

necessity of thinking for themselves; of studying the needs of their own children. They should be loving, honest, and true in all dealings with the young spirits which look up to them for guidance through the ever-questioning, trustful child eyes.

BROKEN BLOSSOMS.

Scurrying clouds 'neath a somber sky;
Shadows of night are falling fast;
The northern gale dust-dims the eye.
As I drive my wheel against the blast.

I hear the whirr of a coming car—
Across the bridge the first lights gleam
Of street lamps, from an ar and far
Mirrored deep in the murky stream.

Crossing the bridge before me there,
Is a childish form in a dreggled gown;
With thin, pale face, and tangled hair.
She wearily walks, with head drooped down.

Two large silver, wet tired feet;
A bundle she bears on her slender arm;
One hand holds clusters of lilac sweet,
Fading, yet fair in their fragrant charm

"You are tired, Child! Let me walk at your side,
And carry your bundle awhile," I say;
Her eyes in surprise flash open wide.
So we onward pass through the twilight gray.

Her story is simple and quickly told,—
Born in poverty, and early thrown
From a "home" of sorrow, hunger, and cold,
Out with the world to battle alone.

Our paths diverge, and we say farewell;
Of her treasured blossoms she gives me a spray.
O, fragile flowers! Who can tell—
Who can show us the better way?

O, broken blossoms from life's fair tree,
Why must you bloom but to fade and die?
Forever must such misery be?
Can we only question,—Why? O, why?

From My Point of View.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

Ira P. Holcomb, Jr., asks some very pertinent questions concerning contracepts in his letter published in this issue. For his answer, however I must refer him to William Comstock and the society for the promotion of vice. Mr. Holcomb is evidently unaware of the fact that he is asking us to violate a law of this "land of the free." That law classes prevention of conception with abortion, and imposes a maximum penalty of \$5,000 and five years' imprisonment on any one who tells a woman how she may avoid undesired maternity. But this, like many other laws, is made to be enforced against those who have incurred the hatred of the powers that be. Scarcely a daily paper can be found that does not advertise abortionists; while "pennyroyal pills," "tansy pills," and other emenagogues which are either useless or injurious are advertised in nearly all papers and sold in nearly all drug stores. But if Lucifer should advertise any of the best contracepts that advertisement would be joyfully welcomed as a means of imprisoning the editor and suppressing the paper.

I do not think I can refer Mr. Holcomb to any one book or to any dozen books from which I have deduced my theories concerning child culture. Of course I do not claim that my ideas are original. But ever since I was a little child I have thought and read more on this than on any other subject. To be a good mother was the most intense desire of my life, and I was ever thinking how I would treat my child when I should have one. True, many of my childish fancies were absurd; yet my memory of them helps me to understand child nature. I always read everything I could find on the subject. I have learned more from the works of Dr. Foote than from any other one author. I think his "Science in Story" the best book in its line for the young that I have read. But I dare not enter on this subject in a paragraph. There is so much I want to say that I feel like writing volumes. And yet, after all, I could not say much more than "Thus have I felt; thus have I said to my child." And my experience might not be of much value to others. The most important work is to arouse mothers to the

The Legislature of Missouri has passed a law raising the age of consent to twenty-one years. It is to go into effect this month, and is to begin its work of iniquity by condemning to the penitentiary an intelligent young man who, with the woman he loves, believes that the marriage laws are unjust and tyrannical, and refuses to submit to them. So says a report sent out from St. Joseph by the Associated Press on May 27. "Charles Lavalette, son of a wealthy Frenchman, does not believe in marriage. His sweetheart, Emma Mohr, is of the same opinion. They refuse to marry, and the law is having a hard time to make them." The young man is reported to have said: "A woman has more rights when she is not married. I want the woman I love to have all the rights she can have in a country where women are little better than slaves."

Miss Mohr said, in reply to the statement that the law would not recognize her as Mr. Lavalette's wife, that she cared nothing at all about the law and expected to have nothing to do with it. Just so might the lamb say that it wants to have nothing to do with the lion; but the lion of the law has other

intentions. The young people have already been imprisoned in jail, and the prosecuting attorney says that unless they are married when the new age-of-consent law goes into effect, he will have the young man sent to the penitentiary. There may be little truth in this newspaper story; but whether true or false it is a vivid illustration of the possibilities of outrage conferred by this law on tyrannical would-be regulators of the conduct of others.