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No. 6.

JUNE 1911

THE FORERUNNER

BY

Charlotte Perkins Gilman.



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A Monthly Magazine

WRITTEN, EDITED, OWNED AND PUBLISHED

By

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

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The Forerunner

The Man-made World

Or,

Our Androcentric Culture

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

"Since the beginning of recorded history the most civilized part of our world has held that woman was at the bottom of all the evil from which we are suffering. Now comes a woman who tells us that it is all the other way. In so far as the world is bad, she says, it is so because man has made it to suit himself, without regard for woman's ways and woman's needs.

"Furthermore, this woman says that for six thousand years, at least, man has been writing books about woman, as woman making her out to be everything but what she really is. This one woman is tired of the process. She wants to get even with man, and so she has written a book about man—as man. She knows that he will not like it, but she does not care. For she feels that the world can never become what it ought to be until woman gets a hand at its remaking, and for this reason the truth must be told first of all.

"Of the future Mrs. Gilman says this in conclusion: "The scope and purpose of human life is entirely above and beyond the field of sex relationship. Women are human beings, as much as men, by nature; and as women, they are even more sympathetic with human processes. To develop human life in its true powers we need full equal citizenship for woman."—*N. Y. Times*, Sunday, January 15, 1911.

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THE CHARLTON COMPANY

67 WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE FORERUNNER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

1.00 A YEAR

AUTHOR, OWNER & PUBLISHER
67 Wall Street, New York

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Parental duty is a law of Nature.

Filial duty is a virtue invented by the Patriarchs.

SOMETHING TO VOTE FOR

JUN 6 1911

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A One Act Play

Copyright, 1911
By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

TIME, 50 MINUTES.

PEOPLE IN THE PLAY.

MRS. MAY CARROLL: *A young, beautiful, rich widow; an "Anti"; President of Woman's Club; social leader.*DR. STRONG: *A woman doctor, from Colorado, interested in Woman Suffrage and pure milk.*MISS CARRIE TURNER: *Recording Secretary of Club; a social aspirant; agrees with everybody; "Anti."*MRS. REEDWAY: *Corresponding Secretary of Club; amiable, elderly nonentity; "Anti."*MRS. WOLVERHAMPTON: *Rich, impressive, middle-aged matron; "Anti."*MRS. O'SHANE: *A little woman in black; thin, poor.*LOUISE: *A maid.*CLUB WOMEN: *Mrs. Black, White, etc.*MR. HENRY ARNOLD: *A Milk Inspector.*MR. JAMES BILLINGS: *Head of the Milk Trust.*PLACE—*A parlor, porch or garden, belonging to Mrs. Carroll.*

PROPERTIES REQUIRED—*Chairs enough, a small table, a small platform covered with a rug, a table bell, two pitchers, a glass, a vase; two milk bottles filled with water, starch and a little black dirt; a yellow-backed bill, some red ink, a small bunch of flowers, two large clean handkerchiefs, a small bottle of iodine, a teacup. Miss Turner has a bag for her papers, and Dr. Strong an instrument bag or something similar, also a large pocket-book.*

SOMETHING TO VOTE FOR.

(Chairs arranged at right, platform, with table and three chairs at left front. Doors at left, right and center.)

(Enter Miss Turner and Mrs. Reedway, l.)

MRS. REEDWAY—Dear me! I was so afraid we'd be late!

MISS TURNER—(Looking at watch.) Oh, no! The meeting begins at three you know, and it's only quarter past!

MRS. REEDWAY—(Drawing scarf about her.) I wish it would get warmer! I do like warm weather!

MISS TURNER—So do I!

MRS. REEDWAY—What a lovely place Mrs. Carroll has! I think we are extremely fortunate to have her for our president.

MISS TURNER—So do I! She's so sweet!

MRS. REEDWAY—I hear she has asked Mr. Billings to this milk discussion.

MISS TURNER—Yes—you're not surprised are you?

MRS. REEDWAY—Oh, no! Every one is talking about them. He's been conspicuously devoted to her for some time now. I think it's her money he's after.

MISS TURNER—So do I! But she's crazy about him!

MRS. REEDWAY—I suppose she thinks he's disinterested—being so rich himself. But I've heard that he'd lose a lot if this milk bill goes through.

MISS TURNER—So have I!

(Enter Dr. Strong, l.)

DR. STRONG—Sorry to be late. I was detained by a patient.

MISS TURNER—Oh, you're not late, Dr. Strong. The ladies are usually a little slow in gathering.

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DR. STRONG—I see! And about what time do your meetings really begin?

MISS TURNER—About half past three, usually.

DR. STRONG—Next time I'll come then. I could have seen two more patients—I hate to see women so unpunctual.

MISS TURNER—So do I! This is Mrs. Reedway, our corresponding secretary, Dr. Strong. (*They shake hands.*)

MRS. REEDWAY—You must remember, Dr. Strong, that our members are not—as a whole—professional women.

DR. STRONG—More's the pity!

(*Enter Mrs. Wolverhampton, l.*)

MRS. WOLVERHAMPTON—Well, well! Not started yet? But you're always on hand, Miss Turner. (*Fans herself.*) Bless me, how hot it is! I do hate hot weather.

MISS TURNER—So do I.

MRS. REEDWAY—Have you met our new member, Mrs. Wolverhampton? Dr. Strong, of Colorado. (*Mrs. W. bows. Dr. S. comes forward and shakes hands.*)

MRS. WOLVERHAMPTON—Dear me! From Colorado! And I suppose you have voted!

DR. STRONG—I certainly have. You seem to think I look like it.

MRS. WOLVERHAMPTON.—Why, yes; if you'll pardon me, you do.

DR. STRONG—Pardon you? It seems to me a compliment. We're very proud of being voters—in my country.

(*Mrs. R. and Mrs. W. draw aside and converse in low tones. Miss T. fussily arranges papers; she has a large flat bag, and is continually diving into it and fumbling about.*) (*Enter Mrs. Carroll, c.*)

MRS. CARROLL—Pardon me, ladies! I'd no idea it was so late. (*Greets them all.*)

MISS TURNER—Dear Mrs. Carroll! Would you accept these flowers?

MRS. CARROLL—How charming of you, Miss Turner! They are lovely. (*Sweeps toward Dr. S., both hands out, c.*) My dear Doctor! I feel so glad and proud to have you with us! (*Turns to others.*) You know, Mrs. Wolverhampton, Dr. Strong saved my mother's life! If she had come here sooner I'm sure she would have saved my baby! And

she's going to be *such* a help to our club, aren't you, Doctor?

DR. STRONG—I'm not so sure of that, Mrs. Carroll. I'm afraid this isn't the sort of club I'm used to.

MRS. CARROLL—It's the sort of a club that needs you, Doctor! (*Takes Dr.'s arm and sits down with her.*) Make yourselves quite at home, ladies, the others will be here presently. (*Miss T., Mrs. R. and Mrs. W. go out, c.*) We've got everything arranged, Doctor. I'm going to have a bottle of the Billings Co. milk tested, and Mr. Billings himself is to be here.

DR. STRONG—That may be awkward.

MRS. CARROLL—Oh, no! The milk is all right—I've taken it for years. And I think he's a very fine man.

DR. STRONG.—(*Drily.*) So I hear.

MRS. CARROLL—You mustn't believe all you hear, Doctor.

DR. STRONG—I don't. But I hope it isn't true.

MRS. CARROLL—Hope what isn't true?

DR. STRONG—About you and Mr. Billings.

MRS. CARROLL—Never mind about me and Mr. Billings! The question is have you got the new Inspector to come?

DR. STRONG—Yes, he'll be ready on time—but the club won't, I'm afraid.

MRS. CARROLL—Oh, a few moments won't matter, I'm sure. It's a Mr. Arnold you said—do you know his initials?

DR. STRONG—His name's Henry T. Arnold. I believe he's honest and efficient.

MRS. CARROLL—(*Meditatively.*) I used to go to school with a boy named Harry Arnold—he was the very nicest boy in the room. I think he liked me pretty well—

DR. STRONG—And I think you liked him pretty well—eh?

MRS. CARROLL—Oh, well! That was years ago!

DR. STRONG—(*Suddenly.*) By the way, Mrs. Carroll, have you any red ink?

MRS. CARROLL—Red ink?

DR. STRONG—Yes, red ink—can you get me some?

MRS. CARROLL—Why, I'm sure I don't know. Let me see—I did have some—it's right here—if there is any. (*Goes out r. and returns with red ink.*)

DR. STRONG—Thank you. (*Takes out*

a yellow-backed bill, and deliberately marks it.)

MRS. CARROLL—How exciting! What do you do that for, Doctor?

DR. STRONG—Just a habit of mine. Some day I may see that again and then I'd know it.

MRS. CARROLL—Do you mark all your money?

DR. STRONG—Oh, no. Only some of it. And now will you do me a real favor?

MRS. CARROLL—Indeed I will!

DR. STRONG—Please do not make any remark about this bill if you see me change it!!

MRS. CARROLL—How mysterious! I won't say a word.

DR. STRONG—(*Putting away bill.*) You said I might bring along one of my patients, for evidence, and I have. I've got little Mrs. O'Shane here to tell them how it affects the poor people.

MRS. CARROLL—That will be interesting, I'm sure—where is she?

DR. STRONG — Waiting outside — I couldn't induce her to come in.

MRS. CARROLL—I'll bring her in.

(*Exit Mrs. C., l., returns with a small shabby woman in black, who shrinks into the chair farthest back and sits silent.*)

MRS. CARROLL—It's very good of you to come, Mrs. O'Shane; we're so much obliged!

(*Enter Louise, l.*)

LOUISE—Mr. Arnold, Ma'am.

MRS. CARROLL—Show him in, Louise. (*Exit Louise. Enter Mr. Arnold, l.*)

DR. STRONG—Mrs. Carroll—Mr. Arnold.

MRS. CARROLL—It is Harry Arnold, I do believe! But you don't remember me!

MR. ARNOLD—Don't remember little May Terry! The prettiest girl in school! I've never forgotten her. But I did not expect to find you here.

MRS. CARROLL—I'm glad to welcome you to my home, Mr. Arnold, as well as to our club. And how are you—getting on?

MR. ARNOLD—Nothing to boast of Mrs. Carroll, if you mean in dollars and cents. I like public work you see, and the salaries are not high.

MRS. CARROLL—But some of our officials get very rich, don't they?

MR. ARNOLD—Yes, some of them do, —but not on their salaries.

DR. STRONG—If you knew more about politics, Mrs. Carroll, you would think better of Mr. Arnold for not making much. And he an Inspector, too!

MRS. CARROLL—You don't mean that our public men are bribed, surely!

DR. STRONG—It's been known to occur.

MRS. CARROLL—Oh, I can't believe that such things go on—here! Did any one ever bribe you, Mr. Arnold?

MR. ARNOLD—Some have tried.

MRS. CARROLL—Not in this town, surely.

MR. ARNOLD—Not yet.

DR. STRONG—He's only just appointed, Mrs. Carroll.

MR. ARNOLD—Thanks to you, Dr. Strong.

DR. STRONG—Yes, I guess I did help. (*Enter Louise, l.*)

LOUISE—Mr. Billings.

MRS. CARROLL—Ask him to come in. (*Exit Louise, l. Enter Mr. Billings, l.*) Good afternoon, Mr. Billings. Let me present you to my dear friend, Dr. Strong—our new member. And Mr. Arnold you probably know—the Milk Inspector. (*Mr. Billings approaches Dr. Strong, who bows stiffly. He shakes hands amiably with Mr. Arnold.*)

MR. BILLINGS—Well, Mr. Arnold, I think we're going to make an impression on these ladies. I trust you'll deal gently with me.

MR. ARNOLD—I'll do the best I can, Mr. Billings. I didn't expect to have the head of the Milk Trust in my audience.

MRS. CARROLL—That is all my fault, Mr. Arnold. I have taken milk of Mr. Billings' company for years, and it's always good. And I want the ladies to know it. Mr. Billings can stand the test.

MR. ARNOLD—I'm glad to hear it, Mrs. Carroll.

MR. BILLINGS—(*Genially.*) You'll show up all of us rascally milk-men I don't doubt.

MR. ARNOLD—I hope not. (*Mr. Billings goes to Mrs. Carroll. They talk apart. Dr. Strong confers with Mr. Arnold.*)

DR. STRONG—(*To Mr. Arnold.*) Now

Mr. Arnold watch me, and be sure you play up. Say you can't make change for this bill! (*Goes to Mr. Billings.*) Mr. Billings—can you—and will you—change this bill for me? Mr. Arnold here can't make it.

MR. ARNOLD—I'm sorry, Doctor. But I haven't seen a hundred dollar bill in some time.

MRS. CARROLL—Perhaps I can—

MR. BILLINGS—No indeed, Mrs. Carroll! I shall be delighted, Dr. Strong,—if I have that much about me. (*Brings out bills from pockets and makes up the amount.*)

DR. STRONG—Thank you, Mr. Billings. (*Gives him her marked bill. The club members are seen arriving in background, c. Returning to Mr. A.*) What figures have you brought, Mr. Arnold? I don't want to cross your trail. (*They confer apart.*)

MR. BILLINGS—(*To Mrs. Carroll.*) Isn't it rather a new thing for you to interest yourself in public matters, Mrs. Carroll?

MRS. CARROLL—Oh, but milk is really a domestic matter—don't you think so? So many of our ladies are getting interested in it.

MR. BILLINGS—I suspect that is because you are! I do not think you realize your influence in this town.

MRS. CARROLL—I'm sure you overestimate it.

MR. BILLINGS—Not in the least! Look at the way you swing this club! And these are the society lights—all the other women follow. And the men are yours to command anyhow! I tell you such an influence as yours has Woman Suffrage beaten to a standstill!

MRS. CARROLL—Oh!—Woman Suffrage! (*With great scorn. Enter Mrs. Wolverhampton, c.*)

MRS. WOLVERHAMPTON—Pardon me Mrs. Carroll, but it is half past three.

MRS. CARROLL—Dear me! yes, we must come to order. (*Ladies all come in and take seats. Some polite confusion. Mrs. Carroll in the chair. Mrs. O'Shane and Mr. Billings at extreme right, behind others but near front of stage.*) Platform, table, etc., *l. front.*)

MRS. CARROLL—(*Rising.*) Ladies, and—gentlemen,—I—er—as you all know, I can't make a speech,—and I'm not in

the least fit to be the president of a club—but you would have it you know! (*Murmur of approval; faint applause.*) I am very glad to welcome you to my home, and I'm sure I hope we shall all enjoy meeting here. (*More faint applause.*) I don't suppose it's very business like—but the very first thing I want to do is to introduce our new member, Dr. Strong of Col. (*Mrs. C. sits, Dr. S. rises and bows.*) O do come forward to the platform, Doctor, where we can all see you.

DR. STRONG—(*Coming to platform.*) Madam President—Ladies—and gentlemen! I did not expect to be sprung on you until after the reading of the minutes at least. But I am very glad to meet you and to feel that you have honored me with membership in what I understand is the most influential woman's club in this community. I have heard that this is a very conservative club, but I find that you are interesting yourselves in one of the most vital movements of our time—a question of practical politics—Pure Milk. (*The ladies cool and stiffen at the word "politics."*) It is a great question—a most important question—one that appeals to the mother-heart and housekeeping sense of every woman. It is a matter of saving money and saving life—the lives of little children! I do not know of any single issue now before us which is so sure to make every woman want to vote. The ballot is our best protection. (*Cries of "no!" "no" Much confusion and talking among members. One hiss. Mrs. Wolverhampton rises ponderously.*)

MRS. WOLVERHAMPTON — Madam President! I rise to a point of order! I move you that our new member be informed that all discussion of woman suffrage is forbidden by the by-laws of this club! There is no subject so calculated to disrupt an organization.

MRS. BLACK—Madam President!

MRS. CARROLL—Mrs. Black.

MRS. BLACK—I wish to second the motion! We decided long ago to allow no discussion of woman suffrage! I consider it to be one of the most dangerous movements of our time!

MRS. WHITE—Madam President!

MRS. CARROLL—Mrs. White. Won't you come forward, Mrs. White?

MRS. WHITE—O no, excuse me—no.

I'll speak from here. I merely wish to agree with the previous speaker. Woman suffrage breaks up the home.

MRS. GREY—Madam President!

MRS. GREEN—Madam President.

MRS. CARROLL—Mrs. Grey I think spoke first. In a moment, Mrs. Green. Mrs. Gray. I just want to say that I for one should feel obliged to resign if woman suffrage is to be even mentioned in the club!

MRS. GREEN—Madam President!

MRS. BROWN—Madam President!

MRS. &C—Madam President! (*There has been a constant buzz of disapproval.*)

MRS. CARROLL—Ladies! One at a time, please! (*Several ladies are on their feet. All speak together.*)

MRS. GREEN—A woman's place is in the home, Madam President! If she takes good care of the home and brings up her children right—

MRS. BROWN—Women are not fitted for politics, they haven't the mind for it—and my husband says politics is not fit for women, either!

MRS. JONES—This club decided long ago that it was against woman suffrage—et al. Who'd take care of the baby?

Our power is through our feminine influence—

Yes—a woman's influence.—(*Great confusion.*)

MRS. CARROLL—(*Rapping feebly on the table.*) Ladies, ladies, we will adjourn for some refreshments. Won't you please all come and have some tea? (*All go out, c. and r. still talking. Mrs. C. and Mr. B. last. Dr. S. and Mr. A remain.*)

MR. ARNOLD—(*To Dr. S.*) Well, Dr. Strong, you did put your foot in it!

DR. STRONG—(*Ruefully.*) Yes—that was unfortunate, wasn't it? I'd no idea they'd fly up like that.

MR. ARNOLD—Never mind. I'll only talk milk to 'em—pure milk!

DR. STRONG—(*Walks up and down, hands behind her, much perturbed.*) I'm right sorry to have annoyed those women. This is an awfully important occasion. Even if they can't vote, they could do something.

MR. ARNOLD—Don't you fret, Doctor, we'll get them interested.

DR. STRONG—You don't know how

important this is. The death rate among the babies here is something shameful—it's mostly owing to bad milk—and the bad milk is mostly owing to this man Billings. If this bill passes he's got the whole thing in his hands! And he's crooked!

MR. ARNOLD—I'd about come to that conclusion, myself.

DR. STRONG—He's got her confidence you see—and she swings this town, socially. What's more, he means to marry her—and he's not a fit man to marry any decent woman. We've got to put a spoke in his wheel, Mr. Arnold!

MR. ARNOLD—I'm willing.

DR. STRONG—You'll never get a better opportunity than right now! He'll try to fix you before you speak—I'll promise you that! and do you stick out for that hundred dollar bill—and take it!

MR. ARNOLD—I guess not! What do you think I am?

DR. STRONG—I think you're man enough to see this game through. It's a marked bill, I tell you! You take that hundred and look at it—if there's a speck of red in the middle on the top—on both sides—you take it, and bring it out in evidence after you've shown up the milk!

MR. ARNOLD—But the milk he sends here'll be all right.

DR. STRONG—Of course! But I've brought in another bottle in my bag—and I'm going to substitute it! It's his milk, all right—the common grocery store kind—you'll be safe with the iodine test. Sh! You take that bill!

(*Re-enter Mrs. C. c. bringing tea to Mrs. O'Shane.*)

MRS. CARROLL—(*To Mrs. O.*) We are really much indebted to you for coming, Mrs. O'Shane—I hope you are quite comfortable?

MRS. O'SHANE—Thank you Ma'am, thank you kindly!

MRS. CARROLL—(*Crossing to Dr. S.*) Now Dr. Strong, you musn't be angry because our ladies are not suffragettes.

DR. STRONG—Not a bit—I'm only sorry I mentioned it—I'm here to talk milk—not suffrage.

MRS. CARROLL—That's so nice of you! Now do go out and get some tea, doctor. (*Exit Dr. S. r.*)

MRS. CARROLL—I suppose you're

going to be very impressive Mr. Arnold! You were as a boy, you know!

MR. ARNOLD—Was I? I don't remember that.

MRS. CARROLL—Yes, indeed. You used to brush your hair,—when you did brush it—in a way I thought extremely fine.

MR. ARNOLD—And yours was always brushed! Beautiful long soft curls! I used to wish I dared touch them!

MRS. CARROLL—My hair's grown so much darker since then, and I'm getting grey.

MR. ARNOLD—(*Drawing nearer.*) Grey! It's a libel! Not a single one.

MRS. CARROLL—There were—two or three—but, to speak confidentially, I pulled them out.

MR. ARNOLD—It wasn't necessary. You will be still more beautiful with grey hair!

MRS. CARROLL—You didn't make compliments at thirteen.

MR. ARNOLD—No—I didn't dare.

MRS. CARROLL—And how do you dare now.

MR. ARNOLD—The courage of desperation, I suppose. Here you are, still young, more beautiful than ever—the richest woman in the town; the social leader; able to lift and stir all these women—and here am I, a lot older than you are—and nothing but a milk inspector!

MRS. CARROLL—You haven't had much personal ambition, have you?

MR. ARNOLD—No, I haven't. But I might—if I were encouraged.

MRS. CARROLL—Mr. Arnold! I am so glad to find you are my old friend. And to think that you do—perhaps—value my opinion.

MR. ARNOLD—You're right as to that. That's what discouraged me when you married Carroll; and when I heard that you had become a mere society woman—You've got a good mind, always had, but you don't use it.

MRS. CARROLL—You do think I have a mind then?

MR. ARNOLD—Indeed I do! A first-class one!

MRS. CARROLL—Then let me persuade you to speak for this milk bill, Mr. Arnold! And I do hope in your speech—you'll mention the excellent influence—

on the milk, you know—of Mr. Billings' company.

MR. ARNOLD—Why—I shall have to tell what I know, Mrs. Carroll; you want the facts.

MRS. CARROLL—Of course we want the facts! But—having Mr. Billings' milk to be tested—and Mr. Billings here—and he being a good friend of mine—I'm particularly anxious to have his reputation thoroughly established.

MR. ARNOLD—I see. And if I said anything against Mr. Billings, we should meet as strangers?

MRS. CARROLL—Not at all, Mr. Arnold! It's the milk we're talking about—not Mr. Billings.

MR. ARNOLD—I beg pardon—I understand! (*Re-enter Mr. B. c. Exit Mr. A. r.*)

MR. BILLINGS—(*Coming to Mrs. C.*) I began to think I shouldn't have a chance to see you at all!

MRS. CARROLL—Why I'm quite conspicuous, I'm sure,—in the chair!

MR. BILLINGS—Ah! But I like best to see you alone!

MRS. CARROLL—No one sees me when I'm alone!

MR. BILLINGS—You can joke about it, Mrs. Carroll; it is a very serious matter to me. You must know how much I care for you—how long I have been devoted to you. You know I'm an ambitious man, Mrs. Carroll. I must be to dare hope for you! There are things I can't speak of yet—big chances in politics—if I had you with me—with your beauty and fascinating ways—By Heavens! There's no place I wouldn't try for. (*Walks up and down excitedly.*) I never wanted anything so much in my life—as I want you. When will you give me an answer?

MRS. CARROLL—Certainly not now, Mr. Billings.

MR. BILLINGS—When the meeting is over?

MRS. CARROLL—Perhaps—when the meeting is over.

(*Enter Miss Turner c. with bag and papers.*)

MRS. CARROLL (*rises, and goes to her.* Mr. B. turns away)—Well, Miss Turner, are you going to set us to work again?

MISS TURNER—I hope I don't interrupt—

MRS. CARROLL—Interrupt! Why this is a club meeting, Miss Turner! Are we ready now?

MISS TURNER—Perhaps, if you'd have the maid bring in the sample.

MRS. CARROLL—Oh, yes. (*Rings. Enter maid r.*)

MRS. CARROLL—Bring in the bottle of milk, Louise. (*Exit maid r. Re-enter Dr. S. and Mr. A. c.*)

MRS. BILLINGS (*jocularly*)—I'm to be the scapegoat for the sins of the whole community, I see!

MRS. CARROLL—You are going to clear the good name of our milk supply, Mr. Billings.

(*Re-enter maid r. with bottle of milk, sets it on table l. f.*)

MRS. CARROLL—Here it is! The best milk in town. (*They all approach table.*)

MR. BILLINGS (*takes it up*)—That's mine, all right. Name blown in the bottle, sealed with paraffine, air-tight from cow to customer, Mr. Arnold!

MR. ARNOLD (*examining bottle*)—Looks like good milk, Mr. Billings.

MR. BILLINGS—It is good milk, Mr. Arnold; there's none better in the market! We're not afraid of your examination.

MR. ARNOLD—Do you send out a uniform quality?

MR. BILLINGS—Well, hardly that, of course. We have some with less butter fat, comes a cent or two lower—but it's all pure milk.

DR. STRONG (*to A. aside*)—Get 'em to look at your papers—call 'em off!

MR. ARNOLD—Have you seen our official cards, Mrs. Carroll? (*Takes out papers. They turn to him. The doctor whips out bottle of milk from her bag and changes it for the one on the table. Billings hears her and turns around. Comes over to table and takes bottle up. Starts. Others turn also.*)

DR. STRONG—What's the matter?

MR. BILLINGS—Matter? Why—nothing.

DR. STRONG—Name blown in the bottle all right? Paraffine seal all right? (*All come to look.*)

MR. BILLINGS—Yes, yes, it's all right. (*Moves off evidently perturbed.*)

MRS. CARROLL—What is it? Anything wrong with the milk?

MR. BILLINGS—No, no, certainly not.

MRS. CARROLL—Well, Miss Turner, I think we must collect our audience. (*They go out. c.*)

DR. STRONG—Can I be of assistance? (*Follows with a meaning glance at Mr. A. who is by the table.*)

(*Mr. B. with sudden determination walks swiftly to the table to take milk bottle. Mr. A. seizes it.*)

MR. BILLINGS—Excuse me, Mr. Arnold—but there's a mistake here! This is not the milk I sent Mrs. Carroll—by some error it's a bottle of our second quality. I'd hate to have her find it out. I've got my car here and I'm just going to run off and change this—it won't take but a minute!

MR. ARNOLD (*holding the bottle*)—I don't think you'd better, Mr. Billings. It would look badly. There's really no time.

MR. BILLINGS (*agitated*)—I guess you're right. See here—this is a very important matter to me—more important than you know. . . . This bottle is not my *best* milk—but—but I'd be much obliged to you if it tested well—

MR. ARNOLD (*drily*)—I hope it will.

MR. BILLINGS—Look here, Arnold, confound it! They'll all be back in a minute! Here! Quick! (*Passes him a bill.*)

MR. ARNOLD (*takes it. Looks at it, both sides*)—I'm not in the habit of taking bribes, Mr. Billings.

MR. BILLINGS—Sh! I can see that—you are so stiff about it! For goodness sake, man, see me through this foolish hen-party and I'll make it well worth your while! Come, put that in your pocket for this one occasion, you understand!

MR. ARNOLD—Well—just for this one occasion! (*Puts bill in pocket.*)

(*Ladies all re-enter r. l. c. and take seats. Meeting called to order. Mrs. C. in chair as before; l. f., bustle, talk.*)

MRS. CARROLL (*rapping on table*)—Will the meeting please come to order. I think, since it is already so late—and since we have such important—er—such an important—question to discuss, it will be as well to postpone the regular order of business until our next meeting. I'm

sure you will be glad to have our discussion opened with a few words from Mr. Billings. Mr. Billings is the head of the milk business here, and knows more about it than any man in town. It is his milk which we are to have tested this afternoon—and he is proud to have it so—aren't you, Mr. Billings? (*Smiles at him.*)

MR. BILLINGS (*rather constrainedly*)—Yes; yes.

MRS. CARROLL—Now, do talk to us a little, Mr. Billings. Won't you please come forward.

MR. BILLINGS (*rising in his place*)—Madam President, and ladies, also Mr. Inspector: I feel it to be an honor to be here to-day to meet so many of the leading ladies of our community; to see so many fair faces—hear so many sweet voices—take the hand of so many I am proud to number among my friends. I wish to congratulate this club on its new president (*bows to Mrs. Carroll.*)—a lady whose presence carries a benefaction wherever she goes. (*Applause.*) In these days, when so many misguided and unwomanly women are meeting together for all manner of unnecessary and sometimes utterly mistaken purposes, it is a genuine pleasure to find here so many true women of that innate refinement which always avoids notoriety. (*Takes out large white handkerchief and wipes face.*) The subject upon which I have been asked to address you is one which appeals to the heart of every woman—milk for babes! The favorite food of our children, the mainstay of the invalid, the foundation of all delicate cookery!

It has been my pleasure, ladies, and my pride to have helped in serving this community with pure and healthful milk for many years past.

Our new organization, of which there is now so much discussion in the public press, is by no means the evil some would have you believe. I speak as one who knows. This is not the place for dry financial statistics, but I assure you that through this combination of milk dealers which has been recently effected you will have cheaper milk than has ever been given here before, and a far more regular and reliable service. For the quality we must trust to the opinion of

these experts (*waves his hand to Dr. Strong and Mr. Arnold*); but for the wish to serve your best interests, and for a capacity in service developed through years of experience, you may always count upon yours truly. (*Bows and sits. Stir and murmurs of approval. Applause.*)

MRS. A.—Isn't he interesting.

MRS. B.—Just what I think.

MRS. CARROLL—I'm sure we are all very grateful to Mr. Billings for giving us so much of his valuable time. It is so interesting, in this study of large general questions, to get information from the fountain head. And now we shall learn the medical side of it from a most competent authority. Ladies, I take pleasure in introducing my dear friend, Dr. Strong, who will speak to us on—what do you call it, Doctor?

DR. STRONG (*coming forward*)—Let us call it The Danger of Impure Milk. (*Stands a moment, looking earnestly at them.*) We all love babies. We love our own babies best of all, naturally. We all want to feed our babies well, and some of us can't do it ourselves. Next to the Mother, the most important food supplier for our children is the Cow. Milk is the most valuable article of food for little children.

I suppose you all know that bottle-fed babies die faster than breast-fed—by far; they die mostly in summer, and from enteric and diarrheal diseases. (*Reads from notes.*) 17,437 babies under a year old died in New York in 1907; 1,315 died in Boston between June 1st and November 30th of that same year—in six months. In Fall River, at that time, more than 300 out of 1,000 died—nearly one-third. In New York, in five years, over 23,000 children of all ages died of measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria combined, and in the same time over 26,000 babies under two years died of diarrheal diseases. Out of 1,943 cases of these infantile diseases, in New York, only three per cent were breast-fed.

Now, ladies, this class of diseases comes from bacteria, and the bacteria come, in the vast majority of cases, from the milk. You see, the bottle-fed baby does not get its supply directly from the source, as when fed by its

mother; between the Cow and the Baby stands the Milkman. The Milkman is not a mother. I really believe that if mothers ran the milk business they would not be willing to poison other women's babies even to make money for their own!

The producer and distributer of milk has small thought for the consumers' interests. To protect the consumer, the law now provides the Milk Inspector. But the Milk Inspector has on one side a few alert business men, often ready to pay well to protect their interests, and on the other the great mass of apathetic citizens, who do not take the trouble to protect their own.

The discussion to-day is in the hope of rousing this club to see the vital importance of pure milk for our children, and to urge its members to use their influence to secure it.

By the kind permission of your president I have brought with me a resident of a less fortunate part of the town, that she may give you a personal experience. Mrs. O'Shane, will you please come to the platform? (*The little woman in black rises, hesitates, sits down again.*)

MRS. CARROLL—Won't you please make room, ladies? (*She comes down and escorts Mrs. O'Shane to platform. Mrs. O'Shane much agitated.*)

DR. STRONG—Brace up, Mrs. O'Shane. It's for little Patsy's sake, you know. He's gone, but there are many more.

MRS. O'SHANE—Indade there are, thank Hiven! It's not too late for the others! The street's full ov thim! If ye please, ladies, did any of you ever lose a child?

MRS. CARROLL (*coming to her and taking her hand*)—I have, Mrs. O'Shane. (*Sits again.*)

MRS. O'SHANE—There's many, I don't doubt. But ye have the consolation of knowin' that your children had all done that could be done for thim. An' ours dies on us every summer—such a many of thim dies—an' we can't help it. They used to tell us 'twas the Hand 'o God, and then they said 'twas the hot weather, and now they're preachin' it to us everywhere that 'tis the milk does it! The hot weather is bad, because thim things that's in the milk shwarms thicker

and faster—thim little bugs that kills our babies. . . . If ye could have seen my little Patsy! He was the han'-somesest child, an' the strongest! Walkin' he was—and him hardly a year old! An' he was all I had—an' me a widder! An', of course, I took the best milk I could get; but all the milk in our parts comes from the Trust—an' sixteen cents a quart for thim fancy brands I could not pay. An', just think of it—even if I could, there's not enough of that sort *to go around!* There's so many of us! We have no choice, and we have no money to pay for the extras, an' we must give our babies the milk that is sold to us—an' they die! . . .

I know I should care most for the hundreds an' thousands of thim—an' for Mrs. Casey's twins that died in a week last summer, an' three of Mrs. Flaharty's, an' even thim little blackies on Bay street; but I care the most for my Little Patsy—havin' but the wan! Ladies, if you could have seen him! The hair on his head was that soft!—an' all in little rings o' curls! An' his cheeks like roses—before he took sick; an' his little feet was that pretty—an' he'd kick out so strong and bold with them! An' he could stand up, and he was beginning to hold on the chairs like—an' he'd catch me by the skirts an' look up at me with such a smile—an' pull on me he would, an' say Mah! Mah! An' what had I to give him but the milk? And the milk killed him. . . . I beg your pardon, ladies, but it breaks my heart! (*She cries. Mrs. Carroll comforts her, crying too. Many handkerchiefs out. Mrs. Carroll rises up, repressing emotion.*)

MRS. CARROLL—Ladies, we will now hear from our new Inspector, Mr. Arnold. (*Mr. Arnold comes forward and bows.*)

MR. ARNOLD—I fear cold facts will make but little impression after this moving appeal. Mrs. O'Shane has given you the main points in the case. Most people are poor. Most milk is poor. And the poorest milk goes to the poorest people. The community must protect itself. The Inspector has no power except to point out defects in the supply. Action must be taken to enforce the law, and unless the public does its duty there is often no action taken. (*Reads from*

paper.) Dr. Strong has given you some figures as to the mortality among babies. There is also a heavy death rate for adults from contaminated milk, as in the case of the typhoid fever outbreak in Stamford, Conn., in 1895, when 160 cases were reported in nine days, 147 of which had all used milk from one dairyman. In about six weeks 386 cases were reported; of these 352 took milk from that one dealer, and four more got it from him indirectly. His dairy was closed, and in two weeks the outbreak had practically subsided.

Typhoid fever, scarlet fever and diphtheria, as well as many less common diseases, are spread by infected milk.

The inspection service watches both the producer and distributor; examining the dairy farm as to the health of the cattle, the nature of their surroundings, the care given them, the methods of milking, bottling, and so on; and looking to the milkmen in each step of handling, carriage and delivery.

In judging milk there are three main questions to be considered: Its comparative quality as good milk (the percentage of butter-fats, etc.); its cleanliness (dirty milk is always likely to carry disease); and its freedom from adulteration—from the primitive pump-water and starch down to the subtler and more dangerous commercial methods of today.

I have been asked to show you a simple test or two—such as might be used at home. These do not require chemical or bacteriological analysis, a microscope or a lactometer; merely a fine cloth (*produces it*) and a little iodine (*produces that*).

(*The ladies lean forward eagerly. Mr. Billings looks indifferent.*)

MR. ARNOLD—Please understand, ladies, that neither of these tests proves anything absolutely harmful. I feel extremely awkward in testing a bottle of the Billings Company milk in the presence of Mr. Billings. Please remember that the Billings Company has many supply dairies. If this one bottle should not prove first-class it is no direct reproach to your guest.

MR. BILLINGS—Ladies, I do not ask any excuses. The Billings Company is reliable.

MRS. CARROLL—We have every confidence in this milk, Mr. Billings; that is why I asked for the test.

MR. ARNOLD—May I ask for another vessel—a pitcher or milk bottle?

(*Mrs. Carroll rings. Enter Louise, r.*)

MRS. CARROLL—Bring another pitcher, Louise, and an empty milk bottle—clean. (*Exit Louise, r., and returns with them, r., while Mr. Arnold continues.*)

MR. ARNOLD—Only two things are to be decided by this little test—whether the milk is clean, and whether it has starch in it. If it is clean milk, according to our standard, there will be but a slight smear on the cloth when it is strained. (*He puts cloth over top of pitcher, pushing it down inside, and fastens it with string or rubber band; then solemnly pours in most of the milk. Buzz among ladies.*)

MR. ARNOLD—While this is straining, I will apply the iodine test to what remains in the bottle. If there is starch in it, it will turn blue. (*Pours water from a glass into the bottle, adds a few drops of iodine, shakes it, holds it up before them. It is blue.*)

MRS. W., MRS. B., MRS. G. (*together*)—Oh! Look at that! Just think of it!

(*Mr. Billings much confused, but unable to escape.*)

MR. ARNOLD—I'm afraid one of the supplying dairymen thins his milk and whitens it. Starch is not dangerous. Dirt is. We will now examine our strainer. (*Holds up cloth. A heavy, dark deposit is shown. There is a tense silence.*)

MRS. O'SHANE (*suddenly rising up*)—That's what killed my Patsy! (*Points at Mr. Billings.*) An' 'twas him that did it! (*Commotion.*)

MR. BILLINGS (*rising*)—Ladies, I demand to be heard! You have all known me for years. Most of you take my milk. You know it is good. There is some mistake; that is not the milk that should have been delivered here.

MRS. CARROLL—Evidently not.

MRS. O'SHANE—No! 'Tis not the milk for the rich—'tis the milk for the poor!

MR. BILLINGS—Ladies, I protest! My standing in this community—my years

of service—ought to give me your confidence long enough to look into this matter. I must find out from which of my suppliers this inferior milk has come. We will have a thorough overhauling, I assure you. I had no idea any such milk was being handled by us.

MR. ARNOLD—Then why did you give me this bill? (*Shows marked bill.*) This was handed to me a few moments ago by Mr. Billings to ensure my giving him a favorable test. It is the first time I ever held a bribe—even for evidence.

DR. STRONG (*coming forward*)—Ladies, I wish to clear Mr. Arnold of even a moment's suspicion. I knew the Milk Trust would not bear inspection, so I urged Mr. Arnold to take the money, if it was offered, and bring it out in evidence. There it is.

MR. BILLINGS—I suspected as much! This is admitted to be a conspiracy between our new doctor and our new inspector. But I trust, ladies, that more than the word of two strangers will be required to condemn an old friend and fellow-citizen.

DR. STRONG—I gave you that bill, Mr. Billings; it's the one you changed for me just now. That much of a conspiracy I admit.

MR. BILLINGS—So you and your accomplice had it all framed up to knife me! And is your word and his—a man whose very admission proves him a venal scoundrel—to stand against mine? Do you think I had but one hundred-dollar bill about me?

DR. STRONG—I doubt if you had more than one with a red mark in the middle

of the top—on both sides! (*Mrs. Carroll suddenly takes up bill and examines it. Rises.*)

MRS. CARROLL—It was a painful surprise to find the quality of milk which has been served to me, but it is more painful to see that it was evidently known to be bad. Ladies, I saw Dr. Strong mark that bill. I saw her give it to him in change for smaller ones.

MRS. O'SHANE—Sure, an' I saw him pass it to the man!

MRS. CARROLL—Ladies, if you will kindly move a little I think Mr. Billings would be glad to pass out. (*They make way for him and he goes out, turns at door and shakes fist at Mr. Arnold.*)

MR. BILLINGS—You'll lose your job, young man! I have some power in this town!

MRS. CARROLL—And so have I, Mr. Billings. I'll see that Mr. Arnold keeps his place. We need him. You said this club could carry the town; that we women could do whatever we wanted to here—with our "influence"! Now we see what our "influence" amounts to! Rich or poor, we are all helpless together unless we wake up to the danger and protect ourselves. That's what the ballot is for, ladies—to protect our homes! To protect our children! To protect the children of the poor! I'm willing to vote now! I'm glad to vote now! I've got something to vote for! Friends, sisters, all who are in favor of woman suffrage and pure milk say Aye!

(*Clubwomen all rise and wave their handkerchiefs, with cries of "Aye!"*)
CURTAIN.

A DIET UNDESIED

He was set to keep a flock of sheep,
And they seemed to him too slow;
So he took great pains to improve their brains
With food to make them grow.

But they would not eat the high-spiced meat
For all that he could say;
His scorn was wasted and the food untasted—
For the sheep weren't made that way!

He would make them take his good beefsteak!
So he raged day after day;
But his anger deep was lost on the sheep—
For they were not made that way!

THE consolations of religion" have been offered to us with age long reiteration. Persons who were healthy and happy, and so felt no need of consolation, were apt to be similarly indifferent to religion; and those who labored to convert them were obliged to fall back on gloomy prognostications, saying, "One of these days trouble will come to you; *then* you will feel the need of religion."

This was an unfortunate association of ideas, for no person likes to anticipate misery. There is an attitude among some Socialists closely akin to the above, they holding that poverty must increase until, by some social alchemy, extreme unhappiness drives men into Socialism.

Increase of poverty is considered to lead to Socialism as increase of misery to religion, and in both cases the effect on an average mind is one of preferred postponement. If one can avoid the misery, why bother with religion? If one can avoid the poverty, why bother with Socialism? Perhaps the average mind is not wise in its feelings, but it is here to be dealt with none the less.

It is true that a satisfying religion is "a very present help in time of trouble." If we know that the general management of things is good, we can stand a temporary personal mishap with equanimity.

But this is by no means the main use of one's basic faith. If it were, if the chief power of religion was as a solace, a comforter, a hope and promise for the future to those whose present is miserable, then it would lose its hold as the happiness of the world increased. If the advance of Socialism were best promoted by the advance of poverty, then it would be hindered by the general gain in wealth.

The appeal of Socialism is to each of us, rich and poor, offering greater happiness to all; and the appeal of religion should be the same. Let us have, not only the consolations of religion, but its congratulations! What has religion to say of happiness?

A successful God surely requires the rich fulfillment of the known laws of life, and that fulfillment means happiness. We have in our range of con-

sciousness the whole scale of joy now known, and unmeasured possibilities beyond that.

Mere physical existence, rightly carried out, means happiness. As healthy animals we should experience, from glad uprising to peaceful lying down, the steady well being of quiet nerves, normal digestion, and the orderly performance of functions, each bringing its own satisfaction. Just being healthy makes life one long contentment, and is itself a primal duty. What has religion to say to a healthy person? And what has a healthy person to say to religion? It should be to us not a sort of accident insurance, but an assurance of well being.

Seeing life to be a good and pleasant thing, the world a garden in the making (not a garden lost!) and mankind engaged in a majestic upward progress; finding ourselves personally comfortable and clearly on the road to great joy, what place has religion in such a scheme of things?

It has the most vital and important position; it is the great equalizer, director, promoter of all this blessedness. It is not a mere system of therapeutics for sick souls, but a science of practical psychology for well ones.

Religion should give to the mind a clear, satisfying explanation of life, not based on a hotly defended revelation, but on common knowledge; a glad sense of assured respect for the Central Power, of absolute confidence in and enjoyment of it as a Working Force, well proven; and lines of conduct laid out so clearly that any normal child could see why this is right and that is wrong.

No vague mystery in this religion of our children, but well-established facts: requiring no stultification of the intellect, but full use of our best intelligence; no abnegation and surrender of the will, but the fullest exercise of that vital power.

Such a religion recognizes happiness as the norm of life, the health of the soul; and shows the way to it. Then we shall not say, "Ah, wait till you are in trouble; then you will need religion!" but, "Ah, let us make you happy; then you will appreciate religion!"

THE CRUX

CHAPTER VI.

NEW FRIENDS AND OLD.

There is hope till life is through, my dear!
 And wonders never cease;
 'Twould be too bad to be true, my dear,
 If all one's swans were geese!

VIVIAN'S startled cry of welcome was heard by Susie, perched on the stairs with several eager youths gathered as close as might be about her, and several pairs of hands helped her swift descent to greet her brother.

Miss Orella, dropping Mr. Dyke-man's arm, came flying from the ball-room.

"Oh Morton! Morton! When did you come? Why didn't you let us know? Oh, my *dear* boy!"

She haled him into their special parlor—took his hat away from him—pulled out the most comfortable chair—

"Have you had supper? And to think that we haven't a room for you! But there's to be one vacant—next week. I'll see that there is. You shall have my room, dear boy. Oh I am so glad to see you!"

Susie gave him a sisterly hug, while he kissed her, somewhat gingerly, on the cheek; and then perched herself on the arm of a chair and gazed upon him with affectionate interest. Vivian, her arm around Susie, gazed also, busily engaged in fitting present facts to past memories.

Surely he had not looked just like that! The Morton of her girlhood's dream had a clear complexion, a bright eye, a brave and gallant look—only the voice was not different.

But here was Morton in present fact, something taller, it seemed, and a good deal heavier, well dressed in a rather vivid way, and making merry over his aunt's devotion.

"Well, if it doesn't seem like old times to have Aunt 'Rella running 'round like a hen with her head cut off, to wait on me." The simile was not unjust, though certainly ungracious, but his aunt was far too happy to resent it.

"You sit right still!" she said. "I'll

go and bring you some supper. You must be hungry."

"Now do sit down and hear to reason, Auntie!" he said, reaching out a detaining hand and pulling her into a seat beside him. "I'm not hungry a little bit; had a good feed on the diner. Never mind about the room—I don't know how long I can stay—and I left my grip at the Allen House anyway. How well you're looking, Auntie! I declare I'd hardly have known you! And here's little Susie—a regular belle! And Vivian—don't suppose I dare call you Vivian now, Miss Lane?"

Vivian gave a little embarrassed laugh. If he had used her first name she would never have noticed it. Now that he asked her, she hardly knew what answer to make, but presently said:

"Why, of course, I always call you Morton."

"Well, I'll come when you call me," he cheerfully replied, leaning forward, elbows on knees, and looking around the pretty room.

"How well you're fixed here. Guess it was a wise move, Aunt 'Rella. But I'd never have dreamed you'd do it. Your Dr. Bellair must have been a powerful promoter to get you all out here. I wouldn't have thought anybody in Bainville could move—but me. Why, there's Grandma, as I live!" and he made a low bow.

Mrs. Pettigrew, hearing of his arrival from the various would-be partners of the two girls, had come to the door and stood there regarding him with a non-committal expression. At this address she frowned perceptibly.

"My name is Mrs. Pettigrew, young man. I've known you since you were a scallawag in short pants, but I'm no Grandma of yours."

"A thousand pardons! Please excuse me, Mrs. Pettigrew," he said with exaggerated politeness. "Won't you be seated?" And he set a chair for her with a flourish.

"Thanks, no," she said. "I'll go back"—and went back forthwith, attended by Mr. Skee.

"One of these happy family reunions, ma'am?" he asked with approving interest. "If there's one thing I do admire, it's a happy surprise."

"'Tis some of a surprise," Mrs. Pettigrew admitted, and became rather glum, in spite of Mr. Skee's undeniably entertaining conversation.

"Some sort of a fandango going on?" Morton asked after a few rather stiff moments. "Don't let me interrupt? On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined! And if she must"—he looked at Vivian, and went on somewhat lamely—"dance, why not dance with me? May I have the pleasure, Miss Lane?"

"Oh, no," cried Miss Orella, "We'd much rather be with you!"

"But I'd rather dance than talk, any time," said he, and crooked his elbow to Vivian with an impressive bow.

Somewhat uncertain in her own mind, and unwilling to again disappoint Fordham Greer, who had already lost one dance and was visibly waiting for her in the hall, the girl hesitated; but Susie said, "Go on, give him part of one. I'll tell Mr. Greer." So Vivian took Morton's proffered arm and returned to the floor.

She had never danced with him in the old days; no special memory was here to contrast with the present; yet something seemed vaguely wrong. He danced well, but more actively than she admired; and during the rest of the evening devoted himself to the various ladies with an air of long usage.

She was glad when the dancing was over and he had finally departed for his hotel; glad when Susie had at last ceased chattering and dropped reluctantly to sleep.

For a long time she lay awake trying to straighten out things in her mind and account to herself for the sense of vague confusion which oppressed her.

Morton had come back! That was the prominent thing, of which she repeatedly assured herself. How often she had looked forward to that moment, and felt in anticipation a vivid joy. She had thought of it in a hundred ways, always with pleasure, but

never in this particular way—among so many strangers.

It must be that which confused her, she thought, for she was extremely sensitive to the attitude of those about her. She felt an unspoken criticism of Morton on the part of her new friends in the house, and resented it, yet in her own mind a faint comparison would obtrude itself between his manners and those of Jimmie Saunders or Mr. Greer, for instance. The young Scotchman she had seen regarding Morton with an undisguised dislike; and this she inwardly resented, even while herself disliking his bearing to his aunt—and to her grandmother.

It was all contradictory and unsatisfying, and she fell asleep saying over to herself, "He has come back! He has come back!" and trying to feel happy.

Aunt Orella was happy at any rate. She would not rest until her beloved nephew was installed in the house, practically turning out Mr. Gibbs in order to accommodate him. Morton protested, talked of business and of having to go away at any time; and Mr. Gibbs, who still "mealed" with them, secretly wished he would.

But Morton did not go away. It was a long time since he had been petted and waited on, and he enjoyed it hugely, treating his aunt with a serio-comic affection that was sometimes funny, sometimes disagreeable.

At least Susie found it so. Her first surprise over, she fell back on a fund of sound common sense, strengthened by present experience, and found a good deal to criticise in her returned brother. She was so young when he left, and he had teased her so unmercifully in those days, that her early memories of him were rather mixed in sentiment, and now he appeared, not as the unquestioned idol of a manless family in a well-nigh manless town, but as one among many; and of those many several were easily his superiors.

He was her brother, and she loved him, of course; but there were so many wanting to be "brothers" if not more, and they were so much more polite! Morton petted, patronized and teased

her, and she took it all in good part, as after the manner of brothers, but his demeanor with other people was not to her mind.

His adoring aunt, finding no fault whatever with this well-loved nephew, lavished upon him the affection of her unused motherhood, and he seemed to find it a patent joke, open to everyone, that she should be so fond.

To this Mrs. Pettigrew took great exception, and, indeed, to his general walk and conversation.

"Fine boy—Rella's nephew!" she said to Dr. Bellair late one night when, seeing a light over her neighbor's transom, she dropped in for a little chat. Conversation seemed easier for her here than in the atmosphere of Bainville.

"Fine boy—eh? Nice complexion!"

Dr. Bellair was reading a heavy-weight book, by a heavier weight specialist. She laid it down, took off her eyeglasses, and rubbed them.

"Better not kiss him," she said.

"I thought as much!" said Grandma. *I thought as much! Huh!*"

"Nice world, isn't it?" the doctor suggested genially.

"Nothing the matter with the world, that I know of," her visitor answered.

"Nice people, then—how's that?"

"Nothing the matter with the people but foolishness—plain foolishness. Good land! Shall we *never* learn anything!"

"Not till it's too late apparently," the doctor gloomily agreed, turning slowly in her swivel chair. "That boy never was taught anything to protect him. What did Rella know? Or for that matter, what do any boys' fathers and mothers know? Nothing, you'd think. If they do, they won't teach it to their children."

"Time they did!" said the old lady decidedly. "High time they did! It's never too late to learn. I've learned a lot out of you and your books, Jane Bellair. Intersting reading! I don't suppose you could give an absolute opinion now, could you?"

"No," said Dr. Bellair gravely, "no, I couldn't; not yet, anyway."

"Well, we've got to keep our eyes

open," Mrs. Pettigrew concluded. "When I think of that girl of mine—"

"Yes—or any girl," the doctor added.

"You look out for any girl—that's your business; I'll look out for mine—if I can."

Mrs. Pettigrew's were not the only eyes to scrutinize Morton Elder. Through the peep hole in the swing door to the kitchen, Jeanne Jeune watched him darkly with one hand on her lean chest.

She kept her watch on whatever went on in that dining room, and on the two elderly waitresses whom she had helped Miss Elder to secure when the house filled up. They were rather painfully unattractive, but seemed likely to stay where no young and pretty damsel could be counted on for a year. Morton joked with perseverance about their looks, and those who were most devoted to Susie seemed to admire his wit, while Vivian's special admirers found it pointless in the extreme.

"Your waitresses are the limit, Auntie," he said, "but the cook is all to the good. Is she a plain cook or a handsome one?"

"Handsome is as handsome does, young man," Mrs. Pettigrew pointedly replied. "Mrs. Jones is a first class cook and her looks are neither here nor there."

"You fill me with curiosity," he replied. "I must go out and make her acquaintance. I always get solid with the cook; it's worth while."

The face at the peep hole darkened and turned away with a biter and determined look, and Master Theophile was hastened at his work till his dim intelligence wondered, and then blessed with an unexpected cookie.

Vivian, Morton watched and followed assiduously. She was much changed from what he remembered—the young, frightened, slender girl he had kissed under the lilac bushes, a kiss long since forgotten among many.

Perhaps the very number of his subsequent acquaintances during a varied and not markedly successful career in the newer states made this type of New England womanhood more marked. Girls he had known of various sorts;

women old and young had been kind to him, for Morton had the rough good looks and fluent manner which easily find their way to the good will of many female hearts; but this gentle refinement of manner and delicate beauty had a novel charm for him.

Sitting by his aunt at the table he studied Vivian opposite; he watched her in their few quiet evenings together, under the soft lamplight on Miss Elder's beloved "center table;" and studied her continually in the stimulating presence of many equally devoted men.

All that was best in him was stirred by her quiet grace, her reserved friendliness; and the spur of rivalry was by no means wanting. Both the girls had their full share of masculine attention in that busy houseful, each having her own more particular devotees, and the position of comforter to the others.

Morton became openly devoted to Vivian, and followed her about, seeking every occasion to be alone with her—a thing difficult to accomplish.

"I don't ever get a chance to see anything of you," he said. "Come on, take a walk with me—won't you?"

"You can see me all day—practically," she answered. "It seems to me that I never saw a man with so little to do."

"Now that's too bad, Vivian! Just because a fellow's out of a job for a while! It isn't the first time, either; in my business you work like—like anything, part of the time, and then get laid off. I work hard enough when I'm at it."

"Do you like it—that kind of work?" the girl asked.

They were sitting in the family parlor, but the big hall was as usual well occupied, and some one or more of the boarders always eager to come in. Miss Elder at this moment had departed for special conference with her cook, and Susie was at the theatre with Jimmie Saunders. Fordham Greer had asked Vivian, as had Morton also, but she declined both on the ground that she didn't like that kind of play. Mrs. Pettigrew, being joked too persistently about her fondness for "long whist," had retired to her room—but then, her

room was divided from the parlor only by a thin partition and a door with a most inefficacious latch.

"Come over here by the fire," said Morton, "and I'll tell you all about it."

He seated himself on a sofa, comfortably adjacent to the fireplace, but Vivian preferred a low rocker.

"I suppose you mean travelling—and selling goods?" he pursued. "Yes, I like it. There's lots of change—and you meet people. I'd hate to be shut up in an office."

"But do you—get anywhere with it? Is there any outlook for you? Anything worth doing?"

"There's a good bit of money to be made, if you mean that; that is, if a fellow's a good salesman. I'm no slouch myself, when I feel in the mood. But it's easy come, easy go, you see. And it's uncertain. There are times like this, with nothing doing."

"I didn't mean money, altogether," said the girl meditatively, "but the work itself; I don't see any future for you."

Morton was pleased with her interest. Reaching between his knees he seized the edge of the small sofa and dragged it a little towards her, quite unconscious that the act was distasteful to her.

Though twenty-five years old, Vivian was extremely young in many ways, and her introspection had spent itself in tending the inner shrine of his early image. That ikon was now jarringly displaced by his insistent presence, and she could not satisfy herself yet as to whether the change pleased or displeased her. Again and again his manner antagonized her, but his visible devotion carried an undeniable appeal, and his voice stirred the deep well of emotion in her heart.

"Look here, Vivian," he said, "you've no idea how it goes through me to have you speak like that! You see I've been knocking around here for all this time, and I have'n't had a soul to take an interest. A fellow needs the society of good women—like you."

It is an old appeal, and always reaches the mark. To any woman it is a compliment, and to a young girl, doubly alluring. As she looked at him,

the very things she most disliked, his too free anner, his coarsened complexion, a certain look about the eyes, suddenly assumed a new interest as proofs of his loneliness and lack of right companionship. What Mrs. St. Cloud had told her of the enobling influence of a true woman flashed upon her mind.

"You see, I had no mother," he said simply — "and Aunt Rella spoiled me—" He looked now like the boy she used to know.

"Of course I ought to have behaved better," he admitted. "I was ungrateful—I can see it now. But it did seem to me I couldn't stand that town a day longer!"

She could sympathize with this feeling, and showed it.

"Then when a fellow knocks around as I have so long, he gets to where he doesn't care a hang for anything. Seeing you again makes a lot of difference, Vivian. I think, perhaps—I could take a new start."

"Oh do! Do!" she said eagerly. "You're young enough, Morton. You can do anything if you'll make up your mind to it."

"And you'll help me?"

"Of course I'll help you—if I can," said she.

A feeling of sincere remorse for wasted opportunities rose in the young man's mind; also, in the presence of this pure-eyed girl, a sense of shame for his previous habits. He walked to the window, his hands in his pockets, and looked out blankly for a moment.

"A fellow does a lot of things he shouldn't," he began, clearing his throat; but she met him more than half way with the overflowing generosity of youth and ignorance:

"Never mind what you've done, Morton—you're going to do differently now! Susie'll be so proud of you—and Aunt Orella!"

"And you?" He turned upon her suddenly.

"Oh—I? Of course! I shall be very proud of my old friend."

She met his eyes bravely, with a lovely look of hope and courage, and again his heart smote him.

"I hope you will," he said and

straightened his broad shoulders manfully.

"Morton Elder!" cried his aunt, bustling in with deep concern in her voice, "What's this I hear about you're having a sore throat?"

"Nothing, I hope," said he cheerfully.

"Now, Morton"—Vivian showed new solicitude—"you know you have got a sore throat; Susie told me."

"Well, I wish she'd held her tongue," he protested. "It's nothing at all—be all right in a jiffy. No, I won't take any of your fixings, Auntie."

"I want Dr. Bellair to look at it, anyhow," said his aunt, anxiously. "She'll know if it's diphtheretic or anything. She's coming in."

"She can just go out again," he said with real annoyance. "If there's anything I've no use for it's a woman doctor!"

"Oh hush, hush!" cried Vivian—too late.

"Don't apologize," said Dr. Bellair from her doorway. "Who's got a sore least offended. Indeed, I had rather surmised that that was your attitude, I didn't come in to prescribe, but to find Mrs. Pettigrew."

"Want me?" inquired the old lady from her doorway. "Who's got a sore throat?"

"Morton has," Vivian explained, "and he won't let Aunt Rella—why where is she?"

Miss Elder had gone out as suddenly as she had entered.

"Camphor's good for sore throat," Mrs. Pettigrew volunteered. "Three or four drops on a piece of sugar. Is it the swelled kind, or the kind that smarts?"

"Oh—Halifax!" exclaimed Morton, disgustedly. "It isn't *any* kind. I haven't a sore throat."

"Camphor's good for cold sores; you have one of them anyhow," the old lady persisted, producing a little bottle and urging it upon Morton. "Just keep it wet with camphor as often as you think of it, and it'll go away."

Vivian looked on, interested and sympathetic, but Morton put his hand to his lip and backed away.

"If you ladies don't stop trying to

doctor me, I'll clear out tomorrow, so there!"

This appalling threat was fortunately unheard by his aunt, who popped in again at this moment, dragging Dr. Hale with her. Dr. Bellair smiled quietly to herself.

"I wouldn't tell him what I wanted him for, or he wouldn't have come, I'm sure—doctors are so funny," said Miss Elder, breathlessly, "but here he is. Now, Dr. Hale, here's a foolish boy who won't listen to reason, and I'm real worried about him. I want you to look at his throat."

Dr. Hale glanced briefly at Morton's angry face.

"The patient seems to be of age, Miss Elder; and, if you'll excuse me, does not seem to have authorized this call."

"My affectionate family are bound to have me an invalid," Morton explained. "I'm in imminent danger of hot baths, cold presses, mustard plasters, aconite, belladonna and quinine—and if I can once reach my hat—"

He sidled to the door and fled in mock terror.

"Thank you for your good intentions, Miss Elder," Dr. Hale remarked dryly. "You can bring water to the horse, but you can't make him drink it, you see."

"Now that that young man has gone, we might have a game of whist," Mrs. Pettigrew suggested, looking not ill-pleased.

"For which you do not need me in the least," and Dr. Hale was about to leave, but Dr. Bellair stopped him.

"Don't be an everlasting Winter woodchuck, Dick! Sit down and play; do be good. I've got to see old Mrs. Graham yet; she refuses to go to sleep without it—knowing I'm so near. By by."

Mrs. Pettigrew insisted on playing

with Miss Elder, so Vivian had the questionable pleasure of Dr. Hale as a partner. He was an expert, used to frequent and scientific play, and by no means patient with the girl's mistakes.

He made no protest at a lost trick, but explained briefly between hands, what she should have remembered and how the cards lay, till she grew quite discouraged.

Her game was but mediocre, played only to oblige; and she never could see why people cared so much about a mere pastime. Pride came to her rescue at last; the more he criticised, the more determined she grew to profit by all this advice; but her mind would wander now and then to Morton, to his young life so largely wasted, it appeared, and to what hope might lie before him. Could she be the help and stimulus he seemed to think? How much did he mean by asking her to help him?

"Why waste a thirteenth trump on your partner's thirteenth card?" Dr. Hale was asking.

She flushed a deep rose color and lifted appealing eyes to him.

"Do forgive me; my mind was elsewhere."

"Will you not invite it to return?" he suggested drily.

He excused himself after a few games, and the girl at least was glad to have him go. She wanted to be alone with her thoughts.

Mrs. Pettigrew, sitting unaccountably late at her front window, watched the light burn steadily in the small office at the opposite corner. Presently she saw a familiar figure slip in there, and, after a considerable stay, come out quietly, cross the street, and let himself in at their door.

"Huh!" said Mrs. Pettigrew.

(To be continued)

STONES

Let those cold stones that mark old bones
Be ground to dust and spread;
So grass shall grow more green below,
Trees more green overhead,
And youth and love laugh on above
Those well-forgotten dead.

THE WILD OATS OF THE SOUL

WHEN Humanity was young, very young, its new-born Consciousness loomed large within; and each Individual naturally supposed this mighty feeling to be his own.

He called it His Soul.

He felt it to be different from the Body, which he called Himself; from the group of inherited reflexes he called His Heart; different even from those Percepts and Processes he called His Mind.

It was a big uneasy pushing thing, now up, now down; patently at variance with the personal activities he called Life, always irritating him with a desire for something farther.

To feed, to quiet, to satisfy this young Soul, the mind of man began to spin whole worlds of Theory, religious and emotional—it did not want to think, it wanted to feel, to feel strongly. No matter how gross and cruel were the Religions he first invented, the ardent boisterous Young Soul plunged gaily in, and lived them to the full.

In passionate ecstasy of self-torture, in life-long immolation of anguished self-surrender, and in merciless oppression of all who dared to differ, this huge force poured itself out resistlessly.

There were no limits to the excesses of the wild Young Soul. Our poor instincts were as nothing in its path; all common duties, all common pleasures, all common relations it ate in a consuming fire; and those who had not so much Soul, bowed down to those who had.

But the Soul, growing from the careless cruelty of infancy to the period of Ambition and Romance, outgrew its taste for mutilation and torture, and found new channels for its growing powers.

Into the swelling hearts of Kings and Conquerors it poured itself, first in a mad rage for Conquest, then in the growing glory of Statesmanship.

In art it found a fascinating medium of expression; and to this day streams fitfully along in form and color, sound

and motion; though not so nobly as of yore.

But its favorite outlet now was along lines of love, not through the still-locked doors of wide human affection, but in the unbroken sweep of love for an idea.

Urged by the growing demands of our Great Prisoner, we built for it new ideas of God; God as a Person, loving us and pining for our love.

Then rose the Soul and flowed forth into space, triumphant.

Its gathering power, reflected from our lives, poured in wide waves of spiritual passion; while we, relieved of its compelling presence, were free to plod along old easy paths of primitive self-interest.

In those minds which could not erect the God-idea to a sufficiently attractive height and intensity (and they were many), the one next to it was the idea of sublimating the love of men and women.

Allied and interwoven are these two lines, and the still childish Soul, hasty and undiscerning, rushed into both with equal ardor; spending hot personal devotion upon God; and making an exacting worship out of human love; with failure in either branded apostasy.

Soul-driven man, in mad excesses of emotion, worshipping now God and now Woman (seldom both at once), has filled wide fields of history with the fruitless sheaves of the Wild Oats of the Soul.

His passionate adoration of God resulted in magnificent churches and as magnificent sentiments, but did little to promote the work of social development.

His passionate adoration of Woman (that is of his woman), has resulted in forming a creature not magnificent but pitiful, and all his crimson glory of wild worship has not prevented him from degrading and exploiting her.

The hot-headed ill-directed young Soul, pushing violently and irregularly along, has mostly spent its force upon wrong impulses.

Now new ideas of God have come to us, and new ideas of Man, and we begin to see the normal use of our Great Common Power in lines of natural living.

This is Our Soul, not mine and yours; its force is The Force of the Universe.

It is not meant to "rest," it does not need to be "saved," its one legitimate demand is to be Used.

God pushes—we must act. No one love can satisfy the Soul; only to feel and fill them all; and then to Serve; no frenzied emotion is this Soul's life, but strong and steady action; its vast power of Feeling used in vast fields of Doing.

The Soul must settle into happy orderly relations with the world.

A reformed Soul makes the best Social Servant.

THAT OBVIOUS PURPOSE

DR. SARGENT, of the Department of Physical Culture at Harvard, is again quoted on the subject of the strength of women. He says—or is said to have said, in this report—that in the sense of being more enduring, women are superior to men; and then falls back on that common and ancient androcentric idea: "It is obvious that women are built primarily with a single fixed and definite purpose in view. This is the bearing of children. Other characteristics which can be ascribed to women in general, radiate from this one primordial characteristic."

Quite possibly Dr. Sargent is misrepresented by the reporter, but the idea is thrust forth again, as it has been so many times before.

Is it not time that persons with some knowledge of biology began to acknowledge that this old idea is wrong? It is true, of course, that females, as such, are modified to the reproduction of their species; but so are males. It is obvious that men are built primarily with a single fixed and definite purpose, and that other special male characteristics radiate from this primordial one—often painfully obvious.

It is equally obvious that men and women have a preponderating array of common human characteristics which have no relation whatever to the primordial one. The erect posture, for instance; the degree of intellect common to human beings; the instinct of workmanship; the interest in scientific truth and the pursuit of knowledge; the love

of nature, of art, of amusement—in short, all human characteristics; these belong to us as a race, as human creatures, not as sexes.

If women had no other relation to life than that of a queen bee, this ceaseless insistence on their feminine functions might be justified, but, being what they are, it is only explicable as a piece of androcentric prejudice pure and simple.

If some great overturn in public thought and feeling should come to pass so that the eyes of the world became fixed with staring intensity on the maleness of men; if all education, literature and art rang the changes upon it continually, and even science came solemnly along with platitudes about the obviousness of masculine characteristics, there would be a prompt and just rebellion on the part of men.

Women are more patient. We have been discussed and studied, honored and despised, rewarded and punished for thousands of years as females, always females; and many of us have grown to accept the male idea of us—that we are nothing else.

Several millions of unmarried women now filling useful and honored places in the world, leading virtuous and contented lives, could give valuable testimony as to whether their existence is a verifiable fact, or whether they really did expire and vanish on failure to fulfill that "single primordial purpose." Men, living similarly, would perhaps feel as much lack in the "primordial purpose" as do women.

MOVING THE MOUNTAIN

Synopsis: John Robertson, falling over a precipice in Tibet, loses all recollection for thirty years. He is found by his sister, recovers his memory, and returns home. On the way he learns of great changes in his native land, and is not pleased. Arriving, he cannot deny some improvements, but is still dissatisfied. New food and new housekeeping arrangements impress him; better buildings and great saving in money. As man to man his new brother-in-law tells him of the change in women and its effect on men.

CHAPTER VI.

OUT OF the mass of information offered by my new family and the pleasant friends we met, together with the books and publications profusely piling around me, I felt it necessary to make a species of digest for my own consideration. This I submitted to Nellie, Owen, and one or two others, adding suggestions and corrections; and thus established in my own mind a coherent view of what had happened.

In the first place, as Owen repeatedly assured me, nothing was *done*—finished—brought to static perfection.

"Thirty years isn't much, you see," he said cheerfully. "I dare say if you'd been here all along you wouldn't think it was such a great advance. We have removed some obvious and utterly unnecessary evils, and cleared the ground for new beginnings; but what we are going to do is the exciting thing!"

"Now you think it is so wonderful that we have no poverty. We think it is still more wonderful that a world of even partially sane people could have borne poverty so long."

We naturally discussed this point a good deal, and they brought up a little party of the new economists to enlighten me—Dr. Harkness, sociologist; Mr. Alfred Brown, Department of Production; Mrs. Allerton of the Local Transportation Bureau; and a young fellow named Pike, who had written a little book on "Distinctive Changes of Three Decades," which I found very useful.

"It was such a simple matter, after all, you see," the Sociologist explained to me, in an amiable class-room manner.

"Suppose now you were considering the poverty of one family, an isolated family, sir. Now, if this family was poor, it would be due to the limitations of the individual or of the environment. Limitations of the individual would cover inefficiency, false theory of industry, ill-judged division of labor, poor system of production, or misuse of product. Limitation of environment would, of course, apply to climate, soil, natural products, etc. No amount of health, intelligence or virtue could make Iceland rich—if it was completely isolated; nor England, for that matter, owing to the inexorable limitations of that environment.

"Here in this country we have no complaint to make of our natural resources. The soil is capable of sustaining an enormous population. So we have merely to consider the limitations of individuals, transferring our problem from the isolated family to the general public.

"What do we find? All the limitations I enumerated! Inefficiency—nearly every one below par in working power in the generation before last, as well as miserably educated; false theories of industry everywhere—idiotic notions as to what work was 'respectable' and what wasn't, more idiotic notions of payment; worst of all, most idiotic idea that work was a curse . . . Might as well call digestion a curse! Dear! Dear! How benighted we were!"

"Then there was ill-judged division of labor—almost universal; that evil. For instance, look at this one point; half the workers of the world, nearly, were restricted to one class of labor, and that in the lowest industrial grade."

"He means women, in housework, John," Nellie interpolated. "We never used to think of that as part of our economic problem."

"It was a very serious part," the professor continued, hastily forestalling the evident intention of Mr. Brown to strike in, "but there were many others. The obvious utility of natural specialization in labor seemed scarcely to oc-

cur to us. Our system of production was archaic in the extreme; practically *no* system was followed."

"You must give credit to the work of the Department of Agriculture, Dr. Harkness," urged Mr. Brown, "the introduction of new fruits, the improvement of stocks——"

"Yes, yes," agreed Dr. Harkness, "the rudiments were there, of course; but no real grasp of organized productivity. And as to misuse of product—why, my dear Mr. Robertson, it is a wonder anybody had enough to live on in those days, in view of our criminal waste."

"The real turning point, Mr. Robertson, if we can put our finger on one, is where the majority of the people recognized the folly and evil of poverty—and saw it to be a thing of our own making. We saw that our worst poverty was poverty in the stock—that we raised a terrible percentage of poor people. Then we established a temporary Commission on Human efficiency, away back in 1913 or 14——"

"Thirteen," put in Mr. Pike, who sat back listening to Dr. Harkness with an air of repressed superiority.

"Thank you," said the eminent Sociologist courteously. "These young fellows have it all at their fingers' ends Mr. Robertson. Better methods in education nowadays, far better! As I was saying, we established a Commission on Human Efficiency."

"You will remember the dawning notions of 'scientific management' we began to have in the first decade of the new century," Mrs. Allerton quietly suggested. "It occurred to us later to apply it to ourselves—and we did."

"The Commission found that the majority of human beings were not properly reared," Dr. Harkness resumed, "with a resultant low standard of efficiency—shockingly low; and that the loss was not merely to the individual but to the community. Then Society stretched out a long arm and took charge of the work of humaniculture—began to lift the human standard."

"I won't burden you with details on that line at present; it touched but one cause of poverty after all. The

false theory of industry was next to be changed. A few far-seeing persons were already writing and talking about work as an organic social function, but the sudden spread of it came through the new religion."

"And the new voters, Dr. Harkness," my sister added.

He smiled at her benevolently. A large, comfortable, full-bearded, rosy old gentleman was Dr. Harkness, and evidently in full enjoyment of his present task.

"Let us never forget the new voters, of course. They have ceased to be thought of as new, Mr. Robertson—so easily does the human mind accept established conditions. The new religion urged work—normal, well-adapted work—as *the* duty of life—as life itself; and the new voters accepted this idea as one woman."

"They were, as a class, used to doing their duty in patient industry, generally distasteful to them; and the opportunity of doing work they liked—with a sense of higher duty added—was universally welcomed."

"I certainly remember a large class of women who practiced no industry at all—no duty either, unless what they called 'social duties,'" I rather sourly remarked. Mrs. Allerton took me up with sudden heat:

"Yes, there were such, in large numbers, in our great cities particularly; but public opinion was rising against them even as far back as 1910. The more progressive women turned the light on them first, and then men took it up and began to see that this domestic pet was not only expensive and useless but injurious and absurd. I don't suppose we can realize," she continued meditatively, "how complete the change in public opinion is—and how supremely important. In visible material progress we have only followed simple lines, quite natural and obvious, and accomplished what was perfectly possible at any time—if we had only thought so."

"*That's* the point!" Mr. Pike was unable to preserve his air of restraint any longer, and burst forth volubly.

"That was the greatest, the most sudden, the most vital of our changes,

sir—the change in the world's thought! Ideas are the real things, sir! Brick and mortar? Bah! We can put brick and mortar in any shape we choose—but we have to choose first! What held the old world back was not facts—not conditions—not any material limitations, or psychic limitations either. We had every constituent of human happiness, sir—except the sense to use them. The channel of progress was obstructed with a deposit of prehistoric ideas. We choked up our children's minds with this mental refuse as we choked our rivers and harbors with material refuse, sir.”

Dr. Harkness still smiled. “Mr. Pike was in my class ten years ago,” he observed amiably. “I always said he was the brightest young man I had. We are all very proud of Mr. Pike.”

Mr. Pike seemed not over pleased with this communication, and the old gentleman went on:

“He is entirely right. Our idiotic ideas and theories were the main causes of poverty after all. The new views on economics—true social economics, not the ‘dismal science’; with the blaze of the new religion to show what was right and wrong, and the sudden uprising of half the adult world—the new voters—to carry out the new ideas; these were what changed things! There you have it, Mr. Robertson, in a nutshell—rather a large nutshell, a pericarp, as it were—but I think that covers it.”

“We students used always to admire Dr. Harkness’ power of easy generalization,” said Mr. Pike, in a mild, subacid tone, “but if any ground of inquiry is left to you, Mr. Robertson, I could, perhaps, illuminate some special points.”

Dr. Harkness laughed in high good humor, and clapped his whilom pupil on the back.

“You have the floor, Mr. Pike—I shall listen to you with edification.”

The young man looked a little ashamed of his small irony, and continued more genially:

“Our first step—or one of our first steps, for we advanced like a strenuous centipede—was to check the birth of defectives and degenerates. Certain

classes of criminals and perverts were rendered incapable of reproducing their kind. In the matter of those diseases most injurious to the young, very stringent measures were taken. It was made a felony to infect wife or child knowingly, and a misdemeanor if it were done unknowingly. Physicians were obliged to report all cases of infectious disease, and young girls were clearly taught the consequence of marriage with infected persons. The immediate result was, of course, a great decrease in marriage; but the increase in population was scarce checked at all because of the lowered death rate among children. It was checked a little; but for twenty years now, it has been recovering itself. We increase a little too fast now, but see every hope of a balanced population long before the resources of the world are exhausted.”

Mr. Brown seized upon a second moment's pause to suggest that the world's resources were vastly increased also—and still increasing.

“Let Pike rest a moment and get his breath,” he said, warming to the subject, “I want to tell Mr. Robertson that the productivity of the earth is gaining every year. Here's this old earth feeding us all—laying golden eggs as it were; and we used to get those eggs by the Caesarian operation! We uniformly exhausted the soil—uniformly! Now a man would no more think of injuring the soil, the soil that feeds him, than he would of hurting his mother. We steadily improve the soil; we improve the seed; we improve methods of culture; we improve everything.”

Mrs. Allerton struck in here, “Not forgetting the methods of transportation, Mr. Robertson. There was one kind of old world folly which made great waste of labor and time; that was our constant desire to eat things out of season. There is now a truer sense of what is really good eating; no one wants to eat asparagus that is not of the best, and asparagus cut five or ten days cannot be really good. We do not carry things about unnecessarily; and the carrying we do is swift, easy and economical. For slow freight

we use waterways wherever possible—you will be pleased to see the 'all-water routes' that thread the country now. And our roads—you haven't seen our roads yet! We lead the world."

"We used to be at the foot of the class as to roads, did we not?" I asked; and Mr. Pike swiftly answered:

"We did, indeed, sir. But that very need of good roads made easy to us the second step in abolishing poverty. Here was a great social need calling for labor; here were thousands upon thousands of men calling for employment; and here were we keeping the supply from the demand by main strength—merely from those archaic ideas of ours.

"We had a mass of valuable data already collected, and now that the whole country teemed with new ideals of citizenship and statesmanship, it did not take very long to get the two together."

"We furnished employment for all the women, too," my sister added. "A Social Service Union was formed the country over; it was part of the new religion. Every town has one—men and women. The same spirit that used to give us crusaders and missionaries now gave plenty of enthusiastic workers."

"I don't see yet how you got up any enthusiasm about work," said I.

"It was not work for oneself," Nellie explained. That is what used to make it so sordid; we used really to believe that we were working each for himself. This new idea was overwhelming in its simplicity—and truth; work is social service—social service is religion—that's about it."

"Not only so," Dr. Harkness added, "it made a three-fold appeal; to the old deep-seated religious sense; to the new, vivid intellectual acceptance; and to the very widespread, wholesome appreciation of a clear advantage.

"When a thing was offered to the world that agreed with every social instinct, that appeal to common sense, that was established by the highest scientific authority, and that had the overwhelming sanction of religion—why the world took to it."

"But it is surely not natural to peo-

ple to work—much less to like to work!" I protested.

"There's where the change comes in," Mr. Pike eagerly explained. "We used to *think* that people hated work—nothing of the sort! What people hated was too much work, which is death; work they were personally unfit for and therefore disliked, which is torture; work under improper conditions, which is disease; work held contemptible, looked down upon by other people, which is a grievous social distress; and work so ill-paid that no human beings could really live by it."

"Why Mr. Robertson, if you can throw any light on the now inconceivable folly of that time so utterly behind us, we shall be genuinely indebted to you. It was quite understood in your day that the whole world's life, comfort, prosperity and progress depended upon the work done, was it not?"

"Why, of course; that was an economic platitude," I answered.

"Then why were the workers punished for doing it?"

"Punished? What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. They were punished, just as we punish criminals—with confinement at hard labor. The great mass of the people were forced to labor for cruelly long hours at dull, distasteful occupations; is not that punishment?"

"Not at all," I said hotly. "They were free at any time to leave an occupation they did not like."

"Leave it for what alternative?"

"To take up another," said I, perceiving that this, after all, was not much of an escape.

"Yes, to take up another under the same heavy conditions, if there was any opening; or to starve—that was their freedom."

"Well, what would you have?" I asked. "A man must work for his living surely."

"Remember your economic platitude, Mr. Robertson," Dr. Harkness suggested. "The whole world's life, comfort, prosperity and progress depends upon the work done, you know. It was not *their* living they were working for; it was the world's."

"That is very pretty as a sentiment." I was beginning; but his twinkling eye reminded me that an economic platitude is not precisely sentimental.

"That's where the change came," Mr. Pike eagerly repeated. "The idea that each man had to do it for himself kept us blinded to the fact that it was all social service; that they worked for the world, and the world treated them shamefully—so shamefully that their product was deteriorated, markedly deteriorated."

"You will be continually surprised, Mr. Robertson, at the improvement of our output," remarked Mr. Brown. "We have standards in every form of manufacture, required standards; and to label an article incorrectly is a misdemeanor."

"That was just starting in the pure food agitation, you remember," my sister put in —('with apple juice containing one-tenth of one per cent. of benzoate of soda).'"

"And now," Mr. Brown continued, "'all wool' is all wool; if it isn't, you can have the dealer arrested. Silk is silk, nowadays, and cream is cream."

"And 'caveat emptor' is a dead letter?"

"Yes, it is 'caveat venditor' now. You see, selling goods is public service."

"You apply that term quite differently from what it stood for in my memory," said I.

"It used to mean some sort of beneficent statesmanship, at first," Nellie agreed. "Then it spread to various philanthropic efforts and wider grades of government activities. Now it means any kind of world work."

She saw that this description did not carry much weight with me, and added, "Any kind of human work, John; that is, work a man gives his whole time to and does not himself consume, is world work—is social service."

"If a man raises, by his own labor, just enough corn to feed himself—that is working for himself," Mr. Brown explained, "but if he raises more corn than he consumes, he is serving humanity."

"But he does not give it away," I urged; "he is paid for it."

"Well, you paid the doctor who

saved your child's life, but the doctor's work was social service none the less—and the teacher's—anybody's."

"But that kind of work benefits humanity—"

"Yes, and does it not benefit humanity to eat—to have shoes and clothes and houses? John, John, wake up!" Nellie for the first time showed impatience with me. But my brother-in-law extended a protecting arm.

"Now, Nellie, don't hurry him. This thing will burst upon him all at once. Of course it's glaringly plain, but there was a time when you and I did not see it either."

I was a little sulky. "Well, as far as I gather," and I took out my note book, "people all of a sudden changed all their ideas about everything—and your demi-millennium followed."

"I wish we *could* say that," said Mrs. Allerton. "We are not telling you of our present day problems and difficulties, you see. No, Mr. Robertson, we have merely removed our most obvious and patently unnecessary difficulties, of which poverty was at least the largest."

"What we did, as we have rather confusedly suggested, I'm afraid, was to establish such measures as to insure better births, and vastly better environment and education for every child. That raised the standard of the people, you see, and increased their efficiency. Then we provided employment for everyone, under good conditions, and improved the world in two ways at once."

"And who paid for this universal employment?" I asked.

"Who paid for it before?" she returned promptly.

"The employer, of course."

"Did he? Out of his own private pocket? At a loss to himself,"

"Why, of course not," I replied, a little nettled. "Out of the profits of the business."

"And 'the business' was the work done by the employees?"

"Not at all! He did it himself; they only furnished the labor."

"Could he do it alone—without 'labor'? Did he furnish employment as a piece of beneficence, outside of his

business—Ah, Mr. Robertson, surely it is clear that unless a man's labor furnished a profit to his employer, he would not be employed. It was on that profit that 'labor' was paid—they paid themselves. They do now, but at a higher rate."

I was annoyed by this clever juggling with the hard facts of business.

"That is very convincing, Mrs. Allerton," I said with some warmth, "but it unfortunately omits certain factors. A lot of laborers could make a given article, of course; but they could not sell it—and that is where the profit comes in. What good would it do the laborer to pile up goods if he could not sell them?"

"And what good would be the ability to sell goods if there were none, Mr. Robertson. Of course I recognize the importance of transportation; that is my own line of work, but there must be something to transport. As long

ago as St. Paul's day it was known that the hand could not say to the foot, I have no need of thee."

"To cover that ground more easily, Mr. Robertson," Dr. Harkness explained, "just put down in your digest there that Bureaus of Employment were formed all over the country; some at first were of individual initiative, but in a few years' time all were in government management. There was a swift and general improvement in the whole country. The roads became models to the world, the harbors were cleared, canals dug, cities rebuilt, bare hills reforested, the value of our national property doubled and trebled—all owing to the employment of hitherto neglected labor. Out of the general increase of wealth they got their share, of course. And where there is work for everyone, at good wages, there is no poverty; that's clearly seen."

(To be continued)

"N. G."

THE non-voting companionship of women with "idiots, lunatics, and criminals" has been sustained for a long while, only a comparatively few openly resenting it; but are women to accept with patience this new census classification?

The initials "N. G." are used to indicate the status of all women who are not wage-earners. This does not mean "no good," as is irresistably suggested, but merely "non-gainful;" and in itself furnishes food for thought. While we are thinking of it, let us include in our meditations a new group sharing the shelter of these initials.

We are told that the new census bureau has issued verbal orders to its tabulating clerks to classify prostitutes as "N. G."

Statistics on the "social evil" are of the most vital importance to the nation. Why should they be suppressed? Are these women so frightfully numer-

ous that the authorities fear to have their numbers known? A most mistaken policy; the worse the case is the more fully we ought to know it.

Are they so few as to be negligible? We ought to know that also.

We have figures for the waitresses, mill-workers, milliners, dressmakers, and so on; but these unfortunates, whose names and addresses have been secured with all the others, are now to be obliterated professionally.

Since they must be concealed, and could not, apparently, be sheltered under the mantle of any industrial workers, they have been added to the ranks of daughters, wives and mothers living at home.

May it be suggested, from the point of view of an equal suffragist, that if women were responsible for these statistics they would have done quite otherwise.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

"The New Machiaveli," by H. G. Wells, Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.35 net.

In times past, when an unusual woman showed marked capacity in some line of human service, all were quick to see and point out with scorn or pity, the "feminine limitations" of her work. It was done "like a woman," they said; it was "womanish;" it was to be grudgingly measured as "good—for a woman," if good at all.

Now we are beginning to use something of the opposite point of view in regard to men's achievements; and we need it, constantly, in considering the work of Mr. H. G. Wells.

The masculine limitations of this author are marked and persistent. He sees life wholly from the side of sex—his sex; and when, as in this last book, he frankly announces himself "feminist," it is only sex in woman which he sees, and for which he demands social recognition.

Of course it is difficult for a man to overcome this bias, more so than for a woman; yet many great men have been able to do it. Mr. Wells has not.

Note this record of masculine emotion and conduct, its morbid excesses blasting an otherwise valuable life—indeed several of them—yet discussed with naive solemnity as if it was all in the necessary order of nature.

The book tells of a boy somewhat unfortunate in birth and breeding, as most of us are; growing up to keen-minded speculation on human life, its pressing needs and problems; yet in all this wide sociological interest totally oblivious to such a predominating social question as the woman's movement.

The girl he passes in the street who stirs his boyish sensations; the women of his frankly told experiences; the woman he marries—"I suppose it was because I had so great a need of such help as her whiteness proffered," he says; "I wanted a woman to save me;"—and the next one with whom he overwhelmingly falls in love; these are real to him; and one other, mercilessly caricatured. These impress him; but the change in social relation of thou-

sands does not impress him. The work is powerful and clear; the view of the present confusion of methods, especially in the rearing of young people, is vividly appealing; but the criticisms of political life show a strange lack of adjustment in eyes that see so far.

To be in the immediate workings of the political department of the social body must necessarily be confusing.

The social philosopher can see an ordered procession of changes for centuries ahead, but the politician must introduce those changes step by step—with some heat.

The worst thing about this book is the spirit of personal enmity it reveals; the Dantesque consigning of enemies to the hell of a wickedly clever caricaturization. Little London, where everybody who is anybody knows everybody else, buzzed madly over the book.

This is pitiful work. If there was no personal animus in this bitter ridicule, it shows sheer malice. If there was a personal ground, it implicates the author with his creation most painfully.

Mr. Wells is easily among the first of those who are kindled with the social consciousness, and able to spread the light and heat of it to others. His work is extremely able, though irregular; and with his unrivalled imagination, wide scientific knowledge, and highly developed art, he ought to be one of the prime movers of the world today. But here enter the disabilities of sex. Not only, as in this tale, is a man's political life ruined by open scandal, but the artist, scientist, and publicist is cut off from highest usefulness by this constant limitation.

In a publication whose popularity proves its knowledge of the prevailing tastes of the man in the street, has been running a story most pleasing and absorbing to that man. With passionate eagerness he read it from week to week, discussed it with his friends, commented sagely on its florid philosophy.

This story is "The Grain of Dust," by the late David Graham Phillips.

It is a man's story, utterly; masculine from start to finish; with woman only thrown in as a background; the vain and shallow fiancée, the vain and shallow sister, the vain and shallow girl who served as a grain of dust to stop the action of the hero's "works";—not that she had power even to do that—the power was all in him!

"'It isn't the woman who makes a fool of the man,' said Norman, 'it's the man who makes a fool of himself!'"

The most amusing feature of the book is this; the ultra-male hero; vain beyond belief, brutally self-confident, unprincipled as a fish, indifferent to any interests but his own, self-indulgent to a degree which would have made him a shameful wreck in five years had not the author endowed him with a magic immunity to all excesses; and first, last and always the ceaseless mouthpiece of an egotism unmeasured and unashamed; this man dwells continually on the vanity and egotism of women!

Because a girl, the effect of whose marvellous everchanging beauty forms the subject matter of the story, thinks she is beautiful—therefore she is a monument of the egotism of her sex!

Because another girl whom this lovable hero was about to marry for her beauty, money and position, and who was somewhat in love with him; really expected him to love her; really resented his loving another woman while relentlessly going on to marry her for business purposes; and really recognized in herself the beauty, wealth and position he was marrying her for—she was another monument of feminine egotism.

It would seem on the face of it that if one wished to write a book to establish the utter incapacity, selfishness and vanity of women; one would choose a type of that sort, and surround her with the effective contrast of useful, noble, modest and unselfish men. Such a woman, so exhibited, should exert her arts in vain upon these noble characters.

In this story, however, we have for

our heroine a quiet, lovely girl, efficient and devoted as a daughter; self-supporting and self-respecting under long temptation; finally choosing to marry her chief pursuer even without "love," preferring his wealth and professed devotion to long poverty and possible failure and shame: a deed at worst no more to be condemned than his earlier attempt.

His wealth, by the way, was non-existent when he married her—he deliberately deceived her in this; and his "love" vanished on the morning after. Thereafter he treats her as an upper servant, whose only business in life is to minister to his personal comfort—whose only claim on him was for "support;" and in her new efforts to please him, forgetting that she had done the work of a house for years and cared tenderly for an absent-minded father, while at the same time earning her living at distasteful labor, he is at great pains to show her pitifully inefficient, and never more than moderately successful.

And we can never ask the author if this book was really meant as a satire on men!

"The Players of London." Written by Louise Beecher Chancellor, decorated by Harry B. Matthews, Published by B. W. Dodge Company, New York, 1909.

This is not a new book, in the strict publisher's sense, but it is an extremely attractive one, with its binding of lilac and gold, its profuse inner trimmings of lilac, and vivid illuminations in black and white. The story is a simple one, of the days of Good Queen Bess, with no less a person for the hero than Master Will. Shakespere; and for the heroine, the first woman to appear on the English stage. It does seem strange indeed for Romeo and Juliet to be written with the expectation of some lad's taking the part of that passionate young heroine. But this appears to be what Shakspeare did. How he was misled in the matter, for what noble purpose and to what poor end, is shown in this old world tale.

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