

questions which are pressing for solution. And there is no walk of life so uncomplicated that its problems cannot be better met, and hence the level of intelligence in citizenship be distinctly raised, by fitting out brains with knowledge, and with the mental force requisite for its application. There was a time when living was a simpler matter than it is now. Each generation was content to carry on its life as its fathers and mothers had done before it, and the pattern having once been set, it did not require much head to reproduce it. But the simplest kind of life cannot now be carried on by brains that are weak and flabby. No head of a household can sleep well at night unless she has knowledge enough to superintend her plumber. She cannot regulate her expenditures with easy conscience unless she can disentangle many far-reaching questions of political economy. She is forced to choose whether she will make her influence felt on questions of public and social reform, of temperance, of socialism,—on all the rocks on which our civilization is in danger of being shattered,—or whether she will join the ranks of those who are indifferent to the welfare of their kind. No one can form sound opinions in these days, and support them in such a way that they will carry weight, unless he has had his thinking powers hardened and tempered and sharpened by the very best processes that have yet been invented to that end.

The moral of my argument is very plain. Let women have the best education that can be given them. Permit them to make the most of their intellectual powers, however humble those powers may be. Because women excel men in virtue, they have not laid down the rule that men shall not be encouraged to practise the few small virtues that they are capable of. Preachers do not urge men to shun gentle manners, lest they should unsex themselves. Why not let each half of the human race cultivate whatever qualities it has, instead of crushing some of them altogether, because it is possible that they are too small already? Women have now entered the fields of organized charity, of prison reform, of management of schools. If they are bent upon occupying themselves with such grave concerns as these, why not put them in the way of getting that scientific knowledge without which they will do far more harm than good? Why not make it easy for every girl who has the right amount of ability for it to train her faculties as she thinks best? There are not many of either sex upon whom it is worth while to expend the higher education. For those women who deserve it we ask the best that can be had. Throw open to them the rich existing endowments which have long enough been lavished exclusively upon young men. Organize some method for picking out the clever girls from among those who cannot afford to go to college, and provide them with scholarships. Do not let the colleges reserved for women be crippled for lack of means. But above all, make them free of those postgraduate courses which are the flower of our great institutions of learning. Here and there will appear a woman of exceptional powers which it had been a pity if the world had lost. None will be injured by too much learning; all will be strengthened and ennobled, and we shall have fitted them, so far as in us lies, to leave behind them a world made better by their having lived in it.

Christine Ladd Franklin.

A Lock of Napoleon's Hair.

A RARE relic of the first Napoleon is in the possession of Mr. C. H. Bagley, of Abilene, Kansas. It is a lock of hair cut from the Emperor's head after he was dressed for burial on the island of St. Helena. Mr. Bagley is a native of the island, as were his ancestors for several generations. Mrs. Lowd, the nurse of Napoleon, was acquainted with the entire family and was a close friend of his mother. For fifteen years preceding the removal of the Emperor's body to France Mr. Bagley's father was the captain of the guard of the tomb. When the family, in 1860, left the island for America, Mrs. Lowd, as a farewell memento, gave to Mrs. Bagley half of the most precious of her possessions—this lock of hair. She said that on the night of the Emperor's lying in state she crept in to take a last farewell of the man she had nursed, and to whom she was much attached, both for his kindnesses to her and because of his position. She longed for a lock of his hair, and made a request of General Bertrand that she be allowed to clip a tiny strand. He acceded, and she did so. For forty years she had cherished it, and then gave half of it to her dearest friend; the remainder is in the possession of Mrs. Lowd's daughter, still on the island. Two years later Mrs. Bagley died, and the lock was handed down to her eldest son, the present owner, who was seventeen years old when he left the island, and has a distinct remembrance of the hale old nurse and of the farewell visit. She was about seventy years old at the time of his departure. The lock consists of twenty-four hairs, black-brown, with one that shows a tinge of gray. It is sealed up in a bottle and kept in a case, with a piece of the coffin, some velvet from the pall, plaster from the room in which the Emperor died, a bit of wood from the original willow-tree over the grave, and some mortar that held the granite on which the head of the coffin rested. Three grown children, who were present at the receiving of the lock, made affidavits to the truth of the statements recorded, and these are filed with the relics. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the lock of hair, and of the other interesting though less valuable relics. The hair is particularly notable, as it is probably the only bit of that which was mortal of the great Emperor now on this continent.

ABILENE, KANSAS.

Charles Moreau Harger.

[Not the only. The writer in his youth was present when was opened probably one of the lockets containing Napoleon's hair which were distributed, by the Emperor's direction, at his death. A single hair was given to the writer; he tied a bit of silk thread about it and placed it for safe keeping in his watch; the watch was left with a watchmaker for repair. The next day he went back to the shop and asked if a small piece of thread had been found inside the watch. «Yes; I blew it out.» «Then you blew out a piece of Napoleon Bonaparte,» said the writer.—EDITOR.]

«The Century's» American Artists Series.

WALTER GAY. (SEE PAGE 263.)

MR. WALTER GAY was born in Boston, Massachusetts, forty years ago. When twenty years of age he left that city for Paris, where he entered as a student the atelier