

"For man the physiology and psychology of women is full of difficulties. He is not a little mystified when he encounters in her periodically recurring phases of hypersensitiveness, unreasonableness and loss of the sense of proportion. He is frankly perplexed when confronted with a complete alteration of character in a woman who is child-bearing. When he is a witness of the tendency of woman to morally warp when nervously ill, and of the terrible physical havoc which the pangs of a disappointed love may work, he is appalled. These upsets of her mental equilibrium are the things that a woman has the most cause to fear. No doctor can ever lose sight of the fact that the mind of a woman is always threatened with danger from the reverberations of her physiological emergencies. It is with such thoughts that the doctor lets his eye rest upon the militant suffragist. He cannot shut them to the fact that there is mixed up with the woman's movement much mental disorder; and he cannot conceal from himself the physiological emergencies which lie behind."

To these not too cheerful emanations of wisdom we may add that the potentiality of possibilities has had in the Dark Ages, unfortunately for mundane quietude, recurrences and incidents, equally as widespread, named as delusions and madresses. We must, as men, virile men, not cease to love thee dearly and dearly prize thee, for "in thee we find a bulwark for the cause of man," and even the glory of thy sanctity, as of old, enthrals our memory and our souls, for we read from old church manuscripts of the date 1459 that choristers sang the virtues of Mary, the Virgin mother of our Redeemer, and in these words expressive of adoration for God's masterpiece:

*"Fortem virili pectore, laudemus omnes Feminam quae sanctitatis gloria ubique fulget inclita."*

And yet with this eulogy, a clergyman, from his pulpit, recently said to his flock: "And thus, unwittingly, woman becomes again in the revolution of the ages what she was at first—the female creature, the possession, the thing for lust and for amusement, the cherished slave. For the death of a woman's soul follows when she pays with her body—a simple, immutable law."

Woman in America, splendid, free and queen! What have you done with the men who were given into your charge?

"Why art thou weeping, proud son of Rome?" asked the slave. Scipio's answer was: "Athens is in ashes. Carthage is burning. Rome's turn next"—and London? May L. Armitage writes: