APPENDIX E.

THE ADMISSION OF WOMEN TO THE BAR.

SYMPOSIUM BY

HENRY C. HAMMOND, OF AUGUSTA.
ROLAND ELLIS, OF MACON.
E. R. BLACK, OF ATLANTA.
JOHN L. HOPKINS, OF ATLANTA.

Judge Henry C. Hammond (Augusta) : Ladies and what came over here with you: I have never made a speech in my life, when I did not feel how much better a one I could have made if I had had more preparation. I have given this theme some thought, and still I feel, as I unfold these documents, what I might have done, if I had given it more thought.

Before I enter upon this discussion, however, I wish to talk about what a good time we have had down here. My goodness alive, this is the place to hold all of the Georgia Bar Association meetings!

Mr. E. R. Black (Atlanta) : May I ask you a question?
Judge Hammond : About what?
Mr. Black: What has that got to do with this subject?
Judge Hammond : I will explain that to you in about an hour and a half from now. (Laughter.) This document, while it seems to be the rule of etiquette here to read addresses, with all the information therein contained, I believe I will turn over to the incoming President of the Association for him to digest and to use as his cud from now until the next meeting of the Association.

My friends, we ought not to lose sight of the fact that this is perhaps the most charming and delightful place for the meetings of the Georgia Bar Association. There is some-
thing peculiar about Savannah, and you cannot tell what it is. I never saw such a lot of people as there are over here; you just get the idea that the air itself is charged with a feeling of hospitable kindness. These fellows met us at the train the other day, put us on a yacht, and carried us out into the Atlantic. Oh, it was great. We came up to a great big steamer, with only two women on the deck, and we yelled, “Save the women and children.” (Laughter.) There is no use in talking about it, you've got to save the women and children. But I do seriously say this: You know they are investigating everything now; everything is being reduced to a science; everything through evolution comes from a germ, takes on the form of protoplasm, and goes on up to where the scientists in our universities classify all the bugs and humbugs they can find, and with microscopic accuracy tell us how it came to be here—but that hasn't a thing in the world to do with this—save the women and children. (Laughter.)

Now, gentlemen, everything has been perfectly happy and joyful on this occasion. Never did I see anything like it. Why, I tell you, I've been brought closer and nearer to our outgoing President, Mr. Smith—and to have known him so sweetly and tenderly, Oh my! I don't care if he is a Presbyterian; I am one myself, although I have never been able to fully understand or appreciate the doctrine of hell, hanging, and calomel. (Laughter.) With all earnestness, I say there never was such a call back to the solid things upon which our civilization is built than that ringing paper of his, which I will cherish and which I will put under my pillow with my love letters and keep through all eternity. (Laughter.)

Then there is another charming incident I cannot pass by in commending our delightful meeting, and that is our charming friend Ewing, of Tennessee. I never had any idea there was such a thing in Tennessee, although William Bunn came back here and blew that fellow's horn so hard that I did not believe such a man could live; and yet he
turns up here, and besides being brilliant, he is adorned with those Hyperion curls. (Laughter.) My goodness alive, what did Nature and the Creator expect to do after they had made Ewing? Yes, sir, if that fellow hangs around here long, he can do a lot of damage, a lot of damage. (Laughter.) And what a paper he read! But everything has been good at this meeting, every single thing, even if Col. Rosser didn't get any fish last night. The idea! (Laughter.)

I tell you, gentlemen, the work of our Association—and I wish to dwell on that—has been well done. What it has accomplished I will not undertake to enumerate. But one thing we do want to do, and that is to write to the Georgia legislature, and not lose a day in doing it, and tell them to put in a paragraph that the judges of this State shall hold their offices for life and that their salaries shall be doubled. Georgia is a saved State after that. (Laughter.)

Personally, my friends, this has been the occasion of great personal gratification to me. Every single thing has seemed to come my way, except that my pants were badly torn, but I borrowed a pair from Gene Black, and did not have to go to bed, while that good lady, Mrs. Barrett, mended them for me and saved my life. (Laughter.)

I tell you, my friends, I believe in a good time—a real good time—and it doesn't make any difference what it takes to get a good time. My goodness alive, what is the subject of this discussion?

The President: The Admission of Women to the Bar.

Judge Hammond: Why suggest that and bring on trouble? My, my, we do not want to break up all in a row. Why, of course I am in favor of it. I am heartily in favor of it. I tell you what—I had forgotten it for the moment, but this is a subject you can never forget; it "bobs up serenely" when you least expect it. It makes me think of the young lady who taught her Sunday School class to sing that grand old song entitled, "Coronation," and of one of the little boys, who in singing it reared back and sang,
“Sinner, whose love can ne’er forget
The wormwood and the gall!” (Laughter.)
Talk about forgetting the gall! Why, it makes more trouble
than any other one thing on earth. But who wants to for-
get her? They tell me that in one of the art galleries of
Rome or Venice, or in some Methodist church over there,
some one of the ministers painted a picture of the expulsion
of Adam from the Garden of Eden. There is the Garden
of Eden, with all of its charm and beauty, and there is the
Angel standing with outstretched hand pointing the way
out, and with a frown on his face. Adam and Eve are
being expelled from the Garden, and there stands Adam,
confronting endless toil, confronting pain and suffering of
mind and body, but his arm is thrown about Eve, and he
holds her close, and as he looks back at Paradise, he says,
“Give me her, and take your old Paradise, and go to”—I
don’t know where. (Laughter.) Ah! I tell you, Adam knew
a good thing.

Ladies, I want to tell you something. You have been
treated badly in this business a long time, and you don’t
seem to know it. This country is calling for the woman.
She does not have to ask for her rights; all she has to do is
to take them when they are shoved under her nose. The
doors of the prison have been thrown open and it has been
found that the prisoners will not come out. They are like
horses when the stable catches on fire, they stay and burn
up. Rise, and be like Col. Susan B. Anthony. Do you
know, ladies, that once you were nothing but a chattel? How
hard it seems to be a chattel—you know what it is.
You were slaves, put up and sold in the open market, and
not only that, but you were made to do as the mules do
to-day, wear harness, and carry a whole family of children
on your back, while your imperial elaborately-bejewelled
liege lord walked serenely in front with nothing on that I
know of but a smile (Laughter.) Now, that is the kind of
a somebody you’ve got to treat with; and he is treating you
just as badly to-day; he is the same enemy to you to-day
that he was back there, and my advice to the women, as I
gave it to the Lucy Cobb girls, is to force him, even if you
have to shoot him. Learn how to shoot a pistol, and how
to drill a hole in somebody right away. I never hear of a
woman who shoots dead a man who has forgotten that he is
engaged to her and who engages himself to some other girl,
that I do not say, that is the right thing to do. He forces
you; you force him; I am the greatest man in the world
on reciprocity.

I tell you another thing, my friends—you ladies—you
must understand these swansong fellows who come around
you with protestations of love, which are as sweeping as the
ocean tidal wave and which ebb like the tide. Keep your
eye on them—of course in doing that Judge Lumpkin and
I have been overlooked up to this time. (Laughter and
applause.) Of course, there are some men who ought to be
kept out of harm’s way. For example, a lady went out to
buy some collars for her husband, and when she got to the
counter, she said to the clerk, “Oh, I’ve forgotten my hus-
band’s number.” Said the clerk, “He wears 13½.” “How
do you know?” she asked. “Because,” he replied, “any
man who will let his wife buy his collars wears that size.”
(Laughter.)

Women at the Bar, I believe you said. Of course, we want
women at the bar. We not only want them at the bar, but
they ought to stand preëminently as members of the bar.
You must understand, my friends—it is a great fact in
history—that for perhaps two hundred thousand years man
did not have the means of expressing himself. He babbled
and gesticulated with his head and his hands, and that
was all he could do. He did not have the power of articulate
speech, and he went on in that way two hundred thousand
years, so the author tells us, and finally man began to dig
into the ruins of the ages, and found a prehistoric skull.
On the inner side of that skull he found that little bony
process, which sticks out there—you can feel it right there—
that holds the tongue in the front of the mouth, and not until that time—and man had been on this earth two hundred thousand years—not until that time, did he learn how to talk; and the author tells us that that bony process was found in a female skull. So they ought by all means to be admitted to the bar. It is a fact, anyhow, that man never knows how to do anything or how to explain anything until he is shown how by woman. All your studying about your negligence and want of negligence, and diligence, and all that sort of thing that you get a diploma in, you don't know a thing about until your wife explains to you what they mean. They are like the young lady who was a student of medicine, and who was called on to name some of the diseases of the liver. She went right to the very pith of the subject and mentioned "liver complaint." (Laughter.) She was asked to describe digestion, and she said, "Digestion begins in the mouth and ends in the little and big testaments." (Laughter.)

Now, gentlemen, I want to ask you in all seriousness—you know this subject is one of profound concern to me—how can you logically and fairly draw the distinction between the things you do allow women to do, and the things which, by your solemn mandate, you prohibit them from doing? Now, what is the difference in the dignity or the mentality necessary to practice law and that required to hoe cotton, or to take it from the field to the factory and weave it into cloth? What is the difference in the amount of skill required in this present day to practice law and the amount required to raise a baby? That hasn't a thing in the world to do with it. It is not the doubt of their skill, but the truth of the business is—I am going to voice it—these men simply dread the competition. That is the truth about it. It is all well enough to talk about keeping the ladies away from the turmoil and the strife and the battle of the forum, but it is all rot. They dread the competition, I tell you. Hamilton Douglas was sitting there a minute ago, talking about a
woman in Atlanta who has a splendid collection agency. She can go down to the justice court and present her case and file her papers and do it as well as anybody. Then why should women be denied the right to make an honest living? What is it about a man, anyhow, that makes him, working side by side with a woman and doing exactly the same work, worth fifty per cent more than the woman?

Another thing about it—I want to get the responsibility off my shoulders. I think it is a mighty bad thing to have money passing between a man and his wife anyhow. I think the woman ought to be able to earn just as much money as the man, so that she will not have to be petting him and honeying him up for the price of a silk dress. Let her have her own money, and let her have a chance to earn her own money and manage her own affairs. Then the whole thing will be based on the highest kind of sentiment.

Women would make the best lawyers in the world. They are far and above the highest mental ability at the bar. Why, think of Maud Adams against Judge Adams. Think of it! Hold her own with Judge Adams? I guess she would. Two to one on Maud against the Judge any time. Maxine Elliott would make Arthur Powell look like thirty cents. And think of Lillian Russell against Luther Rosser, for instance—they are about the same size—he wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance. (Laughter.) What would women like that at the bar do? They would put you in bankruptcy. Your practice would not be worth a dollar and a half a month to you, Mr. Cunningham. If you have such women at the bar, and one such were to open an office in Georgia, it would be only a short time until Roland Ellis would be her chief clerk, Gene Black would be her typewriter, and Luther Rosser would be her office boy. (Laughter and applause.)

The President: The next gentleman on the program is Mr. Roland Ellis, of Macon, who takes the other side of this question.
Mr. Roland Ellis (Macon): Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Bar Association: I regret exceedingly that this very serious subject to-day presented for the consideration of this Association should have been treated with the irreverent levity which characterized the seditious and outrageous address you have just heard. ((Laughter and applause.) We have been warned that in this progressive age we now face a crisis. Shall a free country, made sacred by the patriotism of our forefathers, be led astray by the extreme and inflammatory utterances of the gentleman from Richmond? I state to you that those irreverent words, uttered with that spirit of bravado, are not the badge of courage; they could not flow from the mouth of a man who had a mother-in-law. (Laughter.) It takes no historian to tell you that that man never married and never expects to marry. The suggestion of my friend on my right, who has been in that address also maliciously maligned (Mr. Rosser), that he never can marry, I say might beg the question, but I lay down this proposition without fear of contradiction, that Bar Associations might continue until the end of time, and you will never find a man to lay down the radical doctrine that he laid down this morning, unless he finds himself involuntarily in the enforced solitary condition that that traitor to his sex occupies. (Laughter.) I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than to stand here and try to shatter the ark of the covenant. (Laughter.) Every appeal to prejudice that it is possible for the perverted mind to conjure up was made here under the guise of appeal to reason. He takes my poor friend, Gene Black, who asked him a simple question, and insults him by telling him that he will answer that question in about an hour and a half, and at the end of the two hours and a half that he talked he had never referred to it. (Laughter and applause.) Have we no rights left? Oh, I tell you this is something that touches us closely. It means our rights, and our bread, and our business, and hear me, men of the Georgia Bar, I do not propose to be
dictated to by such a man as Henry Hammond. (Laughter and applause.) (Turning to Mr. E. R. Black) I don’t know what side you are going to stand on—

Mr. Black: I don’t, either. (Laughter.)

Mr. Ellis: But I know your social situation—(To Judge Hammond, apparently leaving: Come back, my friend, my remarks are going to be friendly)—if you expect to live until your boy can be admitted to the bar, you stand with me. Don’t let that man fool you. The idea of using ridicule instead of argument—referring to the unfortunate physical appearance of my poor friend, Rosser! We all love him, although he looks as he does. (Laughter.) Appeal to the vanity of the sex, which he pretends to seek to bless—that is unfair always. At least, come out and discuss it.

This is an important matter. I have made a few notes, in order that I may be correctly quoted by the press, and I want every word to burn itself into the heart of hearts of the Bar of Georgia. This is a crisis in Georgia’s history.

To say a candid word upon this dangerous subject, is possibly to be permitted me this day, because of the absence of one woman in the far west. I trust I may not go too far in the lustiness of a courage born of the situation. It is not often, in these degenerate days, that mere man may use a yeoman’s tongue and speak a warrior’s mind.

“Arma virumque cano.” How bold the words ring out from the fearless pen of our friend, P. Virgilius Maro, with all of bravado of nigh two thousand years ago. Who would dare an Aeneid in these puling times? Sing of a man and a man’s arms! It is of thee, Amazonian tyrant of a subjugated universe, and to the wildering ivory of thy arms, that the once unfettered spirit of the sons of Adam must dedicate its captive genius. Yet, I have, in fear and trembling, come to sound one rallying cry for my poor brother-cowards of mankind. Of a race whose one time sport was to pat red brawn or bet sesterces upon its members’ blood, we have nigh come to the pass, where we are
but the proud caretakers of poodles and the submissive bearers of suffragette banners. My one conclusive reason against the admission of women to the bar with man's consent, is that this means the surrender of the last palladium of the liberties of men. The history of our male ancestors tells us of the times when we were vested with the right to imprison or decapitate unruly or recalcitrant spouses. We all know how our rights were gradually yielded by enervated forbears, until it was permitted to chastise them only with a stick, and how finally it came to pass that even that inefficient weapon should not exceed the thickness of a thumb. Women have invaded every field of man's activity, and have made him their constant and unreasoning prey. Begging to be permitted to expend upon our own personal needs, only five per cent of our own incomes, we are being slowly pressed to the wall. They have invaded the profession of medicine, and monopolize the science of manicuring, and the day is not distant when the starving massuer will see his last patron enter the prosperous parlor of the relentless massuese. They have seized literature, and the mails are now fraught with the returning burden of man's manuscripts. They prey upon us from the chorus, and the week that passes is most unusual that does not record that the foot-lights have burned into our substance, while show girls pursue us apace. They are taking away our ancient and immemorial right to manipulate the ballot-box and control conventions. They have entered the pulpit in the face of Biblical prohibition, and a Chicago paper reports that one immured her husband in a vault for two weeks because he refused to kiss her pug. Alimony is about to beggar the ancient sex of Caesar and Ulysses. They marry us at their whim and divorce us without cause. Upon the ground of cruel treatment, one divorced her husband the other day, with alimonial perquisites, because foolishly he repeated an experience he had the night before: Discovering some one walking in the rear of his premises,
carrying a large lantern, he ran back and demanded the reason for the intrusion. The stranger replied: "I've just come courting your cook, sir!" Said my friend: "What are you doing with that lantern? I did not carry a light when I went courting." Said the man, "Yes, sir, everybody who seen your wife knows you did not have no light." And so it goes on. Ever diminishing rights for us; ever increasing usurpations for them. The sacred breeches are no longer our honorable and distinctive insignia. They are flinging away the side-saddles we gave them. They take all the boats when the ship goes down.

Whether the Maid of Orleans routs our race on the vine-clad plains of Gaul, or the daughter of Kansas intimidates our western constabulary, both Jeanne D'Arc and Carrie Nation were militant enemies of our sex. They are smashing our plate-glass on Pall Mall, and threatening our imperial Theodore to his own assertive teeth. They smile at us, and send their husbands to whip us if we wink back. It is a far cry from the Nile to Longacre Square, yet from Cleopatra to Evelyn Thaw the way is marked by the lifeless forms of our martyr sex, thick-strewn as "leaves in Vallambrosa."

We must rally, men,—men of the Bar of Georgia. In this State at least, we have kept our profession as a refuge. It is an old and honored profession, and we constitute an ancient and respectable, though weakened sex. In it, we daily strive in forensic combat to settle causes by reason and precedent. Shall it come to pass that they shall be won by curves and complexions, and lost by our lack of pulchritude? Jury trials now have their grave defects, yet even the danger of a Darrow, if guilty, cannot approach in fundamental catastrophe, the grievous hour when languorous eye and scarlet lip shall deprive of liberty and property, or open-work stockings interpret the Constitution. What would avail the dull drapery of our worthy President, or even the blithesome sartorialism of our brother,
Meldrim, against a ball dress, a la mode? Yet, they may not equalize by robing decolleté. It would only make the unequal horror greater. Trysts with judges and dates with jurors—yea, even the danger of timely caress to opposing male counsel—may undermine the bulwarks of a constitutional government. What court, what jury, what counsel, would not impale the precedents of jurisprudence, reverse the adjudications of ages, discard mere vain facts, and sit spineless in the critical hour of duty, either when hair shimmered with sun gold, and cheeks bourgeoned with rose, or when, eyes shining with star-light, lips, full with the crimson of challenge, plead with the voice of a lute?

Only less fearful than blandishments used on court and counsel, must be reckoned the appearance in opposition to each other of women barristers. That Redfern should swing his tailored weight for the plaintiff, while Paquin's fetching creation in defense, should make the balance waver; that recesses in a trial should mean new revelations in raiment, and that decrees should finally be moulded by the equitable preferences existing between the Empire and the Prinseess, my fellow countrymen, spells anarchy for the profession and the State. Oh! high-brow Pompadour, what shall prove your power? Oh! Marcel Wave, what shall be your victory?

That the effect of such an innovation upon our social structure would prove generally revolutionary and subversive of some of our most cherished traditions, cannot be doubted. A condition that would permit the wail of a babe for its vesper meal to be answered with the news that court is yet in session and mother, counsel for defendant, cannot come, would presage the proximity of race suicide.

Equally alarming will be seen the situation as affecting the relations between the sexes. Where one found of yore in the kindling glance, the thrilling touch and caressing voice, the object of his adoration, and the ideal of his romantic love, how destructive of all enthusiasm and senti-
ment, will it be to discover that her bosom conceals a de-
murrer, and her polonaise, a plea, that in her silken hose is a 
subpoena duces tecum, and that a replication is hidden in her rat.

By all our faith in the future of our sex's love for them, 
let lorgnette and vanity box, necklace, ring and la valliere, 
barrette and bracelet, continue her small arms in the tender 
duel where we so often fall.

We must rally, brothers of the bar, for our own, and for our country's sake, form ourselves into a hollow square, 
or into a full square, to suit the condition of the performers 
at the moment, and defend the ark of the covenant. We 
must keep charge of the last masculine profession remaining 
in Georgia.

We are willing for women to have the monopoly of many 
privileges. Her right to act as a Red Cross nurse, on the 
field of battles shall never be abridged, and her exclusive 
right to be a mother, shall never be infringed upon by any 
member of this Association. (Laughter and applause.)

The President: The next gentleman, who will be heard 
from upon this absorbing topic, is the Hon. E. R. Black, of 
Atlanta.

Mr. E. R. Black (Atlanta): I bespeak your kindly symp-
athy. What can be left to be said on this subject? De-
bated as it has been, in a vein of levity by a man, who has 
never done anything for a woman, and received in that spirit 
by you, and debated, as it has been also, by a man, who has 
done everything possible to a woman, and who has sought 
to discuss the subject seriously, and that discussion, too, 
accepted by you in the same spirit of levity, I hesitate to 
approach it in either vein.

I want to rise first to a point of order. I enjoyed very 
much the discussion by Mr. Alston of "A State Within a 
State;" and I wish to say that, as Clark and Genet were an-
cestors of mine, had they been successful, to-day I should
have been a king, and on my head would have been a royal diadem in the place of the curls that now encircle my brow. (Laughter.) The newspaper this morning said that a paper would be read by Mr. Alston on the subject, "A State Within a State," and, when that was finished, "there would be a taking up of other odds and ends." At times I regret, and at times I rejoice, at my knowledge of my own limitations.

On yesterday, Hammond—I hesitate to call him my friend Hammond, after his remarks this morning—and Ellis, so designated for the same reason, had a conference with me on the subject of what should be said to-day. At the conclusion of that conference, Hammond said, "there is nothing to be said on the subject"—and he has proved it (laughter)—and then he closed his remarks with this statement: "I guess it is not much of a compliment to be chosen to debate this question, for I suppose they took us three, because we are the only three damned fools at the bar." But I have some respect for my posterity, even if Judge Lumpkin has none for his. (Laughter.) Different reasons may move us in our consideration of posterity, but I want to say that, no matter what may come or what may go, and no matter what may be the action of this Association on this question, or on any other momentous question, which may seriously engage their consideration, I will never consent, so long as I have the power of manhood, to put in writing evidence of the fact that I am a damned fool. Just look at the two men who have preceded me. One of them comes up here with a manuscript that would have done justice to the last three years' arguments we have had on judicial reform, and the other reaches in the pocket that is supposed to cover his heart, and pulls therefrom a manuscript, which will go into the records of this Association. I will not consent to put into the record a manuscript which, throughout the ages, will be proof that I am willing to contemplate a serious discussion of a question, for the discussion of which I was chosen because of my peculiar endowments. (Laughter.)
Shame on you, Mr. Ellis, that you have no respect for your posterity! Shame on you, Mr. Hammond, have you no hope of posterity? Are you willing to class yourself with that beast of burden that is the joy of the Georgia farmer, and the pride of the Georgia negro? I am glad that no recorded evidence will go down to my posterity that I was willing to put in writing any remarks on a subject, to discuss which I was chosen for that one reason only.

I do not know how to discuss this question. To me it is a serious question. It has been treated with levity. The rights of woman! I do not know how the subject came up, Mr. President, except that you chose it, and when I heard you get mixed up as to whether your predecessor succeeded you or your successor preceded you, it faintly dawned on me how you came to choose this subject for discussion. (Laughter.)

The President: It was not chosen at the banquet.

Mr. Black: There was just one good thing about your speech yesterday, and that was that the sun had gone around the earth in his accustomed way and all was well with the republic. “Watchman, tell us of the night; all is well with the republic.” The basis of the President’s address was that he had chosen this subject for discussion.

I regret the speech that my friend Hammond made—I will take that back—I regret his appearance while he was making it. Of course, we all regret his appearance all of the time, but what else could we expect from him? He is the victim of precedent, however, for I have been thinking where this question could have arisen, and I am prone to believe, in view of the fact that for three years past we have discussed judicial reform and remedial procedure in the courts, that it all comes out of this question of reform. We have reformed everything on earth. We have reformed the trusts, and because we are not the trusts, we want reform. I have never had any respect for a reformer, because a reformer never starts with himself. Show me a man who advocates reform, and I will show you a man who needs reforming.
But now instead of reforming the trusts and the corporations, Mr. President, you are undertaking to reform the women, and it is a hopeless task. Let’s send the women back to the olden days. Let’s take away the bifurcated skirts; let’s take away the saddle they now sit astride of; let’s send them back to the days of Maud Muller and “Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,” and Lorna Doone. Let’s keep them away from your Joans of Arc, and show our preference for “Maud Muller on a summer’s day,” and “Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt” over Elizabeth and Bloody Mary. I want to go back to the days when a woman was a woman, to the days of my youth, to the adolescent period; for you cannot improve on the woman of that period. The tailors have changed them. They have changed the figure of a woman so that you don’t know whether you have got your arm around your own wife’s waist or some other man’s wife’s waist. You are groping in the dark when you are trying to express the deepest sentiment your heart feels. It is not fair to a man. We have some rights ourselves. Who wants to stroke a rat? (Laughter and applause.) I want to go back to the days of the bustle and the hoopskirt. I want to feel that when I feel, I am feeling something. (Laughter.) Alas, I long for the days of my youth! You cannot improve on the old woman, and I speak reverently. Of course, young women have their place. As for me, I like the young girls. The only trouble with me is that I fix my affection on one young girl, and age comes along and dims the charm, before my heart’s affection is fully fixed. But you can’t beat it; you can’t beat home, and you can’t beat wife, and you can’t beat mother—that is, under the law. (Laughter.) Our rights have been abridged too far. If women are entitled to the rights they demand now, we are entitled to the rights of the forefathers. Chastisement is a good thing in its place—of course you don’t want to hit them in the face. (Laughter.) No man would mutilate a woman that he had to live with. (Laughter.)
Now, some of you men, who may have foolishly thought in your own minds that women should be admitted to the bar, have evidently not given it a serious thought. It has been suggested that Brother Rosser be pitted against Lillian Russell. How, under such circumstances, in the dim twilight of a courtroom, could Brother Rosser ever keep his mind on the issues involved? You are asking too much of men; that’s the trouble. You are giving too little for what you want. For my part, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand wither, before I ever put my brother Rosser in such a position. The issues of the case would not only be forgotten, but the rights of clients disregarded, and, when that time comes, this Association might fittingly pass a resolution of disbarment. That would be a time when you would need such a resolution.

But in ecstatic thought I go back to my dream of the woman of the olden time and see “Maud Muller on a summer’s day,” raking in the hay and “Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,” trembling at my frown. I shall always be sorry I never knew Alice. (Laughter.) I have had varying luck with the various women I have met, but if I had ever known Alice, there I would have anchored forever and for aye.

Women have their place. There’s no trouble about that. They make good cooks, nurses, maids, and manicurists. But think of the temptation that would be thrown in my teeth if I was made Maude Adams’ stenographer. (Laughter.) I don’t believe my wife would ever let me take the place. (Laughter.) If Luther was office boy, she might do it. But I do want to go back to the woman of the olden time. She is the sweetest charm that we men have. Take off your tailored suits and put on your muslins and your calico. That’s what we need. We would love you better, if we could. You can work, if you want to. It is right to work. Take a job, and make your life worth while, and support your family. It is a great deal better to have a wife who can give us a regular monthly allowance, anyhow. (Laughter.)
But really, if you do get back to the real woman, you have
got to go to the home. There is not a man, who would give
the stroke of his wife's hand on his hair for the best printed
brief ever originated in a lawyer's brain. There is not a
man who would swap the welcoming smile of his little daugh-
ter, when he gets home, for the best legal document ever
framed. There is not a man who would give up the memory
of his mother's caressing hand for all the emoluments that,
as a lawyer, he ever received. Keep them where they are
now. They have their own vices, sometimes—like the wife
who was allowed by her husband to whip him, because she
enjoyed it, and it didn't make any difference to him—but
keep women right in their own place.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE FOUGHT.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in the walled up woman's heart,
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
No banners to gleam and wave,
But, O, these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars;
Then silent, unseen, goes down.
O, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

O, spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born.

—Joaquin Miller.

(Appause).

The President: The Association will now, I am very sure, enjoy as a concluding contribution to this discussion, a serious but very brief paper on the subject by a man, who, I believe, to-day holds the honor of being the oldest practicing lawyer at the Georgia bar, Judge John L. Hopkins, of Atlanta. (Applause.) The Secretary will read the paper.

The Secretary: I will first read Judge Hopkins' letter, enclosing the paper, and then read the paper.

Atlanta, Ga., May 24, 1912.

Orville A. Park, Esq.,
Secretary Bar Association, Macon, Ga.

Dear Sir:

Kindly have whoever reads the enclosed pages before the Association to make the explanation for me that I was invited to write a paper for the Association, and was prevented by pressure of circumstances from doing so; but that, upon hearing that the question of woman's admission to the Georgia bar was to be brought up for discussion, I felt constrained to state my position in regard to it, as it is a matter in which I feel a very deep interest.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN L. HOPKINS.
In the beginning, man was a savage and woman was his slave and chattel. With his gradual emergence from savagery, with the gradual dawning upon his mind of the ideals of justice and decency, he has accorded her more and yet a little more elbow room, until now, step by step, through the tedious and painful ages, she has worked her way up to her present position. So exactly has her development kept pace with his increased enlightenment, that it answers as a gauge for the measure of that enlightenment, and just so long as woman’s emancipation remains incomplete, just so long will the evidence remain, of the influence upon man of the darker ages out of which he has come. The laws of our State constitute a partial record of the development of woman’s status as a citizen. Of old, upon her marriage, a woman’s property passed to her husband; now she is a fema sole as to her separate estate, and she may take and hold property just as if she were a man. She may be an executrix, and administer an estate no matter how valuable; she may be an officer in the children’s court; she may hold the office of State Librarian; and it is the declared policy of the State that there shall be at least one woman as an Assistant Physician at the State Sanitarium. And if there is any one thing about which the State should exercise exceptional care, it is the State Sanitarium. To gain this important office, she has only to show herself capable in competitive examination. The delightfully poetic sentiment about “lovely woman” and her protection in the home is all very nice as a sentiment. But there are multitudes of women who have no home except that which they themselves make and maintain; and there are many who perforce grow unlovely in the bitterness of an unequal struggle for subsistence. These would be willing to get along with less compliment, I fancy, if they were provided with a fairer opportunity to earn their daily bread. If a woman can gain
an honorable independence by practicing law, I say it is a
shame to shut her out of it. In the attainment of char-
acter, activity along certain definite lines is necessary; and
the higher the aims, the nobler the aspiration, the loftier
will be the levels reached. History shows what woman has
done with such opportunity as has been granted to her.
Wherever life has been thrown open to her, she has de-
veloped and grown strong to meet its demands. In relative
importance, as vitally essential to society, the two grand
professions of law and medicine stand side by side. Woman
has been admitted to the medical profession, and her work
has vindicated the wisdom of the step. Why should she
not be admitted to the other? The one demands, not less
than the other, of intelligence and character. Any man of
good character who satisfactorily undergoes the required
examination, and who takes the prescribed oath, may be
admitted to the bar. A woman of equally good character,
who stands an equally satisfactory examination, and who is
ready to take the oath, may not be admitted, simply and
solely because she was born a woman. I hope it will be
long before the Bar Association of Georgia puts the stamp
of its approval upon a law so cruelly unjust to woman.
That law as it stands, is a defiance of the genius of the age,
and a blot upon the record of the State.

The President: We will now extend to our friends in
the audience an opportunity to be heard, if they desire.
There was a serious attack made on Mr. Rosser, but, as Mr.
Rosser is with us permanently, he might choose to offer his
defense at some other time. However, as Brother Ewing is
going to a distant State, he may wish to put in the record
something before he takes his departure.

Mr. Caruthers Ewing: No man, after the three brilliant
efforts we have had, should want to make any further effort
to right himself. The last word has been said.

The President: Well then, having been accused of sug-
gesting this subject, which I cannot deny, and feeling a sense of responsibility, at least in part, for the success of the Association during its present session, and having a sincere hope for its continued success in the future, I take the authority of withdrawing from your consideration any action whatever on the subject.