

Do not, like a pompous imbecile, as Pope says:  
Teach eternal wisdom how to rule,  
Then drop into yourself and be a fool.

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“The greatest criminal is he that poisons the germ cells.”

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Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman,  
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
To step aside is human;  
One point must still be greatly dark—  
The moving *why* they do it;  
And just as hamely can ye mark  
How far perhaps they rue it.  
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us;  
He knows each chord—its various tone,  
Each string—each various bias;  
Then at the balance, let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it;  
What's done, we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted.

—Burns.

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An experienced authoress most chastely, clearly and correctly writes:

“The body that never knows carnal desires,  
The heart that to passion is always a stranger,  
Is merely a furnace with unlighted fires:  
It sends forth no warmth, while it threatens no danger.  
But who wants to sit in cold safety there?  
Touch flame to the fuel! then watch it with care.  
These wild, fierce emotions that trouble your soul  
Are sparks from the great source of passion and power;  
Throne reason above it and give it control,  
And turn into blessing this dangerous dower.  
By lightnings unguided destruction is hurled,  
But, chained and directed, they gladden the world.”

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“It is man and not a woman problem which we face to-day—commercialized by man—supported by man—the supply of fresh victims furnished by men who have lost that fine instinct of chivalry and that splendid honor for womanhood where the destruc-