

WOMEN'S COLUMN.

Editor Women's Column, *Civilian*:

I have just returned to my official duties after some weeks' absence, and have been reading up past numbers of *The Civilian*. In your Women's Column of August 8th, you publish an opinion of Dr. Pembrey as to the proper status of women in the world, which is to the effect that it is for the purpose of bearing children only. All other duties in life are to be performed by man alone. Well, Mr. Editor, your Doctor is a back number, and might well transfer his investigations from the biology of life to that of the fossil.

Man has exclusively ruled this earth since time began, and a sorry mess he has brought us to at this late date. Nothing is settled. The whole economic world is a seething mass of unrest and rebellion, and an outbreak, bloodier than the wash-out of '89, is imminent. A few chosen favourites of **man** rot in their millions of luxury and pride,—a great mass of the people rot in starvation and dirt. The social life of the man ruled world is a reflection of the economic. Women and little more than babes in arms are paid a slaves wage by the masters of this universe, and these hapless creatures pass on their emaciated frames to a deteriorated posterity. Thousands of women and girls are taken into captivity year by year under a system called, in refined terms, "the white slave traffic," a system under which the female sex is captured and degraded to satisfy man's rapacity, developed to an unnatural excess. This woful picture of man's inhumanity might be extended incontinently into nearly every phase of life on this globe.

The human race wears the "Crown of Thorns" placed upon its head by blundering man. Women are now coming out of their caves of the centuries and are going to share with man the burdens and problems of

government. By foolish and fanatic methods, as well as by sane and sensible methods, woman is taking her place as a co-operator with man in achieving a higher state of life. Woman's tender and sympathetic nature is needed in the battle of emancipation of the race from the miseries with which it is beset.

Fortunately for woman, man has made a brilliant success in scientific research. This fact is my justification for calling your learned Doctor, who does not believe in educating woman, a fossil. Science will undoubtedly, in due time, find another method for replenishing the earth with its human species. Already from the laboratory comes the whisper of the electric protoplasm. The present method is primitive, unscientific, economically wasteful, ridiculous and grotesque. The new method will assuredly be superior to the present method of re-production, and woman freed from her exacting duties of propagation will accelerate the rate of human progress; supplementing man's superior intellectual powers by the addition of her own peculiar powers of intuition and warmer sympathies and emotions.

A MERE WOMAN.

Ottawa, Sept. 28th, 1913.

In the wee sma' hours a party of men left their club, where they had drunk unwisely. They proceeded until they came to a semi-detached villa, where they stopped, one of them advancing and knocking at the door. A woman put her head out of an upper window. "What do you want?" she demanded. "Ish this the residence of Mish'r Shmith?" inquired the man. "It is. What do you want?" "Ish it possible I have the honour shpeakin' to Misshus Shmith?" "Yes. What do you want?" "Dear Misshus Shmith! Good Misshus Shmith! Will you—hic—come down an' pick out Mr. Shmith? The resh of us want to go home!"