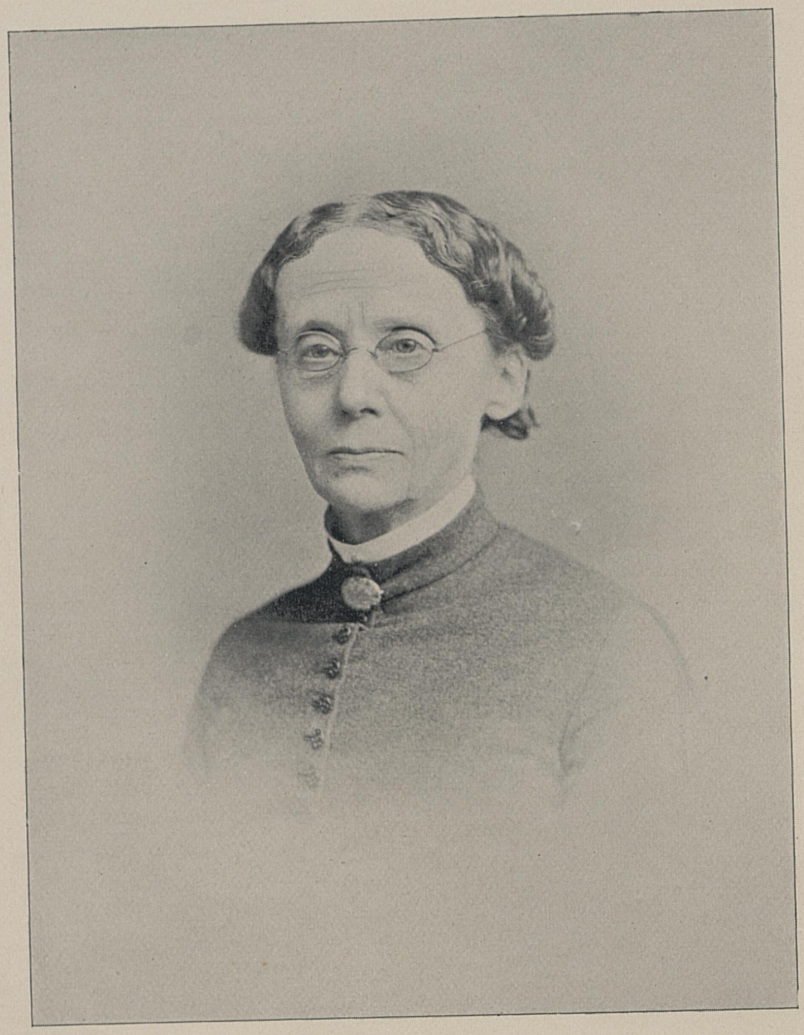

SUSAN HAYHURST, M. D.

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REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

SUSAN HAYHURST, M. D.

We have become so accustomed to women outside of what was lately considered her own legitimate sphere, that it may seem almost unworthy of comment when one finds her path leading into new fields, into lines of study and work heretofore entirely occupied by man. But the entrance of Dr. Susan Hayhurst, of the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia, into the College of Pharmacy in this city, the first woman to take up that branch and pursue the entire course of study, and the practical results that have attended that knowledge, make it very worthy of notice even in this age of the marked success of women.

When asked of her birthplace she might laughingly tell you she had none! "for Attleboro is not and I was not born at Langhorne." (Attleboro is now called Langhorne.)

That she comes from a long line of Quaker ancestry we have ample proof. The family record goes back several generations—amongst the English Friends. Before this particular branch came, in 1682 with Mr. Penn, in "the good ship Welcome" to America, Cuthbert Hayhurst took up lands on the banks of the Neshaminy, Bucks county, twenty miles from Philadelphia. He was a minister in his religious society—twice imprisoned in England for his opinions, and is especially mentioned as a valued member, in a "minute" from Settle monthly meeting, Yorkshire, England, at the time of his departure, with others, for this country.

On the mother's side the American record dates from 1662, where, in West Chester county, N. Y., her direct ancestor, John Quimby, is mentioned in the colonial record as one of the leaders in his community.

In 1662, Governor Stuyvesant granted the inhabitants the right of choosing their own magistrates. Of the six appointed, this John Quimby was one.

There are other records that show his judgment was sought and respected. When, in the course of years a descendant wished to come and settle in the province of Pennsylvania, Governor Lewis Morris, of New Jersey, who was a resident of West Chester county,

a neighbor of the Quimbys, offered him a letter of introduction to Colonel Thomas, then Governor of Pennsylvania, from which is quoted:

"The bearer hereof has long been a neighbor of mine in the Province of New York. . . . . He has a very good mechanical head and has been successful in several enterprises. . . . . He is now on a scheme of an extraordinary nature, but which will be most useful if it succeeds; being intended to destroy ships of war coming to attack a seaport. . . . . He has communicated his ideas to me, as I suppose he will to you and Mr. Penn, if you desire it. . . . . He has a large share of natural ability and being a Quaker, is willing to believe it will not be unacceptable as it is intended only to destroy vessels, not take away the lives of men. Should any occasion arise to assist him I hope you will.

"I am, etc., etc.,

"*Trenton, February 23, 1740.*" "L. M."

Although this family resided in Norfolk, England, and were of the same society, there is genealogical record stating they were of French-Norman extraction. Of such ancestry was Dr. Hayhurst. One of a large family—six brothers and three sisters, they were reared in almost Puritanical strictness. Early in her memory the family moved to Wilmington, Del. Here the little girl, always a delicate child, was most fortunate in her surroundings, as they seem to have fitted so well to her peculiar taste and temperament. She does not remember when she could not read, but distinctly recalls the delight with which she followed the fortunes of "Jack Halyard," the first book she read all by herself, from the pure delight of it. Then she could not have been more than five years old. "Captain Riley," a narrative of shipwreck and enslavement by the Arabs, was an early friend, and from these the vista opened wide amongst the opportunities which came to her. Next door to the Wilmington home lived a cultured and kindly Quaker gentleman who owned a varied and valuable library.

The houses seemed to have been built for joint occupancy, since there were communicating doors, particularly in the attic. As a very young child she was given the entire freedom of the library, which in her way she appreciated, but the attic had charms particularly its own. There were discarded books, and pamphlets, and basketfuls of Benjamin Lundy's *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, the first American newspaper to plead the cause of the slave. She does not remember whether these were the current numbers or old ones stored away, but only knows they were delightful reading. There was a trap-door to the roof at a point where the houses joined, making a most lovely angle. Here she established her reading place, secure alike from the girls that might want to go to play or any household duties that might have suited her years. Here many a summer morning was spent, and many a summer afternoon, shaded by the kindly angle. Here from these papers she studied the great question which was destined to test this government

to its foundations, and then and there in a slave State, with all other influences around her conservative on the subject, she decided slavery for the "black man, in America," was all wrong and must be given up at whatever cost, and so became an Abolitionist—took no sugar in her coffee, nor ate cake or candy.

One family only, amongst those she visited in that city, in a slave-holding State, were anti-slavery. There she met the late James A. Wright, then as always a friend to the slave. He was much impressed that one so young, with such surrounding influences, should express such views, and sent her a copy of Whittier's poems, a first edition. But Benjamin Lundy and his "turning of the world upside-down" was not all she read of or learned in her nook on the housetop. Fiction, biography, travel—much of the best literature of the day, was at her disposal. Here she doubtless laid the foundation of that habit "consulting books of reference," just at the right moment, which has been a marked feature of her plan of study.

Her school girl days were passed at an institution in Wilmington, under the influence of "Friends." As a student she was particularly apt at mathematics and could recite *verbatim* any amount of text. Would have been considered an apt pupil, but when she came to teach found the want of that technical training which she afterward adopted by taking the best instructor available in whatever study she wished to pursue. The family moved to a village in Chester county. Here she commenced teaching; here the writer of these notes first saw her, one summer morning, as she lifted her head from a bed of pansies, throwing back a mass of golden curls as she made some remark about the "human-ness" of "their little faces." She has always been devoted to the cultivation of flowers, making more of a success of it than most amateurs.

In various country schools she spent some years as a teacher, an important and interesting portion of her life, as much of her time was spent with a class of people interested in the stirring events of that day, and many of them not lacking in intellectual culture. At one time she was a frequent companion of a skilled botanist, and together they became acquainted with the wild flowers of field and forest and meadow.

When her parents moved to Philadelphia, amongst her new acquaintances she found in one of the professors of the Woman's Medical College, a very superior teacher of chemistry. To avail herself of Dr. Johnson's instruction, she entered the college for that and physiology—thinking to better qualify herself for teaching these branches. After some months' study, becoming deeply interested, she decided to take the entire medical course. To do this it was necessary to teach in the summer whilst attending lectures in the winter. Again she went to the country where she found liberal minded people and a devoted botanist. There she and her medical books were curiosities.

The last year of her course at college she was induced to take charge of the Friends' School at Fourth and Green streets,

Philadelphia; was principal of that school when she graduated in medicine in 1857.

That graduation day would contrast greatly with one from the same college at this time. The medical woman to-day knows little of the social ostracism that attended the pioneers in this profession. Now unnoticed in the crowd, or respected and even honored whenever they come to the front, in past days, even on the street, they were subject to indignities from their fellow students of other medical colleges. The commencement (numbering ten candidates) was a quiet affair, with a few friends who were brave enough to stand by those, who, better than they then knew, were "paving the way for liberal education." On this occasion, Professor C. D. Cleveland, the writer on English Literature, then president of the college, came forward and stated that he had sought in vain in this city for a Reverend who would take part in the services, and then himself —a laymen—asked the Divine blessing on these young women who were about to enter an almost untried field.

Dr. Hayhurst still continued ten years at Fourth and Green streets, then opened a school of her own with a class of fifty, many of whom had been her former pupils.

We next find her going West for a much-needed rest and change, and to visit friends. Then she was asked to organize a new public school in the town she was visiting, on the Philadelphia plan. Having finished this work and made the visit, she, at the end of a year, returned to Philadelphia, and with the intention of taking up the practice of medicine, entered the Woman's Hospital to familiarize herself with the advance ideas in medicine since her graduation.

She was solicited by the management of the hospital to take charge of its Pharmaceutical department, a position of great responsibility.

With her life-long habit of knowing—what may be known—of the subject in hand—having turned away from that which she had intended as a life work, she again took up the student life in connection with daily service as pharmacist at the hospital. It was not her habit to leave anything undone in the way of investigation that could add to her efficiency. So she sought and obtained permission to matriculate at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

No difficulty surrounded her attendance of these lectures. The boys probably were not *glad* to receive this one woman who entered a class heretofore occupied entirely by men, and who might mar their college freedom, but they made no offensive demonstration, and in Professor Remington she had a most faithful and efficient friend.

When she took her tickets it was a question whether the college would grant her its diploma, but on the completion of its four years' course, she was graduated in 1883.

Professor Remington, in his valedictory address, said: "It is the best and largest class we have ever graduated, and we do what has never been done in the history of these sixty-two commencements,

confer the degree on a woman." Then arose such a storm of applause as would have satisfied the most ambitious debutante. The large hall was filled in every part, and the graduates, 150 in number, seemed to vie with the audience in expressing their gratification.

The contrast in twenty-six years between these two commencements in which Dr. Hayhurst participated marks the advance of public sentiment. At the first when it was an innovation for women to enter the medical world, there were "but ten graduates, a small audience, and no enthusiasm."

In the many years in which Dr. Hayhurst has quietly pursued her profession, the amount of work done, and the assistance to others, is little imagined by those who know of the hospital only as one of the charitable institutions of a great city. To those who desire to study Pharmacy, her drug-rooms offer perhaps the best place, and the number of places are very limited indeed, in Philadelphia, where a woman can get the four years' practical training required both by the State law and the charter of the college for its diploma.

Many young women have passed under her tuition, receiving that instruction and assistance in various ways which only a skilled teacher and a woman of delicate intuition could give one anxious to make the best possible use of all opportunities.

One bright, and up to date "Pharmacy" in Philadelphia, is owned and managed entirely by a woman who had her training with Dr. Hayhurst, and proves that women can take their place successfullly in this work.

A wide acquaintance with medical students makes her influence far reaching. From India, China and Japan come messages, gifts of rare and beautiful things, thanks for advice given, for supplies of all kinds selected.

Many a missionary owes the successful equipment for her work to this kindly care either before she goes, or in answer to requests after she arrives in the foreign country. The purchase and manufacture of supplies for her own department in the hospital pass under Dr. Hayhurst's supervision, "and a care" at times is extended to matters not connected with drugs. To see her with screw-driver and hammer in hand one might wonder if she possessed any of the characteristics of that ancestor who had "a very good mechanical head," according to his neighbor and friend, the one time Governor of New Jersey. All this makes a busy life, yet it does not prevent an every summer's devotion to a flower garden which furnishes many a bouquet for friend or invalid, nor the taking up of a new study, or the critical pursuit of an old one. All her life she has been a painstaking student, and an inspiration for faithful work. Always ready to assist others, and that help is—knowledge—exact—in accord with the best authorities. Nor has this shut her out from social life, which she enjoys even with the children of those who have been her school girls. She is a member of various societies for the advancement of knowledge—would grant freedom to others as she has asked it for herself—to study in

whatever lines opened to her, thus an advocate for the education and cultivation of all classes.

Her own particular delight is in collecting books along the various lines of reading, and the great number of reference books in her possession is the key to the reason that when the writer, on different occasions, appealed to the doctor for information on various subjects, she has never failed to get for answer, " How to do it."

S. P. CHAMBERS.

A BURMESE FAIR.

Impelled by curiosity, but somewhat doubtful whether European and Oriental ideas of amusement were the same, three of us started out on our ponies in the early morning to see a fair which was being held on the occasion of a native festival some twelve miles away. We rode some distance to our point of embarkation, where our boat, previously ordered, was awaiting us.

These boats are about thirty feet in length, and are capable of holding nearly the same number of passengers, who pack themselves away as only Eastern natives can. The breeze is behind us, our sail, consisting of blue and white bed ticking, with a broad red band at the top, is hoisted, and our boat skims along at a merry pace, its lighter cargo and loftier sail enabling it to pass the majority of other crafts which are all hastening in the same direction. Some of the boats are especially got up for the occasion, the decorations, consisting of a boy or girl-doll, a card-board monstrosity, half fish, half fowl, a stork with a movable pith head which sways in the breeze or a bunch of flowers stuck up on the counter. The favorite decoration, however, consists of an inverted soda water bottle, tastefully wreathed with flowers round the neck.

On the top of the bank by the side of the canal runs the road, along which dashing young sparks on their diminutive ponies; old women carrying the large red box which contains the day's food for the family, children in their gala kit which consists generally of two bangles, two ankletts and a necklace; dainty little minkles in their best silk; old men vying with them in the gaudiness of their attire; rich and poor, young and old, all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, press forward, in a ceaseless, living, stream, beguiling their long journey by greeting or chaffing their fellow travellers, and criticising the occupants of the boats as they pass by.

Arrived at last at our destination, our boat is punted to the bank alongside another, which is carpeted with gorgeous rugs, on which, clad in the richest silks, her fingers half hidden with massive rings, with embroidered velvet slippers, diamond necklace and golden hairpins, her face covered with powder and a strong suspicion of rouge upon her cheeks, a Burmese lady of high degree reclines: in attendance are five handmaidens who are setting out the looking-glass, scents, powder-box, and all the other wonderful

necessaries of the female toilet, for the wind has ruffled my lady's hair, the bustle of the journey has disarranged her attire, and her boat remains moored to the bank until recombed and repowdered, having washed her hands in scent and arranged a chaplet of artificial flowers made of pith and gold leaf in her raven locks, she is ready at last to meet the gaze of the vulgar crowd.

Having left our tiffin-basket in a hut by the shore, which is readily lent us for the purpose, we proceed with the crowd in the direction of the fair. A Madrasi sounding a small cracked gong first claims our attention: he informs us that he has in a tent close by "a cock with three legs, the most wonderful, never seeing like before," but we are deaf to his blandishments and pass on.

Hundreds of bamboo stalls have been built in long streets, and the open space round the "pya" has, for the time being, been converted into a huge bazaar. A picture-stall has a group of open-mouthed boys gathered round it, the pictures, for the most part, represent either events in the life of Theebaw, or else the punishments of the wicked in the next world, with a plentiful sprinkling of blue devils and long pitchforks. One of these works of art represents the coming of the "foreign dogs," as the English are politely called; seated on gorgeous cushions are an orange-complexioned Theebaw and Sapialat, his head wife, with his burnt Sienna attendants on his left; whilst on the right a white Sladen, escorted by two light-yellow "Tommies" and a very dark-brown Sepoy, all with huge noses and large mustaches, is apparently explaining his uncomfortable situation to the king.

On turning the next corner, one could almost imagine one's self at one of the old-fashioned English country fairs; merry-go-rounds are in full swing; the owners of peep shows are doing a thriving trade, introducing each picture as it meets the gaze of the curious, with the monotonous parrot-like sing-song of description that constant reiteration invariably produces; the swings only stop to pick up fresh passengers; and the incessant chatter of the holiday-makers, broken every now and then by the shrill cries of the hawkers or the dull boom of some distant gong, keep up that unintelligible drone which the babel of a large concourse of any nationality always forms.

Further on is the large shed in which the boxing is going to take place. A crowd has already squatted patiently on their haunches in the interior, and the lofty crazy benches on the outside are rapidly filling up; one side of the building is reserved for the Myook, his friends, and the more important patrons of the entertainment; thither we push our way and are received with great courtesy, and provided with seats which give us a good view of the whole proceedings.

After a short interval the band strikes up an overture, eminently Oriental, and eminently discordant, the drum, gong and castanet element predominating; and their monotony is only occasionally broken by the feeble squawk of a native clarionette as it manages to make itself heard above the din. After some time three slim

youths in pink silk head-dress and loin-cloth walk into the ring and hold a long, and to the on-looker, tedious whispered conversation; then four light wicker-work balls are produced; the drums and gongs vie with each other in the volume of sound, and the performers proceed to gird up their loins; their tricks consist of juggling and balancing feats, and display a simplicity and wonderful accuracy which one seldom sees surpassed. There is also a "clown" who makes most skilful blunders, and is very like his fellow-fool all over the world.

The jugglers retire, and the stewards of the boxing enter the ring. The first two combatants are long haired, large featured and long limbed hobble-de-hoys, with much energy and little skill, being in the fourth class. After circling round each other with short and rapid steps, the left hand open and extended to the front, the right clenched and drawn back ready for a blow, they rush on each other, deliver one wild blow and close for a fall. This is repeated during four rounds. Luck seems evenly divided, and though some hard knocks are received by both, their leathery hides refused to break and no blood is drawn. One of the stewards whispers to the Myook, and the combatants are informed that one round more will be allowed; this also being without result, the contest is left undecided, and the unsuccessful pair retire to explain how it all happened to their partisans in the crowd, having first of all received a prize of one small pink silk goung-boung or head-cloth, as a reward for their energetic but unskilful display.

Then follow some more combats of more merit, after which the conquerors squat in the middle of the ring and receive from one of the stewards a reward of five rupees in cash and a yellow silk "goung-boung." *Væ victis* is apparently an unrecognized axiom here, for to our surprise the losers receive exactly the same prizes.

The atmosphere of the closely packed shed, warmed by the midday sun and laden with the smoke of hundreds of long cheroots, now begins to feel somewhat oppressive, and we are beginning to feel stiff from sitting cramped up tailor fashion so long. With many bows and thanks to our hosts we take our leave and proceed to the hut where our tiffin was left.

Having satisfied our inner man and woman, we wandered off to see the "pya," which was the primary cause of all this gaiety. In front of the large gilt Guatama within the "pya," kneeling pilgrims pray and present their offerings of candles, hundreds of which are already smoking, sputtering and flickering in front of the impassible idol, making a long stay in the interior a veritable penance, which should atone for many backslidings.

A little further on in a large, open building the images of the ten evil spirits are gathered in state; in attendance are some ten or twelve young girls, who receive the numerous offerings of flowers which are brought by the devout and superstitious, and arrange them around the gilt pedestals of the local genii.

As we arrive we find the crowd within divided in two by a long lane from the entrance up to the altar, up which, with feeble steps,

totters a procession of the oldest women in the place, to ask permission to dance for the amusement of the powers that be; three times this is refused by a fat gentleman, who apparently has the private ear of the departed souls, but on the fourth occasion permission is graciously granted, and, overcome by their exertions, the aged band immediately squat down in front of the altar, and having regaled themselves on a liquid that looks like water, proceed to dance by proxy.

The band strikes up an "andante inferno," the youths collect in front of the altar, and a veritable devil dance begins. Pointing in the direction of the images with either hand alternately, shouting, leaping, bounding, and pirouetting, they work themselves into a kind of hysterical frenzy, and madly dance till at length flesh gives out before the willing spirit, and one tired devotee sinks exhausted on the floor clutching at his gasping companions in his fall till the whole company lie prostrate, a confused mass of sprawling, panting humanity on the hard boards, in which position we leave them.

Having had rather a long day of it, we wend our way back to our rendezvous, passing through long streets, some given up to silk wares, others more varied, in which card board marionettes, dates, edibles, flowers and pictures are all set out to tempt the eye of the passer-by. Little knots of excited speculators mark the positions of the gambling tables, where on a rough kind of roulette board, you may back your favorite color in the hopes of winning a bottle of sweets, a shell box, or some gaudy monstrosity.

The "gnapee" stalls give early warning of their proximity, and make us hurry along with quickened pace whenever we meet the vendor of this overpowering dainty. The few natives of India one meets are all on business intent, the majority of them wandering about with their trays of sweets and doing a brisk trade. Though here and there one meets a boisterous youth, who has partaken somewhat too freely of the forbidden spirits, one cannot help being struck by the orderly behavior of the vast crowd. The few policemen present seem to find their billet a sinecure, and despairing of more legitimate work are watching the fortunes of the gamblers at the tables.

The sun is setting fast, and the cool night breeze has sprung up, as we, thoroughly tired out, lie at our ease in a boat during the return voyage. As we glide along—more laboriously this time, for the wind is against us, and we have to be punted—we pass many boats full of expectant sightseers, who are hastening to the fair for the dancing which takes place later on, for entertainments succeed each other day and night through, and whatever hour you choose to arrive during the five days' gayety, you can be certain of amusement of some form or other. Some indeed take up their residence there for the whole period during which this gigantic fair lasts, and assiduously attending every entertainment, make of their pleasure a veritable business.

CORA URQUHART POTTER.

A SHORT LIFE.

Last fall our quiet and uneventful college life was interrupted by the death, by drowning, of one of the brightest and most promising students of the university.

The truth was forced upon us that Mary Yeargin, whom every one had learned to respect and admire, and those who knew her best, to love, would be seen no more among us. Our first thought was, how can her parents do without her; our second, how can Cornell do without her; and our third, how can the world do without her. For truly, death could have taken no other from us who had planned a nobler life-work or who was more full of promise for the future.

Mary Little Yeargin was born in Laurens county, S. C., April 12, 1867. Her father had lost his property in the war and was obliged to struggle for a livelihood against many disadvantages. He had lost his right arm while bravely fighting for the side which he considered right, and no pension aided him in the support of his family. In her earlier years Mary showed a passionate love for books. The district school, however, afforded the only opportunity for education which her father could give her. Here she showed such ability that when fifteen years old the trustees of that district urged upon her the position of teacher, which she accepted for a short time.

Mary had decided almost as soon as she knew anything about colleges, that she must attend one, although she realized that if she did, it would be entirely through her own efforts. When she was quite a child her father had opened a cotton mill. She watched him run the engine with great interest, and one day, much to his surprise, she took his place and ran it as well as he did himself. This knowledge was now of service to her.

Finding that she was not going to earn enough money to pay her expenses by teaching the district school, she asked her father to give her the place of engineer in his mill. He did so, and she performed the work in that position, as in every other, thoroughly and satisfactorily.

By this means she earned enough to enter the junior class of Columbia College in 1884. In one year she did the regular work of the Junior and Senior years and graduated as valedictorian of her class.

A position as teacher in the same institution was then offered her, which she accepted and filled with great success for two years. With a part of the salary she received she gave a younger sister an opportunity of attending the college. It was during her second year as teacher that Frances E. Willard visited Columbia on her Southern organizing tour in 1887. With her characteristic earnestness, Mary not only took up the work of the Y. W. C. T. U., and

became president of a band, but also became deeply interested in the Woman Suffrage movement. A wave of opposition arose at the college against the latter cause, as it was not thought best for the instructors of young girls to hold such radical views on the position of women, and Mary Yeargin, together with two or three other teachers, were asked to repress their views on the subject or resign their positions. Although Mary never tried to force her opinions on another in any way, yet she could not suppress them, for she was so thoroughly in earnest in everything, that if she was once convinced that a principle was right, it became a part of her life and she acted in accordance with it. Rather, therefore, than sacrifice her idea of justice she resigned her position and taught for a year in Laurens county, near her home.

The next year she aided Professor and Mrs. Haynes, who had resigned with her from Columbia College, to open an academy at Leesville. Here she taught for three years with the highest success and at the same time educated another sister.

In the spring of 1891 Mary was appointed by Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, as one of a committee of three to consider the advisability of founding a State Industrial School for Women, and to visit the cities of the North to learn the latest and best methods used in our industrial schools. So thoroughly and efficiently did she do her work that the governor expressed himself as satisfied that intellectually she was the first woman of the State, and was proud to call her the "ward of the administration."

In the summer of 1892 she was offered a position in an insurance company in Washington. A week before she was to begin her work there, as she was stopping to visit some friends on her way to Washington, she received word that a lady she had met some time before wished to see her. She went to her immediately. This lady, who from seeing her once had recognized her ability, wished to pay her expenses at some northern university. Still thirsting for more knowledge, Mary gladly accepted the kind offer, but only on condition that she should pay it back when she had finished her course, and that she should insure her life in favor of her benefactor. She then telegraphed to Washington that she would be unable to accept the position there, returned home, and in two weeks she was on her way to Cornell.

She reached Ithaca a week before the University opened in order to take the entrance examinations. Most of the branches in which she was to be examined she had not looked at for seven years, but so retentive was her memory that a hasty review was sufficient to pass them with great credit. It was her intention to take the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in three years, and by electing some work in the law school in her junior and senior years she hoped to take the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

At the beginning of last fall term (1893) she entered the Law School and showed the same ability there that she showed in every other department. Her professors said, without hesitation, that she was one of the most capable students in the school. The fact

that she was to study law created a great sensation throughout South Carolina, as she was the first woman in the State to decide on that profession. She used to tell about a conversation she had with some men of her acquaintance who were very conservative, especially about the progress of women. They told her that they did not think women ought to enter the professions. She then asked them if there was any reason why she shouldn't study law if she wanted to, as well as any man of their acquaintance. Their only answer was: "It is all right for *you* to study law, we don't say anything about that, and we know you will be successful." She said this showed that it was only when looking at it in the abstract that they objected to women in the professions; that they seemed to fear lest some nameless, indefinable evil should result from it, but when it came to a concrete example and they knew the woman personally, they could find no reasonable objections.

All last year at the university Mary took more work than is usually allowed students to take, but she did it thoroughly with perfect ease and found plenty of time besides for the multitude of smaller duties which crowd upon the life of a busy student. She was an active member of the Wayside Club, our literary society at Sage; her work and influence were powerfully felt in the Christian Association; and her clear, strong voice aided in the choral circle. In fact she was never too busy to lend a helping hand to any worthy cause. When asked, one day, by one of her friends, what she stood for, Mary replied: "I stand for reform in everything." Nothing could have expressed her aims better. For reform in everything; for whatever tended to raise humanity nearer to those ideals toward which she herself was struggling, for whatever tended to increase and strengthen the bonds of a common brotherhood among mankind, this was what she stood for.

She was a member of the Methodist Church, but her helpfulness and sympathy were not limited to those who believed as she did. She took the kind of lives that persons lived as her standard of righteousness, and cared not of what sect they were. Her love and charity extended to the whole human race. Instead of helping an erring brother or sister to err still more by condemning, she tried to strengthen them by forgiveness and encouragement. It was impossible for her to cherish ill feelings toward any one. There was not the slightest bitterness in her heart against the Northerners, although they had left her native State in an impoverished condition, from which it would take many long years to recover. She used to say that the person it was hardest for her to forgive was General Sherman, who needlessly devastated so much of South Carolina and Georgia. One of her strongest desires was that all the bitter feelings about the war should die out, and only the very friendliest relations exist between North and South.

Mary was the idol of her State. Her progress was eagerly watched from seaboard to mountains, and many a discouraged heart took new courage at the thought of what Mary Yeargin would do for the South by promoting education and the advancement of

woman. Her firm belief that the right would conquer in the end prevented her from ever losing faith in her fellowmen. She was never discouraged, never worried. "Don't worry," she would say. "God's wheel is turning slowly, but surely, and right will conquer sometime." And so in the very beginning, as it seemed to her friends, of a life of exceptional usefulness, she was taken away from us without a moment's warning. But when one looks back on her life of twenty-six years, who can call it incomplete? A dutiful daughter, a brilliant student, a sympathetic friend, a noble woman, did she not do more in those few years for her fellowmen than most of us will do if we are given four-score years and ten? The world can never be the same after a life like her's: it must be better, nobler, truer; and the influence of such a life will endure for all time. We may grieve that she was taken away, when the world seems so much to need brave, strong hearts like hers. But we can only trust that by her death she so effectually impressed on those who knew her the nobility of her character, that others will be raised up to carry on her work. Surely we can find comfort, as she did, in the lines she used so often to repeat:

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

B. H. T.

AMONG THE CLUBS.

FORTNIGHTLY CLUB OF EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

The Fortnightly Club of East Orange, N. J., was founded under the most auspicious circumstances, as Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, then President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, gave us her valuable suggestions and threw open her doors to receive us in her home. By her untiring energy and her earnest solicitations in our behalf we were inspired with lofty ideals, born of a noble purpose, and soon were able to call ourselves a club. The struggles in forming a constitution were successfully passed, and the entire Club entered into the work of the year with praiseworthy zeal.

Dr. William B. Brown gave us each time a drill in Parliamentary Law, and this innovation proved not only a very profitable but a most delightful part of our program. Mrs. Brown gave us a drill in Italian pronunciation, as our subject for the year was "Rome."

The work was divided among five standing committees, viz.: Literature, History, Art, Miscellaneous and Membership Committee, with Chairman of each appointed by the President.

One Chairman took charge of a meeting, and papers not more than twelve minutes in length were read. A free discussion followed the papers, and the winter's work proved most beneficial to all.

The subjects treated in the Club included Early Roman History, Manners, Customs, Influence, Law, Character sketches of Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Virgil and other poets.

The Dante meeting in May was an exceptionally delightful one. The room was decorated with May-apple blossoms, in commemoration of the May festival in which Dante first met Beatrice. A sketch of his life and influence on literature was read and the outline of the Divina Comedia was represented by charts showing Dante's journey through the Inferno and Purgatorio to his reunion with Beatrice in Paradiso. Then the Italian artists were briefly sketched, and the great masters, Raphael and Michael Angelo, occupied a large share of the work.

During the year two informal meetings were held; the one at the mid-winter meeting consisted of a musical program from members of the Club and readings from T. B. Aldrich's works by Miss M. A. Brush, of Boston. After a charming program, the members and their guests indulged in a chat "over the tea-cups."

The closing meeting of the year was held at the residence of the newly-elected President, Miss Sue Taylor, and as the Club had invited many guests, the reception proved a very delightful occasion. The program consisted of an address by Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, giving briefly the outline of an ideal club organization. Then followed musical selections by members of the Club and an original poem of the Club history during its brief existence.

When the Club members wished each other a delightful summer, it was with the feeling that a stronger bond of union existed than mere ties of friendship could possibly cause.

This second year of work, the plan has materially changed, and the papers are arranged in a magazine form. The Editor in charge has an editorial and the papers are prepared by members from various committees. Then current events are discussed at the close of the meeting.

The subject this year is, "Our Own Country," tracing the birth, development and marvelous achievements of this Land of Liberty.

As the women are not granted the ballot, we are striving to gain more knowledge of the social and political condition of our country, so that we may silently be able to use our influence for the best good of this glorious Republic.

This Club has been like a child reared in luxury and refinement, for it has been born amid most advantageous circumstances and from its birth has breathed the air of the Federation. The Club joined the General Federation before the Biennial, and the influence felt by that convention will certainly bear good results.

The Club desires to exchange manuals of club work with sister clubs, as great help has been gained from the perusal of many manuals to which our Club has had access.

MARIE E. UNDERHILL,
Ex-Pres't of Fortnightly Club.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB OF SALEM, N. J.

The Woman's Club of Salem is the result of a conviction that dates back to 1892. That conviction was that there must be some common ground upon which women of diverse traits and tastes and training could meet. Clubs and societies of those of the same mind and method are many, but it was felt there must be a place where separate workers on various lines might come together, and where the culture of the higher powers of the heart and mind that is going on all the time might find a field unconfined by lines of special work.

This foretaste of the millennium was found among those associations of women known as woman's clubs. Here was the place where no discouragement met worthy effort, here was the genial atmosphere where promising blossoms might flower, here each might bring the good she knew and all would be benefitted; here,

indeed, was just the place for which the women of Salem had been looking, and it was not long before they also had associated themselves together and the Woman's Club of Salem was the result.

Meetings were held through the winter of 1892 and '93 and, as the children say, the club grew "like everything," until at the close of its first year it found itself regularly incorporated, with a printed constitution and by-laws, and, moreover, a member of the General Federation.

Unless some deadly blow is dealt it, a live club like any other living creature will keep on growing, and so the Woman's Club of Salem, sustained by the breath of enthusiasm, carried along by wise and careful counsel and lifted over the usual stumbling-blocks by the loving courtesy of its members, has come to the third year of its existence, The membership is limited to 100, and there is now a waiting list. Its meetings, held once a week through seven months of the year, are mainly literary and musical; philanthropy, science and other subjects of more or less general interest, find expression on Current Event Day. Programmes for the most part are carried out by members of the club. This creates a lively interest, we think, while the change every month of executive committees brings freshness to the proceedings. Current Event Day comes bimonthly, with a musicale occupying the corresponding day in the intervening month. So runs our regular programme, but occasionally this is varied by a visit from some stranger guest, who instructs us with a lecture or enlivens us with a talk, leaving us always with a wish on our part for a great deal more of the same kind.

To come back to the club idea, not the smallest benefit that has come to us has been the meeting together at regular and frequently recurring times. It is true, as has been often said, that one mind cannot come in contact with another without receiving something, and it is also true that one can always find a thought or a suggestion that is helpful at the Woman's Club. We like to think that our club spirit is expressed in the word "Give," and the idea is kept before our members that each must bring something that will be good for the others to receive. In addition it is the spirit of the salon that we would see animating the Woman's Club. The high point of view, the intellectual grasp, gentle courtesy, nimble wit, delicious humor, all these may be found in any gathering of women; but when these delightful qualities are found as a permanent and charming stage setting to an intellectual treat of one kind or another, one recognizes the ideal club. It is this we would wish the Woman's Club of Salem to be, simply—shall I say—my lady's drawing room, with the sole distinction, perhaps, of wider doors, admitting a larger company.

ISABEL CRAVEN.

FAMOUS WOMEN OF BOLOGNA.

Our two months' ramble through the purple land of Italy was drawing to a close when a member of our small party, comprised of three, representing as many professions, to wit: Medicine, law and journalism, suggested that we step out of the beaten track of tourists in general and pay a visit to that most ancient, time honored, Italian city, Bologna. The motion was carried without amendment, and accordingly a few days after the proposition was first made, our guide was conducting us along narrow winding streets, with odd looking houses upon either side, whose lofty arcades projecting from the first story of nearly all of them, formed an almost continuous canopy over our heads, for which, as the sun shone very brightly, we were devoutly thankful.

Bologna, like all old university towns, has her history, at which, however, we are only permitted to take a momentary glance in passing. She was noted for her great military prestige in the Middle Ages, for her influence in political councils, her traditions, and the characteristics of her people, who, from the earliest centuries distinguished themselves by their devotion to art and letters, but her renown rests for the most part upon the fact that she was ever a firm advocate of freedom, becoming a "free city" under Charlemagne. The emblem of the city is a full figure of Minerva, at whose feet kneels a lion supporting a shield which bears the single word, so dear to our own hearts, "*Libertas*," the inscription upon her old coins is taken from the motto of her university "*Bonoma docet.*" But it was not until we had halted to look at some curious volumes upon as quaint a book-stall that our interest in Bologna and her university was really awakened. We were glancing over the list of those who had won professional glory for Bologna, and were agreeably surprised that of the many "*Grandissime*" "*illustissime*," half of the names belonged to women. Silently we each read the list in turn. How glad we were that we had left the well-worn roads of the pleasure-loving Neapolitans, with their thoughtless vivacity, and turned our steps to Bologna, famous in the glory of its women. Immediately after, our hopes, our wishes, our interests centred in the University, and so our guide led us to the Archigimnasio Anticho, originally the building known as the University proper, which dates from 1562. Since 1803 the Archigimnasio Anticho has been used for the public library. The present university is in the historic Palazzo Collesi.

The old Gimnasio is a plain solidly built structure in the centre of which is a large court, a lofty corridor extends around the four sides of the ground floor and a loggia above it. The seats have long since been removed from the lecture rooms and are now covered with shelves lined with books. The outer doors formerly

leading from each lecture room to the loggia, are now walled up, for what reason we could not learn, the only rooms coming in direct contact with the outside world being those two which open upon the stairways of approach and exit. The University of Bologna has, from its earliest been open to women, and often, indeed, has had women upon its faculties. Before mentioning the names of a galaxy of Bologna's wise and beautiful celebrities let us hesitate a little to see where they studied.

Nearly all the rooms used for lectures, excepting the two sealed ones which were unusually large, have seating capacity for one hundred students. The arrangement of the seats is similar to those used in clinics, that is, tiers of semi-circular benches rise backward. Each room has two low doors, which face each other. Above one is the niche into which fits the professor's chair, and above the other hangs a painting of the Madonna, so that the eyes of the lecturer were obliged to rest upon it, whenever they were lifted from the manuscript.

The walls of both arcades and loggia which surround the central court are set with tablets inscribed to professors who have attained distinction in their respective sciences. Above the tablets are the coat-of-arms belonging to the professors, while about them are the arms of those students who have won the title "*illustissime*." Among the many names we read those of John of Bologna, Guido Reni, Copernicus.

But there, it was not to decipher the names of great men that the writer spent a hot summer day in the Archigimnasio Anticho. It is said, and truly, that every scene in life contributes much to remember. That morning, when standing in the cedar-ceiled room where Galvani made his anatomical experiments, dissecting often stealthily by the dim light tapers afforded, and which has resulted in such momentous gains to the modern scientific world, I felt it to be the most exciting moment of my life when I saw beside his portrait that of the Donna Maria Andrea, whom the faculty of the University deemed as the one lecturer in anatomy who was Galvani's peer. And yet, I thought, we say in our country this is really the first woman's century.

When the university changed quarters it was modelled quite closely after the old building. To show that there is no break in its history of distinguished scholars, its walls are also lined with an interesting collection of portraits and tablets. Five *savants* who lived and won their laurels in the old building, where they have honorable memorials, have also had the extraordinary honor of having their portrait busts, together with suitably inscribed tablets, erected on the new walls. Laura Bassi, Doctor of Philosophy, and Clotilde Tambroni, Professor of Greek Language and Literature, are two of the five, and are placed side by side with Galvani and Copernicus.

Indeed, from the Middle Ages down to our own present time, the University of Bologna has had an almost unbroken succession of gifted women. To begin at the beginning, there was Novella

Calderini, Professor of Jurisprudence, in the fourteenth century; Properzia De Rossi, who between the years of 1490 and 1530 was both a sculptor and a lecturer on Greek art; Marianna Fabbie Santini, poet, who, in cap and gown, often read in the great Council Hall, original odes and epic poems, at the request of the City Council; Lucia Bertana, likewise a poet, whose exquisitely shaped head wears a crown of laurel in the Central Piazza; Donna Maria Dalle, a famous doctor; Donna Maria Monticuccoli Davia, Professor of Belles Lettres.

There may be seen to-day the lectures in manuscript of Betisia Gozzadini, Professor of Jurisprudence. Pertinently these lectures are counted among the treasures of the new university library.

Elizabetta Sirani, painter, many of whose pictures, together with a number of finished and unfinished studies, hang in the famous galleries of Bologna. Some of Sirani's paintings are hung in a room where only gems from the world's finest artists decorate the walls, as Raphael's St. Cecilia and many of Guido Reni's masterpieces.

But let us look at the women of more recent times.

Firstly, Anna Morandi Manzolini, 1774, Professor of Anatomy; Maria Gaetana Agnesi, author of "Analytical Institutions" (1753–1799), who was invited to occupy the chair of mathematics at Bologna, by the Pope, who in his letter stated, "he desired her to accept the chair, not as a recompense for her merit, but to do honor to a town which was under his protection." Lastly, Professor Tambroni (1768–1817), of whom mention was made in a preceding paragraph.

Statisticians, who spend their days and nights in trying to prove that the higher education of woman tends to physical deterioration, would perhaps be slightly taken back when confronted with the stern facts that of all the famous women Bologna has produced the majority of them attained their allotted three score and ten. Does not this substantiate the *principle* that mental activity is both a life and health preserver?

In conclusion it is pleasant to add, many of the women mentioned were celebrated equally for their beauty, domestic fidelity and social conquests, as well as for their intellectual achievements.

Professor Novella Calderini, we were told, possessed such marvellous beauty of form and feature that the authorities insisted upon her delivering her lectures to the law students behind a veil, thus her auditors' attentions were not diverted by her charms. Professor Bassi, despite her many duties when occupying the chair of Philosophy, found time for her home ties as well, having raised no less than twelve children, all of whom lived to maturity.

Professor Manzolini supported and educated her two sons. Descendants of the latter now occupy positions of honor in the same university in which their illustrious grandmother was Professor of Anatomy.

The patron saint of clubwomen all over the world is Clotilde Tambroni, of whom it is said that she was a member of nearly

every literary society in Italy. Should people think of the University of Bologna as in a state of decay, they are sadly mistaken. She is as great as ever in the old world and annually matriculates from a thousand to fifteen hundred students, many of them women. But when you go to make a journey through that delightful land of perpetual sunshine and fields of ever-blooming flowers, whether it be a journey of pleasure or profit, or both combined, it will pay you to make even a flying visit to Bologna, the capital of Emilia.

GERTRUDE STUART BAILLIE.

UNIVERSAL MOTHERHOOD.

Sarah Grand says that "There are very few girls who will not strive after an ideal life, if only it is offered to them early."

Assuming this to be true, upon whom does the responsibility of directing inquirers fall, and for how much of it are we to be held individually accountable? How to develop the best in the coming woman seems to be one of the absorbing vital questions of our day. The tendency of our sex to extremes, where new ideas are concerned, is unquestionable. In this period of mental liberty and freedom from restraint our daughters are being reared, and the coming generation will attest the conscientious use we as mothers make of these newly acquired privileges.

We are told that women are revolting against what has been, yet cannot say what is to replace it. It is necessary then that the conditions which are answerable for the present system shall be discovered, that the defects may be remedied, and it is the imperative duty of every right-minded woman to aid in this work.

The girl of to-day is accused of preferring masculine sports, imitating her brother in dress so far as that is possible; in short, she is said to be losing that sweet quality known as femininity which has always been recognized as her chiefest charm.

While we have been advocating equal educational advantages for the sexes and extolling the brain power of our girls, have we not overlooked the danger to the gentler side of their natures which association with some of the prevalent ideas of to-day is likely to affect?

If *licensed* sin for one member of society shall become the social death of another *only equally criminal*, what result can be expected? The toleration of such injustice is morally degrading, and women have been so injured by it that they are now unable to see the enormity of it. The atmosphere of to-day, which is weighted with this poison, has followed the natural law and "produced after its own kind," thorns for thorns, and thistles for thistles.

With the young everything grows, and we should remember that weeds are rankest, and once implanted, fire will not kill nor render the same soil incapable of duplicating the first harvest.

When a reputable theatre permits the exhibition of so-called "living pictures" during the performance of a light opera, and present such subjects as Venus, and various mythological heroines, together with water nymphs and other figures, nude—save for a filmy gauze scarf, which is in reality nothing in the way of covering—it is time to cry out against it. Worse than this, when women of high standing, accompanied by men of unquestioned respectability, fill the boxes and express their unqualified approval of the entertainment, where are we to look for the ideal moral standard which is to elevate the woman of the future?

The timid, shrinking girl, who cannot lift her eyes when the curtain is drawn, is convinced by the attitude of her elders that the wrong must be with her, and if she protests, she is reminded that "To the pure all things are pure," and that the human form, regarded from an æsthetic standpoint, is the highest expression of beauty.

There are dangerous planks in our social platform, and it should be our care that the rising generation may not fall through them and be injured for time and eternity.

Mothers of America, the making of the future and history is largely in your hands, and you dare not shirk personal responsibility. Begin with the little ones and teach them that that which wars against their sense of right and justice is wrong; teach them also that anything which attacks their self-respect and purity is to be avoided, that modesty is not prudery; show them the value of ideals and impress upon them a sense of their accountability for talents.

Our fireside should attract the children of those who are less favored than we, that its brightness, warmth and cheer may shed a sympathetic radiance into every burdened youthful heart. Alas, there are many! A smile of welcome to a misunderstood, misanthropic girl often prepares the way following which you may be the means of diverting the hitherto misspent energies into right channels. What the world of to-day needs is not only universal brotherhood, but Universal Motherhood.

MARIA CHAPIN WEED.

POLITICAL EQUALITY.

PROGRESS OF THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT IN FLORIDA.

Woman Suffrage in Florida had its birth, so far as we are informed, at the Mississippi Valley Convention, held in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1892. There the writer met Miss Anthony, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell and others—only well-beloved names before. The convention was inspiring to one from the "far South"—a locality fabled as being irresponsive to human progress, non-progressive and, above all, opposed to Woman Suffrage!

In the exaltation of the hour, Miss Blackwell exacted a promise of work for the cause, and, because of her importunity, the flower of the Southern States has been added to the National Association. a result most gratifying we are sure to her, and in which we take great pride. Action of any kind was taken less than two years ago, and much has been lost in that curious division of time known as "fixing to get ready."

The first work was getting the entry of the papers, which worked well for a few months until, by an unfortunate change of proprietors they were closed to us.

The first club was formed at a social gathering, January 6, 1893. A series of suffrage socials, "admission, discussion, and refreshments free," as our notices ran, were held during the spring of 1894, and new life and vigor were added to the club. Advertisements were inserted in prominent papers offering literature free to any one interested in the subject of equal rights. By this means many localities were opened up, and correspondents are now working hard at many points.

A large amount of literature has been distributed, such as "Southern Solution," "Why Democratic Women Want to Vote," "Wyoming Speaks for Herself," etc., with interesting and encouraging results.

In May, 1894, letters to the Presidents of the State Associations, asking them to lay before the local organizations our needs, and solicit aid for a bazaar in the form of one apron and one sunbonnet from each were sent out. It was stated in the call that the proceeds would be sent to Miss Laura Clay, of Kentucky, for work in the South. Twenty-four States responded with gifts of various kinds, and the bazaar was held in Tampa, Fla., September 28 and 29. The net proceeds were $125, a result delightfully surprising to its friends and most astonishing to its opponents. The gains to the local organization cannot be measured by the money earned. The association is established as an active, aggressive, respectable fact!

Woman suffrage in Florida can hardly be said to have reached a stage of record, yet when its history shall be written, and I have no doubt the historian is already abroad in the land, I would wish some names to be remembered. Among our most earnest workers is Mrs. S. A. Wheatly, a Southern woman of culture and unbounded hospitality. Hostess of the Orange Grove Hotel, she has made her house a veritable Suffrage headquarters, and it is known among the faithful as the "Saints' Rest," where weary Suffrage pilgrims may find rest and comfort for mind and body. To Mrs. Lillian S. Wells, Mrs. Breckinridge and Mrs. Sexton much of the success of the Bazaar is due. As to the future of the cause in Florida we have only words of cheer. Its final success is assured. The friends of equal rights which travel and inquiry have developed have been surprising in numbers. The State is thoroughly honeycombed with suffrage sentiment. The experiences of the past year have taught us to despair at nothing. Henceforth "hope springs eternal in our breast," and we cannot be discouraged. We have met with too many surprises on the right side. The star of Florida is already rising and will early find her place on the flag of even and exact Justice.

ELLA C. CHAMBERLAIN.

WHAT THE KENTUCKY EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION HAS DONE TO AID KENTUCKY WOMEN AND THE WORK FOR THE FUTURE.

In 1888 the Kentucky Equal Rights Association was organized for the purpose of obtaining for women equality with men in educational, industrial, legal and political rights.

We found on the statute books a law that permitted a husband to collect his wife's wages.

We found Kentucky the only State that did not permit a married woman to make a will.

We found that marriage gave to the husband all the wife's personal property, which could be reduced to possession, and the use of all her real estate, owned at the time or acquired by her after marriage, with power to rent the same for not more than three years at a time and receive the rent.

We found that the common law of curtesy and dower prevailed, whereby, on the death of the wife, the husband inherited absolutely all personalty not hitherto reduced to possession, and when there were children, a life interest in all her real estate; while the wife, when there were children, inherited one-third of her husband's personalty and a life interest in one-third of his real estate possessed during marriage.

In 1890 we secured a law which made the wife's wages payable only to herself.

From the long Legislature of 1892–93, we secured a law giving a married woman the right to make a will and control her real estate.

Finally, from the General Assembly of 1894, we secured the enactment of the present righteous Husband and Wife law.

The main features of this law are:

1. Curtesy and dower are equalized. After the death of either husband or wife, the survivor is given a life estate in one-third of the real estate of the deceased and an absolute estate in one-half of the personalty of such decedent.

2. The wife has entire control of her property, real and personal. She owns her personal property absolutely and can dispose of it as she pleases. The Statute gives her the right to make contracts and to sue and be sued as a single woman. This clause enables a married woman to enter business and hold her stock in trade, free from the control of the husband and liability to his creditors.

3. The power to make a will is the same in the husband as in the wife and neither can by will divest the other of dower or interest in his or her estate.

This triumph of justice is the result of years of labor, devoted to the circulation of petitions, securing thousands of signatures, the publication of leaflets and unnumbered newspaper articles, public speeches, and a regular presentation of the work by a committee before the sessions of the Constitutional Convention and General Assembly.

This measure of justice would have been obtained with vastly less labor, had women possessed the ballot to elect representatives for themselves. Realizing this from the beginning we have labored to secure the right of suffrage for women. In this line of our work we have secured a triumph, in the charter of the cities of the second class, viz: Covington, Newport and Lexington, whereby women are eligible to and may vote for the School Boards on the same terms as men.

One of our aims has been to secure the highest educational advantages for the young women of our State. Through the publication and distribution of literature, and appeals to college authorities, we have succeeded in opening to women the doors of several colleges, which are now co-educational.

While after years of toil we rejoice that we have been able to present these just laws to the women of Kentucky, we have been defeated in the General Assembly in our efforts:

To secure the humane measure of placing women physicians in the women's wards of the lunatic asylums, and helpless insane women are still denied the protection and care of educated physicians of their own sex.

Our efforts have been unavailing in raising "the Age of Consent" from twelve to eighteen years, and the law stills throws upon a female child of twelve years of age the whole responsibility of protecting her personal purity from the licentious, who would rob her of it.

Married mothers still have no legal share with their husbands in the control and care of their minor children, the present law even permitting a father by will to deprive his wife of the guardianship of her child after his death. The only mother who has a legal claim to her child, equal to that of the married father, is the woman whose offspring is the sign of her own shame.

We have urged the General Assembly to provide Houses of Reform for Juvenile Offenders, one for girls and one for boys, and that women shall be appointed on the Boards of management of both institutions. This work should engage the hearty good will of all benevolent persons, brought in contact with vagrant and neglected children.

We have unsuccessfully endeavored to secure a General School Suffrage law, so as to give the women an equal voice with the men in the control of public schools.

Although we have hitherto been unsuccessful, we are not discouraged and shall not cease to petition the General Assembly. Yet all these are but steps to the crowning right of citizenship and we shall not abate our efforts until the women of Kentucky possess the ballot, whereby they through the established channels of representation may have a voice in making the laws they are compelled to obey.

We appeal to all men and women, who are lovers of justice, to join this Association, and become co-laborers in the establishment of justice and equality.

All desiring further information can correspond with

Miss Laura Clay, *President Ky. E. R. A.*, Lexington, Ky.
Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, Versailles, Ky.
Mrs. Sarah H. Sawyer, *Supt. Literature*, Wilmore, Ky.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S IDEA OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

In view of Atlanta being chosen as the next place for the meeting of the "Woman's Suffrage Convention," Southern women turn more thoughtfully to a subject that concerns and confronts them so nearly.

Old habits and received ideas are shocked, and imagination—guided by masculine ridicule—pictures something revolting to female delicacy in this struggle to vote and stand at the polls side by side with coarse, drunken men. But, after all, are not these details bugbears and easily arranged? We should not let them frighten us from principles involved any more than we should worship at an Athenian altar, simply because woman's natural enthusiasm is aroused.

Undoubtedly the bondage of our sex began in Eden by a primitive and just law of God, who, knowing her sin was not

spontaneous, punished but promised her the singular blessing that made of a woman the Ark of the Holy Covenant between God and man. It was God's will, and in the woman's words of the Hebrew ritual, "I thank Thee, O God, that Thou hast made me according to Thy will," and with Mary, the mother of Christ, began our elevation and liberation.

Woman's formative and spiritualizing influence comes down through the centuries, but the shadow of the curse pursues her. Beauty and physical charms are often temptations only; often her cherished weakness leads to sin, and often, alas, she is the innocent, helpless prey of man. This is the story of the centuries through which she lived "behind the veil"—a hidden, elemental life—her wrongs largely traceable to physical and intellectual weakness; her rights elusive for all practical purposes, but in pleasant accord with the emotional, æsthetic and spiritual trend of her nature.

These heavenly traits continued her as a needed, subjective influence in the life of man.

Men recognize and honor this influence. Doing mission work by their firesides, she became an incentive, an inspiration, and was cherished as a valued and necessary possession. Although the subjection of woman to man differs among Christian peoples from subjection of caste or conquest, like all slavery it dwarfs the enslaved and works their final freedom through increasing tyranny and cruelty on the part of the enslaver.

Woman's brain has broadened beyond kitchen and housework, because of good management, partly; partly because of modern labor-saving inventions. She need not, and generally does not, neglect these palpable duties, but has capacity for much more.

Improved public schools have, as a natural sequence, educated and elevated masses of women; and from sections where they were a majority, and where labor and support were diffcult, these women went out as bread winners. Prejudice oppressed and cried them down. Necessity—God's will—drove them on as an opening wedge in the wall that cloistered their sex.

Railroads, telegraphy and steam exchanged the world's daily record, and these women who learned to work and think for themselves, began thinking for their sisters, of whom they heard such sorrowful things. They suggested woman's ability to compete with man, out of which grew an unnatural antagonism; and struggling women, always pathetic, were sometimes ridiculous because of assumed *mannishness*.

But however men may sneer or sulk, all movement begun when time is ripe pushes on by an impetus from combined circumstances. The new world's busy rush leaves no time for exaggerated homage and elaborate politeness, such as hitherto gave woman a fictitious importance. She finds her bubbles broken. There is not time to consider whims and smiles and tears, and unless she climbs to higher ground, she must sink to drudgery or worse.

Receptive and adaptable in brain and body, finding her old secluded work is done, she prepares for that which is waiting.

Man combats her and temporarily, perhaps, he is worse for losing his "Ideal."

I do not specify this new work. It has countless ramifications, and is not a change but an addition and an expansion.

It is affectation to disregard men; they are not only necessary but powerful, and finding their wives with stronger brains and bodies, can bear and rear better children, and that their developed feminine wisdom can help to govern a world now *needing* woman's special public influence, they will bow to the inevitable and accept community in all things—equal justice and equal faith.

There is something touching and sorrowful in the hesitancy with which we approach this new life. We love the old and cherish the deification of the "Woman of the Past." Young, pretty girls still think they can keep love in and evil out of the dream-home; young lovers think so, too, but those who have awakened—as all *must* awake—know there are social and financial wrongs to be righted, wrongs that men will not touch; and fate, taking some beloved form, lashes us from indolence to duty. There are amendatory laws that only women voters will pass, and our southland, perhaps, needs them more than other sections.

But why do women think the question of franchise obligates coarseness of nature and manner?

All newly enfranchised people are crude and extreme; it is the rebound springing to fanaticism and to the bewildering flood of previously repressed thought; but this scarcely explains the cranks who have ventured among us. Exploding like dynamite bombs, they amused the men and repulsed the women.

It may be this coming convention will introduce to us an earnest, refined body of women with few eccentricities, and a wise plan of advance by the lines of nature:—brave, intellectual and tender women, imbued with a sense of their difficult pioneer work. Failing, they would leave us stranded with weakness revealed and mocked; succeeding, deft, strong hands must hold the flying web of Liberty lest its threads ravel to license,—lest we continue to be shocked by such utterances as lately, when a lawyer whose own record could not bear the light, said, while defending murder in a seduction case "Gunpowder and bullet are the surest preservatives of female chastity."

Be gentle, be patient, the stream will make a channel. Indeed it *must;* for underlying the private goads, essential to break our contented lethargy, are God's inexorable laws of freedom and progress, and woman, who was originally disobedient, can no longer resist His laws.

Unless I am mistaken, they do not wish to work as man's enemy or rival, but as his coadjutor.

The sexes have been mutually—almost equally—a blessing and curse to each other; and at home or in public, life will fail in its object without loving, harmonious help, one to the other.

Of course, while science and the professions were open to women only as amateur amusements, female jurists or scientists of

eminence were practically nothing. One requires legal right to live by an occupation before it is an incentive to develop intellectual force sufficient to aid men in governing creatures equally dependent on both sexes for existence.

We require to follow our children from the nursery, not *only* with prayers, but with such advice and assistance as fathers give;—nay, better, for female influence, if higher femininity is retained, will dredge accumulated slime from this *mare clausum*.

If, as a Southern woman, I express ideas in sympathy with others of my sex and section, or if they have better to advance I should be glad to hear from women of social and intellectual influence.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN.

BOOKS OLD AND NEW.

In "Colonial Days and Dames" Miss Anne Hollingsworth Wharton has given us a fitting companion volume for her charming "Through Colonial Doorways." In it she gives us a series of delightful glimpses of the domestic and social life in the American colonies. Herself a descendant of colonial dames, she portrays them with a graceful and loving touch, and we are glad to meet upon the pages of her book the Puritan maiden, the Pennsylvania Quakeress, and the Virginia gentlewoman. It is gratifying to learn that even in early colonial days an eminent authority upon such matters declared "that the ladies of Annapolis and Philadelphia were as beautiful as the day and adorned with all domestic charms."

Of especial interest are her descriptions of the educational facilities offered to the colonial girl, Miss Wharton writes:

"A Pennsylvania pedagogue, in 1765, proposing to teach young ladies 'true spelling with the rules for pointing with propriety' urging upon them not to be discouraged on account of their age, or through fear of obtaining a spouse, as he has had 'the honour to give the finishing stroke in education to several of the reputed fine accomplished ladies in New York, some of which were married within two, three, and four years.' Truly the ambitious instructor proved his right to be patronized."

The following quotation from a descendant of the Belinda, whom Thomas Jefferson admired, gives an idea of a Virginia girl's acquirements:

"Very little from books was thought necessary for a girl. She was trained to domestic matters, however, and must learn the accomplishments of the day, to play upon the harpsichord or spinet, and to work impossible dragons and roses on canvas."

"The olden-time girl, except in the home of the Puritan and the Quaker, was taught to dance as well as to use her needle, and in the Southern Colonies, the former accomplishment was considered so important a part of the education of a young lady, that Mr. Jefferson insisted that his daughter, Martha, should dance three days in the week from eleven to one. Dr. Franklin also expressed great interest in Sally's dancing and playing upon the harpsichord, although he stipulated that she should improve her mind by reading 'The Whole Duty of Man,' and 'The Young Ladies' Library.' That less instructive literature than this sometimes fell into the hands of the colonial maiden, we learn from the dairies of Lucinda, of Virginia, and Sarah Eve. The former takes herself to task for being so fond of novel reading, while Miss Eve pronounces 'The Fashionable Lover' a prodigious fine comedy."

As may be readily seen, the colonial dame's intellectual pursuits were not of such an absorbing character as to interfere at all seriously with her domestic duties; hence we find her excelling in all housewifely accomplishments, even to the making of sausage and mince pies.

"A pleasant story is told of Mrs. Clement Biddle, a worthy descendant of pioneer women of Rhode Island. Mrs. Biddle was with her husband in the Valley Forge encampment, and when an order was issued that the officers' wives should leave the camp, she, with ready tact and skill, prepared so delectable a dinner for General Washington and his staff that the heroes of the Revolution were not insensible to the seductions of such good cheer as a notable housewife knew how to set before the masculine devourer. The story runs that as Mrs. Biddle rose from the table, she airily remarked that she had heard of the order, but felt sure that the general would not apply it to her, to which charmingly feminine speech the commander-in-chief, bowing low, replied, 'Certainly not to Mrs. Biddle.'"

"Colonial Day and Dames," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, with illustrations by E. S. Holloway. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1895.

In the "Costume of Colonial Times," Alice Morse Earle has opened as it were long concealed clothes presses, and spread before our curious eyes the very garments with which the Colonial Dames were wont to delight their lovers and husbands. So vivid is the picture, that we can almost hear the rustle of the "fine Brocaded Silks with White Grounds, beautifully Flower'd with Lively Colours," and can well believe that "The most devoted follower of fashion in the present day gives no more heed to dress and the modes than did the early American colonist."

Although from time to time attempts were made to restrict extravagance in dress by passing sumptuary laws, yet their statutes proved failures, as will be seen by the following, written by John Pory, Secretary of the Virginia Colony.

"Our cowekeeper, here of James Citty on Sundays goes accoutred all in ffreshe fflaminge silke, and a wife of one that had in

England professed the blacke arte not of a Scholler but of a Collier weares her rough bever hat with a faire perle hatband, and a silken sute there to correspondent."

This love of fine attire was not confined to the Virginia Colony, and Mrs. Earle describe in her clever fashion the stern but futile attempts of the Puritan law-makers to prohibit the wearing of "gold, silver or thread lace, all cut works, embroideries, or needlework in the form of caps, bands or rails, gold and silver girdles, hat-bands, belts, ruffs or beaver hats, knots of ribbon, broad shoulder-bands, silk roses, double ruffles or capes, gold and silver buttons, silk points, silk and tiffany hoods and scarfs."

"Vain offenders against these sumptuary laws were presented by scores, and were tried and fined; and the selectmen of various towns were arraigned for not prosecuting the culprits. And the minister preached at them, and had tracts printed to warn and deter them; but still the haughty daughters and proud sons 'psisted in fflotning' until both preachers and magistrates gave up the unequal struggle in despair, and yielded gloomily with dire memories of Sodom and Gomorrah, and premonitions of similar and speedy annihilation."

In New York, during Revolutionary times, the love of fine dressing is the cause of much extravagance, and excites remark even from travelers. One writes:

"If there is a town on the American continent where English luxury displayed its follies it is in New York. In the dress of the women, you will see the most brilliant silks, gauzes, hats and borrowed hair."

Even the Quakers, though pledged to simple dress, must have felt this influence, for in 1726, at a Yearly Meeting, Hannah Hills sends the following deprecatory message:

"At first, that Immodest fashion of hooped petticoats or the imitation either by something put into their petticoats to make them set full, or any other imitation whatever, which we take to be but a branch springing from the same corrupt root of pride. And also that none of our ffriends accustom themselves to wear the gowns with superfluous folds behind, but plain and decent, nor go without aprons, nor to wear superfluous gathers or plaits in their caps or pinners, nor to wear their heads drest high behind; neither to cut or lay their hair on their foreheads or temples.

"And that ffriends be careful to avoid wearing striped shoes or red and white heeled shoes or clogs, or shoes trimmed with gaudy colors.

"And that ffriends avoid the unnecessary use of fans in meetings lest it direct the mind from the more inward and spiritual exercises which all ought to be concerned in."

"But by Benjamin Franklin's day Philadelphians were as fond of dress as were other Americans. Even that rigid and thrifty economist sent home from France, to his Deborah and his daughter, silk negligées, white cloaks and plumes, satin cardinals, and paste shoe-buckles, that they might not 'dress with singularity.' By

Revolutionary days Philadelphia outdid other towns in folly, and surpassed them in lavishness, coming to a climax of astonishing frivolity and extravagance in that extraordinary and picturesque revel, the Meschianza—a pageant more resembling a royal masque than an assembly in a staid Quaker town. General Greene declared the luxury of Boston an 'infant babe' to that of Philadelphia. Another officer wrote to General Wayne: 'The town is all gayety and every lady and gentleman endeavors to outdo the other in splendor and show,' and we read in Washington's diary, in Adams's, of the luxury and display in Philadelphia."

This book will not only be valuable as a general book of reference, but will be of special use to the illustrator and writer, for Mrs. Earle has spared no pains to make her book accurate. Old letters, wills, inventories of estates, court records and eighteenth century newspapers, have been carefully examined, and the prices and descriptions of materials are given, together with the dates showing when certain fashions came in vogue.

"Costume of Colonial Times," by Alice Morse Earle. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.

Once more Miss Repplier appears before the public with another book—"In the Dozy Hours, and other Papers," and again she delights her readers with her epigrammatic wit. The wide range of subjects included in her last volume allows full scope for her astonishing facility for selecting appropriate quotations from her favorite authors, and whether she be writing of kittens, or pastels, or mirrors, or down-trodden parents, we do not know which to admire most, the original matter of the essay, or Miss Repplier's clever adaption to her needs of what some one else has already said.

"The Passing of the Essay" is one of the most agreeable papers in the collection, and in view of the immense popularity of Miss Repplier's own essays, all must admit that the author writes of the subject with full knowledge, and the following may be considered authoritative:

"And so when I am told, among other prophetic items, that the 'light essay' is passing rapidly away, and that in view of its approaching death-bed, it cannot be recommended as 'a good opening for enterprise,' I am fain, before acquiescing gloomily in such a decree to take heart of grace, and look a little around me. It is discouraging, doubtless, for the essayist to be suddenly informed that his work is *in articulo mortis*. He feels as a carpenter might feel were he told that chairs and doors and tables are going out of fashion, and that he had better turn his attention to mining, engineering, or to a new food for infants. Perhaps he endeavors to explain that a great many chairs were sold in the past week, that they are not without utility, and that they seem as much in favor as ever. Such feeble arguments meet with no response. Furniture, he is assured, on the authority of the speaker, is distinctly out of date. The spirit of the times calls for something different, and the 'best business

talent'—delightful phrase, and equally applicable to a window frame or an epic—is moving in another direction. This is what Mr. Lowell used to call the conclusive style of judgment, 'which consists simply in belonging to the other parish;' but parish boundaries are the same convincing things as they were forty years ago.

"Is the essay, then, in such immediate and distressing danger? Is it unwritten, unpublished, or unread?

* * * * * * *

"Indeed, there never was a day when by-roads to culture were more diligently sought for than now, by people disinclined for long travel or much toil, and the essay is the smoothest little path which runs in that direction. It offers no instruction save through the medium of enjoyment, and one saunters lazily along with a charming unconsciousness of effort. Great results are not to be gained in this fashion, but it should sometimes be play-hour for us all. Moreover there are still readers keenly alive to the pleasure which literary art can give; and the essayists, from Addison down to Mr. Arnold and Mr. Pater, have recognized the value of form, the powerful and persuasive eloquence of style. Consequently, an appreciation of the essay is the natural result of reading it. Like virtue, it is its own reward. 'Culture,' says Mr. Addington Symonds, 'makes a man to be something. It does not teach him to create anything.' Most of us in this busy world are far more interested in what we can learn to do than in what we can hope to become; but it may be that those who content themselves with strengthening their own faculties and broadening their own sympathies for all that is finest and best, are of greater service to their tired and downcast neighbors than are the unwearied toilers who urge us so relentlessly to the field.

"A few critics of an especially judicial turn are wont to assure us now and then that the essay ended with Emerson, or with St. Beuve, or with Addison, or with Montaigne,—a more remote date than this being inaccessible, unless, like Eve in the old riddle, it died before it was born. Montaigne is commonly selected as the idol of exclusive worship. 'I don't care for any essayist later than Montaigne.' It has a classic sound and the same air of intellectual discrimination as another very popular remark: 'I don't read any modern novelist except George Meredith.' Hearing these verdicts, one is tempted to say with Marianne Dashwood, 'This is admiration of a very particular kind.' To minds of a more commonplace order, it would seem that a love for Montaigne should insensibly lead to an appreciation of St. Beuve; that an appreciation of St. Beuve awakens in turn a sympathy for Mr. Matthew Arnold; that a sympathy for Mr. Arnold paves the way to a keen enjoyment of Mr. Emerson or Mr. Pater. It is a linked chain, and, though all its parts are not of equal strength and beauty, all are of service to the whole. 'Let neither the peculiar quality of anything nor its value escape thee,' counsels Marcus Aurelius, and if we seek our profit wherever it may be found, we insensibly acquire that which is needful for our growth. Under any circumstances, it

is seldom wise to confuse the preferences or prejudices of a portion of mankind with the irresistible progress of the ages. Rhymes may go, but they are with us still. Romantic fiction may be submerged, but at present it is well above water. The essay may die, but just now it possesses a lively and encouraging vitality. Whether we regard it as a means of culture or as a field for the 'best business talent,' we are fain to remark, in the words of Sancho Panza, 'This youth, considering his weak state, hath left in him an amazing power of speech.'"

We trust that Mr. Howells has accepted his castigation with due meekness.

"In the Dozy Hours and other Papers," by Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, 1894.

THE FIRST BORN.

Respectfully dedicated to all who are not mothers and fathers.

The moon shone brightly, and the stillness of the night was only broke by the congratulations of Father and Mother Owl, over their first-born son. The infant owl had only been a few hours in the world, but had already during its brief period of existence astonished and delighted his fond parents by the performance of acts and the possession of merits more wonderful than those of any other first offspring owl that had ever been created.

"He is the largest baby owl that I ever saw," quoth the father.

"And the most beautiful," said the mother.

"Did you ever see such immense eyes?"

"Or such a finely shaped head?"

"He has the sweetest voice I ever heard."

"And he talks the most plainly."

So in this beautiful, though unusual fashion, did these simple-minded parents speak.

"He has the tenderest heart in the world, for when I gave him a long, wriggling worm he swallowed it whole, so that he might not hurt it."

"The little dear! Bless his little heart."

"Hush—st—the little darling moves—just listen to the branches of the trees rustling—they may waken our little dear! The wind must be stopped from blowing."

"Hark! Listen to that abominable night hawk. His horrible screeches will be sure to wake our darling. He must be stopped from flying at night."

"Sh—sh. See that clock in the tower. See the wicked man. I do believe he is going to ring the bell. What will our poor baby do? The bell must be stopped. Our child must not be disturbed in this way."

But the inconsiderate sexton tolled the bell and the baby owl awoke with a loud cry of displeasure.

Though the parents were much distressed at their infant's discomfort, yet their discomposure was tempered by their admiration of the strength of their darling's vocal organs and the power of his lungs.

Who can fully appreciate the exquisite joy that the newly born father and mother experienced in assisting at the toilet of their wonderful infant! Surely not any of those whose dismal fate it is to bring into the world only an ordinary infant.

Need I say that Father Owl provided the choicest food for his offspring? or need I mention the superior air of Mother Owl?

"Did you ever see a baby owl feed himself so well at such an early age? He surely will become a great owl."

Who can describe the pleasure of the fond parents when their extraordinary offspring made his first flight! How were their tender hearts torn lest their nestling should break a wing or a leg! How anxiously Mother Owl guided his fluttering wings! How patiently Father Owl waited to see that no bones were broken! How derisively both father and mother owl laughed at their absurd fears, as if they did not know that their darling would accomplish the feat successfully! How strong was his flight! How graceful his circling!

During these early happy days, Father and Mother Owl were frequently annoyed by the preposterous claims of other fathers and mothers to the ownership of equally wonderful offspring. Was anything ever so absurd before in the history of the world?

They began to plan for their baby owl's future career.

"I am sure he can be anything; he has such a fine mind."

"He takes after my family," thought Father Owl, but he was too polite to say it aloud.

"What would you say to making him a great musician?" suggested Mother Owl, timidly, "he has such a lovely voice."

"Our baby a musician! Mother Owl, I am astonished at you. Do you want him to wander around from city to city and to be nearly killed with the weight of the gold that he must take."

"A painter then—he has such wonderful eyes. I am sure he would succeed, and he will have exceptional advantages for studying landscapes."

"Mother Owl! Do you want our boy to starve? and where would he keep all his pictures? You know such things are never sold!"

"Then a great poet? Our child has such a fine head."

"Mother Owl you are not worthy to be the mother of such a wonderful child. Do you want to put him in the almshouse?"

"A doctor then—"

"A what? Do you want our boy to become a murderer?" screams Father Owl.

"Then a lawyer?"

"Mother Owl did you ever count how many hundreds and thousands of lawyers there are already."

"Then, Father Owl, suggest something yourself."

"It is about time to ask my opinion in the matter. I would like to make a politician of our boy."

"A politician? but there are so many already," said Mother Owl. "There are even more politicians than lawyers."

"Quite true, but there is room for as many more, and who knows but that our darling little Owl may become a senator or a governor or a president. I am sure he will be just as able to fill the place as many who have already filled the position."

So it was settled that the Baby Owl should become a great politician, and it is hardly indiscreet to mention the fact that his proud parents henceforth regarded him as a future President.

But alas for parental and ornithological hopes. Master Owl before long took the direction of his own affairs and determined that he would become a scientist, and in the collection of worms and moths and mice he displayed so much energy and patience in his pursuit that it augured well for a great future. So keen an observer was he that never a bug nor a beetle escaped from his clutches, and there is no knowing to what great eminence he would have attained if his career had not been prematurely cut short by the gun of a cruel anti-vivisectionist who refused to contribute one of his young chicks for the advancement of science, and our young owl perished a martyr for his cause.

Father and Mother Owl have had many other little owls since to cheer their lonely hearts, but none of them have ever equalled their first born.

S. T. PHILLIPS.

EVENING.

Behind the far-off western hills the sun was sinking low,
And ere departing left behind, a tender crimson glow.

'Till all the sky, the bare bleak hills, and sea so gray and cold,
As if by a magician's hand, seemed changed to fairy gold.

It touched the grave-yards on the hill, that sad deserted place,
And to the quaint old tombstones, gave a strange pathetic grace.

And to the woman standing there, with age and care bent low,
A rush of tender memories, came with the sunset glow.

And once more she was young and fair as in the days of yore,
And friends from out the vanished years were greeting her once more.

And once again, the kindly word, the merry laugh she heard,
And fond embraces, loving looks her feeble pulses stirred.

They all came back, the loved, the lost, and gathered at her side,
And hands were warmly pressed of those who long ago had died.

And hope and joy filled all her life as in the days long fled,
For one by one the buried years gave up their cherished dead.

"My own," she cried, in accents fond, "Ah! now no more we part,"
And forth she stretched her wrinkled hands to clasp them to her heart.

'Twas but a fond illusive dream, she grasped but empty air,
Instead of friends she nothing saw but grave-stones standing there.

Not one was there that she had loved, and once had joyed to meet,
All, all were gone, and there their dust was mouldering at her feet.

And she was friendless, old and gray, the last of all her race,
A feeble woman, bowed with grief, alone in that sad place.

She only felt the chilly wind, that came up from the sea,
And heard the ocean, that, far off, was roaring sullenly.

And now, the sea and earth and sky became all cold and gray,
As in the west the last red ray had faded quite away.

JUVENILE ANNEX.

THE FROST KING'S HUNTING.

"Come, Polly!" called the Frost King,
"The snow is on the ground,
And everything's so quiet,
One scarce can hear a sound.
Put on your little snow-shoes,
Your furry cape and hood,
And we will go a hunting
Down yonder in the wood."

And Polly took her snow-shoes,
And slipped them on her feet,
And tied them fast and hastened
The white Frost King to meet.
Her cloak and hood all furry
She fastened firm and tight,
And with the Frost King hurried
Out through the winter night.

"Give me your hand, now, Polly,
I'll hold it in my own,
And show you what to mortals
Before was never shown."
She gave her hand, and lightly
Skimmed onward like a bird;
His voice the sweetest music
That Polly e'er had heard.

They reached the forest lonely;
The tall trees swayed on high.
The branches seemed all leafless
To any mortal eye;
But Polly, with the Frost King,
Saw they were all ashine
With brighter silver jewels
Than ever came from mine.

And what had once seemed sighing,
Whene'er the branches swayed
Was but the blithesome music
The cheery North Wind made.

And as the gleaming moonbeams
Came slanting through the trees,
Fantastic shapes of beauty
Upon the ground she sees.

For strange and wondrous flowers,
Of pale, fair, snowy hue,
And sweetly, faintly fragrant,
Beneath her feet there grew.
And snow-white birds were flitting
Around in noiseless flight;
And snow-white deer were bounding,
On through the silent night.

Upon his horn the Frost King
A blast blew loud and clear,
But all too sweet for sounding
In any mortal ear.
"Come, now, we'll go a hunting,"
The Frost King softly cried;
"The moon is up, the deer are swift,
The forest paths are wide."

And through the snow-clad forest,
Away the white deer fled,
So swift, so light, that not a print
Marked where their feet had sped.
And onward sped the Frost King,
With Polly's hand clasped tight;
Her little furry hood and cloak
With snow all glistening white.

And on, still on and onward,
On through the frosty night,
Until beyond the hill-tops
The moon sank out of sight;
But when, far to the Eastward,
Was seen the red'ning morn,
No more the deer were followed,
No more was blown the horn.

The Frost King's hunt was ended,
At hint of morning's glow,
And Polly from her furry cloak
And hood shook off the snow.
But soon as wanes the daylight,
Again she'll don her hood
And cloak, and with the Frost King
Go hunting in the wood.

VAIN KATRON.

Katron was a little girl who lived a long, long while ago, before any of us were born, and who was very pretty. Yes, Katron was certainly pretty for her cheeks were as round and rosy, her eyes as blue, and her hair as curly as those of the most beautiful wax doll that ever was made. Unfortunately, however, Katron was so well aware of this important fact that she became very vain in consequence, and spent many an hour admiring herself in the tiny looking-glass which hung in the corner of the sitting-room. More unfortunate still, she attracted a great deal of attention whenever she went out, and, as this notice fostered her vanity still more, she was fast becoming a disagreeable, vain little girl.

In vain her good mother repeated to her all the sensible proverbs that she had ever heard of, but though Katron listened respectfully enough to "Beauty is but skin deep," etc., and "Handsome is as handsome does," yet these wise old sayings glanced lightly aside from her consciousness, though some of her cousins who were not pretty like Katron were much impressed by their truthfulness.

Matters finally reached such a pass that the good mother decided that some effective measures must be taken if Katron's foolish vanity was to be checked before she made herself odious in the eyes of the whole city. Already people were beginning to jest about the little girl's exalted opinion of herself, and to make merry over her unconcealed admiration of her own beauty.

So, one day, when Katron had seemed vainer than ever, Mother Ilse put on her cloak and hood and set off to consult Katron's Godmother. Now this Godmother, as it happened, was a fairy, a veritable fairy, exactly the kind we read about in all the orthodox fairy tales, and she was much concerned when Mother Ilse described Katron's foolish vanity.

"I am very sorry," cried the mortified mother, "to have my little daughter so vain and disagreeable. She is beginning to neglect her little household duties and her lessons, so much occupied is she with her appearance. I have hung our one little looking-glass almost up to the ceiling, but she puts a chair on the table and stands on that, whenever she gets the opportuniry, so desirous is she of admiring herself; and, as I am afraid she may fall and break her neck, I have been obliged to take it down again. I am almost afraid to buy her anything pretty to wear, for every new article of dress seems to make her vainer than ever."

The Fairy Godmother listened most attentively. "Never mind, my dear Mother Ilse," she said consolingly. "I am sure I can find a remedy for my little Katron's vanity, something that will cure her most effectually; and to-morrow you may expect a visit from me. I cannot allow the goddaughter of a fairy to become so insufferably disagreeable. So do not distress yourself any further, but consider the matter as already settled most satisfactorily."

Mother Ilse was, as may be imagined, delighted with the result of her visit, and set off for home with a light heart.

Next day, true to her promise, the Fairy Godmother came. Katron ran to welcome her, for she was extremely fond of her Godmother. "How glad I am to see you!" she cried, throwing her arms around the fairy's neck.

"And I," replied the Godmother, "am glad to see you, and I have brought you a pretty, new cap to wear."

Katron fairly danced with pleasure when she saw the pretty little blue velvet cap in her Godmother's hand.

"Thank you, oh, thank you a thousand times," she exclaimed. "May I put it on now?"

"Yes, wear it at once if you like," said the Fairy Godmother, "only before you do so it is but fair to tell you that the cap is enchanted, and the first words you say after you put it on you will be obliged to repeat every time you are asked a question."

"Oh," said Katron, "I do not care for that," for she was so intent on the cap that she scarcely heard a word her Godmother said.

Nor did she heed her mother's warning, "Katron, Katron, be very careful what you say."

"Yes, yes," she answered heedlessly, and no longer able to wait, she ran to the glass and adjusted the new cap on her head. For a few moments she stood silent, lost in admiration of her own face, and forgetting everything else, her mother's warning and her Fairy Godmother's admonitions were disregarded.

"How pretty I am," she cried aloud, giving her head a little toss. "I think I am the most beautiful little girl in the world."

"What is that, Katron?" cried her horrified mother.

"How pretty I am. I think I am the most beautiful little girl in the world," answered Katron, in spite of her efforts to repress the foolish words. She was deeply mortified and looked in consternation at her Godmother.

"You are very candid, my child," said the Fairy Godmother, laughing, and then added seriously: "You see the consequence of being so vain. Now, I hope this punishment will have the effect of curing you of this fault, and that when I come again to see you you will be able to think of something else beside your beauty. I am going away for a year, so you will have ample time for amending."

As soon as the Fairy Godmother had gone, Katron angrily threw the blue cap in one corner of the room, thinking to undo the enchantment, but her troubles had only commenced. Her father came home, and wanting his glasses, said: "Katron, have you seen my spectacles?"

"How pretty I am," answered Katron. "I think I am the most beautiful little girl in the world!"

Her father was highly displeased, as may be imagined, and reproved her severely for her vain speech.

Soon after several of her little companions came running in to ask Katron to go out to play in the meadow with them.

Katron was glad to go, and determined to be very careful not to reply to any questions, but glancing toward the pretty blue cap lying discarded in the corner, she picked it up and placed it on her head, not averse to letting her little playmates see how becoming it was to her.

"Where did you get your beautiful new cap?" was the first eager question she heard. In vain she tried to keep silence.

"How pretty I am! I think I am the most beautiful little girl in the world," she said, to her own dismay and the astonishment of her playmates.

"Well," said Carl, the oldest, "you are very vain, even if you are pretty," and he laughed so immoderately that Katron, bursting into tears, ran from the room to hide her mortification.

The next day her mother's birthday festival was to be celebrated, and all their relatives were gathered together.

"Katron, my dear," said her Aunt Bertha, "why are you so unusually quiet to-day?"

"How pretty I am! I think I am the most beautiful little girl in the world," replied the miserable Katron.

Aunt Bertha, who despised vanity, shook her head disapprovingly over this instance of it in her niece.

"Katron," said her kind Uncle Michael, "what do you learn at school now?"

"How pretty I am!" promptly answered poor Katron, and in spite of her uncle's amazement was obliged to add, "I think I am the most beautiful little girl in the world."

Uncle Michael stared at the little girl and commented, "You have certainly learned your lesson very well," and then turned to another of his nieces and took no more notice of Katron.

Poor Katron! How bitterly she repented her thoughtless words as she sat disconsolately in a corner. Presently her grandmother, seeing her there all alone, called out kindly:

"My little Katron, of what are you thinking, sitting there in your corner?"

Katron would have given anything to have been able to keep silent, but no, the words would come, "How pretty I am! I think I am the most beautiful little girl in the world."

Her grandmother was displeased. "I am afraid you are a very vain little girl. Take my word for it, Katron, beauty is not the best thing in the world, and pretty people are not always the most useful or the most agreeable."

In a little while the children began to play games, and the elders looked on, pleased to see the little ones enjoying themselves. Blindman's Bluff was played in the pretty French manner, and great was the merriment caused by the attempt of the children to disguise their voices when answering the prescribed three questions. At length Katron was caught, and subjected in her turn to the questioning.

"Who have I now?" was asked.

In vain poor Katron tried to make an appropriate answer. "How pretty I am!" she was obliged to begin. The children

fairly shouted, "It's Katron, Katron!" drowning with their laughter the rest of the unfortunate speech.

Unable to endure more, Katron ran from the room, and could not be persuaded to return until all her little cousins and relatives had left for their homes.

Worse than all this however was in store for her. The king of the country was making his annual tour of inspection to all the great cities of his kingdom, and the city in which Katron lived, very soon was to have the honor of receiving him. Great preparations were made for the event. Triumphal arches were erected in the principal streets, flags were hung from all the buildings, and most brilliant entertainments were planned, for the people were determined his visit should be a most memorable one.

A deputation of the chief citizens was to meet him outside the city walls and make addresses of welcome, and a number of children were to stand at the great gate of the city, and present him with flowers. Of course every child in the city courted the honor of being selected to take part in such grand ceremonies, and when Katron was chosen to make one of the number, and also to present the flowers to the king, she was almost beside herself with joy.

"No one will be asking me horrid questions then," she cried, "and I will he happy once more."

The important day came at last. Katron was up at daybreak, so impatient was she to put on her white dress, her blue ribbons and her blue shoes, and was ready at least an hour too soon.

As the king approached the great gate of the city a flourish of trumpets announced his coming. Katron fairly trembled as the gorgeous procession drew near, with its waving banners and flags and gaily dressed horsemen, with the king himself at the head, and very timidly she advanced with the flowers and offered them to him.

The king took them graciously from her hand, and stooping towards her said in kind tones:

"Thank you, my child, and what is your name, so that I shall always remember it?"

Miserable Katron! In vain she tried to close her teeth together—quite in vain, for naught she could do, prevented her from exclaiming loud enough for every one to hear; the king, the courtiers, the chief citizens of the city, the other children, and her own distressed father and mother: "How pretty I am! I think I am the most beautiful little girl in the world!"

As may be imagined, the king was astonished, the courtiers laughed, the good citizens frowned indignantly, and her parents felt they were disgraced when the king said severely:

"What you say may be true, but I think it is likely you are also the vainest and pertest little girl in the world," and then rode on without another look at the unhappy Katron.

Katron went home sobbing bitterly, anxious to hide herself from all eyes, but in an hour the whole city was talking about "Vain Katron's answer to the king," and her aunts and uncles and

cousins all came to condole with good mother Ilse upon having such a foolish daughter.

She was very unhappy. She could not go outside of the house without hearing on every side, "There is vain Katron!" and sometimes the boys would peer into her face and laughing rudely would shout, "How pretty I am! How pretty I am!"

She was obliged to stop going to school, as she was unable to answer even the most simple question, but with the same odious, "How pretty I am!" Even to a little question like "Where is Mesopotamia?" Katron hastened to reply, "How pretty I am!" and, when leaving geography, the teacher turned to history and asked, "Who was Nobuchodonozor?" again was Katron's voice heard announcing that she thought herself the "most beautiful little girl in the world."

Of course no school could be properly conducted with a scholar like this, who was continually exciting the other pupils to laughter and disorder, so Katron's teacher sent her home until she became more sensible.

Forced to stay at home, Katron had time for reflection, and she soon became thoroughly convinced that it was her own foolish vanity which had brought her such unhappiness, and she began to amend.

One day as she was spinning industriously by her mother's side, her Fairy Godmother came suddenly in.

"Well, Katron," she asked, smiling, "how have you passed the last year?"

Tears came into Katron's eyes as she commenced the inevitable "How pretty I am." She looked imploringly at her Godmother.

"Well, my little Katron, I have no doubt you are tired of saying the same words over and over again, so I am now going to banish them from your tongue, if you will promise to banish them from your mind and heart."

Katron was overwhelmed with joy. Once more she could express herself as she desired, and she thanked her Godmother again and again for her kindness in restoring her powers of sensible speech.

"But remember Katron," said the Fairy Godmother, as she took her leave, "your permanent cure depends upon yourself. If you allow yourself to think of nothing but your beauty, you will again become so vain that your vanity will again find expression in your speech. You will only say what you have been thinking, so keep your thoughts good and innocent and you need never fear expressing them."

And Katron remembered. The remedy though severe was thoroughly efficacious, and she grew up to be the pride of her native city. She was noted for her humility and charity, but one curious effect of her year of unhappiness remained with her all her life, she could never be induced to even glance in a looking-glass.

MOTHER'S PAGE.

Best & Co., of New York, pay special attention to toilet articles for the nursery. Their Castile soap is recommended as a perfectly pure and harmless article, made expressly for them from pure olive oil; contains neither animal fat nor coloring dyes; softens, heals and whitens the skin; is agreeable, safe and economical. In half pound cakes, twelve cents a cake. The "Nursery Soap" is scented and sold in quarter pound cakes, eighteen cents or fifty cents a box of three cakes. Best's Baby Powder is also guaranteed to be pure and desirable for nursery use, sixteen cents per package. The rule of this house to refund money on all purchases that are not satisfactory, is really the same as sending everything on approval.

The Children's Sleeping Combination Suits with feet, made by the Dr. Jaeger Company, in natural-color wool only, are garments that are especially serviceable, by reason of their covering and protecting the limbs of the child at night. The light weight in sizes from two to ten are respectively $3.40 to $4.25. The heavy weight average from forty to seventy cents higher. The initial expense may appear unusual, but the wearing quality as well as the comfort is a marked feature of the Jaeger materials, and for many parents the very best is never too good for their little ones. These suits may be had at their main retail store at 176 Fifth avenue, New York.

The sudden changes of temperature experienced at this season of the year are hard on the little ones, and they are almost sure to catch cold unless given the closest care. The use of Scott's Emulsion" reduces this care to a minimum, as it makes the system hardy and able to resist. It not only cures colds but prevents them, which is far more important for the children. Give your child a teaspoonful after each meal and be rid of anxiety. He will thrive on it, grow much stronger for it, have sounder teeth, and you will have more comfort during these always trying months.

The Smith Premier Typewriter possesses an advantage over many typewriters, in having a perfect cleaning device, that is very simple yet very effective. It is an exceptionally easy machine for the amateur to handle, and very little practice, used with intelligence, will give fair results. For the careful writer there is no occasion for difficulty with this machine, as every character has its separate key.

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What can be done with the "Mudge Patent Processor" for the canning, jelly-making, etc., has been shown very satisfactorily at the recent Pure Food Exhibit. Water or milk may be sterlized, coffee and soups may be made, oysters steamed, meat juices extracted, in fact it is desirable for many methods of cooking, because it holds all the aroma, which is usually lost by the old way, and because the cooking is done from the top down instead of from the bottom up. It may be had, with descriptive circular, from the John L. Gaumer Company, N. W. corner of Eleventh and Race streets, Philadelphia.

The "Sun Dial" Gas Stove Company of Philadelphia, manufacture an ideal nursery stove. It will broil a steak or chop, bake a potato in twenty minutes, bake muffins, make toast or zwieback, and at the same time leave room on the top for any of the innumerable uses to which a handy little gas stove may be put in the nursery; pasteurizing milk, mixing foods, boiling or sterilizing water, etc., *ad infinitum*. The stove is sufficiently compact to be put in a trunk, being about one foot square, which is an advantage in summer traveling. Price, $4. To be had from the "Sun Dial" Gas Stove Company, ——— Arch street.

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