible and energetic. Stimulants are of doubtful value at best, but in religion stimulants have too often been resorted to, and spiritual intoxication has been mistaken for heavenly strength. Attempts have been made at making men strong by setting them strong men's work, but common-sense tells us that you cannot turn a dwarf into a giant by dropping him into the big man's boot.

What is needed to render men capable of great deeds is a great nature. The heart must be full or the streams of life will be shallow. The matter of stamina is too often overlooked, but we are obliged to observe it when we come to the actual work of the Christian life, and to the long stretch of it which opens up before us as life is lengthened. We must have stamina or we shall be poor workers. No man would think of going to Brompton Hospital, selecting a company of consumptives who could scarcely walk across the room, and sending them forth to excavate a tunnel, or to heap up an embankment. These pining patients have no stamina, and therefore they must be excused from the sterner toils of life, for they cannot rightly discharge them. If they are driven to engage in heavy labor they will disappoint their employers. A contractor selects fine robust sons of toil, with broad chests and brawny arms, and giving them the mattock and spade and barrow, he sees the mountains fly before them, and the valleys quickly disappear.

While so many Christians are weak and sickly among us it is but little wonder that the Lord's cause is hindered. The pining sickness is upon many, and they can do nothing. Worse still, the lean kine eat up the fat kine, and so the

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strength of the church is devoured. When we shall ourselves and all our fellow-christians become strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, then we shall do marvels by the aid of his divine Spirit, but till then the work of the Lord will languish.

Continuance in holy service is the test of spiritual energy; many run well for a time, and it is not the pace which kills them, but the length of the course draws upon their slender store of energy, and by and by they drop from the front, and are found far back in the rear, utterly beaten. Well did the Saviour say to his disciples, "He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." Nothing but the unfailing power of God himself can enable the believer to keep up the pace from the beginning to the end of his Christian life. Happy is he who is enabled to do this, yea, blessed is he who shall at the last be able to exclaim with Paul, "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

To obtain stamina we must be more real and intense to begin with, we must resort more continually to the source of strength, we must feed more eagerly upon the soul-sustaining word, and we must be much more abundant in prayer. No time will be lost which shall be spent in obtaining more inward power. Tarrying at Jerusalem till the Spirit is given is no loss of time, but true diligence. It will be the most economical thing in the long run if we sit with Mary at the Master's feet awhile, even though Martha should be pressingly urging us to help her at the table. We must see to the condition of our souls. If the fire burns low the engine will lose its propelling power, if the secret fountain dries the stream will dwindle, if spiritual stamina declines the evil result

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will be seen somewhere or other, and specially in the want of power to hold on and hold out to the end.

Spurious Imitations.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God."—1 *John.* 4 : 1.

"Be not deceived."—*Gal.* 6 : 7.

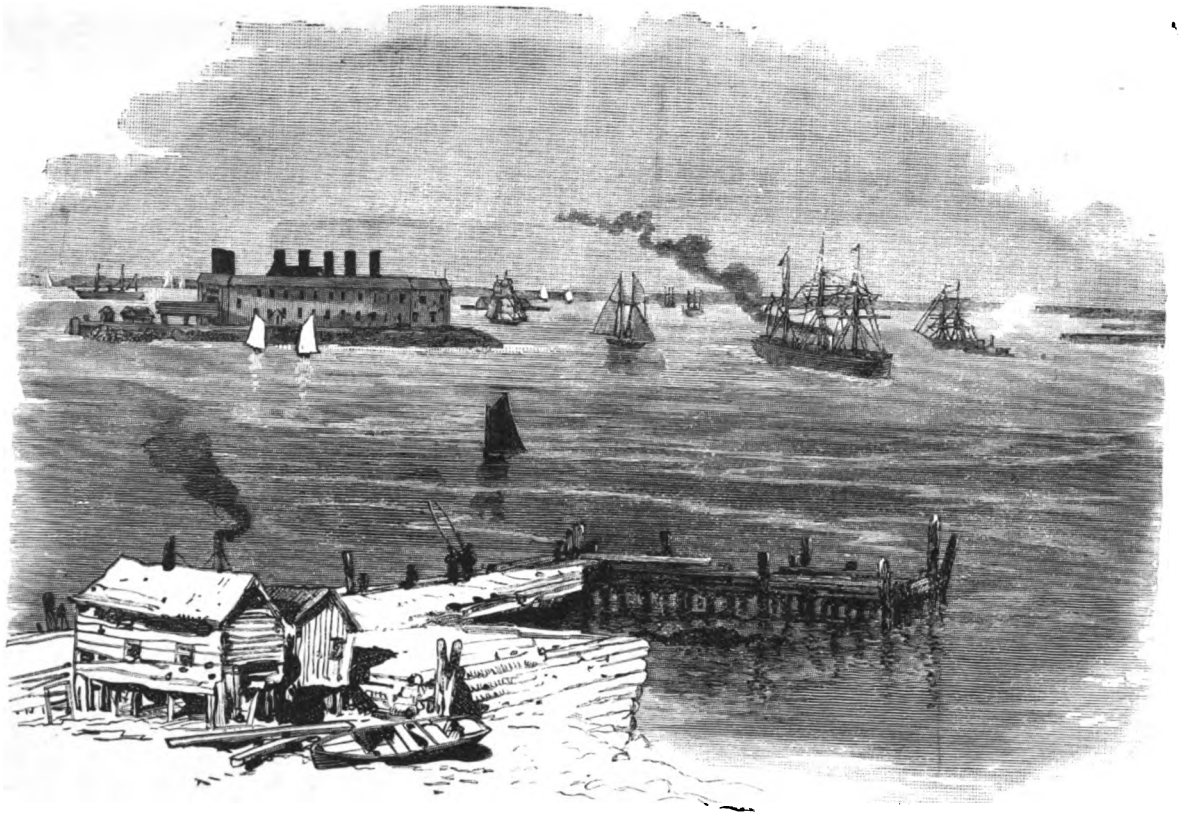
Several papers contain an advertisement commencing as follows:

"BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS."

This is very useful and necessary advice, and we cannot do better than urge people of all ranks and ages to follow it.

Beware of spurious wisdom, for there is much abroad in the world of "science falsely so called." Hypotheses are invented, and facts are manufactured, or at least colored, to sustain them, and then for a season the learned world goes mad upon its new theory, and we are solemnly warned that we must not oppose ourselves to the spirit of the age, to scientific development, and to the astonishing results of modern culture. However, in a short time, a fresh hypothesis shoves the former one from its perch, and the wisdom of yesterday is turned into foolishness, to be used as a foil for the infallible wisdom of to-day, which also in its due time will be exploded, and go into the limbo of the ten thousand equally absurd infallibilities which have preceded it. We are ready to accept all that science teaches us when it has made up its mind what it is. We never despise knowledge, but, on the contrary, seek after it as for hidden treasure; but we do not want to be duped by conjectures and fooled by speculations. We are glad to receive all that the observation of intelligent minds can discover for us concerning the wonderful works of the Lord, but we must beware of spurious imitations. There are learned men—and learned men.

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One class of *savans* mistakes assertion for proof, and sneering for logic; from such we turn away. It is written of certain persons, "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools," and we know the family is not extinct; therefore we would look before we leap.

Beware of spurious imitations of the Christian graces, for they are very easily concocted, and are exceedingly plentiful. There is a faith which is not the faith of God's elect, for it is rather grounded upon fancy than upon the Word of God. It rests upon impressions and not upon the testimony of the Most High; it puffs up with presumption, but does not build up with the solid work of the Spirit of God. The faith which looks to God alone as he manifests himself in Christ Jesus is the only faith which will save the soul. Dreams, excitements, visions, and groundless assurances, are all to be avoided as spurious imitations. Hope may be counterfeited, for there is a false hope; and love may be mimicked, for there is such a thing as attachment to Christ for the sake of the loaves and fishes which he distributes to the multitude. Courage may be counterfeited by rashness, and patience by sullenness. We have known impudence to be mistaken for fidelity, and mere cant for holy unction. We fear that the solid silver plate of true grace is going out of fashion, and everything is German silver nowadays; a very thin deposit being quite sufficient to electro-plate the basest substance into the likeness of the genuine metal. We have lately read in the newspapers of violet powder which has poisoned little children by the arsenic mingled with it, and the parallel of this is to be met with every day. Who could have suspected death in the puff-box? It is where we least look for it that the greatest deception will be found. Therefore prove the spirits whether they be of God, and beware of spurious imitations

It is almost necessary to say, *beware of spurious revelations*,

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for nowadays there is much talk of spiritual manifestations, and strange doctrines are foisted upon the world as the utterances of beings from the mysterious land of the departed. It is forbidden to all the followers of Jehovah to have dealings with necromancers, yet some religious professors must needs pry into the devil's den of deceit. Hath not the Lord said unto his people, "There shall not be found among you a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord."

To close, let us *beware of evrything deceptive in religion.* Let us not be among those who have the form of religion but deny the power thereof; from these we are bidden to turn away. Let us not offer spurious worship like those of old, of whom the Lord wrote through Isaiah, "This people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men." Let us beware of spurious hearing, lest we be as those in Ezekiel's day, of whom the Lord complained, "They come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them: for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness." There are such things as spurious prayers, like those of the Pharisee, who praised himself under pretense of praying to God. We have need to be on our watch against spurious revivalists, of whom Paul would have said, "They zealously affect you, but not well," and against spurious "missions," to whose agents may be applied the language of the Saviour, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves."

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Nothing but truth will be acceptable with the Most High, nothing but sterling grace will bear even the test of time, much less the trying fires of the coming judgment. Wood, hay, and stubble are now made up into forms which liken them to solid stones fit for the builder's use, and for this reason we must the more carefully avoid all spurious imitations, lest we suffer loss in the day of Christ's appearing. O for the abiding teaching of the Holy Spirit, that we may always be able to discern at once between the true and the false!

To many life is all deception; they walk as in a vain show. They dwell as if in an elfin palace, where everything is the fabric of a vision, and yet seemeth to be substantial. The walls are of such stuff as dreams are made of, yet they account them to be builded of hewn stone; they are hung with tapestries and arras, so the inhabitants dream, yet are they of the spider's spinning, and are cobwebs all. A breath would lay the card-house low, and annihilate its mimic splendors. The joy of these poor dupes, who live for this present life alone, is a mere Venice glass, soon to be dashed to shivers, or as the frozen drops which diamond the brow of winter, speedily to melt and to disappear forever. O that men were wise enough to have done with the world and its enchantments, for they must soon be taken from them! Why will they clutch imaginary treasure, and spend their souls to gather that which lasts for so short a space? Will they never seek true happiness? If they will, there is One who serenely looks upon them and beckons them to look on him, for saith he, "I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."—*Funk & Wagnalls, New York.*

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The Social Vice.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

FROM infancy to maturity, the pathway of the child is beset with peculiar temptations to do evil. Youth has to contend against great odds. Inherited tendencies to wrong-doing render the young oftentimes open to ever-present seductions. Inherited appetites and passions are secretly fed by artificial means, until they exert a well-nigh irresistible mastery over their victim. The weeds of sin, thus planted in weak human nature, are forced to rapid growth, choking virtue and truth, and stunting all the higher and holier instincts. Thus, many a child of dissolute parents is born with natural desire for strong drink, and early becomes intemperate. In his thoughtful moments he loathes drink, and yet there comes upon him a force he is powerless to resist. So, too, the incontinence of parents brings into the world children inheriting morbidly susceptible natures—natures set like the hair trigger to a rifle—ready to fall into shame at the slightest temptation.

Among beasts, birds, fishes and reptiles, each reproduces its own kind, and we have the fierce bravery of the lion, the treacherous ferociousness of the hyena, the sneaking of the panther, the slyness of the fox, the nimbleness of the squirrel, the mischievousness of the monkey, the lofty soaring of the

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eagle, the unerring aim of the fish-hawk darting for it's prey, the sweet notes of the canary, the solemn hoot of the owl, the form and scale of the serpent and fish—all peculiarities are transmitted and perpetuated. In like manner man bequeaths to his offspring not only color and form, but tastes, appetites and passions. If diseases of the body may be transferred to the child by the parent, why not the diseases of the mind and character?

It may not be pleasant or popular to speak of a devil, or of his having a kingdom and power; but I doubt if any man could go through the experiences of my past eleven years and not be thoroughly persuaded that there is one, and that he has numerous agencies actively employed recruiting for his kingdom from the ranks of the young.

I believe that there is a devil. Those who disagree with me in this may translate my language. All I ask is that they admit the vital truth on which I insist. Let my language be considered symbolical, provided the evils I denounce are regarded as diabolical. The devil would seem to take all these weak and susceptible points in our nature into careful consideration, and never attacks man but in his most vulnerable point. In his assaults also he always employs his most insidious and subtle forces.

We speak of youth as the plastic state—the period of all others when the human soul is most easily molded and character formed. Youth is the seed-time. Maturity gathers in the crop. Youth is the fountain from which the waters of life flow. If parents do not train and instruct their children, the devil will. Whether parents deem it important to watch the child or no, there is one who deems it so important that he keeps a constant watch. The devil stations a sentry to observe and take advantage of every point open to an evil influence. He attacks the sensitive parts of our nature. He

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would destroy the finest and most magnificent portion of our being. The thoughts, imagination and affections he is most anxious to corrupt, pervert and destroy.

The inventive genius of the world combined cannot construct or design a mechanism to compare with the delicate, complicated and mysterious construction of the human mind. Its possibilities, who can comprehend? Its power, who can measure? Air and sea have had to give up their mysteries. Lightnings which flash from one part of the heavens to another have had to yield to superior human skill, and consent to be bottle l u,), and be transported in the darkness of a ship's hold across the ocean. The sun, moon and stars have been measured and each assigned its proper place in the firmament. The bowels of the earth have been explored and forced to give up their precious stores.

To prevent the development of this divine part of man the devil watches at his birth and stands by as soon as a soul is born to brand it as his own. The cunning and foresight of the prince of darkness to destroy human souls, to enlarge his kingdom, to increase the ranks of the lost are only exceeded by the atrocity of the methods employed. He starts with the babe, and follows it with relentless zeal through life.

I unhesitatingly declare there is at present no more active agent employed by Satan in civilized communities to ruin the human family and subject the nations to himself than *evil reading*.

Fill a clean, clear glass with distilled water and hold it to the light, and you cannot perceive a single discoloration. It will sparkle like a gem, seeming to rejoice in its purity, and dance in the sunlight, because of its freedom from pollution. So with a child. Its innocence bubbles all over with glee. What is more sweet, fascinating and beautiful than a pure, innocent child? But put a drop of ink into the glass of water

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and at once it is discolored. Its purity cannot easily be restored. So drop into the fountain of moral youth the poison of much of the literature of the day, and you place in their minds an all-prevailing power for evil. A perpetual panorama of vile forms will keep moving to and fro before the mind to the exclusion of the good. Evil influences burn themselves in. Vile books and papers are branding-irons heated in the fires of hell and used by Satan to sear the highest life of the soul. The world is the devil's hunting-ground and children are his choicest game. All along their pathway the merciless hunter sets his traps, and they are set with a certainty of a large return. To corrupt a boy or girl, he knows, lessens the chance for a pure man or woman. If at the beginning of life the mind and soul be defiled, he reckons that the youth will become in the community a sure agent to drag others down.

If anything can make the dwellers in perdition rejoice and call forth shouts of applause from all the imps of darkness, it must be the knowledge of the large number of youth turned from virtue's path by a licentious and criminal press during the past twenty-five years.

There is a special, determined effort being made to ruin the brightest and purest youth—the hope of future generations.

If I could drag out from their secrecy and expose to public gaze, or paint these agents for evil in their true colors, I am sure no decent person would differ from my views. But I cannot.

I can only hope that I have made a good outline of their affects and results.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

Let thoughtful minds reflect how much is involved in the fact that the boys and girls of to-day must become the men and women of to-morrow. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also

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reap." Dickens says, "As ye forge your chains, you must wear them." To debauch the mind of a child, to enslave its infancy, to pervert its taste from that which is holy, to create an appetite for strong drink, or lead it down to secret vices, is to curse its whole life, visit shame upon the family, put a blight upon prosperity, cast a burden on society, and send a weakened or corrupt man or woman into the future generation.

The family, society, and state alike suffer.

Many philanthropists will cheerfully give a thousand dollars to aid an institution which provides for the support of the poor, or to a reformatory for depraved boys and girls, and yet will not give a thought or a dollar to the advisability and work of closing the dens that make paupers and thieves.

If gambling saloons, concert dives, lottery and policy shops, pool-rooms, low theaters, and rumholes are allowed to be kept open; if obscene books and pictures, foul papers and criminal stories, for the young are allowed to go broadcast, then must State prisons, penitentiaries, workhouses, jails, reformatories, etc., be erected and supported. Expensive courts and high salaried officials, must be employed at the tax payer's expense, to care for those youths who are ruined, or to protect society against them.

Every boy seduced from an honest life is a candidate for public support. This will be by lawless plunderings of the community, or behind prison bars, where the State must put him to prevent his crimes.

Parents do not permit their children to make a play-house of a sewer, nor to breathe its poisoned gases.

It is not popular to set diseased meat before the public in any of our hotels or restaurants. Infected clothing may not be offered for sale, much less hawked about the streets. Yet worse evils than these are tolerated and encouraged, even while they are scattering moral death and physical suffering

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among those whom it is the especial duty of every civilized government to shield and protect—the young.

It matters not whether it be the publisher of the grossest books, the keeper of the dive or gambling saloon, the lottery managers, or the editor of the blood-and-thunder story papers, half-dime novels, and cheap stories of crime—they are all, willingly or unwillingly, Satan's efficient agents to advance his kingdom by destroying the young.

A writer for one of the vile sheets published expressly for boys and girls, when chided by a friend about the character of his productions, replied, "It pays well. I work for money, and this is the easiest way to earn it."

Here we have quite a common specimen of character. A young man with a bright intellect and a collegiate education bends all his energies to make money—but at what a cost! Starting an immortal being on the road to ruin at the threshold of life, corrupting the stream at the fountain-head, sending an influence into the community that must widen an extent for misery through many years, increasing rather than decreasing crime and shame and sorrow, perhaps forever—this is the work of a demon.

If some relic collector should chip off a piece of the cold marble figure of our lamented Lincoln as it stands in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, thus defacing that work of art, the newspaper press of the whole country would cry out against it. In unmeasured terms they would denounce the outrage. The indignation of the populace would be such that the vandal would not dare expose his trophy to view; and yet many of the papers that would thus condemn this vandalism are marring figures of far greater importance—are scarring the minds of our children by their foul utterances. and thus destroying mechanism finer and grander than the most marvelous products of human genius.

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How divine the innocence of childhood, the simplicty of youth! We read of our Saviour that "He took a little child, and set it in the midst of them, and said, Of such is the kingdom of heaven." To pour into the mind of the child the sickening details of the doings of the foul and criminal; to load it with the slancy, slimy, senseless, trashy, and criminal "half-dime" novels and story papers, or to give ribald and blasphemous publishers and lecturers—the devil's sharp shooters—full license to assail the pure and ingenious soul of the child, is to sanction a vandalism worse a thousandfold than the destruction of the choicest works of art.

We must study the requirements of childhood and youth. It is not enough to clothe the body and supply its food. We must consider the mind and watch its development. It is necessary that we be on the alert to head off the agencies of evil, and see that poisoned shafts are not thrown at our children in the privacy of home.

We must displace the evil with the good. This should not be by waiting for the evil to take possession, and then seeking to crowd it out, but by the parents' most earnest, patient and prayerful effort to store the mind early with good, so that there is neither taste nor place for the bad.

We assimilate what we read. The young mind develops with rapidity. It absorbs and has a strong affinity for the sensational and exciting. If parents do not provide for this appetite, they need not be surprised if it be satiated from another source. Place a dry sponge upon a plate containing water, and soon the water is absorbed and the sponge expanded. Sprinkle seeds of grass or flowers over the sponge, and soon these seeds will sprout and grow, every one after its kind. So surround the child with a corrupt literature, and the traits of character in the stories soon develop in the life of the child. As we sow so we must reap.

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Every child should have a bible of its own. Then it should be early trained to love and reverence it as God's word. Let not the family bible be covered with dust or buried under silly or dissolute story papers. It should be an open book in every household.

No table or desk was ever large enough to contain at once God's holy word and a criminal or hurtful story. It is an indignity to Deity to allow the two to have place side by side, much more to allow the vile to displace the sacred in mind or thought.

Again, let parents spend more time reading good books to their children. Gather them together during the day and read to them some wholesome tale, history, or other work, that shall help satisfy the cravings of the expanding heart; that shall cultivate the taste and lay a healthy foundation upon which to build in after years.

I entered a quiet little home recently to call upon a friend, a mother of two children about six and eight years of age. She came down at once, just as she was, with an apology for not being dressed for the afternoon, saying she sat down to rest a few moments after dinner, and had been reading to her children, and they, becoming interested, had kept her nearly two hours. God bless such mothers! They are worthy of loving children. No dress or finery could have made that mother more presentable to any sensible person. It spoke volumes—companion, teacher, helper, friend, and mother to these children.

The boy may go wild despite all such influences, and yet the chances are, even if he does, that the memory of such a mother will cause him to awaken, rise up and call her blessed.

As soon as the babe is born the duty of the mother is changed. A human soul is placed in her hands to care for, instruct, and bring up for the master. A high and sacred duty. Fashion-

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able society no longer should have a control over her. This gift from Heaven is not a small thing, to be intrusted to some ignorant and often vicious servant girl, but constant care is required to preserve its precious form. Should less care or zeal be manifested in later years to preserve morally pure and strong?

What use has the mother for blasphemous or godless literature? Condense it all together, and it has not saved a soul from death, and it cannot. What use has the parent for the sickening details of crimes? All combined they have not made an honest or pure man and they cannot. What use for the trashy boy-and-girl story papers? They have never made a grand heroic character in any child whom they have captivated. No, clear the home of these evils, as you would the seeds of disease. Exterminate them, or the probabilities are they will destroy the bright, pure being that God has given you.

Parents, ask yourselves which is of more importance the moral purity, spiritual welfare, and the cultivated intellect of the boy or girl, or their temporary amusement, secured at the sacrifice of these higher attributes.

All the nobler qualities of the mind, the developments of the intellect, the nobility of character, the unlimited possibilities of the future, and the salvation of the soul are jeoparded when parents are indifferent as to what their children read.

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The Pulpit and Politics.

REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D. D.

THERE has been, during the past three years, a good deal of discussion as to the relation proper to exist between the pulpit and municipal politics. I have had no disposition to crowd my own views of that matter upon others' acceptance. Having reached a conviction of my own, I acted accordingly, and while recognizing that others have as much right to their opinion as I to mine, it has sometimes seemed as though, if, instead of spending so much time in publishing and fortifying their opinion, they had dropped argumentation and gone to work to minister to the city in some better way of their own, it would have saved a great deal of unnecessary rhetoric and accomplished more towards recovering us from our municipal dishonor.

I am to speak of the relation of the minister to good government. In order to avoid all misapprehension, let us start out by saying that nothing should be allowed to interfere with the pulpit's prime obligation to convert men, women, and children to Christ in their individual character. No one can have

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attended carefully to Christ's method of working in the world without appreciating the emphasis which he laid upon the individual, and without feeling the volume of meaning there is in the fact that so many of his finest words and deepest lessons were delivered in the presence of but a single auditor. There are no associate results which do not hide all their roots in the separate individuality that combine to compose such association.

Men in their Mutual and Organized Relation.

At the same time, what God thinks most of is not a man in his individual character, but men in their mutual and organized relation. That is the idea that the Bible leaves off upon, and in that way throws upon the idea the superb emphasis of finality, culminating, as scripture does, not in the roll call of a mob of sanctified individuality, but in the apocalyptic forecast of a holy city come down from God out of heaven; not men, therefore, taken as so many separate integers, but men conceived of as wrought up into the structure of a corporate whole—social, municipal, civic.

Men require to be sanctified, but the relations which subsist between them require to be sanctified also. Philemon was a Christian and Onesimus was a Christian; but Onesimus was still Philemon's slave. Philemon had been converted, and Onesimus had been converted, but the relation between them had not been converted. A good part of every man is involved in his relation, and heaven is not arithmetic but organic.

Wherever men rub against one another, therefore, the pulpit has something to say, or ought to have something to say. This enhances prodigiously the opportunities and obligations of the pulpit, and ought to affect and modify very seriously the preparation wherewith a young man equips himself for pulpit

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service. It is simply appalling, the area of inquiry which at once opens itself before him and challenges his regard so soon as he realizes that the consummation of his mission is not to save from hell as many separate people as he can, but to become, in God's hands, the means of saving society here and now, and to precipitating heaven by constructing as much terrestrial heaven as possible out of materials already in hands. That is an idea that is working in the current mind, and that our theological seminaries are beginning to evince symptoms of regard for. It is a conception of the case that is well nigh staggering so soon as you begin to realize how little of a man's practical life is an individual affair, and what a vast percentage concerns him in his relations to his fellows.

A Question of Morals.

You may take a very large percentage of the great questions that are always under discussion—social questions and political questions—and you will discover that such questions are nothing more nor less than crystallizations about an ethical nucleus. They are not altogether ethical, but they revolve on an ethical axis, and the pulpit wants to be prepared to manipulate such questions with a firm hand rend the ethical elements from such as are morally indifferent, and then take the ethical elements in their clear separateness and exhibit them, by which I mean preach them. There is not a live question in society or in state to-day that is not nine-tenths of it a question of morals. And before the pulpit handles it it has got to know how much of it lies within ethical ground and how much without; for woe be to the preacher who undertakes to deal homiletically with such aspects of a question as are relevant not to the pulpit but to the expert.

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All of this work means straining solidity of preparation. It is worse than Greek, tougher than Hebrew, or than almost any of the other antique that ordinarily ornament the curriculum of a theological seminary. Undoubtedly the handling of these matters in the pulpit means friction. But there will always be friction when there is power on its way to effect, so that need not alarm anybody. History is going up hill, not down, and that always means heated bearings, and sqeak in the wheels.

Of course, there is a way of preaching that will keep the axles cool. Unquestionably we might expatiate eloquently on historic, on righteousness, and the greater the eloquence the greater the favor with which we should be followed. We can malign David for his vices, and pour canister-shot into poor Solomon for his irregularities; and his being a back number and having no extant relatives to pound you with a libel suit, the whole performance reduces to an elegant sedative, just warm enough to stimulate the blood if the church is cold, and cold enough to discourage perspiration if it is July.

Moral Ideas to be Pushed.

Here are certain moral ideas to be pushed. Who is going to push them if the pulpit does not? Here are certain breaches of moral propriety and decency on the part of the national or the municipal government. Who is going to protest, if the pulpit does not? Do you say that that is going outside of your diocese? Well, what is your diocese? Are you one of God's prophets, visioned with an eye that sees right and wrong with something of the distinctness of Divine intuition, and are you going to let that wrong lie there as so much ethical rot and close your eyes to it and pray, "Thy kingdom come?"

That was a superb feature of the old prophets of the Hebrews: They were statesmen; they so grasped the times in

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their living and pregnant realities that everything stood out before their inspired and burning thought in solid relation to the kingdom of God. There was no splitting up of things into holy and civic. That splitting and slicing process is one of the old serpent's shrewdest devices for getting the biggest half of the world in the range of his own quivering fangs. Those old prophets of the Hebrews were statesmen. They could not help being. Their eye went so deep and wide that of necessity they flung their arm about everything. There is not a great deal of statesmenship in the pulpit to-day, and outside of it there is not any—that I know of. There is politics, but there is not statesmenship. Do you know what the difference is between statesmanship and politics? Well, politics is statesmanship with the moral gristle left out. Politics in certain respects is a good deal worse than depravity, pure and simple. Thoroughbred depravity has the courage of its viciousness. About politics there is just that tincture of decency that makes it unreliable. I have had to deal with men that were elaborately and consistently wicked, and I have had to deal with politicians, and I would rather cope with ten of the former than one of the latter. The politician is like one of those agile and cheerful little beasts which, if you put your hand where he isn't, he's there; and put your hand where he is, and he isn't there.

Get Your Statesmanship from the Pulpit.

So I say, where are you going to get your statesmanship unless you get it from the prophets and the pulpits? It used to abound at Washington. How long has it been since anybody at Washington has stood up in the strength of a Wilson a Sumner, a Webster, or an Elijah, and spoken the word that has drawn to a snugger tension the moral sense of this great people? We used to have speeches made there that would ring clear

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across the continent and clear the air for a decade. There are things enough to talk about now and there are brains enough to talk about them, but it takes something beside brains to lift to a higher tone the national conscience, and to stimulate to a quicker and fuller pulse the national life. There is not the Sampson at Washington that will fling his arms about the two pillars and bow himself mightily, for while he might like to shake of the Philistines on the roof, he fears more the inconvenience of being dusted by the debris and crushed on the under side of the collapse. He never feels quite so confident of the perpetuity of American institutions as we do just after Congress has adjourned, and Senators and Representatives have packed their grip-sacks and gone home. We feel about Congress in our civic relations very much as most of us here to-day do about general assembly in our ecclesiastical relations,—we wish that it were at least four years between sessions: in fact the longer the better.

The Daily Press is Run by its Business End.

And I am afraid we shall not be much better rewarded for our quest if we serve for statesmanship in the files of the newspaper press. This is not denying the brainyness of the press, nor its power, nor the immense value of the service which it renders along specific lines. But when you come to consider the secular press as a moral force, it is not there. I do not mean that there is no paper published, no paper in this city published, that is a quickener of the moral energies of this city and community. What I mean is that the daily press is, with hardly an exception, run by its business end. The editorial page is definitely determined by monetary considerations. Journals are not printed for the sake of stating and pushing the truth. No man can ever do a thoroughly good thing when he is

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primarily motived thereto by the dollar. You cannot preach an inspiring sermon when you feel the money there is in it, nor any more can you fill a column with editorial electricity when you feel the money there is in it. The more a paper puts in the pockets of its stockholders, the less, probably, it puts into the hearts and lives of its readers. Under existing conditions, then, you cannot with much confidence look to the newspapers for statesmanship, for statesmanship has got to have an ethical element, and ethics doesn't pay. If you go into ethic business, you will have to dispense with terrapin or live on a legacy.

So that at present if you are going to have statesmen you will have to look to the pulpit for them. And there is not a better place for them. There is no place where one would have any better right to expect them to abound. Ninety per cent. of the material of social and civic questions being ethical, what reason is there why pulpit prophets should not marshal the army of event? They used to do so, why shouldn't they now? If there is any Moses who can climb onto the top of Sinai and commune with God and behold with an unabashed eye the realities that compose the tissue of all history, why should he not lead the waiting host when he gets back to the foot of the mountain? Why leave it to dirty Aaron, who meantime has been stripping the people and building golden calves.

To the Evil One with Your Offices.

I am not talking about holding the offices! To the evil one with your offices! I am talking about holding the sceptre over the consciences of people and swinging them into beat with the pulse of the heart of God, and into pace with the trend of his eternal purpose. That is the only goverance we have any care for, and it is the only goverance that governs too. Talk about the diminishing power of the pulpit? There is power

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enough if the pulpit will rise to the stature of its prophetic dignity, and assert itself and exercise its power. I do not believe that so far forth the pulpit was ever so powerful as it is to-day. I do not believe that virtue ever respected it more. Or that vice ever hated it and feared it more than it does to-day. If the pulpit is honest, intelligent, untrammeled, anxious for nothing so much as to be the oracle of God, and to see the Lord's prayer turned into history, why, there is nothing that can stand alongside of it in point of conscious and confident authority. It seizes questions on those sides that are correlated with the conscience, and handles them with that poise of assurance and challenge that stirs up no end of malignity perhaps, but that allows no room for retreat; handles them, too, with that long regard and with that impassioned sense of whatsoever is eternal that obviates the necessity of partisan discount. There is not a knave, in this city, nor any corporation of knaves, that would not rather have its character portrayed by the most influential journal in town, than to have it portrayed by a Christian minister; always being understood, though by a Christian minister, one who tells the truth as before God and only for the truth's sake, and who is prepared to keep telling it till he wears through the epidermis into the quick.

The Bracing of Virtue and the Paralysis of Vice.

When you know you are right, and can feel it all through you, just as distinctly as Elijah, standing up in front of Ahab, felt the three years' drought that was coming there is a dash of omnipotence in the word you speak. Its censures fall upon current iniquity with the hard thud of a sledge hammer. The possibilities of all statesmanship are in it, for it beholds as with prophetic vision, the thread of eternal principle upon which

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alone the events of history can be permanently strung; and so is qualified, as with the incisiveness and fearlessness of prophetic utterance, to state eternal principal in a manner to the bracing of virtue and the paralysis of vice.

And I am saying what I know. I uttered only thirty minutes of indictment against the bloodsucking scoundrels that are draining the veins of our body municipal, and they were all set wriggling like a lot of muck worms in a hot shovel. I am not such a fool as to suppose that it was the man that said it that did the work; nor that it was what was said that did the work, for it had been said a hundred times before with more of thoroughness and detail. It was the pulpit that did the work. Journalistic roasting these vagabonds will enjoy and grow cool over. But when it is clear that the man who speaks it is speaking it not for the purpose of putting money into his pocket or power into his party, but is speaking it because it is true, and in speaking it appreciates his oracular authority as one commissioned of God to speak it, there is a suggestion of the judgment day about it, there is a sentiment of the invisible God back of it, that knots the stringy conscience of these fellows into contortions of terror. Waning power of the pulpit? There is all of power in the pulpit that there is of God voicing himself through the man who stands in the pulpit.

A Field for the Ministry.

Now, my brethren in the Christian ministry, here is a field for you: a field that is as broad as your intelligence, and as vast as the indwelling spirit with which you have been divinely baptized. It is your field. If your ministry is being rendered in this city, for instance, the associate life of this city, with all of civic concern that goes to make up that life, is as justly subject

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to the mastery of your inspired and imperial word as were the people of Israel amenable to the Holy dictatorship of a Moses, a Samuel, an Elijah. Do not allow yourselves to be ostracized from your own kingdom and your own throne either by custom, cowardice, or the devil. I know we are told that we ought not to mix in the earthly pursuits or to trail our clerical robes through the dust of this secular life! The idea of a rabble of cut-throats, thieves, thugs and libertines presuming to stand up and tell God's prophets to keep their hands off of the ark of the covenant when the sole regard they have for the ark is their sacrilegious appetite for the golden pot of manna that is preserved in the interior of the ark! Don't let those dirty hypocrites fool you. There is moral material enough in community but it lacks leadership. The prophets of God are here to meet that exigency. That is what they are for; to foster and train moral sentiment, to compact and marshal it, and hold it along lines of earnest and intelligent devotement to the common weal.

This does not at all involve entrance into the details of matter and becoming personally complicated in the intricacies of administration. That is another affair altogether, and one for which the prophet's previous training can scarcely be supposed to make him competent. But the determinative factor in all personal government (as opposed to brute government) is a matter of moral sentiment, and that it is a commodity of which God's pulpit servants are ex officio, the priests.

Influences.

There are all sorts of influences—the influence of health, the influence of self-seeking, the influence of partisanship—which is simply self-seeking on an enlarged scale—there are all sorts of influences that are operating powerfully to degrade the quality of associate life, and to debase the tone of civic administra-

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toin, and the pulpit is the source to which you have got to look for that counteracting energy which shall set truth and righteousness before the people in that substantiality of body and definedness of outline which shall quicken the thought, impress the conscience, invigorate the purpose, nerve the arm, and drive sneaking iniquity to cover. Try to conceive what would be the effect upon this city if but a dozen of the representative prophets of each of the denominations were to conceive of themselves, severally, as standing before the collective and impersonated depravity of our municipality in the same attitude of conscious Divine authority in which Elijah confronted Ahab; by next November you would not have enough Tammany Hall left to make it real interesting to depict it.

As True as Holy Writ.

My brethren in the ministry, if I have spoken earnestly I have spoken so because I feel the situation and know that not a word has been uttered but what is as true as holy writ. Our national security, the achievement of what we believe to be our national destiny is not a matter of wealth nor of population, nor of territorial area, it is a matter of national righteousness; it is a matter of honest laws honestly executed. It is a matter of nominating to positions of official responsibility, and electing when they have been nominated, and sustaining when they have been elected, men who are God-fearing, who respect truth because it is true, righteousness because it is holy, and who conceive of office as a sacred trust, and a holy stewardship. Now brother, to take an overt and agressive position in pursuance of that end, eulogizing official integrity and damning official corruption, is part of the duty to which you are called. There is no man that can do it or that can begin to do it with so much

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effect as an accredited and annointed prophet of God. Men do not care for men, but words that betray the symptoms of a Divine sanction fasten upon the soul with a grip that cannot be dislodged, and the hope of the new American civilization, like that of the ancient Hebrew, is still vested in them whom God has chosen to be his prophets.



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