

"THE GIRL MUST SUFFER"

The chief of Pittsburg's police recently received a note saying:

"By the time you get this I will be in the river. My life has been ruined by a man well known. Men get off easy, but the girl must suffer."

He hurried an officer to the place where the writer said she intended to jump from a high bridge, but too late. A moment before the officer arrived a young girl had climbed to the railing and dived overboard. Her body was not recovered. Her name is unknown.

Yes, alas, "men get off easy." That man, for instance. Well known he may be, but not for the treachery which sent this poor girl into the sheltering depths. Perhaps well known for his gifts to charity, for his attendance at church, for his prominence in the activities of business. Perhaps well known as a husband and father. He had amused himself for a time with a pretty human toy, had feigned the arts of a lover to satiate his selfish passion, and then, boy-like, tired of the pastime, had thrown her aside. She lies somewhere in the river's sweep, cold and stark; but he goes on his way untroubled. Verily, the girl must suffer.

And it pains us to say that it has always been so and that we very much fear it will be so to the end.

For woman, the matrix of the race, the one in whose soft body, close to whose warm heart, all the children of the race must find their way into the world, lies by nature's fiat under this special condition, that for that unique function, with its tremendous import to the future, she must guard jealously her honor, her fitness for motherhood.

"Men get off easy," yes, because happily the percentage of women who can be cheapened, even deceived, is small.

Men would go down to swift racial ruin, uncheered by offspring, never knowing the pride of fatherhood, unwept, unhonored, unsung, if it were otherwise.

And yet, to make the girl do all the suffering frankly isn't fair. We ought, as professedly a Christian society, to order it otherwise; to accept the splendid challenge of Eugene V. Debs, who took into his home an erring sister rejected of others.

We ought, but when will we?

PLANS TO PATCH UP DOMESTIC TROUBLES WITH COOK BOOKS

County Clerk Robert M. Schweitzer will attempt to put the court of domestic relations and the divorce courts out of business. But he's going about it in a diplomatic way. Here's the plan:

A cook book will be given away with every marriage license. Sounds pretty good—to the men. All that is needed to put the plan into effect is to get an appropriation from the county board.

"Poor cooking is responsible for most of the domestic trouble that gets into the courts today," said the county clerk. "Up in the domestic

relations court, when a man is arrested for deserting his wife, in seven cases out of ten he says he beat it because the lady wouldn't or couldn't cook. He had to go somewhere else for food—and often for drink. In the divorce courts a lot of men say their wives threw pans at them until it became monotonous. We want to teach the women the real use of cooking utensils."

When Mary jumped to board the car,
Her tight skirts she forgot—
And strong men turned with covered
eyes,
Lest they view what they should
not.