

further provided that within three months after the final ratification of the Treaty an international commission of experts would be appointed to go to China to aid in re-organizing her tariff and revenue system. But this Nine-Power Treaty signed in Washington has not been put into effect owing to the fact that France has not yet ratified the Treaty.

However, China will not necessarily be a stumbling block in the principle of "limiting production of opium and other narcotic drugs to the strictly medicinal and scientific needs of the world," because it will be the policy of the American delegation to settle this matter regardless of China, or rather, to treat China as a separate entity.

And so it is a hard task that America has envisaged. But there is this much to be said about it. For the first time an American delegation goes into an

international conference backed by the legislative and executive departments of the government and with the cards all on the table. This statement applies to the participation of the United States in the opium discussions of the League of Nations in May and September of 1923, when the American program was accepted. But it applies still more to our participation in the two international opium conferences to be held in November, an act of Congress having authorized our delegates to take part, the same act unmistakably exposing America's terms in the conference.

America is watching, and therefore it is hardly an exaggeration to state that, upon the degree of success or failure of inducing the other nations to co-operate in this humanitarian undertaking, depends largely the future extent of America's participation in similar undertakings affecting the whole world.

TO THE GHOST OF JOHN MILTON

BY CARL SANDBURG

IF I should pamphleteer twenty years against royalists,
With rewards offered for my capture dead or alive,
And jails and scaffolds always near,

And then my wife should die and three ignorant daughters
Should talk about their father as a joke, and steal the
Earnings of books, and the poorhouse always reaching for me,

If I then lost my eyes and the world was all dark and I
Sat with only memories and talk—

I would write "Paradise Lost," I would marry a second wife
And on her dying I would marry a third pair of eyes to
Serve my blind eyes, I would write "Paradise Regained," I
Would write wild, foggy, smoky, wordy books—

I would sit by the fire and dream of hell and heaven,
Idiots and kings, women my eyes could never look on again,
And God Himself and the rebels God threw into hell.

A GREAT CLUB WOMAN

A Story

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

MRS. AUSTIN TAYLOR was concluding her speech before the district meeting of Federated Clubs. The beads on her new dark-blue georgette dress rose and fell a little more quickly over her ample bosom in this last moment of inspiration, and the trite words came freshly from her thought.

"And I feel, as I look over this splendid audience to-night, that we women are true guardians, divinely appointed perhaps, who will forever be faithful to our double trust: guarding the body of society which is the community and its soul which is the home."

She meant it deeply. She seemed to see a thousand grave and intelligent women turning from their kitchens and bed-sides to the meetings of city councils and competently turning back again. Her heart was warm and sweet as she looked over the faces of the seven hundred women in the hotel ballroom. They were tired faces of maturity, most of them, out of which the self-consciousness of sex had gone. They wore blunt hats and dark, serviceable, "best" dresses, and powdered badly or not at all. Faces in repose, not all happy, not all fine or noble, but at the moment all touched with the lift toward thought which blended them for a minute. Mrs. Taylor knew them. For fifteen years she had been through club exploits and battles with their cruelties and braveries. She knew how to parry a blow and how to be politic in the midst of suspicion or anger. But as she looked at her audience to-night she felt only its group-nobility.

They stood to sing the Star Spangled Banner in conclusion, their untrained

voices sinking and rising with great enjoyment, and they gave the song a certain intelligent savor in spite of their flat and dragging notes. Then the aisles were quickly blocked with groups of women as they left their seats, discussing and commenting and praising the success of the district meeting. Mrs. Taylor stepped down from the platform to mingle with the women. She had just been made president of the District Federation and her responsibility was sitting heavily upon her.

Coffee was to be served in the lounge of the hotel. The women all went downstairs from the auditorium, the country women admiring the magnificence of the hotel and enjoying silently their participation in it, hugging it to them to be enjoyed more fully when they were home again. Waiters dashed to and fro with plates of cakes and trays of coffee and the noise became immense and yet subdued, for there was no hint of riotousness.

That was what bewildered a few exquisitely dressed girls and their escorts who had dropped in at the "Palace" to have a few dances and see who was there. At half past ten the usual crowd was beginning to drift in for dancing in the "Palace" lounge. The girls stood in the doorway, surveying the unc customary crowd with mingled disgust and amusement.

"What's this circus anyway?"

"Ladies' Clubs Convention," grinned the waiter as if he too were able to find something funny in the scene.

"They certainly look like club women," said one girl to her escort, inviting him to observe the full contrast of her beauty against these elder non-brilliant women.