

Des Moines Women's Club.

ANNUAL OF 1894-95.

PART II.

DES MOINES, - - IOWA.

History.

Historical Monument of France.

Mrs. Ida C. Cherry
Chairman.

{ Mrs. Martha C. Frisbie.
Miss Louise E. Hughes.
Mrs. C. E. Rawson.

June 5th 1895.

Introduction.

Mrs. Ida C. Cherry.

A Few of the Monuments Representing
Different Periods in the Earlier History
of France.

Mrs. Martha C. Frisbie.

Some of the Monuments of Paris.

Miss Louise E. Hughes.

The Palace of Fontainebleau.

Mrs. C. E. Rawson.

The history of France shows that nearly sixty generations have lived in her wide and diversified territory. Throughout it they have spread the product of their arts. Almost two thousand of these works still spared, she classes as her historical monuments. They form what might be called a chronicle in stone, that rivals any printed page in expression, and present the most marked features of the changes through which she has attained her eminence. They clearly show the development of a great and friendly people, who did much to establish us among nations. Over all the country first were rude and pagan Gallic tribes, whose dolmens are still scattered far and wide.

Then came the splendid pagan Romans to conquer and to mingle with the natives, and leave their impress on the language, thought, and many of the broken edifices we find to-day. Later from Germany came new forces to help create the conflicting principalities that existed through the mediaeval period. Then from a distant North swept down the energetic Norman to found institutions that proved so lasting; and latest from lands outside, the English, with their long and widespread rule, left impress of their presence. Meanwhile feudalism attained full growth. The castles of the lords were built and maintained for centuries. Royalty was also growing in both pomp and power, and in village and city, on the mountain and in the valley,- everywhere the Church made manifest her art and simple or majestic piety.

The faith and imagination of the middle ages, with their love of grandeur and picturesqueness, passed the usual round of growth to be succeeded by the luxury of the Renaissance. Monuments, illustrating her long and varied history, were thus spread in wonderful variety through France. The waste and wreck of foreign, civil and religious wars, invasion, and more cruel revolution, have with the storm of eighteen centuries swept over them. Yet many still remain curious, grand, or beautiful and interesting, not only as works of art, but for their romantic and historical associations.

A few of these monuments representing different periods in French history will, I trust, be of interest to you this afternoon.

Eda Cornell Cherry

S-O-M-E H-I-S-T-O-R-I-C-A-L M-O-N-U-M-E-N-T-S

O-F- P-A-R-I-S.

By

Louise E. Hughes.

"History", says a French writer, "is a great drama, the decorations and scenes of which should be revived as well as the personages."

It is undoubtedly true that history seems much more real and vivid to us if we can obtain in some way or other a clear and correct impression of the place where the events occurred. A spot of itself lacking in beauty or picturesqueness may thoroughly interest us because of the great events that happened there. And if it still retains its former characteristics and looks just as it used to look when it was helping to make history how greatly a sight of it adds to our appreciation of the past. But very few places remain as they were fifty or one hundred years ago; changes come to alter and destroy the old features and to add new ones either for use or for beauty. So it may be somewhat difficult to obtain information as to how they used to appear; but it is worth while to revive these scenes and decorations of the great drama of history, and if the next quarter of an hour shall strengthen only in a slight degree the impressions you already possess of a few historical places, it

will not be unprofitably spent.

VERSAILLES.

The great glory of the old regime was the reign of Louis XIV. Despotic, self-indulgent, fond of display, lavish in expenditure, Louis XIV, made himself known and feared throughout the world: he also added much to the beauty and prosperity of his realm. One of the greatest creations of this monarch was the palace of Versailles. In building up this wonderful chateau he had an opportunity to make something grand out of nothing, an opportunity to create something, and that too for his own pleasure and glory— a thing which this monarch was by no means loath to do.

Versailles as the royal residence saw the wit, the beauty, the learning, the extravagance, the intrigues, the grandeur, the pride, of the court of Louis XIV. It witnessed the lesser glories of Louis XV. and was the scene of much of the misery of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

There is scarcely any other place that gathers around it more of romantic interest than does this palace. While Louis

XIV was really the creator of Versailles and its glories, the small beginning came in the previous reign.

The story goes that at one time Louis XIII lost his way while engaged in the chase and took shelter in an old mill. He afterward purchased this site and built here a hunting seat of pale buff stone and red brick. Louis XIV was rather fond of this old hunting seat of his father's and held fetes here from time to time; but it was not until 1682 or 84 that Versailles was prepared to become the residence of the royal personages. It took countless men and vast sums of money to put Versailles into proper condition to receive the court. But money and despotic power found not many obstacles in the way of overcoming nature and embellishing her with the creations of art.

The palace presents a facade of more than a quarter of a mile in length. Seen from the gardens, the central part or main edifice projects a distance equal to its length and the north and south wings start from the corners of this main edifice like two long arms. If one approaches the palace by the high road from Paris, he first stops in the Place d'Armes

made by the union of the three principal streets of the town of Versailles. A railing separates this Place from the Court of Honor which is finely paved and is adorned with two rows of statues and has in the center an equestrian statue in bronze of Louis XIV. The recess made by the form of the main edifice is further divided into the Royal Court and the Marble Court.

The palace is large enough to contain a little world of people in itself, and for many years it was, as the residence of the king, the center of the French world. But it did not remain untouched by all the changes that came to France; it was sacked by a mob, it came near being sold, it was neglected by the great Napoleon. It was restored by Louis Philippi, and part of it was converted into an historical picture gallery. And as such it now receives its visitors, who are interested not so much in its historical museum as in the palace itself and in seeing rooms and surroundings where so many famous persons were happy and miserable, lived and died.

It is impossible to describe minutely all the halls, rooms and courts, that make up this wonderful structure; but if

possible, we want to obtain a general idea of the arrangement.

The theatre and chapel are in the north wing; one of the largest halls in the south wing is the former Chamber of Deputies. The other apartments of these wings are devoted to collections of funeral monuments, sculptures, historical paintings etc.

On the ground floor of the central part of the palace is the gallery of Louis XIII. It is adorned with statues of this king and his queen, and it contains many battle pieces. But it is interesting chiefly in that it was occupied by Louis XIII and was the beginning of this magnificent palace.

The second floor of the main edifice contains the large and small apartments of the king and the same of the queen; the king's apartments extending along the north and west sides, while the queen's lie mainly on the south side. We are now in the most interesting part of the palace. Some of the rooms are named from the ceiling decorations, as the hall of Hercules, the hall of Abundance, of Venus, of Diana, of Mercury, of Apollo.

Across the west side of this central structure and commanding a fine view of the gardens, is the Galerie des Glaces, or Gallery of Mirrors. This is a hall 240 feet long, 35 feet wide, and 42 feet high. On the side towards the gardens there are 17 large arched windows, and opposite these are as many mirrors set in niches. The hall is superbly decorated, bright with gilding and colored marbles, adorned with paintings, representing the deeds of Louis XIV. Truly this is called the Great Gallery of Versailles.

From the north end of this gallery opens the hall of War, so called from its allegorical ceiling paintings. And at the south end is the hall of Peace, also adorned with paintings.

In the center of the west side of the main edifice, back of the hall of Mirrors and overlooking the Marble Court, is the bedchamber of Louis XIV. It contains the richly adorned bed of the king and other furniture in tortoise shell and gilded bronze made by Louis XIV's cabinet maker, Charles Boule.

The large apartments of the queen are eight in number. One of these now contains a beautiful piece of sculpture— Last

Moments of Napoleon I. It is a sitting figure in pure white marble; the workmanship is delicate and accurate, the position is expressive, and the countenance is lifelike. It is one of the most beautiful treasures the palace contains.

The small apartments of the queen are six in number and tiny enough they are too. The library is possibly 10 x 12 ft. and the sitting room about 12 x 15 ft.: the ceilings are low and the woodwork plain. They are shut in by the large apartments and receive their light only from small inner courts. The bath room is in its original state, but in the other rooms most of the old furniture is lacking. The sitting room contains a curious thing; it is a niche in the wall, the top back and sides of which are lined with mirrors of plain, flat plate glass. The mirrors meet in the angles without any framework. If you stand so that the joint in the left hand corner comes exactly opposite your body, you of course see one half in the back mirror, the other half in the left hand mirror; but your head disappears entirely, and it makes no difference how tall or how short you are. Did this ever cause poor

Marie Antoinette to feel misgivings as to what her fate might be ?

The Palace Chapel is in the end of the north wing where it joins the main edifice. Since it was built by Louis XIV., it is scarcely necessary to say that it is richly adorned; paintings, statues, carvings, Corinthian pilasters, arches, gildings, rich colored glass, make it a church of great elegance and splendor.

I do not know how to describe to you the garden of Versailles. There are terraces, lakes, fountains, plants, shrubbery, woods. Nature has been subjected to the square and compass, for everything is stiff and artificial. Across from the orangerie and opposite the south wing of the palace is the Bosquet de la Reine, interesting as the palace where the affair of the Diamond Necklace is supposed to have taken place.

To the north-west of the Palace are the large and small Trianon, with parks and woods and ponds and streams and Swiss cottages and summer houses and rustic bridges, all as dainty and picturesque as you would care to see.

Such is Versailles as it now exists, a museum rich in objects of interest, filled with whatever may serve to preserve the history of the past and to remind the visitor of the glory of the royal palace and of the French nation.

What has been its past ? To recount the past of Versailles would be to narrate the history of France from 1682 to 1789, one of the most interesting periods of history. But let us glance at a few of the events immediately connected with this palace.

Perhaps its most gorgeous room is the Galerie des Glaces. What scenes of gaiety and happiness did this hall witness under the Old Regime : How often were the wit and the beauty of the court gathered in this magnificent hall, the mirrors of which reflected the bright eyes and joyous smiles of the gay and happy. But this hall has also witnessed the glory and exaltation of its country's conqueror. It was here that King William of Prussia on the 18th of January 1871 was proclaimed Emperor of Germany. At one time this hall was used as a hospital for wounded Prussians, and later it was a dormitory

for the deputies of the National Assembly.

The bedchamber of Louis XIV. looks out upon the Marble Court and on down the Avenue de Paris. From the balcony of this room the first chamberlain performed the ceremony of announcing the death of Louis XIV. Sept. 1, 1715, and followed it with a greeting to the new king. Seventy-four years afterwards, from the window of this room Marie Antoinette watched the approach of the infuriated mob from Paris. Upon this same balcony she presented the dauphin to the crowd and looked with agonized composure upon the angry faces below. But nothing would appease their wrath, and cries of : "Away with the child", "To Paris with the king", filled the air.

In the Queen's bedchamber, Marie Terese, the Bavarian Daphiness, the Duchess of Burgundy, Marie Leczinske, lived and died. Louis XVI was born here and also his children. For nineteen years Marie Antoinette passed her sad life in this room and left it to meet still sadder days in Paris. It has been occupied by no woman since that time.

It was in the antechamber of the queen that the queen dined

ceremoniously with the king. The public was admitted to behold this meal: no one that was neatly dressed was refused admittance, and great crowds often were present for the sight delighted the provincials. This was one of the many things against which the free spirit of Marie Antoinette rebelled; she desired to take her soup in quiet, free from the gaze of the idly curious; but court etiquette forbade.

The theatre at the north end of the north wing was begun by Louis XV. to please Madame de Pompadour, but was not completed until after her death. It was opened in May 1770 with the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI. (then the dauphin) and Marie Antoinette. In this theatre was given the ball and banquet to the Royal Guards on the night of Oct. 1, 1789. The preparations were made with lavish richness; devotion to the royal family was expressed with wild enthusiasm. Reports of this reached Paris and intensified the people's hatred for the poor queen. Years afterward in this same room Napoleon III. entertained Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

The States General was assembled at Versailles in 1789.

The Tiers E'tat withdrew from this body, formed itself into the National Assembly and afterward held its meetings in the Salle du Jeu de Paume or tennis court, a building in the town of Versailles, south-west of the palace.

Thus Versailles was the scene of the opening acts of the Revolution; it was visited by mobs and it soon dismissed its royal inhabitants to the violent life of Paris.

In 1870 and 1871 the head quarters of the King of Prussia were located here, and from 1871 to 1879 the palace was the seat of the French government.

Since that time it has been only a museum of history.

Place de la Concorde.

Almost in the center of Paris is the Place de la Concorde, one of the most beautiful squares in the city. To the south of it flows the Seine; on the east are the gardens of the Tuilleries with the Palace and the Louvre on beyond: on the north is the Rue de Rivoli; while on the west are the Champs Elysees leading out on the north-west to the Place de l' Etoile. From the Place de la Concorde can be seen some of the finest structures of Paris; the Louvre, the Madeline, the palace of the Chamber of Deputies, the Arc de Triomphe.

In 1763 this square was adorned with an equestrian statue of Louis XV. and received the name of Place Louis Quinze. In 1770 in this Place there was to be a grand celebration with fireworks in honor of the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette, just married. The scaffolds caught fire from some accidental spark and in a moment the whole square was a mass of flames. The explosion of the fireworks added to the terror and consternation. Many were burned or crushed to death, and many more were

dangerously wounded.

In 1792 the statue of Louis XV. was removed from its pedestal, a terracotta figure of the Goddess of Liberty was put in its place, and the square was called Place de la Revolution. By January, 1793 France was in the midst of the worst scenes of the Revolution. The guillotine was set up in this square and began its work with the execution of poor Louis XVI.; and but little rest was allowed it for months. Charlotte Corday, Brissot, Marie Antoinette, Philippe Egalite, Madame Elizabeth, the adherents of Marat, Danton and his party, Robespierre and his associates—but the list is interminable; one thinks with horror of the slaughter that this Place witnessed. It was once proposed to erect a large fountain on the spot where the guillotine had stood; Chateaubriand objected—For, said he, not all the water in the world will suffice to remove the blood stains which have sullied the ground.

In 1799 the Place received the name that it now has.

In March 1871 Prussian troops were encamped in the Champs Elysees and the place de la Concorde. And soon after

a desperate struggle occurred here between the Communists and the government forces.

In 1830 the ornamentation of the square was begun. The Obelisk of Luxor, a present from the Viceroy of Egypt, was put in place in the center of the square where the guillotine had stood. There are two fine fountains that add much to the beauty of the square, and it is further adorned around its sides with eight stone figures, in honor of the chief towns of France. One of these represents Strassbourg; since the loss of this city in the Franco-Prussian war, this figure is always draped in mourning. The bridge over the Seine extending from this square was partly built with stones from the Bastille.

The Bastille.

From this Place you may pass along the Rue de Rivoli to the southeast for about two miles and reach the square of the Bastille. Here formerly stood the stronghold that gave its name to the square. The fortress dated from the 14th century and was originally intended for military purposes, but it was soon made a state prison. Many noted persons were confined within its walls. It is told that its architect Anbriot, was kept here for heresy. One man lived here for 13 years shut up in an iron cage. The Man of the Iron Mask was kept here for many years.

The people grew to hate the sight of its dismal walls, and it was one of the first objects of their fury when the revolution of 1789 broke out. The story of how this fortress was torn down by the angry mob on July 14th of that year, is familiar to all. In the pavement of the Place there is now marked in dark stone the exact outline of the prison walls.

The 14th of July has become a national holiday. The people lay aside their work, they spend the day in merrymaking,

and in the evening there are illuminations throughout the city of Paris. This fete of the Federation is to the French what Independence Day is to us.

In the square of the Bastille is a monument known as the Column of July. It was erected in memory of those who lost their lives in defense of the public liberty, in the revolution of 1830. It is a fluted column of bronze, resting on a square basement, which in turn rests on a round substructure of white marble. There are ornamentations of garlands and symbolical figures, and the column is crowned with a figure of Liberty, standing on a globe and carrying in one hand a bird and in the other the broken chains of slavery.

Much blood has been shed in the square of the Bastille. Besides the part it played in 1789 and 1830, it witnessed one of the severest struggles of 1848, while in 1871 the communists made it one of their most formidable strongholds.

Hotel des Invalides.

The Hotel des Invalides is attractive principally because it contains the tomb of Napoleon, but a few remarks about the establishment in general may not be without interest.

It was founded by Louis XIV. "to assure a happy existence to the soldiers who as old men wounded or infirm may find themselves without resources after having grown gray under the banners or poured out their blood for their country."

The building was intended to accommodate about 5000 inmates, but no more than 400 occupy it now. It consists of several courts, the church, a museum of artillery, refectories, kitchens, library, council chamber, dormitories, and minor apartments.

L'Eglise des Invalides is composed of the church of St. Louis and the Dome, two distinct parts. The former is interesting mainly for the military trophies it contains.

The part known as the Dome is a square structure, 198 ft. in breadth, surmounted by a circular tower with a vast dome,

86 ft. in diameter. This beautifully gilded dome, 344 ft. high, is a conspicuous object at great distances.

The interior of the church contains monuments to Vaubau, the military engineer, and to Marshal Turenne. A chapel to the left contains a sarcophagus of Jerome Bonaparte and one to the right contains that of Joseph Bonaparte.

Directly under the dome is a circular opening in the floor, 36 ft. across; in this way a view of the crypt is obtained. And here is the tomb of Napoleon I. It is 20 ft. deep, and its walls are of polished granite adorned with marble reliefs and with twelve colossal statues of Victory. The pavement is a mosaic, on which a wreath of laurel is represented and the names of battles are recorded. Upon this beautiful pavement stands the sarcophagus containing the ashes of Napoleon. This consists of a single huge block of brownish red granite. Its outlines are graceful without detracting from its massiveness, and its surface is highly polished. It weighs upwards of sixty-seven tons and was brought from Finland at enormous expense. A more impressive place can scarcely be found in all

Paris than this church. A flood of yellow light streams in around the altar, a faint bluish light comes in through the windows of the dome, the crypt is solemn and grand. One feels that the ashes of the Great Napoleon have found a suitable resting place. And his wish is gratified-- " I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people, whom I have so well loved."

All Paris is historic ground and its monuments are numberless. Study its streets, squares, bridges, prisons, palaces, churches. What is there that fails to attract you with its many historical associations ! Study all these, and you will be repaid by an ever increasing interest in the past and the present of the French people.

A monument of France.

Fontainebleau.

Written by Mrs. C. E. Rawson
and read before the Des Moines
Women's Club, June 5, 1895.



Thirty-seven miles south-east of Paris, surrounded by a magnificent forest, considered the finest in all France, we find one of the most notable of public buildings,---Fontainebleau. It is truly a monument of France for it is "A chronicle in stone of her history."

Before entering upon any description of the palace, I wish to speak of this forest. It contains some forty-two thousand, five hundred acres, and abounds in every variety of tree. It is adorned with statues, temples, lakes, waterfalls, and fountains. There are twelve thousand, four hundred miles of roads and pathways. The forest abounds in game. There are also great masses of stone, half covered with vines, which, in the deep shadows, seem to resemble primeval monsters. In passing through the forest, one frequently sees stone crosses where the peasants kneel to pray. In a little lake near the palace, tourists may see carp, said to be one hundred years old.

And now to the palace. Originally, it was a hunting lodge of the early kings, and not until 1137 do we hear of it being anything of note. At least, this is when the first record appears, and yet, that record gives evidence of anterior existence. The charter of Louis VII is extant which ends in this protocol in Latin: "Given at Fontainebleau, in public, in the year 1137, the first of our reign, there being present in the place those whose names and signatures are subscribed below."

The palace was probably built during the reign of Louis VI. It is as different from a modern palace as can be imagined, having been built a palace inside and a fortification on the outside. One writer describes it as a gloomy keep, occupying the site of the present Cour Ovale, surrounded by towers, protected by lofty walls, strengthened by a moat, and approached by a draw-bridge.

Little is left of the early fortress, but the present buildings were placed on the old foundations, so that its form is preserved in the irregular shape of the court yard. It is of great extent, not a high building, as one would imagine, being, with the exception of several pavillions, only two stories in height.

The buildings display various types of Renaissance architecture, enclosing five courts. Within the bailey of the fortress stands the chapel of St. Saturnin, finished, as an inscription in the subterranean crypt tells us, by Louis VII. This chapel seems to be a center, around which, from time to time, they built, until now there stands this magnificent structure.

It has been the favorite resort of kings and queens. Within its precincts, by ancient custom, royal wives of monarchs brought into the world their heirs to the throne. It has not only been the birth-place of princes, (Philip IV, Henry III, and Louis XIII, were born here).

It has been the refuge of exiled sovereigns; the prison of a pope; the bower of royal loves; the scene of triumphs and defeats, which make up much of the glory and pathos of French history. It was here the sentence of divorce was pronounced against the Empress Josephine; that Napoleon signed the act of his abdication; that Louis XIV signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The palace court yard has associated with itself some most pathetic souvenirs. It is called the "Court of the Adieux", because it was here Napoleon said farewell to his old guard. At noon a solitary figure appeared at the head of the main stair case and descended to meet his faithful grenadiers. Much more faithful had they been than some on whom he had lavished many honors. Approaching, he embraced them, then after a few sad words, their "Little Corporal" left them.

Not only is Fontainebleau interesting on account of its history, but from an architectural point of view. Almost every king has left something in the way of embellishment or enlargement, so that it bears the character and style of almost every century, and shows the progress or decline of French art. Not less than seven hundred years of changing taste are here displayed. Francis I did much to embellish the palace, bringing fine artists from Italy, among others, Rosseau,

Leonardo da Vinci (Vin-chee), Andrea del Sarto, Bevenuto Cellini (Chel-ee-nee). Important remains of their work may still be seen.

here Napoleon I spent six million francs here. Many un-crowned queens have lavished their wealth and caprice. The ornaments, pictures, and statuary are of the highest excellence. The tapestry hangings and upholstery are very fine. Those in the bed-room of Marie Antoinette having been presented by the city of Lyons. In the reception room adjoining the Cour Ovale, may be found Gobblins tapestry, and a little farther on a tapestry from Flanders, representing the myth of Psyche. (We have here a picture of Marie Antoinette's bed-room, said to be a very good one). I have been told by persons who have been in this room that the cover of the bed, and pillows, and hangings, of the canopy, are of heavy hand embroidery, and are very beautiful, even though they be dusty and dull looking.

Much of the furniture is upholstered in tapestry. A lounge in the "Queen Mother's Reception Room" shows a beautiful landscape scene. You also find the coat of arms on much of the furniture, especially on the foot stools. The frame work of much of the furniture is heavily carved, and is generally gilded, which gives it a very gorgeous appearance.

In the Chapelle de la Trinite, on the ground floor, may be seen

a most beautiful ceiling, painted by Freminet, an imitator of Michael Angelo. In this chapel Louis XV was married and Napoleon III baptized. There is a very fine library here. (I am not able to tell you how many books it contains). We also have a picture of the library.

I must not neglect to speak of Barbizon on the border of the forest. Here is a colony of artists. Millet and many others have lived here, and found their subjects in the forest.

Historically and artistically, Fontainebleau is the jewel of French palaces, not only for its beauty, but the rare setting. It has been aptly said, "The frame is worthy of the picture." The difference between a hunting lodge at the time of Louis VI and the palace of Fontainebleau as it stands today, sums up the history of France.

No. 16.

Music

Mrs. Gwinn.

At

*"He is dead, the sweet musician;
He has moved a little nearer
To the master of all music."*

—LONGFELLOW.

*"He touched his harp—and all nations heard, entranced,
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart."*

—POLLOCK.

Born 1829.

Died 1894.



Recital

Robinson Memorial.



UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
Des Moines Women's Club.

Anton Rubinstein.

PIANO—"Ballet Music." Nos. 2 and 3. Four hands.....
.....From the Opera, "Feramors."

MRS. I. REIGELMAN AND MISS HATTON.

STRING QUARTETTE—"Lento"....."Music of the Spheres"

MESSRS. RIEDELSBERGER, GRAHAM, STEELE AND HEIGHTON.

SONGS— { *a*: "Die Lerche,"
 { *b*: "Du bist wie eine Blume,

MRS. BELKNAP.

PIANO— { *a*: Romance, Op. 44. No. 1,
 { *b*: Kamennoi—Ostrow, Op. 10. No. 22,

MRS. MAUDE ORR NELSON.

DUET—"The Angel,"

MRS. BELKNAP AND MR. METCALFE.

PIANO— { *a*: Impromptu, Op. 16. No. 1,
 { *b*: Le Bal, Op. 14. No. 16,

MRS. MAUDE ORR NELSON.

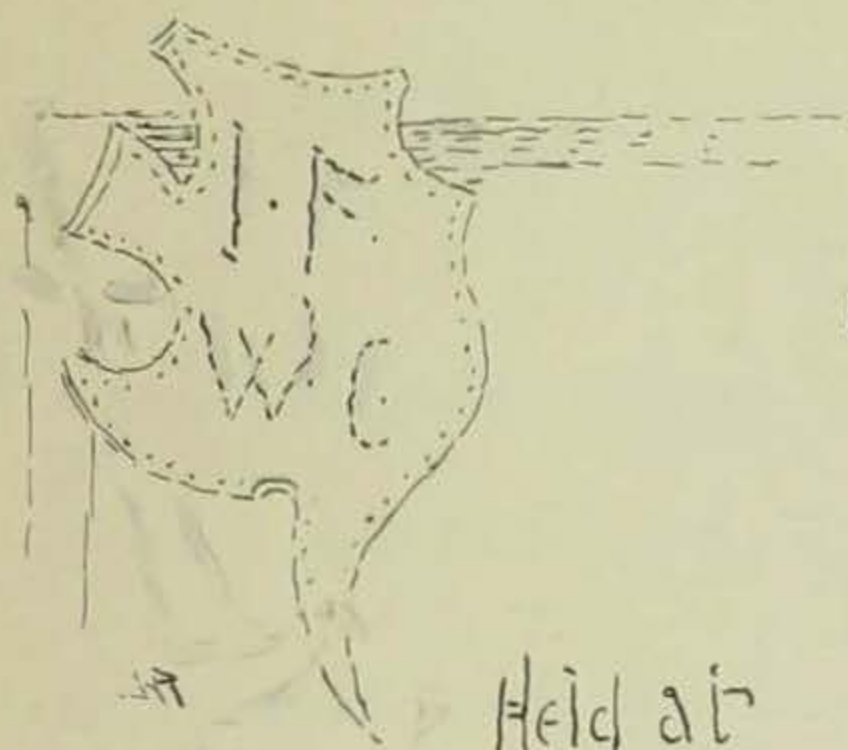
STRING QUARTETTE—"Adagio,"

MESSRS. RIEDELSBERGER, GRAHAM, STEELE AND HEIGHTON.

CELESTE B. GIVENS, Chairman.

PIANO KINDLY FURNISHED BY ESTEY & CAMP.





Report of the
First Biennial

of I. F. W. C.

Held at

Cedar Rapids May 8th & 9th 1895,

Read before the Des Moines Women's Club,

By its Delegate

Mrs. E. H. Carter

At the First Regular Meeting of the Club -
May 22nd.

After her return from the Convention.

There has been a time in the past when Cedar Rapids was wont to call herself the Chicago of Iowa. But since that phenomenally great and ambitious city extended her limits taking in a large section of the central west, she has been content to be known as a suburbe. Even though Iowa has no large city, she has at least one small one. There is about Cedar Rapids an air, an indescribable something, which is highly metropolitan. The little city is very beautiful, awfully hot, scrupulously clean and eminently aristocratic. Beautiful, Yes:-- broad avenues with wide parkings, handsome residences with well-conditioned lawns and abundant shade— "Amber", "that Queen of Bohemia", whom we have all learned to know and admire from her "musings", was with us, and her poetic soul found fitting expression, when in writing to her paper, she spoke of it as: " A dream in green and gold". The thought being inspired by such foliage ! such sunshine ! Clean ! The fuel of the poor is wood; and to eyes long accustomed to the grimy, gray linen of Des Moines, that of Cedar Rapids was positively dazzling in its whiteness. Hot ! They don't like to admit it, but I think

it's the hottest place outside the torrid zone.

Our hostess, the Ladies' Literary Club, is a limited club of thirty-five members, with a long waiting list. The other six federated clubs of the city begged in vain to share the responsibility, labor and expense of the convention. Their proffers were not accepted, but they were generously allowed to help entertain the guests.

The task assumed by that noble body of thirty-five women was almost herculean. When they invited the Federation thirty-seven clubs belonged, when time came for entertaining it, it numbered ninety-nine. As the number increased so rapidly the situation became quite appalling, but they resolved that they would be equal to the emergency, and the successful outcome proved that they had not over estimated their ability-- each committee, hospitality, credentials, transportation, printing and all others performing its allotted work without apparent flaw or omission.

Forty-two different towns sent delegates, and there were many visitors. Twenty-two members of this club attended and

we wished the other one hundred and sixty-one could have been there.

All other interests seemed to yield to the convention— the papers called it: "woman's week"— and our reception was so warm—certainly warm— and our welcome so cordial that all were made to feel that they deemed it not a duty or pleasure alone, but a privilege to have us with them.

The sessions were held in the Congregational church, a cozy, artistic, stone chapel in a pretty and central location, cor. Second Avenue and Fifth street.

Wednesday morning delegates presented their credentials to the proper committee in the church parlors, received the delegate badge— it was blue satin upon which was printed in silver the words; " First Biennial, Cedar Rapids 1895," and in a crescent were the initials; " I. F. W. C." Each, also, received a complete programme of the Biennial, and a pamphlet containing the name of every delegate, the town from which she came, the club she represented, and the name and address of her hostess; also the names of the members of the club whose guests

we were. Repairing to the audience room we found that a section of the auditorium had been designed for the delegates of every town represented— somewhat after the manner of political conventions— with the name of the town printed plainly upon the seats—making it very easy to find ourselves, our friends, and even strangers. Des Moines was favored with one of the best locations. The call to order was made at 10 o'clock by the President, Mrs. Berryhill; invocation by Mrs. Burkhalter, of Cedar Rapids; and a cordial address of welcome by the President of the L. L. C., Mrs. Geo. R. Skinner. This was responded to by the President, after which she delivered her address. Mrs. Berryhill's clear, strong, well modulated voice, and perfect enunciation was a surprise to those who did not know her and a delight to all. It was easily a feature of the convention, being distinctly audible in all parts of the house at all times, and occasioned much favorable comment. In her address, Mrs. Berryhill recommended rotation in office; suggested, among other things, the fruitful subject of public libraries if clubs wished to do outside work; and said she had

given much thought to the manner of election of officers; and told how it was done in some of the other states. She closed with this beautiful tribute to Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, and a pledge of loyalty to her successor, Mrs. Henrotin,-

" She who stood as an ideal representative of our motives and principles; who inscribed our banner and carried it so nobly and so well in the beginning of this great movement of women's clubs, has passed away. We revere the memory of Charlotte Emerson Brown, and honor her noble name. We bow our heads to the mysteries of life; but we rise from our sorrow and with the new leader of our choice, Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, who is with us today, pledged to our beloved interest, respected for her strength and loyalty, her spirit of progress, her devotion to truth— we rally round her with our faith and hope renewed to press on to further glories".

Then followed reports of the other officers. That of the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Howe, of Marshalltown, was very full and satisfactory, showing ninety-nine clubs belonging to the Federation, representing over 2600 women, eighty-six clubs

had delegates present. Des Moines leads with nine, eight of which were represented in the meeting-- the North Side Club sent no delegates--Marshalltown has eight, Cedar Rapids seven. The largest club is the Ladies' Literary Association, of Dubuque, with a membership of 263, and \$750.00 in its treasury; the smallest a Manchester club numbering six. The oldest is the Conversational Club, of Dubuque. The Des Moines Women's Club with its \$4000.00 is the richest club in the Federation. Seventy two clubs have limited memberships, and thirty-eight of these have waiting lists. The Treasurer, Mrs. Weed, of West Union, reported \$163.70 in the treasury. Mrs. Howe, as G. F. W. C. delegate to the Philadelphia Biennial, made her report. Mrs. Henrotin then addressed the convention about matters pertaining to club life in several states. She said that in Maine, many club women are farmers's wives, and that they thought nothing of leaving their homes the day before the regular club meeting, staying all night in town, to be ready for the meeting next day, paying their expenses with butter money. She gracefully acknowledged Mrs. Windsor's work in connection with the General

Federation. Iowa now has twenty-six clubs belonging. She, also, spoke tenderly in memory of Mrs. Brown.

Wednesday afternoon was occupied with two-minute speeches by club presidents. These were bright, breezy, wise, witty or monotonous according to the individuality of the maker. One of the most taking, judging by the applause of the large audience, was given by Mrs. Daisy Ankeny Green, of the T. V. Reading Circle, of this city. Mrs. Sammis, of the Pierian Club, of Le Mars, in reporting what they had done, said they had been enabled to give one hundred dollars to charity this winter, as a result, after all expenses were paid, of a lecture given by Mrs. Martha E. Johnston, of this city, and club. The two-minute speech is a terror to the speaker, and some had to be reminded by a silver-toned bell; "time's up". The hour for adjournment came before all had been heard, and these were finished the next morning.

The reception Wednesday evening was an elaborate affair. Handsomely lithographed invitations had been issued, limited to members of federated clubs. The evening was warm and there

was something of a crush, but the L. L. C. had arranged well for the material comfort of its guests. The club has its home in the beautiful Masonic Library building, and it was fitting that the reception should be held among its treasures. Music and flowers added their pleasure. The President of the Club, Mrs. Skinner; the officers of the State Federation; Madames Henrotin and Windsor of the General Federation; and charming Mrs. Bates, all handsomely gowned, made up the receiving party. The young ladies who attended in the supper-room were, without exception, daughters of members of the Club. Here we were given white satin badges with the Club's monogram. The gentlemen present—there were a few--were all matrimonially connected with this Club. One of the features of the reception was the presence of "Amber", who held an unexpected court, so anxious were all to meet and hear this genius whose writings they had enjoyed for years.

Thursday morning at 10 o'clock the executive session of the Biennial was held. The palms, lilies and lilacs embowering the rostrum, were still attractively fresh. The nominating

committee was named from the floor--Mrs. Hutchinson, of Ottumwa, was made chairman; Mrs. Scott, of Nevada; Mrs. Hawley, of Des Moines; Mrs. Fletcher, of Marshalltown; Mrs. H. E. Jones, of Cedar Rapids; were the other members. Much regret was expressed on all sides when it was known that Mrs. Berryhill emphatically declined a re-election. While the committee retired to prepare tickets for the coming election of officers, other business was taken up. Greetings were read from other states, resolutions adopted, and an invitation was read from the Dubuque Ladies' Literary Association inviting the Federation to hold its next Biennial at Dubuque. The nominating committee presented one name for each office; ballots had been distributed and delegates were allowed to write those names upon them. President Mrs. Howe, of Marshalltown; vice-president Mrs. Cogswell, of Cedar Rapids; recording secretary Mrs. Baily, of Des Moines; corresponding secretary Mrs. Thayer, of Chariton; treasurer Miss Dixon, of Ottumwa; auditor Mrs. Collier, of Dubuque. Mrs. Thayer declined the office, but was urged to withdraw her declination, and she finally consented to serve

under extreme pressure. The ticket was good, but the manner of electing it most unsatisfactory. Mrs. Cogswell's splendid abilities were recognized and she was elected the delegate to the General Federation at Louisville next May.

With the exception of the opening session, perhaps the next most enjoyable one was that of Thursday afternoon when seven ten-minute addresses were listened to. I wish you could have heard every word of them. One forgot all about the discomfort of the heat. Hear what "Amber" said of them; " They were superior to anything of the kind I have listened to outside of the efforts of men and women who rank with the best speakers of the country." Many Iowa women rank with the best and foremost. The addresses were,—

Old and New. Miss May Rogers. Dubuque.

Observations on the Case. Mrs. Tisdale. Ottumwa.

Wanted—The Strong Woman. Mrs. Parker. Grinnell.

No Club Liveth to itself. Mrs. Windsor. Des Moines.

Liberty and Limitation. Miss. King. Cedar Rapids.

Simon Says. Mrs. Whittaker. Marshalltown.

Village Improvement Clubs. Mrs. Thayer. Chariton.

Thursday evening a small admission fee was charged to all but delegates to avoid over-crowding, but the meeting was open to all, and a large, fashionable and appreciative audience gathered to hear the addresses of the last session-- The Citizenship of Woman. Mrs. Pauline Swalm. The Place of the Club Movement in Economic Evolution. Mrs. Lindon Bates. Social Aspects of Life. Mrs. Henrotin. Here, again, the Iowa woman lost no laurels in comparison with the distinguished visitors. These addresses were interspersed with fine music.

Mrs. Berryhill, who had charmed all by her gracious and business-like manner, and who had managed and lead the entire meeting with a master hand, was most graceful in taking leave of the Federation in her official capacity, and introducing her successor, Mrs. Howe in her brief speech of acceptance modestly said that she considered her election was meant more as an honor to the Marshalltown Club than to herself; she said that it was a great undertaking to follow in Mrs. Berryhill's footsteps, but hoped the next biennial would be wreathed in prosperity and

success. Mrs. Whittaker, on behalf of the Federation, offered resolutions of thanks to Mrs. Berryhill, and the First Biennial had passed into history.

One of the most active members of the L. L. C., Mrs. W. W. Walker, has a daughter who is an honored member of this Club-- Mrs. Johnson Brigham.

Des Moines came home with a good-sized honor--the recording secretaryship .

Private carriages were generously at the service of guests.

Many bright women, representatives of the press, were in attendance, and one of the social features of Thursday, was a dinner to them, given by Mrs. James Bever, with "Amber" as the guest of honor!

Mrs. Cogswell, who had entertained the officers of the Federation all the week, extended an invitation to all the new officers to dine with them on Thursday evening. Another pleasant dinner party, on the same day, was given by Mrs. Dr. Smith, of A avenue, her guests all being Des Moines ladies.

Cedar Rapids generally seemed to feel that an honor had

been bestowed in being privileged to entertain the Biennial, but we did hear two little side growls. The hotel accommodations are good as far as they go, but limited, and the traveling men complained—not to us, of course—that Des Moines and Dubuque had crowded them out. The other one came from the little elevator boy at the Grand, who said to one of our party near the end of the meeting, with the most appealing and pathetic expression; "When are you going home?"

I think I am loyal to Des Moines, I know I am to this Club, but I don't believe we could have done it—so elaborately, so systematically, so perfectly, nor have scored the victory which they did—

I have failed to give you but the faintest conception of the pretty city, the untiring efforts of the Ladies' Literary Club, or the uplifting influence of that glorious meeting.

Respectfully submitted,

Amanda Richmond Carter.

An Hour
Devoted to
Political Economy.

May 8 1895.

P O L I T I C A L E C O N O M Y .

Introductory Letter, from Melissy Oldfogy,

Mrs. James G. Day.

Labor Discontent: Would closer Relations between Employer
and Employed Afford a Remedy?

Miss Ella M. McLoney.

Co-Operation in the Industrial World.

Mrs. H. A. Foster.

Mrs. W. A. Park,

Chairman.

May 8th, 1895.

Conservative Cove. On Lake Turmoil.

May 8th, 1895.

My dear Quotation Marks: (" ")

Your request to "tell in five minutes all I know of Political Economy,"-- is more generous of time, than need be,-- for I know nothing at all about Political Economy. I have heard of economy all my life,-- practiced it, too, like most other women, by "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung hole,"-- spending ten dollars to save a five dollar dress, and such like economics. That model, marvelous, impossible woman, we read about, who accomplishes everything by economizing time and money,-- who never neglects a duty, is never behind in work, calls or literature, who is up to date in social entertainments, reforms, fashions, and religion,-- that woman is no realism, but is a genuine fiction, and is not desirable -- even as an ideal conception. True economy is, in short, to judge correctly what is absolutely necessary to the health, comfort, and higher well-being of yourself and family, and to practice only the worth-while

economics, and to be accomplished in the high art of how not-to-do. But political economy is something different.

It considers and explains the laws which produce and govern the wealth, industries, and energies of the individuals, which compose the body politic. To increase the sum of this wealth, is the business of the nation's representatives, while the individual units are regarded only as composite factors. Since the nation cannot assume the responsibility of its units, it follows that the individual must look out for himself, which he is trying his level best to do. Political economy is always so highly seasoned with sociology and sentimentalism, that it is often difficult to distinguish which is which, and I am not very particular.

The effort made to legally or otherwise, compel a more equal distribution of wealth, has been advocated generally by those having their eye on the multi millionaire alone, and who expect when the division comes, to have more than what they already possess. None are ever hindered from dividing with those who have less. Whenever a method of business is discovered "to pay," it will be adopted whether it be profit sharing and loss sharing with their increased interest and honesty, or anything else, for it is business profit, and that alone, which is the incentive, the means to an end, and whether an end be well defined or not, it is ever present.

The equal distribution of wealth might possibly be approved, if frugality, industry and talents were equal. But the difference in individuals is so great, that mankind is, always has been -- and ever will be in a state of turmoil and fuss,-- despite the many antidotes for the perfect adjustment of all inequalities. If proof of inequality were wanted, the attention need only be directed to that gregarious army whose constant aim is,-- to get something for nothing, whose motto is that "the world owes them a living," the parasite on the body politic,-- this undeveloped man,-- which even as ballast is burdensome. Neither is the gravity of the problem lessened, when the appalling truth is realized of "male and female after his kind."

If we are "our brother's keeper," the first step should be,-- to develop in him somehow, the foundation principle of manhood,-- that of self-support. Next, if our economic leaders would inspire and teach more competency, and less ambition, the tendency would be towards permanent relief. All recognize the fact, that if talents were equal to ambitions, the world would be filled full of fashionable society, and official positions. It would be like Artemus Ward's company of soldiers, "no rank and file about it,-- for they'd be all officers." It is never fair to sap the substance of one

class and bestow it on another, to "rob Peter to pay Paul," no matter who Paul represents. And just here the Golden Rule is invariably quoted to you. Yet there are different ways of understanding even the Golden Rule. Once upon a time, in reproving an orthodox son of mine, who had settled in his own way a difficulty with another boy, I suggested to him the Golden Rule, and the defendant very promptly replied,- "Yes, indeed, that's just exactly what I was following,- 'cos he must have wanted to be cuffed, or he wouldn't have hit me." This instinctive response to the Golden Rule is almost universal.

It is never desirable, even if it were possible, to force social conditions. Society is "founded on the agreeable," and the different standards of what is agreeable is too varied to be assumed by any one. To some, the very acme of enjoyment is to circulate an idea, and if bankrupt in that to circulate themselves and get one. Yet that standard has a comparatively small following. Therefore, it is as presumptuous in any employer or patron to force his society upon his employe or beneficiary, as it would be for the employe to consider himself the company of the employer. I refer to the household, the office, the store, the factory, the shop -- the any where, the every where.

Business is one thing and congenial friendship quite another; but the one neither includes nor excludes the other. If we only possessed enough of the divine attribute of justice to fully recognize the personal, private, and individual rights of all, no matter in what condition, whether of employer or employed, it would prove a lasting benediction to all. If more justice were practiced, less charity would be needed.

The economical use of suffrage is not indorsed by those who regard suffrage as a natural right, and who claim that one-half of the available force is lost, which should be utilized, and which is only awaiting the opportunity of solving the problems of a developing national government.

Suffrage being a civil right only, and exercised for the good of the body politic, it is evident that man;-- whether male or female, should not exercise the right of suffrage unless by qualifications, of at least intelligence. Happily, the Australian ballot is the entering wedge for that. Qualified suffrage without regard to sex would be a reform indeed, but universal suffrage is retrogression and disaster.

These pop-gun suggestions may not come properly under the head you mention, but I tell you -- Lucindy Jane --

Labor Discontent: Would Closer Relations
between Employers and Employed
Afford a Remedy?

A paper read by

Ella M. Mc Loney

before the

Des Moines Women's Club,

May 8th, 1895.

LABOR DISCONTENT: WOULD CLOSER RELATIONS BETWEEN EMPLOYER
AND EMPLOYED AFFORD A REMEDY?

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Life would be much less the complex thing that it is, if it were possible to draw a dividing line through the problems which enter into daily living, and know that everything on one side is absolutely and always right, and all on the other certainly and forever wrong. One need be in no doubt as to a course of action where a distinct moral wrong is concerned. Theft, falsehood and murder are as much crying sins to-day as they were when the commandments forbidding their performance were pronounced amid the thunders of Sinai; but it is the questions which arise from certain relations among human beings, which are modified by circumstances, and resolve themselves largely into matters of expediency, and in which the line between absolute right and wrong seems indistinct, that vex the soul of the conscientious man in his struggle after light upon the questions of daily living.

The consideration of social problems is the great interest of the hour. The political and economic conditions existing in the country at large have pressed them upon public notice, and no one who lives in the world and takes a human interest in its

affairs can avoid giving these questions at least a surface consideration. One scarcely takes up a newspaper without finding somewhere such headings as the following:- "Labor Troubles"; "Strikes"; Lock-outs"; "Riots among the unemployed;" and so on, through a mass of striking headlines and painful details, which represent an industrial condition so pitiful that the most ardent lover of his kind is tempted to wonder whether the theories of Malthus were based upon a truth, and if there really are too many people in the world. The evil of a situation which suggests such a query is palpable. Anything which has a tendency to cheapen human life, to lessen its value and sacredness in the popular estimation, is demoralizing and dangerous, not only to the classes which are the direct sufferers, but also to those which are so situated as to escape the immediate consequences. Malaria in the lowlands affects, by and by, the conditions of health on the heights. Pestilence cannot walk abroad in the tenement house district without danger to the dweller on the boulevard. No part of the body politic can say to any other part, however insignificant, "I have no need of thee!"

In attempting to consider the relations between labor and capital from the standpoint of right dealing, man with man, one is immediately confronted by practical difficulties. The current saying that religion and business have no affinity is founded upon a false estimate of the purposes of both the religion

and the business, yet upon the surface it seems to contain a grain of truth. Business is transacted, whether by individuals or corporations, with the primary purpose of making money. The accompanying conditions of furnishing employment to those who need, and are glad to have an opportunity of securing, such compensation as the working out of the details of the business offers them, and the other one of supplying the general public with the conveniences which this special enterprise may afford, are only incidental, and for themselves alone never would be considered by the actors in the business world. Business is not charity, and the most enthusiastic philanthropist cannot fail to give due respect to the thorough-going, cool-headed business man who has his eye from the beginning upon the goal of success, and bends all his energies toward reaching this desired point. The question to be considered is whether the attainment of success, even from a worldly point of view, is inconsistent with personal unselfishness, and unwavering consideration for the rights of others.

The political economist also has his word of discouragement for the believer in an ethical basis of business transactions. He says to the hopeful seeker after better conditions that all the relations between labor and capital are of necessity regulated by the law of demand and supply; that this law is as inexorable in its workings as are the tides of the sea---and that it is as useless to contend with the one as with the other.

This seems a hard saying, and at times even a conclusive one; but an eminent writer on social topics, in considering this question, says that "The gospel of demand and supply is after all an apochryphal gospel, and does not hold the true secret of social salvation." Phillips Brooks once said that "Political economy makes us all so hard, and sentimental philanthropy makes us all so soft." The great hearted divine doubtless realized, as many others have done, that the golden mean is not easily attained in approaching social questions, but it is safe to assume that he did not give up the problem as hopeless because it was plainly difficult.

The immigration problem aids greatly in complicating industrial conditions in our own country, and renders the task of their improvement vastly more difficult than it otherwise would be. The question of the evils of excessive immigration, from which we Unquestionably are suffering, is, as Kipling would say, "another story," and will not be considered here. It is mentioned simply as a factor in the perplexing situation. With all these difficulties to be met, anything which would lessen the friction and soften the too frequently manifested bitterness between the two great classes of employers and employed, could not fail to receive a welcome from society at large. What could do this so well as the universal application of a law so broad in its scope, so far-reaching in its purposes, so simple in its precepts, as the Golden Rule?

There is a prevailing impression that a natural antagonism exists between labor and capital; that the interests of the one are inevitably hostile to and subversive of the interests of the other. From this starting point of false doctrine much of the prevailing trouble between the classes arises. It readily will be seen by an unprejudiced thinker that no such antagonism as is assumed exists in the natural relation of these two classes---on the contrary their interests are identical. The use of capital is essential to the carrying on of enterprises which supply the world with the comforts of civilized life, such as constitute the material line of demarcation between an advanced state of civilization and one of primitive conditions. It is only giving utterance to a truism to say that without capital the progress of the world would come to a standstill. No more manufactories would be established, no cities built up, no new country developed, no railways constructed, no schools endowed. Capital, in its legitimate field, is the handmaid of all true progress. It is not a malicious, destructive ogre, but a generous, helpful genius, ready to shower all good gifts upon a waiting world. The true yokefellow and faithful helper of capital is labor. Capital cannot stand upon a pedestal and accomplish its purposes by waving a magic wand. It is true that great cities spring up at its bidding, and vast industries move on by its command; but it is only by the aid of its helpmeet, labor, that its desires are accomplished. To the carrying out of any project, on however great or magnificent a

scale, an immense amount of painstaking detail work must be brought, and it is in this department of effort that capital needs and must have the helping hand of labor. Conceding the fact that these two interests, instead of being hostile, are co-ordinate, it seems essential that harmony of feeling and action be secured.

The view which any one takes of any question is influenced largely by the standpoint from which he looks. The old story of the two knights who fought to the death over the question as to whether a shield was of gold or of silver, each holding a different opinion from the other because they had viewed the shield from opposite sides, finds daily confirmation in the affairs of life. The quality of mind which teaches one how to put himself in the place of another is one too rarely bestowed by nature, and too little cultivated. Viewing the subject from their opposite standpoints, capital sees that labor often is careless and inefficient, with little apparent desire to improve the quality of the service which it gives. It sees also that labor seeks to reduce the quantity of the service rendered, without making better the character; that it feels no interest in the interests of employers, regarding them simply as taskmasters from whom the largest possible amount of compensation is to be secured, in return for the least possible degree of service given. Labor sees that capital seeks to extract from it the extreme limit of service, without giving fitting compensation in return; that the

laborers are regarded simply as so many machines, which are to be utilized until worn out, then thrown aside and replaced by new ones; that capital accumulates wealth by virtue of the efforts of labor, in which labor itself has no share. With such estimates, each of the other, it is not strange that one hears of irreconcilable conflicts between these two interests, and sees a wide gulf dividing the one from the other.

Notwithstanding the fact that capital is dependent upon labor for the carrying out of its plans, the former is the independent factor in the personal equation of which both are a part. When differences arise capital can wait until such disagreements are adjusted to its own advantage. It may cease for the time to accumulate wealth, but it will not starve. Labor must have the compensation which work brings, or it suffers actual deprivation, or is forced to accept charity'. These facts, and the resulting sensation of helplessness on the part of labor, do much to enhance the bitterness which exists^{too} largely between the representatives of these interests.

Beginning, then, with the duties of capital as the stronger side, and therefore the one bound in honor to be the more ready to make concessions, it may justly be said that in many cases it fails in duty toward those who are employed to carry out its behests. It occupies too often the attitude against which labor instinctively protests, that of considering the worker as a mere machine, which shall do its bidding without objection to condi-

tions. The human element is not taken into the account, although any shrewd man of business should know that it cannot safely be ignored. The steps to be taken toward bettering these conditions are those suggested by the Golden Rule. Capital should cease to ignore the human tie, for which there is no substitute. It should not consider merely the amount of additional wealth which may accrue to it through its business enterprises; it should consider also its duty toward the laborer as a human being, and its obligation to the world to make better the conditions of society so far as they are influenced by its management of its own interests. The carrying on of business upon an ethical basis does not mean that it shall be done in a slipshod way, that the methods shall be unsystematic, the discipline weak, and the results unsatisfactory from a financial point of view. Capital has rights as well as labor. It has a right to an equitable return for time expended, work done, and money invested. Labor has no right to object to this condition of simple justice. But capital should keep always in mind its responsibility toward labor as the representative of human interests. It should take pains to establish personal relations with the individual worker, and lead him to feel that, however hard the industrial situation may become through conditions which perhaps are no more the fault of his employer than himself, he and his interests are remembered. An administration of the affairs of business life which should lead the laborer to feel that his individual existence is being recog-

nized by those who are his superiors in position, that the business upon which both employer and employed depend is a source of mutual benefit, and is entitled to mutual interest, could not fail to soften the asperities of industrial life. That these suggested possibilities are not merely Utopian dreams is evidenced by the business prosperity of such establishments as those of the Cheney Bros., the widely known silk manufacturers of South Manchester, Conn., and the Fairbanks Company, the largest manufacturers of scales in the world, with their principal factory at St. Johnsbury, Vermont. The Cheney Bros.' business was established in 1836, and has steadily grown in extent and prosperity. They have a factory village which covers eight hundred acres of land and includes about two hundred and fifty houses. The members of the firm have encouraged their employe~~es~~s to build and own their homes, and to this end furnish the land, and loan money for the building at a low rate of interest. A description of this village says that "the beautiful grounds of the Cheney mansions, of the operatives, and of the factories, all present the appearance of an extended park, and give a look of refinement, kindness, and good neighborhood to the whole village, which is like a well kept garden." A large lecture hall in which occasional lectures and entertainments are given, and a free library and reading-room are provided for the working men and their families. It is said that the employe~~es~~s fully appreciate the liberality of their employers, and feel a warm interest in their work and a

pride in the place; and that strikes and alienation between labor and capital are not known in this model village. In the Fairbanks establishment more than one thousand men are employed, some of them having held positions with the firm from twenty to forty years. The senior member of the firm, Governor Fairbanks, used to say to the men, "You should always come to me as to a father." He maintained the most kindly relations with them, teaching them lessons of respect for themselves and their work, encouraging them in habits of economy, and inspiring them with wholesome ambition. What wonder that there is "an absence of discontent" among these people, and that uniform sympathy, good feeling, and harmony prevail. The life and work of the late George W. Childs offers another notable instance of the success of a business conducted upon the principles of Christian ethics. Mr. Childs was a business man of the finest ability. His paper, the Philadelphia Ledger, was one of the most profitable newspapers in the world. He paid higher prices to his printers than was demanded^{even} by the scale of the printers' union, and considered this a profitable business investment. It gave him^a the choice of the best workmen, and secured willing work. A writer says of him, "No patriarch in an Arab camp, the solitary stay and bond which kept the tribe together, ever entered more closely into the family and personal life of each than did this shrewd, keen, money-making American into the homes of all those who made up the industrial unit of which he was the head. Contract was the least of the bonds which

united employer and employed, and a feeling of common interest existed for thirty years, unbroken by conflict or even friction." Such pictures as these which have been drawn present a restful contrast to the more common one of oppression on one side and discontent and bitterness on the other, and lead to the hope that in the good time coming the attractive scene may be the rule and not the exception.

The plan of co-operation which is known as profit sharing between employer and employe is one form of creating a bond of interest between these two classes which is growing in favor and meeting the approval of an increasingly large number of men who control important business interests. France is the home of the profit-sharing system, and the country in which the theory has been most successfully and persistently worked out. M. Leclaire, house painter and decorator of Paris, was one of the first to make a practical application of this plan to his business, and his labors have been the most celebrated, not only for their results, but for the wisdom with which the methods have been applied. Leclaire began by paying extra wages to good workmen. He then gave bonuses to a few, and next he gathered the best of his work people into a provident society. This was as early as 1838. Later he began to formulate a plan for the distribution of profits, maintaining that the sum distributed would be made up by the increase in the profits consequent upon the new system. Gradually he worked out his plan until the time came when the

workmen shared in a distribution which amounted to 24% of their wages. One of the reasons why the work of this man is specially valued is that, while actuated by a spirit of benevolence, he did not lose sight of business principles. After having tested the plan, and proved its practical efficacy, he said: "I am not a philanthropist. I am a calculator, a man of business. I prefer to make 100,000 francs and share half of it with my men, rather than to make 25,000 francs and keep it all for myself."

While France has ~~rather~~ ^{taken} the lead in this department, other countries have followed. In England, Germany, Switzerland, and the United States the plan has been adopted in a sufficiently large number of cases to test its practical workings, the number of business establishments in the United States in which the plan is now being used being 35. In France there are 92 such establishments, in England 62, in Germany 26, in Switzerland 16, and nine other countries are represented by smaller numbers. Various forms of making this distribution are used, called by different names. In some cases it is given as a thank-offering to the workers for the success of the year, a gift ~~paper~~ ^{popularly} described as a bonus. In others a definite part of the profits is paid over to a provident fund for the benefit of each participating workman in cases of sickness or old age. In a large number of instances this share allotted to labor as extra wages is set aside to secure the workman ^{an} opportunity of becoming a joint owner in the business of which his labor has contributed to increase the

income.

In others, again, each workman receives out of the net profits a cash payment, determined by the proportion of each man's contribution in labor to the total amount of labor done. The following advantages are said to result from the application of this system to a business enterprise:

1. Reduction of waste material.
2. Superior excellence of work done.
3. Diminished expense of superintendence.
4. Greater stability in the staff, and consequential reduction of risk in commercial enterprise.
5. Increase of practical information connected with the business, the workers being stimulated to aid the managing staff with suggestions as to improvements and information as to new ^{processes.} ~~purchases.~~

A man who has been a close student of economic questions for many years says that, "It is useless to close our eyes to the fact that there is a very considerable amount of restlessness and discontent in the world of labor. The most promising solution of the problem before us is offered by a resort to profit sharing between employers and employe~~es~~s. Profit-sharing and co-operation in industrial enterprises are the stars of hope in the social horizon."

The duties of labor are quite as plainly marked out as are those of capital, though as a rule they receive a smaller share

of the public attention. The employer who deals justly with his working-men has a right to ask that he shall receive the same consideration from those whom he employs which he extends to them; that they shall make his interests their own, and look upon him as a brother man, and not as a legitimate subject for criticism and fault-finding, and possible plunder and maltreatment. The world owes no man a living unless he is willing to give value received in return for the benefits which he receives at its hands. The spirit which seeks to get something for nothing, which is not willing to take up its just proportion of the world's labor, and do a fair day's work for a fair day's pay, and which expects to receive payment for work done carelessly and unwillingly, should not receive a moment's toleration. Nor should the spirit which leads to the pitiable and disgraceful spectacle of labor making war upon labor, such as often complicates the difficulties of commercial life, be borne with patience. It should receive the public condemnation, and with no uncertain sound. The moral right of a man or set of men to indulge in the method of securing redress of wrongs known as a "strike," is, perhaps, better established than is the wisdom of such a step, save in exceptional circumstances; but there can be no question as to the false estimate of personal liberty which a man holds when he thinks he has a right to deprive, by intimidation or personal violence, any other man from accepting such legitimate employment as is open to him. Such a spirit as this should be promptly repressed, and with a

strong hand. It is not only un-American and a wrong against free citizenship,--- it is unjust in its nature, and a trespass upon inalienable human rights. Any movement which claims as its end the purpose to secure equal rights for the many by the path of violence to the few, is revolutionary in its character, and must receive instant condemnation at the hands of all good citizens.

Deplorable as it is that any human being should die by the hand of outraged law, the spirit of good American citizenship never showed its essential qualities in more effective light than by the summary punishment of the Chicago anarchists, who sought to introduce old world methods into the workings of a free republic. Such tragedies as was this are the result of the extreme manifestations of the spirit of discontent with existing conditions which leads to seeking a remedy through violent rather than peaceful means. They scarcely are likely to become any large part of our national life, but the fact of the existence of such a spirit, even in embryo, is to be deplored, and the spirit itself firmly suppressed.

The end of all culture is character, the end of all living is discipline. No man lives unto himself alone, and an unselfish outlook upon life reveals to any thinking person the great possibilities of mutual helpfulness which are stored up in, and too often hidden and buried from sight and use by, the multiplied relations of practical daily life. No one is exempt from the responsibility which comes of neglect of these opportunities, but

the principle of "noblesse oblige" lays upon those who are specially favored a special obligation. It is hard for any one to appreciate abstract principles, however lofty, when mentally harassed by petty cares and physically overworked and worn. The point of view which leaves one free of these conditions is the one which should lead to clear belief and generous action. People should not solace themselves for existing wrongs by saying that they cannot be helped. In many cases they can be helped, and it is the duty of every right minded person to see that he does his share toward toning up the moral sentiment which is the essential basis of all reform.

It cannot be claimed that the securing of closer and more friendly relations between the representatives of capital and those of labor will remedy all the existing ills of industrial conditions. They are too deeply seated, and too complicated, to be healed entirely by any one form of treatment. Such a spirit, however, well cultivated, cannot furnish abundant employment for all under all circumstances. It cannot regulate the labor market, nor prevent many of the hardships which seem the inevitable attendants of a rapidly developing civilization; but the establishment of a better feeling between employer and employed certainly would lessen the friction with which much business is carried on, and obviate many of the difficulties in the way of improving industrial conditions. Prevention is better than cure, however radical the remedy may be, and it is worth the while to do what-

ever can be done to save the country from the evils of discontent among the members of a large class of its population.

The industrial problem is largely a moral one, and as a result of uniform action along a moral plane on the part of all good people the world will have, by an by, a true and helpful community of interest, which shall, at the least, do much to clear the troubled waters of our present industrial condition.

Ella M. McLoney
—

In the co-operative principle which has been so ably presented to us, there is doubtless much excellence; its chief merit however consists in the fact that the two kinds of laborers, employer and employee, by this increased community of interest, would probably be brought nearer together, and in time, if the theory were in general operation, come to have a better understanding of each other's necessities and through that understanding a clearer and keener sense of the rights of each.

The complete adoption of this principle would serve, in some degree to obliterate or dim the sharp and cruel lines which now separate these two divisions of labor. Under the present industrial customs they live in different worlds, each knowing little or nothing of the real life and nature of the other, save through the very unreliable reports of theorists who claim to have traveled in these widely separated regions.

A more accurate knowledge by the wage earning laborer of the cares and anxieties of the wage paying laborer; of the conditions necessary to the success of the business in which both are interested; and a better understanding on the part of the wage payer, of the life and character of the wage earner, bringing with it a more humane interest in the necessities of that life, together with a truer sense of the nobility and charm of that character; would doubtless bring satisfactory results. Indeed any theory

which will bridge over the great gulf which separates these two kinds of toilers must operate to their mutual benefit.

Were all this done, however, the millennium would still be far distant; Competition, which underlies all industrial pursuits, would even then, continue to exert persistent and resistless power. By its operation only such a proportion of the world's wealth may go to capital, and such another to labor, whether it comes under the head of profit or wages or interest.

The wage earner will not find himself possessed of more money by the general application of the co-operative principle to our industrial system, nor will he be more certain of permanent employment.-

Competition will then, as now, exact the uttermost farthing from wage payer and wage earner, and Co-operation has no power to compel it to greater generosity.

Essays, Editorials, and Sermons, from theorists whose hands have not been hardened by toil, or minds enlightened by practical experience on this great question, are generally crude and ill digested; and propound theories which, when tried, result in failure and disaster.

The true wage earner is a self-reliant and self respecting individual; To speak and write of him in terms of pity has become

a fad. He does not desire compassion and looks upon it as insulting to his manhood. He is a toiler as is the wage payer, which he is quite likely, at a later period in life, to become; just as the wage payer, by stress of circumstances, may, and often does rejoin the ranks of the wage earner.

I allude especially to the majority of the people belonging to these two classes; and not to those objectionable minority elements composed of the mendicant foreigner, calling himself laborer; and who does much harm by ill advised philanthropy and the bad example of his undemocratic life.

These two elements are the extremes of the industrial world; they are abnormal developments. Like all abnormal growths, they do not represent true conditions; they are doubtless the result of a bad adjustment of means to ends, which experience alone will teach us to correct.

Much of the talk of the amateur economist is foolish and unpatriotic. Though actuated by very different motives he goes hand in hand with the demagogue to the same evil end.

It is easy to persuade any man that he is not rewarded according to his merits, and when men have been brought to feel that they are unjustly treated, they become indignant, passion

takes the place of judgment, and these hitherto law abiding and country loving citizens degenerate into law reviling mal-contents, who are ready to enter at any time into that species of civil war known as strikes.

Through the folly of the amateur and the knavery of the demagogue, we are thereby deprived of good and valuable citizens, whose assistance we need, to the end, that, by their practical wisdom and love of country, we may correct the errors of our industrial system, by evolution and not revolution.

Our government is young and far from perfect. In every state there are laws which serve us ill and bear with special severity in particular cases. We have yet to learn how, with injustice to none, we may prevent excessive aggregation of capital; to prevent improper use and undue power of wealth; to remove those special and particular privileges for the few which exist at the expense of the many: in short, we have yet to learn how in all righteousness we may so legislate that the idlers prosperity may not mean the toilers poverty and degradation.

To bring about these results and thereby prevent the two extremes to which I briefly alluded, is without doubt the desire of the majority of voters and law makers; and in this government of the people, the assistance of the country loving wage earner is

an essential element to the attainment of this beneficent end.

The welfare of the wage payer and wage earner depend upon identical conditions.

1 st. A stable industrial system under which the amount of work to be done will be, on the whole, about the same from year to year; necessary changes in tariff and other economic laws made slowly and gradually so as to avoid the turmoil and confusion which rapid changes always bring.

2 nd. Such a system of finance as will insure the payment of wages in the best money the world affords and the absolute certainty that the amount put by in savings and other banks, for use in old age, will be repaid in like good money when demanded.

3 rd. Habits of industry and economy.

4 th. Avoidance of that species of foreign despotism known as Labor Unions, created to fight despotic conditions which have no proper place in a government of the people.

5 th. A complete mastery of the trade to be followed.

6 th. A sound mind in a sound body.

Under such conditions the lot of the wage earner will compare favorably with the lot of mortals generally. He will be independent and patriotic: and will turn a deaf ear to those who whether with good or ill intention, seek to instil in his mind distorted views of the present, or chimerical ideas of the future.

At the close of Mrs. Foster's paper, Mrs. Park invited a general discussion; which followed in a free and spirited manner, led by Mrs. Atkins, Mrs. Dr. Patchin, Mrs. Foster, and others. The hour for closing came while the interest was undiminished.

Mrs Kerofine's
Visit to Des Moines

May 4th - 6th 1895

Reported by
Mrs J. H. Whisenand
Secretary General Committee

The Des Moines Federated Clubs were greatly honored and their members inspired with new enthusiasm by a visit, the early part of May 1895, from Mrs. Charles Henrotin, President of the General Federation. She was the guest of Mrs. J. H. Windsor during her sojourn in the city, and on Saturday afternoon, May 4th, Mrs. Windsor gave a delightful reception at her beautiful home in Mrs. Henrotin's honor, to which all members of clubs belonging to the Federation were invited. Monday afternoon, May 6th, Mrs. Henrotin delivered an address in the Central Christian Church to the women of Des Moines upon the subject "Organization among Women". The large audience room was filled with bright, intelligent women who were in full sympathy with the gracious speaker. Mrs. Windsor gracefully introduced Mrs. Henrotin, who made friends of her audience, not only because of her sisterly sentiments fittingly expressed, but by reason of her pleasing personality as well. A choice musical programme rendered by Mrs. F. O. Davis, Mrs. C. M. Keeler, Mrs. Celeste Givens and a quartette of young girl violinists directed by Prof. Riedelsberger, preceded the address. The Church was beautifully decorated with flowers and potted plants and the ushers, representatives from the seven Federated Clubs, looked as sweet as the flowers themselves. In the evening a banquet was given in Mrs. Henrotin's honor at the Savery,- the first banquet ever given by women in Des Moines. Almost three hundred

women were seated and this gathering of so many fair ones with their light gowns and smiling faces was indeed a most beautiful sight. Kromer's Orchestra furnished exquisite music throughout the evening. A dainty repast of five courses was served and was followed by a "feast of reason". The guests of honor were Mrs. Henrotin, Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, Mrs. Governor Jackson and Mrs. Galusha Parsons. Special mention should be made of Mrs. Bates who charmed by her beauty of face, of mind and of heart, all who had the good fortune to meet her. Mrs. Lowry W. Goode, President of the Des Moines Women's Club presided and introduced Mrs. H. L. Stetson, who invoked the Divine blessing. Mrs. J. K. Macomber was then introduced as toastmaster, and to say that she acquitted herself with great credit is faint praise. Her witty sallies, as well as her tender references to home and children were loudly applauded.

The menu card and list of responses will be found on a preceding page. The responses of Mrs. Henrotin and of Mrs. Bates were great contrasts in subject and in delivery, but were both greatly enjoyed. Suffice it for this report to say that the other responses, one from a representative of each of the seven Federated Clubs, were excellent and a credit to club women. All were delivered without manuscript. Mrs. A. L. Frisbie represented this club.

Great credit is due Mrs. Dr. Potter for the perfect arrangement

of the tables and the satisfactory seating of the guests. Mention should be made of the kindness of Mr. W. L. Brown, Manager of the Savery and of Mrs. Brown, the latter painting the beautiful and artistic covers for the menu cards of the guests of honor and the former furnishing an abundance of flowers and doing all in his power to make the banquet a success.

The expenses of the banquet, except the music, were covered by the receipts from the sale of tickets, the price of which was merely nominal-one dollar. Women not belonging to clubs but recommended by club members were admitted. The general expenses for the entertainment of Mrs. Henrotin, such as rental of the church, flowers, moving piano, together with the expense of the music for the banquet, amounted to fifty-three dollars. This was shared pro-rata by the seven clubs; this club's share being fifty-two per cent or something more than twenty-seven dollars.

Mrs. J. D. Whisenand,

General Secretary.



Mrs. Ellen Norton

M.H. & Co. Boston

Banquet of Federated Clubs

IN HONOR OF

.. Mrs. Charles Benrotin ..

Monday Evening, May 6, 1895.

Savery House —————
Des Moines, Iowa.

Chairman -	Mrs. Lowry Goode
Toastmaster -	Mrs. Jay Macomber
INVOCATION, -	Mrs. H. L. Stetson

Toasts.

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| 1 OUR GUESTS, - | Mrs. W. H. Bailey |
| 2 WOMAN AS A HUMORIST, - | Mrs. Chas. Henrotin |
| 3 THE ART OUT-LOOK, - | Mrs. Lindon W. Bates |
| 4 FEDERATION: IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH, | |
| - | Mrs. A. L. Frisbie |
| 5 THE NEW WOMAN—WHO AND WHAT IS SHE? | |
| - | Mrs. Virginia Reichard |
| 6 THE NEW MAN, - | Miss Ella McLoney |
| 7 OUR CHILDREN AND THE WORLD'S CHILDREN | |
| - | Mrs. Henry Wallace |
| 8 THE MEN WHO ARE LEFT OUT, | Mrs. Roswell P. Dart |
| 9 OUR AIMS: WHAT WE WOULD BE, WHAT | |
| WE WOULD DO, - | Mrs. Celeste Given |

Menu.



BOUILLON EN TASSE

BREADSTICKS

OLIVES

SALTED ALMONDS

PICKLES

BAKED PIKE

POTATOES PARISIENNE

SWEET BREADS IN CASES

POTATO CHIPS

FRENCH PEAS

ORANGE ICE WITH WAFERS

CHICKEN SALAD

MACAROONS

KISSES

JELLIES IN FORM

ICE CREAM

STRAWBERRIES

ASSORTED CAKE

COFFEE

Miscellaneous Topics Committee.

Elizabeth M. K. Matthews,
Chairman.

April the Twenty-fourth,
Eighteen hundred, ninety five.

April Birthdays.

Washington Irving.

Sophia W. Andrews.

Ulysses S. Grant

Martha Stevens.

Alice Cary

Ida. L. Cummins.

William Shakespeare.

Harriet B. Windsor

Our Stake — Iowa.

Sarah B. Maxwell.

Friedrich Froebel.

Elizabeth K. Matthews.

Miscellaneous Topics Committee.

Washington Irving

By

Mrs. L. F. Andrews

April 24-1895.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Mrs. L. F. Andrews.

Read before the Des Moines Women's Club April 24, 1895.

April ! Birthmonth of the year ! How fitting it should hold in its circle of days those of the birth of men of achievement, those who have honored and benefitted mankind, and that we should to-day present to you, as best we may, a diadem of genius set in a circlet of gold, clustering about the days of this new life-giving month, April, and listen for a moment, pausing mid the rush and cares of this busy life, to voices gone, to sounds of other years.

The winds of Spring; the breath of bursting bud and flower bear to us, as we hush our souls, their words of wisdom; helpful precepts; records of noble deeds; uplifting, encouraging examples of heroism; of genius expanded by culture; opportunities improved; until, as we hearken, we too feel inspired to set about polishing the little gem of possible magnitude imbedded in the rubbish of human nature, untouched---it may be ---unrecognized, which God bestows upon every soul as it springs from His hand, with the injunction: "Occupy until I come."

Lives which reflect such inspiration, such use of gifts, have not been lived in vain.

In the April constellation of genius, the name of Washington Irving appears brilliant and individual, shedding honor

upon his country. He was born in New York, April 3, 1783, and was educated for the legal profession. His literary taste however, caused him to neglect, and finally to abandon it. His father was a prosperous merchant, and at his death Irving became a silent partner with a brother in an extensive commercial business already established in Liverpool, which necessitated his removal from this country. Several years later the firm became bankrupt and Irving resumed his literary pursuits as a means of subsistence. His fame as a writer, original and spicy, humorous and chaste, had preceded him to England, and through the influence of a successful American author, he gained introduction and entrance into the highest literary circles of England. Among his literary friends he counted Scott, Jeffrey, Campbell, Moore, and others. Moore secured to him the attention of his publisher, Murray, of London, who brought out in 1820, "Geoffrey Crayon Sketch Book," consisting of twenty-six volumes, in which appeared a description of an "English Christmas," "Rip Van Winkle," and other American stories, told with a delicate humor, thus gaining for him recognition on both sides of the Atlantic.

In 1822, he published "Bracebridge Hall," and in 1824, "Tales of a Traveller." About that time, having secured a comfortable competence, he determined to travel on the Continent in order to broaden his knowledge. He spent several years in such

travel, when he stopped at Madrid, and began a biography of Columbus. For this he had recourse to the Spanish archives, which enabled him to give the most reliable history of that noted adventurer. He also wrote, during his stay in Spain, "The Alhambra," "The Conquest of Grenada," and other important works. About this time England conferred upon him the honor of Secretary to The Embassy at London, and Oxford, the legal degree of "LL D."

Returning to America after an absence of seventeen years, he was welcomed and honored as the first American who had won for his country such recognition in the literary world. He was feted and banqueted by his countrymen who, recognizing his literary attainments, his purity of life and morals, were unstinted in their demonstrations of esteem and love.

After these overtures he traveled in the West, and returning, built his loved retreat "Sunnyside," on the Hudson, where, presided over by his sister, and enlivened by the companionship of her children, he passed the years 1834 to 1841, in full enjoyment of his passionate love for open air country, and associations connected with it. Here also, his literary friends gathered about him, American authors of note, among them Emerson, Hawthorne, Willis, Holmes, Fitz Greene Halleck, Bancroft and Prescott.

This quiet was broken by his appointment as Ambassador to Spain. During his four years there his heart continually

yearned for his little flock at Sunnyside. On his return he continued his literary pursuits, and although regretted in London, Paris and Madrid, and beloved in New York, he remained the kind brother and quiet literary gentleman. His death occurred November 28, 1859, at the age of 74.

He never married. The secret of his power lay in a quiet absorption and concentration in identifying himself in whatever he was about, his abounding, pithy wit, terse sayings and chastity of language. In his writings we see reflected a purity of life, a soul of honor. Would that the incense we burn upon the memorial altar of Genius to-day might so permeate the atmosphere of literature that its creation would be purer, and our reading better chosen.

BIRTHDAY MEMORIES.

G E N E R A L G R A N T.

Read before the Des Moines Womans Club,

BY

Mrs. Martha Stevens,

April 24, 1895.

GENERAL GRANT.

By Mrs. Martha Stevens.

It is fitting that we should honor the birthday of the man, who saved the Nation in its hour of peril.

General Grant was not only a great soldier, but an honorable, upright gentleman in the truest sense of the word.

The founder of the family, Mathew Grant, came from Scotland to Dorchester, Mass. in 1630. In 1635 he removed his family to Windsor, Conn. He was the first surveyor of the new colony, and second town clerk, serving in the last capacity for forty years. He is spoken of as a pious, hardworking, conscientious, christian man, and a model town clerk. One of his decendants served as captain in the old French and Indian War. Another, who was the grandfather of General Grant, was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary War.

Ulysses Grant was born April 27th, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Ohio, a small village above Cincinnati. His mother was a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and trained her children to obedience, honesty and truthfulness.

Like other great men, General Grant was not conspicuous during childhood, beyond any of his playmates. We know that he was fond of horses, and took great delight in training them to pace or trot, but had a horror of being considered a horse jockey. He disliked

any mere mechanical work, so much that when it was his turn to help grind bark for the tannery, he would quietly walk off and find some more congenial work for himself, and pay a boy to assist his father. He liked to read history and books of travel. His favorite book was the "Life of Washington". He had no thought of choosing a military career for himself, but when he received the appointment he thought it would be a good opportunity to see New York and Boston, and did not care much what happened then, so he could return home.

The surname Grant, is that of Scottish Clan, whose Motto appears to have been adopted by General Grant, It is, "Stand fast, Stand firm, Stand sure."

Washington Irving says, "Hereditary rank may be an illusion, but hereditary virtue gives a patent of nobleness, beyond the blazonry of the heralds college".

One of his personal friends says of him, 'General Grant had so little egotism in his nature, he never seemed to think he was in any way different from other men, but he possessed fine virtues which were prominent, and gave strength to his character. They were truth, courage, modesty, generosity and loyalty. His truthfulness was shown in all of his correspondence, and he was

always so careful to express just what he meant, that he was called "tediously truthful."

His courage cannot be questioned, although he once said, he never went into a battle, without a feeling of trepidation, but once in action and knowing that other looked to him for command, he lost all feeling of self. Even the courage of his military career was surpassed, by the fortitude displayed in his last sickness, while suffering untold torture, he wrote the most brilliant chapter of American history.

His modesty was displayed in the simplicity of his language and behavior. Everyone admits the finest breeding is that which is the least conspicuous. He said the most remarkable things in the fewest words. He was not brilliant, but could express himself in well chosen language.

The modesty he displayed as an honored guest, on his travels around the world, showed a well balanced mind. A distinguished critic said of his memoirs, "It is the only autobiography I ever read, which was totaly devoid of egotism." When summoned to Washington to receive his commission as Lieutenant General, he appeared so plain and unpretending, one of the members of the senate arose and said, "I am afraid we are making a mistake, there isn't a Second Lieutenant in our State Militia who could not make a better appearance than this man".

General Grant's most endearing quality was his generosity. He was generous to his friends and his foes. The generous treatment he accorded the Confederates, who surrendered to him will be remembered as long as the world continues to honor many qualities.

He was loyal to every work and cause in which he was engaged. His loyalty to friends explains why he was so universally loved. It was not only by his military leaders, Sherman, Logan, Howard and Sheridan, that he was regarded with affection, but by his whole army, he was looked upon as a well beloved leader and friend.

His book is one of the greatest of his victories, those who most criticized his two administrations have since doubted whether they were just to the man.

Considered as the records of the foremost soldier of his time, they are unique and of inestimable value. They contain the first and highest quality of literature, simplicity. In his hands the tales of Shiloh and Donaldson are told with far less of sound and fury, than the report of a boys foot ball game.

The claim of General Grant to permanent fame lies first in the fact that he commanded the largest civilized armies the world ever saw, and saved the integrity of the American Nation, and that he did this for duty, not glory, and in the spirit of a citizen, not as a military leader. And when tested by the severest personal griefs and losses, he showed the same strong qualities still.

And in writing his own memoirs, he was simple as regards himself,
and candid toward his opponents.

General Grant like General Washington will live forever in
the memories of the people as a good and honest man.



Ulysses S. Grant.

Speech delivered by General Grant,
at the
Reunion of the Army of the Tennessee,
in
Des Moines, Iowa, September 29, 1875.

Spoken by General Grant in Des Moines, Sept. 29, 1875.

COMRADES; It always affords me much gratification to meet my old comrades of ten and fourteen years ago, and to live over again the trials and hardships of those days.

Hardships imposed for the promotion and perpetration of our free institutions.

We believed then and believe now that we had a government worth fighting for and if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades of those days paid the latter price for our preserved union.

Let their heroism and sufferings be ever green in our memory.

Let not the results of their sacrifice be destroyed. The union and free institutions for which they fell, should be held more dear for their sacrifice. We will not deny to any of those who fought against us, any privilege under the government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such of them who come forward in good faith, to help build up the waste places, and perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage. (But we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the great struggle).

It is to be hoped that like trials will never befall our

country. In this sentiment, no class of people can more heartily join, than the soldiers who submitted to the dangers, trials and hardships of the camp and the battlefield, on whichever side he may have fought. No class of people are more interested in guarding against a recurrence of those days. Let us then begin by guarding against every enemy threatening the perpetuity of free republican institutions. I do not bring into this assemblage politics, certainly not partisan politics, but it is a fair subject for the beliberation of soldiers--to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize, for which they battled.

In a republic like ours where the citizen is the sovereign and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign, the people, should possess intelligence.

The free school is the promoter of that intelligence, which is to preserve us as a nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future, of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixons, but between Patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other.

Now in the centennial year of our National existence, I believe it a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundation of the home, commenced, by our patriotic forefathers one hundred years ago, at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labour to add all needful guarantees for the security of Freethought, Freespeech and Free press. Pure morals, unfettered religious sentiment, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, colour or religion. Encourage free schools and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school.

Resolve that either the state or nation, or both combined, shall support institutions of learning sufficient to afford to every child, growing up in the land, the opportunity of a good common school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan or atheistical tenents.

Leave the matter of religion to the family circle, the church and the Priest, or schools supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the church and state forever separate.

With these safeguards I believe the battles which created us the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain.

Miscellaneous Topics Committee.

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April 24, 1895.

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A L I C E C A R Y.

Read by

Ida L. Cummins.

A L I C E C A R Y.

April 26, 1820.

Ida L. Cummins.

April 23, 1895.

When I read that name in our Club Calendar along with the names of Washington Irving, U. S. Grant and William Shakespeare, I was reminded of an anecdote I had read of Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is said that Mr. Holmes was very proud of the fact that the year of his birth gave to the world four of its great men--Tennyson, Darwin, Gladstone in England, and Abraham Lincoln in this country--and when his own name was added to the list he modestly said: "O, I sneaked in, as it were." I think if sensitive, modest Alice Cary knew she was to appear to-day with the celebrated men I have named, she would feel that she had indeed sneaked in just on account of her birthday.

However, there is another and a better reason why she should be an honored guest at this, as well as at all meetings of Club women, for was she not the first President of our Mother Club, Sorosis? It is hard for us to picture her filling that position, knowing her quiet ways of working, her inability to mix with crowds or act with great organizations, and Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) tells us that she

alone was responsible for her accepting it. She said that forming a club for women was her hobby, and she wanted a distinguished literary woman's name at the head of it, so asked Alice Cary. She refused, and after many words Mrs. Croly said to her: "Alice Cary, think what faith, reverence and affection thousands of women have given to you, and you will not even give to them your name." Leaving her in grief and disappointment, and going to her office, a moment after Alice Cary came in, sank down in a chair, breathless with haste, and said: "If my name is worth anything to women I have come to tell you to take it."

Miss Cary took her seat as President of Scrovis. The meeting was held in one of Delmonico's sumptuous parlors. Alice Cary sat in an easy chair, and in her low, forceful voice read the only address she ever made from a public platform, which is unique and characteristic. On account of ill health and her instinctive dislike to publicity she very soon resigned, but gave her aid and sympathy to it as long as she lived.

Alice Cary's name did not reach the top of the ladder as a writer, and there are several reasons for it. In the first place, lack of early training and mental discipline, without which few ever do reach the top; second, such poor health and intense suffering that would have

caused most women to feel that they could do nothing; and third, because of the necessity for constant, rapid writing for daily bread. Her natural endowment of mind and body was of the finest, her temperament poetical, but she never reached her standard. All who knew her felt that there was something fuller and finer in reserve in her soul which she never was able to express. As an interpreter of nature, as shown in her "Clovernook Stories", she was unsurpassed; and as a ballad writer she is said to have never been equaled. Edgar Poe said of the verse

" Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all. "

that in rhythm it is one of the most perfect lyrics in the English language. Her temperament being poetic and imaginative, her rudest work is found in attempting to portray the faults and passions of men and women in her novels. They are full of intense feeling, but as pictures of human life they are unworthy of the noble life back of them.

I would like to speak of those ideal Sunday evenings at the Cary Sisters. That was said to be the rallying spot of the literary and artistic life of the metropolis, and more like the French Salon of the 18th century than has ever been reproduced in this country, notwithstanding the

ambition, wealth and good cooks of the New York women of to-day. There one met many of the most gifted and earnest Americans of our time. Horace Greeley was always there to take a cup of tea, and then was off to speak at a temperance meeting, or to listen to a sermon or write his Monday morning article for the "Tribune". There was Whittier, Bayard Taylor and wife, Thomas Aldrich, clergymen of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Universalist faith, actors, artists, poets, titled people from abroad, women of all kinds--the home woman, the woman of fashion, the one of letters. There was Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Anna Dickinson, Jennie June and Mary E. Dodge.

Our worthy chairman has given each of us such a few minutes that I told her although there are many beautiful things to say of Alice Cary, I thought we would feel her presence and personality more if I read some of her own sweet lines. I have chosen a favorite of mine, and one that is familiar to all of you--"An Order for a Picture":

A B I R T H D A Y M E M O R Y .

READ BY HARRIETT B. WINDSOR,

before the

DES MOINES WOMEN'S CLUB.

April 24th, 1895.

A BIRTHDAY REMOBY.

HEAD BY HANLEY B. WINDOR.

DES MOINES WOMEN'S CLUB.

ALMA MATER.

April is the month of all the year when Nature most doth weep; when from the canopy of grey that stretches out betwixt earth and Heaven, the soft warm tears fall silently in mute protest against the loss of the great souls snatched from space and born into the world; but earth made glad bursts forth in bud and bloom, and carol of sweet bird to signify her joy. 331 years ago yesterday was born the unique master mind of all the world; the adept in the folk-lore of the soul. Man may preach equality of man while life may last, but there is no such thing as equality. A French writer has said, "Equality may be a right, but no human power can convert it into a fact." In all lines of work and thought since record of man's life began, the world has been dominated by these few great souls that stand alone, above the common multitude. Some have blazed with a meteoric light that awed the world, but as the years have gone by the light has waned, and finally is forgotten altogether or spoken of only as among the things that were. As certain conditions of the atmosphere will at times refract the rays of light until the snow upon the mountain top becomes a golden crown, so special needs of

men or centuries may clothe the reputation of a man with a strength and beauty the worth of which, under other conditions will be almost wholly lost. But there are great souls that have come down through the past as fixed stars; their calm pure light bearing inspiration, benediction and sustaining grace to all who come under the enchantment of their spell. They are not all of equal magnitude. It is better so. Eyes are differently focused. What one can see and understand, another cannot. The light of each soul as it originally blazed forth, remains, but its relative position in this world of change depends, not entirely upon the keenness and analytical power of those who sit in judgment, but upon that longing and craving and understanding of man's inmost soul, that may be felt, but cannot be explained. Whence comes this power that makes one man of countless million souls the peer? Some will answer, Inspiration. The days of miracles are long since past. Only that which is within can be brought out. The power must be innate. "Ye cannot gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles."

Could it not be that in the great scheme of Nature there may be instances where the mental forces rush along in individual souls through ages, and finally are by some

Omnipotent impulse concentrated for one brief span of life, and startle the world with the comprehensive breadth of understanding, that grasp of things that have been, and of things to be. To my mind it is the only rational solution to the question. Just as the tiny streams from the mountains flow quietly for miles between the narrow, winding banks, and finally drop almost unnoticed into the deep broad channel, where with a mighty swirl they sweep on with an irresistible force, in their combined strength carrying everything before them until they are lost in the mighty sea.

Critics say Shakespeare was not a creator, but borrowed, stole, and appropriated to himself the fruit of others' toil. Do we grudge a Raphael his fame because he did not burn his clays and create for himself his crude materials? Out of crude materials prepared by the less cunning hand, has not Shakespeare brought forth rare creations, the like of which the world has never seen? Has not the alchemic touch of genius changed what seemed as dross in other men's hands into living breathing experiences, weaving the web of life through the sweet innocent prattle and trusting faith of baby days,

through the hopeful, optimistic, rainbow hued chimera of the merry heart, running the mad gamut of the tragic agonizing of the tortured suffering soul? The grimacing, chattering fool, palsied of mind, but restless of body, peers at us from his pages and his hollow, soulless laugh makes our blood to chill. And, Ah! the living, breathing passion of his love! As an elixir it fires the very veins and makes men mad, as they within his pages live over and over again those sweet elusive "days that are no more". The Bible says, "By their fruits ye shall know them." To no character in history is that saying more applicable than to William Shakespeare. By his works alone we know him, and yet, we know him not. No matter how often his lines are scanned, some depth of thought is touched, some height of sublimity reached, some soul-longing is made manifest, of which we had not dreamed before. We believe a person can only understand that to which his soul responds; and the thought sometime arises, has even this generation understanding sufficient to compass the wisdom of his works? He, like the Pyramids, stands pre-eminent and alone, incomprehensible and unknowable. Some one has said, "Great souls are lonely souls." I fancy no lonelier soul e'er lived than

William Shakespeare. Great as were the literati of the time yet he was greater, his best thoughts were not poured out to startle the club room devotee, or attract the passer by, he stood self-centered and self-contained, he was fond of people, but of his own people, people of his own creation, he lived and loved, laughed and wept, suffered and enjoyed with them. People talk of one Incarnation ending all. Who for one moment could believe that in the few short years allotted to man on this earth, one single soul could have sounded the depths of misery and degradation, and have soared to the heights of moral strength and beauty, and drunk to the dregs the cup of bitterness and rancor? He played upon the keys of life as with a master hand; and every fine gradation in the scale was touched and wrought upon. Only by travail of the soul could such great works have been born. His symphonies of life were too great for the time; people did not understand, they did not realize them. Poor weak humanity along with other ills is presbyopic or far sighted. No man can be justly estimated during his lifetime. It is only when the years are drawn out to the proper focus that we can clearly see and accurately gauge his power. Hall Caine says, "The most supernatural thing

in Shakespeare is Shakespeare himself. There is no one so much alive as he is now. Shakespeare's spirit stalks abroad today, and dominates the literature of the world." To me, through the teachings of Christ and Shakespeare but "one increasing purpose runs," the teaching of the philosophy and beatitudes of life; the One reaching His ends through the moral and spiritual elements in man's nature, and the other through his intellect and passions. The fame of Shakespeare has been mounting the rugged summits for centuries, and now resting on the apex of inaccessible heights, sends its roots down farther into the eternal depths of history, and sheds a sweetness, radiance and beauty upon all beneath. The little party of fiendish ghouls that clutch and claw at the floating edges of his drapery, and fain would rend him limb from limb, will be forgotten dust long eons before the memory of Shakespeare ceases to be revered.

Harriett B. Windsor.

Miscellaneous Topics Committee

I O W A

Read by Mrs. Sara. B. Maxwell

before the

Des Moines Women's Club

Wednesday, April 24, 1895.

INTRODUCTION TO A HISTORY OF IOWA.

Iowa is supposed to be derived from the Dakota word, AYUHBA, meaning "drowsy" or "sleepy", and applied to the Graysnow tribe. I am informed by an old settler that the word means "Here we rest", and was first applied by the Sac and Fox tribes when driven across the river from Illinois. Another old settler says Iowa means "Beautiful Land."

Prior to 1803, all the country lying west of the Mississippi was a Spanish province, by right of discovery (by De Soto.) Spain forfeited her title by failure to occupy the land and the Mississippi valley was rediscovered by the French--- the upper in 1673 by Marquette and Joliet and the lower in 1682 by La Salle, who in the name of Louis XIV, king of France, took possession and named it Louisiana, after the king.

In 1762, France by a secret treaty, ceded all her possessions west of the Mississippi to Spain.

In 1801, Spain ceded it back to France.

In 1803, President Jefferson sent Robert R. Livingston and James Monroe as Envoys Plenipotentiary to France, and Charles Pinckney and Jas Monroe to the court of Spain with powers to negotiate treaties to effect the cession of Florida and New Orleans to the United State. When the subject was broached to

Talleyrand, Napoleon's prime minister, he suggested that France might be willing to cede the whole French domain in North America to the United States and asked how much our government would give for it. They offered 20,000,000 francs. A few days later Napoleon informed Mr. Livingston that he had secured Louisiana in a contract with Spain for the purpose of turning it over to the United States for a mere nominal sum, "a trifle". The "trifle" proposed was 125,000,000 francs! This was subsequently modified to \$15,000,000.

In 1804, this territory was divided into the Territory of Orleans and the District of Louisiana----the 33rd parallel dividing them.

In 1812, the name Louisiana was changed to Missouri.

In 1834, Iowa was part of the Territory of Michigan.

In 1836, we belonged to Wisconsin Territory.

June 12, 1838, the Territory of Iowa was formed and comprised the present state nearly all of Minnesota and extended north to the British Possessions.

During all the cessions, the bargains and sales between France, Spain and the United States, the real owners of the land which is now Iowa-----the Sacs and Foxes and the Iowas-----were ignored but were heard from later.

When in 1673, Marquette and Joliet landed on the west bank of the Mississippi River above the mouth of what is now the Des Moines, they discovered an Indian trail which they followed

about six miles inland where they came upon a village called by the Indians "Moingona", which was also the name of the river upon which it stood. Marquette, from its similarity of sound corrupted it into Des Moines (of the monks or Monk's River.)

Ft. Madison was the first fort established in what is now Iowa. Owing to the treachery of a white trader at this fort, Black Hawk, the noted chief of the Sacs and Foxes, born 1767, allied himself with the British in the war of 1812. They decked him with medals and called him General Black Hawk. Only a portion of his tribe followed him; the remainder under the leadership of Keokuk, were disposed to abide by the treaty of 1804, and to maintain friendly relations with the American people. Says a biographer, "Keokuk was an orator entitled to rank with the most gifted of his race. His enunciation was clear, distinct and forcible; he called his figures from the stores of nature and based his arguments on skillful logic."

In 1833, the first school house in Iowa was built at Dubuque; the same year at the same place the first post office was established.

In 1834, the territorial legislature of Michigan created two counties on the west side of the Mississippi, viz.; Dubuque and Des Moines.

In 1836, Wisconsin Territory was organized and what is now Iowa was included. The first legislature assembled at Belmont in the present state of Wisconsin Oct. 25, 1836. The

second Nov. 10, 1837 at Burlington. The third June 1, 1838 at Burlington.

The Territory of Iowa was organized July 3, 1838. President Van Buren appointed Ex-Governor Robert Lucas of Ohio to be the first governor of the new territory. The first territorial legislature was held at Burlington beginning Nov. 12, 1838. This was a stormy session, owing to the almost unlimited veto power of the governor, which he freely used. Among the important matters demanding attention was the location of the seat of government and, provision for the erection of public buildings, for which Congress had appropriated \$20,000, and granted a section of land for the purpose. Commissioners were appointed to select a "permanent seat of government in Johnson County" and to lay out 640 acres into a town to be called Iowa City.

The boundry line between the Territory of Iowa and the State of Missouri was a difficult matter to settle, Missouri insisting in running her line eight or ten miles north of Iowa's southern line, and upon assessing taxes in the disputed territory and sending her sheriffs to collect them. Her sheriffs were arrested by the sheriffs of Van Buren and Davis Counties and confined in jail. The governors of Iowa and Missouri called out the militia, but the latter offered to submit the case to the

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Supreme Court of the United States. Congress authorised a suit to settle the controversy, which resulted in a judgment for Iowa.

February 12, 1844, the territorial Legislature passed an act to submit to the people to be voted upon, the question of the formation of a State Constitution, and providing for the election of delegates to a convention for that purpose. The Convention assembled at Iowa City on the 7th day of October 1844, and on the 1st of November completed its work and adopted the first state constitution, a certified copy of which was transmitted to the Delegate in Congress, who submitted it. The boundaries defined were rejected by Congress, but, by act of March 3, 1845, a state called Iowa was admitted to the Union, provided the people accepted the act. This changed the southern boundary to about thirty-eight miles north of its present line. The people promptly refused to accept the change.

A second Constitutional Convention was held at Iowa City in May 1846, and another constitution for the new state with the present boundaries was adopted and submitted. Dec. 28, 1846, Iowa was admitted as the 29th state in the American Union.

Nov. 30, 1846, the first General Assembly met at Iowa City. The third Constitutional Convention to revise the constitution of the state was held at Iowa City in January 1857.

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In 1855 a bill was passed re-locating the Capitol at Des Moines; the site was selected in 1856, and in October of the same year the removal took place.

F R I E D R I C K F R O E B E L.

Delivered before the

Des Moines Women's Club

Wednesday, April 24, 1895.

Elizabeth K. Matthews.

FREDRICK FROEBEL.

"The New Year is my mother;

I'm her fourth child, you see:

They say I'm very fond of rain,

'Tis true as true can be.

I love the little children,

And when I send them showers,

'Tis just to help my sister May

Bring to them lovely flowers."

It would seem as if Froebel were the fourth child to complete the constellation of progressive, thoughtful educators--- Rosseau, Comenies, Pestalozzi and Froebel. As we tract the life of Froebel from the row of a village pastor, without the care of his own mother, left much to himself, playing and building with blocks(as they were left by the workmen) ---- from his early solitude and lack of companionship it made such an impression on his mind that as he became older he determined to do what he could for the children. He was born at Oberweissback, *h* Germany in 1782. His first efforts in life were unsuccessful, until brought under the influence of Pestalozzi when he said,

this is my place. I will give up all my former aspirations and become a teacher. He entered Pestalozzi's school and worked with him. Afterwards he went to Switzerland and established several schools. On his return to Germany he founded the first kindergarden in 1840 at Blakenburg. It was not however until his death which occurred in 1852 that his greatest claim to remembrance, the kindergarden system, found acceptance in Germany.

Froebel was a close student of nature, saying as he did, "I love flowers, I love children, I love God, I love everything." He was accustomed to take long strolls communing with nature, and leading his students to more fully comprehend the workings of nature and nature's God. After his death there was erected in 1883, by his disciples, a memorial to him known as "Froebel Thurm" which is built upon the Arnsdorfer Kuppe at Oberweisbach. This as you can see from the picture, is a tower built with stairways in the interior and balconies on the exterior, where people may ascend and study nature.

The work started by Froebel found able supporters in his wife and Baroness, Marenholtz, Bülow and to-day finds expression in many lands. The mother and kindergardens are learning how to give and thoroughly comprehend the invitation Froebel did, when he said "Come, let us live with the children," meaning that we should enter into and live with the child, sharing his joys and sorrows, and doing the best we are capable of,

oward developing the trinity,----head, heart and hand---- into
true unity with himself, humanity and his God.

The Froebel Monument as you see is symbolic of the
gift work in the kindergarden, the sphere, cube and cylinder on a
pedestal on which is seen the bust of Froebel. This is the
monument now standing at Froebel's grave in the beautiful church-
yard in Scheveina. In the centennial year of his birth,
April 21, 1882, the monument was unveiled.

"Froebel came to show the oneness,

Of the head and hand and heart,

When by love they work together,

Each one doing well its part."

The exercises of the afternoon were interspersed with the following selections, rendered in an exquisite manner by the Girls Glee Club of the High School under the direction of Mrs Reynolds. The young ladies were attired in cap and gown.

PRAYER FOR IOWA.

(Air: "America.")

"God bless our noble state,
And make her doubly great,
In progress grand,
Nor fear to right a wrong,
Protect among the throng
The weak as well as strong,
By her command.

Long may her banner bright
Wave in the morning light,
And all her laws,
Approved by justice stand,
Her sons a manly band,
Her daughters hand in hand,
The home her cause."

The school-house & flag.

"Ye who love the Republic, remember the
claim,
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her
name;
To her years of prosperity, past and in
store,
A hundred behind you, a thousand before.

Chorus.

'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the
flag,
Let the nation stand by the school,
'Tis the schoolbell that rings for our liber-
ties old,
'Tis the children whose voices shall rule.

The blue vault above is liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us humanity's
home,
Let the flag and school your fidelity share
And the men of the future your name shall
declare."

The environments of the afternoon were appropriate, as portraits were seen of Grant, Shakspeare, Froebel, Irving, Cary and "Coat of Arms" of Iowa upon a background of the American flag.

It is said that no one has an easier task than she who argues the imbecility of woman, for, if she write well she has proved her argument by the force of logic; if she write ill she has proved it by a personal illustration. In either case she has proved her assertion.

Yet, I assure you, the courage it requires to thus personally exploit "Woman's Limitations" before a body of women who are peculiarly exempt from all these limitations demands from you much of that virtue the "quality of which is not strained".

"We're no denyin' that women are fools ---- God Almighty made 'em to match the men" ---- My text is the first half of this remark of Mrs. Poyner. May some future occasion afford me the opportunity to expound the latter half! Upon that I could grow eloquent! There is no pleasure in running down one's self, or one's sex. There is an exquisite delight in running down some other sex or self.

We are all of us getting a little weary of the Woman Question but a woman to a woman on woman's limitations is not so hackneyed as a man to a woman on a woman's limitations. So I venture on the theme.

Could we but stand with the angels in this comparative study of traits all irritation and humiliation would disappear.

Using ordinary man, our daily companion, whose limitations are so well known to us all, as a standard it is hard to put aside all personal feeling in the matter and be fair and candid. But a certain Mr. Lecky needs to be disproved. He says of women "In the ethics of intellect they are all inferior. They are little capable of impartiality. Their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though very generous in their acts they are rarely generous in their opinions or in their judgments." We must refrain from personal animosity towards Mr. Lecky.

In speaking of Woman's Limitations I would not be understood as meaning that she possesses in no degree the qualities which I will mention, or that there is no instance in which she does not to a considerable degree possess these traits, but that, as an average person, she falls far short of the average man in ~~many~~ certain respects.

If man's usual modest assertion be true, "The brains are ours the true, the good, and the beautiful yours", we need not study her limitations in matters of morality.

Yet, timidity, physical, mental and moral, I believe, is more to be found in her as a type than in men.

Physical courage, the most of us will admit without argument, is more man's prerogative than woman's. I do not mean passive endurance of the inevitable or of pain and sickness. That is a

quality very different from active courage, which incurs danger and encounters risks to attain ~~man~~ end. I know that examples in history and personal experience of women who have shown great physical courage are not lacking. But the very fact that women have been made illustrious for deeds which countless men have done without notice instances their rarity. The rescue of men at sea by Grace Darling is a household tale, and yet this feat is performed yearly, almost daily, by unknown, unnamed men. As a rule too, where courage has been most often found in woman her personal affections or honor was involved, and is no more a proof of her general bravery than is the fierce attack of a deer to bay a proof that she is a brave animal. Woman shrinks from and is startled and exclaims with terror over that which a man will face with a smile.

She has been mentally more timid than man. She has more often shrunk from the knowledge of truth which was disagreeable to her. Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," has been the expression of woman more than of man. For centuries the social evil, which affected women most seriously, was blindly ignored as too unpleasant for her consideration. She shrunk from a knowledge of the physical laws of her own body lest it might detract from

her delicacy. To the investigations of science where they bore upon her religion, she would shut her eyes lest her religion suffer. She has more often sought for that which she desired to be the truth rather than that which is truth. This has been due to her mental timidity. She distrusted her mental powers, and felt that the obstacles would overcome them rather than they the obstacles.

Of her moral cowardice is there one to agree with me in believing that here too woman has most frequently proved herself inferior to man?

The great argument as to the moral cowardice of men being greater than that of women, is, that they yield to temptation from fear of ridicule ~~for~~ women are strong. But I believe that men seldom yield to the influence of their fellows, succumb to vice, through fear of ridicule. They desire the sin, and they yield to their innate depravity.

Women have submitted to the most uncomfortable, awkward, and sometimes painful and injurious fashions in dress, styles which they disliked; have been guilty of undue and wrong extravagances of dress and establishment, from which they longed to be free, rather than incur the fancied ridicule of being "peculiar". As a rule women will not suffer the banter of personal criticism from

The greater faculty seems to be wisely reserved for women of other women, even though it be in jest, while men take such banter as directed with men. However, we will know enough to laugh from other men with a laugh.

"Between a woman's yes and a woman's no" says Sancho Panza, disputably proved for great creative faculty in women. "I would not engage to put a pin point, so close be they together" and though this famous victim of Cervantes is more epigrammatic than truthful, we must admit that we are more indirect, less

straightforward, than men. The original of this is our lack of courage and our strong desire to please.

Woman's tact, universally acknowledged as one of her most amiable attributes, is an illustration of this tendency toward indirectness. While truthfulness is by no means an impossible accompaniment of tact, the social and political diplomat is the one who uses indirect rather than direct methods. And the meandering paths which, indeed, lead through pleasant places, often diverge from the hard, narrow, road of exact truthfulness.

Browning's "In A Balcony" well illustrates this characteristic of women.

Man's consummate conceit deserves the severest snubbing. One would like never to acknowledge him in the right, particularly in his offensive claims to mental superiority. But the history of our mental life is not flattering to our pride. It furnishes man with some argument for claims for superiority which are hard to

gain say or deny.

The creative faculty seems to be greatly lacking in women of the past as compared with men. However, one well known gentleman has condescended to come to the rescue and believes that he undisputably proven the great creative faculty in woman, upon the plausible ground that she was the originator of evil in the human race. He evidently considers sin as an art!

In mechanical inventions woman has accomplished little. Up to the latter part of this century there was but a small handful of inventions, and nearly all of minor importance, attributed to her; while even in her peculiar sphere, man is given the honor of having invented the sewing machine and the "Mary Jane" dishwasher.

In the arts and literature, painting, sculpture and music what has woman accomplished? That she has made no mark whatever cannot be asserted, but the mark is dim.

In literature what women's names bear the perfume of immortality about them?

Notwithstanding the intellectual freedom of the women of Greece, notwithstanding the laws of Lycurgus, trained woman in a manner similar to man; although there were such women of learning and personal influence as Aspasia, and the philosophical Hypatia, only one woman, Sappho, has left any immortal work, and of her writings but forty lines have stood the test of time as being worth of a great place in art. Yet Homer sang in the darkness and

and unlettered age of Greece. The odes of Pindar and the dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, are still models of style. The Roman women, whom Portia "Noble Brutus' wife" best typifies, as women of character and judgment, well worthy of honor and respect, to whom the poets read their verses for approval, have left no trace in literature. There is no woman, Virgil, Tacitus or Horace. And, later, in Italy, although woman's influence called forth immortal poetry, there is no woman to vie with Petrarch and Dante for the laurel wreaths.

Germany has furnished no great women writers, although women of strong personality influenced the lives of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine.

France has a fascinating bevy of women of beauty and wit and personal charms and learning. Yet Madame De Staël's writings which were considered immortal during her lifetime have faded almost to obscurity, and "Corinne" is more a literary curiosity, a clean textbook for French Classics, than a great work of fiction.

George Sand is the French exception among woman writers, but her novels do not belong to the same aristocracy of immortals as do Balzac's and Victor Hugo's.

England in the golden days of Elizabeth almost deified woman. The women of rank were learned and cultivated. Lady Jane Grey,

you remember, consoled herself in her prison days with reading from the Greek Testament.

Sidney's sister, Lady Pembroke, was a woman of equal learning and cultivation with her brother. Elizabeth set the fashion, not only in ruffs, but in the higher education of women, and could astonish foreign diplomats, not only with her agile dancing, but with her linguistic and classical knowledge. But the Elizabethian age which furnished Shakespeare with the conceptions of such women of intellect as Portia and Lady Macbeth; which found women the most fascinating subject for poetry, as well as personal devotion, yields no woman writer in lyrical or dramatic poetry.

Again, no woman ever produced an epic poem. No woman ever produced a drama worthy of honorable mention; although the historic art, the most mimetic of all arts, has had such interpreters and close students of the nature of the drama as Rachel, Mrs. Siddons, Sara Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Eleanor Dusa, and Rejane.

Since the middle of this century two women poets in England have given fine and true expression, the one to the religious feeling and the other to personal love; Christina Rossetti and Mrs. Browning. Yet Mrs. Browning in her Portuguese sonnets only, has

given to literature anything which has a universal appeal., which can at all equal in power and art, and vitality her husbands writ-

Fiction alone has any claim to great creative talent, and here the immortals are as yet few. From the inheritance of woman's nature at present, and her life and environments, fiction should give abundance of proof of her creative talent, for intuitive and perceptive qualities, her close observation of the externals of daily life, and her intense interest in personal relations should make this department peculiarly her own.

Three names are the only ones found among the woman writers who are generally given rank with Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Balzac, Hugo and Tolstoi. These are George Sand, Jane Austen and George Eliot, and of these three but one is universally accepted as holding a secure place in such company. The cable of woman's genius in literature is held at one end by Sappho in the remoteness of the Sixth Century, B. C., and stretches out through the centuries supported at the other end in this Nineteenth by George Eliot, and how few the hands which support the wire between

In the fine arts there have been woman sculptors, Harriet Hosmers, and Harriet Ketchams, but no one who can meet on equality with any of the list of great ones, Phidias, Michael Angelo, Canova, St Gaudens, or indeed our young Dan French. Angelica Kauffman, Rosa Bonheur, and Madame Le Brun have painted good pictures but none worthy of rank with the masters. There has been

no school of painting founded by a woman.

Turning to the most creative and original of arts, music. This was open to her before any other. From the days of the Lute and harpsichord she has interpreted music. She has studied the theory of music. General culture counts for less in music than in any of the other arts. No education was needed to make a Mozart compose a concerto at five years of age, too difficult for him to play. The insistency of musical genius finds expression in the poorest and meanest surroundings. Clara Schuman could better play and interpret the writings of her husband than could he. Everywhere the great composers have found women to be most moved by their music. Of that class of music in which women would most naturally find expression, in love and cradle songs, Rubenstein says, "I know no love duet composed by a woman, no cradle song, I do not say that there are none, only none composed by a woman which has art value, which could make it typical." Although women have for so long been students of music until recent years only Fanny Mendelssohn has any claim to good musical composition, and hers is but a claim. Until the present period in music which Rubenstein, quite impolitely, calls "an age of musical decadence" we scarcely had a name among the long list of musical composers.

Has this lack of creative faculty, and these other deficien-

encies, of woman, which we have considered, been due wholly to her education? Not in the usual sense. What education, what advantaged did Burns need as he addressed "The Daisy" or "The Field Mouse" while he plowed? What educationed Beethoven? Was Lincoln a college man?

But the inherited and accumulated effects of a training different from that of man has undoubtedly had its influence in producing these limitations of women.

The history of evolution in certain phases explains them in great part.

In the earliest forms of cellular life of which science takes cognizance, the two sexes are combined. In the primitive cell the powers of nutrition and reproduction are united. Gradually this cellular life becomes more complicated, organs for containing nutrition are developed. The simple cell separates into two distinct cells of sexual difference. From that unknown time of cellular life to this complex, elaborated one, there has been a distinct and vital difference in the physical structure of the two sexes.

That this difference will always have an influence on the temperament, and possibly on the mental attitude of the sexes is probable. The law of attraction of opposites is a strong and

abiding one.

Putting aside other forms of animal life, which yet illustrate many of the same laws, and considering only human life, we may trace from the beginning great results following on the differentiation of sex. The seeking out of the woman belongs to man; the bearing, nutrition and rearing of the young is woman's part. As a result of this the providing food, shelter and safety for the woman and her children is the man's work. When we reach the physically completed human being, man has already inherited from his half human ancestors a stronger and more active physical frame than has woman, produced by struggles and personal encounters with other males for the possession of the female or the coveted food, and intensified by the law of the survival of the fittest.

From the very outset, then, woman was at a certain disadvantage with man, because of the physical strength which he had gained from the physical struggles. Had the environment and conditions greatly changed in course of time this might have been lost. But the necessity for warding off the attacks of other savages who desired the possession of his wife or food, and for struggling with wild beasts in protecting his own, fortified his inheritance.

Necessity is not only the mother of invention; she is the mother of all virtues. The necessity which called men into active

struggle, while woman needed her strength and seclusion for the preservation of the offspring, developed a greater strength and courage in him than in her. From this greater physical strength and courage in man follows timidity in woman in her dealings with him. And physical timidity was the origin of her mental and moral timidity. This physical supremacy was the origin, as well as the continued cause, of the long submission of woman to man which has characterized her social history.

Personal encounter was always the final recourse in savage life. Of that woman could not avail herself. She knew that in encounter there lay defeat for her. But the desire to gain her end was by no means taken away from her as the man gained in physical strength. The desire for that which is not, ambition to gain an end, discontent with that which is, means life ----- without these traits there could have been no evolution. Since, then, her end was not to be gained by personal encounter as man gained his, she must resort to other than brute force. By wiles or strategy, by appealing to man's savage taste or vanity, she must lure him into yielding to her desires. And necessity developed in her, rather than man, tactfulness and methods of gaining her ends in other than the most straightforward and direct ways.

The inventive faculty, the origin of the creative arts, was

more largely developed in him than in her. The necessity for fashioning weapons of defense and building shelter for protection called out man's ingenuity. Not only this, it developed his interest in the abstract. The observation of the laws of construction became of interest to him where she was interested only in the final result. While his inventive faculty, cultivated and awakened his interest in things not purely personal, the necessities of her environment, the necessity of pleasing and studying him from whom her support came, of caring particularly for the helpless child, developed and increased her interest in things purely personal. Her sympathy, her intuitions, especially along those lines which served to protect her honor or her young, and her unselfishness were developed at the expense of an intellectual interest in the abstract and universal. The necessity for giving free expression to her emotions, in order to influence man, and the drain upon her nervous system by child bearing and nurture brought about a loss of control of the emotional nature and lessened the quality of emotions instead of deepening and intensifying them. Hysteria is not a sign of deep emotional nature, of a nature which has a strong reserve force of feeling, and hysteria is almost exclusively found among women. The self control of the Indian is no sign of a lack of feeling. The depth and intensity of his jealousy and hatred

is life enduring, while the volatile negro froths or goes into a trance with religious excitement, and forgets to-morrow. The reserve and control of the emotions tends to intensify them. And this, it seems to me, explains in a great measure, the lack of creative genius in woman. The recognition and absorbing interest in the universal laws whether of nature or of government, of humanity or of harmony, in music, color and expression, coupled with an intensity and depth and virility of emotion are necessary to produce a Newton, a Beethoven, a Michael Angelo or a Shakespeare. Without these we cannot have that "fine frenzy" which

"Doth glance from Heaven to earth,

from earth to Heaven - - -

And gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

But if this is acknowledged to be the way in which these qualities of courage and directness and creative genius had their origin what is the reason they were not handed down from the father to the daughter rather than to the son? A simple and natural question, but the answer brings us to the most absorbing scientific problem of the day. Here two schools of modern scientific thought confront us. The theory of evolution which teaches the growth of life from a simple cellular form is accepted by scientists almost universally. We no longer say an evolutionist any more than we say 'a gravitationist'. But there is a life and

death struggle amongst them as to certain phases of evolution .

The War of the Roses was a mild struggle for the inherited rights which one family had inherited over another, as compared with this modern warfare of of the scientists over the query whether or not a family or person can acquire anything which can be transmitted to it's descendants. The battle of heredity wages strong. The White Rose under Darwin's banner have for their motto "All that has been acquired, impressed or altered in the organization of the individual, during the course of his life, is preserved by generation and transmitted to the new individual springing from it."

While the Red Roses under Weismann claim back "No acquired habits tendencies or characteristics can be inherited. In the reproductive cells alone is inheritance carried on. These cells are isolated and uninfluenced by all that which influences the rest of the cells of the body. The variety of the human species and its greater perfection has come about by the various combinations of cells having a different cellular ancestry, and by the survival of the fittest."

Both sides have a strong array of forces and it is difficult for an unscientific person to foretell which will probably win.

But for several reasons, to the average person, the right seems to be more on the side of Darwin. General illustration from

history and from personal experience seem to prove Darwin's rather than Weiseman's theory. One striking example is the war-like qualities and great physical strength acquired by the Amazon Women and handed down to the women of their posterity. Furthermore the logical outcome of the theory of Weiseman is pure Fatalism. Habit and education according to him can in no wise affect posterity; for the reproductive cells are isolated from all influences which affect the rest of the body, the brain and the nervous system. That which one does or thinks has no effect on the future of the race, save in the marriage one makes and in the cellular combination that results in the offspring. Since such a theory brings confusion and discord into the laws of morality, upsets the fundamentals of ethics, until the Darwinian theory is clearly disproven, rather than at present simply questioned, the average unscientific mind seeking for the truth----- woman's mind at all events ---- will incline rather to the side of Darwin.

His laws of heredity are generally accepted. While he recognizes the difficulty of generalization in so complicated a matter as heredity he lays down the following proposition which he clearly illustrates by physical examples.

"Acquired habits or variations from the general rule, not only are inherited, but those which are acquired after maturity have a

strong tendency to develop only in the sex in which they originated." These he calls the secondary sexual qualities. Later he adds, "Since we know certain qualities develop in the male offspring which he could have inherited only from his male ancestors on his mother's side we must recognize that while these tendencies acquired after maturity develop actively in the same sex in which they were found originally, they must be latent in the other sex."

Thank Heaven for this latency! Upon this incidentally recognized truth we must build our future hopes.

But before considering the possibility of women developing their latencies, would we agree that they should do so? Would the future of the race be better for such a development?

Since we recognize the physical distinction between the sexes which always has, and so far as we can see, always will exist,

ought we not to try to maintain in other ways a vital difference?

Would not women's courage increase at the expense of her delicacy and modesty? Does not her very shrinking from that which is not pleasing, even though it be the truth, preserve her purity?

Does not her tactfulness smooth down the ruggedness and disagreeable phases of life and give it charm?

If it be true that the recognition of the universal, and a

of strong emotion be necessary to great creative

genius, would not the personal view, the altruistic, and the unselfish ways be lost were women to acquire to any great degree the creative genius? We think they would not.

If women were the only natures evolving, and men were to remain with those qualities only which he has developed most largely, it might indeed be a dangerous thing for women to cease cultivating to the utmost their peculiar qualities. But fortunately as civilization has changed and environment has altered, man, too, has had a share in developing gradually his latencies. We need not be fearful that the world world can go far wrong in a moral sense, when a Tennyson, a Browning, a Lincoln, a Gladstone, and a Phillips Brooks, are the products of an age when women have made more progress toward developing their mental powers than in centuries preceeding.

Shall we be Jesuits, and in order that good may come, choose cowardice and indirectness and mental weakness; for it is mental weakness to fail to grasp those things which are not purely personal.

The heredity of ages is slow to be overcome, but nature's great law of necessity will settle the problem. Already the civilization of man and the inventions of science have lessened the social and market value of muscular strength. Since personal en-

counter is not now the last resort woman is free from the necessity of using indirect methods. She may speak the truth; she may make a demand; she may insist upon a right, and know that in so doing, she will suffer no personal violence. This is not so new a social condition as one at first might think, but the long inherited tendencies toward cowardice cannot be overcome in the small period of a century. We may in time reach the high pinnacle where a fashion which we do not want will be laughed out of woman's world. But we have a long road yet to travel before our moral courage will be a perfect antidote to the poison of ridicule. Intuition may go down when knowledge comes up. Man does not now roost in trees. He reaches his chamber by stairs. He guards his habitation with door and bolt. The monkey instinct is supplanted by reason, and is dying. Our accumulating and growing knowledge has not the need of woman's intuition as savagery had. Innocence is no such power as is the knowledge which knows and yet refrains. Parental affection which needed such intense development in woman during the ages when man was hewing his way through the forests of primitive knowledge, is not now confined to her alone; but unselfish love, thought, not only for the provision of but for the training and education of the young, is being shared with man.

Man needs more in woman now than formerly, and mental compari-

ionship is a Nineteenth century requisite in wives.

Inventions have taken from women the necessity, which was her grand-mother's part, of confining her thoughts to the home.

And I am led to the inevitable conclusion that the requirements and demands which civilization is making, which tend to render woman more direct and fearless, which make her more cognizant more vitally, interested in the abstract world, where the little "I" is lost sight of, which tend to conserve rather than to scatter her emotional nature and give it power and vitality --- tend greatly and rightfully to free her from the limitations of the past and present.

Des Moines, Iowa, April 10, A.D., 1895.

MR. CHARLOTTE EMERSON BROWN, PRESIDENT.
East Orange, New Jersey.
MR. JULIA PLATO HARVEY, 1ST V. PRESIDENT.
Geneva, Illinois.
MR. J. C. CROLY, RECORDING SECRETARY.
324 West 57th Street, N. Y. City.

General Federation OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

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AUDITOR,
Malden, Mass.

87 Chestnut St.
East Orange, N. J.
Sept. 14 1893

Dear Mrs. Bay.

Miss Emerson who

has charge of the G. F. W. C. Exhibit in Chicago
writes me that you would like to have
some impressions from our badge
stamp & I take pleasure in sending
it to you. Mrs. Bates & Miss
Emerson & hosts of visitors to our
space give glowing accounts of
the Des Moines exhibit. I have had
a very minute description of it and
know it must be surpassingly fine
in every respect. I should like to

read every word it contains. The
Des Moines ladies must be justly
proud of its beauty and excellence.

With congratulations & good
wishes for the Des Moines Women's
Club I am

Very cordially yours

Charlotte Emerson Brown

P.S. I think you can use the
upper part of the badge stamp very
well - kindly return it when
you have used it as we may
need it for Phila -

J U V E N I L E L I T E R A T U R E

MARCH 27, 1895.

BY

C L I V E M c H E N R Y .

J U V E N I L E L I T E R A T U R E .

Literature is our legacy from the great minds of all countries and of all ages. It is what mankind has selected and preserved for posterity and it includes stories, fables, songs and poems for all stages of childhood.

To select from the literature of the past and the present that material best suited to the needs of children should be the aim of those who have charge of the education of the young. That literature excels all other influences in its power to move the heart and will is already granted. It follows then that children must be provided with reading that will make them better as well as wiser, for there is no question that the right kind of literature furthers the child's intellectual processes.

Froebel

~~Froebel~~ held that "each age has a completeness of its own, and that the perfection of a later stage can be attained only through the perfection of the earlier. If the infant is what he should be as an infant, and the child as a child, he will be what he should be as a boy, each stage should attain its own perfection."

A philosophy that desires the perfection of childhood as we desire the perfection of a flower, will cease to teach a child to read that he may enjoy good books, only when he is older, but it will desire him to know all the stories, books and poems that belong to an ideal childhood.

It is a remarkable coincidence that in the closing years of the last century, the child should have been introduced into literature and at the same time should have begun the process of formation of a literature which has for its audience, children themselves.

To Wordsworth we may ascribe the discovery of childhood since to him is due its introduction into literature. Before Wordsworth, children had been recognized as existing, only, however, as pigmy men. But childhood has a life of its own, separate and distinct from all other, and it is somewhat strange that the great authors regarded children with so little insight. For though they may not have been intimately associated with the young, yet every person has the privilege of remembering his own childhood. ^{It is} ~~It is~~ not really a strange thing considering how long children have been in the world, and that every one has once been a child, that so many people fail to understand ^{them?} Wordsworth's poem of Alice Fell in which he describes with clear poetic insight the sorrow of the little girl whose old cloak was torn, was received with such derision by the critics that it was withdrawn from publication. Yet such is the difference between the audience of that day and of this, that Alice Fell appears as a matter of course in nearly all collections of poetry for children, and is read by men and women with positive sympathy and tenderness for the furlorn little girl without questioning the right of the poem to existence.

Wordsworth discovered the solitary element in childhood and as no one had done before, invested it with a fine spiritual and ethical quality. The misery, the grief of childhood is conceived of as a real thing, measured by the child's mind into which we enter, and not by our standards of pain and loss. Wordsworth in entering the child's mind identified himself with it completely.

The child is no longer a novelty in literature, but is an accepted character, one of the *dramatis personae* whom we expect and for whose appearance there is no longer any thought of apology. Scarcely had the echoes died away from the voice of Wordsworth who ushered in the literature of the new age, when that great man of the people, Dickens, came forward and found it the most natural thing in the world to give men pictures of childhood, and after the first surprise was over, writers of all sorts were busy with these same little figures.

The first appearance of a new form in literature produces an impression that can never be repeated. He who ^{now} reads Dickens can not experience what must have been the sensation of those who first read of Little Nell and the other small actors in his Novels. But the child once introduced into literature, the significance is not so much in individual instances, as in the general and familiar acceptance of the phenomenon.

It is interesting to notice the correlation in time between the introduction of children into literature and the formation of a literature for children. And to notice, also, that while the great constructive artists have been busy making room for the figures of infancy and youth, and explaining their presence- a host of minor writers without much thought of art have been busy over the same little figures for another purpose. And in several instances the great artists themselves have withdrawn from their ordinary audiences and have appealed directly to children.

Before Goldsmith wrote "Goody Two Shoes" there were properly speaking, no books for children. There were songs and unwritten stories and poems that the Mothers told to the children in the nursery, but the time came when children were recognized as the proper audience of a formal literature, and authors and publishers began to heed a new public. It followed as a matter of course after the discovery of this new audience that there was an effort of men and women to appeal to it, and to hold direct intercourse with it. By a natural instinct the writers for children began at once to write about children. But they were moved by educational rather than by artistic impulses, so that their creations were subordinated to the lessons they were to convey. Alongside were two schools, one which idealized childhood and saw in it artistic

possibilities. This school was represented by Wordsworth, Lamb, DeQuincy and others. While in the other school, flourished a sturdy realism which had for its representatives Mrs. Barebavld, whom Coleridge jibes at as that "personasm of nakedness- Mrs Bare-bald-" Marie Edgeworth, the Aikens, Ann and Jane Taylor and various writers of "hymns and infant songs."

We should expect to encounter considerable difficulty if we tried to persuade the youth of to-day to subsist on the Bill of Fare provided by these last. ()

These realistic books assume the air of wise teachers. They appealed to the understanding not to the imagination of the child and they abounded in all sorts of useful information about all sorts of subjects. They were frequently lively and even humorous in their portraiture of children. They were written out of a serious interest in children by those who were accustomed to watch the unfolding of the young. But the actual relation of these writers to children was a formal one. The young had not yet come into genial and familiar relation with older people. But although they seem so stiff and formal to us, they must have seemed quite easy and unconventional to their first readers, and indeed, these first juvenile authors broke down some of the stiff and formal reserve that existed between parents and children, and children and their teachers. This literature had all the embarrassments of

beginnings. There was an uncertain groping in the dark, but it had all the marks of sincerity. For it was mainly as a work of education that this new interest in children found expression, but gradually there has been mingled with it, a more artistic purpose, and these two tendencies have ever since been recognizable, sometimes separate, but oftener ^{Combined.} We all recognize that there is a distinct class of literature which has grown up almost within the memory of men now living, which invites the attention of authors and the criticisms of reviewers. It has its own subdivisions, its own cyclopedias, and its own commentaries. It includes histories, travels, poems, works on art and even theological treatise².

It is idle to complain of the abundance of children's books, nor is it worth while to look upon them with contempt. We must study them and direct them into proper channels.

The distinction between books for the adult and books for the young is an arbitrary one, and it is not well for the world that it should be made. Should not children have the best and richest of everything, and should not the adult be kept young and his sympathies fresh by enjoying with the young whatever is good for them?

One of the most difficult of questions to answer is what shall

be recommended to children to read? And yet, there are certain considerations that help us in deciding it. In a general way we can determine the characteristics of good literature, leaving to individual tastes the matter of the selection. In literature what seems best to the taste and appreciation of those who are called literary, often fails to please ordinary readers; subtle phases of thought, heightened style, ^{moods} ~~Novels~~ lifted above plain sensations or plain sensations made great by the simplicity of genius do not appeal to the majority of intelligent people even. The classics of our prose and poetry are not popularly read, and where they are read, what appeals there to a few, is quite missed by many. For the great majority think coarsely, feel bluntly, and are not sensitive to art and beauty. Yet most of them can think and feel and are in some measure susceptible to aesthetic pleasure.

So while it may not be possible to establish just what books children should read, it is yet proper to determine what class of literature ^{which} shall compose the bulk of the child's reading.

It must begin with fairy story and folk lore. For the fairy story always ends just right and although the stories contain more than the child can comprehend, he can apprehend it, which is much the way with grown people after all. And we can not know how much of the deeper significance of the story has sunk into the child's mind. It is a mistake to suppose that the child will tell

all that the story contains for him, which is also the way with grown people, for the finest ethical effect produced on the reader of classic or other good literature, he finds it impossible to express in words.

What would modern civilization be if enriched by no fancies of an earlier people? What would life be with no memories of a childhood in which the fair^{ies} danced on the green and even the trees and the flowers talked? Is it not well that Aladin's lamp has still the power to satisfy in fancy a child's desires?

An acquaintance with many of the fictitious characters in Children's literature belongs to a general intelligence. Should a child then remain in ignorance of Bopeep? Cock-Robin, Tom Thumb? and Red-Riding-Hood? Should he not know of the forty thieves and their "open sesame?" And at some age he should hear the stories of mythology with which all literature is enriched.

In the fascinating interest of this kind of literature lies a danger that must be guarded against by parents and teachers by cultivating a taste for science and history. The child should be provided with literature adapted to each stage of his growth. It should be broad, inspiring him to good deeds, interesting him in nature, in the sources of art and poetry, and in the love of Country. It should fill the heart with refined feelings and the mind with beautiful imaginings.

Many of the Children's stories are so realistic that they contain no appeal to the imagination, and for this they should be condemned. For the first characteristic that literature for young children should possess is this appeal to the imagination. And we find this appeal in the fairy story, in poetry, and in the romance in its ^{true} ~~time~~ and poetic significance. It is a mistake to give the child literature that is written down to his comprehension, for he likes to hear and read the same story many times, and it should contain something that can not all be comprehended at the first reading, or it will not be developing to his mind. The best only should be set before him, otherwise he is liable to become confused in his efforts to choose between the true and ^{the} false.

To the literature which children read, and that which is illustrative of Childhood, Andersen has made an entirely unique contribution. The work by which he is best known is an artistic creation of precisely the same order that is common in children. It is human life repeated in miniature, under circumstances which give a charming and unexpected variety, ~~He~~ makes souls pass into tin soldiers, balls- animals, and even such an attenuated individuals as a darning needle. And they always make themselves manifest in perfect consistency with the ordinary conditions of such bodies. He puts the soul into the darning needle, but he has

perceived the limitations of the life he is portraying so nicely that while he is often on the verge of absurdity, he never loses his balance.

In his wonder stories Andersen has not the didactic spirit of the old fable, with its moral always so conspicuously tacked on, but his realm is the imagination, and the personality of the animals or the objects determines the movement of the story. As for example, in the story of the beetle in the Emperor's stable, He is envious that the Emperor's horse wears golden shoes, and stretches out his thin legs that his feet may be shod. But finding they are to receive no attention he resolves to afflict all concerned by leaving the stable instantly. So he wanders away and after various unpleasant experiences he concludes that it was on his account that the golden shoes were given to the Emperor's horse, so he returns to the stable. In his person he shows that egotism, self-conceit, pride at being proud are the furniture of little souls. In all of these stories there is a shrewdness as of a very keen observer of human life, although at first the author seems to be a sentimentalist. The satire of the "Emperor's New Clothes." and the "Swiftest Runners" shows the characteristics of the shrewd observer very keenly, and humor is a prominent characteristic of them all.

It is said by many that the charm of Anderson's stories is that they are childish, but it is impossible for a mature mind to read them without detecting marks of experience. There is a subtle undercurrent of wisdom that has nothing to do with childishness. And the child returns to the same story again and again to find each time a deeper significance than it was possible for him to apprehend at the first reading. The spirit that moves through the story comes from a mind that has seen and felt the life of the story in some broader coarser form.

The story of the Ugly Duckling is a representation of Anderson's own sorrowful and finally triumphant life. He is was that was born in a duck yard, although he had lain in the egg of the swan. Yet the child who hears the story or reads it never for one moment has his mind withdrawn from the duckling to have it transferred to a human being. The nice sense of artistic limitations saves Anderson from making the older thought obtrude itself upon the child. His power of placing himself at the same angle of vision as the child is shown in all these stories, and especially in the story of "Great Klaus and Little klaus." where death is treated as a mere incident.

Now that Anderson has told his stories, we have plenty of writers for children, who are attempting the same thing, sometimes

with moderate success. But Anderson's² work has been a genuine addition to literary forms. He heralds the approach of that disposition in fiction to described things as they are, and within the narrow limits of his miniature story, he shows us that he has a deep sense^{of} life and a fine perception of the intrinsic value of common forms.

Among our American writers we have one whose characteristics supplement Anderson's². This is Hawthorne. And he is the most masterly of all our Authors who have written for an audience of children. Of most of the books written for children it is safe to predict only a short life. Indeed many of them even now are crumbling away. But those who know Hawthorne's little books do not hesitate to prophesy for them an eternity of fame. In "Grand-Father's Chair" "Tanglewood Tales" and the "Wonder Book" he has repeated many old tales with a joyous playfulness through which shines a living^o paternal spirit. As we read Hawthorne's note books and the story of his life, we are deeply impressed by the account of his pleasant relations not only to his own, but to all children. And this relation was a sign of the profound humanity which was the deep spring of his writing. The accounts given of the way he spent his evenings with his children, reading aloud to them, contain a suggestion which enables us to answer the question so often heard, "How to cultivate in children a

taste for good reading."

During the evenings of one memorable Winter Hawthorne read aloud to his children all of Scott's novels. It is safe to venture that very few of the parents who complain of what their children read have read aloud with them all or even one of Scott's Novels.

This absence of community of taste between the children and their parents is shown in many of the books for the young, in which the children are represented as growing up without the love and care and companionship of their parents.

Boys, of course, are fond of intense energy in action, and the fondness is appealed to in the books written for them. This is all right under certain limitations, travels and adventures properly told ought to interest all healthy minds. But in many of the books written for boys the ^{general} ~~greatest~~ spirit is of a boy who runs away from home, has many adventures, becomes wealthy, returns, marries the prettiest girl in town and all live happy ever after. The more impossible the situation into which his daring spirit lead him, the more impossible the manner in which he gets out of them, the more thumbmarks the book has on the margin.

The girl's books, many of them, run to a sentimentality that is exceedingly morbid, especially the kind we call "Goody-Goody"

Here we see a girl forsaking dolls and healthy games, filled with a desire to have a mission, and she begins by trying to reform her own parents, and dies when she has about accomplished her work.

It is no wonder the children begin to think their parents a detriment to their proper development, and feel restive under restrictions and unwilling to take their parent's advice.

A teacher of history at one time was conducting a lesson in which the lines of Andrew Jackson and John Quincy Adams were contrasted; at the close of the exercise she asked if there was any circumstance in his life which gave Jackson an advantage over Adams, and was almost stunned by the reply from one of the members of the class, that there was: "Jackson's father died before ^{Jackson} ~~he~~ was born, and his Mother died when he was yet a little boy."

The spectacle of a healthy family life, in which children live and move joyously is certainly not so ^{rare} ~~rare~~ that the writers of the present day would be accused of romancing if they were to bring the wise father and mother back into literature.

It is ^{of} the greatest importance to develop a love of history in early life. As no one can be well read without a fair knowledge of the past. We can not understand people without knowing something of their past.

Some of the best thoughts of a writer depending as they do

upon allusion to historic events or persons are entirely lost to the reader not familiar with history. It is so, too, with the Bible references with which all literature is enriched. We find that children and grown people even, do not get the best out of the Author's thought because the Bible is an unknown book to them. In our common schools the only pupils who know anything of the Bible are the children of Jewish parents. A knowledge of the bible belongs to a general intelligence and the reading of it should be insisted upon as a literary exercise. Some knowledge of Bible stories must be assumed, but it is singular how the intelligent boys and girls accustomed to attend Sunday School regularly can grow up with so little knowledge of the Bible.

We do not allow the reading of the Bible in our Schools. This work then must be left in charge of the home. But there is still another reason why history must be read. The tracing of great events from cause to effect unfolds the mind.

We suffer and enjoy with the struggling mortals of the past and pass through their very experiences and are able to reap their rewards, while we avoid their mistakes. One who loves history will always find time for reading it, but he will not find time for reading those novels which we all describe in the same one word - "Cheap"

In developing a love of history in children, leading epochs should be selected from the great histories, with such information added as will be necessary for a complete understanding of the extract, Supplemented by poetry, historical novels and biography.

It is strange that there should be a prejudice against the historical novel. The human race has recorded its development in various ways. These can be divided into two general classes known as History and Art. Art is here used in its larger meaning which includes music, poetry, fiction and all other forms of expression in which beauty is an essential element. Under the term "History" we seem to include those thoughts and emotions that have been participated in by masses of humankind, and which they have embodied in the ^objective form as deeds, The family, The Church, The State and the social order not included in these have left the record of the processes of their developements in the ^{la} achievements, ~~of~~ accounts of which have been handed down to posterity by the historians of the different epochs. These achievements were those of nations and races rather than of individuals, and may be called ^objective history. The records of these deeds are valuable only because, and to the extent that they show the spiritual struggles and growth of mankind.

The record of the spiritual developement of man we find in literature. This differs ^{from} in history in that it does not seek so

much to know the exact *overt* acts of men as to reveal the inner subjective springs of action. This may be called Subjective History. Its great historians look within and find there what is in the heart and brain of humanity. The greatest of them make such a record of these things that individual men of every degree find in it a revelation of themselves. For a great man's revelation of himself is a revelation of the race.

These historians work untrammelled by the facts of history. They make their own facts, that is, they are able to predict from their own facts what might follow the natural and unimpeded activity of a commanding idea. (~~Shall I mention Mexican War, and give other illustrations?~~)

The facts of History are often faults ^{to} the spirit of the times. And natives ^{one} as well as individuals sometimes act falsehoods. These ^{obstruct} ~~abstract~~ or retard the natural developement of nations as well as of individuals. So it comes about that the statement "that nothing is so false as a single fact" passes current with many as a proverb. The statement of the same idea in negative form ^{is} ~~to~~ that "fiction is sometimes truer than history."

The Historical Novel is one form of this subjective History. The epic poem is another. In the novel the Author assumes to write in the spirit of the period he portrays and to represent the conflict between the different ideas that are struggling for leader-

ship. The degree of force and accuracy of this representation will depend upon the artistic power of the Author. The value of the production will depend upon this power, and also upon the importance to the advancement of civilization of the principles which are engaged in the conflict which the novel describes. Next to Shakespeare, it is probable that Walter Scott is regarded as the greatest of all historical novelists.

Shakespeare's Historical dramas easily hold the first rank against all competitors for the greatness of the principles struggling for supremacy, and for the consummate skill with which the artist has painted the conflict. There is a descending gradation of artists below these, some of whose works are in every way unprofitable, and merit all the censure that some ~~understanding~~ critics have uttered against historical novels in general. Whether a historical novel is profitable or worthless depends in the first place upon the Novel, and in the second place upon the ability of the reader to read between or under the lines.

A similar classification may be made in regard to biography. Objective Biography relates the events in the life of an individual and describes the influences ^{that} prompted the acts. The Subjective Biographer supposes a certain ~~environment~~ ^{non} and paints the growth of character stimulated by it. The great portrait painter is not

he who represents his subject as he is at any one limited period of his life, but is he who can sieze upon the principles of action of that life and paint the man whom these have produced. In actual life, the deeds of a man are often false to his real character.

A picture of Abraham Lincoln as he appeared when lying on the grass in the Court House yard telling a story to a group of his admirers, would not be a true picture of Lincoln even at that period of his life. Every true Historian or Biographer must be an idealist as well as a realist. Indeed the facts he makes use of must be subordinated to his ideal. This ideal is the substatium from which spring those deeds that characterize the life in its truest and most earnest moments, while much that appears upon the surface of the life has very little permanent and organic relation to it. It is not easy therefore to paint out the difference between the historical novelist and the true historian of facts. They are alike in that they both have an idea to express for which they are to marshal their facts. They are unlike in that the one limits himself to the material which he supposes to be facts. While the other creates his own facts.

The greatest historian of the transition period in England from the epoch of Feudalism to that of the English constitution has not presented a truer picture than has Walter Scott in Ivanhoe.

has any historian ⁻²⁰⁻ better represented the

Nor ^{is} difference between the eastern and western civilization in the time of the Crusades than this same novelist in the Talisman, and besides, these stories are so interesting and beautiful that the ordinary reader will easily carry them in the memory ^{when} ~~where~~ the Historian's truer narrative will be forgotten.

In reading the story of the French Revolution, the facts of history are illuminated by the light that may be poured on them by reading Victor Hugo's "93" and Dicken's "Tale of Two Cities"

George Eliot's "Romola" will impress upon one the spirit of the life and times of Savonarola as no mere record of the events would do.

These reflections lead us to the conclusion that the subjective historian or historical novelist deals with the external ideas and principles which he has discovered from the study of actual events. But he undertakes to create a series of events which might have occurred and did not and form them into a work of art in which the spirit of the times ^{is} ~~is~~ relatively free to work its will. Both his actors and their deeds are imaginary, but they ^{are of} ~~are~~ such a character as to fit the period in which they are supposed to have existed. The artist is thus left free to construct his work of art with due regard to the requirements of beauty. He transforms the actual living of the period into an ideal living world of that period. When a great artist, which is another name

for a great man performs such a service for mankind, he is a very bold man who declares that service worthless.

We often hear the question "Should the child's reading be scientific or literary?" It seems strange that every one should not answer "Both" to this question. But there are some people who believe so conscientiously in reality that they would deny to children all stories not founded upon fact.

Such a course upon the part of the Puritans is said to be responsible for the materialistic views held by many of their descendants.

Imaginative Literature on the contrary leads the mind through cultivation of the imagination to accept spiritual truths. The imagination is the great religious faculty, and it is the developed imagination only that is capable of grasping spiritual truth and beauty. Imaginative Literature gives to the child at an age when he can most enjoy them, all those stories which are the source of art and poetry, and satisfies him by providing him an ideal world in which all the people sympathize with him and all his wishes are granted.

Contemplate for one moment the power over children of the person who tells to them or reads to them stories. First of all the Mother who hears the evening prayer and tells the story while slumber gently comes to enfold the little listener who stores it away in his memory. Then, little actor as he is, he reproduces

it in his play when the next day he ~~akes~~^wakes as fresh as if newly created to resume again those activities which finally send him ready at bed-time to listen to the same old story told again, or to some new one that is to hold him in its spell. Ask him what story he would like to hear and see how rarely he asks for a new one. He asks more often for some old one that the narrator\ has become weary of repeating. But the listner hears it with never decreasing pleasure while the ethical content sinks deep into his moral consciousness to bring forth fruit in days to come. Scudder says: "There is no academy on earth equal to a Mother reading to her child." Then the Teacher next to the Mother has through this same means an almost unlimited power. The stories used in the school-room are shaping the sentiments of the hearer, all unconscious that anything is going on in him except amusement.

This love of children for stories is universal. No other blandishment is so affective as the promise of a story, and herein lies the power of the Story-teller to develope in the child the love for good literature that must be his solace in trouble, his companion in loneliness, and his safeguard from temptation by providing him with occupation for his leisure moments. Temptation rarely assails busy people during their hours of occupation, but the hours of/ leisure must be provided for that one may find safety in his recreations.

The stories selected for children should always have an ethical content, but no attempt should be made to make a moral too obvious. If the story has too much of a moral attached to it, the child is likely to repudiate it altogether.

The best time for the introduction of the child to the best literature of the world, is the time usually spent by him in our common schools, and the movement for providing the children with good literature must center in the schools. And Teachers are everywhere waking up to the realization of the power they may have in this direction. The best part of the education of the young is their interest in good literature and their power to read it with apprehension, if not with comprehension, as was said before.

The Teacher's choice of books for the young is already influencing Publishers and Authors. Better reading matter is now selected for the schools, and instead of the garbled selections of former years, we now have many classic selections entire. The requirements made upon the schools by the general public, however, do not allow ~~of us~~ as much time to be spent on literature as seems wise to many of those in school work. Those who are associated with the young have great faith in the power of noble literature when brought into contrast with their fresh minds.

A wise selection is the one thing needful in providing books for the young, a selection which contains healthy food for the

hungry imagination. A selection which contains an appeal to the child's nature and understanding. And these books should not be so much the books written for children, as the books written out of minds that have not lost their childhood that ought to form the great body of reading matter that should be classic for the young.

We must recognize that some books are set apart as especially for the young, but it is a great mistake to provide them with no other.

And it can not be too often said that the way in which to cultivate a love for good literature in children is to read it with them. Most children like to work, to study and to do almost anything if some elder person will do the same thing with them.

The little girl will enjoy washing dishes, or cooking or any kind of work she usually tries to avoid if the Mother will engage in it at the same time.

If the boy's father saws wood, or carries in coal, or shovels ashes with him, the boy will enjoy doing what he now does only upon compulsion if he must leave his mates and work alone.

There is another consideration why parents should read with the children, that of strengthening ties which comes from two people's reading the same book. Each unconsciously giving the other his interpretation of it. It will be seen how in this simple habit

of reading aloud lies a power too fine for analysis and stronger than iron in welding souls together.

No one who is concerned in the training of the young can escape the responsibility of selecting proper literature for them. Nor can he escape the further duty of trying to cultivate in the child a love for good literature, since it is ^{to} ~~the~~ influence forever the developement of his character.

THE VALUE OF THE PURPOSE NOVEL

A Paper read by—

Mrs Jennie Munger Ballard

Before the

DES MOINES WOMENS CLUB

February twenty seventh.

Eighteen hundred and ninety five.



The Value of the Purpose Novel.

How far imaginative literature influences the age in which it lives is a source of curious inquiry. Indeed, so prominent a place has the question held through many years in the curriculum of popular discussion, that one might easily be forgiven for believing the theme well nigh exhausted. But, on the contrary, so much of freshness, crispness, suggestiveness, has characterized the opinions that year by year have appeared regarding it, that they simply invite a repetition of the query, and thus has the question revolved on the axis of time, propelled by the motor of public opinion, which, like a veritable Penelope, weaves and unravels her literary fabric, leaving traces in the web as it unfolds which remain to vary the form and character, and hence the influence and value of the creations which are sure to follow; for each generation (History has conclusively proven to us) has its own literature as it has its own law.

Perhaps to no form in the entire realm of literary Art has such rare freedom been accorded as that enjoyed (until recent years) by the novel. Her creators granted from

the beginning perfect liberty to develop any ray of genius or special faculty it might be their fortune to possess, unfettered by the trammels of the pedantry and prescription, unbound by the unities which mark the drama, free from the laws governing rythm, and the formidable dignity presiding over history. It has been said that innumerable early poets filled untimely graves because of a Virgil. That much dramatic genius has been wasted because its author could not be a Sophocles.

Volleys of curses have fallen on the heads of worthy historians because the world had once known a Sallust or a Tacitus, while myriads of critics are ready to acknowledge that the hand of imbecile rule sounded the death knell of Epic Poetry.

The novel alone, according to the unwritten law of the ages, has, almost like the very winds, gone where she listeth. More than four centuries have elapsed since this interesting offspring of Grecian romance touched the first notes on life's literary sounding board, the child, we are told, of decline, born but to amuse the idle intellect of the decaying civilization of classic Greece. But, if we mark its career, we cannot fail to have observed that, like many a feeble child of earth, weak and aimless

in its beginning, unhampered and encouraged, fed by the nutritious streams of life and learning, has thriven and grown, and as she ran has read that life has a deeper meaning, e'en for books than idle dreaming.

The novel has traveled far from its original source; has emerged from the forests where Robin Hood and Friar Tuck plied their trades; straying far from Arcadia's shore where Prince and Princess sang their lives away in idle contentment. She has dissipated the scented moonlight in which Edwin and Angeline declared their eternal constancy, and to-day she stands forth in the clear, strong sunshine of the broad day time of life, no longer simply an amusing castle building child, but a powerful and acknowledged Queen of many subjects, the mother of the most voluminous and perhaps the most influential family known to literature.

Of all the novel children, the most precocious and least bidable has proven one of her youngest, the daughter with a purpose, who with all the vigor and independence of the 19th century which gave her birth, scorns the freedom which has seemed the natural heritage of her race,

deeming it but the freedom of Bohemia, which is simply of too little importance to be noticed, and, realizing the influence her family should and does exert in the world today, demands the attention of a thoughtful public through the multiplicity of her forces, and a respectful hearing through deeds of valor already accomplished by a noble ancestry.

By her dauntless courage, freedom of speech and denial of limitation, has this daughter of purpose called down on the heads of the entire novel family a volley of notice and criticism unprecedented. Indeed, the past year has been perhaps fittingly termed "The days of inquisition" and literary vivisection the interest of the hour, and particularly in the novel world, for with purpose or without, political or mere romantic tale, the novel mirthful or the novel melancholy must expect to be dissected. But the wily sword which has been so ruthlessly aimed at an entire specie this year has become one of discrimination, striking, as it were, with the apparent aim of decapitation at the novel with a purpose.

The family of Purpose Novel is more ancient and

honored than would at first appear from the recent date of its christening. Indeed, it boasts a lineage of which it may be justly proud, extending from the dawning of the present century; of whose form and style it seems not fitting to blush, since, as the inspired thinker has so prettily expressed it, "Prophets of old used much by parable to set forth truth; yea whoso considers the Apostles too can plainly see the truths in their day, in such mantles be."

Let us glance for a moment at the family tree of Purpose Fiction. Let us view the faces of some of its authors and review briefly the work they have accomplished. Would we visit the very birth-place of a novel with a mission we must cross the broad Atlantic, tread our way over the green hills and fertile valleys of merry England until we pause at the doorway of a pretty cottage in which was born, 1767, Maria Edgeworth, the English authoress, to whom perhaps the world is indebted for the first novel written with direct purpose. Miss Edgeworth's mind was cast in a similar mold with that of Frances Willard, with her she believed that no work in life is worth attempting which meant not in its completion the uplifting of some human creature, the broadening and brightening of some

pathway. That time is the material of which life is made and that by the very laws of nature, God must punish those who kill instead of cultivate it. That truth and generosity must be our torches through life, lighted by sparks from the golden rule. She believed that the education of our children should be freely seasoned with this thought and feeling and by means of it the quality of selfishness, with which most of the human family have been so generously endowed, might be eliminated from catalogue of characteristics possessed. In the novels which she wrote illustrative of these ideas, the effect of this kind of an education was so vividly portrayed that, as has been truly said, the characters seemed to step from their very pages to proclaim the truth.

Miss Edgeworth's children's stories were among the first contributions to juvenile literature. "Helen", in which she so faithfully emphasizes the evils arising from untruthfulness, being a fine example of this noble woman's rare ability to combine entertainment and moral elevation. The last many years of her life were spent in Ireland, and from the fulness of her great heart, fed by actual observation, she gave to the world a true exposition of Ireland's

wrongs. "Castle Rackrent," which sympathetically and dramatically sets forth the trials, both of landlords and tenants, proved very popular. Maria Edgeworth's works are not widely sought to-day but the influence breathes forth as perfumed incense not only in our kindergarten airs but in the mottoes which adorn our school room walls, and the ripened fruit is seen in the liberality with which time and money are given to less fortunate ones, and the readiness with which people of gentle breeding waive more congenial pursuits to visit places of sickness and squallor, nay, even degradation that lives may be brightened and humanity lifted to a higher plane of living.

Closely in the wake of this thoughtful woman followed a writer whose genius stirred the hearts of men as has seldom been known in the history of letters. I need scarcely mention the name of Charles Dickens, whose magnetic pen through the medium of purpose novels has wrought so many reforms; so much educational progress and engendered such wide spread interest in the poor and unfortunate. His a pen that at every stroke could call forth a smile or a tear. But every shadow that swept the brow of his brain children brought through sympathy inspired floods of sun-

light into many a real darkened home. How much poorer would the world have been! how much sadder! how much narrower, had this genius been directed in a different channel; had this God-given picturesqueness of power been used descriptive of things unattainable; mere fairy tales in mortal guise. The immortal glory of Charles Dickens' works are not told by the immediate and unprecedented popularity but by their action on the minds of men causing them to feel shame at neglect of suffering, stirring their innermost souls to prevent wrong. For forty years have the writings of this great novelist held their place in public esteem without sensible diminution. Should it ever happen, as has been sadly foreboded, that these works with most that is admirable in literature must sink neath the rapid accumulation of fresh productions, the most pessimistic must admit that the fruits which they have born must remain to win for the future seeds of good.

Charles Reade's noble talents have been largely thrown in the direction of humanity through a series of powerful purpose novels, whose worth as factors of good have been acknowledged the world over. Notably might be mentioned "Hard Cash," called into being for purpose of enlisting

sympathy for the abused inmates of insane hospitals. So forcibly were the terrible facts set forth that they actually awakened official investigation and ultimately wrought a change in E. lunacy laws, and thus, as Whittier has so prettily expressed it, "Moved a dark world nearer to the sun."

The novels of Disraeli aimed at Fenians, communists, and Jesuits, have in their way exerted a marked influence for good, and if from their depth and style they have not met as cordial welcome as stories of a different type, they have had at least had a wider hearing than an essay, a treatise, a monograph, on a similar subject would have dared hope for.

Perhaps no country could with more profit, employ the winnowing process to its fiction than France, its chaff thrown away, its wheat preserved, for their is wheat and that of the very best quality.

We will, however, only pause to note the great masterpiece of the great master Victor Hugo, the greatest of all purpose novels, Les Misérables. Perhaps it is quite as much like an epic as a novel. What form of literature would not gladly claim her as its own. So broad a survey of human life does it take, that like Love in lifting up

the harp of life, it strikes on all its cords with might. It inspires one to be noble and highly sympathetic. In what close relationship does it place the austere, the cruel, the beautiful, the humorous, leaving few phases of life untouched; yet in every touch there is interest, inspiration, power. This work has been called the result of all time and must surely prove a lamp of truth through all the ages. Nay, more, a searchlight as it were, thrown simultaneously through the volts of nine different languages, to help a sinful world to see more clearly the better ways of living.

But, as glowing as are these pages of purpose novel history, we must turn them hastily, not closing, however, the volume until we have noted a few of the shining pictures here displayed to the credit of our own dear land. The lovely thoughtful face that so fittingly adorns the frontis piece will be easily recognized as that of Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose tender mother-heart enabled her to unlock the harder ones of almost the entire civilized world, through the magic key of her remarkable purpose novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that mirror which reflected so clearly the sufferings of a wronged race. That story which proved so much more than a mere gem in literature, since

it not only was the solvent of slavery question in our own proud land, but acted as a leaven to same problem in Brazil, and even hardened Russia felt its throb to her uttermost border. E. S. Phelps ever wrote with purpose, no matter who considers it a sin against Art. Albion, Tourgee, and many others here, are deserving of special mention, but I will only pause to glance at that charmingly poetic effusion from Helen Hunt Jackson's pen, "Romona," which has placed no less an artistic garland on its author's brow because of the passionate purpose which breathed forth so powerfully, so effectively from a background of such rare beauty.

But why look we farther at the children of the literary arena who have endured through the years, and time is the oldest and most infallible of all critics. These and their influence withstood the test. They have indeed been approved by the law of "The survival of the fittest." These have at least served a part of the noble purpose for which they were created. Many of them even to-day are as living epistles known and read of all men. Others remain more as historical monuments whose inscriptions tell of golden milestones passed in a nation's history; bearing figures of progress whose fingers point upward and onward, silent reminders that there is work yet to be accomplished. For.

are there not as mighty problems awaiting solution to-day as arrested the attention of the profound thought of forty years ago?

But what part has the novel in this great work of the future? We have seen the role she has played in those years which time has wafted into eternity, when novels in general contended against a well grounded prejudice. We have read that Dickens' influence in England was marvelous as compared with Macauley; that even Carlisle's place in popular minds was not as extended as Thackeray's; that the Idyls of the King met few admirers in comparison to the story of Jane Eyre, while the finest poem from Mrs. Browning's pen was left unscanned by the thousands who eagerly perused "Adam Bede."

Ah yes,- "A story is indeed the first key to the heart of a child, the last which penetrates the fastness of age." In truth, the influence of the novel has long been felt, but the world has been slow to acknowledge it. To a woman's political influence has this tardy recognition been compared.

It is only very recently that Cabinet ministers ventured to cull the flowers of illustration from the gardens of the chapters of popular novels, or that Princes deigned

to pay tribute to the memory of departed novelists. But to-day the literary pendulum has swung,-- and toward the novel. And has it swung too far? Do we require romantic accompaniment to too many of our branches of thought and study? This is a question I would leave with you for solution. But be your answer what it may, the whole world can but acknowledge the extent and territory of the novel to-day, its power as an educator, its force in society, for good or evil. Startling reports are those given of the great free libraries of Bermingham, England. In a recent year 850,000 volumes were called for; of these 500,000 were novels, although the collection of works of History, Art, Science, Philosophy, Poetry, were all remarkably full. Another great library loans four novels to every one book of another kind, and a similar report falls from the records of most libraries. So, if the comparative number of novel readers is the question, there is simply no ground for debate. One of the libraries of Ipswich, England, has excluded from her shelves Robert Elsemere, it being denominated a dangerous book; and yet on the same shelves are allowed to remain Darwin's books and criticisms and essays so applied to religion, and in fact all the works from which Mrs. Ward gleaned the thoughts from which she fashioned her story, and yet the novel containing same teaching must

the masses secure the work that they may peruse its pages.

If then a novel be a masterpiece in its way breathing forth pure, noble ideas and lofty but attainable ideals, crying against wrongs that should be righted, systems that should be changed, declaring in soul inspiring words through powerful illustrations that wrong in any form or guise is wrong, and that the way of the transgressor is indeed hard, of what inestimable value might a creation like this not be; for if we would note what an author makes us love, we can readily discern what he intends to teach. And in its eloquent silence, how far the novel reaches beyond the range of the human voice! By its acceptability of form it rivets the attention and gains the perusal at one time of such vast numbers of earth's creatures.

But, says one, there occurs in life such sad, such dreadful things of which innocence is so beautiful and apparently such bliss! But, is it folly to be wise? In Joseph Cook's lecture on "Heredity" we find the following question: "Why is it not right to proclaim to all the world through the broadest avenue of tongue or pen a knowledge of what God has made important? Why should not the morning rise on a suffering generation? We all know that treatise

on Heredity are not generally read unless called for through discussion or peculiar circumstances, or oftener perhaps suggested by a work of fiction illustrative of the idea. Thus is many a careless reader led to the fountain head to learn the whole truth.

There are many social questions of which the general world should not remain in ignorance.

None but the children of Paradise enjoy the privilege of stars to dwell apart. The children of earth, no matter how tenderly guarded, must pass the dangerous shoals and rocks of life's storms. The cups of temptation, which precede those of sorrow, must sooner or later be offered to all; and for the Love of God, and the care of his creatures, no stone of truth or enlightenment in life or letters should be left unturned. The lighthouse lamps should all be trimmed and burning, the most powerful burners adjusted that its rays may reach the paths of the greatest numbers. With the enemies of Purpose fiction, its friends can but admit that the breezes which unfurled the sails of thrilling "Uncle Tom's Cabin," pathetic "Romona", are not ours to-day, but the millennium has not yet dawned. There are just as fruitful sources for influential and effective

work as marked their day. Yes, there is material for many a master piece in fiction, and we can but believe that the avidity with which Purpose novels of good intention but some times doubtful report are read and discussed by worthy people the world over, to be an omen, if not a substantial proof of the approval of a reading public, or at least that because they breathe of purpose, they are not regarded in any sense as intruders or literary atrocities. Indeed, one of the greatest thinkers of our day said that "Life itself is a moral lesson, and the novel is but a reflection of life; it must to be perfect contain distinct moral element."

Lowell believed that "Nowhere to-day was a masterhand so needed as in the novel world. An artist, as it were, who, with soul in hand, would take up this instrument so powerful for good, as well as evil, and unbiased by thought of gain, group and portray human lives, combining as far as possible the imagination and social phylosophy; laying bare innermost souls; pushing aside with delicate but impressive touch the screens which hide pitfalls and closets containing skeletons; unraveling and untying knots which bind them to lives.

"When this deed is done for mankind, thro' the broad earth's aching breast runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west, and the salve where're he's cowered, will feel the soul within him climb to the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime of a century bursts full blossomed on the thorny stem of time."

And humanity is worth our while to love, to bless, to write, to work for. "The cause that lacks assistance, the wrong that needs resistance and the good that we can do," and I doubt not through the ages one unceasing Purpose runs. Thus the minds of men are broadened with each setting of the sun.

(Mrs. Jennie M. Ballard

ART.



C h a i r m a n ' s I n t r o d u c t o r y A d d r e s s .

In preparing to-day's program, one can truly complain of an "embarrassment of riches". Where so much is at hand, much that is tempting must be discarded. We can only give a glance at several phases of art, and to these we ask your attention.

Opinions differ as to what nation first practised the fine arts. It is certain, however, that a love of the beautiful is innate in all. From the time that a young girl drew an outline of her lover's shadow cast on the wall, till the living artists of to-day reproduce or originate in their gorgeous tints, man has ever striven to express himself with the brush and chisel in all quarters of the globe. Art is a universal language limited to no age or country. It speaks to us from the past and beckons us on to the future.

The Birth of Art,

Addie B. Billington

A Greeting from Hellas,

Laura M. Goodrell

Modern Painters and the Reinassance,

Mary Chase West

Modeling a Bust in Clay,

C. E. Baldwin.

C o m m i t t e e f o r t h e D a y.

Eliza J. Potter, Chairman,

Lena M. Abdill

Addie B. Billington

Laura M. Goodrell

Minnie H. Plumb

Mary Chase West

Bina M. Wyman.

D E S M O I N E S W O M A N ' S C L U B

A r t C o m m i t t e e

M r s. E l i z a J. P o t t e r, C h a i r m a n.

F e b r u a r y t h i r t e e n t h,

E i g h t e e n - h u n d r e d - n i n e t y - f i v e.

"A r t i s a u n i v e r s a l l a n g u a g e ."

G r e e t i n g o f H e l l a s t o M o d e r n A r t .

To you who in the name of Art are here assembled,
I bring a greeting from the ancient Greek,--
I, Hellas, mother of the arts you love,
Egypt and India and far off Cathay
Each claim an art far antedating mine;
I grant their claim,---theirs was, indeed, an Art
For Nature in her wildest moods, ne'er dreamt
Such dreams as in the Orient are wrought in sculptured stone!
Twas Art but not the Art which lives,---
That is my own,--my child,--my very pride,---
Tho' in these later days she grows so strong,
So grandly truthful in portraying nature,
That I scarce know my own!
Not only, as of old, the forms of men and gods---
The regents of the heavens and nether worlds,
Grow 'neath her magic touch,---
But, in these later days, triumphant art portrays
The golden sunshine on the hill and vale,---
The storm god on the mountain and the sea--
The silvery moonlight on the river's wave--
The woods in springtime beauty or in autumn glory clad--
The foaming cataract and trickling rill--

Vast ocean with his nymphs and naiades---
Stern war-- insidious hate---
The wooing lover and the blushing maid---
The saint--the sinner--angel visitants---
And all the sentiments of the human heart---
And all the longings of the human soul,---
Whether of the actual we all may know,---
Or of imagination's wider realms, ---
Which ope but to the souls of gifted ones---
To Everything art gives a form and color.
Art--mind uplifting--soul-satisfying art---
I claim your birth--for it was surely mine,
Although beyond me you have grown so far!
I praise you child--you have been true to me---
True to your mother's hopes--to your best self true
Through all the time when bigotry and ignorance,
Strove hard to quench your spirit fair
And drown your higher thoughts you have been true!
I, Hellas, am here to bless your ceaseless efforts
To laud you for your past, and bid you grow.
Grow on and fill the earth with forms of beauty,---
For every beauty which the eye perceives
Breeds in the mind a thought to match its worth,
And tis your mission to awaken unto love---

Uplift and purify the souls of men.

Farewell, I leave you to your work---

The present is your own, the future stretches gloriously
before you

Into the purple dawn of that new day, when beauty
Shall possess the earth and every human heart and eye
Shall see the truth.

I can but guide you from Olympus' heights
With love and sympathy and inspiration--

Farewell!

MODERN
PAINTERS—
AND
THE RENAISSANCE

PAPER READ BY
MRS HARRY WEST—

BEFORE THE

DES MOINES
WOMEN'S
CLUB—



FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED NINETY FIVE—

MODERN PAINTERS AND THE RENAISSANCE.

By MRS. HARRY WEST.

FEBRUARY 13TH, 1895.

While searching for truth to express intelligently ideas past and present in art, the task has been made difficult by the conflicting opinions of those whose criticism is considered authentic. Realizing fully no two of us think alike and that no one possesses the whole of knowledge, I would claim for all modern art a renaissance of one kind or another. The art which came to maturity in the fifteenth century was the result of the early mediaeval revival. The seed coming from antiquity, new art germs developed with new surroundings, and painting was born of a new civilization. We believe modern painting to be the offspring of this evolution, expressing the thought of its age, and if that thought be revolutionary and material, its expression will be but a reflection of the thought.

The isms of the times have been felt in painting as in literature. We hear from every side the cry of materialism, realism, impressionism, and art in decadence, until we are almost persuaded the age of good painting is past. There are modern

painters who remind us of the old masters' work, yet artists of today can no more clothe in form the religious beliefs of those times, than they can paint holy families, or see visions of St. Francis, because faith is wanting. In looking for a cause for the wonderful exhibition of splendor, richness, beauty and spirituality seen in the work of the old masters, we find the age ripe for religious expression, the power of church over state. Artists encouraged by the Pope labored patiently and heroically with religious fervor and enthusiasm, giving no thought to time or remuneration for services. They sought to reproduce in painting their religious belief. Does it seem strange that in a spirit of glorified vision were brought forth soul paintings which have never been reproduced? Is it not the belief in a cause that produces the greatness of the effect, whether it be spiritual or material? "When Homer sang of the Grecian Gods, Olympus was dark, but through his verse the Gods became alive in a nation's belief".

Fra Angelica began his painting with fasting and prayer, believing himself inspired by God. His saints, angels, Saviour and virgin reflect the elevation of mind over matter,

and the human relation is forgotten in the divinity that overshadows them.

The intense belief of Raphael and Murillo in the purity of the Virgin Mary, has given to the world the pathos, beauty and spirituality of their Madonnas. Michael Angelo, believing that earthly things were insignificant and the thought of God and immortality emanated from soul, threw his whole being in the shaping and strengthening of this idea, expressed upon ceiling and walls of the Sistine Chapel, the grandest exhibition of work the world has ever witnessed, which has stood the test of centuries of criticism.

After Michael Angelo, painting and sculpture becoming separated, color filled the artistic horizon. The Italian and Venetian painters continued choosing their themes from the old and new testament which had become epics, and were treated by these men with a grandeur of color hardly bestowing a thought on the subject. To be beautiful was their ideal. In the entombment of Christ by Titans, the sorrow depicted upon the faces of those present was made beautiful by colored effect.

Contemporary with Italy's greatest masters, we see in

Germany and The Netherlands clouds of ignorance and superstition with the dream of the world wide church passing away, a vast political and religious revolution reaching over the greater part of Europe and exercising a marked influence on art. Painting becomes emancipated from religion and we begin to catch glimpses of the isms of evolution, or the dawn of materialism in art; men's thoughts were turned to the present need. With the reformation, invention of printing, discovery of America, German art pressed onward and became the expression of a national character under its greatest leader, Albrecht Durer, while Italian art went back to pagan Rome.

Durer's Adoration of the Trinity is an allegorical expression of the Christian religion. Holbein his contemporary was probably a more typical Protestant artist.

The glory of the Flemish art which culminated with the Van Eycks, was arrested by the advent of Reubens, called the Titian of the North. He is claimed by many to be the first exponent of materialism in art. His masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross", which is noble in conception, perfect in coloring, expresses no spirituality. Van Dyke possessed less invention, yet displays the feeling wanting in his master's

work.

The same revolution which created a political Holland, created also a national school of painting which had nothing to do with miracles or martyrdoms, but represented ordinary incidents of every day life. While Italian painting is purely imagination, carrying one to the seventh heaven to see lovely visions, Dutch painting is plainly realistic, and to the Dutchman's eye, a Village Inn or Pastorial scene is a worthier object than a glorified Madonna. We find the landscape, which had previous to this time been used as a back ground for figure pieces only, becoming endowed with life and beauty under the many great painters of this school. Rembrandt, the great typical painter of the Dutch school, solving the problem of light and shade, loved to paint pictures with light passing through masses of shadow and draw faces of old people with every line and wrinkle visible.

The influence of Dutch art on the modern world has been felt particularly in England, of who we may safely use the saying, " We are most English when we are most Dutch." As painters had been induced by Royalty to visit England to further the

interests of art, among whom were Van Dyke, Reubens and others, it was not until the 18th century that Hogarth threw off the spell of the so-called black masters, or foreign artists, becoming England's first original painter. A satirist in painting, he represented the virtues and vices of his age. Wilson and Gainsbrough in landscape paved the way for Reynolds and his contemporaries. Sir Joshua Reynolds, known as the prince of portrait painters, who read souls in men's faces, was a great colorist. In his desire to rival the Venetians, he made many experiments which have proven fatal to the preservation of his pictures. Ruskin considers Turner the greatest landscape painter in this or any other age, who early in life determined to rival Claude, the early modern French painter, and to this purpose devoted his whole life, early and late studying nature in every phase, seizing transitory effects; out in the fiercest storms at sea lashed to the mast, that he might grasp the subject and paint a picture that would strike terror to the soul. So great a love had he for his pictures that he requested one of them, "The burning of Carthage", be buried with him.

Of the many great English painters that created the 19th

century of art, is Constable, who represented storms and wet days. When standing before his pictures Fusile is said to have called for an umbrella. This artist visited France in 1814 when at the height of his power, leaving several masterly pictures which are now in the Louvre, and from these the young landscapists of the present century took their cue, among whom were Carot, Rousseau, Millet, merging into a broad style, casting away petty detail, and aiming at tonality.

Previous to this time French painters, like those of England, had been summoned at the command of royalty, to advance the interest of art in France. As a result early French painting was stamped with an artificial bearing from which it did not recover for 200 years, giving to their paintings a constructive, rather than a creative origin. When France learned the lesson Holland and Flanders taught her, the art of the modern world began under its earliest modern master, Claude Lorraine; who stands alone in his age. He painted effects instead of things, light and air being his subjects. He first generalized the phenomena on inanimate things, and in this is unsurpassed.

With the introduction of romanticism in the early part of this century, painting becomes emancipated from the slavery of system, the poetic sentiment so essential to art, became its inspiring motive, giving birth to what is known as the Fontainebleau group of painters, which had their origin in the poetry of Goethe, Scott and Byron, representing the renaissance of the 19th century.

Of the thirty or more great painters who made the artistic movement of the present century Carot, Delaeroix and Millet will probably influence most the art of the future. Delaeroix is thought to be the link between the classic epoch and modern, the leading colorist of the romantic school, who knows art as he loves nature. He first introduced color after the Louis Quinze decoration. His color is original and perfect and has never been successfully imitated since his day. Rosetti did not like it, as probably it was lacking in the morbid sentiment suitable to his pre-Raphaelite tastes. In Carot we find nature made rythmical; he poetizes the slightest stretch of sward, sky and tree, all nature being bathed in a pale pure light, and yet his right to be classed among the world's greatest colorists

has never been disputed. The foreground of his pictures is taken from a distance, giving one the idea of impressionism. Outside of France his figure painting is almost unknown. It is as a landscape painter he excels, with which he has treated in so personal a manner as to be unsurpassed. His feeling for the dawn he sums up in a graceful figure of Orpheus greeting the growing daylight with extended arms. His motive, like that of Claudes, being always effects, light and air are his materials. That which gives Carot his position at the head of landscape art is neither his color, interesting as it is, nor his classic serenity, but the airy and truly spiritual way in which he gets farther away than any one from the phenomena which he wishes to express. The secret of Carot's success lies in his use of what is known as values. This discovery of Rembrandt's was revived in the early part of this century and came upon France like a religion. Holland was the holy land and Rembrandt the Messiah. A writer has clearly expressed the meaning of values so important in painting with the following, - as in music the orchestration enriches the melody, so in painting values enrich the color.

Rembrandt told all that a golden ray falling through a darkened room, awakens in a visionary brain, and Carnot, all that the gray light of morning and evening, whispers in the pensive mind of the poet.

Millet probably better than any other painter of this group represents absolute emancipation from the popular and conventional painting of his day. In his portrayal of the French peasant, with which he is in such deep sympathy, his characterization of life is equal to that of George Sands and will preserve his fame long after its sentimental appeal has ceased to exist, Jules Breton's peasants unlike those of Millet were chosen for their sentimental rather than pictorial value. No one gets farther away from the Academic grayness than Millet, who being so fond of color, often bathes his scenes in yellow mists. Frequently when running up his key and loading his canvas, he is called barbaric in treatment. His fine picture of the Sower, represents the poetry of life, and is typical of Millet himself.

Of other painters of the Fontainebleau group, Dupre, Diaz, Rousseau and Daubigny each are individual, expressing in his

own peculiar way his feeling for the natural beauty about him. Dupre and Diaz are the decorative painters, seeing nature through a prism of color. Rousseau understands nature's pictorial element, and his landscapes are grand and sublime. Daubigny is the popular poet painter, expressing affection for nature. Troyan's landscapes are so beautiful it is often thought strange that he should prefer to paint cattle, although holding the first place among cattle painters.

Of the many great poet painters in the early part of this century, there are but two now living, Puvis de Chavaunes and Degas. Chavaunes is the epic poet painter, whose theme is the rude primeval forest. It is said he is the only man to whom a fine building may be given without marring its beauty. Mural decorations in his eye is not a picture placed in a wall; it is only Mural when it becomes part of the wall itself. For this purpose he molds in two flat tints and draws in huge undisciplined masses, wishing to disturb the color of the surrounding walls as little as possible. Degas, on the contrary, draws for the sake of drawing and is as original as Puvis de Chavaunes. He never paints from nature; his studies are arranged according

to his sense of what is pictorial, choosing the ballet girl or fat house wife, because these themes are less known than nymphs and heroes, and giving him a fine opportunity to display freely the supple and incisive drawing which bends and flows with the character. It is said of Degas, that his tongue was the terror of artistic Paris until he succeeded in realizing his art, so new and original.

We find interest in life and the world to be a sign of the times. The standards of art are constantly changing with the thought of the age; when man once believed because it was some one else's belief, he now seeks understanding for himself. Detail which has no importance to the romantic painter, is essential to the realist, who produces nature exactly as she is, and without personality, allowing none of his thoughts to interfere.

Courbet is the first to regard emotion artificial and is blind to all ideas of spirituality. Bastien Lepage his only rival combines sentiment with the realism of Courbet, his Joan of Arc being an example of the moral tone so characteristic of his style.

Only twenty years ago the name of Edoward Manet was ridiculed in Parisian studios. Today he is considered the greatest manipulator in oil the world has ever known, surpassing such colorists as Titians, Rubens, Velasquez, although as an artist he falls far short of these great men. During a recent exhibition of pictures his "Ben Bock" was given the place of honor, being hung next a portrait of Hals. Every year since Manet's death Bouguereau has lamented they were powerless to reject these ridiculous pictures. His great service to art lies in having discovered that a sense of the real is reached by getting as near as possible to the actual, rather than the relative value of every detail. With Germone his relative values are so well rendered, that before Manet, one would have thought them an exact imitation of local tints. The old masters only observe what corresponds to the actual, not caring to imitate. Manet applied his method to outdoor painting and created marvelous landscapes, although pitched in a minor key, believing sunlight to be unpaintable. Suddenly Claude Monet appeared who demonstrated light to be the most important factor in outdoor painting, and impressionism as it is now understood

was instantly recognized.

Every true picture possesses impressionism. The impressionist sacrifices evident truths (of surface texture and things easily seen) to create an impression, of a peculiar harmony of colors which is revealed to his inner consciousness. The impressionism of Carot is directly opposite to that of Monet. Values which were controlled by Carot, were neglected by Monet, and color became the thought of the new school.

Among the many reforms in painting, it may be well to mention the theory of square brush work and division of tones. For ten years this subject has been under discussion in French art circles. These schools are represented by young men highly intelligent, and keenly alive to art, and are a strong protest against the so-called Philistines of the Louvre, having no desire to exhibit in the "Salons" of Champs de Mar.

Paris has been for years the acknowledged center of the art world, a model of artistic taste possessing all the virtues and vices of the times. Its influence has been felt in every country of Europe and America, England excepted, although complaints have been made that English youths went astray when traveling in Paris and gazing at the impressionism everywhere

visible.

In England and Germany unity of thought prevailed. Their work has been compared to various pieces of music played on the same instrument. They were satisfied with the instrument, and preferred to compose new music for it than to experiment with the instrument itself. If they borrowed from another they did not take from the modern observable in the pre-Raphaelite movement, which originated in Germany and was followed by England. In both cases this movement was a revolt against long established rules. German painters sought to return to the religion, color and quaint drawing of the early masters. On the contrary the English movement was without the religious element. These reformers simply desired to cultivate the earnest independent spirit of the early renaissance, never refusing to avail themselves of perspective or chiaroscuro, their object to be faithful to nature and allow themselves the privilege of selection. Among the works of these men, which were enthusiastically received is Holman Hunt's fine painting, "Christ in the Temple". Thousands flocked to see this modern English picture.

Of the many paintings of Sir John Millais which have

delighted art lovers, are The Huguenots and October Chill, the latter a landscape subdued in coloring which is considered one of his strong points.

Sir Frederick Leighton it is believed introduced French influence in English art. His coloring is brilliant and beautiful, his work expressing cultivation and intense feeling. Orchardson, Watts, Alma Tadema, Herkomer and Dicksee are popular painters of the day. Watts by his mythological and ideal subjects, especially his fine portraits, has won for himself a great name among artists. Mr. Hamerton regards him the greatest poet painter of the day.

Probably more than any other Whistler's influence has been felt on English art. Making his home in England, claiming no nationality, his art is thought to be a compound of all that is great in eastern and western Europe, being compared to Velasquez and Hals. His color he uses so thin, layer upon layer, as to have the appearance of skin. He is best known as a painter of night, who transferred to canvas the blue transparent darkness, which holds the world from sunset to sunrise. The purple hallow, illusive distance of the gas lit river belong to his genius. In his nocturnes he has no rival, and has

helped more than any other to overcome Ruskin's advice, that the mission of the artist is merely to copy nature.

The names of Cornelius and Overbeck are prominent in German art, whose work has been frankly acknowledged by those opposed to their school to exhibit beauty, originality and vigor. Ludwig Knous representing child life is without a peer. Lenbachs fine portrait of the Emperor entitles him to the place he holds as the greatest portrait painter in German art. Achenbach has acquired distinction, being thought the most poetic of German landscape painters. Lieberman, Munkacsy, Makart and Gabriel Max are other well known names. It is claimed that painting from the first in both England and Germany has depended upon literature. Durer, Holbein and Hogarth were great illustrators, not creators, yet there are many of these artists who discriminate between the literary and pictorial.

The past of the Dutch painter is more glorious than the present. Domestic scenes are still prevalent. Their pictures are always interesting and possess the feeling so essential to true art. Israels is very popular reminding one of Millet in sentiment. Mauve, Maris, Bloomer and Neuhuys each portraying in

his own peculiar way his interest in the life about him.

We find in Russia but few artists who may be called great painters. Among those who have gained universal admiration is Rapine. A realist, he paints portraits of men, who although coarse looking are living and full of character. His masterpiece, "The Return of the Exile", also "The Cossacks Reply", many of you are familiar with. Aivazovosky the famous marine painter delights in the struggles of sea, sky and sunset effects. Makovosky and Siemiradsky are celebrated for their huge canvases. The former is considered a weak draughtsman and poor painter whose pictures appeal to untutored eyes. Siemiradsky is called the Russian Alma Tadema. His style is elegant and refined. His fine picture of the Christian Martyrs and Christ at the home of Lazarus, are painted with wonderful skill, yet his figures are thought to be lacking in movement and expression. Peroff, one of their best painters, represents the dramatic and grotesque. The Virgin and Child, by Vasnetzoff has created a sensation in Russia. These painters have much to say about the bitterness in the daily life of the masses. Their work is sincere and interesting yet lacking in beauty and refinement. With few exceptions Russian art possesses

little but ethnological interest. The landscapists and Gendre painters of the younger generation form its progressive element.

In France Dagnan Bourerret who depicts peasant life is one of the most promising artists of the day. The technique and motive of Bougueueau and Cabanel is considered by critics to be mere surface beauty, which appeal to those unacquainted with true art. Gerome displays grandeur in design and execution. Lefebvre is a master of the nude in art.

Whatever women have done in painting has been accomplished in France. It being claimed that twenty English women paint for one French woman, yet no two of them compare with Madames Lebrun and Morisot. Two English names which are prominent are Angelica Kauffman and Lady Butler. The former imitated Sir Joshua Reynolds. Lady Butler has not been so successful in her selection of a master or manner of imitating him.

Rosa Bonheur's fame rests with her picture of the horse fair. Mr. Hamerton regards her lacking in the imagination so essential to art, but considers her the most accomplished woman who has ever lived.

Dore and Meissonier are contrasts in huge and minute

paintings. French painters of today show the caprice of her studios rather than the heart of her people. The cry of the day that schools and academies have been sacrificed to commercial enterprise, creating false standards of art, together with the chaotic and revolutionary condition now prevalent in France, indicates its rapid decline, or evolution since art dies only to rise again.

Where next shall we look for a renaissance ? It has been rumoured of its sudden appearance among a people who have never been art producers, a body of new men who have been students of their own academies. Frequently we hear of one who is familiar with French art, but whose local color has not been disturbed.

In the Scandinavian exhibit at the World's Fair, the mingling of bright reds, greens and blues everywhere visible, produced the thought of ^{exaggerated} impressionism. We learn their color motive springs from a different source; the northern summers with their long sunrise and sunset, produces great color brilliancy, and in winter. under different light, wonderful luminosity and intense reflection. These people are the simplest of modern painters, handling their color in large

masses, painting with the flat of the brush, grasping the important, casting away the detail. Zorn in his omnibus scene is a good illustration of this brush work.

American art a few years ago was in its infancy, artists were obliged to seek instruction elsewhere. Today they are returning well skilled in the principals of art, but with foreign ideas and methods, it being difficult to distinguish between the brush work of Sargent and that of his teacher, Carolus Duran, the great portrait painter of France, and a composition of Pierce and Bastien Lepage. Ridgeway Knight, the popular American painter, paints French peasants.

When American artists cease to be influenced by foreign thought and become truly national in spirit, they may look for an artistic period, for genius and originality are traits common to American people, and must have their expression.

The rapid growth of painting in America and the number of really great landscape painters is remarkable, it having been rumored we come nearer having a school of landscape painting in America than elsewhere. The works of Inness and Wyant were truly american, and told of their origin and people.

Among our purely original painters we have Troyon, Thayer, Church, Twachtman and Winslow Homer, who is called the Walt Whitman in paint. William Chase is perhaps the most popular among American painters, a master in effective brush work.

The painters of the renaissance cared more for line than color; Michael Angelo's painting being fresco work: he thoroughly disliked oil paint. These men were great artists, not painters. They lived in an age when there was little expression derived from brush work. Painting was simply a filling in of space with color. They depended upon line and composition; dignity and grandeur was their aim. The Venetians were the first great colorists, handling their pigments in different ways showing brilliancy, richness and depth. The early painters exhibited the splendid qualities of Titians. Holland and Belgium have produced great colorists. Rembrandt with his deep red garnets, yellows and browns, was the great leader of the Dutch school. Rubens who painted in a lighter key, being the leader of the Flemish school. Although Ruskin made great claims for Turner, England and Germany have never produced great colorists. French painters have always dealt freely with

color, never being very successful until the time of Watteau and Fragonard. Chardin's color was considered charming. Delacroix of the romantic school was the leading colorist in French art. America has just reason to be proud of such painters as Sargent, Dewing and many others who are not inferior to modern painters in their handling of color.

What the future of art may be is a difficult problem. We have seen with the superstitions of belief passing away, that painting has ever been changing with the thought of the age. This evolution will continue until its errors are uncovered and destroyed.

The desire for truth at the present time is reflected in painting as realism, evident truths, while impressionism is a revelation of obscure truths. History repeating itself we are again returning in the process of evolution, to the creative genius of the old masters, carrying with us new truths. The painter of today is studying effects, and when these become unconsciously attained through an understanding of cause, the painter's imagination will again be free. The discovery of Monet effected a revolution in painting and another revolution will be a return to the idea.

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As new truths are coming to light, the painter will catch
the thought of his age producing an art marvelous in expression.

---x---

HISTORY.

M r s. J. D. W h i s e n a n d, Chairman.

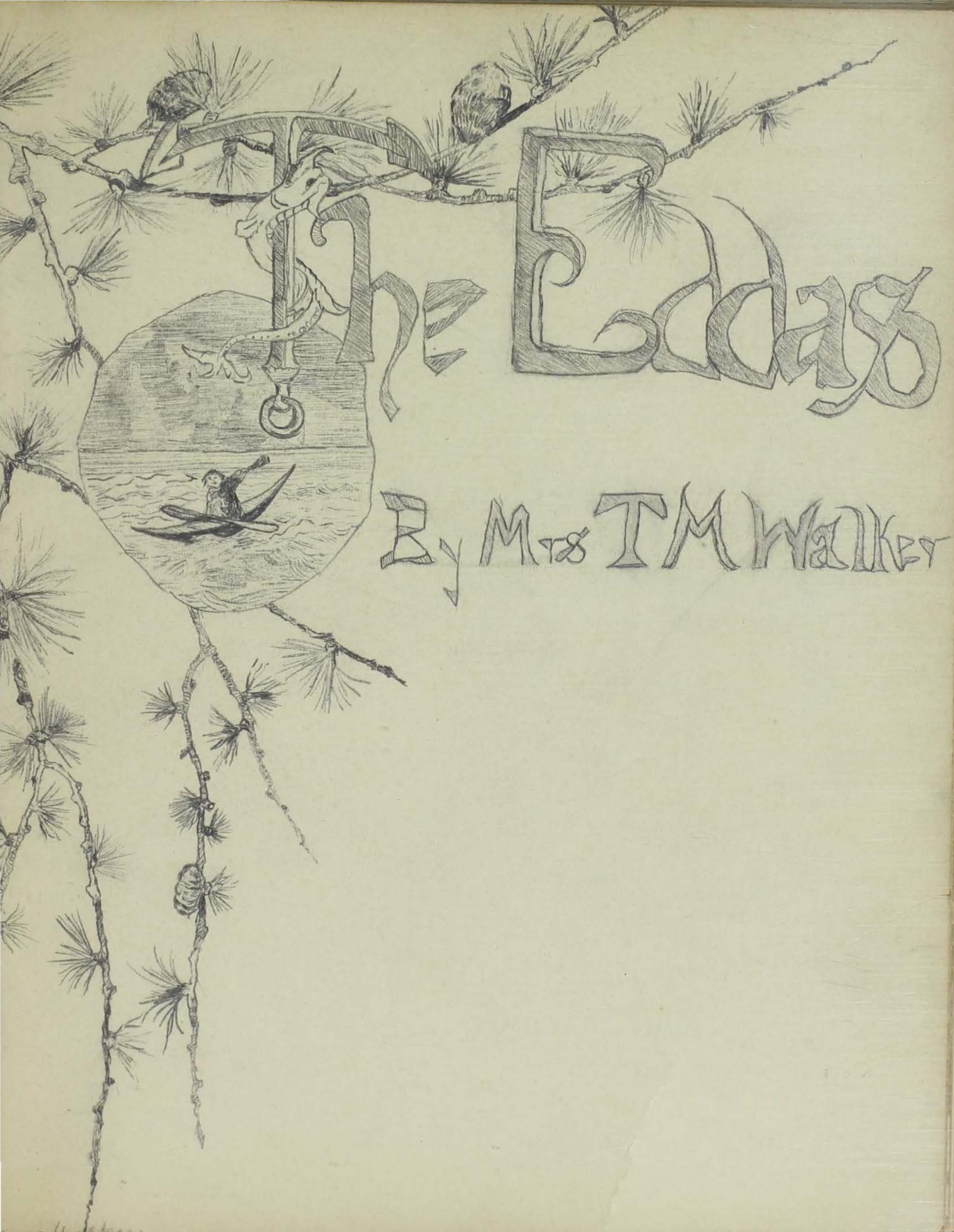
No. 9.
History.
Mrs Whisenand.

The Scandinavian Peninsula.

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The Eddas	Mrs. T. M. Walker
Olaf.....	Mrs. W. H. Bailly.
Gustavus Adolphus.....	Mrs. A. E. Clark.
The Political Outlook.....	Mrs. E. H. Carter.
The Land of the Mid Night Sun.....	Mrs. J. W. Vail.

In presenting the subject for the afternoon, Mrs. Whisenand said,- "The tendency of our school and college courses and "of our reading after school days are passed, is to give us information in regard to the history of Greece, of Rome, of Italy, or "of France. It is our intention this afternoon to depart from "the beaten path of historical study and to consider, very briefly, "of necessity, the beginning, the growth and the present political "condition of that nation from which came our brave and hardy Norse "ancestors, and from which we are to day deriving so great a number "of our intelligent, industrious and prosperous citizens, the "Kingdom of Norway and Sweden."



Read before the Tus Morins' Women's Club
Jan 12. 1895.

The Eddas

Can a bird imprisoned in a golden cage sing the song of its fathers who revelled in freedom and knew the joys and cares of unprotected and unprovided existence? So it seems we are confined in the golden cage of civilization. Our range of vision is obstructed by our neighbors belongings, our train of thought our mould of character is the result of our forefathers choice and our individuality. And who are our forefathers? Very meagre is the history relating to them. Still, less should we know if it were not for that little island with its frozen mountains and bleak winds—so cold that it is well called Iceland.

Those who have studied much upon this subject, realize that

but for the isolation of this volcanic land, all records of the history, religious beliefs and customs of our ancestors, would have perished. Those unfamiliar with the theme exclaim - "What, Iceland have valuable records!" the inference being that Iceland did well to escape oblivion. Yes, our roving seafaring forefathers who inhabited the Scandinavian Peninsula, crossed the raging waters to this small island and there established the worship of the same gods as those revered or feared in their former home. And this same piratical race overran England, retarding civilization but eventually the mutual aversion subsided and common peril blended their interests.

The latest authority states that,

"The Edda is a book written in prose by Snorri Sturleson containing the old mythological lore of Scandinavia, also the old artificial rules for verse making and a collection of ancient Icelandic poems. This is now called the Younger or Prose Edda, to distinguish it from a collection of ancient Icelandic mythological poems collected about the middle of the thirteenth century but composed probably in the eighth or ninth century. This is called the Elder or poetic Edda." The word "Edda" means great grandmother. These stories were recited by the natives who received them by word of mouth from their ancestors.

The Scandinavian tales in the Eddas describe the exploits of their various gods in their warfare against the frost giants and the

hostile forces both in the natural and spiritual world.

Through the study of the Eddas and the earliest writings that the descendants of these people have left us in German and Anglo-Saxon we can see reflected as in a mirror very many of their social customs - their religious beliefs, their fears & aspirations; and that is more truly a history of a people than to know of their many wars. Authors differ as to how this strange record was preserved in Iceland, but the usual explanation is that the early Christian Priest looking about for other peoples to instruct, was drawn to endure the rigor of the Icelandic climate for the love he bore his master; and these same priests must have drunk deep from the true fountain of living water, for they loved the people for Christ's sake and honored their fidelity to the gods of their fathers and appreciated the poetical and truly noble features of their religion, and were instrumental in preserving

these valuable and interesting legends.

These gods of these people were the forces of Nature personified and their mythology taught one principle that was very favorable for the introduction of Christianity. That was that all the gods at some time should die, and these priests who came among them with the story of the Cross had but to proclaim that all their gods were dead and offer them the new faith that called for their spiritual allegiance and these noble priests were so in sympathy with the truthful simple minded peasant that their former traditions gradually faded away without the harsh word or bloody sword that attempted in that way in other places to teach brotherly love.

With our Christian influences it is almost impossible for us to comprehend the character of our far removed ancestors. Their northern clime was shrouded in winter - enveloped in darkness they were surrounded by perils requiring gigantic efforts

to endure or overcome. No matter how powerfully their gods strove to reduce or destroy their physical environments, they knew that balmy summer with its green grass + trickling brooks would soon succumb to the all-powerful frost-giants.

These surroundings had their effect upon their natures. They rendered them oblivious to pain, and we do admire these bold, fearless, loyal-hearted men + women. No puny murmurings, no forebodings, no love of deceit or disloyalty have they imparted to our natures.

If we were alone in the open air, by the side of a clear lake, in the midst of gigantic trees, we might read the Eddas and catch a glimpse of their spirit. But in a close room - furnace heated, carpeted and curtained, we are so confined, so circumscribed, we can only think how soon they would have died in such an atmosphere.

The rough, bold, venturesome, reckless men who loved the gods Odin, Thor, and Balder

believed them capable of deeds miraculous-
ly beyond even their strength and prowess
to achieve & they trusted in them and e-
voked their aid & protection. This religion
developed in these crude people a highly
imaginative poetical nature which is
revealed in every verse of the Edda.

We are so far removed from these char-
acteristics, we are so commonplace, so se-
verely plain in our forms of expression,
that we must listen long to catch even a
murmur of their inspiration. A god
is suggested in their writings who reigned
above all. One that might not be named,
but their chief god was Odin, whose spir-
it prevailed the Universe.

I have chosen one of their least
complicated myths & will tell its essen-
tial features.

Balder was the beloved son of the
great god Odin. Balder represented
light, the summer sun, the warmth
of summer. To the spiritually minded
he represented the divine light that
shines in every human soul. He was

the good spirit that struggles against evil - that exalts, that is beautiful and that raises the groveling and stagnant forces of man's nature into joy and activity. His mother feared for his safety & told that she had exacted a vow from every thing in the earth that it would not hurt Balder.

After this the gods amused themselves, when assembled in council by throwing stones & darts at Balder, sure that nothing could hurt their beloved friend.

But the beautiful face of Løki, who represented sin, deceit and passion, grew dark; and disguising himself as a woman, he journeyed to the abode of Balder's mother who upon learning that her strange guest was late from the Council of the Gods, inquired upon what business they were engaged.

When told, the loving mother made reply - "they can not hurt him, for I have a pledge from

everything under the sun that it
 will not hurt Balder - except the
 mistletoe which is so young and
 tender and grows so far away, I do
 not fear it." The strange woman
 had learned enough + continued her
 journey. Loki, fair of face, the associ-
 ate of the gods, paused nor rested, un-
 til he again stood in the Council of
 the Gods + that abode so lofty and
 nearly inaccessible - with the fatal
 mistletoe in his hand. This cur-
 ving and malicious enemy request-
 ed the blind god Höder to allow him to
 direct his hand, while Höder joined
 in the sport of throwing at Balder.
 Alas for that one vulnerable
 point. The innocent Balder was
 slain by the mistletoe. It was
 the victory of the blind Höder over the
 shining Balder. It was summer
 succumbing to the darkness of win-
 ter. It was truth and goodness
 pierced through the machinations
 of the Father of Evil. All nature

was plunged into darkness. The
 gods enraged, they swore vengeance.
 They heaped honors upon the dead
 Balder and they started in pursuit
 of Lóki. After many vicissitudes,
 many changes of his nature and
 appearance, he was captured &
 chained to the rocks, his face up-
 raised. Above him they suspended a
 venomous reptile. Lóki's faithful
 wife ever remains by his side, catch-
 ing in a cup, the poison that other-
 wise would have fallen on his face.
 When the cup was full, she of necessity
 must empty it & then Lóki writhes in
 agony, causing the earth to tremble as
 the vile poison drops upon his face.
 The fearful fate has but one touch
 of light. The wife is faithful, she min-
 isters to him in distress, she remains
 by his side & never gives him up. Is not
 this a noble tribute for heathen mythol-
 ogy to pay to woman - glorifying what is
 most womanly in woman - her aid to those
 in need and her fidelity to those in trouble.

H I S T O R Y

January 16, 1895.

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T H E S C A N D I N A V I A N P E N I N S U L A .

O L A F .
- - - - -

-----ooOoo-----

By

Alice A. C. Baily.

O L A F.

By Alice A.C. Baily.

Olaf:- what an epitome of courage, cruelty, zeal, vanity and strength the name signified. Olaf Tryggveson, for there were other Olafs, Irish, Scotch, Swedish, but none to compare with this peerless hero of Norway. The story of his life is more thrilling than that of any other historical character or mythical favorite of that age.

Deprived of his father Tryggve, King of Norway, who was murdered by usurpers, his mother fled with her beautiful boy, deprived of his father before his birth which occurred in 964; through much tribulation and many hardships she reached friends in Sweden. But Queen Gunhild, whose husband and sons had usurped the kingdom pursued the child and his mother, who determined to go to her kinsman Sigard Ericksson, a member of Vladimir's court at Novgorod in Russia. Aastrid and her son Olaf, her foster-father and his son took passage on a merchant ship to cross the Baltic Sea. They were captured by a pirate ship and sold into slavery in Russia, the foster-father being killed because he was too old to bring anything in the slave market. Some time after, the queen, now a slave, was observed, by a Norwegian merchant, engaged in a menial task, was recognized and offered her freedom if she would marry him. She gladly consented, the merchant bought the slave, and

t

took her back to Norway, not knowing what might be the fate of her son. The foster-brother was cruelly treated but Olaf's wonderful beauty caused his slavery to be less rigorous and he was allowed to play with other children. One day his uncle Sigard Ericksson noticed a group of boys and this beautiful fair-haired child as a leader among them, joyous, affectionate yet masterful. The uncle, strongly attracted, questioned the child and learning his history, purchased and gave him his freedom. After this one day, the boy seeing on the street the man who had captured his party and sold them into slavery, he administered capital punishment in his own way with his hatchet,-- hatchets seem to be the historic boy's favorite implement. In Novgorod the penalty of murder was the murderer's life, but the uncle interceded at court and Olaf was not only pardoned, but taken into court and treated as one of the royal family. At twelve years of age he was given a ship and performed many wonderful deeds. This may seem young for such a position, but it was not uncommon there for boys of that age to command viking ships. Olaf became a specimen of most majestic and beautiful manhood. He was naturally intelligent, genial and full of life, spirit and ambition. He was a prodigy in all athletic sports, could use both hands equally well, and perform many wonderful feats with spears, and oars. He loved gorgeous attire, but that was a barbaric age and a man had much greater influence who was richly

and gorgeously dressed. Doubtless you all remember the statue of Lief Ericksson in the Woman's Building at the World's Fair. That, I imagine, might just as truthfully be named Olaf Tryggsson. In the Saga of Olaf by Longfellow he is described as "Beautiful as morning, Like the sun at Easter."

Late in his teens he abandoned the sea for a time and visited in the region now included in Northern Prussia. There he married the daughter of King Burislav who soon died. Before this Olaf is said to have visited Greece and there became somewhat acquainted with the Christian religion and was primsigned; i. e. marked with the sign of the cross. This was practically a kind of a compromise between Christianity and paganism--a measure resorted to, to win the favor of Christ the white, but not sufficiently strong to antagonize the gods of his ancestors, Thor and Odin. After spending some time in England and Ireland and having a romantic experience which I have not time to tell he married Gyda, a wealthy Irish princess. The Anglo Saxon chronicles represent him in 994 as the captain of a great viking fleet which ravaged the coast of England. Ethelred II proposed to buy immunity from him by paying 10000 which Olaf divided among his men. Through his wife Olaf had become better acquainted with the Christian religion and fully adopted it. He was confirmed with great pomp in 994. King Ethel-

red was present at the ceremony and Olaf solemnly promised him to never molest the English again, and kept his promise. His fame having spread everywhere Early Haakon unjustly holding Olaf's kingdom began to be uneasy and schemed to rid the world of Olaf. He sent his friend Thore Klakke to Dublin where Olaf was staying to either kill him there or entice him to Norway where he himself could quickly end his career. Klakke chose the latter plan, and telling him how much the peasants wanted him, Olaf fell into the trap and went in 995 with five ships to Norway. As soon as he landed he planted the cross and had mass celebrated. To the surprise of his enemies the peasants and many of high birth showed they did want Olaf and flocked to his standard. Quickly the whole population showed their preference. Haakon was deposed and the rightful heir took possession of his inheritance. Olaf was crowned at Drontheim where to this day the kings of Norway have since been crowned. He reigned five years and spent the time in establishing the Cristian religion among his subjects. The religion of his family and nation had been one of fierce and cruel practices. Thor and Odin delighted in war, bloodshed, deceit and even human sacrifices. While the chieftains were engaged in endless struggles to overcome their rivals and the vikings were constantly ravaging the coasts and burning the settlements there was no opportunity for true

national progress and development. It is a fact that no nation did become civilized while dominated by the cruel old Asa faiths. When Olaf appeared agriculture was almost wholly neglected, manufactures limited to ship building and the making of war implements, consequently the mode of life was very primitive. Olaf was fully determined to establish the religion of Christ the white, feeling sure that when the doctrine of peace and good will was once established, bloodshed and cruelty would greatly diminish. He has been condemned by some critics because he used violent means to bring about this desirable state of affairs. But we must remember what a fierce age he lived in. The people could comprehend no argument but that of duplicity and severity and only by force could they be induced to change. He was an iconoclast because the methods of the time and country were only those of rude force. It was only when the gods were bodily removed and sacrifices thereto stopped that the gentler doctrines Olaf had learned to respect could be inculcated. We admit that he was guilty of some cruel deeds, but not till persuasion on his part failed, were these acts resorted to.

In the five years of his brief reign he succeeded in establishing the new religion throughout Norway. Through a taunt of his wife Sigrid he undertook an expedition to Denmark to regain a

part of her inheritance unjustly withheld. He sailed with a large fleet and his own magnificent vessel the Long Serpent, the finest ship that had ever been seen. Finally through the perfidy of enemies and after a most desperate fight the battle was lost, he threw himself into the sea and was never seen again. His wife feeling that she was the cause of this terrible disaster died in a few days of a broken heart. Though his reign was so brief and he died in the glory of his manhood aged thirty-six years 1000 A.D. he is remembered in song and legend as no other Norman has been. Some of the songs of the scalds have been translated by Longfellow in the Tales of a Wayside Inn, in the Saga of Olaf. Why was Olaf so much the theme of the poets? Many others were brave and beautiful. But they fought, murdered and deceived for purely selfish ends, feeling at the same time that they were pleasing Odin and Thor. This religion through its inwrought nature of cruelty and deceit could not co-exist with progress and improvement. Olaf perceived this and that by force only in many instances could it be removed. This once accomplished then could the doctrine of Christ the white, peace and good will be inculcated and the consequent improvement be realized. He was a man of might with one aim--to solidify his kingdom and make it Christian. This he accomplished and later was to follow the upbuilding in character. But

death cut short his career. Nine hundred years have elapsed but he yet stands forth a salient figure, a favorite still. He had regal ability, the nerve of a reformer, the undaunted spirit of a martyr. His life though short and stained with blots of sin, stands forth to illumine that page in history otherwise so dark and revolting. Perhaps the poets of that day dimly perceived what was high and noble in his aims and therefore he became the favorite subject of their song and story.

Alice C. Bailly.

Alice C. Bailly

GUSTAF ADOLPH.



December, 1894.

By Mrs. Andrew E. Clark.



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Prominent among the men whose names are immortal, stands that of Gustaf Adolph, the Christian Warrior King of Sweden. Oblivion seals the doom of Earth's millions and few there be that escape this gloomy fate. Of these the greatest is he whose name is cherished because of his godlike deeds and qualities.

In 1893 the Industrial World paid homage to the name of Columbus, but in 1894 the Christian World paid their tribute of respect to him who died fighting for the preservation of their faith and church--Gustaf Adolph. His is the greater glory and much to be preferred. It might have been expect-

ed that his countrymen, the world around, would commemorate his birthday, and respond to the proclamation of their good King Oscar, but when the Protestant churches of Germany, England and America joined in grand celebrations in honor of the day, it was evident that his name was greater than any church or country, and that he belongs to the Protestant church universal. His grandfather, Gustaf Vasa, was the founder of Sweedish nationality as it exists today. Sweden before Vasa's time was scarcely known to the world. It had played no important part in European affairs since the Norse Kings ruled the seas and ravaged the coasts of Northern Europe. Its people were believed to be poor and semi-barbarious. In Vasa's reign such marked progress was made, that at the time of his death, he left the country a civilized realm, with an established government, a full treasury and a well organized army. The schools, colleges, arts and all professions had grown under his fostering care, as well as the Protestant religion, which he firmly established. These rich legacies were transmitted to his grandson, Gustaf Adolph, who, at the age of seventeen years suc-

ceeded his father, Charles IX, on the throne of Sweden. He was already a statesman and military leader. From his cradle he had been surrounded with the panoply of war. As a child he had listened, in the councils of his father, to the statesmen who had made Sweden great. He had been brought up strictly in the Luthern faith, carefully trained in habits of business; he was no mean scholar, poet or musician. He was well acquainted with the classics and ancient history, was master of five languages, an eloquent orator and a brilliant writer. His temperment was restless and enthusiastic, and he possessed the power of infusing his own glowing spirit into that of his followers. A study of his character leaves the impression upon the student as that of a man of strong passions and great energy under restraint. In his person he was like his Gothic ancestors, tall, vigorous and graceful; an ideal Norseman, with his clear rosy complexion, honest blue eyes, with the loving Northern expression, oval face, high white forehead and golden hair; an appearance that surprised

his Southern neighbors who called him the Golden King, or Snow King.

When Gustaf ascended the throne, his country needed soldiers. Soon he perfected himself in military affairs and became the master of a small but well disciplined army. With this he successfully fought the Russians and Poles, and freed his kingdom from Danish control. When the call for help came from his co-religionists in Germany, he was well prepared to command the Protestant forces. Europe in the 17th century was divided into two great parties--Catholic and Protestant. As king and ruler of the greatest Protestant power, Gustaf was naturally chosen their leader. Already for several years the conflict, since known as the "Thirty Years War", had been raging in Germany. This was a terrible war of supremacy between the Catholic and Protestant princes of that realm, but in the end nearly all of Europe was drawn into it. The triumph of the Catholic forces commanded by Vallenstein; the seeming extinction of Lutherism in Germany; the probability of an attack upon

the Sweedish possessions on the Baltic, and the urgent calls from the hard pressed Protestants for help finally decided Gustaf to invade Germany. At Stockholm, May 30th, 1630, the king assembled the Diet of Sweden around him and bade them farewell. Taking his only child in his arms, (afterward the famous Christiana), he commended her safety to the faithful nobles. A gay banquet followed. Amidst tears and sobs he invoked upon them the blessing of God. A few days later with an army of twenty thousand men he set sail for Germany and landing at Oder, at once commenced his march toward the enemy. This army contained not a single robber or criminal; no deeds of violence, no ruined cities, were to mark their course of victory. They went into battle chanting the hymns of Luther or their king.

When Vallenstein was told that Gustaf Adolph of Sweden meditated an invasion of Germany, such was his contempt for him that he laughed and replied, "I will whip the school boy back to his home". To Germany,

rich and prosperous, Sweden seemed barren outskirts of the world-- a country of feeble resources, whose weakness would forever prevent her warring successfully with powerful nations. Under such a misapprehension of the valor of her foe, the Germans prepared to battle this Northern king. For two ensuing years the army of Gustaf Adolph was steadily victorious, bringing hope and courage to his friends and allies.

Now the end of his career is at hand. It was November 6th, 1632, that the great armies of Gustaf and Wallenstein met in open battle on the field of Lutzen. Gustaf had intended attacking before day break, but a heavy mist obscured the plain and he waited for the light of the morning sun. At day break he ordered prayers to be said in every regiment, he himself kneeling with his sword point bent to the ground as though he knew this battle was his last, and was conscious of his approaching fate. Appealing to his men to advance by God's help, not only to fight, but to conquer, the battle opened. A dense

fog settled down upon the field and shrouded in its gloom the contending armies. Now the conflict was hand to hand, and the carnage terrible. In this battle Gustaf was unhorsed and killed, dying in the hands of his enemies; aged forty years.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

Jan. 16, 1895.

Mrs. E. H. Carter.

Norway and Sweden are indebted to France and the renowned Napoleon for their present line of Kings. Among Napoleon's generals none stood higher than Marshal Bernadotte. Born in the South of France, the son of a country notary, young Bernadotte entered the French army as a private, and through bravery rose by rapid promotion until he became Marshal of France and a prince of the Empire.

Sweden, one of the oldest powers of the world, had been ruled for three hundred years by the great Vasa family, and was in 1810 in the throes of revolution. Gustaf III had been assassinated, his son Gustaf IV had shown himself to be a weak-minded ruler, the country was at war with Russia, the King had been deposed and his uncle, Charles XIII, his successor, was old and had no son.

What Sweden wanted was a military leader, a man, who, when the whole of Europe stood at arms could defend Sweden and her

interests. Napoleon was the originator and instigator of the plan which resulted in the election, by the Swedish Parliament of Bernadotte as crown prince of Sweden—all Europe was astonished at the act—and he was formally declared the adopted son of the reigning king and heir presumptive to the Swedish crown, and was immediately associated with the old king in exercise of royal power, and on the death of Charles four years later, he ascended the throne under the name of Charles XIV.

The wife of this soldier of fortune was Desirée Clary, the daughter of a wine merchant of Marseilles. She was the great Napoleon's first love, having won his young affections when she was but sixteen. He forgot her when he became a gallant young officer, but it flattered him that the girl had long remained loyal to him; and when in later life she was married to Gen. Bernadotte, she could ask for nothing that Napoleon would not grant her. When he returned from Egypt, the first person to solicit a favor was Madame Bernadotte, who asked him to stand godfather to her infant son—some evil spirit must have suggested to her that a son was above all things what Napoleon most desired— Years afterward Napoleon said : "Bernadotte's

becoming a Marshal of France, Prince of Pontcorvo and King of Sweden were all owing to his marriage with my first sweetheart". It was for her sake that he pardoned her husband's disloyalty during the Empire; and although she never appeared at court—for she disliked Josephine with all the intensity most women are capable of feeling for a successful rival—Napoleon showered costly gifts upon her.

From this couple of the French middle class descended the present royal family of Sweden, now allied through marriage with the noblest royal houses of Europe.

Though peace and prosperity were obtained during the twenty-six years of Bernadotte's occupancy of the throne, he was not much liked by his subjects. He never mastered the Swedish language, and he was excessively jealous of any interference with his authority. His son, Oscar I, succeeded him. Oscar's wife was the granddaughter of the Empress Josephine. Oscar II, the present King, grandson of Bernadotte, and son of Oscar I, is the fourth sovereign of this house, having succeeded his brother, Charles XV. Oscar II was crowned in 1872, being forty-three years old before he was called upon to reign, and

as he was a third son the chances of his ever occupying the Swedish throne were rather remote. King Oscar II is one of the most gifted monarchs of our day, his greatest charm is his versatility. He is a statesman, a scientist, an historian, a poet and a painter. He is not alone a lover and reader of books but a writer of them as well. He is considered the greatest orator in the whole of Scandinavia, during the last forty years few occasions of national or public interest have passed where his voice has not been heard and counsel sought. He is conceded to be the handsomest and most kingly looking monarch in Europe—his elegant figure, intellectual face and most charming manner, fully realize the old saying: "Every inch a king"— King Oscar is an accomplished musician—sings, plays and composes. Add to his other accomplishments that of being a skillful sailor—one of his greatest enjoyments is an excursion in his steam yacht. All ceremony is then laid aside and he is only the most charming of hosts to his favored guests. Oscar II is the most approachable of all Europe's monarchs, it is said to be far

more easy to obtain an audience with the king of Sweden and Norway than with the President of the United States.

Life at the Swedish court is quiet. The Queen's health is poor, as is also that of the crown princess. Prince and Princess Bernadotte live retired in their palace, as do also the young princes Carl and Eugene. Occasionally when great receptions are given they fully equal in splendor any of the great European courts.

Norway as a modern state dates only from 1814. For the previous four hundred years she had been under the rule of Danish kings. About this time Bernadotte quarreled with Napoleon and joined the allied forces against him, demanding from the king of Denmark, by way of reward, the cession of Norway to Sweden. Norway would not acknowledge the treaty, claiming that the union with Denmark was a voluntary one, which the Danish king had a right to sever, but objected to being treated as a chattel and sold outright, and contended, by this act, Norway reverted to the Norwegian people. Bernadotte was furious, declared he would teach the rebellious Norwegians a lesson in obedience. Hostilities began. But the

Swedish army was in no condition to carry the war to a successful issue and Bernadotte proposed a truce, and sent commissioners to Norway to treat with the Storting—their Congress—being instructed not to hesitate to make concessions.

As a result of the conference a union was formed according to Norway's demands—viz, the Norwegians to be allowed to retain their own constitution, and Norway's equality in the union be unconditionally recognized. The "Act of Union" proclaims "Norway a free and independent State"; and provides that "each country shall have its own government, independent of the other, be governed by its own laws, controlled by its own interests; each to have its own General Assembly, Cabinet, monetary and tariff systems, etc. "According to its provisions the two countries have nothing in common except "their King, War and Peace". An attack upon either country is to be regarded as an attack upon both; the Norwegian war marine to be at the disposal of the common service". To guard against all appearance of dependence the King, Charles XIII, was elected king of Norway.

The union is unique, having no exact parallel in

political history.

When the Swedes learned the terms upon which their crown-prince had concluded peace, they were highly indignant. The old King said it was a "union to weep over". Therefore to appease the people Bernadotte resolved to inaugurate a policy of retrenchment in dealing with Norway.

When he ascended the throne he was King of Norway and he was King of Sweden, but he was not King of Norway by virtue of being King of Sweden. Sweden was ancient and aristocratic; Norway democratic and radical.

The problem was a difficult one to meet and trouble was inevitable.

One of the first differences was the flag question. The complaint was made by the Storting, that Norwegian vessels were obliged to hoist the Swedish ensign in foreign ports, where such vessels were entered, also as Swedish. Norway's merchant marine is three times that of Sweden and third in the world. The matter was adjusted by granting Norway the use of her own merchant flag everywhere, and a Norwegian union flag, with the union mark in one corner, was

made the war flag. The radicals of the present time are dissatisfied and at the last session of the Storthing the removal of the union sign was made the subject of action. In connection with the flag matter, was the decision that in all State documents and official papers, specifically Norwegian, Norway should precede Sweden in titular phrases.

The jealous use of Norwegian and Swedish as opposed to Swedish and Norwegian has its amusing side. In Sweden, Oscar II is King of Sweden and Norway; in Norway he is King of Norway and Sweden.

Another struggle which arose early in the history of the union, and has been bitterly fought, is the King's right of veto. According to the constitution the King has a suspensive veto, only twice effective. Their Congress—the Storthing—meets every year, but its members are elected but once in three years. If a bill is passed unchanged by three successively elected Storthings, it becomes a law without the royal sanction. The question of a change of suspensive veto to absolute veto has evoked such bitter hostility between the parties, and feeling has run so high against the King, that threats have been made openly, by the Liberals, of absolute

separation from Sweden.

The present conflict which is now agitating these two friendly powers is the question of foreign representation. Norway's constitution gives her a consular body and ambassadors. But when the union was first formed, important foreign relations needed immediate attention and these were adjusted through the already established Swedish channels. Thus what began as a temporary expedient, became a settled policy, and Sweden has insisted, of late years, even more strenuously than ever before, that this control was one of the implied conditions of the union, and has been in a position to maintain her claims from the vantage ground of actual possession. The office of Minister of Foreign Affairs is now and always has been filled by a Swede; and the consuls and whole diplomatic service, are in law, officers of Sweden and responsible to the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, and even though some of them, recently, are Norwegians they must think as Swedes.

Norway has felt this injustice for nearly eighty years, today she is in a position to assert her rights. She wants

her own Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a consular and diplomatic representation which is Norwegian and not Swedish, and she will be satisfied with nothing less. Again mutterings of separation are heard.

Bjornson, the great Norwegian novelist, poet, patriot and reformer leads the strife for separate foreign consuls. He is a driving force in Norwegian politics, being not only an eloquent interpreter, but often a maker of public opinion. He would have Norway coordinate with Sweden, and in no sense subordinate.

King Oscar is heartily sick of the existing state of affairs, and it has been rumored that he might abdicate and let his son grapple with the intricate problem. It is said that the Crown-Prince, conscious of his plebian ancestry and foreign descent, and anxious to emphasize his Swedish patriotism, is more ultra-Swedish than any of his predecessors.

One fact stands. The Liberals have resolved that the union must be restored to its constitutional basis, having only three things in common, a King, War and Peace. Thus the conflict waxes warm and a wordy war is on.

of this first society.

Only under some such fostering care could it have been possible for a scientist to have said. "Rarely does a scientific inquiry like 'Davy's Researches on Flame', bud, blossom and bear fruit, like Aaron's rod, in a single night, and show forth on the morrow - a Safety Lamp."

At the conclusion of Mrs. Carter's paper Mrs. Whisenand said,- "It is with great pleasure that I announce the next "number on our programme. We have with us this afternoon one "whose privilege it has been to travel during the past Summer "through the "land of the Midnight Sun," and she has kindly con- "sented to tell us a little of what she there saw and experienced. " I have the honor to present Mrs. J. W. Vail."

As Mrs. Vail spoke without manuscript or notes, it is impossible to give a satisfactory report of her address.

She is a keen and intelligent observer, is gifted with a wonderful memory and fine descriptive powers. She made her hearers feel as though they had actually visited the places she described and enjoyed with her the novel experiences, both on sea and land.

Mrs. Vail's auditors gained a more correct and distinct idea of the Norwegian people and country during her talk of half an hour than would have been theirs after days of laborious reading.

Mrs. Vail is not a member of the club but was the guest of the History Committee.

Music Day.



Des Moines =

= Women's Club.

January 2, 1895.

Mrs. J. C. Macy,
Chairman.

The Chairman, Mrs. Isabella Matthews Macy, introduced her committee to the Club in the following rhyme:

Art, Art, we have had for the past week;
Let us to-day of Music speak.

They are related closely to one another,
Until now, from now, on -- forever.

If from the "Art Loan" money has not been made,
Let not Art from our Calender fade.

Call in sweet Music; I have heard soft airs
Can charm our senses, and expel our cares.

We ask you, this beautiful afternoon,
To listen to our papers -- now and then a tune.

First we'll try you by the Love we bring,
And then will have some one sing.

Our intention is to do things up Brown,
That all may depart without a frown.

To the Goode president in the chair,
Whom all delight in having there,

And to the Club, one and all here,
We wish a prosperous, happy New Year.

Committee.

Mrs W. G. Reed,

Mrs. Ernest Brown,

Mrs. Walter McCain,

Mrs. H. K. Love,

Mrs. Nat Coffin,

Mrs. Robert Dempster,

Miss Louisa Baily.

P R O G R A M .

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Paper,

Mrs. H. K. Love.

The Influence of Sacred Music
upon the Community.

Song,

Mrs. Mac Rae.

The Ninety and Nine.

Song,

Mrs. Walter McCain.

Sleep, Little Baby of Mine.

Paper,

Mrs. Ernest Brown.

Cradle Songs.

Cradle Song,

Miss Marie Chambers.

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THE INFLUENCE OF SACRED MUSIC UPON THE COMMUNITY.

xlooxlooxlooxlooxlooxlooxlooxlooxlooxloox

By

Mrs. H. K. Love.

January 2, 1895.

THE INFLUENCE OF SACRED MUSIC UPON THE COMMUNITY.

by

Pattie B. Love.

Since the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy, music has held a supreme place in the world. In all ages and in every country, it has been one of the chief expressions of reverence and religion. No race so ignorant, no race so savage, and no people so cultivated as not in some form to have invoked the power of tone and rythm in their supplications to a mysterious and invisible Power.

In proportion as nations become civilized and spiritualized, their music became more and more the medium of higher ideals of thought, became more comprehensive in character and interpretation, until moving down the ages we have its culmination in the grand oratories which are the perfection of devotion and spiritual elevation dedicated to the worship of Almighty God.

In the early patriarchal age we are told of "the songs with tabret and harp"-- Before the deluge Tubal-Cain was

the father of such as handle the harp and organ. Miriam, the sister of Moses and who journeyed with her people, the captive Jews "o'er Egypt's dark sea", sang in triumph when Pharoah was overthrown and her song "Sing ye to the Lord for he has triumphed gloriously" , is one of the noblest in early Jewish History.

Later, David, the shepherd boy, appeared with the divine power of song glowing within him. He wrote sacred cantatas and inspired oratorios, for such his Psalms were. His first great oratorio was probably written for the triumphal procession that brought the Ark to Zion, for it is recorded " That all Israel brought up the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord " shouting and with the sound of the trumpet, with coronet, with cymbals making a great noise with psalteries and harps". And so down to the time of the temple of Solomon when the great choral services, with thousands of voices, was the chief feature of the worship.

Indeed all the religious ceremonies of the Jews had their particular and appropriate music, and we are indebted to them for the most definite history of ancient music extant.

A wise man once said, "Let me make a nations ballads and I care not who makes its laws".

Christianity owes much of its power and influence to the hymns of the inspired writers from the beginning of

the Christian era to the present day. With some persons all poetry is mere sentiment . They do not realize with Plato that poetry comes nearer the vital truth than History; nor with George Herbert " a verse may find him who a sermon flies". From the lisping of "Now I lay me down to sleep" to the chanting of the "Nunc Dimittis", from "Cradle to the Grave", Christian poetry has a great influence over our lives.

At a convention a few years since, George Milu, the agnostic said "that one of the strongholds of the church was its religious poetry, and that agnosticism must have its hymns before it can make a great progress in the affection of men, but, alas ! what can inspire an Atheistic hymn ? Will it be sung in praise of the Almighty Molecule? Will it be an ascription to Acids and Salts ? Will men renew their energies for life's battle by chanting a dirge to the eternal sleep of the soul? Is it not rather the sacred hymns of the ages, the hymns that are associated with all the phases of human existance, hymns that turn our hearts to Almighty God in the hours of supreme joy and happiness, in the hours of trial, warfare and defeat, that renew our soul, and urge us to the accomplishment of higher

purposes and ideals in this life ?

The first of the greatest among the great Christian hymns is the Tedeum. To some it is only a name, but to the Church of God it is one of the most precious treasures of antiquity. Its origin carries us back to the night of Easter 387--to the city of Milan and its great Cathedral. On that night St. Augustine, who had been rescued from his evil ways by St. Ambrose, was baptised. You all know the story of his life, and the prayers of his mother, Monica. On this night these two great saints sang as if by inspiration this grandest of hymns, thereupon Monica, the mother, cried out, "O son, I had rather see thee Augustine the Christian, than Augustine the Emperor. This is the tradition, and it is probable that fragments of this hymn had been in use before, but in this grand hour, when their hearts were touched with celestial fire, these divided portions were grouped together in the form it now comes down down to us.

Few of us know that many of the hymns we hear every Sunday are translations from the Greek and Latin. "Art thou weary, art thou languid"--is an old Greek hymn. Of the Latin hymns we have, "Come Holy Spirit our souls inspire".

For nearly twelve hundred years this hymn has been

used on great state and church occasions, such as the consecration of sovereigns, popes, cardinals and bishops. Then we have "Jerusalem the Golden"—"Jesus the very thought of Thee"—"For thee, O dear, dear Country"—all translations from the Latin. Then later in our own tongue, "Rock of Ages", "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah", "Just as I am without one plea", "All hail the power of Jesus Name", all of which are as appealing to our higher emotions to day as when written.

There is scarcely anything that retains a more permanent influence over our thought and feeling in the present life than the hymns and songs which the soul drinks in during childhood. The simplicity of children makes them capable of being swayed through life by the earliest lessons. The first supplies of knowledge find the deepest and most secure lodgment in the soul, and how precious in after years are those memories.

One day while walking through the streets of a southern city, far from home and friends, and all who loved me, lonely and sad, a bright faced lad passed by whistling "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty", our own beloved Trinity hymn. I shall never forget the thrill, the joy, the uplifting of spirit, the consciousness that we are all

of one family, that there is one Father over all— and the day was made brighter by the bond of that beautiful hymn, and I never hear it now, but the whole scene rises before me—that beautiful southern city surrounded by mountains, decked in the eternal green of June, and I am better and happier each time for the remembrance.

What hymns have been to the multitude, they have been also to many a solitary soul.

Some of the noblest intellects, the most cultured and refined of their race, men whose thoughts and feelings are embalmed in an undying literature, have had each his cherished Psalm or hymn, and it has been called up in every hour of need. How often has the master mind, the truly great soul finished its course with the words of a familiar hymn.

In a recent issue of the "British Weekly", I have just read the following story of Matthew Arnold. The Rev. John Watson, pastor of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church of Liverpool, who is better known as Jan McClaren, relates that Matthiew Arnold's brother-in-law attended his church, and that is how he, Arnold, came to be in church on that Sunday, which was the first Sunday after his return from America. It was sacrament morning, and I preached on

the "Shadow of the Cross", we afterwards sang the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous Cross on which the Prince of Glory died". Mr. Arnold left before the communion and went home. As he came down stairs from his bedroom to lunch, a servant who was close to the dining room door heard him saying softly to himself the first lines of the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous Cross, on which the Prince of Glory died". At luncheon Mr. Arnold spoke about the hymn which, he said, was the finest in the English language, afterward he went out, and in ten minutes was dead.

(While Mrs. Love paused Mrs. Metta-Hills McRae sang the following verse)-

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Thus we learn that music is one of the greatest forces in the world. So mighty is its power that it is used in almost every event of consequence in life. Every thought, emotion and passion is intensified by its presence. In all the pageantry of life it holds a place, on the battlefield many a victory has been won by its soul stirring

strains. It was with hymns that the camp of William the Conqueror resounded on the eve of the great battle that changed for centuries the destinies of England.

Philosophers have often been at a loss to explain the secret of the strange power which patriotic tunes, national anthems, exercise upon the armies of nations. Historians have been content simply to record the fact. When warriors return in triumph, the inspiring notes of the bugle are heard before the tramping of feet. In every civic parade, the soul is stirred by the bands' thrilling tones. Every festive occasion has its music. The bridal procession is heralded by the wedding march. Our souls are touched, thrilled, quickened by love's tender minstrelsy, the passionate strains awakening and refining our highest emotions; home is made sweeter by its cheering sounds; joy is augmented, sorrow soothed and chastened, and our souls are lifted up beyond this world into a brighter sphere; thoughts are turned to heavenly scenes, and we are exalted, uplifted, purified.

God's praises are sung in His Church--and our dead, ah ! who dares unveil that sorrow--when our dear ones, "touched by God's finger sleepeth"--and are laid away, our

hearts saddened yet comforted by such hymns as ,-

"Lead Kindly Light"— "Nearer My God to Thee"— and " Abide with me".

(Again Mrs. Love paused and Mrs. Metta Hills-McRae sang the first verse of, "Abide with Me".

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Whose heart is not touched, ennobled and refined by strains of those lofty hymns that have helped millions of aching hearts in the past.

But let us not forget the obverse side of the shield. As music exalts our better emotions, so can it also arouse those of a lower nature. Who does not know that its thrilling tones excite the brain like wine. Every music hall, saloon, gambling place is made attractive and alluring by this art. More money by far is paid by the proprietors of those gilded halls of vice, to entice, captivate and hold fast by its aid, their deluded victims, than is paid by our churches for their choirs. All our churches need arous-

ing on the subject of sacred music. We are unmindful of the power that is latent here-- a power which if fully evoked would empty our saloons, fill our churches and make our people strong in God, and the power of His might. Let us then take warning and use our influence to place good music where it can be heard by the masses, for it will do more to raise the conditions of society than all else combined. It is not the ravishing strains of the waltz, the opera or orchestra that will help us bear our burdens and sorrows, or sooth us across that vale of shadows which all must pass alone, but the sustaining words of such hymns as "Just as I am without one plea", "O Lamb of God I come", and "Jesus lover of my Soul".

(Again Mrs. Love pausing, Mrs. Metta Hills-McRae sang "Jesus Lover of my Soul".)

When Dr. Guthrie, the famous Presbyterian divine, was dying, he said to the friends gathered about his bedside, " Sing to me, sing to me", and when they asked what they should sing, he replied, " O sing to me a bairn's song", and they joined their voices in that hymn so dear to many hearts, "There is a happy land, far, far away" and as they

sang of that happy land his soul went out on its journey to the Paradise of God.

Therefore, let us cultivate not only in ourselves, but in all around us, in the community in which we live, the love, the reverence, the honour which is due to sacred music.

Cradle Songs.

"Between the dark and the daylight,
when the night is beginning to lower,
comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The time for the cradle song
that tender expression of the true
deep mother-love embodied in a
poem and breathed into the little
one's ears while he is being hushed
into that mysterious dreamland.
Every country has its songs of love
of war and of patriotism that
are characteristic of the marked
traits of its people. Some countries
are rich in music of one partic-

ular style and some in another but there are cradle songs in all countries and in all languages and the babe is lulled to rest whether the mother chant an Indian hymn or one of the sweetest of melodies be sung. The same feeling of affection pervades each half whispered tone and there is the same result in the end.

Some one has said "Let us make the songs of a nation and I care not who shall make its laws". Surely he did not overestimate the ^{influence of the} voice of melody upon the souls of men. How beautiful then should be the sentiment of the songs given to the child as the first means of bringing it into conscious relation.

ship with the world around it We receive our first lessons in the cradle - our education begins there - and perhaps no impression has so wonderful an effect on the child's after-life - as the Lullabye - which in after years - tho' far from home - and the memory of childhood days almost effaced can be recalled as tho' were but yesterday. The singer - the tune - and the sentiment of the song are stamped indelibly upon the memory. and who can measure their power and influence? The sweet voice of the mother is always remembered - while the fainter tones of the grand-mother - bring back the traditionary great-grand mother with her quaint pleasant ways. So is one generation linked to another by the ever living spirit of song.

Since our childhood days cradle songs have sustained a wonderful alteration. Those which used to delight us in the happy

times when we were tied to our mothers apron strings are very different from the modern songs for we have become very fastidious in our tastes - and even childrens wants seem to be multiplied. Mothers nowadays are supposed to be well versed in Froebels system - a Kindergarten is set up in the home with all the appointments necessary for the proper development of the child - and no song is sung - no rhyme is learned that has any reference whatever to the wolf that is famous for making way with grandmothers or the giant who made his bed of human bones.

We have learned lately that large families are going to be the style again - and we are

very glad this new style will have
all the modern conveniences.

Our grandmothers had
a talent for versification and
used to sing us songs of such
a nature that it took many
years to dispell the ideas of
the wicked old witch and the
big scissors man. and these
songs were intended to amuse
quiet - and teach a moral. We
can remember her taking us
on her lap - adjusting ~~her~~ spect.
acles and pouring over those rhymes
being very careful that we should
note the punishment that al.
ways followed wrong doing -
and with what care - she led
us from big "a" to little "a" - and
bouncing "B" - and when we
were tucked in our little beds
and the hush-a-bye song had
been sung the memory still.

retained the vision of poor Cock
Robin who was killed by the
naughty sparrow and the three
helpless blind mice whose tail
came in contact with the carving
knife. The lesson we learned
from the little man who would
not say his prayers has proven
both lasting and profitable.

But we hear no more of
Henry-penny and Cocky-Lokey
and the maid who hung out
the clothes can thank her
famous black bird pie - for
keeping her alive in the memory
of her posterity. Very few of the
old rhymes which used to a-
muse and instruct the infancy
of our ancestors have been able
to maintain their popularity -
altho some of them are very de-
lightful and will ever be remem-

bered. Who is there that has not
had sung to them in childhood.

"Hush my babe. be still and slumber
Holy angels guard thy bed."

There is a very sweet lullaby
translated from the German that
is truly a combination of pity and
homeliness.

"Sleep baby sleep. your father tends
the sheep.

Your mother shakes the branches small
Whence happy dreams in showers fall
Sleep. baby. sleep."

"Sleep baby sleep.

The Christ Child owns a sheep
He is himself the Lamb of God
The world to save - to death he trod
Sleep. baby. sleep."

In case the child does not go to sleep. This verse is added.

"Sleep. baby. sleep.
And cry not like a sheep
Else will the sheep dog bark + whine
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep. baby sleep."

It is hard to imagine the little
trembling thing in the cradle
is fast asleep. Altho' the eyes
may be tightly closed.

Why is it that cradle songs
and mothers are always connected?
did no one ever hear of a father
and a cradle song? - In older
times it was the father who
went to "buy the rabbit skin to
wrap the baby bunting in": but
in these modern days. When women
are entering this profession and

that profession and are clamoring
for the ballot. - we notice the long
faces of the stern sex and hear
on all sides in troubled tones: "Who
will take care of the children." And
they see visions of a dreadful change
when things are vice versa. When
the father tries to imitate the
soft soothing tones of his mother
while he rocks the cradle with
his foot. has the family patching
in his hands while he directs the
other children in the same sooth-
ing voice. Really we imagine
in the not far distant future
lullabys being composed for the
Fasso Profundo.

Riley has written such a
beautiful Lullaby.

"The maple throws the embue of its leaves
On the laggard swallows nestled
neath the eaves

And the moody cricket falls in his
cry. Baby Bye-

And the lid of night is falling on the sky.
Baby Bye-

And the lid of night is falling on the sky

The rose is lying pallid: and the cup
Of the frosted calla lily folded up.

And the breezes thro' the garden sob and sigh
Baby Bye

Are the sleeping blooms of summer - where they lie
Baby Bye.

Are the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie.

Yet Baby - Oh my Baby - for your sake
This heart of mine is ever wide awake
And my love may never drop a drowsy eye
Baby Bye

Till your own are met above me - when I die
Baby Bye

Till your own are met above me when I die.

We cannot find more beautiful
music than that heard in nature.

The first winds of autumn announce
to us the going to sleep of all nature.
The breezes go whispering among the
flowers - the blades of grass and
the leaves of the forest - telling
them to prepare for their long sleep.

Nature dons her winter coat
after giving us a glimpse of her
most gorgeous dress - and is lulled
to rest until the many voices of
spring awaken her from her winter
slumber.

Is it a weakness to be wrought
on by the exquisite music of the
birds as we listen to them in the
Spring evenings - cooing to their
young ^{from their tree top homes} - The clearness - sweetness and
wonderful harmony of their notes
make us forget our past sorrow
and remember only our present joys.

Did you ever hear Mendelsson's
"By the Cradle" - It is so soothing

so restful. That as we sit by the fire in the dusk. and hear the sweet melody. we find ourselves drifting into Mendellson's mood and allow our imaginations to run riot. We see the mother sitting alone. her hands folded in her lap. her hair is white and the face shows traces of sunshine and shadow. and in the dying embers. visions of the past rise before her like a panorama.

She is a child again. Ah. These are pleasant memories. When she was the favorite of the home circle. - and there were many then to pay her homage - And mothers old fashioned hymns - how often have they since rung in her ears and how often have they brought back with them the beloved form of the singer. But now she is alone and a tear moistens our eye as we hear her softly sing -

Backward-Turn Backward. Oh time
in your flight.
Make me a child again just for tonight

The years glide rapidly before her.
There is now a new home that has
rung with childrens voices - boys
and girls. There in the warm light
of the fireside the mother sits
rocking to and fro. and while she
sits - the clock of time goes back
and one by one - these boys and
girls enter - shadows - all of them
but to the mother they are real.
Can it be so many years ago since
the little cradle with its tiny occu-
pant used to stand there by the
fireside - gently rocked by twirling
feet. while the old lullaby was sung
soft and low. But they have in
their turn - sought new habitations.
have long since left the old home
stead where every nook and corner
was familiar to their childhood
and they too - in their turn have
sung the sweet melodies their

mother sang to them years ago -
the old nursery rhymes have been
told and retold - The tales of the
atlic where father or mother frolicked
on rainy days have been listened
to with childish glee -

Now they are all going to
meet under the old roof - The
mother - her children and her
children's children - are to spend
these holy days together and
we can imagine with what
anticipations they are looking
forward for the time to come

It is Christmas eve - and
what a perfect night - The old
homestead is full of light The
Yule log has been laid and is
burning brightly - everything is
in readiness for the homecoming
and the morrow's festivities

Surely, we hear sleigh bells
in the distance - such a clatter

such a noise and all at once
the house is full of hurrying
footsteps every where.

What a home coming it was.
The mother is no longer alone. She
is ready with a loving welcome
for each and all - but she can
hardly realize that these men
and women are only her boys
and girls grown tall. As she
looks with pride on her happy
family - and wishes each a
'good night and a merry Christ-
mas' - they all join in singing
that most famous of all cradle
songs - that was sung - years ago
by the angels in honor of Him
whose birth we celebrate.

'Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth - Peace and good will
toward men'.

S. A. B.
1-2-95

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C. E. Baldwin

Artist

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Mrs. R. R. Peters



Very Respectfully Yours
C. E. Baldwin

Sketch of
C E Baldwin Artist.
For The
Des Moines Women's Club .
1895 .

Helen Baylies Peters.

A PREAMBLE TO THE SKETCH.

There had been a tradition in the Des Moines Women's Club that the town of its affection should have an Art Gallery opened for the entertainment, instruction and culture of its inhabitants. This art collection was to be a living bequest so to speak, of the Club.

That adequate means might be provided for this worthy cause the public was appealed to from time to time, and, after the manner of a public composed in large measure of the husbands, sons, fathers, brothers, neighbors, friends and acquaintances of those who made the appeal, it most generously responded.

Thus from year to year the contents of the Club coffers increased in an encouraging manner--from year to year the Club-membership grew,--the list lengthened by the names of those who wished to be within its art influence.

After a while the public began to wonder,--mildly at first, more energetically later,-- but the tradition pursued its way unfalteringly, finding no fitting opportunity for recording itself and becoming history.

Then the enthusiasm born of the World's Fair came--a bronze figure was purchased "to serve as a nucleus of the future art collection", it was said, and the club being only a tenant with no home of its own, the bronze was placed in the public library--on a shelf.

Then a marble bust was purchased and it, also was shelved in the public library. Two friends of the club--one a member-- each presented a picture and these were placed in the library also.

And still the public was not quite happy, nor the club wholly satisfied. If only there were permanent quarters where treasures might be properly housed !

Various propositions were discussed in regard to obtaining these, but with no definite result.

As in other instances so in this, years of study brought forth the simplest and easiest method at last for verifying the Club's promises.

A committee was appointed to consider the advisability of purchasing an oil painting which had been offered for sale to the club. This committee consisted of Mrs. C. H. Patchin, Mrs. C. E.

Atkins and Mrs. S. H. M. Byers, —later Mrs. J. A. Jackson was added. At an unusually full meeting of the Board which had been called for the purpose, this committee reported unanimously in favor of purchasing the picture mentioned above, a landscape, The ~~Brooks~~ Road, by Mr. Williams, and recommended that three paintings in oil by C. E. Baldwin, president of The Iowa Society of Fine Arts, which at the request of the committee were then on exhibition before the members of the Board, should also, be purchased.

After animated discussion as to merit and price the Board voted unanimously to act upon the recommendation of the committee and purchase all the pictures mentioned.

Thus, finally, the Club recorded a belief that the method for equipping an Art Gallery was to avail itself of good opportunities for buying works of art, and trust to a hitherto generous public, if need be, to assist in providing the Gallery when the necessity should be sufficiently indicated.

Mr. C. A. Cumming has courteously consented to give a description from an artist's point of view of the pictures painted by Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. C. A. Cumming's

DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURES

Painted by

Mr. C. E. Baldwin.

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"Portrait of Miss H," is a canvass 30 x 60 inches. It is life size and nearly full length. The lady is standing, and wears a brown hat and a dark blue coat trimmed in black fur. Her hands are in a black fur muff. The color of the background is the same as the hat, but lower in tone. The head is strongly lighted, while the rest of the picture is extremely low in tone, growing quite obscure toward the lower part of the canvas. A strong likeness has been secured, while the brush work is very broad. The eyes are painted in a particularly interesting way. It seems that Mr. Baldwin has here reached the limit in his characteristic manner of rendering eyes. He has given the character life and twinkle, without revealing much of the anatomical construction. He has painted the spirit of the eyes, and almost neglected the material.

"Ready for Shopping," is a canvas 17 inches by 21 inches. It shows a life size head and shoulders of a lady with cloak, hat, and veil. The hat is blue-black; the cloak of the same color is trimmed in black fur. The background is gray-blown, rather low in tone, leaving the face the strongest light in the picture. The position of the face is nearly front view. It is lighted from directly in front and above. The flesh quality of the face as seen through the black veil, is well rendered. The veil is painted with remarkable simplicity and effect. The whole picture seems to have been painted at one sitting, and shows much vigor and artistic feeling.

"A Fantasie," is a canvas 8 x 13 inches. It represents a girl in light yellow costume in a pose of the skirt dance. Her heavy dark hair hangs in a curly mass to the shoulders. The background is a light warm gray-blue. The figure fills the canvas well. The head is tipped slightly to the right, and the left arm is extended to the side, level with the shoulder. A bit of the skirt is held delicately between the thumb and finger. The right hand is in front, slightly raised, and is also holding the skirt. Large, full, fluffy sleeves cover the elbows. The pose is very light and graceful, and the ac-

tion is good, being full of life and refinement. The treatment is very simple and sketchy, and as delicate as a water color.

A SKETCH OF C. E. BALDWIN, ARTIST.

Clarence E. Baldwin was born in Fishkill Plains, New York, April 15, 1863, and was the son of Edgar and Jane E. Genung Baldwin.

On his mother's side of the family he was of Huguenot descent and from her he inherited the sensitive organization which in her case turned toward music and in his toward brush and pencil for expression. His father was one of the thorough, practical, energetic farmers of central New York.

When two years of age Clarence and a younger brother were left motherless, but the young mother was not forgotten by the elder child, whose recollections of that early period are clearly defined mental pictures. His mind even at that early date was indelibly impressed with color and form—the sorrel horse his father drove,—the stone steps,—the colored yarns given to amuse him.

After the mother's death the boy Clarence was taken home by an uncle and aunt, and was cared for by them until he was seven years of age when his father married the second time and was thus able to bring his children together again.

Mr. Baldwin, senior, was the possessor of several farms in the vicinity of Earlville, and as his business involved frequent absences, the responsibility of looking after the home affairs naturally devolved upon the elder son, so that, until young manhood the future artist passed through the practical experience of many another farmer boy.

Nature will out, however, and at nine years of age the boy was drawing locomotives and interesting himself in the map drawing at school. The physical strain during the following years was severe and exacting for the rules of the household were rigid requiring the boys to be out of bed by three or four o'clock in the morning, with no indulgence for irregular hours on the preceding evening. Under this discipline so few opportunities were given the brothers for after sun-set pleasure, that one can not refrain from a smile of sympathy at the ingenious device of the elder for unfastening a door from the outside that gave access in some way through a window to their sleeping apartment. Thus the delinquent was able to reply to the paternal summons in the dim hours of the morning, both for himself and for his brother, for the younger had an unfortunate habit of not

always awaking at the call, and somebody had to respond when that call came.

When seventeen years of age Clarence entered in the classical course in Colgate college, Hamilton, New York. Here he drew for an hour each day, and here also, he was so fascinated with the machine shops, machinery and foundry that the regular curriculum, doubtless, was not given quite the attention desirable.

Here again his natural bent revealed itself, for under examination the embryo artist received a marking of "99" in anatomy and physiology. Three studies were all that could be pursued by the best students according to the rules, and as these could not be carried satisfactorily to himself with the drawing in addition, before the close of the second year he decided to abandon the collegiate course that he might devote himself wholly to the study of art. At home, however, where he returned, it was considered that his art had progressed sufficiently, therefore, he was compelled to resume the daily, arduous round of the farm tasks. It was only for a few months, however, for the autumn of 1882 saw him entered as a pupil in the Art Student's League in New York city, and installed

in a railroad office as a means of livelihood. For the most of the time through the following three and a half years of study, he occupied a position in the employ of a railroad company.

He was admitted to the Art Student's League by examination, having submitted previously executed cast-drawings, and was assigned to the class termed the "Head-class" under the instruction of C. Y. Turner. For a year he devoted himself to the drawing of heads and at the same time worked in another class, the "Evening antique" under William Sartain.

After some months under the tuition of C. Y. Turner, it occurred to the latter to interrogate young Baldwin as to his previous life. The reply was that he "had lived on a farm in central New York". This served as a basis for what was designed to follow and it came without circumlocution. "You do very poor work,—your work has been poor all along,—take my advice and return to the farm, for I see no hope of your ever becoming an artist".

Under an exterior indicating a singularly easy, gentle and yielding disposition, the young student true to his heredity possessed an inflexible will, and an indomitable energy and perseverance, that

together with his pride would neither brook the insult nor give up his cherished plans. He neither worked more under C. Y. Turner nor returned to the farm. He did that most difficult thing of all for an art student, pursued his study without criticism for the remainder of the year.

One summer of the student period he attempted to paint near home (his ambition had always been to do open air painting) and, also to teach, but although those under his instruction might have been satisfied the young artist himself was unhappy and discouraged. The artistic temperament yearning for further development could not be content, and the wise father seeing his son's unhappiness consented to his return to the congenial art atmosphere of the city. The family at home had increased during these years, but the step-mother had proved a genuine mother in sympathy with the longings of the boy-artist and had exerted her influence with her husband to permit his son to follow his inclinations.

It is pleasant to record that the step-son in unfeigned gratitude says that his "step-mother is the best in the world— nothing is too good for her", and that after years of absence he

wrote upon his return to the old home that he "found the mother and sisters as lovely as ever",—(his father had been dead for some years then.) He also found unfailing sympathy through his student days from the uncle and aunt with whom he made his home.

Once more within the walls of the Art Student's League his work of necessity fell under the supervision of his former instructor Mr. Turner, but the period was brief,—only of sufficient length to paint the head of an old Italian, to be submitted to examination for admission to the class of Wm. M. Chase.

At this time young Baldwin had not even so much as an acquaintance by sight with Mr. Chase. Upon entering the room where his "Old Italian" was placed he saw a gentleman standing in front of his picture looking at it. Any one would feel a thrill of sympathy with the anxious young artist when the stranger, Wm. M. Chase himself crossed the room to ask him "if he did that work?" and to express a desire that he enter his class. "But go down to the "antique" again" he added,—this because of defective drawing. So he drew under Wm. Sartain again in the "evening antique"—and this noted artist writes of him as "one of the serious workers"—for two

months when at the request of the master upon examination by the committee he was admitted to the "evening life-class",—later he, himself was at one time a member of the examining committee. In this class he received first criticism over all competitors, his strongest contestants being Mrs. Emma Richardson Cherry of Crete, Nebraska, recently of the Denver Art school,—and Ernest L. Major now of the Boston Art school.

Only a month was necessary to prepare him for admission to the "morning life-class" under Thos. W. Dewing,⁺ on a month's trial. Through a mistake at the end of three weeks he was notified that the month had elapsed but the test was sufficient,—the step was achieved,—the highest point to which an art student in this country can aspire was attained and "C. E. Baldwin" was admitted "unconditionally". It would never be necessary to ^{again} submit work for examination for the privilege of working at any time during his life in any of the life classes was contained in the word "unconditionally". This privilege was granted in 1884. For some months of that year Mr. Baldwin painted under Thos. W. Dewing continuing his drawing in the life classes at intervals until 1887. He also painted under Wm. M. Chase

+ This seems to have been an error as the artist mentioned did not instruct the morning life class. author.

in 1884 and under *J. Asden* Wier, with whom he was a favorite, the year following.

In 1887 he retained the place at the head of the "first life painting class" for the entire period of fourteen weeks in which he worked there. In direct competition with him were a number of our leading illustrators, and also artists who had studied abroad.

He modeled under the celebrated St. Gandens and received first commendation in composition. In 1888 Mr. Baldwin, upon the request of Mr. Horace Bradley,—then president of the Art Student's League, now director of the Art department of Harper's Magazine—entered into partnership with the latter in a studio, where he remained until November, 1889, when he left the city. Through the summers Mr. Baldwin painted at Bath Beach, L. I. and in the autumn of 1889 exhibited on the National Academy. Upon the invitation of Wm. M. Chase then president of the Society of American Artists he became a member of that organization, and upon the presentation of his name by Horace Bradley was elected to the Fine Art Society. In 1888 he was unanimously elected member of the Art Student's League.

November 23, 1889, Mr. Baldwin sailed on the steamer City

of Kingston bound for Puget Sound, engaged by Harper Bros. to make sketches along the South American coast, as opportunity offered. He also did work in the straits of Magellan for the Hydrographic department of the United States navy.

The sketches for illustration were taken by Harper Bros., J. J. Little and Appleton & Co.

The City of Kingston arrived at its destination after a voyage of eighty-six days.

Mr. Baldwin remained in Seattle until the autumn of 1891 when he came to Des Moines in the month of September to assume charge of the Des Moines Academy of Art for a specified period, before returning to New York on his way abroad to resume his ^{studies} ~~studies~~. Under his direction the Art Academy prospered, his pupils soon learning to appreciate the seriousness of art.

In October 1894 he organized the Iowa Society of Fine Arts which made a phenomenal growth, and of which he was elected president, and the following year re-elected to the same office.

In the summer of 1895 he resigned his position as director of the art school into the capable hands of Mr. Charles A. Cumming,

of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, that he might devote himself to further study in Art schools abroad, and in August returned to his home in Earlville, New York.

Mr. Baldwin's talent is versatile,--while in Des Moines he executed a number of portraits in oil and water-color, ^{and} landscapes in both mediums, notably in oil, and also did illustrating.

FAREWLL WORDS TO THE WOMEN'S CLUB

And

INTRODUCTION OF THE NEW PRESIDENT,

By

Mrs. Lowry W. Goode,

Sept. 25, 1895.

Good scholars are always regretting the fact that the Egyptians wrote so little History. We have their Book of the Dead and hieroglyphics on tombs and monuments, and by picking a bit here and there the history of four thousand years is meagerly deciphered.

I am very certain that in the years to come, the "advanced woman" would not object should our Club history be four thousand years long, since one Day's story is so interesting and charming. But this particular Day is ever so bright and industrious and fertile of brain, and full of the patient research and perseverance out of which Historians are made and she tells the story of a year. Would that time might give to her as many years in which to entertain us as nights were given to the Arabian Sheherazade. Our worthy historian has had charge of our Club history and papers from a very crude beginning and has gradually evolved a most complete and systematic arrangement of records and scrap-book.

All the old members know how these volumes were complimented at the World's Fair and when Mrs. Henrotin was here she thought our History and scrap-book idea very unique and certainly original with our Club.

We have here on the table the material for a volume for 1894 and 1895 which will contain each committee's work for the year now closing. The papers read, subjects illustrated, souvenirs of important functions---all so perfectly and artistically arranged. We call your attention to this work this afternoon, hoping you will be more interested in it, ~~than~~ before. Better prepared to furnish your share of the material for the coming year. And for the sake of the Historian who has repeatedly asked to be relieved of her office I venture to make a request that while you earnestly appreciate her genius and originality, do have more sympathy for her in the trouble and care it requires to collect material from so many different sources, and each one be prompt to respond to her requests.

We are so near to all our happenings that we can not yet comprehend the many unique and interesting features of our historical life. But in the years to come, these records will breathe to our daughters and grand-daughters the story of women's highest aspirations at the close of the nineteenth century. When, all at once, as it seemed, she emerged into the world to assert a latent element in her character and in organization, collectively demonstrate her ability and power. But with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe let us hope the Club will

never drift into a body of representative women, but will always, as now, be composed of learners as well as those who give of their talents.

It was George Elliot, I think, who said, the days and months pass over us like restless little birds and leave the marks of their feet backward and forward. Especially when they are like birds with heavy hearts, then they tread heavily. These marks are History and that year is happiest spent which has the lightest marks and the least history. The cares and the trials, the disasters, these are unfortunately, the pages usually seized upon by Historians, while the hundred years of content and peace and prosperity of a nation, are dismissed with a few brief sentences which serve to introduce the next warlike King.

And so I love our Historian and her history for she takes the everyday life of our Club and touches it up with deft fingers until it is fair to see and one can live again the year of pleasant days and rejoice anew in each advance.

And with the reading of her report and the closing of the covers of this volume, the work of the past year is done.

The record is made, and be it much gained or little lost

it is another year added to our past.

To the retiring officers, it brings a feeling of relief not unmixed with regret. Relief that our responsibility is over; regretful feelings that our highest endeavors have fallen far short of our hopes and ambitions.

We stop a moment now to draw the sponge, dipped in Lethean waters, across the tablets of memory and wipe out forever all the little worries, misunderstandings and heart-aches of a twelve-month-- for these ~~always~~ will be some. And all the rest on the tablets we burn in the fires of love and esteem so that it never shall be lost.

We are proud and happy that the year has been a pleasant one and that the ordinary work of the Club has been above even the high standard of former years. Proud that the papers read and the afternoons spent in listening to the work of the different committees, have been of unusual interest, sufficient to excite comment far and near. Happy that the Club is more fully recognized as a great factor for good, and its efforts in a public cause so fully responded to, as shown in the marked success of our Sub-committee in establishing the bath-house. We rejoice in the success of our Art exhibit,

in that the spirit and interest it aroused, has added to our growing list of Art Treasures.

Have we a regret ? Yes, in our innermost hearts, we have. That dearly longed-for Club Home--the only thing we now need to put new life into our members for greater activity and usefulness--this home is not even in sight. It is still an unsolved problem in the Treasurer's books. To us who have given the matter earnest thought, there seems to be but one main obstacle, and that not difficult to overcome, could we all look at it in the same way.

A home of our own means increased annual expense, much more than our present yearly income will allow. To cover this greater yearly expense would necessitate increased annual dues. This was not favored by the general Club at our last business meeting. But if we continue to grow in power and influence and multiply our successes, all will come to place a higher value upon membership privileges and the time may soon come when we will vote unanimously for five dollars annual dues. This would make possible a delightful home.

Our reputation of being the wealthiest Club in the state has gone abroad, placing us in much the same embarrassing position

as that of a family of reputed wealth, with appearances to keep up on a very small income.

Until this income can be increased, we must still live on in a frugal way, not daring and not losing, but "wrapt in dreams of the fair ripening future's rich success."

But this Club is always so prompt to rise to any occasion, it will not hesitate long to assume metropolitan ways and our "fair ripening future" will be realized. A home will yet be ours, restful, quiet, beautiful in all its appointments and its treasures of Art. And this dream of the future goes now with the other papers and archives, to the newly elect and the old officers will tie up their choicest assortment with a blue ribbon and deliver them carefully pressed and dried.

With this neat little bundle of dearest hopes and highest possibilities, come tender feelings and bright recollections of your ever-ready words of appreciation and hearty sympathy. These helpful words from the first, have made a difficult task, one of peculiar delight and profit.

The year has been a long summer month of happy recollections with its rippling brook and its roses of delight and hours of profit

and though,

" The roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,

Some blossoms were gathered while freshly they shown,

And a dew was distilled from their flowers that gave

All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight ere it dies,

An essence that breathes of it many year".

And thus will memory hold long and sweetly in me the
recollections of the past year.

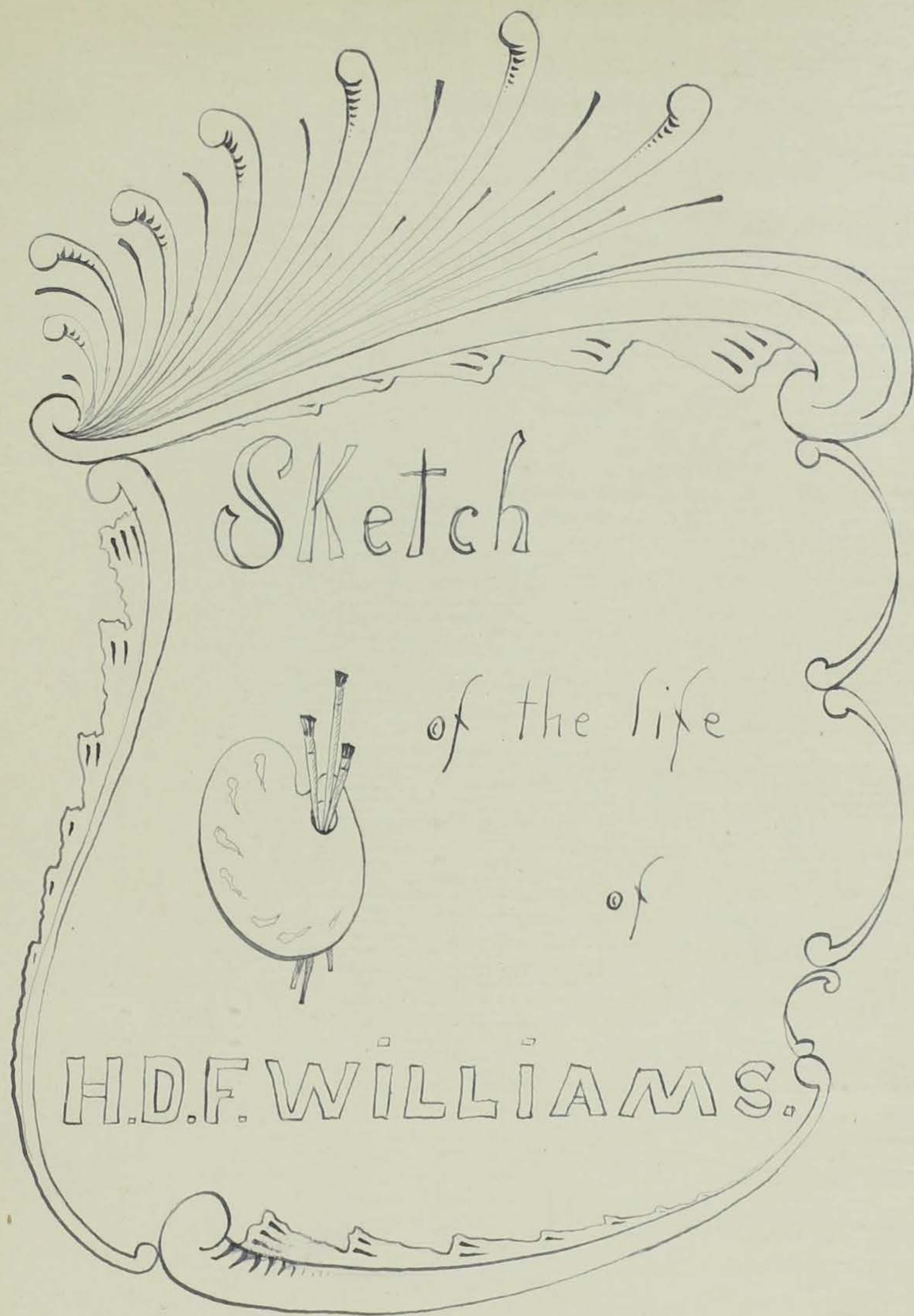
It is merely formal that I introduce our new President,
you know her so well for she has long been identified with the
Club.

Many of our rulings and much of the officer's work have
become established by precedent, so that one having been long
in touch with our methods and ways, has a most decided advantage.

Serving as Vice President during two administrations and
having been a member of the Board of Directors for a term of
years, gives her a familiarity with our Club management, that
few others possess. So far as energy, ability, tact and good
nature will carry on the work, she is a modest leader whose

efforts will be successful and give to the Club new laurels and greater fame.

It is with sincere pleasure I now introduce President Ida L. Cummins.

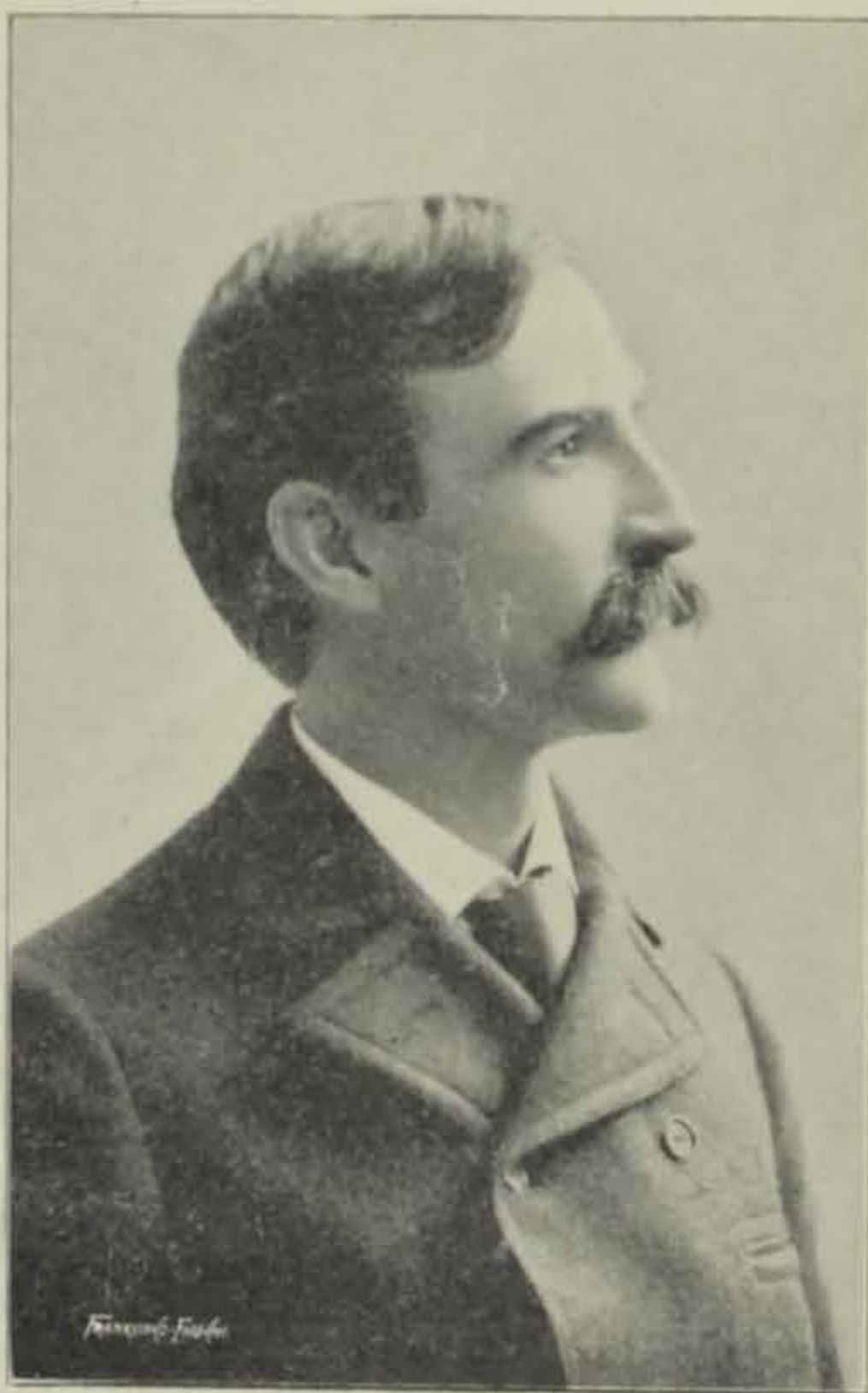


Sketch

of the life

of

H.D.F. WILLIAMS.



HARRY WILLIAMS.

Mr H. D. F. Williams or Harry Williams as he is more familiarly known was born in Indiana in 1861. Both of his parents were artists and ever since his birth he has been associated with art work. His first teacher outside his family was P. Fisher Read an author and artist well known in Cincinnati and Chicago twenty years ago - - - After teaching a year in the Gordon school of Burlington Vermont, Mr Williams went to Europe where he studied in Germany for two years under Von Paschinger and Robert Kochler. He then returned to America where

2
he taught having charge for a
year of the art department
of Earlham College Richmond
Indiana - Since then he has
spent several years in Munich
studying under Paschinger But-
tersack and Weishaupt - and in
Paris in the schools of Delicuse
under Delaunay:

His last visit
to Europe was in 90-91 where
he had a studio at Brolles
in the Forest of Fontainebleau
and when the "Brolles Road"
owned by the Woman's Club
was painted - "The Old Mill"
owned by Mrs C. B. Atkins

3 and a view in Forest of Font
ain then owned by Mrs C. E. Raw-
son were also painted there.
There are other paintings of his
owned by citizens of Des Moines
Mrs Hull has some of his and
also some fine ones by his
Father and Mother

Mr Willcains is a member of
the American Artists Club of
Munich and of the American
Artists Association of Paris
Mr Willcains is a social man
an exceedingly pleasant companion
unassuming and modest in his
manner. and is devoted to

4 his art - The three pictures of
his owned by this Club are the
"Brolles Road" spoken of before -
and two copies of paintings in
the Leyenbourg - one "Le vieux
filet" (The old net) by Rappin - and
"Le Soir" (Evening) by Schmidt -
One of Mr Williams paintings
has just been accepted for the
Chicago Exhibition this Fall (1895)
Mr Williams has just been
chosen as Art Instructor at
Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.

Mary S. Atkiss

History
of the
Des Moines
Women's
Club

CHAPTER
VI.

BY MRS JAMES G. DAY —
HISTORIAN. —

SEPTEMBER 25th 1895 —

CHAPTER VI.

Every organized life has its character forming period, which may require an hour, a decade, a century, or an age. The Des Moines Women's Club has reached its first decade, and without following the precedent of Nature, has safely passed its glacial and entered its tertiary or substantial period. The voluble volcanic eruptions which have occurred during the past year, give only additional evidence that the process of evolution is still going on. A bird's eye view of the past ten years shows a growth in its best sense, not numerically only, nor commercially, but in that higher object, which is the Club's greatest trust, the beginning of an art gallery.

The first meeting (September 25th, 1895) was an exponent of the club year, and was filled to overflowing with a delightful and surprising variety. The appurtenances of the social function were charming, and included platform decorations of palms and plants, with a profusion of flowers everywhere. Small tables were arranged irregularly throughout the audience room, and these were made beautiful with the finest of damask, exquisite china, and tea services of silver and of brass. The Social Committee served Russian tea with wafers, while the two hundred ladies present engaged in social pleas-

antries.

"Officers Day,"-- is arranged without precedent, by the officers of the incoming year, yet includes the closing of the current year, with its annual reports and valedictory,-- and the inauguration of the new, with its plans and its greetings. This co-ordinate meeting of the two years is always impressive, almost imposing in its intense interest.

This occasion was unusually interesting, as the main object of the club was recognized by others outside its membership, and was emphasized in the presentation, by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Field, of an exquisite copy of an Italian landscape by Carot. This was our first painting, which, in behalf of the Club, Mrs. Durley accepted with grateful thanks. The courtesies of the Club were extended to Mrs. Field, which as defined mean, all the privileges of the Club except voting and working.

Less than a month later (October 10th, 1894), another honor was conferred, by Mrs. Henry Wallace presenting to the Club a portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton, painted in water-colors, enlarged from a photograph which Sir Frederick presented to Mrs. Wallace on the occasion of her visit to his home in London.

This loyal member, whose enjoyment of privileges is never complete until shared with her friends, filed in our archives a most beautiful portrait of the same artist, done in Sepia,

as a preface to her remarks on presenting to us our first portrait. The thanks of the club were tendered Mrs. Wallace for the portrait and her thoughtful courtesy, appreciation of which will increase as time advances.

The Israelites led a migratory life for forty years, learning what they needed. It is believed, however, that for the Des Moines Women's Club less time will do, as the objects of its existence are better defined and understood each year, and plans are slowly maturing toward their accomplishment, yet just as surely as conservatism is in the air we breathe. "A club house," "permanent quarters," a "future home" for the Club have been most thoroughly discussed during this year, beginning with the first meeting. Opportunities were given members to express their views at general and called meetings. At the close of each meeting it was concluded to further investigate before deciding. The sentiment is still divided as to what is the wisest and best thing to do. The question has never been what would the club like, but what is the best, not only for the present, but for the future. Many have strong opinions on the subject, but cannot express them until after the benediction. Every plan has its advocates, its advantages, and its disadvantages. There seems, however, to be a growing desire that when the city builds its spacious, fire-proof library building, it will provide for a well equipped art gallery, wherein the club will deposit its art treas-

ures, the city and Club working harmoniously together for the uplifting of all, by bringing within reach the library and art gallery, thus affording the opportunity for the higher, richer things in life, and thus subduing its carking cares.

Many persons seem to possess a deadly antipathy to dates, not the preserved kind, but the kind which preserve from confusion and uncertainty. It is strange, yet true, that a feeling seems to prevail that the now will never be dimmed. Even this Club could furnish its quota of proof to this fact, in the form of many papers which have been filed without dates, and several even without names (good papers they were, too!), also all kinds of printed programs. Even our first calendar was dateless. Yet a little observation and less experience would convince anyone that "time is fleeting," and that dates are both necessary and valuable, for chronology is an important factor in every thing.

We had a nebulous idea that we wanted a club pin; but, as results have proved, we did not want one after all. Yet the work was just the same, and with much greater weariness to the spirit, as if we had one (or even forty). A person can endure philosophically, even cheerfully, all the annoyance and labor necessary to accomplish a desirable object, but when the vexations are all unnecessary, and count for naught, the process does not conduce to angel building. The lack of appreciation is usually due to a lack of knowledge of

facts, and it requires a personal experience to give due appreciative sympathy to Mrs. J. C. Cummins as chairman of Committee on Club Pin.

It is never so difficult to begin promptly as it is to stop promptly. The most perfect example of the latter was given by Mrs. Harold Howell. She was reading a concise and carefully prepared paper on a branch of current topics. When half way through pronouncing a word, the gavel fell; she instantly stopped, bowed, and left the platform, leaving the balance of the word unsaid, and her interesting paper unread, much to the regret of her auditors. Ideals was the keynote sounded by our diplomatic president (Goode) in her poetical inaugural address. Usually ideals are like old age, which always recedes on approach. Yet this model example of promptness was exceptional in this respect, and was in perfect tune and time.

The intelligent interest manifested in the work of the Club by the inelible members of the family, is a most delightful feature. Many times during the past ten years, the prototype of the prophet Elijah was wont to exclaim, "I, I only am left," to witness the devotion and interest of a husband to the success of his wife's efforts! When "lo! there are seven thousand of them," wherever there are seven thousand Club members.

Our lecture bureau has not as yet been systematically organized, and some may doubt if it has been even contemplated. Yet the constantly increasing number of those who have responded to invitations to deliver lectures, or give talks, or reread the papers prepared for the club, seems to demand such a supply. The names of those who have enlarged their influence, and reflected honor upon the club, are Mesdames Andrews, Baily, Berryhill, Billington, Callanan, Durley, Foster, Frisbie, Green, Hume, Huntington, Johnston, Macomber, Maxwell, Raymond, Stetson, Rawson, Risser, Wallace, West, and Windsor, and Misses Elizabeth K. Matthews and Olive McHenry (twenty-five). The papers of our logicians, Hume and Foster, have elicited much discussion, fiery enough to be accounted dissensions. The places which have been occupied by these speakers have been local, state, and national clubs and fairs, parlor circles, colleges, churches, Chautauqua assemblies, and the lecture platform both at home and abroad. The objects, educational, inspirational, or benevolent, and either for pleasure or profit. The incompleteness of the list is accounted for, because the knowledge is accidental, but when the lecture bureau is established there will be no omissions. The very latest suggestion in anything in our line approximating free trade is "Reciprocity in Club Papers"

The proposition comes from Dr. Mary Coggsell of Cedar

Rapids, who vivified one side of it by reading a fine paper, entitled "James Russell Lowell," at a special meeting of the Club, to which the public were invited (by paying an admission fee).

The Club, fearing an aristocracy of position, decided that the dynasty of the Board should be changed without embarrassment. Gradual changes are provided for, and it now remains for the Club members to do their "duty at the polls." This is the way we availed ourselves of the voting privilege this year. Each of the one hundred and seventy-five members had a complete list of eligible members from which to select twenty-five, who should constitute the Board of Directors. Sixty-seven did not vote at all, neither did they send regrets; one hundred and eight voted, but fifteen of these voted for more than twenty-five, several voting for thirty-two. These over generous voters have the sympathy of one of our best business men, who thought perhaps he might vote as a proxy for his wife, who was absent from the city, and is a valued member of the Club. After working an hour on the list, he declared emphatically that "it just could not be done, for there are too many capable members whom I know and honor who would be left if only twenty-five should be selected." As the Canvassing Board had no authority to decide which twenty-five the over generous voters preferred, all

they could do was to set the fifteen votes aside, and as a result there were only ninety-three votes regularly cast and counted. We have no means of knowing which of us lost our vote by failing to be exact, but we might recognize in this the drill of the Australian ballot system, and rejoice over the entering wedge for intelligent voting.

According to a well recognized authority, "Perfection consists in trifles, but perfection is no trifle." The minutia of anything cannot be anticipated and provided for, but is met and decided by different individuals as the occasions arise, uniformity being a result alone of time and associations. For instance, is it correct to say, Mrs. President, or "The Presidentess," or Madam President, Chairwoman or Chairman, Toastmistress or toastmaster? Authorities differ on these little points; that is, taking the newspapers, The Cycle, and our Club leaders as standards. Each of the words, president, chairman, and toastmaster, is defined as "one who" performs certain duties. This Club has not unanimously adopted the dignified term of Madam President, but has, without reservation, adopted the words chairman and toastmaster.

If laurels were awarded, every committee would be crowned; yet the crown of the Art Committee would have wings. An impetus was given to art by the presentation of the two paintings the first of the year, and was reinforced by the Byers

Art Reception (October 22nd, 1894), which continued from morning until midnight, at St. Helens, that Mecca of Art, of interest, and of gracious hospitality. It was increased on the days devoted to art, and finally culminated in June (June 10th, 1895), by the purchase of four pictures, and the presentation of two others by Mr. Harry Williams, who was also the artist. On the Art Days, the platform was enlarged and fitted with paraphernalia needed in the studio of a wealthy artist. The printed descriptions have been filed of the beautiful statues, casts, bronzes, pictures, and antiques, which were generously loaned for the occasions. Some of the effects of the delightful surprise of Professor Baldwin's clay modeling, whilst attired in a picturesque sculptor's costume, are not yet a subject of record. Mr. Baldwin showed how easy and how perfectly simple it was to model a classical head. Said our enthusiastic member, "Why, any one can do it! You just take a common wooden cross, and a bucket of clay, and put the clay on the cross, and give it some punches and pats, and then with a little wooden paddle and a stick, fix the eyes and the ears and the nose and the mouth,- and lo! there you have a statue, and that, too, in thirty minutes!" The interesting object lesson was inspiring, and its results yet to be seen.

The Iowa Society of Fine Arts proposed to the Des Moines Women's Club to bring a collection of pictures from New York

and to exhibit them during the holidays, and to divide the profits and losses. To all of this the Club assented, and an equal partnership was formed. The collection was said to be somewhat disappointing in merit and character, but the lack of patronage was far more disappointing. Yet it was an effort in the right direction. The Club manifested its up-to-date spirit by making a financial failure of the Art Loan. O-h! not so very bad, but enough to teach a lesson, if experience ever did teach any lessons, which it does not.

Being in full sympathy with the subject, an actual circumstance is recalled. At the Columbian Exposition in the Art Gallery, two stood before a large painting for a moment in silence. The younger, evidently not admiring the subject, said to her chaperon, "Mrs. Critique, is that a really fine picture?" Madam Critique intently examined her catalogue, glanced at the picture, and carefully scanned the large frame. Upon the question being repeated, she seemed perplexed, and replied, "Well, now, how can I tell, for the price is not marked on it anywhere!" How wonderfully it does help our judgment to know the price! Indeed, some of us just must know in order to pass judgment on the merit of a painting.

The tenth of June (1895) was a red letter day in the history of the Club. The Art Committee had investigated and reported favorably on the pictures offered for sale by Professor Baldwin and Mr. Harry Williams. The pictures were

sent to the Board meeting, to give an opportunity to the members of the Board to deliberately inspect and carefully examine. The advisability of purchasing any of the pictures was freely and thoroughly discussed. This meeting was harmonious and enthusiastic, and the Board unanimously concluded to purchase "The portrait of Miss B. H.," also "Ready for Shopping," and "Phantasy," all by Professor Baldwin, and also to purchase "The Brolles Road," by Harry Williams. This artist presented to the club two copies, one "La Vieux Filet," and the other "Le Soir." Those who are opposed to the nude in art will surely have no cause for complaint in these selections. In the opinion of many, the amount expended in the purchase of the pictures was the best investment the Club ever made. A description of the work of Professor Baldwin, its strength and qualities, and also a history of the artist, will be filled by Mrs. Peters. We shall have another original paper by Mrs. C. B. Atkins on "Harry Williams and his Pictures," and one also by Mrs. Dr. Patchin on the life and work of Marshall Talbott. We shall be very proud of these original studies, as the subject matter has never been printed.

The Club has received many courtesies from different sources, but none more highly appreciated and helpful than those received from the Press. The reports of the meetings have been generous and kind, and have helped to make the Club what it is, a recognized influence. The complimentary press

notices, as well as the unripe persimmons editions, are all taken care of in the Club's scrap book, so far as the papers could be obtained. At the beginning of the year different Club members were asked to save the papers containing any notices of the Club. To Mrs. A. P. Fleming is the Historian indebted for her reliable painstaking care of several different papers. It is regretted that all of the papers containing reports of the Club meetings have not been preserved. The "Mail and Times" is unfortunate in its quality of paper and ample size, for although several members promised to save the papers for the scrap-book, it seemed impossible to keep them from being confiscated "fur de shelves." Yet, now, we are all right, as its generous editor presented an entire set for the scrap-book. In the search for the back numbers during the heated term, the genial reporter (Nellie Matthews), it is thought, lost some of her Okoboji tan. The scrap-book, which is now at Atlanta, Georgia, attending the Exposition, contains the story of the Club year as told by the "Register," "News," "Leader," "Capital," "Review," "Mail and Times," and "Record," and also the "Midland Monthly" articles on the Art Loan, and Cedar Rapids "Biennial," consisting of many thousands of words, which will be read in the future with great and increased interest.

One of our number, a charter member of the Club, is a noble, loyal, talented woman. She has served faithfully upon

many important committees, has filled the honorable offices of secretary, vice president, and of president. In fact, she has often been imposed upon, as competent people always are. In her social relations she has been with us, as maiden, bride, wife, and mither of a braw laddie. She has written the complete history of the Club from the beginning, consisting of more than one hundred and fifty thousand words; yet only eighty-one thousand of these are spread upon the Club's scrap book, under the head of "The Daily News." (How in the world she ever did it is a mystery, for it took me all summer just to count them!)

Whenever she is present you may know that "a chiel's amang you takin' notes, and faith, he'll print it,"- and there is no doubt but Robert Burns, with prophetic ken, referred to her.

Notwithstanding her strong characteristics of decision and precision, force and truthfulness, her facile pen has never been dipped in gall. Her ever gracious words could come only from charitable opinions and a kindly heart. Her failure to criticize faults has always been magnanimously overlooked by the offenders. Most gladly does the Historian recall, that this same identical Mrs. Ella Hamilton Durley, gave one evidence yet unmistakable, that she possessed some of the old Adamic leaven. It was at the time of the founda-

tion of the State federation. There was a little flurry, and she flurried too! and it was all right. We "will no further seek her merit to disclose," for we well know and appreciate it. Yet apologetically, as was remarked upon another occasion, a toast without a roast is too dry.

The social history of the Club is always interesting, yet brief mention can only be made of several of the Receptions. President Goode gave a series of receptions to the Club members and their husbands, which continued through Tuesdays in November (1894). The Alliance members appreciated the honor and pleasure, and the regulars always do enjoy these social reunions.

In October (26th, 1894), Mrs. Berryhill invited the club to meet the members of the Executive Board of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs. It was a delightful reception, and it added another one to the many charming receptions given in this cultured home.

Mrs. Ellen Martin Henrotin of Chicago, visited for three days in Des Moines early in May (4-6, 1895), and was the guest of Mrs. J. H. Windsor. To ex-President Windsor are we indebted for the pleasure of personally meeting the President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The seven federated clubs united in entertaining this distinguished guest.

Like most other reformers and philanthropists, the Historian has urged others to do their duty, until she had no time left to attend to her own. The same old experience is repeated of squandering time and space on the less important affairs of the Club History, and being now obliged to leave the greatest events with a mere mention, when she intended to just expand on that Banquet, and the Henrotin fete in general, as well as the Federation meetings. She wanted to tell of that elegant reception, and its honored guests. Next in honor to our responsive President Henrotin was Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, who is kindly remembered for reporting to The Cycle from the Columbian Exposition, "All honor to the Des Moines Women's Club, Thou comest late, but thou comest crowned." She wanted to tell of our own ex-President Parsons from toward the setting sun, and of the good times the federated clubs had, and of the afternoon's public service, when we thought our clubs crowned themselves with more glory than anybody else, and then -- oh! that banquet! According to the plan, the scene was to be described, and the notes say, - it is difficult to consider this women's banquet as not being an exclusive function of this Club; for, although all the seven federated clubs were represented, all who responded to the toasts are also important factors in this one. The historian then expected to tell of the elegance of the reception par-

lors of the Savery, of the brilliancy and beauty of the banqueting hall, and how the National colors hung so protectingly over all. She wanted to tell how the company looked like a great bouquet of sweet peas, all color and harmony, and how two thousand yards of dress goods were made into six hundred sleeves, so that while that phalanx looked as if they were sitting shoulder to shoulder, they were sitting only sleeve to sleeve. She intended to tell how the three hundred banqueting club women occupied the same space that four hundred banqueting men occupied the previous week, and then she expected to mention the voluminous skirts. In fact, every thing was voluminous except the voices. And then the music, and the speeches,- and the waiting husbands;- and then she intended to tell what awful hard work waiting is, and of the years of every life which are spent in waiting. And to tell how anxious the chief hotel waiter became after one o'clock for fear we might be caught in a storm, but without avail, for the speeches were prepared, and they must be spoken. And then she intended to speak of the fact that it was no part of the plan of the Committee of Arrangements to have the weather so unseasonably warm, or the guests of honor an hour late. And then to tell of the beautiful souvenirs, which Mrs. Brown, a peri outside the gate, painted for the menu cards, for the guests of honor. Then a suggestion was to be made, that if

ever the General Federation wanted an able, dignified, courteous president, there are several available, experienced persons right here in our club, who would honor the General Federation and ourselves. But we could not electioneer, for that is a thing the Club has never favored; yet political cordiality has been seen occasionally, but even that was never approved. But it is too late to help it or tell it now. Yet to be a part of a show like that is an opportunity of a life time.

The time allotted is inadequate to do justice to our babies, brides, and business. But we must bestow a blessing upon each of our four babies, Raymond F. Grefe, Evelyn Vorse, Carroll Elliott Wright, and Ida Wilkinson Brigham, and a benediction upon our brides. For each of these two brides, the Club sincerely desires that the "wayside flowers of happiness" may be in perennial bloom along the dusty pathway of duty. When the first question of the new catechism is asked, "What is the chief end of woman?" these two will give practical answer, that the chief end of a married woman is to develop in her husband and sons the highest type of noblest manhood of which they are capable. In ordinary cases, this can only be done by discipline and sacrifice, with mutual love and sympathy; the wife usually furnishing the discipline and the husband the sacrifice for his own evolution. The Club sends best

wishes and kindly greetings to the new households of Mrs. James Rowland Angell of Chicago and Mrs. D. B. Lyons of Des Moines.

This Club "liveth not unto itself" alone, for it gives part of its life, its energy, ability, and character to the State and National Federations, in the persons of ex-Presidents Berryhill and Windsor, and Secretary Baily.

We are proud of our membership at home and abroad.

Mrs. James G. Day,

Historian.