

for this world because we are women? and are men too bad for us to marry because they are men?

This, too, may seem bold handling of subjects foreign to "womanly delicacy;" but it seems a time to speak plainly, but no time to put forth views like these quoted from Marsh.

The healthy-minded matrons of the land, who have lived for years in the married state, who have reared families, and who love and respect their husbands—who love and respect them for their manly qualities, and because they are their husband—will never tolerate such sentimentality.

The world does not need Aurora Leighs like this:

"I would not be a woman like the rest,
A simple woman, who believes in love,
And owns the right of love because she loves,
And, hearing she's beloved, is satisfied
With what contents God: I must analyze,
Confront and question: I must fret,
Forsooth, because the mouth was only May;
Be faithless of the kind of proffered love,
And captious, lest it miss my dignity,
And scornful, that my lover sought a wife
To use; to use! But as time made
Her changed since then, changed wholly;
For, indeed, if now you'd stoop so low to take
My love, and use it roughly without stint or spare,
As men use common things with more behind,
(And in this case would be more behind)
To any mean and ordinary end;
The joy would set me, like a star in heaven,
So high up
I should abate because of height,
And not of Virtue."

The sacredness of the marriage relation is the foundation stone upon which the whole fabric of society rests. Clothe woman with official dignity—give her equal rights and the ballot, and after all the brightest jewels in her crown will be her children, and her noblest deeds will be the fulfilment of her duties as wife and mother. While we strive to win equal rights for woman, to make her independent of man pecuniarily, and open for her a way to gain an honest and respectable livelihood by the exercise of her God-given faculties, we must stand fast by the principles upon which the happiness of society rests, and fit her to become also a good wife and mother. With a God-speed to your cause,

C. M.

Marsh is right about the marriage rite. It confers no authority to violate the higher laws of nature and of God. And it was to vindicate those laws that Marsh wrote. Had marriage no higher sanction, no holier bond than the legal rite, we might go to Oneida Community indeed. It was marriage, "controlled by the present rite," which was under criticism.

P. F.

"WOMAN AS A MENDICANT."

WILL Mrs. Stanton permit a few words added to her able reply to Mr. Cronyn on that subject?

"We repeat it respectfully and deliberately, there is no greater beggar in the world. It is woman as she is represented by the conduct of the pending issue."

Mr. Cronyn, I assert respectfully and deliberately that man, by his law of force, has made woman one great beggar in every sense of the word. He has needed to himself woman, her children, her earnings, the earnings of her children, and the earth beneath her feet. He has maintained these usurpations by the strong arms of civil and monetary power. According to Alexander Hamilton, and to the general facts of experience, the assumed right of man over woman's subsistence gives him the right over her whole moral being.

"Woman's apathy and want of self-respect" are the result of her past condition and treatment at the hands of men, a condition for which man must be mainly responsible, because he has been the ruling power of the world. Responsibility implies ability or power. Man's greater physical strength, mental ingenuity and over-reaching shrewdness, (not depth or wisdom), have given him the ability to rule over woman and to treat her as an inferior, thus destroying her self-respect and stultifying her intellect, thereby rendering her apathetic, because ignorant as to her real position in the social fabric. The greater guilt and blame of any wrong must always rest with the most responsible party—with the party in power under which the wrong exists; but, Adam-like, Mr. Cronyn throws the greater guilt and blame of wo-

man's unjust position upon herself; as if she would, it left free to act, be unjust to herself. Mr. Cronyn ought to know human nature better than that.

The past has been an era of masculine supremacy and responsibility because of man's greater brute force and superior skill in the arts of labor, which he possesses because he lacks the powers of maternity. In the now incoming and future era of the world, in which reason, justice, wisdom and love are to be the governing, controlling powers, perhaps woman is or will be the most responsible party, as she certainly possesses a much greater power of human love, and, after all that may be said to the contrary, love controls humanity. The intellect instructs the powers of the soul, but does not control them. In the past, humanity has been ruled by that masculine type of love which might better be called lust—chiefly by the lust of power.

Woman is fully equal to wipe out the "degradation and shame that she has no opinions of her own;" the only trouble is that men are not just enough to give us credit for our opinions. I think that any man who reads "THE REVOLUTION," or Mrs. Willard's Sexology, will be obliged to confess, at least to himself, that some women do have opinions of their own, though the number may be small; perhaps as large, however, as the number of independent, thinking men.

I would recommend Mr. Cronyn to read "Sexology"—a book in which all the knotty questions of sex are carefully weighed in the scales of natural law.

Mr. Cronyn seems to imagine all womankind asleep, except about "half a dozen champions who are bravely fighting her battles for her." Doubtless he would be very much astonished to know how many wide-awake women there are throughout the country, though they do not crowd to let the world know it. They are too busy scratching for themselves, or their children, to make any public demonstration. Men think woman very apathetic, because they do not make as much noise and fuss about their condition as men would under similar circumstances. Women are generally very quiet before the most important and trying event of their lives, but when the trial comes, they are usually found equal to the emergency. When the real maternal birth of FREEDOM comes to society, there will be found wide-awake women enough to take care of the child without getting men to rock its cradle. I also believe there will be found enough "good physicians" (real statesmen, not politicians) who will be ready to help "the woman with her child."

After all, let us thank Mr. Cronyn sincerely for his "Mendicant Women," with its manly sympathy and help. His war cry, "Woman's apathy," is needed and will do good, though its answering reverberations may not reach the public ear to-day; but when the right time comes, society will feel the power of her "wide awake" answer.

E. O. G. W.

PROSTITUTION.

NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

Editors of the Revolution:

In your edition of the 19th inst., you unjustly attack the intents of the law introduced by Mr. Brush for the suppression of prostitution. The title of the bill, however, is a misnomer. It should read for the "regulation of prostitution." The penalties imposed are intended to act against those who keep "unlicensed houses" of ill-fame. The experience of the world for thousands of years past shows the absolute inefficiency of all laws for the "suppression" of the *demi-monde*. Under the "unlicensed" system, disease the most dreadful in its present and future effects must continue to prevail—the sins of the father being visited upon his descendants, even unto the tenth generation. It is idle to attempt wholly to extinguish the social evil. We may regulate, and ultimately greatly abridge its influence. I believe with you that, give woman the elective franchise, make her the political equal of man, she would not be the mere toy she now is. She would be courted for her vote, loved, and feared, loved for her virtues, and feared by the evil-minded. She would be a "power" in the land, her usefulness extended, and the vice which now consumes humanity so fearfully, be checked.

You say that the law I have alluded to is a disgrace to the humanity of the 19th century, that "we engraft on the young republic the refinements of vice from the effete civilization of the old world." Not so. Their older experience in this matter has taught them the necessity of just such laws. I think that when women adopt prostitution as a trade, a sole mode of procuring a living, they should be compelled to accept the consequences, such as this law contemplates. With men it is an occasional crime—cannot from the nature of things be his trade or,

mode of living. I do not intend to justify man in his brutality; but you should look facts in the face, just as they are. This law (if enacted), as it would limit the spread of a horrible disease, even as a sanitary measure it should be insisted upon. A more careful reading of its provisions will show you that it is not "inconscient;" that it is intended to "legalize" prostitution, and fine only those who keep "unlicensed" houses. The almost absolute dependence of woman on man is the main cause of prostitution, and I firmly believe that give woman the right to vote and this crime would rapidly decrease.

A SUBSCRIBER.

A MOTHER TO A DAUGHTER.

NO. IV.

THE subject of dress is a momentous one for women. It occupies the lives of so many sensitive ones, that it needs to be handled very tenderly. But let me give you some of the objections to the ordinary style of woman's dress.

First, It restricts the development and activity of the body.

Secondly, Is inappropriate to a sense of use.

Of the first objection, we are all of us sad witnesses, in our persons. To satisfy yourself of the second, you have only to put on trailing skirts and endeavor to walk unimpeded for ten minutes around the house and yard. You cannot go up a flight of stairs with both hands filled, nor go down the same without sweeping every step, nor bend or stoop without finding yourself entangled in flowing robes that grow more and more soiled by every motion. Can you move lightly, rapidly, gracefully? Are not your senses kept constantly on the alert to prevent accidents and exposures?

I will not speak of the immodesty of long skirts as a habitual dress, since Mrs. Grundy reddens with shame in one season at what she declares so elegant and stylish the next; proving that much of the article in vogue called modesty is a mere sham. As if modesty consists in keeping the ankles covered, and being terribly scandalized at the mere mention of the word "legs," while fashion sanctions—nay, requires the wearing of very low-necked gowns in "full-dress." And you will observe that persons who are the greatest sticklers for points of etiquette, and who are shocked at any allusion to the facts or processes of nature which are intimately connected with our well-being, are ever least occupied by lofty purposes and useful ends. As a matter of neatness the long skirt in anything but a full dress, should be abominated by every woman.

There passes by as I write, an elegantly-clad female—allow the word, I do not know that she is a full-grown woman—who trails her costly *moire-antique* a full yard over the mud and filth of the pavement. Her attire is otherwise faultlessly neat, but what of that mop, following her like a Nemesis to her own chamber, after having bedraggled her ankles and half-ruined an expensive garment.

We are a beauty-loving race. Would that we always remembered that the beautiful must be fit and appropriate; that to be otherwise destroys the first conditions of its existence. Then we might hesitate a little before adopting modes which frequently originate among a class of "ladies" who would not be recognized by their servile imitators, and who only serve to show how terribly the woman nature may be perverted.

To realize how encumbering are long skirts, imagine a man, condemned for some crime, to wear our costume. Where would be his activity, his unconscious enjoyment in the use of his limbs, his fire, energy and health? Would he not pine down to a puny, nervous, fine-lady creature, if he survived his punishment?

Now, my daughter, I would not have you don an eccentric dress for rowdies to hoot at as you pass; but I would have you discard any style that helps to fetter, and welcome everything that tends to liberate.

Dress is one of the best means of indicating character and individuality within our power. The dress of the sexes varies, and each should express something of the distinctive features of the manly and womanly nature. Men, strong, slow, and by their build suited to works of exposure and strength, wear plain, strong, simple suits; while woman, more delicate and rounded, needs graceful, flowing robes, softer materials and a greater variety of hues to suit her flexible nature.

But when dress becomes an encumbrance, bandaging the body and swathing the limbs, preventing freedom of exercise and locomotion, we become bondwomen, in stead of queens over the forces of life.

Ought we ever, my child, to be enslaved by anything

that cramps the freedom of the soul, playing, as it does, through our finely constituted organisms?

We should make the material world our tributary, and stamp ourselves upon everything with which we come in contact. Beautiful fabrics, fine and many colored, sympathizing with every mood of soul or of nature, it is our right to wear. And it is well to fashion them tastefully, and let the artistic faculty have play in harmonizing and combining; always keeping in view that the raiment is secondary to the person, and the person to the soul within, that longs to translate its every impulse with grace and comeliness.

The dress, then should, be a part of ourselves, worn, I could almost say, religiously, as a sincere exponent of what we feel to be appropriate and pleasing. Measured by this standard, how arbitrary and unmeaning are many of the styles that live out their brief lives on the backs of our sisters, ere the garments which gave them birth are soiled. Let us hope that American women will, ere long, have the independence to exercise their own taste and common-sense in their apparel. They will, when a sufficient number perceive the true relationship between the inner and the outer life.

I have endeavored to impress upon your mind the important truth that every habit and every surrounding influences the spirit. Everything that fetters or misdirects the body through which it acts, is an evil; so you see that it is of vast importance to our spirits that our dress should be true to our best conceptions of the useful and the beautiful.

I know you object to the American costume, and no wonder, for it falls far short of the requirements of beauty. It arose as a protest against the physical slavery of woman, and was valuable as showing that we demanded to be unswathed and put upon our own feet. And whenever you hear a man railing at short dresses, and deprecating any change from the good old days when we were vines and they were oaks, be sure he is not a man to be trusted, not one to love and revere the true woman, or else he is most shallow and heartless, and for these two classes you care little.

The man who thinks of these things to any purpose, is eager to raise his wife and daughter from the threshold of swaddling bands.

There are signs of a healthy reaction from servitude to fashion. There is more individuality in dress than formerly, and the short street dress is a great step forward. It so commends itself to the common sense of women that it cannot soon be spared. For a home and exercise dress, the gymnastic costume, introduced by Dr. Lewis into his classes for Physical Culture, as well as in a class that has been taught for several years by a noble woman of the city of New York, is steadily gaining favor as most convenient and healthful. None admits of greater variety of material or trimming. The waist is first noticeable. It is long, loose and perfectly adapted to give every muscle full play and let the lungs have room to expand.

In concluding the letter, but not the subject, I would ask you to consider that every struggle of humanity is toward a better form of existence. And we must toil on with our fellows, examining every reform to see if it does not contain the germ of some great good.

"I slept and dreamed that Life was Beauty,
I woke and found that Life was Duty;
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, my heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee."

H. M. H. P.

New Brunswick, N. J., February, 1898.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

Editors of the Revolution:

In an article in "THE REVOLUTION" of the 19th inst., headed "How Man Legislates for Woman at Albany," you say, "Yet it is nothing to virtuous, healthy, high-toned women that men come to them from the by-ways of vice, to poison the family purity and peace, to stamp the scars of God's curse on the brow of infancy, and make lazar-houses of all our homes"—and you ask equal protection for all the daughters of the State. The daughters of our state should learn to protect themselves. This they can do by rejecting and ostracizing those whom they know to be libertines—men who boast of their successful amours and seductions. To my certain knowledge (the experience of a quarter of a century), it is just such men that take the first rank in the best female societies. As only one instance, I will mention, that while residing in a flourishing village in the western part of this state, I was introduced to a young gentleman who had distinguished himself by seducing a very re-

spectable young girl of the village, who became pregnant. This fact was well known, as all such items are, in country villages. It is true, the matter was compromised by the payment of \$100 to the injured party; but it is equally true that, from that time, he became the hero of the village, his society courted by the finest young girls of the place, invited to parties given by the best society.

I would like to ask who are the firmest believers in the saying "that the reformed rake makes the best husband?" Most undoubtedly, "Heaven's last, best gift to man"—woman. Again, is not pride (and that of the meanest kind) the besetting sin of American women? How unwillingly do they engage in even honorable and suitable employments, and how painfully does their conduct contrast with the German woman. She deems it no disgrace to work, nor to indulge in habits of economy, while with the American woman these two ideas of Work and Economy are almost unknown.

When she marries, what is the motive? Is it from any really honorable sentiment? Does she not first desire to know whether she will thereby better her condition, the real meaning of which is—will she be able to spend more money, be lazier, wear finer dresses, and make her friends envious? To study her husband's happiness, to practice economy, and to introduce it into the family household, does not enter into her calculation. What wonder, then, that men prefer to keep mistresses rather than marry such unprincipled women? You may say that I must be speaking of individual cases, and rare ones too, but you are mistaken. Three-fourths of our women are here truthfully depicted. Yet I am no despoiler of woman—no woman hater. The best type of humanity is revealed to me in the true woman. Such a one I can almost worship. Such are indeed rare, but they do exist, even in these degenerate days. You can make your paper more useful by seeking to dignify labor, and by a little less denunciation of men.

Very respectfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

RIGHTS MAN GIVES TO WOMAN.

Editors of Revolution:

WHEN I see a poor washerwoman breaking her back over the wash-tub, working faithfully a whole day and getting twelve shillings in payment; and a great, strong man with ever so much more brawn and no more brains, get two dollars and a half for holding a lamp while the plumber blackens a lead pipe in a dark closet, and scrapes stars and fancy devices on the pipes that are never to be seen (the same plumber getting from three to four dollars a day), then I want women to vote, that they may get a better price for their labor.

I have had some interest in finding out the general opinion of man-kind (or unkind) on the subject, and as a general thing I find he is willing to accord her—

- The right to wake when he's asleep,
- The right to watch, the right to weep,
- The right to rise and light the fire,
- The right to keep her needle by her,
- The right his ancient clothes to mend,
- The right his simplest want to attend,
- The right to pleasantly construe him,
- The right to bring his slippers to him,
- The right to let him make the laws,
- The right to find no fault for cause,
- The right to comfort his distress,
- The right to wear her same old dress,
- The right his every joy to double,
- The right to save him every trouble,
- The right to clothe and teach the young,
- The perfect right to hold her tongue.

S. X.

TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

"O! Pope Pio! Most Holy Father!"—thus your people address you, as if you were the greatest God or good of the Universe. Nevertheless, as our brothers are not afraid to impeach our President, let me presume to tell you that you had better not meddle with female education; not in this country, at least.

You say in your bull that the advocates of female education, etc., are seeking the corruption and ruin of religion, society and government. Did female education and suffrage produce the social corruptions and governmental ruins of the past? Were female education and suffrage responsible for the vices and corruptions of the Papal and Pontifical chairs, for the atrocities of the French Revolution, and for our own terrible rebellion?

Pope Pio, you are greatly mistaken as to our aims and

objects. Educated women, by the help of the ballot, intend to reform and purify society, and to help establish a government on a just, firm and lasting basis; a task which your sex alone, whether as men or Christians, has never yet been able to accomplish, and which, permit me to say, you never can. Our religious, civil and governmental affairs are as badly managed and as corrupt, without the aid of free women, as would be our homes and families without the true wife and mother.

E. O. G. W.

EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS H. M. SHEPARD.

"I DWELL amid the city,
And hear the flow of souls in act and speech;
For pomp or trade, for merry-make or tolly
I hear the confidence and sum of each,
And that is melancholy!
Thy voice is a complaint, O crowded city!"

As a director and worker in various benevolent societies, my attention was attracted to, and my sympathies warmly enlisted in the trials of that class of toilers known as "sewing women." That there must be much suffering among them was evident from the frequency with which they were forced to apply to the benevolent for relief; but why this should be the case with women who were so skillful with the needle that they could almost always find plenty of work, was a question that puzzled more than me.

In society meetings I have heard the subject discussed over and over again, some attributing the evil to one cause and some to another—the most frequent reason given, being *improvidence* on the part of the women. More than once I have heard applicants for help reproved (by good, energetic directors who never had occasion to earn a penny in their lives) for not laying by in brisk times something for the rainy day. And more than once have I heard the word of women questioned when they stated the prices paid for their elegant handiwork.

From forewomen and employers whom I questioned I got but one reply, "We pay whatever the work is worth—a fair price for fair work, and a liberal price for that which is superior." Any attempt to get at exact prices was parried; and the fact that their employees worked for them year after year was given as proof of the justice of their dealings. One seamstress with whom I talked said, "If you should tell my employers what I have told you regarding the pay we receive, I should be discharged, and poor pay is better than none. You see, Mrs. S., they hold us in their hands."

All these things, together with the prospect of being at no distant day thrown upon my own resources of head or hands for support, led me to reflect more seriously upon the evils to which these poor women were subject, and the means by which they might be lessened. Experience is a grand instructor, and there is no way in which we can so well become acquainted with the condition of any class of people as by identifying ourselves as nearly as possible with them. It was in this spirit and with this view, that, having in the winter of 1893 a considerable portion of time at my disposal, I determined to place myself in the ranks of the sewing women, and endeavor to realize their position.

My first essay was in one of the largest dry goods houses in the city. I went to the shop-walker and stated my errand, and was directed by him to the top floor of the building. I had never before been in a large work-room. Since then I have been in many; but as this one will serve as a fair sample of the better class of work-rooms, I will attempt a description. It was about 75 by 100 feet in size. A space railed in at one end formed an office where three men (two bookkeepers and a cashier) attended to the accounts of the department. At a long table in one corner stood the forewoman and her assistants. Here work was cut and stamped and given out, the sewing woman receiving a ticket with each parcel, which must be registered with her name and address at the desk, and shown also to the porter at the door. Up and down the room on one side, arranged like desks in a school-room, were fifty sewing-machines, at which women sat sewing. On the other side were tables at which lace and bead-workers, embroiderers and finishers, plied their needles. Through the aisles walked two or three overseers directing the work and keeping order. The forewoman was engaged when I entered, and I had ample opportunity to observe the room and its occupants. The room was and is one of the best for its purpose in the city, well warmed, well ventilated, and well lighted.