

all kinds of society, they are especially to be found amongst the submerged *d*izens of the one-roomed tenements of our large cities.

The sooner the truth of the adage, that a silk purse can not be made from a sow's ear, is recognized the better, seeing that every child in a school for defectives costs the State three times as much as a healthy child. The Royal Commission disclosed the fact that 4.6 per 1,000 of the total feeble-minded population of England and Wales were not registered and are even more numerous than the registered insane. Indeed, so serious a menace to society has the situation become that in the present Parliament of England a bill is being discussed for compulsory dealing with this class.

He further makes the remarkable statement that in districts where we should, owing to improvements and the pulling down of slum property, expect a diminution of pauperism and insanity, there is no decrease, and in many instances an increase.

I have thus expressed my opinion, by extended quotations from two, than whom we know of no greater authorities, and both point to the same phenomena as having the same melancholy results both on the individual and on society. The world has before had periods of what we may call climax. Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons have kept a whole world in awe; but probably never was there the same intensity of action and reaction as in the Napoleonic era, and nowhere can I recall language so acute, so dramatic, so full of anguish as that of Alfred de Musset in *The Confessions of a Child of the Century*.

Here is his picture:

"During the wars of the Empire, while husbands and brothers were in Germany, and anxious mothers gave birth to an ardent and neurotic generation, conceived between battles, reared amid the noises of war, thousands of children looked about them with dull eyes while testing their limp muscles. From time to time their blood-stained fathers would appear to raise them to their gold-laced bosoms, then place them on the ground and remount their horses.

Never had there been so many sleepless nights as in the time of that man; never had there been seen hanging over the ramparts of the cities such a nation of desolate mothers; never was there such a silence of those who spoke about death."

But further illustrations of the point are unnecessary. The daily life of our cities, as set forth in the yellow journals, completes the picture I have by quotations attempted to describe. In a paper on the better distribution of immigrants I have pointed out that governments, capitalists, and individuals must, by whatever methods, set the tide of population flowing to the land, and where not possible, to minimize by every known means, whether educational, social, or sanitary, the effects of an urban life, whose essential qualities have been fully described and whose effects are obvious to all.