WOMAN.

[illegible] of the United States now [illegible] practice at the bar as [illegible]

[illegible] women municipal suffrage [illegible] duced in the Michigan Sen[illegible] Miles

[illegible] HERSHEY, in a recent article [illegible] over longer than man, goes in[illegible] unanimously, commits suicide [illegible] often, makes one-tenth the [illegible] demands on the public purse for support in [illegible] and almshouses."

[illegible] unit of humanity is not the [illegible] woman; but the man and the woman [illegible] and the more you can bring together [illegible] Church and in your industries [illegible] social life and in everything, man and woman so that we can reproduce the family life in which you have brothers and sisters meeting on equal terms, therein you will have less disorder, more purity, much more happiness.—*Wm T. Stead.*

MRS. GERTRUDE E. FONDA, of St. Albans Vt. has won the fifty-dollar prize offered for the best original design by a woman for an article of household furniture. Her design is a book-case in the form of a large volume and opens at a little more than right angles, with the leaves across the open pages. It is made of wood, and the binding, lettering and trimming of blue and gold are cleverly imitated. About 200 designs were submitted in the competition.

The Woman Suffrage Movement is again coming to the front in Oregon, after a period of seeming inactivity. An enthusiastic meeting was recently held in the Marquam Grand Opera in Portland, which developed the fact that though no great outward manifestation has been going on, the movement has been silently gaining strength. The champion of Woman Suffrage in Oregon, Mrs Abigail Scott Duniway, who has borne the burden of popularizing the equal rights cause on the Pacific Coast, and whose influence has been felt all over the United States, will in the near future establish another organ advocating the quality of the sexes and liberty in every form.—*World's Advance-Thought.*

WELL SAID

How a father, who will not refuse to come to the aid of a son in prison, because of intemperance, or infamy, in consequence of his unbridled and lawless lust, can be, as a rule absolutely pitiless to a forlorn daughter, whose pitfall was dugged by brutal masculine social philosophy or sophistry of sexual aim, is one of the outrages of Christian precept and example, whose only explanation lies in the indomitable and thus far untamable brutality of man. "Fallen women," forsooth, are there no men whose fall is implied in every woman's fall from rectitude? The melancholy difference between "fallen men" and "fallen women" seems to be, while men, from the mercy shown them by both sexes, not seldom seem to fall upstairs, women always seem to fall downstairs, and are speedily kicked to the bottom by the contempt of one sex and the cruelty of the other. Our masculine social philosophy is false. There should be no sex in mercy, compassion, humanity, forgiveness; least of all, in justice. We are either too kind to the boys or too cruel to the girls. In proportion as our daughters do not need us; but in moral adversity they bitterly need us, because every man is a tempter; every woman is a fury on her track. Father Ignatius, in a recent sermon before the New York Magdalene asylum, said:

The world has cast you off. Those who you believed loved you have cast you out to be trampled into the mire of sin. Your very mothers will have no more to do with you, because you have brought shame on the good name of your father; but Jesus, all the more you have sinned, stands with His arms open to receive you, ever ready to forgive you. "Though thy sins be as scarlet they shall be white than snow."

The melancholy thing is that nearly nineteen centuries of Christianity should find our ruling social philosophy still so barbaric that Father Ignatius was able to make this contrast between Christ and alleged Christian parents. It is true, and it is a pity it is true.—*Oregonian.*

A COMMON FORM OF FLATTERY

ELLA HIGGINSON says in the *West Shore*: How often you and I have heard gentlemen blandly and magnanimously remark that a woman looks more beautiful and more desirable when delicately preparing some dainty in the kitchen than when strumming her guitar in the parlor. How shallow those men are or else how shallow they consider us. Do we not know that they speak thus straight from the palate, and never from the eye or the heart? Once I had a sister-in-law who loved mince pies, but who detested the making and the taking of them; so she used to say to me, with the most soulful and lambkin expression in her eyes: "O, you do make the prettiest delicious pies I ever ate. Now, I can't make them good for anything. And, beside"—here she would assume a positively envious expression—"you don't know how pretty you look with your sleeves turned up and your kitchen apron on and your hands fluttering over the flaky crust," and she would sigh until I fancied she was dying of envy. May I be forgiven for I was very young, but I actually believed her. And the result was that she fairly reveled in mince pies of my making, and was on the high road to dyspepsia, when one day I overheard her telling a friend, with little hysterical shrieks of mirth, how she was fattening me, so she would not have to make the pastry. Well, that was ten years ago; and I would believe some things then with my eyes wide open that you could not get me to believe now with them shut—and one thing is that you or I look desirable gowned in a work apron, with our cheeks burnt scarlet and blisters on our arms than we do in cool soft silks smiling into somebody's eyes, in the parlor. If it be necessary for people to do their own work I like to see them do it cheerfully and lightheartedly. If they can afford servants, I like to see them giving a steady hand and a calm eye on the work in the kitchen, but I do not wish to hear any man tell his wife that she looks better in the kitchen than she does in the parlor. That means simply that he appreciates her more as a cook than as a wife. So dear, if your husband ever says that to you, smile at him like an angel and reply "Yes, sweetheart and I think you, too, would look more desirable and more manly carrying up coal, in a flannel shirt and blue overalls, than going to the opera in a dress suit and a white camelia." See how he relishes that, dear.

WOMEN AS COMPETITORS IN THE LABOR MARKET.

AMONG the important and serious problems which confront the promoters of labor's interests in that which deals with women's work. So great has been the extension of "woman's sphere" in recent years that it is now impossible to consider any labor question without taking her into account.

It is to the credit of organized workingmen especially in this country, that they see the situation in a proper light. Instead of attempting to fight the women workers, most of the unions recognize their right to work where they can, and endeavor to help them, at the same time protecting their own interests by demanding equal pay for equal work without regard to sex. In that way lies the only solution of the question.

In England, as in this country, the improvement in machinery has been the chief factor in driving women into the array of wage earners. The era of machinery is the era of woman workers. It is also the era of reduced wages. Recently Miss Van Etten, of New York, had this to say on the subject:

"Some years ago salesmen, book-keepers, clerks, stenographers, typewriters, etc., had salaries sufficient to support them. Now they have not. Women came into these occupations, took any compensation that was offered them, and the employers, you may be sure, fixed wages at the lowest possible point. Then men's wages were reduced. No employer will give more to a man than to a woman if he can get the latter to do the work satisfactorily. The result has been that the wages in many occupation have been brought down below what was considered the living point for men formerly. Women generally can afford to take wages which would not support a single man.

It is hard to get working women to realize that they are committing almost a crime in driving their natural protectors and providers out of their occupations by accepting wages which a man cannot live. They only think of the few dollars to be drawn at the end of the week, and do not consider that the injury will react upon themselves eventually. I have seen a great deal of the condition of working women, and I am compelled to say that, since their sphere has extended, they are worse off even than the working women in London. And the worst of it is they have dragged men down with them to starvation wages. Unconsciously they have combined with the manufacturers, storekeepers and others employers to make life harder for the workers of both sexes."

Organization is the one remedy. Women must recognize the dignity of labor and must go at it as a life affair. They should organize as extensively and as compactly as men do.

GO TO GAOL

It is abundantly evident that the labor struggle is not going to be a calm and decorous Sunday school procession kind of an affair.

That there are going to be rows and riots, and variegated blood and fire effects, is a fact written in big letters across the troubled sky of recent events.

The wholesale importation of police, soldiers, spies, and blacklegs into labor disputes is not calculated to promote brotherly love, peace and good will towards all men.

Landlords and capitalists who take a devilish delight in overworking and starving their wage-slaves and crushing every little attempt they make to slightly improve their condition, are not the most favorable factors towards "the gradual evolution of a higher plane of progress."

Newspaper editors, shrieking and howling like wolves and hyenas for the blood of Trades Union agitators and Socialists, are not the most desirable incarnations of that "eternal not ourselves," which Matthew Arnold said "makes for righteousness."

No, indeed; so we may as well make up our minds and prepare our plans for lively times.

And chiefly let us familiarize ourselves with the prospects of being sent to gaol.

Sent to gaol!

Most British workmen are dreadfully afraid of being sent to gaol.

Many of them would rather lose their right hand or throw themselves into a quarry pit than suffer the disgrace of being sent to gaol, no matter for how short a time or for how trivial an offence.

They will tell bundles of lies, fly hundreds of miles all over the country, and endure all sorts of privations and pains rather than be "nabbed by the police."

Now this is very wrong and foolish.

The fear of gaol is a cowardly fear, and the disgrace of being sent there is a vulgar and depraved superstition.

Has not almost every true and brave pioneer of progress been put in gaol? Has not the gaol been the very sanctuary of freedom and progress?

Irish Nationalists go as merrily to gaol as they would go to a wedding or a wake, and that is the reason that they are as sure to get Home Rule as that the flowers will bloom in spring.

And so must British workmen if they intend emancipating themselves from the thraldom of capitalism.

After all the gaol is not the dreadful place that most men foolishly imagine.

There are hundreds of thousands of people in our land who endure vastly more misery outside the gaol than they would have to endure inside it.

Yes, in comparison with many of the homes of the industrious poor, our prisons are palaces indeed, and in comparison with the daily toil they have to perform, the hard labor of our convicted felons is light and pleasant to a degree.

If it were not for the stupid prejudice attached to the thing, a good million or two industrious and honest folk would find it considerably to their physical and moral advantage to cease working in factories, railways, docks, and mines for the profits of capitalists and landlords, and take an occasional spell of the relatively comfortable lodging, wholesome fare, and reasonable toil which is provided for lawbreakers inside the walls of her Majesty's prisons.

Let, then, every advocate of labor and every Socialist ask himself whether he is prepared to go to gaol; and if he cannot answer resolutely "yes," then let him skulk out of the labor movement as quickly as he can, for he is a marplot and a hypocrite.

For the criminal law of this country has been so cunningly devised in the interest of the property thieves, that no man nor woman can freely and fearlessly speak or act against those thieves without being almost instantly caught in its inflexible meshes.

The first qualification for a Trades Union secretary or a labor member of Parliament should be that the candidate has been not less than three times in gaol for intimidation, conspiracy, or sedition.

Let the new labor cry therefore be, "Go to gaol."

Let workmen all over the land emulate each other in their anxiety to get there.

Let them cram the gaols full.

It will be known that a man can do better service to his fellows by going to gaol for them than by going to Parliament.

Let us have nursery rhymes for our children, inculcating their duty of going to gaol as the highest reward for good and noble deeds.

Instead of spending Trades Union funds in keeping men walking the streets begging for jobs, let the funds be spent in supporting the wives and families of men who have been sent to gaol for agitating, educating and organizing their fellows.

Finally:—

When there are more British workmen marching to gaol than to churches on Sundays, we will be within measurable distance of the emancipation of labor, and realization of freedom, justice and brotherhood.—*People's Press.*

GOD AND IMMORTALITY.

I say to mankind, be not curious about God,
For I, who am curious about each, am not curious about God.
(No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and death.)
I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least.
Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself.
Do you suspect death? If I were to suspect death I would die now.
Do you think I could walk pleasantly and well suited toward annihilation?
Do I suppose I have lived so long, then, to be afraid of anything without exception has an eternal soul!
The trees have, rooted in the ground! the weeds of the sea have! the animals!
I swear I think there is nothing but immortality:
That the exquisite scheme is for it, and the nebulous float is for it, and the cohering is for it!
And all preparation is for it—and identity is for it!
And life and materials are altogether for it!

—*Walt Whitman.*

THE FUTURE OF WARFARE.

CAPTAIN ZALINSKI, the inventor of the Zalinski gun, discusses in the *North American Review* the interesting question as to what will be the changes made in the art of war by the new explosives and the changes in warfare. He gives the first place to the condition of sanitation. During the Civil War 186,000 of the Northern soldiers died of disease, only 96,000 died from wounds received in battle. Disease will be probably less fatal, which will make up for the increased deadliness of weapons. Automatic rifles are now made to shoot seven rounds a second, and the small bored rifles enables soldiers to carry 70 per cent. more ammunition than heretofore. The increased deadliness, long range, and greater accuracy in fire rendered possible by the use of range-finders, will necessitate greater use of trenches and splinter-proof shelters. Non-commissioned officers will have to be more carefully selected, and soldiers will have to be more rigorously shot if they run away than in any previous period in the history of warfare. Captain Zalinski thinks that the lance and sabre are both useless encumbrances to cavalry; he would have them rely solely upon their revolvers. The telegraph and telephone will enable a much larger number of guns to be simultaneously brought into action, the mortars will once more come into use in order to shell troops within the sheltered trenches.

Photography is to play an important part among the auxiliaries of war. Reports of reconnoissances will present to the eye of the commander the very scenes of different parts of a proposed field of operation, and he will be able to judge at a glance that which would have taken some time to grasp if limited to the ordinary field notes of military reconnoissance.

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