

## HYMN TO DIANA.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
 Seated in thy silver chair  
 State in wonted manner keep:  
 Hesperus entreats thy light,  
 Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose;  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heav'n to clear, when day did close:  
 Bless us then with wished sight,  
 Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
 And thy crystal shining quiver;  
 Give unto the flying hart  
 Space to breathe, how short soever:  
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
 Goddess excellently bright!

—Ben Jonson.

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"THE MOON TAKES UP THE WON-  
DROUS TALE."

Editorial in the Liverpool (Eng.) Daily Post and Mercury  
 of August 11, 1906.

The exquisite beauty of the summer nights is beyond description. As an occasional exploit the experiment of turning night into day is well worth trying. The night air, concerning which medical science, no doubt for good reasons of its own, has such unfavorable opinions, is welcomingly cool, and a tempering breeze springs up full of fragrant vitality. Then the leisurely moon peeps out of the blue of the heavens. On two successive nights a wisp of cloud has gathered before her and the bright silver of the moon's rays has broken through the soft, woolly fleeciness of the cloud, whereby it has been diffused so widely as to give the impression that a quarter of the sky was turned to silver.

For the rest, there is the deep night-blue. There is no real dark. In the mystic half-light of the summer night there are visions to be seen which are beyond the sight of human eyes in the harder daylight. From a hilltop to look over a landscape an hour after midnight this week is to see the shocks of corn under an atmosphere of tender gold. At midnight it is to see the same landscape in the diffusion of a wonderful silver. Trees stand out as they do not dare to stand in the sunlight; distances vanish, and so do nearnesses, and the general effect is as if some genius of an impressionist, who saw far more clearly than those of us who are not geniuses, had painted for our behoof a landscape so familiar to us that in its new guise it is altogether changed.

Little wonder that an earlier age attributed to the trees the power of talking by night. One can almost hear them at it. The soft swish of the wind through the branches is unheard by day, so distracted are we by other sights and by other sounds. At night Nature has it all her own way. Her rival in chief, the sunshine, is away. The blemishes which modern civilization has put upon her are unseen, from the dust of the motor-cars to the barbed wire of the angry farmer. The great features are visible, and only the great features. As the moon peeps out we see the hills beyond—rich blue they are; we see the

outlines of the fields, broad lines of black hedgerows; but the laughing cornfields are still prominent, and in the contrast the silver or gold, according to the time of vision, almost clamors to us for recognition. Then the timid things creep out; the frogs croak; the nightjar sings the while he opens his capacious mouth for the moths; here and there a bat flies across the roadway. Singularly enough, though there is more life to us the more we know about it, the sense which it conveys is of restfulness—a restfulness which is not necessarily sleep.

In the pretty little hymn which we learned as children we were pointed to the example of all things in Nature sleeping by night. Later in life we know that it is far from the truth. But we learn, if it be ours at an odd time to commune with the night, that the world of seen things is very garish; that the world of man's strivings lacks that decided progress which is content to be patient; that Nature, at night, when man's interference is the least visible, has one great lesson in particular for us. That lesson, for a day of feverish haste, is not that night is the time of absence of development, but that it is the time of determined leisureliness of process. So slowly, and yet without pause, has that moon arisen; so quietly, and yet without fear, have the stars peeped out. "Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up"—the very lesson we have indicated.

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## WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

C. E. S. Wood, in the Pacific Monthly.

And the woman suffragists are here, too. It is not the men who keep women from their rights. Woman herself in the multitude loves her helplessness and opposes her emancipation. The hand which rocks the cradle could in a generation sweep the country with its home-made converts, if the "hand" had any mental conception of what it is all about, or any real desire for the voting power. But the cradle-rocking "hand" hasn't, as an average, an idea above beef, coal, bargain counters and jealousy.

If the vote on the question were left wholly to women, woman suffrage would surely be defeated. The great argument in favor of it is not that it will make politics purer and better, but that it is demanded by that equality which is justice. Woman shares with man the whole burden of the State, she bears and rears the soldiers and the laborers. She contributes by domestic labor to the income and resources of the States. There is a growing class of independent women who own their property and manage business affairs. Even were it true, which it is not, it is no argument to say women are represented by their fathers, brothers and husbands. The great law of equal justice requires that they have this political power in their own right. It is simply silly to say only bad and ignorant women will vote, for experience shows the best women vote when they have the chance, and it opens their intellectual eyes. As women are in fact purer than men, so their influx will make politics purer; but this is not the real point, nor will the difference, in my opinion, be very great. The real point is that now every male blackguard and ignoramus can vote if he wants to, and no woman, however cultured and intelligent, can vote if she wants to. Neither good

nor bad women now have a chance to vote. Give all of them the chance all men have, and justice will have been done. It will then be a woman's own fault and choice (just as it is now man's) if she stays away from the polls. With the chief argument that she will be insulted at the polls and the fine gloss of her femininity worn away I have little patience. If our men are a mob to insult women, let us deprive them of every right incident to manhood. I have never conceived a half-baked intellect and an haremlike docility and imbecility to be true womanhood. Neither womanhood or manhood is lost by freedom. Much that is mistaken for womanhood is sodden ignorance and pitiful helplessness.

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### POLITICS.

From the Illinois State Register, of Springfield, for July 27, 1906.

Judge W. M. Blackman, candidate for congress in one of the Louisiana districts, has suddenly, in disgust, withdrawn from the race and declared himself out of politics because politics is "too rotten."

Do you suppose he quit because he couldn't win, or because he was really of the belief that politics was too bad for him and that he was too good for politics?

No man is too good for politics. The stronger the man morally, the more certain his honor and honesty, and the more reliable integrity the more essential is it that such man be active in politics. Such men in politics are in a position to become public benefactors. It is selfishness for a man to keep out of politics because he feels that he is too good for politics. It is because the better class of citizens neglect their duty at the polls in politics that thugs, rowdies, crooks, confidence men, "bosses" and grafters wield the political power they do in some cities. Men who keep out of politics because they are too good for politics place in the hands of the professional crooks their most powerful weapon. It is only because the better class of citizens often stand back and let the grafters assume control of the political machinery that officers become mere chattels for the "gangs." It is in this way that the people are robbed of their sacred rights. It is in this way that officials are put in office who have no respect for law, but who seek to hold office because there is a big chance for graft in it.

These are political facts with which every voter is familiar. Every voter knows how some officials dodge responsibility. We all know that men often get into office who have no comprehension of the sanctity of public trust. We all know how certain classes of lawlessness have been protected by such officials, how crime has flourished under their very noses, how they have encouraged unscrupulous "heelers" in pernicious political activity. These are facts with which every voter is familiar.

These facts make it imperative that honest men, men of integrity and men of character be active in politics, not as office-seekers perhaps, not as a means of obtaining power or gaining control of any political machinery, but as a means of benefiting mankind generally by aiding in the election of clean men—officials who will administer the law honestly and fearlessly.

No man is too good to perform a public service. No man is too good to benefit his fellow man. If politics is "rotten" then it is the duty of good citizens to remove that "rottenness" by going to the polls themselves and working with their neighbors to nominate men of character and honor, then to elect such men.

Take the honest men out of politics and what will happen to the country? What is happening to it now because of the vast number of dishonest men wielding power in politics? Whence this startling prevalence of graft?

Is the citizen who does not do his duty in politics honest to his fellow man?

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### SAN FRANCISCO'S GREATEST OBSTACLE TO REHABILITATION.

Judge James G. Maguire in a Recent Speech Before the Friendly Club, San Francisco, as Reported in the San Francisco Star of August 18.

At our last monthly banquet, I confidently predicted the speedy rehabilitation of our beloved city. I then complimented the Building Trades Council upon its patriotic resolution pledging its membership not to take any mercenary advantage of the misfortunes of their fellow men; I complimented the merchants and other wealth producers and wealth distributors upon their generally expressed determination to the same effect, and, believing them all to have been absolutely sincere in their assurances of self-denial and of co-operation for the common good, I repeat those compliments to-night. Landlordism, the great parasite of modern civilization, has thwarted their patriotic purposes. The avarice of the landlords of San Francisco has come to the front as the greatest of all obstacles to the rehabilitation of the city. The merchants and manufacturers of the city were ready to rebuild it, even to pay a reasonable ground rent for the privilege of rebuilding, and, in addition, to turn the permanent buildings which they would erect over to the landlords at the end of a reasonable term of lease; but the landlords of the burned district, with a few honorable exceptions, drove them away from that district by arbitrarily raising ground rents to rates far above those prevailing before the fire, and the landlords of the unburned districts are forcing labor to demand higher wages and merchants to demand higher prices by arbitrarily raising rents of all houses and business places beyond the ability of tenants to pay, at the old rates of wages and prices. They are taxing the people to the last extremity of their ability to pay, and, of course, giving absolutely nothing in return for the increased tax.

While thus obstructing rehabilitation, landlordism is crying out for cheap labor and cheap materials to rebuild the city. It asks for sacrifices from every interest but its own. Yet the fact remains, so broadly written that he who runs may read, that the landlords are the only class of our people who will profit financially by the rebuilding of the city. Rebuilding will cause land values "to go up by leaps and bounds," as recently stated by Mr. Howell, but it will not cause the wages of labor, nor the profits of manufacturers or commerce, to increase. All other classes have a sentimental interest in rebuilding San Fran-