

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.

The firm are said, too, to be among the most liberal paymasters in the city.

While I was awaiting my turn to speak to the forewoman, a pale little Frenchwoman stepped up, and opening a box displayed three babies' hoods made of lace and embroidered medallions. The superintendent exclaimed, "Ah, Madame Fossette, I am glad of these; the show-case is almost empty. Miss Reynolds, put up half a dozen more caps for Madame. Now, my good woman, get these in as soon as possible." Then, in reply to something the woman asked in a low tone, "O, no indeed! that would never do. You know it is quite contrary to our rules to pay for any work except on the regular days. All work brought in before Saturday will be paid for on the following Tuesday. Get these in on Friday if you can." The poor woman must have known that appeal was useless; for when her request was thus decidedly refused, she turned away without remonstrance, but with a look of hopeless sadness in her face that told a bitter story. It went to my heart with a pang, and I followed her a few steps as she went to the office, and requested her to wait for me in the vestibule, as I wished to speak to her. On my return to the table the forewoman said, apologetically, "I am sorry I could not let that poor body have the money, but it would not answer. If we show favor in one instance we must in another, and thus all system would be broken up. I wish I could have favored her, for she is an excellent hand, and I suspect is very poor. What can I do for you, Madame?" "I wish employment," said I. "In what department?" "In fine embroidery or braiding. I am a skilful and rapid worker," and I showed her a sample of my work in several styles of embroidery. "I will give you work," said she. "Do you give reference, or will you leave a deposit?" After arranging this she gave me a delicate merino morning dress to braid and bead, saying she wished it done in my best style as it was for the show-case.

In the vestibule I met Madame Fossette. We went out together. In a few moments I had her story. Her husband, a wood carver, had died a few months before. His illness had taken the last cent, and she had parted, too, with most of her furniture before he died. Since then things had gone from bad to worse, and now she lived in a little room in the attic of a tenement house in Avenue A, and supported herself and four little children by her needle. "How much do you get for such caps as you took home just now?" I asked. "Thirty-seven cents apiece, Madame, and I can hardly make one a day." "Is there nothing else you could do?" "Oh, yes, I could teach my language; I was educated in one of the best schools in Paris; but I am too shabby to look for pupils, and my children are very young to leave alone for so much time."

I asked permission to go home with her. I noticed when we left the car how wearily she walked, and how she totted up the stairs that led to her attic, and the thought struck me that may be she was exhausted from hunger. She opened the door, saying, "Pray, excuse my poor home, Madame." Home! This wretched, utterly comfortable place, with its broken windows, stuffed with rags; its one chair and leafless table, its cracked and fireless stove, its cot-bed, with scanty covering, on which huddled four little children, the eldest not yet eight years old, and the youngest a baby of months.

Hardly was the door opened when their little tongues clamored for food. I only waited to hear the mother say: "Mamma has no money, no bread, my pets," and I was on my way to the street. Why did I not stop on my way and get something? In that freezing room I saw four little ones actually starving to death. I ran—I almost flew! It seemed to me as if I was in some way responsible for a state of things in which good women and helpless babes were left to starve. In ten minutes a sturdy porter was taking up a basket of provisions to the little family—bread was broken among them, and soon a bright fire shone through the cracks of the stove. I had provisions now and a fire, but there was no cooking utensil in the poor woman's possession, save a tin cup out of which the children drank, and in which she sometimes made a little "café noir." Again I went out, and returned with needful dishes. It was little to do—the whole outlay did not amount to \$5—but it put more comfort into that little household than it had known for many months. This was a hard case, but not by any means a solitary one. This woman was young and beautiful, and had been over and over again offered the "wages of infamy, which pays better wages than sleep work;" and she confessed to me that day, amid choking sobs, that more than once she had begged for food for her children, and that lately she had been sorely tempted, for their sake, to choose dishonor rather than see them starve. "I could not see them die, Madame. Once I bought some charcoal and thought I would end it all,

but my courage failed. Had not the good God sent you to me this day I fear I must have given way."

You may be sure I did not lose sight of Madame Fossette. Friends were found for her, and she was lifted out of the depths into which she had been cast.

I worked faithfully on my wrapper four or five hours a day, and finished it in seventy-two hours, or in a little over seven working days. I took it to the marble palace from which I got it. My work was praised as superior, and I was told that an extra price would be allowed for it. My pass-book showed a credit to my name of \$3.75. More work was offered me, and I undertook to braid a pique esoque for a child. The material was thick and stiff, and very difficult to sew. I spent twenty-four hours upon it, and received for my labor eighty cents. I tried several other pieces of work, and found that on no kind of sewing could I earn more than fifty cents for ten hours' labor. I worked faithfully, saying to myself: "Do not lose a minute; work as if you had starving children to feed; remember the rent is to be paid, the coal is out, the babies are almost naked."

While in the employ of this firm, I made some inquiries, and found that the young men employed in the work room received an average salary of \$1,000 per year, while their labor was in no way so arduous as that of the forewoman, whose salary was \$600.

Some weeks subsequent to these events I went with some friends to this establishment to do some shopping. In the centre of the department we were in, in a show-case, was the wrapper I had made. At my suggestion one of our party asked the price of it. "\$85, ma'am," said the clerk. "Is not that a large price?" asked my friend; "the material could not have cost over \$20, and the embroidery, I suppose, did not cost half the remaining \$65. The clerk replied: "I assure you, Madame, the robe is very reasonable. We had it made after an imported one, which was sold for \$125, and we are obliged to pay immense prices for this sort of work." I thought this a good time to speak a word myself, so I asked: "Can you tell us, sir, what you pay for such work?" "We paid for this embroidery \$35," "Are you quite sure of this?" said I; "I have understood that the poor girls who do this sort of thing get wretchedly remunerated." "O, I assure you," said he "I know of what I am speaking. Our firm always pay liberally for work." The young man's manner was rather pert, and my indignation was rising rapidly every moment, but I replied quietly, "You are quite mistaken, sir, I made that wrapper, carrying nine strands of braid about it, and working upon it over seven days, and your liberal employers paid me just \$3.75. I do not know that you intend to deceive, but it will be well for you hereafter to be sure of your facts before you make statements."

As my friends and I walked on up Broadway we had some talk about the matter. They had not known until I stated the fact to the clerk that I had done such work. "How came you to work for wages? Were you not ashamed? I had no idea women got so little for such pretty work. I thought when we bought such work we were helping poor women, and many a time I've made it the excuse for buying what I should otherwise have thought extravagant"—were among the questions asked and the remarks made.

I say here as I said then, women should no more be ashamed to earn money than men should be. If money-making is honorable for the one it is for the other. I have earned money since I first came to appreciate my duties as a woman—have earned it for love's sake to help one who would have missed some comfort of life without the "helpmeet;" for example's sake, that I might make the way a little easier for some who would be influenced by my acts, and for need's sake also. "Gentle!" (I hate the word!) women, by their horror of useful, remunerative employment, do much to make more difficult the way for women who must work or starve, or do worse. If you would take a little pains to inquire and look into these things, you would soon find how truly the class known as "sewing-women" are to be pitied, and would learn to search them out and give them the profits of their own labor, which now you put into the pockets of their employers.

If you have no occasion, or do not choose to earn money yourselves, do not, for humanity's sake, for God's sake, do not put a straw in the way of your striving sisters.

Three professors in the Medical Department of the University of Michigan, it is said, have resigned, because the homeopaths have been given privileges in that institution. Were the souls of those men globular, like their infinitesimal pills, possibly there would be little difference between them. *Similia similibus.*

## AN EAST WIND.

Editors of the Revolution:

By mere chance I met a notice of "THE REVOLUTION," and am deeply interested to see it. Why has your paper been unnoticed by the *Anti-Slavery Standard*? or have I failed to see a notice? I have read it carefully every week without meeting even the name of "THE REVOLUTION" in it. If your paper is *Radical*, if it is a truly living paper, if it does not feel that one person is better than another, I will help gladly what I can to support it. There must be high seasoning in it, or it will not suit my palate. I want a paper that dares strike at hoary wrongs; that dares call robbers, robbers, even if rich and riding in chariots; and wolves, wolves, though in sheep's wool, white cravats and pulpits, withal; and the claimants of lands by thousands of acres, keeping them from many thousands of human beings to whom they rightfully belong, pirates—land pirates—bad as any on sea. But such a paper I do not expect to find on earth, unless I start it myself. Onward, onward, ever! is the cry of

Yours, ever for the good and the true,

SEWARD MITCHELL.

We can't promise our old friend much in the way of calling names. With us words are things. Robbery is committed by robbers; stealing is done by thieves; oppression is the work of tyrants, and "THE REVOLUTION" calls them accordingly.

## A CHAPTER ON SCHOOL STATISTICS.

THE Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools of San Francisco, for the year ending October, 1867, contains a good deal of interesting information, including a table of the school statistics of thirty-nine of the principal cities of the Union. Mr. Felton, the San Francisco Superintendent, says: "These statistics are obtained by letter from the superintendents of schools in the cities named, and furnish a complete view of the public schools in the leading cities of the country for the years 1866-7. They were collected by the Superintendent of Public Schools of Detroit."

This valuable table (it is always an important item to be able to place the finger on correct figures and authorities) gives, among other things, the average salaries of male and female teachers in these thirty-nine cities, by which we learn that female teachers, who, as a general thing, command higher wages than women in other fields of labor, are frequently not paid a quarter of the salaries that men receive for performing the same duties, and many times in a less satisfactory manner. Chicago pays her female teachers the lowest salaries, some of them receiving considerably less than a quarter the salary of a male teacher. The highest she pays them is but little more than a third the man's salary. The other cities which may be ranked with this in the scale of female teachers' salaries, are Racine, Wis.; Lowell, Mass., and Albany, N. Y., the latter paying a little more than a quarter. The cities which may be ranked in the next class, which pay their female teachers considerably less than a third of a man's salary, are the following, the lowest salaries taking the precedence in the regular order of the names, forming a sort of graduated scale of meanness: New Brunswick, N. J.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Boston, Mass.; Worcester, Mass.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Kenosha, Wis.; Rochester, N. Y.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Newburyport, Mass. The latter pays just a third. The third and last rank (perhaps I should have begun at the other end and ranked these first) includes cities that pay women for teaching a little more than half what they pay men. The first two pay just half (that is, the average is just half), and there is an increase with each succeeding name: New York City; Terre Haute, Ind.; Keokuk, Iowa; Memphis, Tenn.; Davenport, Iowa; Fort Wayne, Ind.; Dayton, Ohio. Thus we see by this continually ascending scale that Chicago, Ill., is the lowest, and Dayton, Ohio, the highest. On the Pacific Coast, San Francisco averages just two-thirds, or a little more than Dayton; so she should bear the banner, I was about to say; but that city or state only which first pays equal wages should bear the banner.

Mr. Felton, in speaking of the table of statistics for San Francisco, says:

"Let the above table be carefully examined. It will be seen that our rates of salaries for female teachers are, as a rule, not more than they should with justice be paid—they are not over generous; but compared with the most liberal rates of any other city in the eastern states, or, perhaps, in the world, they appear extremely