

individuals, ready to assume a responsibility, and with the strength and courage to meet that responsibility. . . . If one carries a child for years and years, it will never learn to walk, and his little legs will become more weak. Let him crawl, let him stumble, let him bump his nose once or twice, let him experience pain and failure, above all let him have the opportunity and he will rise to it, and stand erect, a man. Ignorance is not strength, and shielding one from all contact with the world develops weakness. One who is afraid of mud never cleans up the mudhole, and one who is afraid of evil finds the devil laughing at him for his weakness and chasing him with a new pitchfork. . . . The way to censor a thing is not to buy it or patronize it. . . . If we must choose between small censorship and big democracy, surely we will choose democracy.



Scottish Liberals for Woman Suffrage.

The (London) Nation, May 16.—The cause of woman suffrage has won a notable success in the drafting of the Home Rule Bill for Scotland, which came before the House yesterday. It is a careful piece of work, which was considered in detail by the Scottish Liberal members, and the provision which enfranchises women householders and the wives of householders (the "Dickinson" basis) was inserted after a discussion and a division. A division taken privately in such conditions is probably a better test of the real opinions of members than an open vote in the House. The action of the Scottish members makes a creditable contrast to that of the Irish Party. After this decided expression of opinion, it ought to be impossible for the Government, when it comes itself to present its own Bill for Scotland, to lag behind the wishes of Scotsmen themselves. The federal system, if it is set up, ought to include from the beginning the enfranchisement of women for all local legislatures, which will be charged with the supervision of most of the services that directly touch the interests of women. We understand that on this matter there is little division of opinion among women, and that even Mrs. Humphrey Ward has given her approval to the new departure.



Force, or Reason?

Daily News and Leader (London) May 23.—No sensitive person on reading the account of militant doings these last two days or seeing the photographs of them but must feel deep pain. To venture as these women venture calls for high courage; to do what they do their minds must be wholly abnormal. To appeal to violence when the balance of force is infinite against them, to destroy beautiful things in order to persuade men of their high civilizing mission—these are methods of propaganda which reason and a calculation resting on realities could not dictate. The militants are not succeeding in making the State and its machinery ridiculous; they are succeeding in making themselves and their cause ridiculous. If they imagine that every desperate stroke conquers further admiration for their resolution and their devotion, they err very gravely. Among the mass of Englishmen—and it is they who in the long

run will settle this question of the suffrage—every outrage drives home deeper the conviction that those who plan and execute these mad enterprises are unfitted for the franchise. We who see the fallacy of this conclusion may and must persist in putting the logic of the case for the vote, but no logic will overcome the bitterness the militants are cultivating in the minds of plain men.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

WAR.

By Henry James, as Printed in The
Los Angeles Tribune.

To bind the wounds of nations, heal each bruise;
To make all races one in purpose, thought;
To sheath the sword, spike cannon, unship guns;
To be so big that injury be forgot,
And smaller peoples, looking toward the great,
Shall know them as their friends, and feel assured—
These form the inspiration to contend
'Gainst war and all its fearful cost in woe.
War is a lust for vengeance, or for power,
Glories in roar of battle shots, and groans;
It means that homes shall flame, the fields be bare,
And women wander lone upon their way,
While in the wasted space where grain had waved,
Prone in the dust, red with rich blood they shed,
Shall lie the country's proudest sons, and best.
And all for what? Perchance, a fair land's weal,
Then, loving those who fell, we bring a wreath,
Or tell in song how brave they were, how true.
But oftener, that some money is at stake,
And capital, that queer and timid thing,
Stands by its coffers, not afraid to fight
By proxy, scorning risk of its soft skin.
One truth stands forth, as might a marble shaft
Set on a hill, and firm as its own base,
And this it is: Who, from his coign secure
Shouts loud that war must be, and murder reign,
So that his honor, as he terms his purse,
Shall be intact, and fat with tainted pelf,
Is knave and fool, a traitor in his heart,
Disloyal to his fellows, and his God.



THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

From a Speech by Carrie Chapman Catt, as Printed
in Jus Suffragii for May, 1914.

Long centuries before the birth of Darwin an old-time Hindoo wrote: "I stand on a river's bank. I know not from whence the waters come or whither they go. So deep and silent is its current that I know not whether it flows north or south; all is mystery to me; but when I climb yon summit the river becomes a silver thread weaving its length in and out among the hills and over the plains. I see it all from its source in yonder mountains to its

outlet in yonder sea. There is no more mystery." So university professors buried in school books, and near-sighted politicians, fail to note the meaning of passing events. To them, the woman movement is an inexplicable mystery, an irritating excrescence upon the harmonious development of society. But to us, standing upon the summit of international union, where we may observe every manifestation of this movement in all parts of the world, there is no mystery.

From its source, ages ago, amid the protests which we now know barbaric women must have made against the cruel wrongs done their sex, we clearly trace the course of this movement through the centuries, moving slowly but majestically onward, gathering momentum with each century, each generation; until just before us lies the golden sea of woman's full liberty. Others may theorise about the woman movement, but to us has been vouchsafed positive knowledge. Once, this movement represented the scattered and disconnected protests of individual women. In that period women as a whole were blinded by ignorance, because society denied them education; they were compelled to silence, for society forbade them to speak. They struggled against their wrongs singly and alone, for society forbade them to organize; they dwelt in poverty, for the law denied them the control of property, and even the collection of wages. Under such conditions of sexual serfdom, what wonder that their cries for justice were stifled, and that their protests never reached the ears of the men who wrote the history of those times? Happily those days are past; and out of that incoherent and seemingly futile agitation, which extended over many centuries, there has emerged a present-day movement possessing a clear understanding and a definite, positive purpose.

This modern movement demands political rights for women. It demands a direct influence for women upon the legislation which concerns the common welfare of all the people. *It recognizes the vote as the only dignified and honorable means of securing recognition of their needs and aspirations.*

It pins its faith to the fact that in the long run man is logical. There may be a generation, or even a century, between premise and conclusion, but when the premise is once stated clearly and truthfully, the conclusion follows as certainly as the night the day. Our premise has been stated. The world has jeered at it, stormed at it, debated it; and now what is its attitude toward it? In the secret councils of every political party and every Parliament in the civilized world, this question is recognized as a problem which sooner or later must be solved; and the discussion is no longer upon the justice of our claims, but how to avert final action. Our opponents may not recognize this fact, but we who have watched the progress of this movement for many years, we who are familiar

with every symptom of change, have seen the opposing forces abandon, one by one, each and every defence, until nothing remains but pitiable pleas for postponement. Such developments are not signs of a receding wave.

To follow up the advantages already won, there is today an army of women, united, patient, invincible. In every land there are trained pens in the hands of women, eloquence and wit on women's lips to defend their common cause. More, there is an allied army of broad-minded, fearless, unyielding men who champion our reform. The powers of opposition, armed as they are with outworn tradition and sickly sentiment only, are as certain to surrender to these irresistible forces as is the sun to rise tomorrow.

These are the things *we know*. That others may share the faith that is ours, permit me to repeat a few familiar facts. A call for the first International Conference was issued twelve years ago, and it was held in the City of Washington. At that time the Woman Suffrage agitation had resulted in nationally organized movements in five countries only. In chronological order of organization these were: the United States, Great Britain, Australia, Norway, the Netherlands. Two years later, in 1904, the organization of the Alliance was completed in Berlin, and associations in Canada, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden were ready to join. These nine associations comprised the world's organized movement, and there was small prospect of immediate further extensions. Today, ten years later, however, our Alliance counts 26 auxiliary national associations, and correspondence groups in two additional countries. Are these evidences of a wave rapidly receding? It would be more in accordance with facts should we adopt the proud boast of the British Empire, and say that the sun now never sets upon Woman Suffrage activities. With the exception of the South American Republics there are in the entire world only seven constitutionally organized independent nations without an organized Woman Suffrage movement. Only three of these are in Europe—namely, Greece, Spain, and the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. The remaining four are the Negro Republic of Liberia in Western Africa, Turkey and Persia, which are not well-established self-governing nations, and Japan, which is still more autocratic than democratic. Since the admission to membership of the National Chinese Woman Suffrage Association, the standard of the Alliance is set upon five continents. Twenty-five nations and two additional countries without full national rights will be counted in its membership. Organized groups also exist on many islands of the seas, among them being Java, Sumatra, the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands.

Truly this is a good record for our Alliance, which has been at work only ten years. Like Alexander the Great, we shall soon be looking for other worlds to conquer! The North Star and the

Southern Cross alike cast their benignant rays upon Woman Suffrage activities. Last winter, when perpetual darkness shrouded the Land of the Midnight Sun, women wrapped in furs, above the Polar Circle, might have been seen gliding over snow-covered roads in sledges drawn by reindeer on their way to Suffrage meetings, whence petitions went up to the Parliament at Stockholm asking a voter's share in the Swedish Government. There is something thrillingly exalting in the fact that at the same moment other women, in the midsummer of the Southern hemisphere, protected by fans and umbrellas, and riding in "rickshas," were doing the same thing under the fierce rays of a tropical sun; and petitions poured into Pretoria asking Suffrage for the women of the Union of South Africa, from every State and city of that vast country.

Since the foundation of the Alliance not one sign has appeared the entire world around to indicate reaction. Not a backward step has been taken. On the contrary, a thousand revelations give certain, unchallenged promise that victory for our great cause lies just ahead. To the uninitiated these signs may sound prosaic, but they thrill those who understand with the joy of coming victory. It is reported of every land that there are more meetings, larger audiences, more speakers, more writers, more money, more influential advocates, more space in the Press, more favorable editorials, more earnest supporters in Parliaments, more members, more and better organization, and, best of all, more consecration—all unfailing signs of the growing power of a great movement.



COMMERCE TO THE RESCUE.

From (London) Punch of April 15.

I was rather glad to spend my eighteenth birthday in Germany because I knew my people would make a special effort in the matter of presents. They did, and I turned the other girls at the *pension* green with envy when I wore them. The only thing that spoiled my day was that there was nothing at all from Cecil, which was rather a blow.

However, the next morning I received an official document referring to a parcel waiting for me at the Customs House, and lost no time in getting there.

It was a long, low building, strewn with packing cases, cardboard boxes and dirt, with a row of pigeonholes—some big enough to take an ostrich—on one side, and a counter defending a row of haughty officials on the other. Several people were wandering aimlessly about, but no one took the least notice of me, or appeared to realize I was in my nineteenth year. So I approached an official in a green uniform with brass buttons, standing behind the counter. He was tall and stout, and his hair, being about one millimeter long, showed

his head shining through. He had a fierce, fair mustache, and, owing to overwork or influenza coming on, was perspiring freely.

Trusting he would prove more fatherly than he looked, I held out my paper. He drew back haughtily, ejaculating: "Nein!" and jerked his head towards a kind of letterbox on the counter. I pushed my paper in the slot, hoping the etiquette of the thing was all right now; and, as apparently it was, in his own good time he took the paper from the back of the box, looked at it, glanced sternly at me, looked at the paper again, and said severely: "Vee—ta—hay—ad?"

I didn't know what he was driving at till I remembered my name was Whitehead. So I replied, "Ja," thinking his pronunciation not bad for the first shot. He turned to a pigeonhole and laid a small square parcel on the counter addressed to me in Cecil's scrawl. I held out my hand, but he ignored it, and, picking up a fearsome looking instrument, consisting of blades, hooks and points—which turned out to be the official cutter—severed the silly little bit of string, unwrapped the paper and disclosed a white wooden box with a sliding lid.

I bent forward, but he glared at me and moved it further away, slid back the lid, removed some shavings and looked inside. His official manner underwent a change; such a look of sudden human interest showed on his fat, clammy face that I thought he must have found some quite new kind of sausage. But instead he drew out very gingerly a curious, square, black box, with a sloping front, two round holes at one side, and a handle at the other. He put it down on the counter and glared at me.

"Was ist das?" he demanded.

"Ich weiss nicht," I replied, shaking my head.

It was clear he didn't believe me, and he kept it out of my reach, turning it carefully about, and in response to a jerk of his chin two or three of his colleagues came up and glared, first at me and then at the suspicious object. However, he would not let them touch it, but, squaring his chin and taking a deep breath, he turned the handle.

There was a faint ticking noise, but nothing happened, and I suggested timidly that he should look through the peepholes and see that was going on inside. He frowned at my interference, but taking my advice all the same, raised the box nearer his fierce eye and turned the handle once more and with greater force. Instantly there was a loud whirr, and a bright green trick-serpent leaped through the lid, caught him full on the nose and sent him back sprawling among his packing cases, carrying two of his friends with him.

I gave a bit of a squeak, but it was lost among the "Ach Gotts" and "Himmels" all around me. Cecil in his wildest dreams had never hoped for this. Whatever the consequences might be I meant to have my snake, and while I was collecting it