

Des Moines Women's Club.

ANNUAL OF 1894-95.

PART I.

DES MOINES, - - IOWA.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS,
DELIVERED BEFORE THE WOMEN'S CLUB, Sept. 26, 1894.

By

Mrs. Lowry W. Goode.

Mrs. President and Ladies:-

I must still address the President for I hardly feel yet that her mantle of authority has fallen upon my shoulders. I can scarcely summon courage enough to stand before you after the warm words of the President, for they make me both grateful and confused, and you know a woman can never entertain more than one great emotion at once.

While overcome with grateful feelings, and before I become too much confused, let me thank the members of the Club for this unexpected honor. It came to me with all the weird fancy of a dream and woke me with its weight of responsibility. Was I plunging into a new sphere, and had I heretofore shown evidences of a strong minded, aggressive nature, a typical Club woman, possibly an "end of the century" woman? Surely not. Could I then aspire to leadership? I am sure I don't know where my conclusions would have led me, had not something brought to my mind the former Presidents of the Club, - a group of eight, gentle, quiet, domestic women and mothers, embodying in their womanly natures not the least hint of a strong minded aggressiveness. But possessing qualities of mind and heart the most timid and domestic one might well imitate. Each one in turn has stamped upon the records of the Club her own individuality, and broadened its scope, giving to us higher ideals of womanly character. But in no way has there been the least tendency toward that unpopular aggressiveness that is commonly attributed to the "new woman." So I concluded that the "new woman," she who has all the freedom if not quite all the wisdom of the end of the century, is not exactly our club's ideal wo-

man. But I believe the Woman's Club, with its influence for a high and liberal culture, will broaden her character in proportion to her liberties; strengthen her mind and cultivate in her withal a higher domesticity.

We should congratulate ourselves that our large and conservative membership embraces all the charming ideas of the demure, domestic home-keeper, the exactness of the teacher, the push and enterprise of the woman of business, and the aggressive dash of the modern reformer. All working together with the harmony of music. Here we all come together, hob-nobbing with every hobby without the least ruffle of our feathers. It is a "grown up" public school and gives us the same needed discipline. Women especially, from the natural retirement of the home, need the peculiar views and beliefs of all sorts of people to broaden our minds and give us a knowledge of character. Without this we are apt to be uncharitable, judging other's honest views and efforts by our own narrow ideas. A charitable attitude toward others is so important in the Club, - would we undertake any great work, - that I would emphasize it above every other virtue. Nothing will hold such a large influential body as this together, to act as one mind, if we have not within us a high degree of Christian Charity. Men acquire it in their everyday business relations, but we women rarely get it even by travel, or by years of miscellaneous reading. An uncharitable one will stand aloof from this "new movement of women," fortify herself within her sphere of four walls, with her cares and burdens and conscientiously feel she is in her sphere doing her duty. Could she not with profit enter this school of ideas, open her heart to

its influences and receive higher, broader thoughts; giving an impulse and glow of color to her quiet domestic work for home and children? A stronger mind filled with happier thoughts, making a duty a pleasure, and her home and children her paradise.

Women are bound to move on. The four angular walls of home can never make a perfectly rounded sphere, no more than four angles make a circle. Just how far this new movement is going to extend and modify her character, her emotions and her peculiar sex refinement and delicacy is a question that is puzzling all who have given it thought.

We Americans are apt to consider it largely a local result due to agitation or American chivalry. But it is so vast and widespread, and yet so far apart in the world, as to indicate one of those great waves which marks the formative efforts of nature, whether in the change of man, of animals or in a continent.

But does anyone believe we will be anything but women after all this great wave of progression has passed over our heads. Sweeping some of us away out at sea and out of our womanly spheres. If some do lose their sex refinement and are disagreeably transformed in character, may they not be the white caps that mount to the top of every great wave, only to fall back in foam and be taken by the undertow back to equilibrium? In all great changes the tendency is to swing away beyond like a pendulum, then fall back to a point always higher than the start. Let us hope ~~xxi~~ still to retain our womanly natures freed from all that is weak and trifling because we are women. To maintain high social qualities and grow strong as men in character and purpose, and in qualities of mind and

heart. To be earnest, helpful and sympathetic, equals of brothers or husbands. Fitted by education and training to take up a life work that shall have the fulness of a sphere wherever and whatever it may be. The fulness of life for man or woman is in filling out life's angles by touching up and adding luster to every dormant faculty. Then will the sphere be encircled by the curved line of beauty.

In the Catherine Lorillard collection of paintings in New York is a dainty breath of fancy. A fairy angel flitting from star to star as evening comes on, touching each one with her lovely finger tips. And, as she touches, each one sparkles forth in the sky with its full evening radiance. Some of you have seen it and no doubt have gone back a second and a third time to study it again. So would I have the soul of woman touch with dainty finger tips each dull unseen gift she has and, as each is touched, lo! it will sparkle out a lovely radiant star.

Shall I propose a toast, -what else could claim my tongue but the dream of our Club, and the tender fancy of our fathers and brothers, husbands and lovers, -our hope, our aspiration, "The Ideal Woman," Wherever she may be, may we one day find her to enthrone in our Club Home.

"Over the mountains of the moon

By the Valley of the Shadow,"

all that our fancy paints her. How graceful and charming she comes into our dreams, like the spirit of a long ago perfection. Dainty as a Cape Jessamine. "A creature so bright and fair, the same lips and eyes she wears on earth, would serve in Paradise."

Is she dark or fair, has she golden locks or chestnut hair?

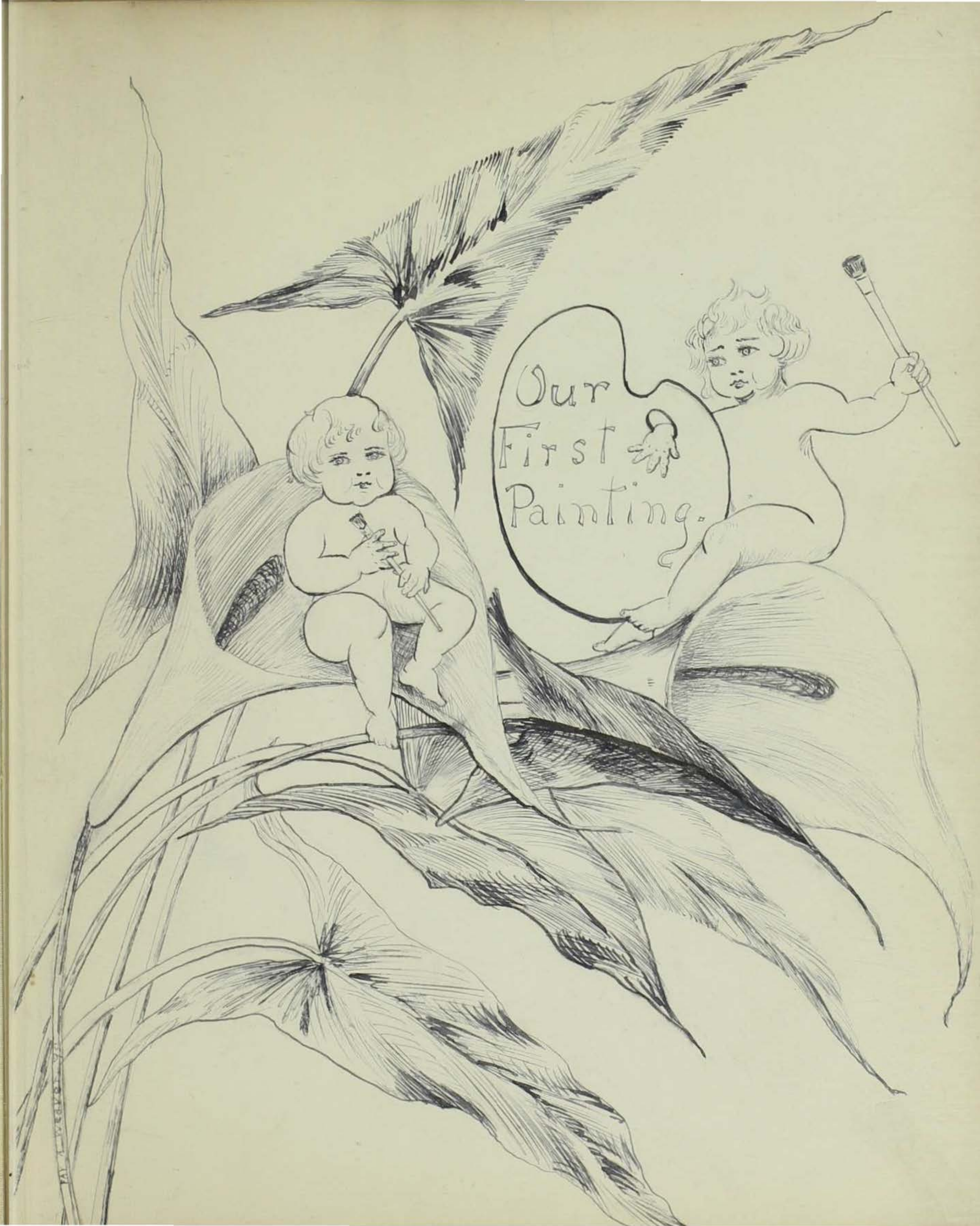
Is she Peri, angel, nymph or sprite, is she laughing, sober,

placid, or an intellect of light?

Is she plain or dazzling beauty, musical?--But I see you smile at this flight of fancy. You can't paint the stuff that dreams are made of, nor can you weave a tea-gown out of the sheer threads of an autumn mist. But you long for her soft, sweet ways and refinement of manner. She is to you the acme of womanly perfection. You know she could if she would, take her place in the world with a descision and energy that would insure success, yet without a sacrifice of a single trait of her sweet, tender womanly character.

You see her a guiding star in her religious work, ministering to the weary who know not the way to rest. You see her soaring into the farthest realms of thought in literature and science. She is progress, but progress refined and made delicate and freed from roughness. She is all to you and more than words of mine can paint her, for she is the "Ideal Woman."

Our
First
Painting.



of art - being greatly
in sympathy with
your worthy pro-
fects in position
to lend me efforts,
by way of a small
contribution toward
it. I take pleasure
in giving the in-
formation that
while in Paris, Mr
Field and myself

#827 July the 21st



Mr Good

Pres of Woman's Club

Dear Madame -

Knowing the

future intent and present

desire of the Drs. Women's

Woman's Club, to estab-

lish a gallery of art,

for the benefit of

our city and all lovers

had copied one of Corot's well
known paintings - the Italian
landscape view - the original,
of which, is seen in the Louvre
Gallery -

The copy is now at our
residence ^{and} at the disposal
of the Club, at any time, when
their contemplated Art room
is realized -

Your self ^{and} associate mem-
bers are cordially invited to
call at any time ^{and} see the
picture.

Respectfully Yours
Olga R. Field

It is a love for the true and good in art, which more than any other one cause leads people to undergo the discomforts and encounter the dangers of travel to distant countries. Tourists are interested in studying the customs of the people of other lands, but in order to do so successfully they must become more than tourists, they must reside for a time abroad, taking part in the domestic life, participating in the pleasures, and to a certain extent acquainting themselves with the sorrows of a people. It is a patent fact, however, that the great army of Americans who travel to Europe go from city to city, and pour themselves into the great art galleries, where they seek to become familiar with the works which from age to age have called forth the admiration of mankind. The majestic cathedral, presenting all that is noble in architecture, the storied castle, with its fascinating traditions, the splendid products of brush and chisel, are the chief allurements to the traveler, and it is the loss of all these that he feels most keenly upon his return.

Permit me to congratulate you, Madam President, on the fact that one of this year's tourists combined

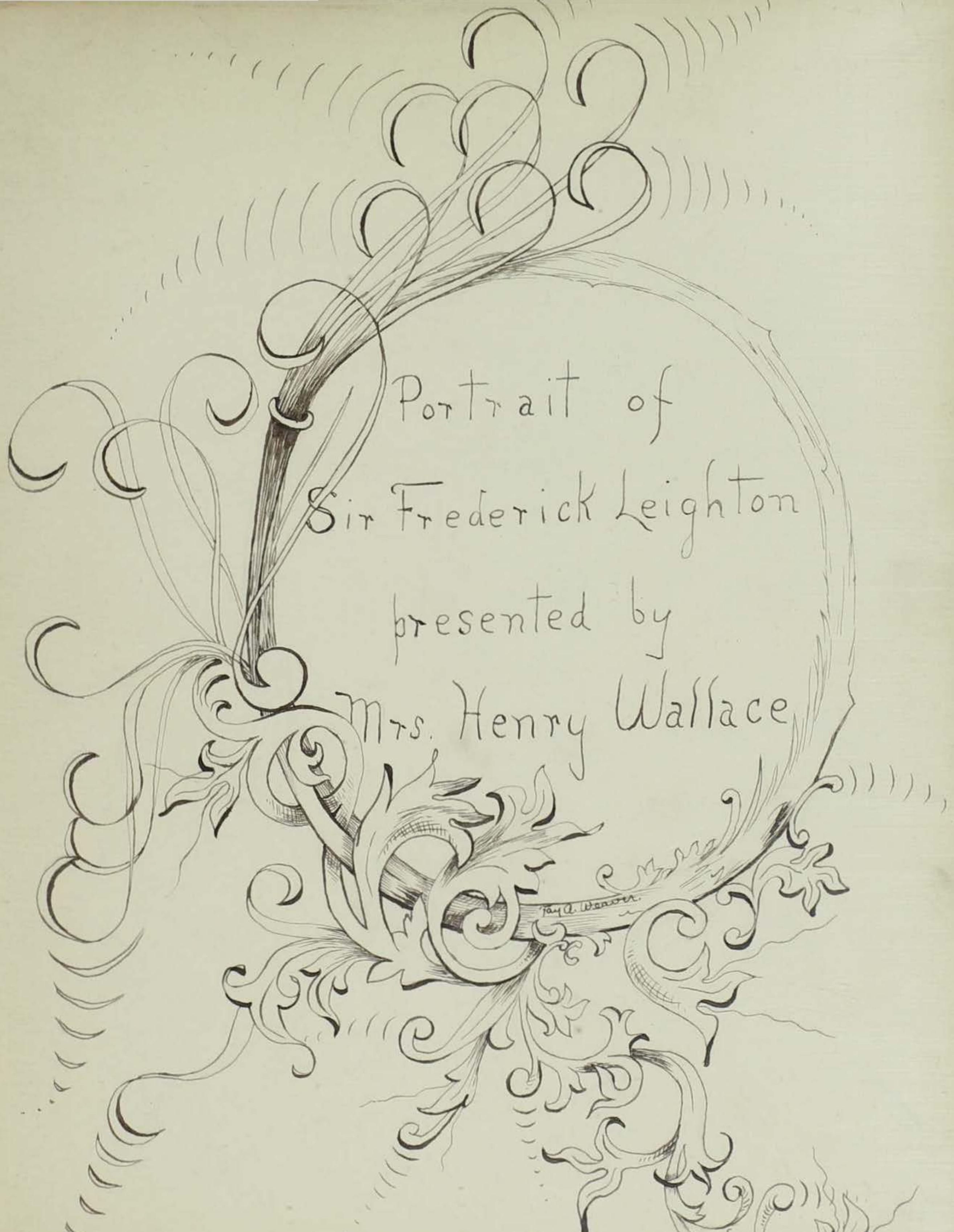
with her love of art so noble and generous a spirit that she was moved to share with others that which gave her pleasure. If a work of art calls forth our deepest admiration, and in its chaste beauty serves to awaken and stimulate a desire to do and to be, how much more are we moved by that admirable personal attribute, generosity. All art must be measured by time, but eternity itself will sing the praises of the man and woman who think of others as of themselves. I remember at the World's Fair at least two pictures which portrayed the hideousness, the absolutely repugnant quality of personal greed and that hardness of heart which would take all, and shut the eyes relentlessly to the suffering inflicted, but no brush has ever succeeded in depicting, nor can it, the sublime beauty of a really generous act. Its only mirror is the human heart, and there it sinks deep, nor does time serve to efface the impression.

I congratulate you, Madam President, that your administration is inaugurated by so auspicious an event as the presentation to the club of this beautiful copy of one of Corot's great works. His was indeed a master hand. Who does not recall with joy his matchless paintings of

the Loan Collection; How the memory of his "Orpheus" with its wondrous atmospheric effects, its glowing lights and shades, its tingling, palpitating life remains with one, proving, as must everything so sublime in its conception, an abiding joy. To have seen it is to have made it one's own for life. And now it is the good fortune of the Women's Club to receive a copy of one of Corot's rare landscapes, done by an artist of signal ability.

On behalf of the club, and in the name of a public that, as we hope, will at no distant day be given the benefit of all that this club may collect, I extend to you, Mrs. Field, sincere thanks and the assurance that we appreciate to the fullest extent your thoughtful kindness. I am confident that I voice the general sentiment when I say that the acceptance of your generous gift creates within us a still stronger desire and gives us a new courage to push forward the work to which we have pledged ourselves, that of giving to this community an art collection which will be a source of perennial pleasure to many. And in future years, when our gallery is here, a

precious reality, when pictures many and choice adorn our walls, and thousands are looking to our weekly opening days for pleasant recreation and heart inspiration, with a feeling akin to reverence will be pointed out as the first contribution to the splendid collection, the lovely Italian landscape, valued not alone for its intrinsic worth, but also endeared to all because of its exceptionally pleasant associations.



Portrait of
Sir Frederick Leighton
presented by
Mrs. Henry Wallace

Jay A. Warner

Mrs Anna. Matthews. Chairman
Current Topics.

Sir Frederick Leighton. Pres. R. A.
London, England.
His Studio and Home.

"The pencil speaks the tongue of every land."

By
Mrs. Henry Wallace.
Nov 7. 1894.

"Be eloquent with your brush it is with it you -
should speak."

Des Moines Woman's Club.
Iowa.

Sir Frederick Leighton.

During my recent tour abroad I spent most of my time while in London in the various art galleries, the Royal Academy being my favorite resort. Previous to my departure from Des Moines the chairman of the art committee for October 10 had invited me to give at that time a description of some of the galleries of the Old World. After a careful study of the paintings in South Kensington Museum, National Art Gallery and the Royal Academy I decided that Sir Frederick Leighton's works should be the subject of my remarks. Great public interest is taken in the Royal Academy of which Sir Frederick is Pres. It is claimed that owing to his natural gifts, and extensive cultivation of every faculty he is the most perfect president they have had in the past, or are destined to see in the future. He teaches "Be eloquent with your brush it is with it you should speak!" Eleven galleries of the Royal Academy are devoted to oil paintings, one room to water colors, miniatures on ivory, etchings, drawings and engravings. There is also a black and white room, an architectural room, and one for sculpture. The members number one hundred. Besides the officers a council of six govern the actions of the academy. The paintings of the president are many of them from the classic tales of Grecian literature poetry and art. His first picture exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1853 was "Cimabue's Madonna" being carried in procession through the streets of Florence. The queen bought

it and it still hangs in Buckingham Palace. Sir Frederick's processions and pageants are the most popular of his works because of the exquisite combination of colors, graceful draperies and naturalness in grouping figures. "Arts of War" and "Arts of Peace" occupy opposite ends of one gallery in the South Kensington Museum. They are done in spirit fresco. "Arts of War" represents knights in armor, maidens busy with needlework, soldiers displaying an embroidered banner, a youth trying on his iron-clad suit, and hurrying groups everywhere, the whole scene proclaiming war. "Arts of Peace" shows the interior of a Grecian home, where are groups of women trying the effect of various lovely draperies. A beautiful woman in white is placing a wreath on her brow, while an old lady near by is gazing wistfully at her as if longing for youth and beauty. Vases richly decorated are seen, and bronze lamps. In one corner two children are painting, the boy using the brush, the girl (as usual waiting on him) holding the saucer in which he mixes his paints, while she gazes critically at his work. Sir Frederick's decorative work can be seen in Westminster Abbey and St Pauls Cathedral. The design of one medallion, I was told, was, "The sea gave up the dead that were in it," where are shown those who have slept under the waves since the time of the flood, awakening from their slumbers. His biblical pictures express reality. King David is shown sitting wearily

gazing toward the distant hills," as if longing for the wings of a dove, that he might flee away and be at rest. Elisha raising the widow's son to life is fine, but it is excelled by Elijah in the wilderness, who, worn out by the toil of the day is sleeping under a juniper tree, when an angel comes and ministers to the weary prophet that he may have strength for his journey. The sky and earth show the heat that has overcome Elijah and the angel has an air of courage that inspires obedience, very different from the weak ones usually seen in paintings. Judging from the president's home his studio and his exquisite works of art, he counts environment as a great factor in our lives. The music lesson represents a beautiful mother and her child, amid lovely surroundings, the fair young matron guiding her little ones hands over a lyre inlaid with pearl, thus combining music and the poetic in art in a most charming manner.

His Helen of Troy is an artist's ideal of beauty and a most fascinating study of that attractive quality in woman that inspires men to deeds of good or ill. It is from Homer's description: "Famed warriors, marking Helen swore it is no shame that armed knights and Illian men for such a woman's sake should suffer long." In the Royal Academy I selected two of the president's pictures from among many as being in my opinion the best: "Spirit of the Summit" and "Summer Slumber."

The first named is a night scene. It represents a lovely young girl in white seated on an ice clad rock, her hands clasped, her face uplifted to the sky, in which here and there were twinkling stars. It is a perfect picture of solitude. "Summer Slumber" represents the interior of a room; in the foreground a fair young girl is sleeping on a stone bench on each end of which are carved statues of sleep. The beauty of her face and figure and the lovely drapery of her garments words cannot describe. Near her on the floor is a little kitten asleep; back of and above her is a perch of birds with heads under their wings asleep. Apparently guarding her is a statue of Slumber, also of Silence with finger on her lips. From the open window, in the background are beautiful green fields, and a summer sky with fleecy clouds. I gazed enraptured. The picture was so real I feared to move lest I should awaken her and almost involuntarily closed my eyes.

The following morning I awoke between 5 and 6 o'clock, and was still pondering over which was the better, when, as it has since seemed, an inspiration came to me-why not write Sir Frederick and ask him? Acting on the impulse of the moment, I at once did so. I prefaced my request by stating, "I am an American, presumptuous, perhaps, but of an enquiring mind, and endeavoring to improve every moment of my stay abroad." I explained my admiration and high appreciation

of his paintings, mentioned the friends whom we were visiting in London and Dublin, told him we would sail for home Sept. 27, and I hoped to hear the desired information before my return to America. The day was spent in sightseeing.

On returning for our dinner at 6 p.m. my daughter, who had not been able to accompany us, handed me a letter, saying, "Oh, mama, it is from Sir Frederick Leighton!" I opened it and read aloud:

"Dear Madam,-Yoyr letter just received; I hasten to write a line. If you will call to-morrow afternoon I will devote from 3 to 5 to showing you my studio and my home."

Promptly at the hour appointed my husband and I stood at the door of his home. The holly, ivy and flowers in the garden were lovely, the August day was full of sunshine and I was full of great expectations, which were more than realized. The door opened and we were ushered into what is said to be the most artistic home in the land. It is perfect harmony. As we entered the reception hall my attention was attracted by a bronze statuette of Icarus. Blue and white tiles covered the wall of the larger hall. Passing up the stairway we saw handsome paintings, Michael Angelo's "Creation of Adam," Sir Joshua Reynold's painting of Lord Rockingham and Burke, a fine head of Venetian type by Tintoretto, and others. As we approached the studio, a large room with window facing the door, a glance within revealed to us a distinguished

looking man, who came to meet and welcome us. His silvery hair seemed a crown of glory-well becoming his sixty five years. With a kindly smile he said to me, "Ask any questions and take notes if you wish." One end of the studio was occupied by an unfinished painting for the Chamber of Commerce in London. It represented the early Phoenician trade with Great Britain. A woman was trying the effect of purple drapery; others were examining fur robes, one man turning away, as if saying (as Sir Frederick expressed it), "Oh that is too much!" The sides of this picture have a border of acorns and oak leaves. The walls of the studio are covered with sketches of the Nile, of Rome, Seville, Damascus; also of scenes in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. He has carefully kept all the sketches he has ever made, even those done when he was only nine years of age. A frieze of the Parthenon is over the door of the studio, tapestry, old embroidery, tiles of every variety, Grecian vases, walls beautifully draped in Persian designs, statuary, scenes from the gardens of Damascus, the orange groves of Andalusia, the olive woods of Italy, Persian bowls, sandal wood boxes inlaid, easels, jars filled with brushes and a medley of rare and pleasing objects, not the least interesting of which were books that proved the artist's faultless taste in literature as in art. From the alcove of the studio the president took us to the balcony and pointed out the homes

of a number of artists that surrounded his own; also the cat-alpa trees and flowers in his garden, which he had planted. The quiet peaceful atmosphere of this home and its happy surroundings seemed to me an incentive to all that is beautiful and spiritual in art. The ante chamber next the studio is filled with paintings, and statuary and rare works from all over the world. Sir Frederick smilingly called my attention to his statue of "Needless Alarm", a woman on a pedestal with garments closely drawn around her as she gazes affrighted at a harmless frog near her feet. In speaking of sculpture, he said his first attempt at modelling was a monument for Mrs Browning at Florence. The dining room walls were a dark Indian red, the side board of black covered with lovely china. Rhodian and Damascus plates extended from the floor to the ceiling. A fine piece by Schiavone is over the oak mantle, and on each side are Arabian chairs with mirrors on the backs and arms. The drawing room walls are a delicate brown, the ceiling white. The ceiling of a recess in this room is by Delacroix for the Royal Palace. Four of the finest pictures ever painted by Corot, the president assured us, we saw here. They were "Morning", "Noon", "Night" and "Evening". Also a scene of a boat on a still lake by Corot, and two landscapes by Constable, one of which the "Hay Wain," received a gold medal at Paris. As we entered

the Arabian court, it seemed a scene of enchantment, the fountain in the center, the great gilt dome above it, lighted by eight arched windows filled with colored gems of glass from the East. The arched recesses on each side of the hall are supported by columns of white marble on bases of green, the columns carved with birds. In the alcoves are couches filled with soft cushions of green silk. Cairo wood shutters exclude the light. A band of black marble extends around the lower part of ~~the lower part of the wall~~, and the floor is of black and white marble. A screen of Cairo wood was in front of a recess in which were lovely jars. Persian tiles of the tenth century were to be seen on the walls; a frieze on a gold ground, by Walter Crane, extended around the hall. Over the entrance, in white, on a blue ground, from the Koran was the inscription: "Name of God be merciful. Merciful God created man and gave him speech, and taught him the Koran. Sun, moon and stars, worship him, and trees, testify to him." The stateliness, luxurious surroundings, and beauty of this court impressed me as the wisdom and magnificence of Solomon impressed the Queen of Sheba - "the half had not been told." It was a great privilege as well as a pleasure to hear Sir Frederick's description of his home and its treasures, which he told us, have year by year been added. He instructed the architect to

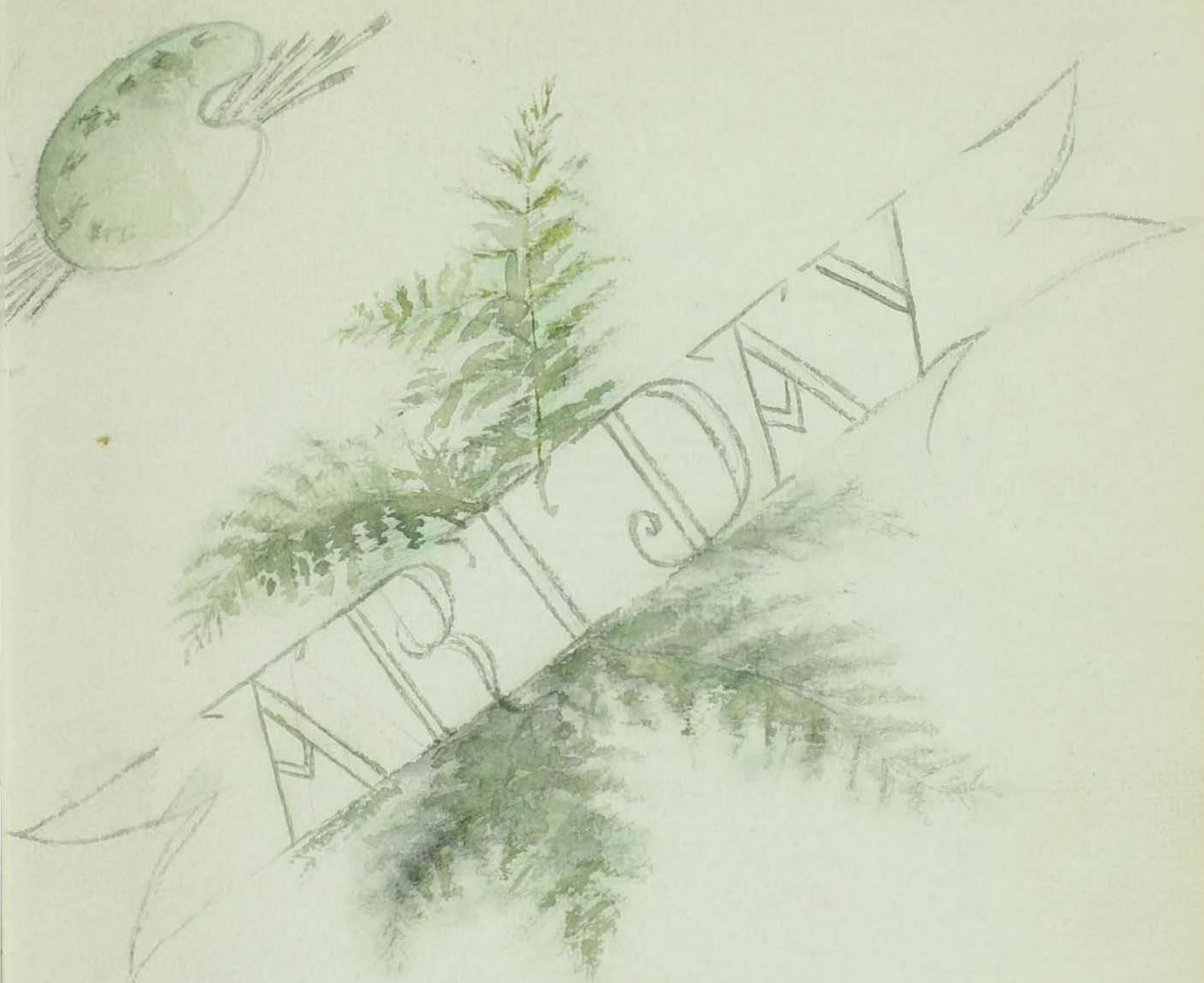
spare neither pains nor expense, the sole idea being ,
 "Make it a beautiful creation." He said our homes should be
 the outward signs of ourselves, and an artist's home a palace
 beautiful, as an artist's aim should be the perpetuation
 of beauty. He inquired of me my choice of his pictures in
 the Royal Academy. "Summer Slumber," I replied. "Oh, no;
 'Spirit of the Summit' is the finest painting I ever did."

Sir Frederick Leighton's paintings are remarkable be-
 cause they are full of ideas and power. He is not only a
 great teacher of art, but by means of art utilizes his ex-
 quisite skill and taste as an artist, for the purpose of set-
 ting forth more clearly his conceptions of truth and
 reality. He is much more than a great artist, because he
 uses art as a means of expressing the highest truths. In
 this he closely resembles his friend, Ruskin. Sir Frederick
 speaks of art as the house of many mansions. As we bade
 him good-bye, he took from his desk his most recent photo-
 graph and wrote thereon (with a quill pen, which he always
 uses) his name, and the date, and gave it to me. From this
 I have had painted a portrait in water colors, by a competent
 artist, who studied in Antwerp and Paris. I take pleasure in
 presenting it to the Woman's Club as a most appropriate
 beginning for our future "Portrait Art Gallery." It will be
 to me a happy reminder of the instructive day I spent at

his home, and of the lesson learned that art consists, not only in the perpetuation of beauty, but also in the kindly act and the courteous deed. Were I to spend the entire afternoon I could not speak of all the treasures of his home "Perseus and Andromeda," "The Garden of Hesperides," "Alceste" and others of his paintings were at the World's Fair. The singing of birds in his garden cheered our departure from the home of the president of the Royal Academy, who will ever remain in my memory the highest living impersonation of high art.

Mrs. Henry Wallace.

*Dear Mother. La.
756. 16th St.
Aug. 1895.*



OCTOBER TENTH, EIGHTEEN NINETY FOUR,

MRS. J. A. JACKSON CHAIRMAN.

ART IS THE INTERPRETER OF NATURE

Program.

Introduction - Mrs J. A. Jackson

The Salons of Eighteen-Ninety-Four
Written in Paris by Miss Mary E. McClellana
Read by Mrs. Harold Howell

Some Tendencies of German Art
A Talk by - Mrs. Edith Hepburn Hummel

A Talk on Art in General
Mrs. J. A. Macomber

A European Letter from Mrs. Henry Wallace
Read by Mrs. J. A. Jackson

The room where the club is held was arranged to resemble an artists studio.

Fur robes were thrown over the couch while fur and Persian rugs were spread upon the floor. The walls, doors and furniture were draped with curtains and scarfs brought from Egypt, Persia and Japan by Des Moines women and loaned by them to the club for this especial day. Upon the easels were valuable paintings; fine copies and original works from great artists.

The walls were covered with choice engravings which illustrated the paper and talks. A large case, the piano and tables were filled with rare china, vases and pottery also with woodcarving, bronzes and marble statues.

Among those who loaned so generously were: Mrs. S. H. M. Byars, Mr. C. H. Perkins.

Mrs. Isaac Keillis, Mrs. Fred Lehman,
Mrs. Loring Lode, Mrs. J. B. Stewart, Mrs.
James Mason, Mrs. Frederick Field, Mrs.
C. B. Atkins, Mrs. Dr. Potter, Mrs. J. K. Wile.
Mrs. C. Pratt and Mrs. Dr. Rawson.
The decorations were of palms and bittersweet.
The committee consisted of:

Mrs. Wm Jaguith
Mrs. Homer D. Cope
Mrs. Alexander Fleming
Mrs. Harold Howell
Mrs. Henry Plumb
Mrs. J. K. Wilson
Mrs. Jay Macomber
Mrs. Henry Wallace
Mrs. W. F. Rummel.

L I T E R A T U R E .

M R S . H E N R Y S A B I N , C H A I R M A N .

O C T O B E R 2 4 , 1 8 9 4 .

H U M O R I N L I T E R A T U R E .

A G N E S N E W T O N V O R S E .

N E W S P A P E R W I T .

D A I S Y A . G R E E N .

C A R I C A T U R E .

L I Z Z I E C H R I S T N O U R S E .

HUMOR IN LITERATURE.

Read before

Des Moines Women's Club,

by

Mrs. Frank W. Vorse.

Oct. 24th, 1894.

"Care into our coffins drives the nails no doubt
And every grin, so merry draws one out."

"Oh rippling river of laughter ! Thou art the blessed boundary line between the beast and man: And every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care."

This little verse seems almost like an answer to a question the literary critics are much given to discussing nowadays— as to whether or not we Americans—as a people—are too humorous.

Some argue that no author should dare to write without a "deadly purpose", and a full appreciation of his great moral responsibility as an instructor, educator and revealer of unpleasant things generally. Although they may admit that a little fun does no harm if it be just the kind of fun that they enjoy and approve of, still they think we give entirely too much encouragement to writers like "Mark Twain", "Artemus Ward", or "Josh Billings"—who lower the standard of our American Literature and bring upon us the reproach of what the English call our "calm American irreverance."

Mr. Howells tells of an old friend of his who, though he had all the National fondness for humor, used to be greatly

troubled about its origin and destiny. He said he greatly doubted the existance of humor in a heavenly state-- He could conceive of an amiable, polite arch-angel, but hardly of a funny one—but he was inconsistent enough to add that he was afraid it might be dull in paradise without humor.

Other critics take a brighter view of life and do not insist upon an exclusively "drab colored" world. They have greater faith in our national common sense, and in the counter-acting influence of refined, elevated, wit and humor, as illustrated by such writers as James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendall Holmes, George W. Cable, Thomas Baily Aldrich or Charles Dudley Warner.

The writer of a recent magazine article makes a most pathetic plea for humor--in which she says: "The great Master-pieces of Humor, which have kept men young by laughter, are being tried in the courts of an orthodox morality and found lamentably wanting. If the critics keep on there is danger that Don Quixote will come in time to be regarded as the saddest book ever written." She quotes some critic as saying that

Robinson Crusoe contains more psychology, more political economy, and more anthropology than are to be found in many elaborate treatises on the subjects. She thinks Daniel De Foe would hardly recognize his great work as a "picture of civilization", as this critic calls it—having supposed it to be just the reverse when he wrote it. We are informed, however, that the old authors—as a general thing—understood very little of their own masterpieces. A great deal has been written of the tragic side of Falstaff—when we have all along thought of him as the "Leviathan of all the creatures of Shakespeare's comic genius" and enjoyed seeing him "tumble his unwieldy bulk in an ocean of wit and humor".

What shall we do to make merry our souls if we lose Falstaff as well as Don Quixote.

Ever since the time of Carlyle, earnestness, and a vast sense of moral responsibility have been favorite virtues in literature. But even Carlyle, though very melancholy and in earnest and thinking "Pickwick" "sad trash", had a sort of grim and eloquent humor of his own.

Emerson— who I believe was a great admirer of Carlyle even goes so far in one of his essays as to speak of Shakespeare as "only a master of the revels". Emerson must surely have had dyspepsia very badly the day he wrote that.

Charlotte Bronte seems to have possessed very little sense of humor—a fact which is partly accounted for—no doubt—by the extreme sadness of her life. She also had no love for it in others, and is said to have refused to be introduced to Dickens, when he was being lionized in London—thinking him common and vulgar.

I am told that over the door of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen is this inscription—"Not for Amusement merely." Shall we go a step farther than the Danes, and label our life or our literature: "Not for Amusement at all" ? I answer most emphatically no. Why—the Bible itself distinctly states that there is "a time to weep and a time to laugh".

The mission of humor—to us Americans at least—is of vital importance. We are such a busy people, living so much of the time at such high pressure—that were it not for our

national love of the grotesque we should "go all to pieces", much oftener than we do—and cases of what some foreign doctor calls "Americanitis" , would be still more common.

Looking at it from this standpoint, the short life of "Artemus Ward" was not lived in vain— though the last two or three of his thirty years were a constant struggle with the relentless disease, which finally conquered him.

Josh Billings said he was the drollest man the country has ever produced—and an English critic says: "I have heard many orators and seen many actors, but I never saw such a case of magnetic control." Though his writings do not rank high as literature—his wit was always pure, spontaneous, and original.

Before he started out as a comic lecturer he had been employed in newspaper work, had won some notice as a writer of funny paragraphs, and was one day at the circus where a number of his jokes were perpetrated by the clown. All at once the idea came to him—"Why pay to hear my own jokes ? If such things are worth anything perhaps people will pay to hear me tell them." So he wrote his first lecture-- "The Babes in the

Woods"—which he announced would contain the most amusement, and the least instruction possible—just the opposite of what lecturers had previously considered the proper thing. He was a success from the first, and for eight years kept two continents convulsed with laughter. Even a London fog seemed to have no effect upon the "diamond glitter" of his humor. Here is a sentence from a report which he wrote of himself and had published in one of the newspapers the morning after one of his lectures-- "It was a grand scene--Mr. Artemus Ward standing on the platform talking—many of the audience sleeping tranquilly on their seats; others leaving their seats and not returning--others crying like a child at some of his jokes--all, all formed a most impressive scene and showed the powers of this remarkable orator. And when he announced that he should never lecture in that town again, the applause was absolutely deafening." Of course there were always a few in his audiences who would not even smile. He was always intensely amused at such people and even inserted in his programs this obliging note for their benefit—"Mr. Artemus Ward will call upon the people

of London at their residences and explain any jokes in his narrative which they may not understand."

Perhaps he can not truly be called a humorist as his fun is more in the nature of wit—and produces its effects mainly by the use of hyperbole. I make this distinction between wit and humor—Humor deals with facts--wit with fancy. Humor is the electrified atmosphere—wit the flash. Dickens writings are examples of humor—Baron Munchanson's of wit. Sometimes wit and humor are united in the same example as when some one says— "Dogmatism is puppyism full grown". In Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus", Herr Tenfeldsdroecksh unites wit and humor when he says: "England is composed of ten millions of human beings—mostly fools"—there is both the atmosphere of fact and the flash of fancy. Artemus Ward said of Jefferson Davis soon after the close of the Rebellion—"It would have been ten dollars in Jeff's pocket if he had never been born."

Mark Twain in describing some of the places which he visited in the old world said—"They are not so intensely beautiful as the books have represented them to be. If one be

calm and resolute he may look upon them and live."

I have spoken of the love of Americans for the grotesque. Are we unique among nations in this respect? And if we are is it anything to be wondered at —any more than that the Italians have a greater love of beauty or the Germans of science?

Surely our country affords a vast harvest for the humorist, the newspaper wit, and the caricaturist—with its population made up of immigrants from all the older nations of the globe—containing elements as variable as they are incongruous, curious and grotesque. In our larger towns and cities, "Newly arrived Germans, Irish, Chinamen, Italians, Turks or Swedes take their turn (before ridicule's merciless quizzing glass) with the travelled cockney, the heavy swell—the painfully attired dude, the incurable Anglomaniac, the tailor-made girl, and the snail-paced messenger boy."

Though I have thus far only spoken of humor as affording us needed amusement and relaxation, it has fulfilled a still higher and more dignified mission to the human race. It is a

great moral and religious power—and has always been so regarded since the days of Aesop and the old Greek philosophers. Aesop has been called the greatest humorist and moralist that ever lived—though I believe some have tried to make us believe that he too never existed. The Bible contains many instances of the use of humor, in the form of ridicule and satire, to induce men to do right. A long paper might be written on political satire alone. It has been a powerful weapon in the hands of humorists of all lands and times—and its power for good can hardly be over estimated. Our American literature has the honor of possessing the best example of this kind of humor ever written—the "Biglow Papers"—published during the time of our civil war by James Russell Lowell. An English critic has said "The Biglow Papers" stand alone, unequaled, void of coarseness, clear cut, and diamond bright". I might say here that Lowell is also the purest, truest example of what is known as the "dialect school" of American Humorists.

Humor has been largely employed by clergymen—one of whom—and I believe it was a staid old Englishman too—once said,

"There is no greater help to the religious life than a keen sense of the ridiculous". Spurgeon's great success as a preacher was due in a good measure to his wit—and I might mention dozens of others of whom the same would be true. The great orators of the Reformation were notorious humorists, and Cromwell's preachers as well.

Mr. Spurgeon was once accused of being too funny in the pulpit—he did not deny the charge and his accuser becoming indignant, exclaimed, "I wonder, Sir, how you, a minister of the gospel, can venture to utter so many witticisms in the house of God". "Ah !" said the great preacher, with a pathetic little sigh, "you wouldn't if you knew how many I keep to myself".

It is said that the most serious nations of Europe—England and Spain—have been the most humorous—and that their store of humorous literature vastly exceeds that of all the others put together—seeming to prove that smiles and tears are never very far apart, and that the play of humor needs a serious background.

The most successful story-tellers of our country, like

Cooper and Hawthorne—though not strictly humorists, have realized that the writing of romances is like bread-making, it must have the little leaven of humor, else the whole loaf of fiction will be heavy, flat and tasteless." Some one says of Hawthorne— "His exquisite sense of the tender, the loving and the beautiful (heightened by rainbow streaks of life's mirth and hope and cheerfulness) outbalance all his weird philosophys, acutely wrought speculations, ghostly idealisms and morbid intensity".

A little story is told of Dr. Oliver Wendall Holmes last book—"Our Hundred day in Europe"—which illustrates the fact that an author is known and remembered—abroad at least—by his funny pieces, more than by his more serious work, though it may possess much greater literary merit. He was revisiting England after an absense of fifty years, and he and his daughter were everywhere most royally received and entertained. While an honorary degree was being conferred upon him at the University of Oxford, the question came from one of the galleris

"Did he come in the 'One Hoss Shay'?"

The peaceful death of Dr. Holmes two or three Sundays ago was the fitting close of a long, happy, quiet, successful life. There is a most charming vein of quiet, kindly humor running through his works, and for more than sixty years he has held a very dear place in the hearts of his fellow-men.

To Benjamin Franklin is universally awarded the honor of first making our national literature respectable, and by his quaint originality and humorous expressions rousing the curiosity of foreign readers. His efforts added to the popularity of Washington Irving in England, fifty years later, caused the clouds of prejudice and jealousy to break away and won a place in the libraries, clubs, and homes of Europe, for our books, magazines and reviews. Their humor was so good natured, so original, genuine and delicate, and so united with other intellectual and moral qualities, as to completely disarm criticism. The English author of a recent work on American Literature says of "The History of New York, by

Dedrich Knickerbocker"—(and I do love to quote anything an English critic says in favor of American Literature) "It is in point of originality Irving's masterpiece and is one of the richest farragoes of fact, fancy, and irony that has ever issued from the press."

Our country has produced a vast army of comic writers, whose scintillations have been immensely popular for a time, but are now almost unknown—for every age has its own fashion in fun as in everything else, and it would seem that humor alone never gives its masters a lasting place in literature. It must be united with other literary qualities, and must as a rule be joined with such sympathy and pathos as we find in Lamb, Goldsmith, Hood, Irving or Holmes. The writers of the present day, who are simply funny, will be wise to "make hay while the sun shines"—for it is more than likely that twenty years hence they will be entirely out of fashion, unless they chance to enshrine their wit in some higher literary achievement.

Dr. Holmes gave good advice when he said to young authors who were inclined to be funny--"Make a reputation first by your more solid acquirements--You will do nothing great with Macbeth's dagger, if you first come on flourishing Paul Pry's umbrella." Of so many writers we might say as some critic does of Bret Harte-- "He is most of a Humorist, in the high sense, when he is furthest from a jester."

Though the sense of humor is greatly to be desired, still it can not be morally invigorating to be always assuming the funny side of life. Wit and humor are the pepper and salt of literature--not the food.

Mr. Howells says the sense of humor is something that has been changed and refined by the process of civilization almost as much as the passion of love itself. How much of this change has been wrought by woman it would be difficult to determine--but it is a significant fact that women were not a part of the public who laughed at the horrible indecencies of Rabelias' writings--for at that time women read very little and their reading was

confined to the Greek poets and philosophers and works of that kind.

This suggests another very interesting question—have women produced as high a quality of literary humor as men? I am sure we have one example right among us, of a true female humorist, in the character of our club Historian—Mrs. Minerva M. Day—"Aunt Melissy Oldfogy."

I am sure too that those of you who have read "A Social Departure" by Sara Jeanette Duncan, telling how "Orthodocia and I went around the world by ourselves" and dedicated "as a humble mark of profoundest esteem, to Mrs. Grundy"—will agree with me that this young American authoress is truly humorous. Recall their sufferings in Japan in behalf of that "skoshy green trunk"—or her description of how they obtained their first lotus flowers—which she calls "a great, creamy, waxen water-lily thrice glorified, with a separate phial of perfume at the end o f every stamen."

The greatest fault I have to find with humor is that in a twenty minutes paper one can quote so little of it. I had

it in my mind at first to keep you amused all the way through by selections from the best humor of all ages and literatures-- but I soon found that if I did much of that the paper would have to be all quotations—for the best humor nearly always refuses to be condensed into a sentence, but "distils its fun drop by drop, through a whole page". Let me in closing give and extract from "My Summer in a Garden", which is perhaps Charles Dudley Warner's masterpiece, and is an example of this higher American humor. Delicacy of touch seems to be the prevalent characteristic, and we surely need never be afraid of having too much of it.

"I had begun to nurse a good deal of pride in presiding over a table whereon was the fruit of my honest industry. I thought I had something to do with those vegetables. But when I saw Polly seated at her side of the table, presiding over the new and susceptible vegetables, flanked by the squash and the beans, and smiling upon the green corn and the new potatoes, as cool as the cucumbers which lay sliced in ice before her, and when she began to dispense the fresh dishes, I saw that the

day of my destiny was over. You would have thought that she owned all the vegetables and had raised them all from their earliest years. Such quiet vegetable airs ! Such gracious appropriation ! At length I said,— "Polly, do you know who planted that squash or those squashes ?" "James, I suppose". "Well, yes, perhaps James did plant them, to a certain extent. But who hoed them ?" "We did." "We did :"

I said in the most sarcastic manner. "And I suppose we put on the sackcloth and ashes, when the striped bug came at four o'clock A. M. and we watched the tender leaves, and watered night and morning the feeble plants. I tell you, Polly," said I, "there is not a pea here that does not represent a drop of moisture wrung from my brow, not a beet that does not stand for a back-ache, not a squash that has not caused me untold anxiety; and I did hope—but I will say no more". In this sort of family discussion, "I will say no more" is the most effective thing you can close up with. I am not an alarmist but I am quite ready to say to Polly or any other woman, "You can have the ballot; only leave me the vegetables, or what is more

important, the consciousness of power in vegetables". I see how it is. Woman is now supreme in the house. She already stretches out her hand to grasp the garden. She will gradually control everything. Woman is one of the ablest and most cunning creatures who have ever mingled in human affairs. I understand those women who say they don't want the ballot. They purpose to hold the real power while we go through the mockery of making the laws. They want the power without the responsibility. (Suppose my squash had not come up, or my beans—~~as they~~ threatened at one time—had gone the wrong way! where would I have been?) We are to be held to all the responsibilities. Woman takes the lead in all the departments, leaving us politics only. And what is politics? Let me raise the vegetables of a nation, says Polly, and I care not who makes its politics. Here I sat at the table armed with the ballot, but really powerless among my own vegetables. While we are being amused by the ballot, woman is quietly taking things into her own hands."

Agnes K. Torze

NEWSPAPER WIT.



DAISY ANKENY GREEN.

OCTOBER 24TH. 1894.



To me, and doubtless to many of you, speaking here is like in thought to the widow recently bereft, who confided in a friend the fact of so much trouble in the settlement of her affairs that she declared she "sometimes almost wished John hadn't died." So we sometimes almost wish we were not members of this Club. You will easily recognize this as a newspaper story; but in the beginning the line will be drawn at professionally funny papers and advertisements. Nor is it necessary to set forth the mission of the modern newspaper that has grown to be such an absolute necessity as the literature of the whole human family, keeping us in touch with life in all its multitudinous phases. In the columns of the daily press there is enough of crime and casualty to strike terror to one's heart; enough of politics to shake one's faith in statesmanship; enough of grief and death and destruction to make one hail with relief something that may divert the mind from the oppressive and disturbing.

The quality of amusement encountered may vary from the product of a highly cultured mind to the pertinent sayings of children, or, low in the scale, a coarse or silly jest. From the editorial to the market report there is scarcely a column that does not contain something "worthy the tribute of a genial smile."

The editor, with the weight of mighty and important subjects, daily indulging in political satire or lampoonery, will often pause to give something else in the lighter vein. Only the other day one of the great minds of the world informed the public that "The oyster is the laziest member of the human family; it never gets out of bed intentionally."

All that is high in life, or low as well, people in every station--the latest fad or your own pet hobby--come under the ban as victims of newspaper wit. Here in a column with headlines warning the reader of "Sprinkles of Spice," "Pith and Point," "Puts and Calls," "Smiles," etc., are found that which occasioned a recent publication to ask:

When a funny paper uses one whole column of its valuable (?) space and ten minutes of its patient readers' time to try and be cute, and misses it a mile, then where does the laugh come in? This significant, sour-grapes-ey question appeared in their valuable space labeled "Among the Funny Men."

Occasionally the reporter of local news finds "hidden in secluded corners" some bit of pleasantry that serves to convert dull facts into very readable matter. No difference what his object, whether to fill space or give vent to the exuberance of his own wit.

This from a southern paper:--

"Mrs. Deisner baked her first batch of bread in the newly completed brick oven last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Pete Myers, in his grab for the first loaf, nearly upset the negro cook who was standing by as the bread was brought from the oven, then rushed out and showed the sample as an evidence of the success of the new oven which he erected for Mrs. Deisner."

Important circumstance for an interested public!! No doubt every person in that town enjoyed the first profound truth and the very ludicrous finale. Surely, if that item was funny, the reporter was not to blame. Let us return the compliment to the scribe who tells us "the fact that a woman is flighty by no means indicates that she is growing wings."

At this season it is with fear and trembling the sporting page is scanned, until, reassured by some thoughtful reporter that in yesterday's football game "no lives were lost."

The artist who penned the base ball news in the Inter Ocean last year gave us an indefinable variety of literature--a cross between the classic and the realistic it might be called. He had a love for Shakespeare, beginning each article with a quotation. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends" is followed by the naive suggestion that "she ought to sublet the job."

"Since that dread hour in the misty long ago when Chevalier Bayard cracked a stone thrown by the enemy, and so invented base ball, there has never been a time when the trodden worm has turned so quickly and gnawed the strawberry marks off its persecutors so greedily as the Colts did yesterday."

Then comes the game in detail, couched in language that would keep the most enthusiastic lover of the national game guessing.

Much of the real humor of a newspaper is in the small story; when well written they are often extremely ludicrous. Then there are short tragedies in parts; or, here and there tucked away, sometimes with the dignity of a whole column, are topical subjects done up in rhyme.

A gem like this:-

Said Know-It-All, who was perusing
 An item which he found amusing:
 "A little nonsense now and then
 Is relished by the wisest men."
 The wisest men--it drives away
 Dull cares that on the spirits prey.
 A little nonsense now and then
 Is relished by the wisest men.
 "H'm! that's the reason," added he,
 A little nonsense pleases me."

Or maybe a verse so sweetly touching as this:-

I sing of Spring, a thing
That this year seems a hoax,
For the breeze doth freeze the trees
And the crocus croaks.

and so on and so forth. It may be well that most of these have been labeled "jokes," else we might accidentally be surprised into a laugh. Sometimes the meaning may be too deeply hidden for our power of resurrection, or our sense of humor not sufficiently developed to appreciate the effort to amuse.

I have forgotten to give the classification that I meant should be accorded newspaper wit. There is never any difficulty in distinguishing the classes. First, of course, are the really witty articles; second, those that are meant to be funny and are not; and those not intended to be that are. The last class has been termed the "unconscious wit of the daily press," a large share of it being credited to the account of "typographical errors."

Perhaps the clever typo may have had his enjoyment sooner than the public and can bear the charge. However, his may be the fault for the many queer statements that are left to the readers' imagination to turn and twist into various shapes and meanings.

An original and unique way of telling of a highly prosperous region comes from a southern sheet: "In our settlement peace and plenty seem to originate everywhere." The same gives an account of a shooting affray where "one victim died instantly, and another one may."

A late complimentary biographical sketch stated the remarkable fact that the object "was born in the Old Dominion at an early stage of his existence and has been a hustler ever since."

The sudden demise of a high public official was described thus: "Just as he reached the door, he fell, a corpse. Two doctors were summoned immediately, but to no avail, and he died in great agony five minutes later." An unfeeling contemporary grimly comments:

"It is very rare that a corpse lives even five minutes, and the spectacle of one dying in great agony must have been one never to be forgotten."

In the absence of both editors the publisher has succeeded in getting a gentleman to edit the present issue, wrote the publisher of a country weekly.

Some one has said, "There are, in this medley world of ours, in this whirl and coil of distraught entities, a formidable number of mites that crave amusement and will be content with nothing that bears other name."

Yes, in the immortal words of Mr. Sleary, "The people must be amused." "Verily, the missions of a newspaper are as manifold as its sins, and if it cheers as well as teaches, may it be--"an argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever."--Shakespeare.

CARICATURE.

Although the art of drawing had been used by the ancients for satirical purposes, the word caricature is comparatively a modern one, being made from the Italian verb caricare--to load-- hence the word means a loaded or rather an over-loaded representation.

I will state before going further that I have interested myself only in the English and American schools of caricature and hence will speak in detail of them alone.

During the seventeenth century the art of caricature seems hardly to have existed in England, the wit there being expressed vocally rather than pictorially. During this time the spirit of caricature was repressed in France, but Holland, bold in its republican freedom, and rich then as now in painters and etchers, was the home of caricature during the entire century. She kept the world informed of the political doings both of England and France from the restoration to the South Sea scheme.

The eighteenth century may be said to have been the age of caricature. The writings of Swift and Smollet testify to its

satirical spirit as well as the drawings of its many caricaturists.

William Hogarth was the founder of what might be termed the first school of English caricature. He was not a political caricaturist, but devoted himself entirely to the lashing of social vices and his success as a social satirist has never been equaled. The publication in 1732 of his "Modern Midnight Conversation", is said to mark an epoch in the history of caricature. His satire --- says one biographer--- was never an end to itself, it was a means toward the teaching of some valuable lesson of practical morality.

In the wake of Hogarth came many talented artists whose productions became the rage. The two most prominent ones were Thomas Rowlandson and James Gilray. They were indeed considered the master caricaturists of the eighteenth century. Their works give to historians most valuable lessons in reference to the customs, manners and politics of those stirring times. It certainly would be most interesting to look over those old cartoons showing the contemporary public opinion of Bute and Wilkes, of Pitt and Fox.

Although caricature assumed immense importance in France during the Revolution, the French artists themselves produced no such work as came from the graveers of Rowlandson and Gilray. From the modern standard of refinement, the satire of the artists of this period seems coarse and almost obscene, but their works simply reflect the customs and sentiments of the times and show the strong party feelings and fierce political passions of the age.

After the downfall of Napoleon, when the people were tired of strife, a change came over the manner as well as the matter of caricature. The artists before this time preserved only a faint likeness of their subjects and made them rather monstrous in their appearance, while the artists now begin to preserve a fair likeness of their subjects and make them ridiculous by position rather than by distortion of face or figure.

John Doyle was the first English artist to separate himself from the idea that coarseness and exaggeration were the essential elements of humor as exhibited in caricature. He was also the first artist to preserve faithfully in all cases the

likeness of his subjects and to give them their individual attitudes and tricks of manner. His cartoons are considered very valuable on account of the likeness of public men which in many instances are the best in existence. He was the founder of the cartoon as it was afterwards developed by his son, Richard Doyle, John Leach and John Tenniel in Punch.

Up to the year 1835 caricature was a thing unto itself only occasionally joining hands with journalism. Cartoons were made in lithograph sheets and shops opened for their exclusive sale, the political sketches being in great demand. Comic journalism was first undertaken by a Frenchman, Charles Philipon by name. He established in 1831 a paper called La Caricature. It was but short lived and he afterward established the comic journal Le Charivari.

The establishment of Punch in 1841 put an end to lithograph sheet caricature in England. It is claimed that the growth of modern pictorial pleasantries can best be traced in the pages of this paper. The famous Punch trio, whom I mentioned before, Doyle, Leach and Tenniel followed John Doyle's departure in preserving likenesses. Although Punch has steadily improved in

artistic merit since its establishment, the political caricatures have changed but little since that time.

Political caricature in the United States dates from the first administration of Andrew Jackson. It began in this country as in England, by the artists themselves first issuing lithograph sheets, but afterwards taken up by some publishing house. The first cartoon work done here was anything but promising. Drawing at that time was taught scarcely at all in this country, and the few skilled draughtsmen who had strayed here from other countries were ignorant of our politics and public men. So up to 1840 the cartoons were either poorly executed or weak in character. There was a gradual improvement after that time until 1850, when sufficient advance had been made to enable Americans to boast of a distinct school of caricature.

Lithograph sheet caricatures continued to be published in this country for thirty years. Many attempts were made during that time to establish a paper in this country to take the place of the English "Punch", but all were unsuccessful. Interested parties were obliged to content themselves with the

thought that Americans were too bright a people to need a paper which relied upon its wit for its success.

It was quite entertaining to me to look over the reproductions of some of those early American cartoons. In the earliest ones Uncle Sam always appeared dressed in the style of Franklin. About ten years later his garb was changed to one closely resembling the one he now habitually wears, but at that period he always had a smooth face whereas he now invariably wears a chin beard.

During the presidential campaign of 1848, Mr. Marcy, who by the way was the author of the phrase, "To the victors belong the spoils", always appeared in caricature with his trousers patched with a piece marked fifty cents. It was said that when he was governor of New York, while off on official business, he tore his trousers and afterward, in a bill against the state for traveling expenses appeared the item-- to patching trousers, 50 cents. What amount of editorial ridicule could have been so galling to Mr. Marcy as those portraits and fifty cent patches. Later during the campaign of 1852 he appeared with his hand covering the patch, having presumably become

tired of the frequent allusions to it during the previous previous campaign.

The cartoons published just before the war are full of strength and vigor. To those who can not personally recall the incidents of those exciting times, they will give a more vivid impression than all the stories they have heard by word of mouth.

In all the early caricatures the figures were drawn without a back ground and over each head was a loop in which was expressed the sentiments of the individual. These loops were used in this country long after they had been abandoned by English artists and were demanded by the public long after the artists did their work so well that the pictures told their own story without the aid of the loops, but the publishers said they would not sell without them.

The sale of the lithograph sheet caricature was destroyed in this country when illustrated newspapers began publishing political cartoons, which they did not do until the close of the war. The work which Nast did for Harper's Weekly during the war, was too serious to be properly considered under the head of caricature. His work, however, during that time made

him more hated in the South than the most rabid abolitionist. Nast begun making political cartoons about the close of the war and continued that work until 1871, when he begun his fight on Wm. M. Tweed and the Tammany ring, which made him famous. It is doubtful if the power of caricature was ever better illustrated than in that campaign against corruption. The cartoons reached a class of people who would not take the pains to read editorials, and the masses were aroused. The laughing public soon became an indignant one, which speedily determined that the wrong should be righted and Nast's untiring efforts were crowned with success. Tweed is reported to have said that Nast's pictures worried him more than all that was written by his enemies. Nast was unlike any cartoonist that had preceded him, nor was he imitated by those who followed him. He stands alone, the beginning and the end, as it were, of one school of American caricature. Had he stopped work at the close of the Tammany War he would have carried a splendid name into history. He has perhaps done that, but had he retired then the public would not have discovered his limitations. His artistic faculties had not been supplemented by thorough training and he was not able to keep pace with the artistic progress of the country. The success of his work in connection

with Harper's Weekly proved that the public was ready for a journal devoted to that kind of work, and Joseph Keplar comes into the field with Puck. In 1870 Keplar had started a paper called "Puck in St. Louis". There were only two volumes published and he afterward went to New York and established the paper there in 1876. Nast's star began to decline when Keplar entered the field. Keplar's natural ability was equal to Nast's; his artistic training was much better and his sense of humor broader. Keplar is the founder of the school of caricature with which we are familiar today. Among his worthy disciples are, Gillam, Taylor, Oppen, Dalrymple and Hamilton.

It has only been a few years since the world of fashion in this country was first held up before the public in the pages of our comic journals. Mr. Henry W. McVicar was the first artist to amuse the people by recording the sayings and doings and various imbecilities of the moneyed American, the Anglomaniac the fortune hunter, etc. Society drawings are now a feature of all the humorous papers. "Life", which was established in 1883, devotes its pages chiefly to them. W. L. Shephard and E. W. Kemble have made a special study of the negro and they

have brought out in their drawings the traits which compose the subtle charm peculiar to negro character, as no other artists have been able to do. Although this country has not produced so many artists as either England or France, in the line of caricature, those it has brought forth are considered as good as their trans-Atlantic contemporaries if not superior to them.

The fact that Thomas Nast is now, in his old age, making political cartoons for the Pall Mall Gazette, after having given the work of his best years to the Americans, goes to prove that we are not behind in this line of art if we do have to take a second place in others.

E D U C A T I O N .

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D I S C U S S I O N .

Should Education Aim to Develop Symmetrically
all our Faculties or only those Prominent in the Individual?

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A F F I R M A T I V E .

Mary Potter Lusk
Nov 7th 1894.

THE QUESTION. Should education aim to develop symmetrically all our faculties, or only those prominent in the individual?

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Education should aim not only to store the mind with knowledge, but by judicious development of all the faculties to create that mental power which makes the individual a guiding factor in the life of the community. The true object of education is to perfect the individual for his duties to humanity, and that discipline of the mind which equips him for service to his fellow man, is the only one worthy of consideration. Will devotion to special gifts or complete development of all his faculties aid him best in fulfillment of his destiny? If prominent gifts alone receive culture, effort is stimulated only in a narrow field, and latent and perhaps more valuable faculties lie inert and useless, when a more generous and universal training would have given them the strength which comes with use and activity. Devotion to one object makes man an automaton, his whole personality is drawn upon for the benefit of one faculty, and the man is overmastered, the wholesome balance necessary for preservation of mental equilibrium is

lost, abnormal development follows, and we have what is popularly known as a "crank."

Let us see what the world's great educators have thought upon this subject. Jean Paul says, "Let it be a law, that as every faculty is holy, none must be weakened in itself, but have its opposing one aroused." According to this eminent authority, we are not to educate the prominent faculty but its opposite, that a complete and well rounded character may be developed, and the various elements of the mind so harmonized and balanced as to produce a healthy and symmetrical growth. To quote Herbert Spencer, "The great thing which education has to teach us, is how to use all our faculties to the greatest good of ourselves, and others." In other words, to prepare us for complete living, and his conclusions are, that by miscellaneous activities we gain that better balance which is a preparation for the business of life. According to Plato, "Education is nurture" all the fibers of the brain should be called into play and aroused to full activity that their work may be properly distributed among

inherited capacities.

It is a recognized law in physics and chemistry that a certain fusion of different elements is necessary to effect great results, and the same law will apply to that orderly development we call education. A symmetrical education embraces all that makes the good citizen as well as the man of letters, and it requires a steady step in the march of progress that will carry the world onward and upward. It means worth and character, perfected judgment and flexibility of intellect, love of virtue, reverence of old age, and the habit of patience under necessary restrictions. Its text-books are Nature, Man and God--- three ideal educators which promote the unfolding of all the infinite possibilities of the mind with the largest possible perfection of the physical and moral. The study of nature aids discernment, quickens intelligence, and insures an inheritance of "A sound mind in a sound body." The study of man makes the education of the citizen, teaches relations and duties to the community, and inspires to a life of the highest usefulness. The Book of God purifies the heart and trains the will to patient endurance.

The educational "fad" of the hour (the demand for specialized instruction) has narrowed the field of achievement until we have no one to-day who can compare in individual resources with men of the earlier centuries. Michael Angelo was a poet, general, statesman, sculptor, engineer, architect, and painter. These varied accomplishments were only made possible by the unconscious education of all his faculties, reached through the versatility of his employments. Leonardo da Vinci united in his person the capacities of architect, sculptor, engineer, anatomist, athlete, and author. He was a musician, capable of manufacturing his own instruments, and a successful explorer in physical and mathematical sciences, when the most of those sciences were in their infancy. He was a poet, improvising for the pleasure of his friends, as well as the greatest painter the world has ever known. These men were not isolated examples of greatness, but were successful among many rivals, and in every case the proteiform experience reacted upon the man, and made possible his numerous achievements.

A noted author says, "To write upon education, means

to write upon almost everything at once, all the energies with which nations have labored and signalized themselves once existed as germs in the hands of the educator."

The present industrial conditions are in a great measure due to the tendency to specialize pursuits, and the problem of the twentieth century will be how to undo the mischief that specialization has wrought in the nineteenth.

It is a natural law that man should labor to live, and all of our ethical teachers tell us that work is the universal panacea, but let us look at a few of the specialized industries, and note their unattractiveness. The "Song of the Shirt" to-day must be a chorus of twenty-one voices.

"Band and Gusset and Seam," are no longer the work of one person, our specialized industry requiring twenty-one women to make a shirt. As a result of a division of labor, seventy men are employed in the manufacture of a Boot.

Time was when a laborer could feel a pride in the work of his hands, but what exaltation of spirit can come from days of monotonous toil. What educational value can there be in a treadmill existence which weakens the body, and warps the mind. In this great human partnership in which we are

born, these industrial sins against one member react upon the rest and in the end the whole body suffers. This tendency to specialize education, industries and pursuits, increases our national interdependence, wealth grows, "At the expense of that human weal in whose service it won its name." The question that confronts the philanthropist and the statesman to-day (and upon its economic solution our national prosperity depends) is how to counteract by increased opportunities for development outside the industrial field, the deadening effects of specialization in productive processes. The answer must come through non-specialization as far as our complex environments will allow and in the harmonious development of all the faculties in our educational system. It is the universal gifts, universally exercised, which will sweep from our civilization those twin blots, the pauper and the millionaire, and make us the glory of nations.

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" SHOULD EDUCATION AIM TO DEVELOPE SYMMETRICALLY ALL THE FACULTIES ? "

A PAPER READ BY

MRS. E. C. SPINNEY

BEFORE THE

DES MOINES WOMEN'S CLUB.

NOV. 7th, 1894.

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"SHOULD EDUCATION AIM TO DEVELOP SYMMETRICALLY

ALL THE FACULTIES?"

by

Mrs. E. C. Spinney.

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What is the supreme aim and end of education? Not knowledge alone. To acquire knowledge simply, is information, not education. This is included in the aim and in the process of education; but this is not the supreme end. Neither is it utility. It is true that we educate for usefulness, but not for personal use alone. The utilitarian view which would have a young man or a young woman learn grammar, mathematics, the languages, science, art, in order to be able to teach the same to others, and they in turn to others still, and so on in a chain of get and give, never finds any end at all. It is a mere commercial transaction, the passing of a commodity from hand to hand, each trying to get a profit out of the transaction. Nor, yet, is the supreme end of education found in simple preparation for any kind of life work. That would be mere apprenticeship, not education; or at least, only a partial, one sided and narrow training, like the drill and dress parade of the camp.

2

to make soldiers, rather than to make men. And yet again it is more than culture. Culture is involved in the process, in the aim, and in the results of true, liberal learning; but not as a supreme end. One may be cultured into a monstrosity. He can be educated truly, liberally, only into a higher and a better manhood. Any one, or all these as ends in education, never can reach the ^{real} goal. That goal, that end in view, that highest aim is character, well rounded, symmetrical, substantial, enduring, forceful character. The processes of education, therefore, should be such as will compass this result, namely: character-building. Education is character-building. The question then resolves itself into this; how to build wisely and well, so as to reach this end: a character edifice worthy of a being with the capabilities and potentialities of man and woman.

And just here it will be well to distinguish between what is called a liberal and a technical education. The former is broad, general, all embracing: the latter, narrow, special, circumscribed. The one aims to develop all the faculties harmoniously, symmetrically, jointly.

3

Thus the building all goes up together and becomes a character edifice. The other builds part at a time; now a room, now a closet, now a roof, now a porch, now an "L", now a gable, now a door, now a window, with the great risk of either never completing the building at all, or at least of getting an inconvenient and unsatisfying structure at the least.

This paper pleads for the former, the liberal education. Sometimes this form of expression is used as identical with a college education. In theory this is right. A true college education, after the old and well established order, is liberal. It educates, leads out in all directions, into the fields of language, of history, of science, of art, of philosophy, of physics and metaphysics alike. And this with a view not to making specialists in professional life; but of laying a broad foundation in a symmetrically developed manhood and womanhood, for any and every high and honorable calling in every life.

To follow this figure a little further: What are the distinguishing features of a noble, eye-satisfying, and life conserving edifice? These: beauty, strength, commodiousness, convenience, and general utility. Mark then these points:-

I: Symmetry is beauty. It satisfies the aesthetic eye.

4

It produces a sensation of pleasure. Who that looked upon the great white city of the recent world's exposition was not charmed with the exquisite beauty of its architecture, and the matchless symmetry and order of its grand exposé of the world's great and manifold life? Just so a true, a liberal, a symmetrical education brings out, arranges, develops the whole man or woman--all the powers of body, mind, and heart, in a pleasingness of form, a harmony and proportion of every part, that constitutes what we call a beautiful human character and life.

2. Symmetry is strength. It has the quality of endurance and self-support in it. The truly grand is always strong. Look at the mountains, look at the great monuments, and the time-defying temples of the world. They are strong, and they are symmetrical--and strong because symmetrical. Every part is joined harmoniously with every other part, and so all are mutually inter-supportive, with the grand result of enduring strength. And this is a symmetrical education in illustration. A truly liberally educated character is strong--strong to bear and strong to endure.

Symmetry is commodiousness, convenience, utility. Roominess is one of the requisites of high value.

3

No one likes narrowness. There is a feeling of enlargement in simply standing in a broad place. "This great and wide sea" is one of the truest characteristics of the ocean. So of the vast expansiveness of the physical heavens. "The length, the breadth, and the height of it, are equal." That is the inspired defining of the New Jerusalem, the city of God. This is symmetry in the celestial world. It is roominess in the Courts of the Highest. Convenience, too--what is that but a symmetrical conjoining of all parts, so that each shall serve the other, and all together conserve the common end of convenience--a coming together of every entrance, avenue, and by-way of the city at the one great golden milestone in the forum of the eternal city. And in the same way and at the same time the truest utility is conserved. The ill-arranged, the crooked, the narrow lanes and cross-ways, can never serve a great and busy populace.

The point is readily seen. A roomy character, a character with easy approaches, a character in whose presence others feel enlargement and inspiration, and uplift, is a symmetrically developed, evolved, educated character in all the lines of human thought and life.

Here then let me rest, and close with a word in regard to the education of women in particular--a subject now in the air of the

best social life. What we need is a liberally educated womanhood. The other sex should first be liberally educated, and then they may build upon that foundation a subsequent structure in business and professional life. This is the object of the professional and technical schools.

But with us it is different. We are not, we do not expect to become, we do not wish to become, professional women, but women in the broadest and most generous sense of the word, women fulfilling our great and common mission, as the wives and mothers, the help-mates, the companions, the advisers, the educators, the builders of men: women with characters that the world always has regarded and always will regard as beautiful, and strong, and broad, and lovable, and useful to the world and pleasing to God. Therefore let woman's education be liberal, symmetrically developed in every part of a great, a good, a grand womanhood---body, mind and heart.

Discussion

"Should education aim to develop
symmetrically all of the faculties."

Negative.

November 7th 1894

Jennie B. Baylis.

Should education and instruction

be uniformly all of the faculty.

If the statement made by Dr.

Dr. D. C. O'Connell is correct and

shows that education is the one

subject on which the whole world

is interested; to true, then the

importance of having the best

educational system cannot

be overestimated.

The page of educational

history reveal as many theories

as facts. And as we go after

another fact away from us

around the influence of man

of wide sympathy, cannot

coordinating, having facts and

philosophic minds. He of the

present day looking for in

science are limited by

their resources, whether

science or business which

about us in formulating and
determining our own theories
Our educational methods
though superior to any of the
past are readily acknowledged
to be far from our ideal.
A glance at the progress
in higher education in the United
States, during the latter half
of the present century will
show the tremendous and varying
mind goes far to prove that de-
meaning should not aim to de-
velop symmetrically all of
the faculties, but rather those
of exercise, influence, adaptat-
ion.

But first of these to say
that of would not have the
them education confined to
the narrow limits of the col-
lege. Education commences
at the cradle and ends only
at the grave. The that all
human motivation such as

the family, school, civil society, church and the state contribute a part. President Jordan thinks the college belongs to the baby hood of culture and President Gilman would have the college designate the years of discipline, the university the period of freedom.

Within the memory of most of us the curricula of our colleges contained only fixed courses and a student desiring to pursue a course was compelled to study a certain amount of classics and mathematics with a little history and religion. Upon its completion the degree of A.B. or A.M. was received. This is now different; instead of only two degrees fifty-three others have been added.

The adoption of the elective system marks the first

epoch in educational advance;
whereby the student is free to
choose from studies for which
he has natural taste and apt
itude. The real universality
must stand for all subjects
alike. According to the standard
of Cornell the stream engine
is as good as Greek and
philosophy is not more essential
than that read making.

The opening of Johns
Hopkins University, only two
ten years ago marked the
second epoch. And for the first
time in American academic
policy quality took definite
precedent of quantity. The
connection and relationship
of the great university from
the recognition by its founders
of the growing fallacy of doing
up all men after the same
mold - which is to reproduce
China - and the importance

by of me mind grasping all
that is contained in the vast
range of human knowledge, as
as that. I feel that the highest
education can only be secured
ed by laying a broad founda-
ation of general studies, for the
purpose of discipline and for
broad by specialization. It is
told that the amount and
quality of work done in the
Department University during the
first decade is without parallel
in the American to be found
in nearly every faculty of our
land and every institution of
such phenomenal quality of
work did not come by accident
but rather by strenuous effort
applied with due regard to ap-
propriate supplemented by per-
severance and innovation.
The new qualitative

aptitude, perseverance and concentration holds the key which unlocks the door of success. For the day has arrived when success in life is obtained only on competitive principles and what is there so conducive to successful competition as a thorough equipment obtained by special preparation. Regarding the first quality, aptitude, do we not in nature recognize, from history prove, and by experience verify, that there are certain conditions to each and every thing which are necessary for its highest development.

I am glad that parents and educators are at last recognizing that a child has an individuality which should be sought out, carefully preserved and given direction, whereby the infinitely rich germ may be developed according

to the ever last. When this comes
 will the paths of the morning
 song be no longer unknown.
 The number of those who
 name have become known
 through the cultivation of an
 facility of which nature gave
 a hint by making it born
 must be given the ideal of
 art could not be what it is
 today without such beautiful
 examples as those set us by
 Raphael and Michael Angelo. And
 as to all well known from the
 frequency of their works of
 their true devotion to art, so also
 with but few exceptions de the
 frequency of their works of
 must have made their name
 known, till it long many years
 of concentrated effort in their
 respective vocations. Amongst
 it further, as with the indi-
 vidual as it has been with

the nation, for the emergence of
 every age have been concentrated
 in some particular channel
 which distinguishes it from
 any other age.
 There must be concentration
 in of effort directed toward
 some particular object. How
 peculiar is the expression in
 the poem and the enthusiasm
 all have must result from
 the cultivation of a variety of
 talents.

To refute the argument which
 has been advanced, that concen-
 tration of effort in some particular
 or recreation narrows the intellect
 and weakens the individual
 mind, one illustration will suf-
 fice. In a work of art great
 variety of detail is necessary
 for perfect harmony, as in a
 very picture, there are a hun-
 dred accessories which con-
 tribute essentially to the com-

result and must thereby broaden and deepen.

During the past summer I read a paragraph which is a fitting illustration of the methods necessarily pursued by those who practice symmetrical development; and is in substance as follows. They range freely over a mass of subjects from the religion of the Phoenicians to the poets of Australia, and from the Song of Solomon to the latest electrical invention. They have lectures in the morning upon Plato and Aristotle, and in the afternoon upon Emerson and Arthur Hugh Clough. They take a short-course of German metaphysics, - which is supposed to be easily compressed into six lectures - and followed immediately with another on French Art - or the folk-

lore of the North American Indians. A fortnight for the Renaissance, a week for Greek Architecture, ten days for Chaucer, three weeks for Anthropology. No topic is too vast to be handled deftly and finished up in a few afternoons.

It must be apparent to all that the acquisition of a mass of details upon disconnected subjects cannot be as beneficial as the knowledge obtained with the same expenditure of effort, with system plan and purpose.

Nor can he who takes time to explore every avenue and subterranean cavern of thought ever achieve the ultimate superiority in a chosen pursuit that he does who has a definite object in view and is enabled

by special education to push
forward beyond the beaten
paths distinguishing him who pract-
-ises symmetrical development,
thus bestowing upon himself
individually and humanity
in general a lasting benefit
For upon such in the future as
in the past depends the civil-
ization of the world.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS VERSUS THE NEW WOMEN.

A tender theme is mine, my friends, for I shall ask you to spend a few minutes with me in loving reminiscence of our grandmothers. We will study them together, and seek to know the secret of their charm, and we will compare them with ourselves, their descendants, and ask ourselves some questions which it may be helpful to us to answer.

The women of today are distinguished from the women of the coming generation in that they have grandmothers.

Grandmothers! Is it not a word eloquent of meaning? Picture to yourself the ideal grandmother, gentle of voice, quiet of manner, simple in dress. The placid smile revealing all absence of dental art, the furrowed cheek soft as an infants and rosy with the bloom of healthful age, the busy hands guiltless of all ornament save the slender golden circlet which tells of a marriage day in the long ago. The silver hair smooth coiled and crowned by the snowy cap and everything about her exhaling an atmosphere of peace and gentle love. She is always interested and always busy, yet daily does she steal apart for that quiet hour with Him who said "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest". Her children respect her and honor her, and the little ones cluster about her lovingly, sure of admiring attention and knowing well, that deep hid in her capacious pocket is some toothsome dainty or childish treasure dear to youthful hearts.

A few years hence grandmothers will be classed among the extinct

species. Every family will preserve a tradition of its own especial grandmother, and derive distinction from the recital of her merits or the possession of her portrait, as certain very blue-blooded aristocrats do today, in the tales of their knightly progenitors, or display of emblazoned coats-of-arms.

Here and there scattered through the homes of the land, there yet remains to us one of these relics of the past generation, a grandmother.

Let us cherish her as a sacred trust, be proud of her as of something the like of which we will never see again, for I tell you my friends, the grandmother, as you and I love to think of her, is almost a thing of the past. After a while, so skillful have become the hair-dresser, the dentist, the costumer, that we will scarce be able to tell the mother from the grandmother.

In one family I know where there is a fashionable modern grandmother the children are taught to say mamma and other mamma-a title singularly appropriate when we compare the very slight difference apparent between the two ladies. Grandmothers are sadly out of date. I wonder whether there is a single real grandmother in this audience.

Every woman before me has all her teeth, grandmothers rarely have, they wear their abundant hair banded, or at least frizzled or crimped grandmothers seldom do, they are tightly corseted, and wear big sleeves, and revers and jet bonnets and jewels, grandmothers never do. So you see after all I am constrained to believe that we have no grandmothers at all among us, only a few other mothers.

Now the question arises; is the world the gainer by this change?

I truly believe these other-mothers are doing a valuable work in teaching the perennial youthfulness, activity and acquisitiveness of the American women. These are rushing times and in our alert of interest to keep pace with our daughters, freshly graduated with degrees from the many colleges of the land, we give little thought to the flight of years. And if the sliver threads do glisten from among our tresses, and the delicate tracery of Time's finger print is seen about our temples, we scarce heed the reminder that age is approaching us, until we see in some familiar face, that which recalls to us the thought that we too have passed very many of the milestones of life.

The world is the better for the end of the century grandmother. It used to be that when the children were all grown, married and established in homes of their own that the mother aged rapidly, and soon lost interest in everything outside her own narrow sphere. At 50 in thought and feeling she was older than the modern woman of 65, and in dress and appearance looked older than the woman of 70 do today. Perhaps hard work has much to do with it, but I think that limited range of thought was a potent factor as well. The greater educational advantages and increased intellectual activity we enjoy today, help keep us from yielding to the encroachments of time. The Fountain of Youth my friends, is not limpid stream deep hid in forest glade or mountain vale, but a silent pool buried in our own hearts. In this pool of love and work for others, we can bury forever petty vanities, narrow thoughts, sordid ambitions, encharitable judgements, and rise purified of every form of selfishness, to a realization of the higher living which takes no thought of self,

except to enoble and enrich mind and character so that we can give out a helpful influence. Every woman's club is a Fountain of Youth; for here youth and age touch shoulders, personality is lost sight of, ideas, principles, sentiments, alone are recognized, and the mere question of years has no significance. It matters not whether the club woman is twenty or seventy their work and usefulness are identical, and one has no appreciable advantage over the other.

It has become the fashion latterly to speak of the end of the century woman as the grand culmination of womanhood. As a sort of self-evolved miracle. A separate creation, not an evolution. Her grace, beauty, accomplishments, aptitude and general capability, and her success in every field of labor she undertakes, are all themes for endless comment and admiration; just as if the woman of today had no antecedent cause back of herself, no source from which she sprang.

But I believe that to our grandmothers do we owe much more than mere physical existence.

The pioneer woman figures but little in the histories of the United States; and we marvel at the infrequent mention of women as partakers in the stirring scenes of early days, yet the pioneer woman played no inconsiderable part in the developement of the Nation.

Think of the patient courage it required to build a home on the frontier. To wrest from Nature's grasp the cultivated fields and garden spots. To be neighbor to the beasts of the forests, or to listen in the watches of the night to the dread war-whoop of the red-skin, and even in more favored localities free from the grewsome accessories of wild-beasts and wild-men, how endless the toil, how monotonous the

round of labor, how ceaseless the demands on strength and cheerfulness, and how circumscribed the circle of ideas and emotions. The occasional visit of an itinerant tinker with his gossip and glue pot was an exciting event, while the annual campmeeting, and the annual circus subjects for happy anticipation a year in advance and occasions when the separation of "the sheep from the goats" became most distinctly marked.

Think of the countless premature graves, filled by the young, earnest wives and mothers who, utterly exhausted in the hard battle of life, fell by the way, their mission all unfulfilled, their tasks all unfinished. The hale old ladies we read of now-a-days as celebrating golden wedding anniversaries, aptly illustrate the survival of the fittest.

In looking back through our grandmothers spectacles, it seems to me the one prominent and conspicuous feature of their lives was Work! Work! Work! They had none of the conveniences which we so thoughtlessly enjoy. Large families were the rule, not the exception, as today. All over the country a social equality existed, which precluded all idea of servants, save in the South and a few populous districts. On her own exertions must the wife depend for every comfort enjoyed by her family.

She not only baked and brewed, swept and sewed, washed and ironed, cut and made, but spun her own thread and yarn, wove the flannels and wool goods for the family clothing, spun, dyed, wove, cut and made every suit of clothing husband and sons wore. She spun, wove and bleached her bed and table linen, and towelling, as also her apron and dress

goods, and yet her loving hands always found time to delicately broider her baby's long clothes.

My own dear grandmother did all this for a family of ten children. Grandfather was a Methodist preacher, a circuit rider, and rode horse-back over a territory of 200 square miles, preaching the gospel. Grandmother in addition to household and family cares, led the prayer-meetings, presided over the aid society, made and received pastoral calls, and was expected to have a plate ready to entertain the frequent guest at the pastor's ever hospitable board, and serve him with abundance of home-made jelly, jam, and pickles to say nothing of pie at least twice a day.

We women of today talk plaintively of our time being so fully occupied that the leisure hour is a thing unknown; yet if we ask ourselves, what have I done today, or last week, or last month compared with what my grandmother used to do, I think we will blush at the comparison. And just in proportion as we are favored with all the time saving, labor saving contrivances of modern invention should we feel impelled to use the time and effort, to the larger culture of those womanly accomplishments, which are within our reach and which were denied our grandmothers.

Fiction details very unkindly with the women of the by-gone generation.

The Novelest, however bright and winsome he portrays the young American girl, almost invariably pictures a Mrs. Nickleby type of mother and the grandmothers are drawn as discursive, ungrammatical, unlovely

old ladies, always knitting, and always ready with some homely "sign" to quote on any and every occasion.

If our grandmothers did sometimes trip in grammar, and did blunder in pronunciation and social culture, they had very good excuse.

How much leisure for culture of self and help to others could the mother of seven children have if she had to spin, dye, weave, cut and make the suits her husband wears, provided all his shirts and linen, to say nothing of the many little jackets and trousers, the countless skirts, dresses and aprons, and other garments her seven very vigorous children wear. Why the very item of 54 pairs of stockings a year to knit, which would be the minimum number, for a family of nine, would utterly preclude her knowing whether Carot painted landscape or lions or whether psychology was a system of theology or the science of cookery.

Is the work of the modern woman of greater value than that of our grandmothers?

This seems a difficult question to answer because the field of labor is essentially different. Our grandmothers were primarily good housewives and good mothers. In the auld lang syne nearly every roof-tree rang with the merry laughter of from six to a dozen children, while today as every body knows, babies are out of fashion. If you doubt it, call the roll of the membership of any club of representative women, and ask that the response indicate how many children the member answering is responsible for. A large percent will answer none- a very large number will claim one- quite a number will claim two, a lesser number will answer three or four, while the number of those whose homes are

blessed with six to eight children will be surprisingly small.

How shameful and how pitiful that any woman for the sake of mere leisure to dress more, to go more, to move in "the social swim" more, should fail of standing on the topmost pinnacle of her womanhood, of realizing the culmination of human experience.

Oh, Maternity! Who can tell its rapture? Who describe the sweet emotion which fills the mother's heart as the helpless babe is placed within her arms-as she feels the soft nestling of its velvet cheek and the tender caress of baby hands and baby lips upon her breast! What a wonder and delight to watch the unfolding of the infant mind, disclosing the sweet innocence of childhood, as the opening bud of the lily shows its golden heart within. What a privilege is motherhood! How it crowns and enriches and enobles.

Nearly every woman of today is striving first of all to improve herself, to culture her own talents to the utmost, to inform herself somewhat, on a great multiplicity of questions. Her grandmother lost sight of self in her care for her home and children, and although her effort was expended largely in care for their physical necessities and comforts her ambition and endeavor was to mould their characters into nobility and strength.

She was a woman of few sentiments but they were strong ones. The energy and enthusiasm we fritter away on a thousand subjects, concentrated itself into an all-absorbing passion with her, with one woman it was patriotism, with another religion, education, or philanthropy.

She unwisely, I think kept herself in the background, and gave

to the sons and daughters the prominence in all social and family interests she herself should have assumed, but to this habit of self-effacement practiced by our good grandmothers, is largely due the self-reliance and self-possession which distinguishes the women of today. Perhaps it also is responsible for the almost universal disregard for old age prevalent in America.

We have borrowed from the French much polish and social grace. Pity it is that we could not also emulate that crowning glory of french courtesy, their reverent regard and neverfailing consideration for the old people about the hearthstone. We are all familiar with instances where the aged members of the household are ignored as if no further use to themselves, or the world, they are kept out of sight, their old time manner and old time speech matters for embarrassment. They are given the room furthest removed from the center of family life. They are so far as possible shut out from participation in its joys and pleasures, and too often made to feel that there is no welcome for them, in the company of the children they wore themselves out to rear.

This too frequent exhibition of unfilial behavior is responsible in large degrees for the disrespect shown parents by the children of today. The rising generation indulge in a freedom of speech and manner towards their elders which has no prototype among the young people of any other country. Lack of reverence is an American characteristic. Nothing is sacred from criticism. No man so good or so great as to escape ridicule. The great officials of the land are targets for sarcasm. I have heard a venerable bishop described as "a jolly old

codger". Is it a wonder that every day boys and girls ape the manner of the times, and show the same rudeness and careless speech towards their parents which the parents indulge in towards the prominent men and women of the day.

Our grandmothers had fewer responsibilities of a social sort than have we. If she could train her numerous progeny to the easy, habitual use of fork and napkin, she counted herself fortunate. But matters of etiquette were of secondary importance to moral training. The catechism, creed, commandments, beatitudes, etc., etc., were subjects of constant drill.

I sometimes fear that we of today put greater stress upon manners than morals, for it seems that while the standard for polite culture is constantly being raised, that the standard of moral excellency is steadily being lowered. Society, now-a-days does tolerate positive badness in men and comparative laxity in women, provided the fine veneering of social culture and drawing room etiquette betrays no scar upon its polished surface.

A writer in a recent number of a popular magazine, a most lovely and intelligent christian woman I am told, gives it as her opinion that the girls of today fall very far short of the standard of their grandmothers, in maidenly modesty, good breeding, purity and virtue. While I most indignantly deny the charge that the majority of our girls deserve this sweeping criticism, I do recognize and deplore a tendency towards the cultivation of masculinity in graver things than derby coats, hats, and neckties; and I question whether in the putting on

of mannish habiliments, there is not some putting off of the very essence of feminity, that maidenly reserve, which adorns the women, no matter what her age, as the bloom adorns the peach or the dew-drop the rose.

I am not inclined at all to take a pessimistic view of this woman question. I believe that human nature and woman nature is very much alike through all time. I believe we are every whit as good as our grandmothers were. There have always been wild boys and girls, there will always be wild boys and girls. If our grandmothers were better home-keepers and more maternal than the end of the century woman, the modern women are broader intellectually, and wider in their sympathies with the whole human family. If some of the gentle grandmothers could visit our later day clubs and hear the new woman talk so glibly of every 'osophy, 'ism, 'ology, art, science, and religion under the sun I think they would stand petrified with amazement.

The Modern Woman is coming into her Kingdom- to a full recognition of her powers and her privileges to a complete developement of her many-sided nature. All growth is more or less spasmodic and more or less attended by unfavorable surroundings. The new woman has suffered some what at the hands of the thoughtless public; on her are fastened all the follies and foibles, all the indiscretions and eccentricities of her sex.

We are all so mortal tired of the so called new woman. She stares at us from every magazine or newspaper we take up. We hear about her in the club, from the pulpit and in our daily social life, indeed so horribly bored are we all with the everlasting discussion of the new

woman that we shut our eyes whenever we see in print anything about her, and dull our ears whenever her end of the century attainments are mentioned. You dislike her and do not quite approve her. But my friends we have all been harboring a delusion, we need neither dread, avoid, nor disapprove her, why? because there is no new woman- she is a myth, a creature of masculine fancy, that is all. The new woman is the same woman she has been, ever since Eve went housekeeping in the Garden of Eden with the original old Adam.

Now some of you may doubt my statement that there is no new woman at all. But it is true all the same- the only new thing is a new conception of women in the minds of men. Women are the same yesterday, today, and forever. What is your conception of the new woman? Is she a mannish creature addicted to ulsters and derby hats, to shirt fronts and four in hand ties, and bicycle bloomers; to slangy talk and schooners of beer and cigarettes and french novels, to betting on horse races and society gambling, to love letters from many lovers; to loudness and fastness-publicity and notoriety? No, no, that composite creature is not a woman at all. If I had to spell her title with the usual letters I should pronounce it wo-man for woe to the man who has aught to do with her. She is not worthy to be considered by us for one moment, she is not even womanly and cannot represent the new woman.

What is the new woman? Let us describe her, this supposed evolution of our advanced civilization. She has individuality. She has opinions of her own. She has courage too to exercise these opinions. She is persuasive. She is progressive also and keeps in close touch with every-

thing that even remotely affects her dear ones. Her brain is alert, her heart is warm and generous; her hand skillful in manifold womanly arts and accomplishments. If occasion requires she conquers her timidity and lifts her voice to champion the right or to denounce the wrong.

If war spreads his sable pall over the land she buckles the sword to her husband's side and placing the starry banner in his hand bids him go forth to do or to die for home and country. In his absence she is mother and father in one, and when news of carnage and death arrives, she stills her anxious heart and organizes relief to send to the front. If wealth is hers she is modest in display and broad and wise in her sympathies and charities. If poverty is hers she smiles serenely under the patched gown and practices homely economies it would break your heart to see. She even cheerfully wears an old fashioned hat, though her very soul yearns for a tiny dutch bonnet and the big sleeves her neighbors spread to the summer zephyrs. She does the best she can with her means, for she scorns to let a horde of petty extravagancies nibble away the foundation upon which the family prosperity rests.

She is a member of a club, of course, for she recognizes the broadening effect of contact with other minds and that familiarity with the intellectual and social progress of the world makes her more companionable to her husband and more helpful to her children. She is active in religious and philanthropic work, but she is careful to save the best of her effort and the most of her energy and enthusiasm for her own home. Your true new woman knows that no outside success can ever compensate for neglect of the sweet maternal and domestic duties which

are her privilege, her best opportunity, and her crown of glory. She is a little strong minded; but the mind and the strength are directed along pure and proper channels. She is loving and she is loyal, as proud, of her husband and devoted to her children as was her grandmothers before her.

The true new woman is the real woman, the only stable, unchangeable thing under the sun. Women are now just as they were in the beginning, and as they will be until the end of time. One is but the type of many and to describe one is to describe them all. Woman are like roses-differing only in form and color and in varying degrees of sweetness or thorniness.

Men have been so busy in conquering enemies, discovering continents, establishing nations, building republics, forming political policies etc., etc., that they are like the early California settlers who year by year gathered his little wheat crop into his bins and stored away his common fruits all unconscious that his cabin covered a gold mine and that his fields were capable of yielding the luscious tropic fruits convertible into wealth. In 49 some one cried "Gold! behold here is new gold, look! see! our soil has a new fertility, a new crop can be raised, new riches are discovered. But the new gold was the same rich old metal Nature had stored away centuries before when in capricious mood she hid away in places hard to find the pearls and diamonds, the silver and the gold and scattered broadcast with liberal hand the common wayside pebble. The soil was the same fruitful soil as of yore-only the ideas in the minds of men was new. So with the new woman idea. Man

does not realize that although he sees her as she is for the first time that these same capabilities, then some wonderful adaptabilities to every condition have always existed. But you say the new woman unlike their grandmothers clamor for the ballot. Unfortunately some of them do clamor. To desire the franchise is a proper and a noble ambition; but I wish women were less aggressive about it. It is by evolution rather than by revolution that equal rights will obtain. I believe that every larger privilege offered to woman thus far, has been the outcome of masculine chivalry, of gallantry to the fair sex, rather than the result of a fixed opinion in the minds of men that equal suffrage is best for the Nation. Our liberal legislators say factiously "oh yes I voted for their bill, I couldn't go back on the ladies, you know"--They treat it more as a joke than as a question of grave moral and political significance. The mistake made by our suffrage friends is in sending to lobby in legislative assemblies the wrong kind of women.

Our statesmen are but human after all, and no matter how favorably impressed with the movement presented by the suffragists, if he is hector ed and bothered in season and out of season by women loud of voice, masculine in dress and in manner, he is very apt to recall the gentle wife and the sweet young daughter growing up at home and say, "if women's rights make all our women like this one, good Lord deliver us! I shall vote no every time". My suffrage friends you should be "wise as a serpent and gentle as the dove". The next time you want legislation send to the halls of the Capitol your sweetest, most refined, most feminine women. The time is not yet come when woman shall receive political recognition as her right because of her worthiness for citizenship. We get a

smiling condescension--a chivalrous favor that is all. But the time is coming. There is a way and only one by which American men will never give to American women their due. It is through the sacred influence of the home. Let the mothers of the land prove to their boys that they have executive ability, energy, courage--that they understand parliamentary law as well as puddings. That they can discuss free trade and tariff as well as french fashion or the latest tea-party, that they are broad, well informed, and up to date. The boys of such mothers will never class women along with idiots and slaves.

Women are best serving the cause of their sex when they are most womanly. American women need to cultivate their hearts more and their heads less; if there is not time for both. The new woman does both, she treads the path of learning, but her arms are circled about her children as she goes, sharing with them the "feasts of reason and the flow of soul".

A negro living in a remote settlement in the south called one day at a country P. O. to ask help in finding ownership for a strange animal he had captured near his cabin in the woods. "I seed him creepin 'long the edge ob de wood-pile toard de chicken coop", he explained. "I'd heerd tell as how a menagerie was done wrecked and de animals all turned demselves loosd, I allowed dis critter was a Kangyroo, but de ole 'ooman said Kangyroos walked on dair tails and dis cretur kerried his'n hanging down; de old 'ooman den allowed he was a crockydile but he 'peared too tall for dat. I seed a crockydile onct in a picture he was a waiten to eat Moses in de bullrushes up. I fetched a rope and went up to his head, but he growled and showed his

teef- Den I lowed he mought be a hynea but de old 'ooman decided dat he was a rymosherous. I couldn't get a rope on no way tell I tuk a big dog whip and give him a lashin. Den I teid de rope tight on his neck and drug him along behind me to the cow house and shut him in. Ef anybodyhere owns a rymosherous he knows whear to git him". The crowd visited the cow house, and were astonished to see a magnivicent Asiatic lion tied securely in one corner. The perfect fearlessness of the negro had cowed the King of beasts, but the negro when his danger was explained to him turned mouse color in his fear and could not be induced even to keep inside the door when he realized his rymosherous was a lion.

Long ago man found in the leafy groves a graceful and purring creature with cajolling words he cast a fetter around her. A golden band circling one finger, and ever since he has bidden her trot quietly behind him bearing all things and saying nothing. He has shut her in behind the prison walls of convention, common usage, public opinion. Only of late has he learned to know his captive for what she is, hence the astonished outcry about the New Woman. But he need never fear her so long as the leading string is held with a gentle hand, so long as it keeps her near her husband's side. Let me tell you for your comfort that the great majority of Modern women are just as essentially feminine as their grandmothers ever were. You need never fear this so called new woman movement. Woman don't want to be first in the race, she is perfectly satisfied with being a pretty close second but she will not tolerate being utterly ignored or left out.

Happily for mankind and the world women take more pride in the

achievements of father, husband, brother, and son than in themselves, and so long as men satisfy their pride in them and their ambition for them, they need never fear as the negro did of the lion, that the submissive creatures will ever show their claws and with indignant strength rise up and fight for supremacy. Men are just beginning to realize that there is a new factor in the world to be considered. Women are no longer to be ignored after the fashion of ye olden time. Men are waking up to new conditions. We are sorry for their long ignorance. We laugh in our sleeves at their lack of apprehension and appreciation, and our sleeves can hide a very good sized smile as we read the columns of stuff, (I can call it nothing else,) men write upon their new discovery. Every woman who reads it knows that no woman ever wrote a line of it. The gentle gazelle in the travelling circus bears with patient composure the exclamation and astonished wonder of the country boors who see him for the first time. We women are now as ever in the past, quite willing to be sacrificed in a good cause and if all this flutter and excitement about the new woman educates mankind to open his eyes and see his sister and sweetheart, his wife and his mother through rational spectacles we are content. We will bear the surprize, the criticism, the ridicules, the repreciation, if only after all is over and done with, they say to us; come a step higher, here, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, we will travel the journey of life together. Do this and they will find that the new woman is the real woman with all the dear familiar feminine virtues of the old time grandmother.

But in one respect our grandmothers were distinctly superior to us.

That is in physique. How few of us had invalid grandmothers. How many of the women under the sound of my voice here today are perfectly robust, free from some ailment or other.

It is stoutly maintained by some that we are paying the penalty of the overstrained constitutions of our ancestors, that hard work and much child-bearing has weakened the later generation. I cannot pass judgment upon so vexed a question, but we will all acknowledge, I think that the fragility of our girls is beyond dispute.

Fortunately a new philosophy is being taught. The philosophy of Health. Health is beauty and beauty is health. But so long as girls in their teens keep late hours, eat irregularly and ad libitum, of confections and condiments, and grow up in the artificial atmosphere of our modern social life, so long will the American women be victims of nerves to say nothing of greater evils.

Why half our girls are blase at eighteen, they have run the gamut of simple pleasure. They have everything, do everything, go everywhere, while yet they are children. The joyous delight of the young girl in her first silk gown, her first party, her first jewel of value, her first opera, is reserved for the girl who dwells between the covers of the popular novel, not for the girl in the homes of the land.

But, says some one, this very blase condition is what drives women into the clubs. This is true. Their home duties do not demand long expenditure of time or thought, and so, at twenty-five they begin to look about for new interests, new sensations. The women's clubs fill a mission right here. They rob life for the time at least of satiety

and ennui, and aid and inspire the earnest seeker after novelty and recreation, to enter new fields of thought, of reading, of work. She begins to realize that a larger, better, higher plane of enjoyment, is spread invitingly before her.

The time has passed when a woman's horizon is bounded by the four walls of her home. When all her mental energies are directed towards making ends meet. Her outlook is broader, her influence greater, her culture deeper.

She goes to her club, not as her husband does, to drink a little, smoke a great deal, gamble more or less, and gossip all the time, but to study literature, history, art, education, political economy, current events, international relations, philanthropy, etc. etc.

The gates of the women's clubs lead to the fair country of Higher Thought. Three graces guard the way- they are called the Past, Present, and the Future. The Past everlooking backward, now with pride, then pity, then regret, the Present with proud glance sweeping over all

that is, bids us follow the untrodden paths where hopeful Future points ever onward and upward, and gazing after, we seem to see through the lifted cloud curtains which veil futurity, the New Woman, she is so beautiful, so gracious and all perfect, that though half blinded by the vision we stumble and struggle on, hoping to overtake her of the Future while yet we cling to our beloved Present. We glance backward with the Past, and see in the twilight which is closing forever about her, the saintly figure of our grandmother. She does not beckon us to return to travel anew her toilsome pathway. She looks beyond our happy

Present, beyond and beyond, where, with prophetic eye, she sees a higher, purer, nobler womanhood awaiting to crown the daughters of earth.

Cora Bussey Hillis.

F R E N C H I N S T I T U T E .

December 5th. 1894.

MRS C. B. VAN SLYKE, CHAIRMAN.

TOPICS.

"History of the French Institute,"

Mrs. Sara B. Maxwell.

"Academie Francaise,"

Mrs. A. E. Cummins.

"Academy of Arts,"

Mrs. L. F. Andrews.

"Academy of Science,"

Mrs. J. H. Windsor.

"The Royal Society of London."

Mrs. W. W. Witmer.

In presenting this program, let me say that only one week was allowed for preparation. As you all know of the serious illness of our fellow-member to whom we had expected to listen this afternoon, you will understand the reason of a change in the scheduled program.

She would have given us a paper on the French Institute: we have substituted several short papers on the various branches of the Institute.

Other countries have had academies which compare favorably with the French in the importance of their work and the illustriousness of their members, but France alone has an Institute where all the efforts of the human mind are bound together into one whole; where the poet, the philosopher, the historian, the philologist, the critic, the mathematician, the astronomer, the naturalist, the sculptor, the painter, the musician, can call each other colleagues

Two ideas actuated the great men who conceived this plan; one is that all productions of the human mind are dependent upon one another; the other, that Science, Letters, and Art are a State Institution, - a something which each nation produces in a body and which the fatherland is charged with fostering, encouraging, and rewarding. The ideal object of the Institute is the progress of knowledge, the glory of the Republic.

An organization that has had an existence of more than 250 years, and has numbered so many illustrious Frenchmen in its ranks is well worthy our consideration.

I have the pleasure of presenting Mrs. Maxwell, who will give an outline of the general history of the French Institute.

ACADEMIE FRANCAISE.

Mrs. A. B. Cummins.

Dec. 5, 1894.

Of all the sections of the Institute of France, that known as the "Academie Francaise" is best known and most popular. The chief object of this institution was the cultivation and purification of the French language. In a letter to Cardinal Richelieu they said, "We propose to cleanse the language from the impurities it has contracted in the mouths of the common people, from the jargon of the lawyers, and the abuses of the pulpit." The membership was fixed at forty and they are often referred to as the forty immortals. The officers were, director, chancellor and permanent secretary, a life office. The secretary had great influence; he prepared all the questions and proposed them. He had the first and last word in all discussions; he drew up the minutes of the meeting; his salon was the salon of the Academy and in fact he was the personification of the Academy.

Their great labor was the commencing of a French Dictionary in 1639. They were also pledged to compose a grammar, a treatise on rhetoric, and one on poetry, neither of which were ever written. The forty members were not all men of letters for the social role was more prominent than its literary activity. Voltaire said, "The academy is a body whose members receive titled people, doctors, and even men of letters." Piron said, "They are forty and they have

The men of letters worked steadily on the dictionary.

Bois Robert wrote to Balzac:

"These six years past they toil at letter F

And I'd be much obliged if Destiny

Would whisper to me, thou shalt live to G."

After thirty years work, they found the French in the first parts so antiquated, that they worked twenty years longer to revise it. It was published in 1694, more than fifty years after commencement. Another edition appeared in 1835, and the last, the seventh edition in 1877. From the time of publication it became the standard of the French language, and any word not found in its pages had no official right to exist. The language had made great progress and had attained its full developement and beauty. The magnificent pulpit orations of Bossuet, the classic eloquence of Racines tragedies have never been surpassed and rarely equalled. The academy became a rich and prosperous body, but its success was due in a great measure to the opportune time in which it was started.

Louis XIV was protector and his victories, with the talented men that sprang up at this time made it the great century. They had many donations, and by the gift of Chantilly it is destined to become very rich. A sum is voted by the French government for the general fund of the Institute each year. Colbert was the first to give remuneration to the Academicians. He ordered a Napoleon

to be placed in every seat, each member present to have one, and the forty were divided between those present. At one meeting only one member appeared, and he with great delight carried all away.

Each member had a salary of fifteen hundred francs, and the secretaries had six thousand francs each. The academy met once a week, on Thursday during all the year, and twice a week during the months when the prizes were given. This part of the Institute had at its disposal two prizes of ten thousand francs each, one of two thousand francs, and every alternate year a sum of fifteen hundred francs to be given to authors of merit, in poor circumstances. At their public meetings tickets were in great demand. An account of one meeting says: "At one o'clock the door opens and the forty enter, clad in gala costume. There is much craning of necks to see and be recognized by the distinguished immortals." If you are simple mortal without influence, you will be able at best to obtain a ticket for the gallery, and in order to get a decent place, you will have to stand outside for hours, waiting for the doors to open. But if you are fortunate to be acquainted with a member of the Academy, you will receive a ticket for the amphitheatre, and may enter the room at the last moment. Celebrities of both sexes fill the vestibule and fine ladies step from

(4)

place and encouraged them in every way possible. Those first selected for members were all mathematicians, but they soon reached out and took in other branches also. They held meetings twice a week. The mathematicians, Wednesday; the naturalists and physiologists on Saturdays. While at first the Academy was much used as an observatory and laboratory, experiments made and results discussed, yet the records say that abstract mathematics have always received the most attention. They published before the close of the century ten volumes known as Ancien memoirs de l'academie. In 1699 they were given a new constitution and new rules by the king and put upon an equal footing with the Academie Francaise and that of Inscription and Belle Letters. They were given magnificent new rooms in the Louvre. Colbert being a practical man was much annoyed at the irregular attendance of the Academicians, so he caused a register to be prepared where each must write his name upon entering, and he also decreed that a small amount of money should be paid to each member attending. This sum only amounted to a few hundred francs a year altogether. The Academicians at present receive an annuity of about \$300.00. There is also a small sum divided each month among those whose attendance has been most regular. After Colbert's death the strength of this section of the Institute was rather frittered away for a

with few exceptions the noblest intellects of France have been received within its walls.

Victor was defeated three times before he gained admission to the Academy. He consoled himself in the two first defeats, when he heard that they had elected a young and unknown man, whose reputation only lived a few years, by saying, "I always thought the way to the Academie was across the Bridge of Arts; I find it is across the new Bridge."

Balzac refused to be a candidate against Hugo, but when he became a candidate and was defeated, he sent a letter begging them to convey his sincere thanks to the two Academicians who had honored him with their support. It is said he could not get in on account of his debts.

Marmontel tells of an instance when he was Secretary, of a prize being offered for the best poem on the death of Prince Leopold of Brunswick. He said often, on such occasions all the poems would be rejected as unworthy, and he felt that it would be painful indeed for the Academy to confess to all Europe that so fine a subject had inspired no poet. In his place as judge it was forbidden him to compete for it, but he could not help writing, being so full of it. The poems were sent in, passed under the eyes of the Academy and were all rejected. He then confided to them that he had written on the subject without aspiring to the prize. The

Academy approved of what he had written, and the King's brother, Count d'Artois ordered for him a beautiful gold box which he would not accept, feeling that it would be a prize in disguise. Then the Count had a full length portrait of himself made for him.

Moliere's profession had shut the door of the Academy against him, but nearly a hundred years after the academy raised to him a bust and beneath it was engraved: "His glory lacks naught, ours lacked his."

Musset was kept waiting a long time, it is said on account of the way he tied his cravats.

Cuizot said in regard to a candidate, "I shall vote for X because he has all the qualities of an Academician, good presence, very polite, and has no opinions."

I could find nothing of the Academy of today, in the short time I have had for this article, but we do know that in a country where nothing lasts, it still exists and I understand that their statues are almost the same as under the old regime.

There is a great difference of opinion in regard to the effect of the Academy on the literature of France, for while Matthew Arnold thinks it has been beneficial, others feel it has given a brilliancy and polish to it, at the expense of originality, vigor, and natural grace.

A C A D E M I E D E S B E A U X A R T S.

By

Mrs. L. F. Andrews.

ACADEMIE DES BEAUX ARTS.

Dec. 5th. 1894.

Mrs. L F. Andrews.

In obedience to the spirit of the Reinassence there existed in Paris so far in the past as 1390,1391, the exclusively privileged company of St. Luke, in which painters, sculptors, and various kinds of artisans were associated together for the purpose of exhibiting and comparing the excellence of their attainments in the various lines of art in which they were engaged.

This commingling grew very unsatisfactory to painters and sculptors, consequently the principal artists and sculptors of Paris , after a great effort, established a distinct society under Louis XIII., 1640, bearing the title "Des Maitres de l'Art de Peintre, Sculpture, et Gravure, de la Fauxbourg, de Paris," which continued and prospered during the reignancy of Anna of Austria.

The Masters of Art placed an interdict upon all artists not not belonging to their corporation. Le Brun, the son of a Maitre de l'Art, having been excluded from the Society, became a strong advocate for the establishment of Des Beaux Arts. In this measure he was favored by the approval and assistance of Colbert, whose influence had been so powerful in the fomation of the Academie Francaise. Colbert, in his plans for an universal academie, gave his support, and lo! the academie of painting and sculpture became a fixed reality. Later on he added to it the Academie of Music

and Academie of Architecture, all combined forming the Academie Des Beaux Arts. In 1648 Louis XIV constituted it a Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture. Le Brun was the first President. For a long time it had no fixed place of meeting. In 1656 it was given apartments in the Palais Royal, where it remained for many years. It was finally given Le Vieux Louvre, with a pension of a thousand francs per annum.

In 1673 the Academie began a tri-ennial exhibition of work which was, with few interruptions, continued many years. In 1793 the Academie was suspended by the National Convention, and a Commune des Art was decreed in its place, which in turn was superseded by the Societie Populaire et republicaine des Art. In 1806 Napoleon I established it as a part of the Academie Francaise. Its present spacious edifice was formerly the Villa Medici.

The Academie Des Beaux Art, under Royal protection, proved a formidable rival to the old St. Luke's, which gradually declined, and completely dissolved in 1776. The Royal Academie gave positive evidence of its pleasure at its downfall by striking a medal in derision thereof, bearing the motto, "Liberte Rendue Aux Arts."

About eighty members of St. Luke's, finding themselves without a place to exhibit their work, attempted to establish a new society of painters in opposition to the Royal Academie. Its life

was short. It made but one public exhibition in 1776, when it was obliged to yield to the power of an academie under Royal patronage, an evidence of the survival of the strongest.

L'Academie Des Beaux Art, as it now exists, is composed of forty members, divided into five sections as follows: fourteen painters, eight sculptors, eight architects, six musicians and four engravers. Beside the titular members, there are ten unattached members, ten foreign associates, fifty corresponding members. It has, in common with the other associate academie, access to the library and valuable collection of the Institute; jurisdiction over its own work; meets two hours each week; has one public sitting; and on the 25th. of October of each year there is a general public meeting of the whole five sections.

One might ask: What is the use of the Academie Des Beaux Arts, and what takes place at its meetings? If information be drawn alone from criticisms given in "Les Beauties de Paris", he would reply: "The sitting appear, as a rule, of very little interest. Some of the members attend the meeting regularly and read papers; some men, who have leisure, go there to gossip. The Academie is supposed to work at a Dictionary of Fine Arts, but it is more or less a myth." It controls the Prize of Rome, and awards other prizes."

This, however, would give but a meagre conception of its past and present status. When we recall the wonderful power it has exercised for centuries in stimulating effort to attain the best in art, its influence in creating a demand in other countries for similar institutions, the above adverse criticism appears unjust, and arouses a suspicion that it may be from jealousy. It may be that its days of greatest usefulness have been in the past, but the fact remains that to gain admittance to its membership is prized and sought for as a recognition of attainment and ability surpassing all others. Millet, in his departure from the old regime of painting to please at the sacrifice of truthfulness, to repeat classical attainments, struggled for its recognition, and a place among its immortals. Though, repulsed, he persevered the more persistently, until in 1868, recognition came, and he and his theory of realism in painting were accepted.

Herbert Levy, an American artist, gains a new interest, and calls forth a national pride from the fact of his being the first American art student to enter its carefully picked company of painters.

In 1868 it was said, "Paris possesses by far the most important school of art existing, and French painters, as a rule, are supreme in power of drawing and technical skill."

L'Ecole Des Beaux Arts is resorted to by art students from all countries except Germany. A few women are among its associate members, one of whom, Madeline Lemaire, exhibited at the World's Fair.

My subject is unlimited; time given me is short. Having but entered upon the threshold of the temple which nursed Art in its infancy of re-birth; gave it patronage; encouraged and strengthened its advances, I must leave it, however reluctantly.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

Mrs. J. H. Windsor.

Dec. 5, 1894.

I know of no country that has done and is doing so much as France to encourage and foster individual and combined effort along lines made difficult by reason of their strangeness, to clear the tangled, brier grown path before the irresponsible stumbling feet of genius, and with helping hand to draw the gifted spirit out and up, from the weary grind of ceaseless toil, into the environment of congenial souls, allowing them to drink sweet draughts from the fountain of forgetfulness of self, and live in the art that in them is.. You say he is a genius: then you know he is not a well rounded and well balanced man. Life is not long enough; man's limitations are too great to compass all things in this little span. Had we the hold on life from cycle unto cycle, and the consciousness of all things past of the fabled Wandering Jew, then might genius learn to profit by the experience of the ages and evolve a character rounded and complete. Until that time, it is but right that the hands of coarser clay should be stretched out to aid and guide these children of a higher plane, who shrink before the noonday glare of stern necessity, and in helping them, man helps himself.

Science is the magic key that unlocks the marvels of the Infinite. The Alladin's lamp that being rubbed by hands of the initiate has spread forth radiance over all the world, and from

its rays have crept forth genii that with magic touch of fingers have swept away the pestilence and famine of former times. They have turned the search light of knowledge on dark places, and purified the air of noisome holes, gliding noiselessly by hospital beds, they have guided the scalpel and the probe until the blind could see and the halt have learned to walk. They have laid out the highways o'er the trackless waste of waters. They have read the hieroglyphics of the stones, until the centuries that knew not man are as an open book. From frond of fern to perfume of the rose, all is revealed. No bird or beast or any living thing, but has fallen prey to their analysis. The stars in heaven, that probably since time began, have swirled their way through space, have by these genii's fearful power been brought so near to greedy, curious man, that he spies into the secrets of their hills and vales and fain would dabble in the gold dust of the milky way.

By them have been worked miracles which have modified the whole fashion of our lives. By them men have been inspired to devote their lives to the investigation of scientific problems, not for tangible results expected but from pure love of delving in unexplored fields, and so they will probably continue to labor until the end of time. We today can scarcely appreciate what the founding of these academies of scientific research meant to the people of two centuries ago, lifting them as it did; finding them

steeped in superstition, arrogant in their narrowness, and intolerant to new ideas. The first European Academy was founded in Italy in the early years of 1600. They conceived the idea of founding it somewhat on the lines of the Academy of the Pythagoreans of old. They denominated themselves the Lynxes; with reference to their desire of piercing with acute discernment into the depths of truth. Theirs was a short but stormy life. The French Academy next had birth, and lastly the Royal Academy of England.

The French Academy of Science was the third in the series that form the Institute. It seemed to evolve out of the inborn necessity of inquiring souls for the help and encouragement that companionship gives. For thirty years during the first half of the 17th. century a few earnest seekers after knowledge along scientific lines were accustomed to meet at the various houses of interested persons to converse on subjects of special interest and to elaborate upon important discoveries. Prominent among these were Descartes, Pascal etc. Colbert conceived the idea of making of this body a nucleus about which he might form a National body for the advancement of science. The work was to be carried on after the same general plan as that of the Academie Francaise. The first regularly organized meeting was held December 22nd. 1666. The king assigned them a room in the royal library for a permanent meeting

(4)

their carriages at the foot of the mossy old steps. Those who come for the first time linger to admire the fine statues, hidden away in dark corners. La Fontaine, Urolien, Napoleon in his imperial robes and Montaign in no robe at all.

There is Dumas, looking handsome and haughty, Sardou posing for a Holbein, Renan whose features call to mind the regretted comedian Hyacinth of the Palais Royal. Taine the great impersonal intellect, delighting in the cold examination and rectification of the facts of French History. Simon and Doucet who consider the academy the center of the universe and nothing less than Paradise. They were all of the same rank, the unknown writer stands side by side with Dukes and Princes of royal blood. The great Conde was a member.

When a man wants to become a member of the Academy he must personally see the thirty-nine members and ask each one to vote for him. The only exception to this rule was in the case of Thiers in 1833. Being Minister of the Interior, and Author of the History of the Revolution, he simply informed the Academy of the honor he was disposed to show that body, by allowing himself to be elected. Many of the elections have been the issue of literary feuds or political necessity, but as a whole the Academy contains many names that are really illustrious. A place beneath its dome is the highest literary glory to which a Frenchman can aspire, and

time on comparatively trivial matters, such as the construction of fountains at Versailles etc. But in 1699 the Academy was reorganized, and did valuable work until they were interfered with by the Revolution. During the earlier part of that frightful time, the Academy of Science was consulted by the Government on all kinds of questions concerning education, finance, war, naval affairs, and agriculture.

An important feature of their work about this time was the elaboration of a new system of weights and measures, the uniformity of which has been ordained by a law passed in 1790. This Academy had a small number of honorary members; men who were interested in scientific matters, but who were not practical workers. It is said that the aristocracy of talent was almost as much persecuted and despised during the Revolution as the aristocracy of rank.

In 1793 the Academy was suppressed by order of the Convention.

The records were hidden by the Secretary and were in that way preserved. Two years later, Oct. 25th. 1795, the Institute was recreated. In 1816 the Academy of Science was reconstructed as a branch of the Institute.

The really great services the old Academy of Science rendered were along astronomical and geodesic lines. And these great things were not the collective work of the many, but of the few men of genius, who exhaled inspiration rather than absorbed from

the whole.

The present Academy of Science is composed of two perpetual secretaries and sixty-six members. There are eleven sections under the heads of Geometry, Mechanics, Astronomy, Geography and Navigation, General Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, Rural Economy, Anatomy and Zoology, Medicine and Surgery. Each section is composed of six members, making the sixty-six in all.

To this number must be added eight foreign associates, ten unattached Academicians and one hundred corresponding members.

The history of this Academy of Sciences is the history of everything of scientific note that has transpired in France for over two hundred years.

The principal proceedings of the present Academy are to meet every Monday, have the reports from members, listen to reports on things accomplished by other savants, to receive communications from members or outsiders. The meetings are public. As in all other aggregate bodies there is some material furnished that is good, while there is much that is little worthy of note: much of the work is dilettante and tentative.

The Academy, although its approval carries great weight, yet its decision is not of the value that it once was. For fifty years past, Journalists have been admitted to these meetings and the Scientific Press has in a measure preempted its prerogative of

of setting the final verdict of approval. The correspondence with foreign savants is no longer of special value. Newspapers and periodicals have rendered that useless labor. Many of the objects for which this Academy stood pledged are now rendered useless, and have not the *raison d'être* they had in the time of Louis XIV.

So far as concerns research the Academy of the present day is not so important a body as it has been. It shows its appreciation by prizes given, and by its elections which are a sort of recognition of scientific merit. One writer says the present role of the Academy of Science is to encourage talent and not to absorb it. The Academy of Science awards every year nearly fifty prizes representing a money value of \$40,000. When the attributes of the different divisions of the Institute were defined, the Academy of Science was instructed "To perfect the arts and sciences by uninterrupted research; by the publication of discoveries; by correspondence with learned societies abroad; to follow up all scientific works that may conduce to general usefulness and to the glory of the Republic." That the Academy carried out these instructions faithfully, while yet there was need, we all recognize, and if it has now outlived its usefulness, it will be but following in the footsteps of men and nations. And as we see it in these last days of the nineteenth century itself building strong and deep the tomb in which its useless old bones will be laid to rest, we will bring our critic of laurel and breathe forth a prayer of thankful-

ness for the good it has accomplished in days gone by.

" The Royal Society."

Dec. 5, 1894.

Mrs. W. W. Witmer.

If one should ask, "what progress has science made during the past two hundred and fifty years?", there could be no better answer than,- "read up the records of the Royal Society of Great Britain."

How it came to be a society is an interesting story of itself. If one is fond of delving in old books, and of trying to find out not only when a thing was done, but why it was done, the search, in this case, will repay the trouble.

There is no better inside view of the stirring events of the seventeenth century in England, than that found in the life of Sir John Evelyn, who handed down a good old English name, much greater for the eighty-six years he so worthily bore it. Not only did he live in England, during the exciting times of King Charles I, Oliver Cromwell, King Charles II, King James II and King William, but from his twenty-first year in 1641, to within three weeks of his death in 1706, he kept a diary of such events as he thought worthy of remembrance. In this quaint old book can be found, not only the best and most authentic account of the early meeting, that led to the organization, but also many interesting little side-notes. As a member of its council from the very first and during a long life an officer, he speaks of that with which

he is perfectly familiar.

In common with many other associations, the Royal Society grew out of occasional meetings of a few individuals, either at their own homes or elsewhere, for the discussion of natural philosophy. As early as 1645 its germ existed and was nourished in the hearts of a few men. The number at the meetings grew slowly. During the time of Cromwell these men, mostly Royalists, were glad of an excuse to spend much of their time at Oxford, where as they discussed subjects dealing with science, they were saved from taking part in the civil war. Sir John Evelyn was one of the most interested. That he was able to keep, not only his own head on his shoulders, but his estates in his possession, speaks well for his popularity. Then came the Restoration, and the long cherished hopes of a Society, regularly organized, were realized.

Evelyn says, under date of May, 1661: "His Majesty was pleased to discourse with me concerning several particulars relating to our Society, and the Planet Saturn, as he sat at supper in the withdrawing room to his bed-chamber." In September of the same year: "This day was read our petition to his Majesty for his Royal Grant, authorizing our Society to meet as a corporation, with several privileges." In August, 1662, he records this: "Our charter being now passed under the broad seale, constituting us a Corporation under the name of the Royal Society for the improvement of naturall knowledge by experiment, was this day read,

and was all that was done this afternoon, being very large."

(It should be a little grain of consolation to our committee on By-laws, that over two hundred years ago, a king and a body of learned men passed a whole afternoon reading over a charter "that was very large".)

In this same year, 1662, we are told: "the King gave us the armes of England to be borne in a canton in our armes, and sent us a mace of silver gilt, of the same fashion and bigness as those carried before his Majesty, to be borne before our President on meeting daies."

The number of members the first year was forty-one, and the first number of the Journal "The Philosophical Transactions" appeared in 1665. It was advertised "to appear occasionally", and has well fulfilled its promise, as it is still continued, issuing now two or three numbers every year. A few years after the organization came the Fire and then the Plague. The Society was moved to Oxford for a short time, and then back to Gresham College, its home for many years. About 1670 was built Greenwich Observatory, with Flamsteed as first Astronomer Royal. The whole scheme of this Observatory originated in this Society, with which it has ever since been connected. Lest you should think the early papers read before and published by the Society were all of learned and dry subjects, listen to a few items selected from a great list. In one of the first numbers of the Journal we find side by side, two

articles; one , "Observations on the planet Jupiter" ; the other "The Relation of a very old Monstrous Calf".

In another paper we are assured "that on the approach of winter the swallows do sink into lakes no otherwise than frogs"; another proves"that birds in winter flock to a hitherto undiscovered satellite, not far off, where they find a more hospitable climate."

Nor did these early scientists confine themselves to material things, for another paper shows:"that ghosts are formed by the exhalations of the bodies of the dead, which resume the form of the bodies they proceed from."

But have two centuries thrown much light on this subject? Can we plume ourselves on our superior knowledge of ghosts? But what can be said of a paper written in solemn tones, concerning a virtuoso from the Indies, who brought home to England a salamander "which when cast into the fire did actually swell and vomit forth a thick slimy matter which put out the neighboring coals, for the space of two hours, as often as re-kindled."

That such articles could appear in the same number containing most learned articles by Sir Isaac Newton is not more strange than to find that while this was the age of Galileo, yet Milton himself wrote doubtfully of the Copernican Theory. At first philosophy searched for the wonderful; but the many great men who have con-

tributed papers to the "Philosophical Transactions" have blotted out the remembrance of the superstitions of the age, and the Society pressed on amid discouragements, among which may be noted the destruction by fire of a great number of valuable papers, stored under St. Paul's Cathedral. That these learned men did not disdain the more gentle accomplishments of music and the arts, is shown by references made by Evelyn like this: "There was brought a new invented instrument of music, being a harpsicord with gut-strings, sounding like a concert of viols with an organ, made vocal by a wheele, and a zone of parchment and rubbed horizontally against the strings." Was this the evolution of the violin?

Sir Isaac Newton appears as a shining light, from the time of his first election, as a Fellow, at the age of twenty-nine, while professor of mathematics at Cambridge, until his election as President, in later years. One of his first contributions to the Society contained a description of his reflecting telescope, the first ever constructed. This telescope is still in possession of the Society, and shown to visitors together with the original manuscript of his "Principia", one of the first books ever published by the organization.

In 1710 the Society moved from Gresham College to Crane Court, Fleet Street, the first home owned outright. Here for seventy years, its meetings were held regularly. Kings were crowned

and passed away, but in those days philosophers showed no signs of being enervated by royal patronage. By the laws of the corporation, certain members of the Royal Family, and peers of the realm were entitled to membership in the Society, but they rarely availed themselves of this privilege, giving as a reason, that they might thereby be the means of keeping out really scientific men who would be an honor to the Society.

We may search long to find out a nobler illustration of what we understand by "Noblesse Oblige."

In the years that follow came many interesting discoveries which a short article cannot even mention; and it is to be noticed that the "Tatler" goes out of its way, but not out of its fashion to pay the Society its respects. It says: "When I meet a young fellow that is an humble admirer of the sciences, but more dull than the rest of the company, I conclude him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society."

The practical utility of the Society was greater during its first century than later, because of a law commanding that all new inventions, mechanical and otherwise, must be approved by the Society before a patent was granted to the inventor.

In 1761 occurred the second Transit of Venus over the sun's Disk. The Society with rare enterprise for that day, sent astronomers to different parts of Europe and to the southern seas, to make observations.

In 1773 comes from the same source the first attempt to discover the North West Passage, that tantalizing problem that the succeeding 125 years have not solved.

Soon after our own Benjamin Franklin was elected a Fellow and sent a paper on the "Electrical Kite" to be followed by other discoveries in lightning and electricity. Americans have few words of praise for old King George III, yet he was one of the first interested in these discoveries, and very promptly ordered his royal palaces to be well supplied with lightning rods.

Among other discoveries are the telescope of Herschel, and by its aid, the discovery of the Planet Uranus; the successful experiments of Priestley, Watt and Cavendish; the safety lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy; until one is convinced that the proud boast of the members is true; - that if it were possible to sweep away ⁱⁿ Great Britain what has been done by the aid of the Royal Society, scarce a trace of science would remain.

In 1857 the Society moved from Somerset House, where they had been for seventy-seven years, to Burlington House; where in rooms given them by the government, weekly meetings are held from November to June.

Any one visiting London, who has the good fortune to have access to a Fellow, can, on his written order, inspect the Library of 50,000. volumes and the priceless five thousand manuscripts.

The autograph fiend would be in a frenzy of delight, or jealousy, as he pores over the original charter book with its signatures of all Fellows since the organization. All monarchs of Great Britain, from King Charles II down to and including Queen Victoria, are to be seen here; and greater than these, the names of that higher aristocracy of brains, recognized the world over as the greatest product of civilization.

The medals given by the Society are interesting. The Copley Medal being considered the highest scientific reward to be bestowed in Great Britain.

The Rumford Medal is awarded every two years, for special discoveries in heat or light. The Queen bestows each year two Royal Medals, highly prized by the recipients. The Davy Medal for the most important discovery in chemistry in Europe or Anglo America has a history worth noticing. After the invention of the Safety Lamp, the coal owners of England gave to Sir Humphrey Davy a service of silver plate worth \$12,500. This plate Sir Humphrey left to his widow, with directions that, if at her death there should remain no branch of the family, in her estimation to enjoy it, the plate should be melted and the value given to the Royal Society to found a fund for a medal to be given as stated.

In former days the election to the Society was easier than now

Virtually candidates are elected, though nominally only selected by the Council. This Council is composed of the President, five vice presidents and twelve members. The members of the Council hold office two years, and return to the common ranks by rotation, with the exception of the President, who is elected for life. These positions, together with that of Treasurer, are all honorary, with no salaries except to one foreign and two resident secretaries and to the librarians. The annual number of members balloted for is limited to fifteen, though fifty or more names may be presented. The number of members is nearly seven hundred. The limit of foreign members is fifty. An entrance fee of fifty dollars is required, and annual dues of twenty dollars, or a paper on some scientific subject.

Such an event as the election of a thoroughly unscientific or unintellectual man is unknown in the present day. It follows, therefore, that the standard to which the Fellows of the Royal Society as a body attain, must be very high.

The history of the Royal Society is a history of the British Empire. For two hundred and fifty years it has gathered together, in one great body, the highest intellects of the nation, and given a practical aim to their labors.

Thomas Carlyle once said he thought of writing a history of Charles II, as a man who was no sham, or half man, but a perfect specimen of a bad king. His reign from first to last is such a

soiled and blotted page that we make the most of one bright spot. A writer, in an article on his times, says: "Carolus Secundus, Rex, we think of with contempt, but Charles Stuart, Fellow of the Royal Society, did some good in his day". Why such a society should have sprung up in the seventeenth century, and not earlier, is hard to answer. The whole situation is well portrayed by a critic in the British Quarterly Review, who condenses it thus: "It seems as if mankind stood for ages with closed eyelids, and opened them only to gaze on nature, with the eyes of poets, painters or mystics. All at once they bethought themselves that the robes God has flung over the material world might be worth looking at, - and the sleep of centuries was broken in a day."

We know that within a few years of each other, the telescope, the microscope, the thermometer, the barometer, the air pump, the diving bell and other instruments of research were invented.

The air, the sky, the sea, the earth, were gauged, weighed, analyzed.

The Royal Society was one of choicest buds of this blossoming of the intellect of Europe. Now that scientific societies for specific purposes have sprung into existence, and reviews, magazines and daily papers discuss natural science, all honor to the men, who, merely for the love of science, kept up the high standard

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.

Vashti
READ before the
Des Moines Woman's
CLUB

by
Mrs. Martha C. Callanan

December 19th 1894



VASHTI.

By Martha C. Callanan.

Of the many characters depicted in biblical history, that of Vashti must be classed as among the purest and most heroic. Womanly in the highest degree, her heroism was manifested in an act of great self sacrifice. Her biography, briefly given in the first chapter of the book of Esther, is one of intense interest and one that has lost none of its savor to the student of civil government and the relation of the sexes during all the intervening centuries.

Vashti was the queenly wife of Ahasueras, of whom it is written "that he was powerful above all the kings of his time and reigned from India even unto Etheopia over one hundred and seven and twenty provinces." And in the third year of his reign he made a feast unto all his princes and servants that lasted an hundred and four score days. This feast of nearly half a year was followed by still another to last seven days and given to all who dwelt in Shushan, the palace. The appointments to this last feast were even more gorgeous than for the first, and the royal wine was served with a more lavish abundance than before, and drank from vessels of gold of diverse patterns.

On the seventh day of this second feast, when the heart of the king was merry with wine, so the record says, he commanded his seven chamberlains, the name of each being given, to bring

forth the queen with the crown royal to show the people and princes her beauty, for she was "fair to look on." This being interpreted doubtless means that a seven days carousal of king and courtiers was to culminate in including the queen in their Saturnalian revelries. And to one of her high position in a country and among a people where the customs were so unlike ours, it was an indignity to which we of these days and with our usages can have little conception. But in the strength of her self consciousness, this womanly woman, who by arrangement was at the same time holding a feast for the women in the palace, refused to be made a part of their drunken revelry.

Then the king, while still heated with wine, held counsel with others as drunk as himself, what should be done to the queen, for she had refused to him obedience.

To have a clear appreciation of the situation, we should take into account the intoxicated condition of the king and his counsellors, and of all the court who are sitting in judgment on the case of this woman, after being feasted with the royal wine for more than half a year, and with whom the maddening fluid was still surging through heart and brain. And these drunken courtiers give the king counsel in this wise: "That the queen hath not done wrong to the king only, but to all the princes and to all the people" throughout the provinces of the king. The assurance is given in the record that they fear the example of this woman (the queen) may be followed by other women and by their own

wives on like occasions. For, said these inebriated statesmen, apparently conscious of their despicable condition, when this deed of the queen shall be known to all women, their husbands shall be despised in their eyes. And they said, "If it please the king, let there go forth a royal commandment and let it be written among the laws of the Persians and the Medes, that it be not altered--- that Vashti come no more before the king and let her royal estate be given to another." And then they said in conclusion, by such action, "All the wives shall give to the husbands honor, both to great and small."

That is, by this decree, formulated and issued by a conclave of inebriates, the grand wifely woman shall give honor to the little, mean-spirited man, even though he be a drunken outcast, if he but hold to her the position of husband, even as she should give honor to the whole-souled and noble man to whom she may more fortunately have been wedded. And the decree was sent forth to every people in their own language with this grand summing up: That from that time forth "every man should bear rule in his own house." And this forthwith became the law of the Medes and Persians and of all the one hundred and twenty-seven provinces of the king Ahasueras.

It was a decree that pleased the devotees of Bacchus and the tyrannously inclined in those days, and a decree that has pleased them from that time to the present. It spread from the heathen

kingdom of this king who reigned over so large a country in the East to every part of the known world. It has been, and is, the rule with every savage tribe and every heathen nation and been engrafted in some measure in the written code of the laws of every civilized country. The small, mean-spirited by nature, the despicable and brutal, have profited by it, while the justice-loving, the honorable and estimable have lived on a higher plane, but have neglected to expunge it in all its provisions from their laws.

In it is contained the spirit of subjection that the young woman has been taught to take on herself with her marriage vows. But that it is a rule of action transferred and descended from the barbarian code of the Medes and Persians down to this time has been made no part of her maiden education. It has not been told her, that this law is no part of God's law; that in the beginning it was written that "God created man in his own image, that male and female, created he them." And God blessed them and said unto them, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it, and have dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Not to man alone did ~~God~~ give this dominion, but to them, the two, the male and female, the man and the woman was it jointly given; and in giving it to them jointly, he also gave to them a joint blessing, blessing not the one or the other, but both of them, the same as he had given to them both, jointly, the dominion. And as we read further on it is said that the woman was to be a help-

meet to the man, a consort, an assistant, a companion, "bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh," said Adam.

And in blessing Abraham, as the father of his people, God gave to Sarah, the wife of Abraham, the same and an equal blessing, as their mother.

Again, when this people were to be led up out of Egypt, though Moses, who had been educated in the Egyptian court, was first in charge, associated with him were Aaron, his brother, and Miriam, his sister. And when they had safely made the passage of the Red Sea, it was Miriam who took a timbrel in her hand and all the women went out after her, and they celebrated the event with songs of rejoicing and dancing. This was a political act in the events of those days, and a mingling of the sexes in their rejoicing on the occasion of a great national triumph.

Still later, when God's commandments were promulgated for the government of his chosen people, we find that he made in them no distinction of sex. Equal obedience and equal responsibility seem to have been enjoined, and equal rewards and punishments promised. Alike, both men and women were to give to Him the first worship. Thou shalt have no other gods before me, is plainly stated, and this was addressed as much to one sex as to the other. Nor is either one or the other to bow down and serve idols or graven images, but only the one true God. Alike, they were forbidden to kill, to steal, to covet, to bear false witness, to commit adultery. And both sons and daughters were especially commanded to

keep the holy sabbath day, and to honor their father and their mother. As commanded, the mother and the father were to be held by both sons and daughters equally in respect honor and veneration.

This could not have been more plainly stated. And would it have been thus said-if the mother was to be ranked inferior to the father and subject to his authority? Could it have been -- if the implicit obedience of the wife to the husband promulgated by the heathen king, Ahasueras, was to be the proper rule of action for the followers of the great King of kings? He, who issued these regulations to govern his own people and who is worshipped by all Christian nations.

If the authority of the husband over the wife is to be absolute, it places him in a position to compel her to disregard and even to directly disobey every one of God's commandments,- commandments that are the laws of the Most High, and were originally written on tables of stone and delivered to His favorite people with grand and imposing ceremonies.

Marriage should be more than a union of hands, more than a civil contract. There should be unanimity of thought and purpose; and where there is, and this is genuine, the question of authority will never occur. The ideas of two will naturally tend to the same central point, to the same focus. But should there be a difference of opinion, God's laws should take precedence and be first obeyed by the woman and the wife in controlling her acts, rather than civil law or the authority of any man, even though that man be

her husband. And the civil code of every Christian people should be so framed as to in no way conflict with the provisions of the higher law.

The laws of this country are largely copied from the laws of old England, and on the assumption, as in that code, that the husband is in authority over the wife. He may compel her to live where and how he pleases, and all property mutually accumulated after marriage is wholly his during his life. Also he arrogates to himself the right to manage all properties of which she may have been possessed before marriage, unless she shall have made express provision for personally holding it. And the old English code even provides that he may enforce his authority by corporal punishment and stipulates that he may not use a stick in chastising her larger than a man's thumb.

Where there has been no special legislation to repeal or change them, these old laws are our laws; yet there are women among us who hug to themselves the delusive idea that they have all the rights they want, and who would even refuse to sign a petition to give women a right to a voice in helping to have them changed. Written laws remain as written until altered by enactment. Public opinion advances as it is educated by the progress and intelligence of a people schooled in its institutions of learning, and in the arts and sciences. Thus the opinions of enlightened people soon become advanced beyond their written code, and therefore their written

code, to keep pace with public sentiment, must be changed accordingly.

In every age of the world's history, a people's civilization can be judged by the estimation in which it has held its women. In our own country, in the Eastern states, and some of those in the West, our people have grown so much beyond their written law that its sober-minded men, and women, too, have only to have their attention called to special statutes to feel a horror toward the iniquities they not only legalize but attempt to regulate.

One, that our daughters in their infancy may barter away their virtue after attaining the age of thirteen, five years younger than they can legally transact the simplest business or be held for the price of the smallest article. Another, that the child-girl or the woman who is assaulted must have her flesh bruised and her garments torn, with witnesses to prove corroborating circumstances, before she may make successful plea in court that she did not consent to her own ruin. Think of these things and the wrong they entail on our sex, and ask yourselves if under a republican form of government said to be by the people, women should not have a voice in the enactment of the laws by which all women, as well as all men, are governed. Will any one deny that women are a part of the people?

And even wife-whipping, still not unfrequently practiced by the brutal drunken husband, has had no legislation to restrain it, and by a strict construction of the English and our own code, we

believe to be still admissible in this state. But I am glad to know that it is not often countenanced by either judge or jury. The majority of our men have become better and much advanced in humane sentiment beyond their written laws. It was their far-sighted wisdom that caused our forefathers, in framing the constitution of the general government, and later those of the states, to make provision as new conditions and new wants would arise for amending them. Already several amendments have been added to the constitution of this state, and two more are urgently required in the interest of women and good government. The one, that no evil be licenced by the state, thus preventing our public coffers from being replenished at the expense of good order and the moral life-blood of its citizens. At this time our public gatherers of news items tell us that fifty or more saloons in this city alone are each one gathering in one hundred dollars day by day from the income of its citizens. At least five thousand dollars daily from what ought to be expended among the grocers, butchers, clothiers, and for the necessities and comforts of its homes, or laid by for future capital. And all this is being expended for that which will do harm, which will muddle the brain and palsy the hands of those who are its partakers. Have women no interest in this outlay that robs them of just so much of the family income? Have they no interest in the harm that by it comes to their loved ones? The daughters as much as the sons are a part of the human family, and under a constitutional form of government, where all power is delegated to elected

representatives, said to be by the people (a kind of fiction with us), the daughters, to whom equal dominion was originally given, have both by God's law and the form of our government the same right to have their wishes counted at the ballot box as its sons.

A government is but a larger family; a family with many branches, -of parents, children, uncles, aunts, and cousins. We can readily see that the ideal home cannot exist without including in its family life both the man and the woman. As much are they both required in the truly republican state. Both must be there for consultation, counsel, and co-operation. The bachelor establishment or the maiden retreat can never meet all the requirements of the true home; neither can a one-sided arrangement of one sex in government. Without the feminine element in the state, the best conditions cannot be reached for its prosperity and the protections of its homes. Need we point to an example among other nations in proof of this statement?

Look at China and Japan where it is being enacted at this time; see the condition of the fleeing Chinese, who bind the feet of their more aristocratic girl babies till their walk is but a totter, and they are made in a degree helpless, and who drown so many of the lower class as worthless, educating none except in embroidery and a few accomplishments, while the more enlightened Japanese are giving their women educational advantages in their own and other countries, and their victorious general, partaking of the progressive spirit of the age, is married to a graduate

of our own Wellesley College.

To have this country true to its own declaration of rights and conform to the plan of God's government, there should be a second amendment to our state constitution, removing all restrictions that can be in any way construed as opposed to women sharing equally with men in deciding the various questions that are for regulation, welfare, and the "dominion" of the state. Does any woman demur to this statement? Would the mother object who is obliged to leave her tender infant children with insufficient care during the hours of labor to earn that which shall provide them with food, warmth and clothing, while he who is their natural guardian, and should be their provider and protector, spends his time and money (if he has any) in the dram shop for that which not only does him no good, but positive harm? Ask this woman, I say, if she has no wish to lend a hand to do away with these evil influences from her own life, and from the lives of her husband, children, and of those about her. And ask the widow, who, if she had charge of the undivided family estate, would still have scant means to rear and educate her little flock, if, with the divided one-third of it, and to each child parceled out a moiety, and a probate court absorbing the larger share, does she not feel that she could, sometimes, deposit a little slip of paper bearing on its surface her wishes where they could be registered and counted. Would she not like to have some equal opportunity with her brothers in controlling the regulations by which her small estate is to be managed?

Do I hear a whisper that this will be unwomanly, that the polls are not a proper place for woman? Why not? Our fathers, husbands, and sons now frequent them, and by our present governmental regulations must of necessity go to them; therefore if they are not wholesome, it will be well for their sake that woman's influence be brought to bear within their circle of evil that it may be changed, and their atmosphere purified, that they become a place to which both men and women may go with entire propriety. Women live in their homes with the men who now put in their ballots at the polling places, and women are obliged to abide by the laws and regulations that are enacted by the law makers chosen at such precincts, and good cannot be expected from a questionable source coming through a vile channel. We want, we need respectable polling places. Without them we cannot expect an honest vote.

The keepers and frequenters of saloons, of gambling dens, and houses of ill repute, now have a vote and thus have their representatives, whom their influence at the primaries has helped to nominate, and whom their votes have so largely helped to elect. These serve them both in framing laws for their interest and benefit, and in their enforcement, as well as in the preconceived non-enforcement, of such better ones as the better class of men have succeeded in having enacted. Women have no such representatives pledged to represent their ideas and their wishes, because and only because, they have no votes.

The church membership throughout the country averages at least

two women to every one man, but the man only has a vote. And if that church membership represents a better and a purer element in society than the saloon and the gambling den, whose frequenters are nearly all voters, then in just such proportion as women who are all without votes, ~~for~~ the more law abiding class of humanity, is the state defrauded of the better class of voters, and of their influence on good morals and good order.

The daughters of Shallum, who was a ruler of half part of Jerusalem, and therefore a man of power and position, builded with their father in repairing its walls. Deborah judged Israel for forty years, and the land under her statesmanship enjoyed peace and a degree of prosperity known neither before or after her time. And it is not said or do we believe that any of these women lost aught in womanly excellence, modesty, or sweetness. And why shall not our women, of whom it is conceded by all parties that they are more generally moral, temperate, and virtuous than the other sex, have the opportunity to add their votes to those of the better element of men voters to elect officers who will represent them in the enactment and enforcement of laws in the interest of good morals, good order, temperance, and good citizenship.

If Vashti, queenly and true to every womanly instinct, could but express herself on the Iowa situation, I doubt not she would bid our women to-day to lay by their royal crown of political ease, and work with energy and determination for their emancipation and the power to rid themselves of their present estate of indifference,

dependence, and the thralldom of unjust laws, some of which we have long since outgrown, and others that in justice should have no place in our statute books. And she would be instructing them on the duties of the hour, on the dignity and the true value of rising above considerations of self, in advocating the justice of woman's claims for the sake of securing a more permanent good, in the struggle between right and wrong.

It was said of Ahasueras, after an interval had elapsed which gave him time to recover from his debauch, that he remembered Vash-ti; and the inference is, that he remembered her with a kindly and perhaps regretful remembrance. May it not be that because of the firm position that she had taken, and her self sacrifice which had entailed on him a sore personal loss, that it was this remembrance that had so softened his heart as to cause him to give to Queen Esther so kindly a reception when she ventured into his presence unbidden? And if so, it was Vashti who had paved the way for Esther to save, not only Mordecai, but all her people, from the wrath of Haman.

The liquor power is the Haman which threatens the prosperity and peace of Iowa. Its women are the dethroned Vashtis of the state. Shall they ever be reinstated? Will there ever an Esther arise to save us before we are engulfed beyond hope? Are our young men and boys to be mown down by the sway of this invidious enemy as the grain before the reaper---to bear the stamp of "unclean" on their brows, and our young women when bidden by the more than

thrice seven chamberlains of the wicked king of the vintage to obey their behests and become a part of their Bacchanalian orgies. Nay! Let every Mordecai with honor in his soul refuse to bow down to the power of the unholy traffic, and every woman profit by the sacrifice of the pure, the noble, the virtuous, the womanly Vashti, and rouse herself from her lethargy and indifference. Let her do her utmost, not only to save her brothers from the downward way, but to gain the power to save herself, her home, family, friends, and country, the power that united with that of our Christian, virtue-loving men and statesmen, shall be the instrument to banish the Haman of the still from our borders, to change the current of public sentiment to a higher level, and thus help to build anew both state and country upon the firmer foundation of a new and truer manhood and womanhood.