READ PAPERS ON MENTAL TRAINING

Uneventful Day Session at the Women's Congress.

A CONSTANTLY GROWING ATTENDANCE.

Brahmacharin Bodhabhikshu Has the Bell Rung on Him.

ANOTHER BEAUTY APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

Mrs. Helen Gardener Reads Her Celebrated Paper Entitled "Heredity."

Yesterday's was quite the most uneventful of the sessions of the Woman's Congress held thus far this season. There were no brilliant papers. Each address, however, showed that the writer was thoroughly familiar with the subject dealt with in his or her paper, and, moreover, possessed the happy faculty of expressing themselves clearly and concisely. Many theories were advanced, but, unfortunately, no conclusions reached. There were no aphorism, no brilliant epigram to punctuate the long papers that had naught that was new to propose.

There were no discussions. Each speaker's theory was quietly accepted, with now and then a voice of praise raised in its favor.

The Brahmacharin was present and was one of those who rose to add his mite of wisdom to the session. There seems to be an insatiable desire on the part of the audiences at these congresses to hear the impassioned voice of the Hindoo sage. His presence on the stage is always greeted with applause and his remarks listened to with rapt attention. This high caste Brahmin is sure to become the idol not only of that frivolous young person known as the matinee girl, but the more sedate congress women.

He certainly is an inspired speaker. When moved by his subject to an eloquent outburst his voice trembles, his long lithe figure quivers and his right hand points upward with the threatening gesture of an implacable justice. Once started the Brahmacharin loses all idea of the rapid flight of time, and yesterday, lost in the flowery depths of his oratory had the bell rung on him to remind him that his allotted minutes had elapsed.

Each succeeding session finds the hall more and more crowded. It seems a case of those who have been before bringing their friends and those friends in turn bringing their relatives. Yesterday, to accommodate the crowd, chairs were ranged to the very front of the stage, and yet the walls were lined with a fringe of women—young and pretty, old and handsome and otherwise. It was a most considerate audience. When Mrs. Swift, the president of the Women's Association, came to the front and asked the ladies to remove their hats there was not a feather-tipped head in all the vast assemblage two minutes after her request had been made.

However, it was a singularly impassive audience. But in spite of the reserve there was a tinge of expectancy in the air. Every one was repressing all emotions, saving all their enthusiasm for the evening, when Helen Gardener should read her widely celebrated paper, "Heredity."

The only emotion allowed to ruffle that even calm was when Miss Margaret Sweeney appeared. Miss Sweeney is a remarkably handsome girl, and if there is one thing this congress of women admires it is a pretty creature—sex feminine. There will probably have to be an aftermath to this congress, in which the women will have to be taught not to lose their handkerchiefs, their feather boas and their purses. There are several of these articles awaiting owners at the secretary's table.

THURSDAY'S SESSION.

Interesting Papers on Mental Training Read at the Woman's Congress.

Mental training was the subject of all the papers read yesterday at the Woman's Congress. All the papers were remarkably well written, and were followed with close attention by the large audience assembled.

Professor C. B. Bradley was the first speaker of the afternoon. His paper was a practical view of "the study of history as a development of the heart and imagination." Professor Bradley's paper was in part as follows:

Two distinct things may be proposed as ends in the study of history. One is ethical—a discipline of the heart and imagination—the other is intellectual and scientific. The end of one discipline is wisdom and character; the end of the other is knowledge and skill. It may be too much to say that these two ends cannot be pursued together.

The scientific end is possible only for students of a certain maturity of mind. Its higher sweep is attained only now and then by some great master. But the other needs no special eye, no special training. It is within the reach of all who bring to the study common intelligence enough to understand the record and the common interest we all feel in human struggle and achievement.

As for maturity, it would seem that there is something in the very constitution of childhood and youth which specially fits these ages to receive these lessons of life; specially predisposes them to catch the contagion of noble character and heroic action. Heroes there doubtless are all about us, and no generous record and no common interest we all feel in hero-worships. But the impressiveness of the vision is everything in this case. History has here its special opportunity and advantage. Nowhere do heroes stand on such pedestals, nowhere do they loom up with such imposing power as when seen through the mists of ages at the end of a long vista of history. All must agree with me in recognizing the power which history has to uplift the heart and the mind of men.

There is no worthy living outside of the great precept, "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Mrs. Emma Payne Erskine followed Professor Bradley with a paper on "The Deadline of Civilization." Among other things Mrs. Erskine said:

The old world moves on no longer with the stately majestic sweep of the ages. It moves with a rush and a whirl, onward, onward and ever faster and faster, never resting, never waiting, never pausing to think.

Poor humanity! Hurrying ourselves on through our short span of earthly existence, eagerly looking forward to something unattained, and, when we have it, casting it behind us to grasp at something still beyond, until we are launched into eternity with never a moment for reckoning the whence, the whither or for what.

We stand on the verge of a new entry and the demon stands beside us. We look backward down the years and see the barriers he has set up—the walls he has built—and he is here now to draw the "deadline of civilization" at our very feet.

What cares he for human law? He strides over it and it becomes null and void.

What shall we do with this great question of the age? What shall we do with Turkey, with Cuba, Africa, Russia, Asia? What with all the cruelties of the day? What shall we do with the demon who allows all these things to continue—who has drawn before every civilization of the past the deadline?

There is but one force that can overcome him—the law that shall be dispelled in the wonderful dawning of the light of the perfect day.

Miss Adeline Knapp's paper, "Just Mere Literature," was one of the best efforts of the afternoon. The lady's paper in part was as follows:

Education's value of the individual lies not not so much in what it fits him to enjoy as in what it enables him to be to his fellows. Its end is not to qualify a man to make a living, but to help him to live. We are apt to think of culture as something that distinguishes a man and sets him apart from his brothers; but if culture makes a fuller life it must certainly manifest in fuller fellowship, in greater capacity for love and usefulness. Liberal sympathy, broad interest, clear insight, as well as wide outlook, are as real parts of culture as mere scholastic attainments can possibly be.

It is possible that some of our economic problems have arisen because in our anxiety for material prosperity we have lost sight of humanity's hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, beliefs and disbeliefs wrought into our universal literature.

The child whose taste receives an early bent toward the true in literary art will not be likely to care much for the waste of printed commonplace that we call juvenile literature. There are a few modern writers who have given us good books for young people, but if nearly the whole of the so-called children's books of to-day could be swept from existence childhood would be immeasureably better off.

Miss Margaret Sweeney brought the afternoon session to a close with her paper on "English in Secondary Schools." Miss Sweeney made an ardent plea for the study of grammar and English in the public schools. She urged the teachers in the schools to give more attention to compositions, and noted that the day when a composition meant an extract from an encyclopedia had passed. She called attention to the fact that correct speech could not be learned in one day, any more than composition, and hoped those studies would receive the attention that they deserved at the hands of our educators.

SPOKE ON HEREDITY.

Evening Session of the Congress Crowded to Hear Helen Gardener Speak.

Last night was banner night at the Woman's Congress. Long before the hour of opening the street was crowded with an impatient throng anxious to secure the best possible seats. At 8 o'clock it was impossible to get near the doors. Helen Gardener's famous paper on "Heredity" was to be read by the authoress, hence the crowds.

The first paper was Professor J. M. Stillman's "The Essential Character and Purpose of Higher Education." He said:

"Were it possible for us to trace the ideals that have been dominant in the educational systems of the long line of civilizations which have risen and passed away during the life of our globe we should certainly be in possession of most valuable clews to the causes that conspire to produce their greatness and to those which contributed to their decay. For in the educational system of any civilization are emphasized and developed the ideas and ideals which the leading minds of the time and of the races consider the most essential to the development of the individual and most important to the service of the needs of the State and of its future strength and permanence.

"The higher education is the effort to fit most perfectly for the highest responsibilities of life. It must attempt, therefore, to develop to its highest capacity the latent powers of thought and action in the individual, and to teach him to utilize these powers to the utmost in the direction of good influence and useful service.

"Mere knowledge is not power; the ability to use knowledge rationally is power, but even then but latent power. The wish and the will to use it are necessary to make that latent power actual. Given knowledge, the ability and the will to use it and the desire to use it in the best interests of mankind, and we have the ideal result of the higher education.

"It is not alone in the universities that the higher education may be attained. Many a man or woman has attained by the home fireside and in the world's school a higher education than many college graduates have acquired under the more favorable conditions of the best universities.

"Though our systems of higher education but imperfectly attain the ends they aim for, though opinions differ as to the best subject matter and methods, we must ever be mindful that our higher institutions of learning have ever in view the welfare of humanity through their influence on the individual, and that such as they are they represent the conservators of the highest ideals of our age and nation, and in their permanence and progressive development we see the highest hopes for the future prosperity of humanity."

Mrs. Helen Gardener was then introduced, and was enthusiastically received.

MRS. GARDENER'S PAPER.

It has always been thought a charming trait in woman that she so easily "conforms," that she thinks and believes anything that her father, brother, lover or husband thinks and believes, or wants her to suppose that he does.

And it is not until woman comes out from under cover of conventional usage and says "I don't want to do this" and "I don't believe in that" of her own volition and thought, not until then will she be fit or strong enough to create and mold characters that shall grow into free men—men who shall be the victims of neither their enemies nor of themselves because of their feeble or their vicious inheritance.

I am far more accustomed to talk upon the topic that has been allotted to me before scientific bodies or to practical students of heredity, anthropology, biology and kindred subjects and therefore I may possibly say things that will sound dogmatic from the point of view of those who have not made a special study of the subject. I shall not mean anything I may say to seem either dogmatic or harsh, only earnest, and perhaps a short cut to facts we are to face.

I fear I shall strike a less pleasant note than has been struck by those who have preceded me, who have so generally dealt with ideals or who have sung the praise side of the song. My theme is scientific. It deals with demonstrable facts, and it goes back of even the kindergarten.

If, therefore, I should say some things that seem harsh or cruel, remember that the surgeon's knife cuts because it hopes to strike the root of the disorder. Remember that scientific facts are not always pleasant, but for all that I hold that it is wise for us to face and understand them.

There have been a good many kinds of congresses of women in the past few years, since it has been granted that women have a right to meet and discuss any topics whatever, and since it has been recognized that woman has the capacity to think for herself and the dignity and the poise to express her thought in public, without finding it necessary either to take refuge behind her male relatives or to become masculine herself in the process.

But in all of these congresses, previous to the one held recently in Washington, a congress of and for mothers had never been thought necessary. And that was the first racial congress ever held, and it was the munificence of a California woman that made that congress possible. It has been freely admitted by men and women alike that there is still much for women to learn from each other through mutual effort and consultation upon any and all subjects. So far as I have been able to discover, it has been taken for granted that since the beginning of the world all women have known enough to be mothers, and that it was, therefore, wholly superfluous for the mothers of the race to convene, as such, and confer with each other about those topics which are of the first and most vital importance to humanity—that is to say, about her functions, duties and moral responsibilities as both the creator and the cradle of mankind. Neither dense ignorance, deformity of body or mind, ill health nor criminality could disqualify her for the one "sphere" which all men joined in asserting was hers by divine right and in calling holy and lofty. Think of the absurdity of the proposition! Think of the sacrilege! Think of the unconscious indignity!

Poets, statesmen, novelists and artists have for ages untold striven to eclipse each other in the eulogies of motherhood. On the stage nothing is so sure of rapturous applause as is some touching bit of sacrifice which has reached its climax in a mother's love wherein she has yielded all to shield, to protect or to better the condition of husband or child. From the crude, sentimental songs which advise the son to "stick to your mother when her hair turns gray," through the various phases of maternal love and devotion or sacrifice in the "Camille" type of thought, on and up to the loftiest touches in art and literature, there is alike the effort to celebrate the power, the potentiality and the beauty of motherhood, and to stimulate the sentiments of gratitude and love and admiration for and emulation of the ideal depicted. But through it all, in the building and maturing of this ideal, there runs ever and always the one thread of thought, that self-sacrifice, self-abnegation and self-effacement are the grandest attributes of maternity; that in order to be a perfect, an ideal wife and mother the woman must be sunk, the individual immolated, the ego subjected.

To a degree and in a sense that is, of course, true, for the willingness to go down to the gates of death, to face its possibilities for long, weary months, to know that suffering and to fear that death stands as a sure and inevitable host at the end of a long journey—to know this and to be willing to face it for the sake of others is a heroism, a bravery, a self-abnegation so infinitely above and beyond the small heroisms of camp or battle-field that comparison is almost a sacrilege.

The condemned man upon whom the death watch has been set, who cannot hope for executive clemency, who is helpless in the hands of absolute power, still knows that although death may be sure physical suffering is unlikely, or at the worst will be but brief; but he alone stands in the position to know, even to a degree, the nervous strain, the mental anguish, the unthinking but uncontrolable panics of flesh and blood and nerve which woman faces at the behests of love and maternity and—alas that it can be true!—at the behests of sex power and financial dependence.

But when we study anthropology and heredity we come to realize the indisputable facts that her love, her physical heroism, and her bravery, linked with her political and financially subject status, have cast a physical blight, a moral shadow and a mental threat upon the world. Then we cease to clap quite so vigorously as the theater, and our tears or smiles are mingled with mental reservations, and a sigh for a loftier ideal for the meaning and the purpose of maternity than the merely physical one that has been depicted as material sacrifice to the child and self-abnegation and self-subjection. We begin to wonder if much of the vice, the crime, the wrong, the insanity, the disease, the incompetence and the woe of the world is not the direct lineal descendant of this very self-debasement of the individual character of women in maternity. We begin to wonder if an unwilling, a forced, or a supinely yielding (and therefore not self-controlled) a subject motherhood, in short, is not responsible to the race for the weak, the deformed, the depraved, the double-dealing, pretense-soaked natures which curse the world with failures, with disease, with war, with insanity and with crime. We begin to wonder if the awful power with which nature clothes maternity in heredity does not strike blindly back at the race for the artificial requirements at the hands of the producers of that race. We begin to wonder if mothers do not owe a higher duty to their offspring than that of mere nurse. We begin to wonder if the mother has the moral right to give her children the inheritance that accident and subserviency stamp upon body and mind. We begin to wonder how she dares face her child and know that she did not fit herself by self-development and by direct, sincere, firm and thorough qualifications for maternity before she dared to assume its responsibilities. We begin to wonder that man has been so slow in learning to read the message that nature has telegraphed to him in letters of fire and photographed with terrible persistency upon the distorted, diseased bodies and minds of his children, and upon the moral imbeciles she has set before him as an answer to his message of sex domination. Do you know that there is an army of 700,000 dependent defectives in this country alone? Don't you know that this means something to every mother in this world? Seven hundred thousand forced into life without their birthright! Seven hundred thousand imbecile, insane, deaf, dumb, blind and criminal victims of maternal and paternal ignorance. Stop and think of it. Our standing army is only about 25,000 men—these for our protection; our defective army—700,000—these for our destruction! Think of it in another way. There are but three cities—possibly four now—in America which have a population of 700,000. If every man, woman and child in your city were helpless or criminal still less than half of our defective population would be represented thereby.

Self-abnegation, subserviency to man, whether he be father, lover or husband, is the most dangerous theory that can be taught to or forced upon her whose character shall mold the next generation. She has no right to transmit a nature and a character that is subservient, subject, inefficient, undeveloped—in short, a slavish character, which is either blindly obedient or blindly rebellious, and is, therefore, in either case, set as in a timelock to prey or to be preyed upon by society in the future.

If woman is not brave enough personally to demand and to obtain absolute personal liberty of action, equality of status and entire control of her great and race-endowing function of maternity she has no right to dare to stamp upon a child, and to curse a race, with the descendants of such a servile, a dwarfed, a time-and-master serving nature.

We have been taught that it is an awful thing to commit murder, to take a human life, and so of course it is. There is no difference of opinion on that subject. But do you know that there are students of anthropology and heredity who think that it may be even a more awful thing to thrust, unasked, upon a human being a life that is handicapped before he gets it? That it may be a more solemn responsibility to give than to take a human life? In the one case the murderer invades personal liberty and puts a stop to an existence more or less valuable and happy, but at least all pain is over for that invaded personality. In the other case, in giving life, you invade the liberty of infinite oblivion and thrust into an inhospitable world another human entity to struggle, to sink, to swim, to suffer, or to enjoy.

Whether the one or the other no mortal knows, but he surely knows it must contend not only with its environment, but with its heredity—with itself. For we all follow the line of least resistance. Did you ever think seriously of that? No man is bad simply from choice. If you are good and true and lofty it is because, all things considered, that is for you, the line of least resistance. The parents of the race must make it easy to be good, easy to be true, hard to be ignoble or criminal, not by rewards or punishments—those methods have been weighed and found wanting—but by the very blood pulsations that are transmitted from both parents to the children for whom they take the tremendous responsibility of giving life.

It is the fashion to repeat, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Every one knows that this is not true in the sense in which it has always been used. It is true, alas! in a sense never dreamed of by politician or publican.

It is true that the subject status of maternity has ruled and does rule the world, in that it has been—and is to-day—the most potent power to keep the race from lofty achievement. Subject mothers never did and subject mothers never will produce a race of free, well-poised, liberty-loving, justice-practicing children.

Maternity is an awful power. It blindly strikes back at injustice with a force that is a fearful menace to mankind. And the race which is born of mothers who are harassed, bullied, subordinated, or made the victims of blind passion or power, or of mothers who are simply too pretty and self-debased to feel their subject status, cannot fail to continue to give the horrible spectacles we have always had of war, of crime, of vice, of trickery, of double-dealing, of pretense, of lying, of arrogance, of subservience, of brutality, of incompetence, and—alas—of insanity, idiocy and disease added to a fearful and an unnecessary mortality.

Not long ago a great man, who is successful beyond most human units, who is wealthy, socially to be envied, who enjoys almost ideal family relations, who is in all regards a man of broad intellect, of large heart, who is beloved, successful, powerful, a famous lawyer, a man of international renown, long ago this man said to me, while talking of life and its chances, its joys and its burdens and wrongs:

"Well, the more I think of it all, the more I know, the more I delve into philosophy and science, the more I understand life as it is and as it must be for long years to come, if not forever, the more I wonder at the sturdy bravery of those who are less fortunate than I. Does it pay me to live? Would I choose to be born again? Were I to-day unborn, could I be asked for my vote, knowing all I do of life, would I vote to come into this world?

"Taking life at its best estate, are we not assuming a tremendous risk to thrust it unasked upon those who are at least safe from its pitfalls?" I asked myself these questions very often," he said. And then he added, hesitatingly, "I sometimes think it pays after all. Of course, since I am here I am bound to make the best of it, but for all that I am not dead sure how I would vote on my birth if I had the chance to try it—not quite sure."

"If you are so impressed with life yourself—you who are fortunate, healthy, wealthy, happily married, successful, famous and honored man," said I, "don't you think it is a pretty serious thing to assume the right to cast that vote recklessly for another human pawn, who could hardly conceivably stand your chances in the world?"

"Serious," he exclaimed, "serious! With the world as it is, conditions as they are to-day, with the physical, moral and mental chances to run, with woman—the character-forming producer of the race—a half-educated subordinate to masculine domination, it is little short of madness; it is not far from crime. It is a crime unless the mother is a physically healthy, a mentally developed and comprehending, morally clear, strong, vigorous entity who knows her personal responsibility in maternity, and, knowing, dares maintain it." That was his verdict. Yet it has been the fashion to hold that the mothers of mankind should not be the thinkers of the race. Indeed, in commenting upon the congress of representative women in Chicago at the World's Fair, the most widely read newspaper on this continent said, editorially:

"There is to be a great series of women's congresses held at Chicago during the fair. The purpose is to illustrate and celebrate the progress of women. Accordingly there will be sessions to discuss the achievements of women in art, authorship, business, science, histrionic endeavor, law, medicine, and a variety of other activities.

"But, so far as the published programmes enable us to judge, not one thing is to be done to show the progress of women as women. There will be no showing made of an increased capacity on their part to make homes happier, to make their husbands stronger for their work in the world, to encourage high endeavors, to maintain the best standards of honor and duty, to stimulate, encourage, uplift, which from the beginning of civilization has been the supreme feminine function. Nothing, it appears, is to be done at the congresses to show that a higher education and a larger intellectual advancement have enabled women to bear healthier children or to bring them up in a manner more surely tending to make this a better world to live in—the noblest of all work that can be done by woman.

"We need no congress to show us that women are more thoroughly educated than once they were, or that they can successfully do things once forbidden them. But have wider culture and wider opportunities made them better wives and mothers? A congress which should show that would make all men advocates of still larger endeavors for woman's advancement. A congress, on the other hand, which assumes that the only thing to be celebrated is an increased capacity to win fame or money, will teach a disastrously false and dangerous lesson to our growing girls."

This fatal blunder as to the value of woman's development, as woman—quite aside from her home relations—has retarded the real civilization and caused to be transmitted (unnecessarily transmitted) the characteristics which have gone far to make insanity, disease and deformity of mind and body the heritage of well-nigh every family in the land.

A great medical expert said to me not long ago:

"There is not more than one family in ten who can show a clean bill of health, mental and physical—aye, and moral—from hereditary taints that are serious in threat and almost certain of development in one form or another.

Maternity, its duties, needs and responsibilities, has been exploited in all ages and climes, in all phases and spheres, from one point of view only—the point of view of the male owner. If you think that this statement is extreme I beg of you to read "The Evolution of Marriage," by Letourneau. Read it all. Read it with care. It is the production of a man of profound learning and research—a man who sees the light of the future dawning, although even he sometimes lapses from a universal language of humanity into hereditary forms of speech, hedged in by sex bias.

It has been the fashion in the recent past to select the ablest girls in the family to send to college or to develop for a career or a profession. Of the others it was said, "Well, Julia and Maud do not seem to care to learn much. They will, no doubt, marry and make good mothers, but the other girls will have a career." Think of the insult to motherhood this accepted theory is, and it is well nigh universal. Think of how slight a grasp upon the realities of life such theories show.

A woman cannot make a good doctor, a good lawyer, a good journalist, a good preacher, a good novelist, a good artist, or a great musician unless she knows and can weigh in a rational manner the meanings of life; unless behind her science, her art, her labor or her philosophy there is a comprehension born of a solid grasp upon the real meanings of life, its relations, its proportions.

Knowledge is indeed power, and ignorance is ever and always the twin brother of vice. Therefore, no matter what profession falls to the lot of or is chosen by a woman, the first, the most important, the absolutely vital need for her is a broad, solid, true and comprehensive grasp on the facts of life, as life is to-day and as it has been in the past. This alone will enable her to lay a firm foundation for the future.

I think this statement will be accepted as almost a truism when it is applied to what are generally called the professions. But, strange to say, there is one profession for which it is always claimed that a true and firm and comprehensive sense of the proportions in life is not at all necessary to fit the applicant for a diploma—the profession of motherhood.

And yet it is true—and it is easy of proof if one has even a slight knowledge of biology or heredity—that there is no occupation, no art, no profession on the earth in which ignorance of the true relations of things can and does work such lasting and such terrible disaster to the race as has been done and is constantly doing right there.

Ignorant and undeveloped motherhood has been and is a terrible curse to mankind. An incompetent artist is merely a pathetic failure. A superficial woman lawyer simply goes clientless. A trivial woman doctor may get a chance to kill one or two patients, but her career of harm will be brief. A shallow or lazy woman journalist will be crowded out and back by the bright and industrious fellows who are her competitors. But a superficial, shallow, incompetent or trivial mother has left a heritage to the world which can and does poison the stream of life as it flows on and on in an eternally widening circle of incompetence, or pain, or disease, or insanity, or crime.

In every other profession which woman has entered she has been better fitted for her work before she took her degree than for the one which is held to be her especial province. Why? Simply because up to the present time it has been maintained that a pretty and childish ignorance of the real and true values and relations of life, combined with a fine pair of eyes and a compliant manner entitled any woman to a diploma in her "sphere" of maternity, while if she undertook to fit herself for any other career she has to measure her life not with a painted-toy mentality, but with the logically trained intellect which must compete with her brothers, the established workers of the world, or else she must go to the wall where her incompetency thrusts her.

It would be well for the sake of the race if she could be subject to such competition in maternity. And did it ever occur to you that her children are subject to it? and that the vast spread of incompetence in the world, the universality of incompetence to cope with conditions, has a perfectly legitimate basis?

No woman is fit to bring up the administrators of a republic who is not herself familiar with the fundamental principles upon which that republic is based. For it is a well-known fact—exceptions and geniuses being allowed for—that the trend, the bias, the color of the mentality of a man is fixed upon him in his earliest years, in the years when his mother is his nearest and most influential teacher. His sense of fairness and of justice is warped or developed then. His possibilities are born of her capacity, and his development depends largely upon her training.

What profession in the world, then, needs so wide an outlook, so perfect a poise, so fine an individual development, such breadth and scope, such depth of comprehension, such fullness of philosophy, as does the lightly considered profession of motherhood? Lightly considered I mean in the sense that it has been and is held by so many that it does no especial harm to have the mothers of the race distinctly lower in development, in mentality, in individuality, in poise, in grasp, in education, than any other class of men or women.

And so, as I have said before, when I was told not long ago at a public meeting that I was expected to speak on "Woman in the Professions" I thought I would make a departure and talk most fully, in the few minutes I was to have, of the need of her higher education for and because of the one profession which was not thought of at all in its vast necessities, not only in the development of a higher womanhood but for the race which is to have the solving of the tremendous problems of the future.

I thought I would suggest the needs of those voiceless ones rather than speak much of or for those exceptional women who have appeared and are in ever-increasing numbers, gaining firm and established footholds in the other professions, because of which they are being trained or are training themselves for what they all recognize to be a sharp and severe competition where capacity and willingness to do well what is undertaken is the inevitable price of the position itself, and I shall take the liberty to repeat here what I said then. It was this:

"It is getting to be pretty generally looked upon as the special province of the less highly endowed or the less thoroughly trained residium to become the progenitors of the coming generations. If you have a daughter who is too silly or weak-minded or unambitious to become a unit in the march of progress and civilization; if she is incompetent to be sent through a solid training of school or college and to fit herself for some possible or probable career as minister, doctor, designer, lawyer, journalist or what not, marry her to somebody and let him carry the load of her unaspiring presence while he lives, and let the race bear the burden of her infirmities and ignorance unto the third and fourth generations of them that loved her. That is, boldly stated, the theory."

"But the fact is, as over against that theory, that if you have a daughter who is finer and truer, more capable and noble, more intellectual and able than the rest, she is the one whose education and development as an individual should be carried to its highest reach, not simply because she is to be a writer or speaker or teacher, for which she may be primarily fitting herself as her trend may be, but because in the ultimate analysis it may also be her pleasure and province to be the wife and mother in the true and inspiring home-life, where her ever new and stimulating comradeship for husband and children makes of her mind a beacon-light, and of her poised and self-disciplined disposition a guide and an inspiration; where she will be loved and revered, not only because she is loving and good, but because she is also wise and able and broad enough to wisely lead, instead of being blind to the very pitfalls in the pathway of her sons and daughters.

"When our Republic has such mothers as that the question of woman in the other professions will have adjusted itself. When woman is developed and free to choose, capacity will find its level and its outlet. Ignorance will cease to be looked upon as beautiful in either sex, and men and women will for the first time clasp hands and try conclusions with a frankness and a generosity and comradeship which will be a real inspiration and joy to both.

If you have a brilliant girl, one who has fine poise, splendid endowments, great promise, it is she who should be developed to the full with knowledge that while she has done her best in all things, she is still only able to be a tolerably good mother; she lacks still much of wisdom, much of all the judgment, tenderness and scope that shall enable her to be an ideal mother of ideal children, who shall be healthy in body and in mind, honest, earnest, truth-loving and justice-practicing human beings, a credit to her and to the race as it shall one day be. But so long as motherhood is kept ignorant, dependent and subject in status, just that long will heredity avenge the outrage upon her womanhood, upon her personality, upon her right to a dignified personal equal human status by striking telling blows back upon the race.

It seems to me that in discussing no other question in life is there so little logical reasoning and so much arbitrary dogmatism as in the questions which are usually embraced under "woman's sphere." In first place, it is assumed that because women are mothers they are nothing else; that because this is her sphere, she can have, should have, no other.

Now, men are fathers. That is their sphere; therefore they should not be mentally developed, legally and politically emancipated, socially civilized or economically independent. This would appear to most men as a somewhat absurd proposition. It appears so to me, but it is not one whit less absurd when applied to women. Yet this is constantly done. Because women are mothers is the very reason why they should be developed mentally and physically to their highest possible capacity.

The old theory that a teacher was good enough for a primary class if she knew the "A B C's" and a little else has long since been exploded. A high degree of intellectual capacity and a broad mental grasp are more important in those who have the training and molding of small children than if the children were older. The younger the mind the less capable is it to guide itself intelligently, and therefore the more important it is that the guide be both wise and well-informed.

With little children the one who has them in charge most closely must be all this and more. She must understand the proportion and relations of things and wherein they touch the bearing and trend of mental and physical phenomena. She must furnish self-poise to the nervous child and stimulus to the phlegmatic ones. She must be able to read signs and to interpret indications in the mental and moral, as well as in the physical being of those within her care. All this she must be able to do readily and with apparent unconsciousness if she is best fitted to deal with and develop small children. More than this, she must not only be able to do and wants, but have the wisdom to guide, to stimulate, to restrain, to develop the plastic creature in her keeping. If she had the wisdom of the fabled gods and the self-poise of the Milo she would not be too well equipped for bearing and educating the race within her keeping.

But more than this the ideal mother should know and be. She must have love, too loyal, and sense of obligation too profound, to recklessly bring into the world children she cannot properly endow or care for. Every mentally, morally or physically defective child has a right to demand of its mother how she dared equip him so badly for the life into which she has taken the liberty to bring him, to demand of her now she dared to equip herself so ill for her self-imposed task of creator of a human soul.

Up to the present time woman's moral responsibility in heredity has been below the point of zero, for the simple reason that she has had no voice in her own control nor in that of her children.

But with the present knowledge of heredity, with woman's enlarged opportunity and broadened education, she who permits herself to become a mother without having demanded and obtained first her own freedom from sex domination, and second, fair and free conditions of development for herself and child, will commit a crime against herself, against her child and against mankind.

Mothers, you have it in your power to make it true in a lofty sense that "the hand that rocks the cradle shall rule the world." It is for you to say whether it shall be ruled for good or for ill in the days that are to come.

A spirited discussion followed, Mrs. Gardener and Dr. Beecher taking opposite sides. Miss Beecher declaring that heredity could be overcome. Mrs. Gardener retorted that Dr. Beecher was a living example of heredity. "Look at her," she said, "why, she couldn't help looking like the Beecher family to save her life." The Brahmacharin made a short speech. A few remarks by Mrs. Carr closed the session.

Mrs. Gardener will deliver a lecture next Friday evening. An effort is being made to secure Golden Gate Hall for that evening.

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