

which ought to be studied, setting forth the views of that great Master in Social Science. Ideas do finally govern, and if society is to be harmonized and man regenerated, correct thinking or positive philosophy must take the place of the superstitions which now govern so ill. By their fruits ye shall know them. The fearful fruits that we see around us certainly come from no good tree. Is there not somewhere a Tree of Life?

F. S. C.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE BABIES.

From every quarter is wafted this cry—and wherefore? Only because women are waking up to a sense of their position as wives, mothers, and members of society, and insist on their right to have a hand in the management of all public affairs appertaining, however remotely, to their interest, socially and financially. Why is it that a great many cultivated, intelligent men and women, too (that's where the rub comes), persist in ignoring the fact that female equality and suffrage mean more love, more tenderness, an accession of respect and thoughtfulness for our companions, and better sense in moulding the characters of our children. Said a lady to me, yesterday:

"Why should I lift up my voice for this Revolution in social affairs you so strongly advocate? Religiously and politically my husband and myself are one; and our love for each other is of such a character that his wish is my law, and vice versa."

Now, just that little sentence caused every nerve in my body to quiver painfully. No true woman can shut herself up in a little Paradise of her own, and never look out into the great thoroughfare of life. Why, woman alive, or woman asleep, where there is one wife happy and contented in the love of a noble man, there are thousands of wretched ones; where there is one woman shielded and protected, there are thousands who are driven to feebleness, moral destruction and the grave. Think a moment. Suppose death, inexorable and strangely exacting, should claim his own; what then? Your husband's salary, which now nicely supports you, you would receive no longer. Your three babies fatherless, and you a widow, educated, refined, and fitted by numberless graces to adorn a little niche in society, undisturbed by want or the necessity of labor; our opinion is, that you would be glad to take into consultation even Revolutionists under such circumstances, and be very happy to welcome any educational or philanthropic movement whereby you could walk out into the world, and demand as an equivalent for your work a comfortable living for yourself and babies. Then, at the conclusion of that heartless speech, to have her look so sweetly and wisely into our face, and remark:

"But Frank and I have been thinking should women turn to politics and literature entirely, what will become of the babies?"

What will become of your babies, madam, should you be suddenly deprived of the means of their support? Have you the courage, stamina, ay, ability, to fight the world single-handed? "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." We have been there, thank you, and know all about it. Every heart-throb, every blush of indignation, every dastardly attempt to change the wages of labor for the wages of sin, we are familiar with; and it makes us sick when we see an intelligent female looking at so great a subject through so small a glass, and dirty at that. What will become of the babies? Why don't somebody ask—what has become of the babies? Ask Restelle and thousands of physicians, male and female, who have been engaged in their work of destruction for years. Physicians who have graduated from our first medical colleges, physicians with high sounding diplomas, whose elegant equipages stand in front of Fifth avenue mansions, who pocket a big fee and a little bundle of flesh at the same time, and nobody's the wiser! not even the husband in hosts of instances. What will become of the babies—did you ask—and you? Can you not see that the idea is to educate women that they may be self-reliant, self-sustaining, self-respected? The wheel is a big one, and needs a strong push, and a push all together, giving to it an impulse that will keep it constantly revolving, and the first revolution must be Female Suffrage. After this, the ponderous affair will move regularly, and perhaps slowly; but education, moral, physical, and intellectually practical, will as surely follow as dawn follows the darkness of night. Then marriages of convenience will not be necessary; men and women will come together, attracted by mutual respect; namby-pamby, doll-faced, wishy-washy, milk-and-water feminine bundles will be unmarketable. God speed the time, for the sake of the babies. Little ones will then be welcome, and mothers

will know enough to instruct them sensibly, with a view to the practical side of life. Men, if you desire healthy, intelligent, economical wives, do not oppose this new movement; for in this way only can you and yours, and subsequent generations, be saved from degeneracy. Will somebody tell us why women who pay taxes (we will leave out the rest just at present) should not be allowed a voice in the management of the laws decreasing taxation? Don't be afraid to speak; come out squarely. This is the time for free, earnest discussion on all points of general interest; but please do not take for your final genetic premises the foolish idea that women who are self-reliant must necessarily be unloveable. It is no such thing, we assure you, and we know. My dear fellows, this is quite as much for your benefit as ours. What we propose to do, is so to arrange things that should you ever become sick or poor, we can put our hands to the plough and run the machine, nursing, sympathizing, attending to the finances, and loving you to distraction at the same time. How do you like the picture?

ELEANOR KIRK.

LETTER FROM GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

WHY SHOULDN'T WOMAN HAVE A "BED AND BOARD" AS WELL AS MAN?—MAN'S PROTECTION OF WOMAN IS AGAINST SOME OTHER MAN—NOT WOMAN.—MAN'S INCONSISTENCY COMES FROM THE FORCE OF HABIT.

MEN sneer at the "strong-minded" and cheer at the "weak-minded." Why? It is the force of habit. Man sits for hours in the concert room to hear a low-necked, bosom-exposed opera singer, but has a holy horror to see on the same stage a high-necked dressed lady lecturer. Why is it? Simply the force of habit. Men are ignorant brutes. Their habits and tastes are beastly. The sensual predominates over the intellectual. They look on woman as a plaything—a doll—a mistress or a wife—seldom as a companion—a friend—a colleague. Man's ignorance comes from habit, education, custom. How long is it since woman attended lectures, political meetings, conventions? Only the other day. Are not such meetings now more orderly, more decorous, more dignified? How is it that man luxuriates in listening to a Siddons, a Rachel, a Ristori as an actress, yet has an infernal sneer on his lip when Elizabeth Cady Stanton, or Susan B. Anthony speaks on the same stage for human rights and Universal Liberty. It is the force of habit. "THE REVOLUTION" is inaugurating a new era. Europe delights to quote from "THE REVOLUTION." Woman's Suffrage agitates the Old World since that Kansas campaign. And Fawcett and Hughes compete with Mill to see who will outrun a Stanton, a Pillsbury, an Anthony. Drunkenness, Restell sm, prostitution, bestiality will be less respectable when women vote. God help "THE REVOLUTION."

Must woman always suffer for man's sins? The marriage ceremony makes woman a slave. She must obey. Why not make him swear to obey. Man's inhumanity to woman is infamous. When woman is man's equal as voter she will get man's pay for keeping school. Woman has to bear all man's vices. He sneaks off like Adam and the woman braves all danger. The responsibility is hers, and man bears up under the load woman has to carry. There is a skeleton in every house. Phillips Greeley, Garrison, Smith ought to be ashamed of themselves to insult their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters by enfranchising the negroes and thereby disfranchising women; for the negroes in Kansas all opposed our campaign for "EDUCATED SUFFRAGE." (P. P. must not think I am waging war against "a man and a brother." I am only looking out for "a woman and a sister" for change.)

EDUCATED SUFFRAGE THE SOLUTION OF OUR DIFFICULTIES.

What is Educated Suffrage? Let all vote, male and female, black and white, when they are educated to know what a vote is. That is educated Suffrage. But the voter who waits outside the poll for a mule, under the impression that the paper he dropped into the box was an order for said article, ought not to be allowed to impeach a President! The fact is, man is a coward—woman is not. Man fears the moral influence of woman. Her votes will expose his midnight haunts, his infidelities, his debaucheries. But fate ordains it. Man must be elevated and made nobler by the moral power of woman at the ballot-box.

HOW DOES MAN PROTECT WOMAN—AGAINST WHOM AND WHAT AND WHERE?

Man's protection is simply ridiculous. Protection against whom? *Some other man!* Man protect woman! Where? There are eighty thousand brothels in London. *How does man protect them?* There are thousands of needle women who sing the "song of the shirt" at starvation prices. *How does man protect them?* There are one hundred thousand women school teachers in the United States who get half the wages of men teachers. *How does man protect them?*

Society allows man to swear, gamble, riot and get drunk. Of course, gallantry permits it—chivalry awards it—sex guarantees it—he is the protector of woman. Let woman do the least of these, and down comes the whip of public opinion and she is damned by her natural protector.

ALL THE LAW DOCUMENTS USE THE WORDS "BED," "BOARD" AND "OBEY."

Let woman forsake the one, interfere with the other, or refuse to obey, and man's gallantry, chivalry and protection make her a prostitute and a devil. Do you remember Washington Irving's picture of woman—"the Tree and the Vine?" How absurd those similes. Woman is often the tree and man the vine. Do we not often see women support their children and husbands too? Ivy is poison. So is the Upas tree. Had Irving said the Upas tree was man and the Ivy was woman, the analogy, even then, would not be fair. Man is active—woman passive. Man attacks, woman repels. It is about time that woman had a "bed and board" of her own.

TWO CODES OF MORALS FOR MAN AND WOMAN.

How singular that while man fears woman will be contaminated by ballot-boxes and the busy whirl of active voting, that he never makes objection to her appearing as a witness or a criminal in court. A young girl, for instance, up for infanticide. The judge or the lawyer prosecuting, perhaps, the father of the child. She can pay taxes too—but voting will unsex her. Why should there be two codes of morals for the sexes? There is now. But later it shall not be—or my hour of labor is the forfeit. That Kansas campaign of mine for the emancipation of woman is the noblest act of my busy life; and when have I ever attempted a point, that I did not succeed in the end. By and by I will force the world to believe in me as a Reformer, a Moralist, and a Statesman. Meanwhile, am contented to be called a Lunatic, a Charlatan and a Mountebank. It pleases them, and does not injure me. For do we not live, and move, and have our being in the stirring times of "THE REVOLUTION?"

(GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.)