

four feet in length, were arranged about the dancing-room, some of them strewn beneath the feet of the guests, forming a carpet more costly than any yet devised. Tons of the lesser blossoms were used, among which were branches of mignonette that were marvelous in their size, color and perfume.—The Criterion.

PROF. PECK ON WOMEN'S EDUCATION.

Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia university, writes in the January *Cosmopolitan* on "The Overtaught Woman." He discusses "the expediency of assenting to the demand which women are now making for access to the higher education," and gives his opinion against it. A number of requests have been received for a review of this article, but, after reading it, one feels that to reply to it seriously would be, in the words of Carlyle, to waste time "attacking extinct Satans." Except in a few remote and belated countries, women are not now demanding access to the higher education, because access to it has been almost everywhere accorded them. The fight for admission to the higher education has been fought and won, and the battle of reform has moved on to other fields. . . .

Far from lowering the standard, women have taken rather more than their share of the prizes in the universities where they study on equal terms with the men. Prof. Peck disposes of this inconvenient fact by the ingenious theory that the women reported to have thus distinguished themselves were really "very commonplace girls," but that the professors were so influenced by their femininity as to award them honors which they had not earned over the heads of the more deserving men. If this were so, it would be not so much an argument against the fitness of women for higher education as an argument against the fitness of some men to be college professors.

Throughout this article Prof. Peck displays, in a marked degree, the precise qualities that he says unfits women for the highest education. He looks upon women as unscientific and sentimental; but what could be more sentimental or less scientific than his comparison of man and woman to "a war-horse and a fawn?" The scientific comparison would be to a horse and mare, or to a male and female fawn. Again, Prof. Peck says of woman: "Her self-consciousness—the tendency to judge of all things in relation to herself alone—is omnipresent;" and then he lays it down as an axiom: "Woman is never to be thought of otherwise than

in the relation which she holds to man." He speaks of women's lack of logic, yet declares women to be specially fitted to bring up children because of their "infinite patience," and specially unfitted for scientific research because they "will lack patience to wait for matured and ripened effort to bring about achievements of a lasting value."—The Woman's Journal.

"THE CRIME OF HUNGER."

About two o'clock on the morning of Thursday, November 17, some 200 men were lined up along the Bowery in New York, near Fifth street. There was no special excitement in the locality. Neither fire nor fight had brought them there. The reason for their standing thus in the street in the chill of a late autumn night was the fact that a kind-hearted restaurant keeper was known to set out nightly at this hour a big caldron of hot coffee and a basket of bread, and to give to every man who was hungry enough to come after it, a cup of coffee and a piece of bread.

While they stood thus waiting for the distribution to begin, down upon them swooped a body of the well-fed blue-coated guardians of the city with drawn night-sticks, and 50 of the hungry men, who were not quick enough in running away, were hustled off to the station house. They had been guilty of no violence, no disturbance, no crime named in the laws of God or man; but the proprietor of a saloon near at hand objected to their presence. The incident furnishes the groundwork for a timely study.

There are, while you are reading these lines, many hungry men and women in the United States; not weary, glad-hearted toilers hurrying homeward to the evening meal, but men and women to whom the sounding bells and whistles bring no hope of supper, and for whom, in the midst of the plenty of this land whose products could feed the world, no table is spread.

How many are there of them? Nobody knows. They come and go; they find work; they starve to death; they turn criminal. The number today is never the same to-morrow. So no one has ever made a census of the hungry.

But there are enough of them that in all the centers of population the fact of their presence makes itself known, and the minor note of their woe makes itself heard now and again, amid the diapason tones of business and the keen treble of pleasure.

Of course everybody knows how, when the winter's storms sweep down upon the land, when shops close and workmen are laid off, there are found in all our great cities thousands of homes where there are no fires and no food. There were 100,000 starving people in a single day in Chicago in a recent winter.

But it is not of sporadic, but rather of chronic, hunger that we are going to study. We are going to look at a few of the symptoms of the widespread disease of the body social that makes everywhere and constantly present among the emblems and trophies of our civilization a great mass of people who share none of these things, and walk amid them all searching only for bread to stop the pangs of famine.

The 50 men who were arrested that chill November morning were, when taken before the magistrate, so plainly a body of honest, though unfortunate men that his honor flatly refused to commit any of them to prison. Not one of them had a cent in his pocket, though a number of them had some of the tools used in the trades in which they were trying to find work. Judging their companions whom the police were unable to capture by these whom they did arrest, there were in that part of New York city that night 200 honest but unfortunate men, who were hungry enough to remain upon the street in the chill of a November night until two o'clock in the morning in the hope of getting a cup of coffee and a piece of bread.

Two hundred unfed, hungry men in the street waiting for a morsel of bread at two o'clock in the morning! Don't be excited; the sight is not uncommon in New York. Only half a dozen blocks away from the place where these men were waiting for food, every night, week after week and month after month, at 12 o'clock, the doors of one of the great bakeries of the city are thrown open, and sometimes 200, sometimes 300, sometimes 500 men pass in line to take a dole of bread. Voice representatives have watched them on summer nights, when the blocks around seemed some vast and strange picnic ground, as on curb and step men sat eating dry bread with the sauce of hunger. Voice representatives have watched them again when the cold winds of autumn swept along the street, and the line, as it waited, clung close to the shelter of the towering walls, and again when the winter's snow fell like a white winding sheet, and the waiting wretches shuddered and crouched.