

There Is Progress In Co-Education

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THE power of woman was not recognized as early as that of man, and the education of the mass has not yet become a world policy. The reasons for the historic evolution of the schools are obvious. Woman was for a long time the mere supporter and subordinate, the toy and task-bearer of man. About the only rights our foremothers had was the right to live and to be our foremothers. Indeed, the law knew nothing of them beyond keeping their marriage within the control of the king or the lord of the manor, until they took the step which conferred upon us the high privilege of being here.

So long as all this could persist no one, not even woman herself, could think of the education of woman. But democracy, without chart or plan, obeying the conscience and using the force of the mass, has borne down the unbroken traditions of a thousand years and made the legal rights of woman about the same as those of man. America leads in this world movement.

In all this matter there has been much confusion about the personal rights and public duties of woman. The opening of the advanced schools to woman has nothing to do with imposing the franchise upon her. Woman is fitted for certain functions, and man for certain other functions, in the social and political economy. Each class of functions has a right to the best that the schools can give. But it does not follow that each is to bear the same burden. The essence of government is protection, voting and serving in the legislature. To be sure, in the social economy woman must bear responsibilities quite as important to the common good, and claiming quite as high an order of moral and intellectual aptitude as the burden of protection which logically falls upon men.

Because woman must have the same educational rights as man, the policy of coeducation has become overwhelming in this country. Whether they will take advantage of these rights is to be decided not by men but by themselves.

Educational equality has accompanied closely the extension of political rights to women. In Boston girls were not admitted to the public schools at all until 1789, and the first high schools were opened before the public was accustomed to more than the rudiments for girls. All of the earlier American colleges started before the education of woman went further than writing and arithmetic, and occasionally music and dancing.

The right of the woman to the best there is in college is just as inviolable as that of man, and it cannot be met unless she may have the same instruction if she wants it. Physiological, psychological and social difficulties exist only in the imagination. Intellectual and social healthfulness follows the companionship of the sexes in a large even more than in a small institution, and the testimony of the administrative authorities of the leading state universities in the middle west points to the fact that the great body of their students, men and women, work harmoniously and effectively together and live pure and happy lives. The vulgar has no place in these universities, and it has no more place in a man's university than in a coeducational university or a woman's college.

It is not to be forgotten that men and women supplement each other; that each supplies the factors in thought and endeavor, in direction and stability, in force and progress, which the other lacks, and that the great accomplishments in human society have been worked out by men and women of character working in cooperation.

LAWLESSNESS IS LABOR'S FOE

By JOHN MITCHELL, President United Mine Workers of America.



I want to say, as to the matter of lawlessness during strikes, that before being president of a union, before being a member of a union, I am an American, over and above everything else. I believe that every man should first be an American. There is no man who would condemn lawlessness stronger than I would.

If I did not do it because I was opposed to lawlessness I would do it because it militates against the success of a strike and against the success and advancement of labor organizations. I do not believe lawlessness ever won a strike. I do not believe lawlessness to a very large degree deters men from working. I believe lawlessness under all circumstances will militate against the men who go on strike.

As I have said many times, I have an abiding faith in the American people. I believe that when they understand a cause to be right they will support it, and without the support of the people no great movement can succeed. That is true of a strike. If the people of the country are not in sympathy with it it must fail, AND I AM SURE THE SYMPATHY OF THE PEOPLE WILL NEVER BE WITH THOSE WHO VIOLATE THE LAW.

Is Being Good Profitable?

By Rev. Marie H. Jenney

DOES it pay to be good? Not in houses and land, not in future reward, not even in the appreciation of people. Then does it pay? Try it and see.

You have a chance to get angry, try self-control. You have a chance to hurt the feelings of your friend, refrain. You have a chance to do a kindness, do that kindness. Well, what gain? You like yourself better, that's all.

Try being mean and mercenary; try being cruel and inconsiderate. We all try it at times. What does it do for us? It gives us self-dignity, self-contempt. It does not accord with what we want to be. It does not accord with what we truly are.

Life, we say, is made of states of consciousness. If life really does consist of these successive states of consciousness, happiness depends on how you treat your consciousness. Let it accumulate a lot of rubbish, and how can you respond to the best and highest that life has to offer? Prepare the consciousness by right living, high thinking, and you create a place where heaven will enter and stay.

Remember, you were meant to be a god. The only reason why you are not a god to-day is that you have not had time to develop into one. Devote more time to it. It will repay you better than money making. It will give you moments of exultation for which the millionaire would gladly pay immense sums of money. But money cannot purchase such moments.

THEY ARE THE REWARD OF SPLENDID LIVING.

FUNNY FOLKS

She Couldn't Understand.
"I can't see what makes that lemonade taste so funny," said the unsophisticated damsel.
"What did you tell him you wanted?" asked her escort.
"Why, I wanted to be up to date," she explained, "and I notice nobody asks for a straw by that name these days."
"What do they call it?"
"A 'stick.' I told him I wanted a lemonade with a 'stick' in it, but it tastes awfully funny."—Chicago Post.

Uncle Reuben Says:
Hope am one o' de mile-stones on life's journey, but it ain't 'spected dat anybody will run it into de ground. Fur instance, de man who sits on de fence and hopes dat his ticket will draw de grand prize in a lottery, am gwine to be powerful shy on meat and 'taters arter dat drawin' comes off, and he won't find nobody to pity him.—Detroit Free Press.

A Reasonable Everywhere.
"I have been everywhere," said Diogenes, as he wearily set his lantern down, "and I haven't been able to find an honest man. What do you think of that?"
"It merely indicates," answered the plain, every-day citizen, "that you have an undesirable circle of acquaintances."—Washington Star.

Where the Difficulty Lay.
Boggs (facetiously)—Fourth daughter to be married, eh? I fancy you've had considerable difficulty in getting so large a number of girls off your hands.
Noggs (earnestly)—No, my dear Boggs, the difficulty is in keeping such a large number of husbands on their feet.—Town Topics.

Pingiatiam.
A musical pirate was he—
A terrible criminal, arch,
But all he had done you see
Was simply to steal a march.
—Columbia Jester.

THE JOY OF GIVING.



She—Tom, dear, before I get you your birthday present I want you to tell me how much you can afford to pay for it.—N. Y. Times.

Harder to Fill.
He has six little mouths to feed—
Which fact to labor hurries him;
But it's another hungry mouth—
The furnace's—that worries him.
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Scarce Article.
Bunker—I see they are thinking of starting a club in opposition to the Authors' club. It's to be composed entirely of those who haven't written a book.
Hill—Umph. They'll have hard work to get any members.—N. Y. Herald.

The Widow's Advantage.
"Which would you rather be if you were 27 and could have your choice, a widow or just a girl?"
"Oh, a widow, by all means. A widow always has a big advantage. She can try an entirely different kind the next time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

George Was Slandered.
George Washington—The papers are saying that I never told a lie.
Mrs. George Washington—Oh, well, don't worry about it; all sorts of stories are circulated when a man is running for office.—N. Y. Times.

Getting Old.
"She used to say no girl should marry until she got an excellent proposal."
"And now?"
"Now she's dropped the 'excellent.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Punishment to Fit.
To fit his thieving hardihood,
His meanness small and rank,
The man who jumps his board bill should
Be made to walk the plank.
—Philadelphia Press.

A LIBERAL MINISTER.
Myer—You may make some people believe that story, but I'm not such a fool as I look.
Gyer—Well, why don't you stop traveling around in disguise then?—Chicago Daily News.



Elsie—My, how tired I am! How much did mamma put in the plate?
Tommy—A quarter. Why?
Elsie—Whew! What a lot the minister gives for a quarter.—Philadelphia Press.

And Neither Won.
Determined to outstay each other, the two young men remained until some time after midnight.
"Good gracious!" exclaimed one of them at last, looking at the clock.
"Did you know it was as late as that?"
"Why, no," replied the young woman. "Seems to be two after one doesn't it?"
Whereupon they turned red simultaneously and withdrew in like manner.—Chicago Tribune.

ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT.



Mose—What did the colonel say when he found all his chickens stolen?
Rastus—He only done say dat he'd have to recoup his losses.
Mose—Golly! I don't see how he's going to do dat, unless he puts all de niggers dat ate 'em in a coop.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

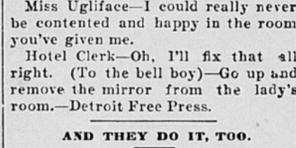
Naming the Baby.
They talked of Medora, Aurora, and Flora, Of Mabel, and Marcia, and Mildred, and May;
Debated the question of Helen, Honora, Clarissa, Camilla, and Phyllis and Fay. They thought of Marcella, Estella, and Bella;
Considered Cecelia, Jeannette, and Elline; Alicia, Adela, Annette, Arabella, And Ethel and Eunice, Hortense and Irene.
One liked Theodora, another Lenora; Some argued for Edith and some for Elaine, For Madeline, Adeline, Lily, and Lora; And then, after all, they decided on Jane.—Illustrated Bits.

An Advantage All Around.
"Colonel," said the beautiful grass widow, "do you believe women ought to have the privilege of coming right out and proposing marriage?"
"Yes," the old warrior answered; "then, of course, it would no longer be considered discourteous for a man to refuse if he didn't feel like running the risk."—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Embryo Journalist.
"Your boy," said the editor of the Bowersville Clarion, "has the making of a real editor in him."
"Think so?" said the pleased father.
"Sure. Why, he has handed in half a dozen accounts of parties this season, and in every one of them he stated that 'a delightful time was had.'"—Judge.

Removed the Cause.
Miss Ugliface—I could really never be contented and happy in the room you've given me.
Hotel Clerk—Oh, I'll fix that all right. (To the bell boy)—Go up and remove the mirror from the lady's room.—Detroit Free Press.

AND THEY DO IT, TOO.



"But, you see, I only want the teapot and the sugar basin. Don't you break these sets?"
"No, madam. We generally leave that to the servants of our customers."—Punch.

As Others See Us.
Myer—You may make some people believe that story, but I'm not such a fool as I look.
Gyer—Well, why don't you stop traveling around in disguise then?—Chicago Daily News.

An Awful Jolt.
He (bashfully)—May I—er—kiss your baby sister?
She (in disgust)—Oh, I suppose so—if you're too cowardly to tackle a girl nearer your own size.—Chicago Daily News.

Sure Enough.
Church—There is a waiter over in our place named Scales.
Gotham—Ah! Expects every one to tip him, I suppose?—Yonkers Statesman.

Rivalry.
New Yorker—They say New York is the most corrupt city in the union.
Chicago Man (contemptuously)—It doesn't compare with Chicago!—N. Y. Herald.

Philanthropy of the Old and New Millionaires of New York

Will there ever be another "gentleman of the old school" like Peter Marie?
I almost despair of it. The times are different from those that nurtured that dear old man in his eightieth year, who fell asleep so gently but the other day.
Marie was of French stock; the family came to New York during the revolution.

They were enormously rich for those days. The last of his race made no effort to grasp at more wealth; I presume he may have had a million dollars or so besides his unique art collections. He was acknowledged a leader in the best society, the society that is not willing to measure everything by the dollar mark. Some have called him the leader of that society upon its masculine side as Mrs. Astor is upon the feminine. They have called him prettier names than that—the Penderis of New York, for instance; and, best of all, "Uncle Peter," a title given him no more often by the golden girls of the avenue than by the children of the poor whom he loved. It was a title of honor for one of nature's noblemen.

The man had a romance. What it was neither you nor I shall ever know, but it left its traces in him, not in bitterness, but in gentle manners. "The loveliest thing under the sun," he used to say, "is a beautiful woman." And to his last day he lived surrounded by women worthy of the adjective. For his hobby it was to have miniatures painted of the women whom he knew, so that in time he came to have a collection of 250 little portraits by famous miniaturists of both continents of such women as Mrs. Ladenburg, Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr., Mrs. J. Kennedy Tod, Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, Mrs. Richard Hunt, Mrs. Lloyd Brice, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Elliott, who was Sally Hargous, the famous belle of more than a day; Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop and Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

These he has left to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and a valuable legacy they are for the public.

"A Portrait of a Gentleman."
There are not a few men in New York who, like Marie, as types better merit attention than the rich who have only riches.

You will find one of them pictured to the life in a masterly painting by that greatest of living artists, Sargent, in the galleries of the Metropolitan museum. In the old days it would have been entitled simply "Portrait of a Gentleman." Now it is inscribed with the name of Henry G. Marquand, once president of the museum, newly dead and well remembered.

Marquand gave point to Mr. Carnegie's maxim that he who dies rich dies dishonored. That's a paradox; you've to understand it comparatively. In Mr. Marquand's case it means that he left personal property of about a million and a half. He had once been worth ten times that sum. Twice he generously spent his money to rescue a son who bore his own name into Wall street, and there twice met failure. The "assets" of more than two millions which Mr. Marquand held against his son's vanquished firms are worth nothing. The old man who looks so sadly out from Sargent's canvas used every effort to pay for his son's and his son's associates what they owned, though he was in no way liable.

Marquand might, like Marie, have been one of New York's powerful millionaires. With his great fortune and his opportunities as they were 20 years ago, he needed only to go on piling up money. Instead he piled up gratitude in the heart of New Yorkers of discrimination until the pile reached the roof of the Metropolitan museum. For that mighty institution, all the bigger in that it is but three-sevenths grown, is his work more than that of any other man. Taste, skill and inclination impelled him to the purchase of great pictures; the people have the benefit.

Mr. Schwab's "Happy Days."
The modern millionaire must do good by main strength, as it were. He hasn't Mr. Marquand's knack of making long training tell.

Still he gets results. Mr. Schwab, of the steel trust, is making great progress with his pet hobby, his children's outing place on Staten island. Here at the edge of the sea he is causing, like Kubla Khan, a "stately pleasure dome" to arise, all for the children. No steamer that floated last summer was good enough for Mr. Schwab's guests. He had the "Happy Days," which has just been

launched, planned by expert philanthropists of the St. John's Guild (for we have experts even in philanthropy, nowadays; go to Mr. Riis, ye millionaires, or to Mr. Devine, of the charities bureau, if you would know how not to waste money in trying to do good), and she contains every convenience and comfort that the needs of ailing babies and their mothers on a half-hour trip down the bay might suggest. The big-ness of the plan! The steamer, whose only task is to convey children to their summer retreat, a distance that she can traverse a dozen times a day, will be chartered, to carry 1,500 souls. The children will be caught for Mr. Schwab by the Children's Aid society, possibly by public school teachers in the poorer quarters of the city.

When one speaks of the men who have aided, and who being dead still aid the city, mention of the Children's Aid society suggests its great founder Charles Loring Brace, who built so well by faith that now his society aids 55,000 children in a year; that of its former charges two have become governors, 26 bankers, 34 lawyers, 22 merchants, 17 doctors, 21 clergymen and a host are congressmen, district attorneys, state legislators and minor potentates. Fifteen hundred children in a year find permanent homes in the country through its work.

A Funny Freak from France.
The funniest thing that has happened in New York in some time is the arrival of the Count de Montesquiou-Fezencac.

The Count, &c., came with 37 trunks, a press agent, a bosom friend and two hairdressers, to give "conferences" on topics semi-literary and semi-social; on the tasteful conduct of life by aristocrats, in short.

I send a portrait of the count by Whistler; this is in a measure by request. It is "given out" out by the press agent, with the remark that from it one can see that the count is not a man to be overlooked in a crowd. "Look," says the agent, "at the eyes, penetrating, restless and alert . . . the aristocratic, sensitive face, the tall figure, slight almost to emaciation." The "gray gloves recall the deeds of chivalric Spain, and the malacha (Malacca) stick tipped forward, suggests the duellist's sword ready to be drawn, so that in Whistler's portrait we recognize the poet, a sculptor of clouds, an alchemist of dreams and a fabricant of fancies."

Over in Paris they refuse to take the exquisite count seriously. They say that he was fired with emulation by the example of M. Helleu, the portrait painter, who came to this country and took away \$30,000 worth of orders for work to be done.

Perhaps the lecturer upon the art of life as it should be lived by aristocrats, at \$5 per listener per listen, wholesale rates—for you can't get a seat except for the whole series—will coin money. He may and he may not. It's just as it may happen.

"Brace Gambling" in New York.
If M. le Count de Montesquiou-Fezencac really wants to give New Yorkers valuable advice upon the conduct of life he might advise them to keep away from gambling houses.

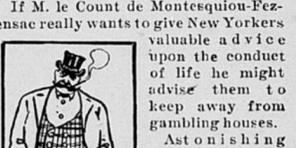
As our gambling facts are brought out by District Attorney Jerome. That agile smasher of illegal privileges, says there is hardly an "honest" gambling house in the city.

What is more to the point, he nearly proves it. In almost every raid that he has made some crooked wheel or table has been brought away. Even in Canfield's luxurious gambling place next door to Delmonico's, Jerome says that the rich man who goes into a private room to gamble with "the sky for a limit" has not the ghost of a chance.

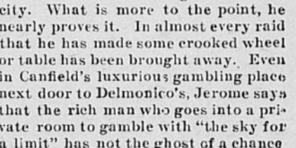
The ordinary odds of the game ought to be good enough—from three to five per cent. advantage for the house, according to the game that is played. Because of the cost of police protection, it was commonly said, gambling houses not long ago began openly to use "double O" tables, tables where the usual odds of the house were doubled to enable the proprietor to meet his expenses. Even that wasn't enough, and the employment at high salaries of "slick dealers" and the use of "phony boards" made by experts was resorted to.

These revelations have their effect. Men who wouldn't dream of "sneaking" on the results of a fair game are giving the district attorney tips. The police under a new commissioner can now reach a gambling house as soon as the "lookout." Informers within police circles past or present are beginning to whisper in the ear of the law. It has taken a year to get ready for the campaign against the nastiest forms of vice, but it looks as if Mr. Jerome were now ready to make things hum.

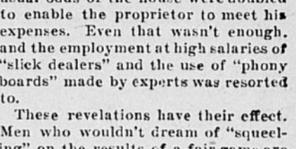
A "Slick Dealer."



A Future Governor.



NEWS BOY'S HOME.



NEW YORK'S MOST CORRUPT CITY.

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