

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 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