

true womanhood, this demand has been met in the past by only a helpless and unresisting conformity to the spirit of the times, of whatever character the times might be.

True, it was inevitable that, during the childhood of the race, human nature should feel its way instinctively, rather than intelligently, up the scale of being, and that womanhood, with wings heavy with the clay of its earthly chrysalis, should be attracted by the material and the sensuous, those things which are easily acquired and comprehended. But that now, when man's familiarity with first principles enables him to play upon the forces of nature as upon the keys of a quick, responsive instrument; to wrest dynamic secrets from the heart of the kosmos, and, in the material realm at least, to rapidly near the fulfilling of his logical destiny of one-ness with Omnipotence itself—that now woman should attempt the administration of her kingdom from a standpoint so inconsistent with the first principles of its constitution is inexcusable, and would be incredible, were it not so evident in the disastrous results everywhere apparent.

Strange to say, while ordinary potentates often sacrifice the most sacred interests of friends and foes alike in order to extend the limits of their sway, woman seems singularly indifferent to, or ignorant of, the lofty possibilities, the ever-increasing power that would accrue to her through the assumption of her *real* rights and privileges. She still clings to barbarous customs that ought never to have survived the earliest dawn of human intelligence; still, like a child