

ANNUAL

..OF THE..

Des Moines Women's Club,

FOR

...1893-94...



MRS. E. R. CLAPP, PRESIDENT.

ADDRESS OF MRS. E. R. CLAPP, PRESIDENT OF THE
DES MOINES WOMENS' CLUB, 1893- 1894. DELIVERED
SEPTEMBER 27, 1893.

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The advancement and development of woman in the nineteenth century, has been wonderful, phenomenal, and perhaps no one event in the century has tended so largely to this discovery, and made us realize it with such force, as the Columbian Exposition, and the World's Congresses that have been held; they have shown what woman has achieved since the discovery of this new world by Columbus, in moral, scientific, and industrial lines. Before the opening of the Exposition, and the Congresses, some of the Chicago women who were at the head of the movement, seemed to fear that women were inclined to overrate their progress, and wished to have them guard against this idea. Mrs. Charles Henrotin, in speaking on this subject before the opening of the Congress of Representative Women, said: "Women should give these Congresses their hearty support, for we are not as advanced as many seem to think. Women are now in an economic position that is somewhat dangerous; they have been displaced in the home by machinery, and they are being displaced in labor, by the remark that they interfere with

the labor of men; they are being taken from the home, and diverted to the great manufacturing establishments, and it is time we found our true status in the great political, economical, and moral life !

She said the speakers in the Congress of Representative Women, would be those who had won recognition, the noted women of the world, and she urged an outpouring of women from all points of the compass, where the spirit of progress had reached. The appeal was certainly heard, and heeded. Such a gathering as that was!! The most noted ever seen in this country, and indeed there was never anything like it in the world's history. There were no less than twenty-six nationalities, and one hundred and ten women's organizations represented; and every line of women's work, from household economy, to women in national politics was discussed. It may be there will never be anything like it again; it was a great step forward, ^{an} and important one in the cause of progress, and higher education; but even this great stride, may seem but a little step in the future. If Mother Shipton's prophecy is to be fulfilled, the twentieth century is to be the century of women, and Mother Shipton seems to have made a happy hit. It certainly appeared as if the women could not wait for their century to be ushered in, but were laying claim to the last end of the nineteenth. From the day of the opening of the Congress, and the address of welcome by

Mrs. Potter Palmer, the interest never seemed to abate--and just here I feel I must say something of this wonderful woman, called as she was from the fashionable ranks of society, and having given but little thought to woman's actual position in the battles of life; but step, by step, she has been realizing woman's independence, her capabilities, and fitness for business activities, her wonderful adaptation to business pursuits hitherto monopolized by men, and with the energy of honest conviction, she has labored in behalf of women, and to-day stands grandly at the head of the progressive procession. Of her address of welcome, and her manner, a Chicago paper said: "She came upon the stage, dressed in exquisite taste, the recognized Queen of the occasion. As she stood there, she made a picture of which American womanhood might well be proud. In a clear, distinct voice, she gave the address of welcome; every ear was delighted with the fine enunciation of her voice. Among the many marvels of this wonderful woman, is her thorough ease before an audience. She is dignified composure itself. It is an ever recurring mystery, to see how such a woman evolved herself from insignificant environment. Her perfect tact, her sweet dignity, her courtesy, and kindliness, sprang into life full fledged, with neither known origin, or evident training; the hour struck, and behold the woman!! Great honor was shown Miss

Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and others, who have been so long working for the advancement of women , and they seemed in some way to regard this large and representative gathering as a personal vindication of themselves. Mrs. Sewall said, in speaking of them in her address: "It was the sublime courage of these women, forty years ago and more, that had made this meeting possible." They have lived to see the triumph of the cause in which they were pioneers, and which they advocated in the face of obloquy and persecution. Not all the rights claimed by them have been conceded, but they have lived long enough to enjoy the right of a larger degree of freedom for women, the dissipation of many prejudices, the concession of the right of women to have a voice in public affairs, and a promising development of evolution. Fifty years ago, a convention of school teachers were horrified if a woman asked a question, and to-day hundreds of women are discussing in public, all kinds of questions, and their addresses are published in the daily papers, read and discussed by the public, applauded and condemned as men's speeches are, without a thrill of astonishment, as a protest of ridicule. I am glad, from the bottom of my heart, that these noble, self-sacrificing women have lived to be blessed with this sight of fruition. Women are not struggling to rival men, but for the complete development of their

own faculties. It is hardly possible to estimate the far reaching results of these Congresses. The women of cities have learned, as they could not possibly in any other way, that a metropolis does not necessarily absorb all knowledge, refinement, and intellectual grace, while their country sisters perceive that courtesy, kindness and consideration, are not indigenous to rural communities, but that they thrive as well in cities. And another great benefit that will flow from these gatherings, will be in the way of educating foreigners in regard to the status of our country, and disabusing their minds of crude and erroneous ideas in regard to our progress and development. Many intelligent foreigners have strange ideas about our civilization; but one could not help noting what credit was given to America in the Women's Congress, in speaking of the progressive movement of women. They all seemed to look upon us as the originators, the mother, and we are willing to bear the honor. Mrs. Miller said in England, any ideas for the higher education of women, or for her admission into the learned profession, improvement in dress, etc., were always called "Americanisms"; we here the leaders, had shown them the way, and many of our "Americanisms" had been adopted in England. Mrs. Miller claimed that in a few respects the women of England were more advanced than in any other country. An English woman, whether she be mar-

ried or single, is perfectly free to hold property, can be a director of a public company, witness to a deed, executor of a will, or almost anything else. In fact the English woman of to-day has reached a very large allowance of freedom, and exercises every franchise except the parliamentary franchise, and should Miss Willard's influence become strong enough to have the grill, or grating, removed from the women's gallery in the House of Commons, behind which all women, with the exception of peeresses, must sit when visiting that august body, they will be pretty sure to have the parliamentary franchise. Miss Willard suggests that this grill be sent to the British Museum as a relic. Mrs. Miller said of the profession, only that of medicine was open to women, the law and the orthodox church not being allowed; but judging from the great progress in the last few years, she still had a hope of seeing a woman Archbishop of Canterbury. In France, a curious state of affairs prevails in relation to women. A French woman may become a lawyer, a doctor, a member of the Board of Education, and may even be decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, but she cannot witness a legal document, cannot be executor of a will. She occupies an important place in Art, Literature, and Commerce, but she cannot possess her own earnings, if married, and can neither buy or sell property. Of the women of Bohemia,

Joseffa Humpia Zema, the "sweet-voiced Bohemian," as the papers admiringly called her, told us a great many new things. They are away back in many matters, but are well up in others. She said they had always had one equality, that of working side by side with their men in the fields, side by side in pushing a wheelbarrow, but even that is a courageous, womanly, quality. Their women are now admitted into some business houses, telegraph offices, and there are twelve hundred women teachers, whom she claimed were better off than in liberty-loving America, for they get equal pay with men, for equal work. The most famous poet of Bohemia is a woman, and their best musical composers are women. She said, " we are not looking downward, but upward; we are looking to the star which beckons a new career to womanhood, and while we do not speak your language, we are with you in heart." From Greece, Madame Parran said, " she esteemed it a great honor to be associated with Americans; your great country may be considered the headquarters in progress, in all that relates to womankind; still you are doing some things perhaps that we did twenty centuries ago, but America to-day is the center of civilization." From Sweden, Baroness Thornborg Rappe said, " she loved this government of liberty and knowledge, and that she came here to bring greetings from the women of Sweeden to the women of America. We feel we

have much to learn from you, but our country has made, and is making, many changes favorable to the condition of women." Pride of country might prompt me to tell what all these twenty-six nationalities said complimentary to America, but I spare you. We know little of the struggles and vicissitudes of the women in foreign lands, in the advancement they have made, for we have always held a high position, comparatively, in our country, and are constantly taking higher ground in all the practical, as well as literary work, which deals so largely with the prominent social questions of the day. " The discovery which man has made in this age of the true powers of woman, is as great a discovery in its consequences, as that of electricity; these powers have always existed, but only to-day are they being utilized. Think of the women in the world now doing the best literary work, not in this country only, but everywhere, wherever the spirit of civilization has reached, and the old traditions are being broken over; traditions hoary with age, not only in history, but theology. We all remember Moses' account of woman's desire for the tree of knowledge, but even the great burden that was put upon her then, could not crush out the desire for wisdom, and since that time there has always been a " woman in the case," fortunately oftener in the good than in the mischief. They tell about a woman's sphere,

"As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

They are everywhere, and constantly making new conquests, and becoming more sure of themselves every day. In journalism, women have come to stay. There is scarcely an editorial staff but has its one or more women representatives, and in literary work of all kinds, the rank and file are about equal with men. The Boston Journal says: "The press of Boston is liberally supplied with women editors, reporters, and correspondents, and there can hardly be found in the country a paper of standing that is not reinforced by such assistance." The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, in speaking of the effect on American journalism, of the entrance of women into its rank, says, that it has gained infinitely in scope, and life, and readableness. This same state of things is coming in England. At the recent press day, at the Royal Academy in London, scores of women were present in a professional capacity, and art criticisms seem to be falling wholly into their hands. They are making pictures their special subjects, and the male critics begin to think they will have to devote their attention to something else. In Japan, women journalists are becoming such a force that

it was recently proposed by the Japanese Committee of the Press, to prohibit, by law, women from becoming editors and publishers. They desire that these offices shall be reserved exclusively for young men, and it was unanimously decided by this Committee that the discharge of such work by women, was neither becoming or desirable. (Since writing the above, I have read that such a law has actually passed in Japan, a few weeks ago.) Lady Summerset has become editor with Edwin H. Stone, of the Woman's Herald, the independent exponent of the great body of conviction and sentiment, represented by the various associations of progressive women in England. This paper is also the authorized organ of the World's Temperance Union, and its policy is strongly for women's equality in civil, educational, and political privileges. They are working for no particular country, but are looking after, and trying to reach, the great Continents of humanity, that Mrs. Ormistan Chant spoke of, when she said, "It was a woman who discovered Columbus, and thus indirectly discovered the Continent of America, and so" she said, "if you want great Continents of humanity discovered, you must look to women to do the work of discovery." The women of Switzerland have made an arrangement with the Zurich Post, one of the most prominent Swiss papers, to issue every fortnight, a supplement, entirely under the control of women, to be edited by Dr.

Emilie Kempin. The purpose of the paper, to discuss the work of women, and to arouse in them a feeling of responsibility in regard to their organizations; to justify the co-operation of women in all fields of human effort, in anticipation of the time when women shall participate in politics; but above all, to give adequate expressions to the dignity of woman, as wife and mother, in all her legal rights. But time forbids more mention of women in journalism; you are all familiar with those of our own country. In the great Press Congress in Chicago, they were conspicuous for their high order of talent, and their great adaptability to their work. In the professions, the women are becoming almost as numerous as men, particularly in medicine and dentistry. Only a few years ago a woman in a profession seemed a monstrosity; but now, men acknowledge them as helpful coadjutors. In the College of Surgeons in London, women are admitted on the same footing as men, attend on equal terms, all the lectures, the only difference being a different dissecting room. This School of Surgery has been open to women since 1885. Dr. Anna Kuhnnow, of Leipsic, who, with Matthew Arnold, would probably have been born an American woman, had she had her choice of nationality, calls this country "the Paradise" for women. She spent some time in the New York Infirmary for women, and contrasts her own position in Germany, where, though

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she took a doctor's degree at the University of Zurich, and has a large practice in Leipsic, she is not legally allowed to use her title of Doctor, and is subjected to most harassing restrictions, in giving out prescriptions. She pronounces Dr. Cushier, of the New York Infirmary, one of the most skillful Surgeons she has ever seen, and the Infirmary conducted entirely by women, a most wonderful place. She expected to find in this country, women in feeble health, but in this she says she was greatly disappointed, for they were the healthiest women, both physically, and mentally, she had ever seen. Dr. Emily Rempin, mentioned before as the editor of the woman's paper at Zurich, was the first woman admitted to the University of Zurich. When she made application for admission to the Law Department, she was refused, but not until the matter had been thoroughly investigated, and it was found that the word man, occurred in the charter. Then the question arose whether a woman was a man; there were two sides, some holding that she was, but the great majority decided that a woman was not a man, and she was not admitted. Instead of being discouraged, she announced she would give a course of lectures on law, in a room near by; many of the students went to hear her, and later she came to America, and in New York urged that women should study law, and her efforts resulted in the establishment there, of a Law School for women.

After two years she returned to Zurich, and again asked admission to the Law Department-- this time the answer came, " We cannot justly exclude women from our University Law School." She was the first woman who taught in one of the great universities in the nineteenth century. Since this time, this university has done much for women; it teaches women, and allows women to teach; for this it deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by all woman-kind. In Scotland, where the struggle for the medical education of women has been going on so long, it has at last resulted in a victory for the women, and the University Court of St. Andrews is now open to them; this is a triumph for the Edinburg women, and one for which they have labored for many years. In Finland, more perhaps than in any other country, the women now enter into the business of life. They are Doctors, Dentists, Clerks, Builders, Managers of small Companies, Bank Cashiers, and they are especially sought for the latter, on account of their reputation for honesty. These are the signs of the times! Woman has been working out her salvation slowly, but surely. Silently the great reform movement has been almost accomplished, and to-day true womanhood, the divine personification of the best and purest in life, is coming forward, and taking her rightful place beside man. Never before in the world's history, has she been such an integral part of

the world, as to-day. All this has not been achieved without struggle and sacrifice, and more is to come. Woman's influence in the affairs of this life, has only just began; in Religion, Philosophy, Charity, Home, and all the great achievements of the material and intellectual world; the coming ages will reap the benefits, and the world will grow better, and brighter, as woman rises to realize herself, the places and positions that are her birth-right. She has shown many times her capacity for business, by carrying on successfully some of the great business enterprises of the day, as for instance Madame Boucicault, who managed so well, and on such a grand philanthropic scale, the great dry goods house in Paris, the Bon Marche, making not only wealth in abundance for herself, but enriching all who came into her service. Many a man owes his success in business, to the keenness of judgment, of a partner whose name does not appear in the firm, or over the shop window, and who is not supposed to have any connection with the business, and that partner is his wife, in whom he is wise enough to confide. Women often have the most acute perceptions regarding business affairs, and when men learn to talk business with their wives, instead of thinking they don't understand these things, there will be fewer failures. I read an article in the Register a few months ago, speaking of women as rulers, citing Queen Vic-

toria, Catherine of Russia, and Elizabeth of England, and many others. It said a dozen petty Czars, before Peter, rolled into one, would not make one Catherine, and that the four Georges of England, with a baker's dozen of modern Princes of Wales thrown in, would not make one Elizabeth. We have women, too, as officers in the army. The present warrior Emperor has appointed five women as Colonels of Regiments in the Prussian army. This is, like many of his acts, a new departure; but whether it is a shrewd device, or simply one of his peculiar freaks, it is well calculated to achieve his dearest ambition, the exaltation and popularizing of the army above everything else. Previous to his accession, there were but two women Colonels in the Prussian army, and none had been appointed for a score of years. The senior women Col. is the Empress Frederick, who was placed in command of a regiment of Hussars, at the coronation of Emperor William the first. Princess Frederick Charles ranks second in point of time; she is the widow of the famous Red Prince, and was commissioned in 1871. Queen Victoria was made Colonel of a regiment in 1889. The two first named have often ridden at the head of their regiments, dressed in full regimentals, and one of the Empress Frederick's most dashing pictures, shows her thus attired and afield. I am glad, however, that this is not one of the avenues opening up to women that is

destined to become popular; there are so many vocations, and enterprises, being employed by women that were formerly open to men only, that the men may well fear they are going to be displaced by them, but I don't think we are ambitious to be soldiers. I see by a Cincinnati paper that 5,000 women are now occupying places in that city, that only a year or two ago were filled by men. There is no question as to this being injurious to the male population; there are too many men leading profligate worthless lives, being supported by their wives and daughters. The article closes by asking, if this is just and fair to the women. At the Columbian Exposition, it is estimated that half the clerical and other writing work, has been done by women. The exhibits, more than half of them, are managed by women, the clerkships are mostly filled by them, and there is something near 25,000 stenographers, typewriters, and press women. Women have put on many of the finishing touches on the buildings, in the way of frescoes and statuary, and to women belongs the suggestion of the comfortable seats scattered around. I only wish there had been five times as many of them, so that all the weary might have found rest. All along the line in everything pertaining to the Exposition, between the most simple and pretentious extremes, woman's work, suggestion, and influence is everywhere found. Women have been chosen for clerks, and other positions, in preference to men, because they are faithful and

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honest, and I say it with shame, because they are expected to work cheaper than men; for equal work, women should demand, and receive equal pay. Many times they are found to be supporting larger families than men employed in the same places, at higher wages. This was found to be the case in a big Chicago House lately. The proprietors determined to raise the wages of the married men, and reduce those of the young girls, unmarried women in their employ. The matter was investigated, and it was found the girls were supporting more people, more were really dependent upon them, than were upon the men. The wages were not changed. We come now to notice one place in the wide domain of woman, where she reigns supreme; the one place that everybody is willing she should occupy - the home. " They say the sun never sets upon the English empire; but on this realm of woman's influence, eternity never marks any bound." Here she can be anything she elects to be, and it is unquestionably her duty to be bright, intelligent, cheerful, and helpful; to keep young and in touch with the world, and young people, and not be afraid of a little sentiment; it is a good thing to have. Old age is beautiful, but we make a mistake when we rush unnecessarily toward it. Many women in history seem to have known the secret of keeping young and attractive. Helen of Troy was over forty when that famous elopement took place, and ten

years after, when the fortunes of war restored her to Menelaus, he received her with love and gratitude. Madame de Maintenon was forty-three when she married Louis XIV, and Ninon de l'Enclos was so beautiful and interesting, she received a declaration of love on her 80th birthday. Many others might be added, not all in history, not in the past, the present holds many shining examples of handsome, intelligent women, who are keeping young and in full sympathy with their sons and daughters, but who, when the time really comes, will grow old cheerfully and gracefully. Women in their homes should avoid those things that wear out their eyes, and nerves; too much fancy work, it is the most nonsensical craze a woman can possess. A wife has no business with any kind of a hobby, but what is for the permanent interest of her home, and the enjoyment of her family. We must make our homes attractive, but we can do it without sacrificing nerves and eyes; happy, cheerful, healthy people, always make attractive homes. God gave us homes and families for higher objects, and we must look to it that we perform our part, and not allow ourselves to grow fretful, and impatient; keep away from those things that have a tendency to produce fretfulness, as much as possible. I must introduce a little story here, an old one fixed up to suit the times, not exactly ap-

plicable, but good. " This is a story that was once told to St. Peter, by a woman sitting outside his gate. He had objected to her entering, although she had answered most of his questions straightforwardly and satisfactorily enough. 'I do not like,' said St. Peter, surveying her critically, as doubtless was his duty under the circumstances, 'I do not like that fretful pucker between the brows. I do not like that deep graved line of mockery that runs crescent wise from the nostril to the lips. Such lines are not popular over there,' with a gesture toward the shining gate. 'As a rule, we suggest to their owners a temporary sojourn where--well, where it's warm enough to insure their melting out, so to speak,' said St. Peter politely.

The woman smiled wanly. 'I know as well as you do,' said she, 'that those lines means impatience and fretfulness and ill temper and much unloveliness of the sort that is not welcome beyond the white gate. But what I want to know is, Are we judged by the lines alone, regardless of how we came by them? Do we all fare alike--those of us who are born fretful, who achieve fretfulness, or who have fretfulness thrust upon them?' St. Peter resignedly settled himself for a colloquy. 'This comes,' he murmured resentfully under his breath, 'of the higher education of women! When they were kept in their places in the lower world, they went to

their places in this without boring a saint with argument!"

It was the intention to say something of women in Poetry and Art, but that will have to be passed by. We will take a glance at the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition. The building has so often been described, and the name of the architect, Miss Sophia Hayden, is so familiar, that it is needless to repeat. The decorations of the building are part of the women's exhibit. The building itself was rather disappointing to many. It is not as imposing in its architectural features as the other buildings, but when we remember that only one-third of the amount expended on the other large buildings was allotted to this, that, of course, limited the designs, but the building throughout is beautiful, and very creditable to the women who designed, and carried it all out. The exhibits are such as one would expect to find in such a building, all the best of their kind. A writer in the last Cosmopolitan says: "No exhibit could have been more timely, or carried out with greater wisdom, than has this; it shows to woman at the most opportune time in her career, the weak points in her position; while the advances she has made, along all lines of work and thought, encourage her to renewed efforts, and greater bravery in claiming her right to the pecuniary reward of conscientious labor. " All the best women artists from America, and the whole world, were

represented. The display of etchings was marvelous. Anne Whitney's statue of Lief Erickson, is a masterpiece of art, and has been highly appreciated by lovers of statuary. The library is the most beautiful room in the building; it was designed and executed by Dora Wheeler Kieth. The most valuable exhibits are the applied arts, in which tapestry, china, stained glass, mechanical drawings, and fabrics may be included. There is an endless display of ceramics, home and foreign, the home making a very good showing, and not suffering as greatly by comparison as might have feared. American ceramics has grown as no other art industry has since the splendid exhibit of 1876; it received its great inspiration from that exhibit. We find in this country rich and inexhaustible clay mines, equal to anything found in Europe, for fineness and whiteness. Pottery work seems particularly inviting to women. The Rookwood Pottery, of Cincinnati, is the most celebrated in our country; it is really the only national pottery, and was the result of women's experiments. It was established in 1880 by Mrs. Maria Longworth Stoner, of Cincinnati, and too much credit can not be given her for bringing this particular kind of pottery to such a state of perfection. Each piece seems to have an individual character, duplicates seldom being attempted. The coloring in both grounds and decorations, is entirely underglaze. A few

pieces of this beautiful china is to be seen in the Cincinnati room of the Woman's building, but the grandest display is found in the Liberal Arts Building. The reason why the exhibits were not satisfactory to some people, in the Woman's Building, are various; too much was expected by many; and then if we remember how much beautiful work, designs, models, and unique attractions, made by the hand of "lovely women", was distributed through all the buildings, departments, state buildings, it is easily explained. It was impossible to put all this work into one building; it was too small. The invention room was a place of interest, although the inventions were not as numerous as expected. Many devices were found there, but none of the most valuable and scientific were to be seen. I had read only a short time before the opening of the Fair, that 400 applications were made by women for patents, at the United States Patent Office last year, and it seemed too bad, when the Patent Office books show thousands of the names of women inventors, that so few were represented. But this all shows that women are thinking and training their minds in new channels; that they have new ideas; they originate, exploit their patents, and introduce them. A woman of Pennsylvania has invented a Refrigerator, and is now drawing an annual royalty of \$12,000 from the manufacturers. Mrs. Dinghen van der Plasse, who was a daughter of

a Knight of Flanders, invented starch in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and created a much greater sensation than any of the modern inventions of women have done; nothing seems to surprise us, we are so accustomed to the new and novel.

I have already taken too much time, and our own Club must not be excluded from this paper. It has certainly shown a progressive spirit, and has advanced rapidly with the years, not so much in numbers, as some of us could wish, but in many other ways, and still there is a great deal in the future for us. I could not help thinking while listening to some of the speakers in the Congress of Representative Women, who seemed to be listened to with such marked attention, how many women we had in our own Club, that with practice and encouragement would speak just as well. I am glad that our Committee on Current Topics, have decided to ask all occupying their time, to try to speak without manuscript. It is a great step in the right direction. A manuscript comes between a speaker and an audience, is not a good conductor of electricity. It is better to say a little, if it is not said well, and have it listened to, than to read a great deal to an inattentive audience. Why should we be timid about expressing our ideas, or trying to speak before one another? One of the great helps of women's clubs is the cultivation of warm personal sympathy and loving charity!

We ought to pay more attention to extemporaneous speaking; we may not all succeed as well as we would like, but we can speak what we think, without fear of criticism, and a little of that will not hurt us; honest convictions always meet respect. We need this exchange of thought and feeling to make us stronger; we want to get nearer together. We are all so dependent upon one another for our ideas; only a few strong souls here and there, can beat out their own thoughts, dependent only on themselves; the great majority can never be sure of a thought, until they hear it confirmed. Some one says, "Many a poor soul has had thoughts about duty, God, life here, and hereafter, and though it seemed like a bit of gold, never felt sure about it, never dared to tell it, though it seemed heavenly bright--'till some poet sang it, some strong teacher put it into ordered words, or 'till some friend gave calm utterance to it, and then the Angel came and the soul was strengthened." Therefore tell the best thing you know, utter your most happy thoughts, perhaps someone is waiting for it, is hungry for it. Our reticence is often as unnecessary, as it is wrong; we fear to offend, or think what we can say will avail nothing, and all the time the one thing needed is, that they who think should speak. We make things difficult by hesitation, are not helpful to each other, because we are not outspoken and trustful. Let us be more free with one

another, more like a large family in the home, ready to overlook faults, and in whatever we do in our Club, feel that all are trying to help and uphold us. The Koran says "the world will come to an end, when there can be found one soul, who cannot do something for some other soul." There is another matter that is of paramount importance to this Club, one that has taken strong hold on many outside of our membership; something that this Club is expected to take the initial steps in, and is held in a measure responsible for, and that is the establishing, or founding of an Art Collection in this city. Something that will be a strong foundation for a fine Art Gallery in years to come. And I believe the building of a Women Club House in connection, is possible, and can be accomplished. A Club House large enough for one floor, more or less, to be devoted to Art, and the Art Collection, and the rest of the building to be used by the various Women's Clubs, and Women's Organizations of our City. The building can be built and owned by the Des Moines Women's Club, and leased by them to other organizations of women, or be built jointly, as may be decided as best in the future. I feel very strongly in favor of this enterprise, but I do not claim that the time is fully ripe for it, but the time is ready, is here, for talking up the project, and creating the building sentiment among our members. Women's

Club Houses are being built in some places, and while the idea is somewhat new, it has been found to be practical and advisable, where it can be carried out. I think we can build such a building and in a way to fulfill the expectations of the public, in regard to the Art Collection, something we are all anxious to do, and have been working for, and at the same time make a permanent home for our Club, and all other organizations of women in the city. We will be doing a great work for Des Moines, and will be sure to have the hearty support of all lovers of art, all public spirited citizens, and all who have the advancement of the city at heart. Why shouldn't the women of Des Moines do this? They have shown many times that they were capable of starting and carrying out different enterprises, and this is something that every resident of the city should feel an interest and pride in. We need such a building for musicales, private entertainments and special receptions. It will be no easy thing to do, but little is ever accomplished without effort. Let us think of this enterprise, talk about it, write about it, save our money for it, form plans for its consummation, and be ready to grasp the opportunity as soon as it shall appear.

Now I am done, after wishing the Des Moines Women's Club a happy prosperous year.

-- H I S T O R Y --

of

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

Chapter V

by

MRS. JAMES G. DAY,

HISTORIAN.

September 26th, 1894.

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CHAPTER V.

There are eras and epochs in all histories. This fifth chapter of club history embraces the era of the grandmothers.

The literature of fiction is remarkably silent on the ideal mother. The reason may be that her influence might naturally interfere with the development of a heroine of the popular sort. Occasionally a grandmother is admitted into romance, and with rare exceptions, she is either over-indulgent, weak, whimsical,--or may be too self-denying for self-respect,--to the opposite extreme. Often she is ultra-religious, with cast-iron ecclesiastical opinions,-- and yet, her characteristics can be utilized in accounting for the base metal found in the heroine. History is not so silent, but the prescribed time forbids any allusions to grandmothers, however illustrious, except those who became a part of this year's history of the club.

One year ago, the retiring president, Mrs. Berryhill, welcomed and conducted President Clapp to the chair. Then began the era of the grandmothers!

The president read a notable inaugural address, and, according to Ezra, she "read distinctly, and gave the sense,

and caused them to understand the reading."

This key-note has sounded all through the programmes of the year, with, perhaps, but one exception.

The efficient and faithful Secretary Carter, with her full and satisfactory report of the year's work, barely escaped being sandwiched between two grandmothers; for, after the reading of the inaugural address, the fourth chapter of club history was read, also, by a grandmother.

In this club membership, there are twenty-eight grandmothers; sixteen regulars, four grandmothers by marriage and eight rudimentary grandmothers; which may be understood to mean those whose children, although married long enough, have failed to make them more than mothers-in-law.

A variety of types are represented by these; yet, the ideal, judged from a popular standpoint, is not a member of any club. A classification will not be attempted, as there might be an effort made to discuss the conclusions. History can be corrected, but never discussed.

The two generations so highly complimented by St. Paul are historical. Grandmother Lois and her daughter Eunice can be duplicated in this club at least three times.

To the club, considered as a composite grandmother

have been born during the year, three grandchildren, of whom we are very proud. During the previous eight years, twenty-five. Four of these, early delivered their sweet, tender messages and left us. The others are all filling full the measure of industrious, happy childhood; and to each and all we bid a joyous welcome.

The law does not recognize any legal rights of grandparents to their grand children. A stranger has the same legal right to the guardianship of the children of deceased parents as do the grandparents. This must surely be an oversight in our law-makers; but it is startlingly true.

The "at home" feeling which prevailed during the sabbatic reign of President Clapp has become proverbial; and to the relief of those concerned, the president has promptly filed all the By-laws request, and the precedents suggested.

Three of the chairmen of committees belonging to this era, practically illustrated their respective subjects. Chairman Billington illustrated the short story by an original one. Chairman Wallace, a regular in good standing, gave by gaslight a practical illustration of cooking. Chairman Wyman, another regular, illustrated "Switzerland" by pictures; Swiss carving; and, also, secured a lecture from an

eye witness, of the scenes described,--Major Byers, Ex-Consul General to Switzerland.

True, there were other chairmen and committees, whose subjects were well discussed and illustrated. There was Mrs. Dr. Patchin, who, with fidelity and constancy, produced the beautiful "rosemary, which she had gathered leaf by leaf", to the memory of the artist who once lived in our midst,--Marshall Talbott; and she also exhibited many of his pictures.

But, good as all these were, and worthy of mention, the chairmen were not grandmothers.

The idiosyncrasy of a "regular," who boasted of her "nineteenth century grandson," was tolerated, for the sake of harmony, by the other members of the same era. This cordial and gracious hostess invited the club and other friends to a reception, (February 26th, 1894, Monday, at 2:30,) at her beautiful home "Ellzoe" to meet her personal friend, Miss May Rogers, of Dubuque, of whose literary fame and well-known reputation we had all heard. By request, Miss Rogers entertained Mrs. Dr. Potter's guests by reading her paper, "The Novel, as an Educator of the Imagination," which she had read at one of the congresses of the World's Fair. It was a delightful reception; as beautiful as it

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was complimentary.

The crowning glory of this era was the royal reception in honor of one of the greatest of grandmothers, our national guest, Julia Ward Howe.

The executive committee decided to tender this honored guest of the state and city a reception worthy of both the guest and the club. Accordingly, Ex-president Windsor, one belonging to this era by marriage, offered her elegant home "Windsor" for the use of the club and its one hundred and fifty visitors.

Our own poet, Billington, also belonging to this era by marriage, composed and recited a poem of welcome to this great "American Queen!"

The executive also decided that it was a fitting occasion to again open the "precious box of spikenard," and they did; and secured a professional singer of Iowa, (Miss Elsie Lincoln,) to pour forth, as an offering, her sweetest songs, (To the tune of \$25.) To the great relief of the author, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was not sung .

A pleasing incident of the afternoon is recalled. Little Esther Raymond was told by her mother that she had seen Mrs. Howe, the lady who wrote "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;" and, after a moment's

pause, the dear child innocently inquired: "Does Mrs. Howe wear her veil yet?" "What veil?" asked her mother. "Oh! the one that Mrs. Howe and Moses wore when they saw the glory of the Lord!" To all of us it was an inspiration to meet this rare and gifted woman without her veil. Her sweet, refined manners, and her countenance radiant with high thoughts and purposes, declared that she had found the fountain of perpetual youth, for which Ponce de Leon thought he had so vainly sought, even while he blazed the way to it, by travel, aspiration, inspiration, progress,--the very thought of it was hopeful, suggestive, restorative. An anomalous condition prevailed during that pleasurable reception.

Years were at a premium. More than a score of the visitors on that occasion, were in proximity to the three score and ten milestone. All were interested and delighted, and wondered if when they were seventy-five years old they could attend a reception in their honor in the afternoon, and in the evening deliver a lecture,--a public lecture, five miles away. The answer is still pending. Yet, that is just what Julia Ward Howe did that day.

Another belonging to this era, our own Mrs. Hunting, possessing the charm which years have no power to suspend,

was the hostess, an early and well beloved friend of this honored woman.

The members of this club, who are of this era, may be compensated--for their haste to be born, by being restfully and usefully employed,--able to discriminate between useless and necessary activity, boasting occasionally of our minus quantities and grand children, yet, keeping up with the procession.

The marked improvement in carrying out the published programmes is very gratifying to the chairmen of committees and creditable to the club. A few only have failed, and they had good and sufficient reasons. None tendered an excuse during the year.

Some of the experiences of the chairmen of previous years were of such a character as to postpone indefinitely the perfect "work of patience," as well as to emphasize the statement that the "most desirable characteristic in a club member," or, indeed, in anyone, is reliability." While there can be no possible objections to ability, it is not so desirable as reliability. The emergency and impromptu programme have indeed been successful. Yet, no credit is due the defaulter, which made it possible and necessary.

- In an unfulfilled programme--at the close of the year--(al-

though not published in the calendar,) an occurrence called to mind, the theological deduction of the little boy, whom "Girdle Round the Earth" Richardson tells about. The boy was whittling, and gravely remarked to his mother, "You don't know what I'm making! Nobody don't know! God don't know, 'cos I jist changed my mind!" The result of this sudden change of mind was very disappointing, and was intended neither for example nor emulation.

It is claimed by some that there is a needless amount of verification of the saying of the "wise man" that "there is no new thing under the sun." Some clubs may claim originality in all things, from original sin to the latest original virtue. But not so with the club. Yet, if talents were equal to ambitions--"Stealing thunder" would become a lost art. The explanation of the supposed use of similar ideas and words is, that our powers of assimilation are so active that the thoughts and words of others are a part of us, before we know it. And, again, "Great minds run in the same channel," or who knows but we may be in the same great thought-circle of the universe. But, however it is, the members of this club do claim that they can digest facts, apply figures and assimilate truths to our daily and present needs. Yet, a club that would not crit-

icise its members is a disbanded one.

For so "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Two new-made graves in beautiful Woodland. Two more safely "over the bar; two, whose well-spent lives went out in peace; Dr. S. S. Hunting and Dr. Thomas E. Billington.

The club passed resolutions, and bowed its head in sympathy, for the sorrow and loneliness of two of its most honored members, Mrs. Hunting and Mrs. Billington.

For fourteen years Mrs. Charles E. Risser was the mother of a noble boy, who was always an honor and a joy to her. Since our last meeting his life has become only a precious memory. The members of the club deeply sympathized with this bereaved mother, our faithful Ex-secretary.

The Editor of the Midland Monthly offered a prize of twenty-five dollars to any club which should furnish the best and most available paper read between September, 1893, and June, 1894. The president appointed a committee of eight, to select a paper from this club, as contestant for the prize. Only four papers were submitted to the committee for examination, from which the one prepared by Mrs. Van Slyke, entitled "College bred Women", was selected. To that wide-awake Marshalltown Club was awarded the prize.

That "Banquo's ghost, which will not down," was rais-

ed again. Shall it be Women's Club, or Woman's Club? What is the club? A collection of units, or a class. A collection of individuals, or an aggregated whole. Happily, the club is incorporated as a collection of individuals; hence, no change was deemed advisable. Thus we continue to conserve individuality, which is the highest form of enlightened civilization.

The club fully appreciated the rare trials of the triune secretary, she being ex-officio president, vice-president and secretary, all in one. She did it well, too; but her successors must be protected. The board, therefore, added another vice-president. So honors are multiplied. Yet, we exclaim: What lack we yet? A suggestive answer comes from our exchanges of club calendars, "A Parliamentary Secretary," whose duties are suggested by its name.

The first regular social meeting of the year was held at the elegant home of President Clapp, the last day of January. In fact, sociability was the business, and the programme was the same subject continued, and was a grand success. Now! Those reported club colors, white and green! Whence came they? They seemed all right and very appropriate. The white being an emblem of purity; the green---green---Oh! the green is an emblem of honesty. The butter-

fly bow symbolized that the club had emerged from its chrysalis state. Yet, suitable and appropriate as they are, club colors are, as yet, not officially authorized. Practically, the same might be said of the club pin; for, while it was resolved to have one, the design is not yet selected.

Last December Mrs. Major Byers was cordially invited to attend the meetings of the club as an honored guest. This, our first honorary member, invited the club and its gentlemen friends to a reception February seventh, morning, afternoon and evening. The installment plan was adopted to afford an opportunity to especially examine and enjoy the Byers collection of rare and choice old paintings. The beautiful reception was the most prolonged on record, and was a self-imposed immolation on the part of the host and hostess, Major and Mrs. S. H. M. Byers. It was a rare privilege; one which was fully appreciated and enjoyed by all present. Each one of the three hundred guests was made to feel that he was the only person there, which is an evidence that the height of hospitality was attained.

On the twenty-fifth of November Mrs. Harry West gave an elegant reception in honor of Lorado Taft, an eminent artist of Chicago, who generously and ably assisted the

club committee in selecting the Art Souvenir of the World's Fair. To which the club, the husbands and gentlemen friends were most cordially invited. The club highly appreciates and enjoys these social favors. The same evening Mr. Lorado Taft gave a finely illustrated lecture on sculptures and paintings at the World's Fair; and, at the close of his lecture, as a compliment to the choice of the Des Moines Women's Club, he exhibited the picture of the marble statue of Joan of Arc, of the Luxemburg Gallery. Yet, the club members present never acknowledged it by any expressions of pleasure or appreciation, except that of dignified silence, which was considered by those not belonging to the club as dignified obtuseness.

In October (18, 1893) a petition was presented to the board, from the social committee of last year, asking that the proceeds of the Sappho entertainment be deposited as Art funds; and that a portion of said fund be used in procuring an Art Souvenir from the World's Fair. This request was granted, and a committee of three was elected; Mrs. Harry West, Mrs. Windsor and Mrs. Clapp; to purchase the Souvenir, the whole expense not to exceed the Sappho entertainment, of \$331.40.

The committee went to the Columbian Exposition, bur-

dened with its mission. They looked and studied and counsel-
ed together and with artists, especially, with Lorado Taft,
striving to obtain a suitable and acceptable souvenir with
the available funds. A beautiful bust of Diana in marble
was admired, and could hardly be given up. True, it was
marble, and its price within the limit, but it was not all
of Diana. They continued their work with Mr. Taft, he sud-
denly halted before the beautiful statue of Joan of Arc,
an exact copy, in bronze, of the marble statue, in the Lou-
vre; and, as he contemplated the pose, the absorbing inter-
est, the devotion and patriotic purpose of the peasant girl,
he remarked with emphasis : "Well, I guess you have met your
fate!" (The committee had seen it before, and admired it,
but a bronze would not take the place of a marble statue.)
Mrs. West, with her usual apt decision and superior good
taste, at once exclaimed: "Yes; we will take this in marble;
we want one exactly like the one in Louvre for our Souvenir
for the Des Moines Women's Club!" The agent said: "Madam,
the price of this size in marble will be just one thousand
dollars." She drooped and was sad; and her bankrupt expres-
sion of countenance was not assumed, but was real, and was
there. She seriously thought of that hard-earned \$331.40
to be expended on an art nucleus for her beloved home city,

and wondered how small an art nucleus could be and live! After a prosaical meditative pause, she came down from her pedestal, and meekly said: "We will not take the marble, beautiful as it must be!" So, this trio went again and again to become acquainted with Joan of Arc; and finally decided to make this beautiful bronze statue the club's souvenir of the World's Fair, and nucleus of the prospective art collection. It is a small reproduction, in bronze, of Chapu's masterpiece, Joan of Arc. The original is life size, and is now in the Luxemburg gallery. From the price of nearly three hundred and fifty dollars the agent made a generous reduction. The duty of one hundred dollars was rebated because the statue was for a public benefit; and to this the committee was required to certify. It is beautiful! Her posture is easy and restful; showing that she can wait in comfort until the visions arrive. The selection is most fitting, indeed; not mythological; not ideal; but a real historical, aspiring young woman, striving for the good of her country, in her own individual way, embodying sentiment with graceful simplicity. The members of this committee have merited the plaudit, "Well done!" from the club which they have so faithfully and efficiently served.

After the selection and purchase by our committee, Jo-

an of Arc was canonized. (I do not exactly think our selection had very much to do with it; but, at least, it is a pleasing coincidence.)

Then came that irrepressible Chairman West, requesting that the board allow the further sum of fifty dollars, and stating that, with this sum and the amount remaining unexpended of the Sappho fund, the coveted Diana could be secured. The board allowed the sum from the current funds, and with unalloyed and undisguised pleasure, the committee went to buy that bust of Diana. But, alas! she was disfigured on her cheek opposite the audience, resulting from a flaw in the marble. That would never do! Nothing short of perfection would answer. So an order was given for a bust exactly like the one there, except in its imperfections. In one year from the time the order was given, Chairman West, Mrs. Windsor and Mrs. Carter, secretary, received the statue direct from Rome.

The club cannot realize the anxious responsibility of Chairman West, while it was being carefully unpacked. She wondered "if it was what they ordered; if it was heroic size; if it was nicked or broken, on its long journey. Was it of pure Carrara marble. Oh, if it were only just perfect!" Yes, there it was! this beautiful Diana, goddess of

light, of watchfulness, of chastity; exactly filling the order, without spot or blemish; ready for its uplifting mission in this city.

Our Diana is an exact representation of the Diana in the Louvre, and is of heroic size, and of the purest Carrara marble, and its value three hundred dollars. The tariff was rebated on this, also, for the reason before given, and which affords us a chameleon view of the tariff question. A generous reduction was made in the price, enabling the committee to do wonders. It may be of interest to know that the work alone on this bust cost one hundred and fifty-eight dollars, and that considerably more has been expended in this endeavor than the club furnished. A full description of these two works of art will be filed by Chairman West, with the club papers, for future reference. These two statues are now very appropriately located in the city library. "What shall be done with them?" To this pertinent question various answers have been given. A club home has been occasionally suggested. But the immortality of debts, the certainty of taxes, the numberless attendant expenses and the everlasting business worry cannot be ignored. We well know that these usual accompaniments of a building would dissipate our energy, absorb our art

fund and everything else, and indefinitely postpone the realization of our aim, our object, our trust, an art collection.

For this club, on this ninth anniversary, no higher purpose could be desired than that, with perseverance and fidelity, its entire membership, emulate the virtues and profit by the example of the era which has now just passed into history.

Mrs. James G. Day,

Historian.

September 26, 1894.

THE SHORT STORY IN LITERATURE,

by

SOPHIA G. PARK.

October 25, 1893.

The Short Story in Literature is a subject in which we are all more or less interested. It is now, and has been for a few years, receiving a great deal of attention from some of the best critics and literary men of the day. Its position is being defined and its personality graciously recognized. The place it has taken for itself is due to its undisputed worth, its fascinating powers, and restful qualities as an entertainer. Some one has quite appropriately called the short story a "pocket theater." It is not new, but has taken on a new form and been given a new impetus, and that, too, by some of our brightest writers. On the contrary, it is one of the oldest means of entertainment, having existed in some form since long before the days of book-making. The bard, the jester, the raconteur, were important personages, upon whose store, tact and versatility the people, the nobility, and even royalty, depended for entertainment and amusement; and they do yet minister to this innate craving for fiction among the classes which are never reached by literature in the stricter sense.

Boccaccio, the most celebrated of Italian novelists, was born in the year 1313. His best known work is nothing more than a string of short stories; and even at this early date the short story was a very effective means of communicating ideas. His Decamerone is said to have furnished the subject for some of Shakspeare's dramas. Chaucer derived from it his poem, "The Knight's Tale."

excels, and it is here that these bright bits of fancy usually greet the eye of the public for the first time. The newspaper must be accorded its due, in giving us in advance, some of the best.

Richard Harding Davis says,--"I consider that there is as much good literature to be found in the newspapers as between the covers of books." And Rudyard Kipling tells us his "best and most conscientious work was done when he was a writer for the papers in India."

Octave Thanet, our Miss French, of whom the western people are so justly proud, was born in Andover, Massachusetts, but as her home is among us and her best literary work deals with the people here, the west has the strongest claim upon her. She says, "Until recently, the short story was the poor relation of fiction." But thanks to such bright writers as Mary E. Wilkins, Sarah Orne Jewett, Robert Grant, Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Egbert Craddock, Kate Douglas Wiggin and Frank Stockton-- the short story is rapidly gaining in affluence.

Her "Stories of a Western Town" are considered her best. They tell a tale of a phase of life that has covered millions of acres of land with prosperity and plenty; built hundreds of towns and school houses, and given to our country a large portion of its most valuable population.

She has dealt with typical characters and scenes in the great towns of the central west, and relates the most common incidents of their lives; copies carefully and correctly their dialect,

manners, customs and habits of life; presents them to us in such a realistic manner that the stories have all the charming naturalness of a bright bit of landscape. She has not taken perfect characters, but has chosen them for their quaint fitness.

It may be solacing to note just here how little real use fiction has ever been able to make of the "perfect person." In the character of Harry Lossing, she has given us an ideal American, who puts all the dignity of a professional life into that of a perfect mechanic, and who, although he has birth, money and education, makes his business a success by personal application.

And the absolute trustfulness and matter-of-fact of the German laborer, she shows in the character of Mrs. Lieders, who waits until a bitter cold day in winter to go to the master to beg he will take back her husband into the factory, because he said "it would be a cold day when he took him back."

Perhaps no young, western writer is more written of, sketched, criticised and quoted at the present time, than Hamlin Garland, who is in love with his work, and is intensely interested in the people of whom he writes.

He holds that "popularity comes because the sympathies of the author and of the public happen to run on parallel lines." He does not attempt to reproduce the past, but works sincerely in accordance with the spirit of his own times, and is truly concerned for the best interests of the common people. He makes a thorough study

of that class from which he draws his characters; their needs, their likes and dislikes, their little eccentricities, and is in complete sympathy with them. Without losing sight of his high ideal, or any detriment to his work, he might see a little more of the silver lining were he not disposed to study too much the dark cloud that is in every sky.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Garland's views, will not be surprised to know that he thinks the coming novelist will be a woman.

Among the many and best of the writers of short stories in America, is Henry James. Charles Dudley Warner says, --"In fine literary art and finished workmanship, he has no living equal, possibly excepting Aldrich. Irving was his master, if not his model."

Mrs. M. H. Catherwood has written such stories and sketches for the magazines, that she may well be classed with the best.

Few literary women are as scholarly as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who divides with Mrs. Howe the honor of possessing the finest culture, so far as text and literature can impart it.--She is ardent, spontaneous, and full of poetic sentiment.

To that grand man, Edward Everett Hale, tribute must ever be paid, although he, like some others, does not allow his story writing to interfere with his profession or real life-work.

Happy the story writer who has found a fresh field and original landscape like that of George W. Cable, of whom it has been said, "he will paint it to the life and make it equally refreshing

to the man who knows all about it and the man who knows nothing about it."

Many others, equally well known and very worthy of mention, might be referred to.

The story tellers' art is a "contemplation of the truths of human life," and the perfect delineation of persons and places.

It is claimed by some writers that the moral of a story must be unwritten, it must tell itself; to do otherwise is to spoil the architecture of the story. Be that as it may, there is always sufficient good in human nature, if it is well brought out, to teach lessons of love and unselfishness, unconsciously and effectively; and with such a host of active and earnest writers, who use their pens for the highest good of those to whom they minister, the world must be better, and literature advanced, for their having been among us.

A C O M P O S I T E S T O R Y.

By

Miss Louise E. Hughes

Mrs. James G. Day

Mrs. Alice A. C. Bailly

Mrs. W. M. McFarland.

Read before the

DES MOINES WOMEN'S CLUB

October 25th, 1893.

CHAPTER 1.

By

Miss Louise E. Hughes.

The sun was going down in a sea of gold. The light clouds around it added to its beauty, subduing its glare and giving rich tints of red and violet to mingle with its splendor. The delicate blue of an Italian sky, gradually deepening toward the zenith, made a fitting background for all this wealth of light and color. Florence and the Arno were bathed in the golden light, but the gloomy old buildings did not seem to care for the warmth and brightness to which they were so accustomed, and the river flowed on in its calm course, smiling back with peaceful indifference at the departing sun.

Agnes Fitzhugh stood on the Ponte alla Grazie and drank in the beauty of the scene. The quaint old tower of the Palazzo Vecchio looked dark and threatening against the brilliant sky; the Campanile and the dome of the Cathedral had caught the light and sent back an answering gleam. The roofs and walls of the city showed light and dark as the sunlight struck them at

varying angles. Her eyes wandered to the distant mountains which the light seemed reluctant to leave. Fiesole nestled among its hills and seemed to be dropping off to sleep in its green cradle.

The sad expression of Agnes's face for a moment gave way to one of intense enjoyment. Her beautiful Florence: Truly

" Of all the fairest cities of the earth

None is so fair as Florence.- - - - -

- - - - - Search within,

Without; all is enchantment."

How long had the one great desire of her heart been to see Florence and enjoy its Past and its Present: This desire had finally been satisfied, and for three months Florence had been her home. All its beauty and greatness were dear to her. But her happiness was only momentary; she cast a last look at the river spanned by its quaint bridges and gleaming in the last rays of the sun, and turned with a sigh up the Lung' Arno Serviston. The sadness that had burdened her all day, would not leave her; she felt anew the weight of the burden, and

wondered in a dull half-conscious way, how long she could endure it, and whether relief would ever come. So it was with a sad face and a still sadder heart that she sought her room.

The day had not been a profitable one. Study was out of the question; so books and music were laid aside, and an idle unrest asserted itself and would not be shaken off. She had such days as this occasionally, when work was impossible and memory tortured her with its sweet and its bitter; days when she was restless and discouraged, when she could not study, when she must think of the past. She could often conquer the mood, and devote herself to her work; but today she had found this impossible. So she had allowed the restless spirit to rule her and had spent the day in aimless wandering about the city, making some effort to fix her mind upon what she saw, but with only slight success.

She wandered through the rooms of the Pitti and the Uffizi Gallery and found some pleasure in the happy, yet serious beauty of Andria del Sarto's young St. John, — But the Madonnas wearied her, for today she could see nothing in them but insipid

prettiness.

She lingered for awhile in the Loggia de' Lanzi, watching the life of the Piazzzi della Signoria. And the little beggar boys gained from her an easy response to their appeal for alms.

But she soon tired of this; and so she strolled aimlessly along the renown streets until she found herself in front of the convent of San Marco. She yielded to her impulse to enter, and spent a quiet half-hour in the cloister, with vague thoughts of Savonarola and Fra Angelico. She even went to Savonarola's cell and tried to gain strength to endure by looking upon his strong, stern features.

Thus she spent the day in wandering about from one place to another, giving only half attention to what was going on about her and allowing sad memories to fill her mind and heart. Was it only a few short months ago that she had been so happy? It seemed to her such a long time; her happiness had been so great, her misery was now so great: She could see now that she had been in the wrong as well as he. If only her pride had not prevented her from speaking the words that her heart prompted:

But it was now too late and she must bear the sorrow without complaint. She could conquer her grief and make herself of use in the world—of this she felt sure. But she was often so utterly weary of the struggle.

She was glad when the day came to an end, though night might not bring her much relief. Tomorrow she would not yield to vain repinings, tomorrow she would be strong again, she would devote herself to study, hard study. Work : Yes, in work she would find the cure she needed.

Chapter II.

By Mrs. James G. Day.

The dear, dirty Capital City of the Hawkeye State had only a calendar spring in eighteen hundred ninety-three. For weeks together the sun was conspicuously absent, and the rain drizzled and drizzled. The miles of paved streets were covered with seemingly unfathomable mud which taxed the credulity of the stranger traveler to believe had any firm foundation in fact. It was truly depressing to those whose pride was centered in sunny invigorating Iowa.

This intellectual center contained many cultured homes and but few more so, than the one in which we now are more particularly interested. In a large and comfortable sitting room, a group of four persons, which forms a part of one of these families, are seemingly having an animated conversation. The principal figure is Uncle John, a thoughtful, fine looking, mature young man, and yet of late not behaving as well as usual. He is morose, reticent and irritable. It was evident something had gone wrong with him.

The elderly lady is his mother, to whom he usually confided his hopes and discouragements, but the present was an exception.

And there is Edith, his lovely niece, just budding into womanhood. She is an enthusiastic advocate of the new era of woman, and sanguinely expects the millenium will dawn as a result of this great forward march of practical ideas. But after all she is just a girl, than whom nothing brighter, sweeter or more enjoyable could be mentioned--unless indeed it be the independent, irrepressible boy, who is also present, and never far away,--especially if desirable--and who is the idolized name-sake of Uncle John.

There will be no breach of politeness if we report what they are saying.

"I have often wondered," said Edith, without addressing any one in particular, "why it is that the lapses of genuises are called idiosyncrasies, and are condoned by the best people of the land, while similar offenses are justly condemned when the sinner is not a genius. This condoning surely has a tendency to lower the standard of morality. It always seemed strange to me that so few of our leading artists can stand the test of the search-light of purity. Even the greatest novelist of the age has embarrassed and humiliated her admirers to explain her conduct. The ideals of these artists are generally noble characters, yet somehow their

own are far from it. It really does seem possible, to unite in one person, unusually superior intellectual powers, with a very incomplete character. I do wonder why it is!"

"Because they are fools and have more sentiment than sense" tersely responded her uncle. "Why Uncle" interposed Edith, "that cannot be so for some real genuises go to Europe and marry real live Counts, like Margaret Fuller did, or--'Yes' interrupted the temporary cynic, "she married a sap-head she could rule, and even she was erratic enough to keep her marriage a secret, and she provided for and was the real head of the family too." Thank Heaven such genuises are rare or men would become demoralized."

Edith defended her model with spirit, seasoned with asperity, adding "I would like to know why a woman should not be the head of the house if she has more ability than the man she marries, and support the family if she chooses, and rule him too if he needs it, and most men do."

Uncle John curtly responded "So far as I have observed the woman is both judge and jury in all such cases. All this is reversing the natural and legal order of households. These bi-headed families are soon be-headed families, as there can be but

one real head, and I will never tolerate it.' If any woman who is a real or imaginary genius wanted to be the head of the house, I'd never ask her to marry me, never!"

"But" said the brave little advocate "suppose she exercises her rights and asks you to be her husband and you admired and loved her, then what would you say?" The Uncle replied with some warmth, not to say contempt, "Pshaw! this trying to reverse the order of things is more than tiresome. Now just look at those girls passing along the street--even their dress proclaims their wishes--there they go! linen shirt fronts, collars, cuffs and cravats, caps and coat-tails, suspenders with bifurcated skirts, and vainly trying to symbolize their independence by swinging their arms and cultivating a supposed business swagger, and even go so far as to sacrifice their health by riding on the short-lived bicycle. It is on the border line of disgust."

"But Uncle," excitedly exclaims Edith, "Girls 'must live, move and have their being' as well as men, and they have spirit and minds, ambition and sensibilities, and a perfect right to do as they wish, wear what they please and do any kind of business they can."

Uncle John sarcastically replied, "Oh, well, no one ever denied any woman the right to make a fool of herself." "I think" said Edith, "the men do not neglect to avail themselves of the same great privilege. Now I know some girls who are determined to win fame and fortune for themselves and if they ever should marry, will have these conditions inserted in the marriage contract." Said Uncle John "such a ceremony would only be a civil partnership, not a true marriage."

"Now suppose" said Edith, assuming an argumentative tone, "that a young lady possessed a special talent for music, and is determined to make the most of it, and goes abroad to avail herself of what she deems greater advantages, and--

"Oh, I know something!" interrupted the irrepressible Johnnie, "and I aint a going to tell neither, 'cos I promised Aleck Smarty I wouldn't ever tell as long as I lived--'cross my breast', but he heard the head teacher tell his big sister that she knowed that Agnes Fitzhughes was gone to Italy to give music concerts, and as soon as she got money enough for to keep a husband, she was a going for to come home and marry some of our family. It taint me, nor it aint paw, but I aint going for to tell

who it is, 'cos I promised pon honor I'd never tell as long as I lived, nor I wont." Yet all the time the little rogue was looking knowingly at Uncle John,--"Why, what's busted?"

For just at this juncture of the almost revealed secret Uncle John kicked the stool and cat over and ejaculated something which reminded one of a very fervent but disarranged prayer, as he hastily left the room, and slammed the door after him. "What makes Uncle so cross Edie?" asked the martyr to secrecy. "Because" replied his sister, "he don't like to have his will crossed, and is disappointed in love I guess. Then gaily sang the young hopeful:

"'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes
the world go round."

Ha! ha!, but didn't he make that cat and stool go round though?"

"'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go
round."

Feeling somewhat disappointed in her failure to convince her Uncle of his errors, Edith turned to her grandmother, the depositary of the family confidences and said "Is it not too bad that Uncle cannot conquer his prejudices and willfulness and yield to Agnes

in her desire for fame and independence, when she was more than willing for a time, a long time if necessary, to forego all the comforts, pleasures and duties of home and native land, to have her name carved high upon the temple of fame."

As usual when his sister went soaring Johnnie always spoiled it, as he exclaimed with eagerness: "Oh, I know a man on Locust Street who'd carve her name as high as she wanted it--he carves just lots of names."

"Why Johnnie, what do you mean" said his sister, "those are tomb-stones, not the temple of fame". "Well now" said the unconscious philosopher, "What's the difference?"

His grandmother quietly answered him, "Not very much dear" and with a hardly repressed sigh, continued the interrupted conversation with her beloved granddaughter.

"It is a matter of serious regret that John and Agnes are so much alike. They are lovers yet both so positive and proud that they may yet wreck their life's happiness."

How can she help consecrating her talents to secure fame for herself, and wealth for both of them, instead of sacrificing her womanly independence? exclaimed Edith. Gravely came the answer

"By making her ambition and pride submit to her own sound judgment and circumstances. She possesses the power if she had the will. Standing aloof and alone--living only for yourself, is not independence and might be called selfishness in a man, yet by courtesy when applied to woman, is named independence, while the unflinching determination to do so is styled firmness in a man, in a woman the same trait is dubbed obstinacy. Independence is a high sounding word though it often represents a mythical quality of inferior characteristics. Genuine independence of character is a quality so high that it is seldom reached, and rarely recorded."

That boy again interrupted with "Now grandma, you said lots of times, and I heard you, that the independentist thing on earth was the dirty ragged boy, who wanted to see what was going on, didn't you now?" "Most likely I did, dear, but you had better go out and play" said the chief support.

In surprise Edith inquired "Why grandmother, are you not in favor of women's rights?" Oh, yes indeed, promptly responded the household friend, and men's rights too, and babies rights and children's rights. You see I am a wholesale advocate of human rights."

"Well now you see grandmother, all women and especially all married women, are oppressed and mistreated by the men, and have such a hard time in money matters. They have so many cares and troubles that they have no chance at all for either political or financial advancement, and if they had the same rights as the men have they would be perfectly independent and self-respecting, earning their money and buying just everything they wanted, and would never have to ask a man for money. Well I know I would just die before I would ask any man for money. They dole it out so grudgingly" and after a moments pause added "except of course father and Uncle John."

"Of course dear, I readily recognized the second-hand grievance you rehearsed, and I thank God Daughter, that your own personal experiences are entirely lacking in every form of oppression and repression. But I think you should begin to realize that a man's purse is not like the widow's cruise of oil--the supply always equal to the demand. Neither can men spend the money they earn as they wish, not often, even as their judgments suggest. I think money very desirable, for without it we cannot do or be our best, but never for a second suppose that women have a monopoly on

scant purses. I am very well aware that housekeepers and mothers have many vexations and annoyances, but the same is true of any business conducted by men. Generally these petty annoyances and aggravations of women are made so much of that they stay right with them, and are nourished so tenderly that they often grow into actual troubles. I frankly admit that I believe it would be a more enjoyable process to be struck to death with lightning or some other grand agent, than to be stung to death with gnats. As to your suggestion about women as bread-winners, yes, dear, I know full well that painful circumstances often render it necessary for some women to become the mainstay of dependants, and if she does not succeed in the contest of wage-workers as well as she desires, she often honestly, yet erroneously, believes that her lack of success and her annoyance are solely because of her sex, when in fact and truth she is merely experiencing the daily vexations, trials and disappointments of any householder, whether man or woman. Many of these women fail to remember the vast army of men who, as good workers in the same field as they, are unsuccessful yet uncomplaining, and still with responsibilities which have not yet been imposed upon women. But -

"Here comes the postman! and I hope he brings us good news."

CHAPTER III.

By Alice A. C. Baily.

EUGENE WHITE was spending a few vacation days in Florence. He possessed a rich and strong tenor voice, and having completed his studies in one of the best German conservatories had made an engagement with an operatic company for the tour of the continent, and was soon to begin his work. He had much enjoyed in previous years singing in their native city with Agnes Fitzhugh, who had also recently been taking voice-culture; now he would renew her acquaintance, enjoy the pleasure of listening to her fine contralto voice, of looking upon her expressive face and of receiving her bright original sallies. Upon the sad evening that ended her gloomy walk, just as she approached the house she now called home, a gentleman preceded her whose appearance seemed strangely familiar. When she reached her room a servant brought her a card with the name James Eugene White engraved upon it. Then recollections of happy school days rushed upon her and joyfully she hurried to greet this family friend, with whom she had enjoyed so much in common. For the moment her sadness vanished and their greeting was mutually happy and free. The old days, the merry friends of the past were recalled, then the present, his studies and plans were touched upon, and it was time to end his call.

"Come again" she said, which he was too human to fail to do.

Very frequently he was with her. Together they enjoyed the galleries, the old cathedrals, the quaint streets, the glorious sunsets, the distant views. Together they sang the old songs and many new ones. A brighter light came to her eye, a new elasticity to her step. Yet whenever she was alone the same sick heart oppressed her. But you see she was all unconsciously taking the mind-cure. The widow who was her companion had her own business affairs to engross her mind, but Eugene did not leave her much alone. In Florence there was so much to gratify Agnes' love for the beautiful and in the influence of Eugene White with his fine personality--a true and sincere man with the lofty purpose of not only making a success as an artist in his chosen line, but of doing good also with his voice--there was something very helpful to her at this time.

He had heard rumors that she was engaged to be married, but like any practical man he was not willing to let something he considered very uncertain make any difference in his plans. He acknowledged to himself that he was becoming very much interested in her, but before it progressed any further he would plainly express some peculiar views of his. He had given her no reason to think he was in love with her and she should know his ideas before he committed himself.

They were one day wandering through the Florence cathedral and discussing his prospective professional career. "And there is one thing," he laughingly remarked, "that I shall insist upon if I am ever inveigled into marriage, and that is that my wife shall also go on the stage and have a career too." The experience of Agnes had been such that she could scarcely believe a man capable of seriously entertaining such views and she was very thankful that the light was so dim he could not see her rising color through her veil. "Then how about the home life" she said: "could a woman be an ideal wife whose interests were outside the home?" He replied, "are not a wife's interests largely outside the home, because the husband's are? are not his interests her interests? Then if his life is spent chiefly on the stage and hers also, and their mutual aim is to improve themselves and adorn their art, what could be more ideal? At any rate when I marry, my wife shall be a singer whose life is spent the same way mine is, and I want her to have her full share of the applause and glory. But she must be a woman of warm heart and quick sympathies." Their friendship had reached that stage where constant talk was not necessary and here a long pause ensued. Agnes was filled with new thoughts. He was wise and let the subject drop and they soon walked homeward mostly in silence.

The days slipped by and his vacation was drawing to a close. Agnes felt great perplexity on account of this unusual man and the whole situation. Always a perfect gentleman, there was something about his least attention that a woman might feel, but not define. She knew that there was something more than mere friendship in his kindness, yet in these thoughts visions of John always arose. But why should they? Had they not parted forever?

One day Agnes and Eugene went to the Pitti Palace for a farewell visit there, but were remarkably indifferent to its attractions and their conversation grew strangely irrelevant--in fact became very personal--indeed, was reduced to the simple question on his part whether she would marry him or not, at the same time plainly stating that if she should marry him she must follow a career in music, and accept a position in his company.

Agnes was thrown into a most blissful state in contemplation of such a future with such a man;-- all her dreams might now be realized--but in what a strange unheard of way. Yet she asked until tomorrow to consider. Feeling confident, he granted her request, but oh, how he yearned to call her his own then and there. With few words he accompanied her home and then walked on berating himself for his weakness, as it seemed to him now, in not insisting more strongly on an immediate answer.

When Agnes reached her room, moving in a state of bewilderment that seemed very like a daze of happiness, she seated herself unmindful of her surroundings, lost in a dream.

Her mail at last claimed her attention and among the home letters was one in the well-known handwriting she had expected never to see again. What can he mean, she thought, and why must this come now. She mechanically opened and read the letter. The words imploring forgiveness and begging reconciliation that might have made her so happy a few weeks ago,---why did they come at this moment? Her brain was in a whirl, she could not think. Her heart seemed paralyzed, all feeling was gone.

Alice L. Bailey

CHAPTER IV.

By Mrs. W. M. McFarland.

Agnes had just completed her toilet after a sleepless night.

The letter received the evening before, from John Ellsworth Barclay, her old lover, had sent her supperless to bed, and for several hours, so filled her mind with contending emotions, as to drive her almost distracted.

Through the long and weary hours of the night she had vainly sought surcease of these emotions. Her brain feverish and pained, refused "tired natures sweet restorer" sleep, and even when her eyes were closed, thousands of visions flitted through her disturbed mind, many colored and varied, but somewhere in them all, appeared the manly form and kindly pleading face of John Ellsworth Barclay. Thus the night passed, sleepless it was true and disturbed, but at times profoundly thoughtful. The Gethsemane of her anguish had been bathed in the light, to her, of a new philosophy. A philosophy broad, deep and tender, that carried her beyond self, and selfish ambitions. Such a philosophy born in the human heart the offspring of its most sacred affections, comes into a life at periods when darkness and sorrow prevail, more readily, and with greater force than during periods of sunshine and unclouded pleasure.

So, it came to Agnes. During the dark night just passed, she had thought more of life and its profounder meanings, in a

serious way, than during all her previous life. The sacred relations and duties growing out of home life, were, studied under a new light and with higher inspirations. She viewed herself as wife, and mother, with a keen perception of the duties and obligations thus imposed. She even followed the course of her life to the tranquility of old age and under guidance of her new philosophy, tried to determine, what former conditions, what kind of life, would conduce to the greatest happiness then. Prior to this time, Agnes had been an artless happy girl, in love with life, in love with nature, in love especially with herself.

She was gifted and ambitious, but not seriously thoughtful. She was kind and liberal, and still self, although she scarcely admitted it, even in the secrecy of her own mind, was the center of her every calculation. She arose this morning from her first profound struggle concerning life and its serious aspects, with every selfish idol dethroned. There was something in her demeanor which told a close observer, that she had met a crisis in her life and had passed it, carrying with her all those finer qualities of heart and mind, that so much adorn and complete a true womanly character. Never before had she so keenly appreciated her own self respect, which she had so grandly maintained in the heart struggle through which she had passed. She had resolved every debatable question in favor

of what she saw to be sacred duty. The dross of selfishness had been burned from every purpose by the fire through which she had passed, and she was now ready to occupy the place for which nature and nature's God had designed her, as light and wisdom were given her, to meet and discharge every duty. Her duty toward John was clear. She had loved him as long as she could remember, and instinctively ever turned to him as the impersonation of her ideal of an honest, dignified, manly man.

She would accept him, of course, and longed to return to Des Moines at once. She read his letter over and over again, and each time discovered new features to admire, and fine sentiment to appreciate, which the evening before had been passed over without thought. She read again, "My better self tells me that I was harsh and selfish as well as wrong in some of my demands, and I relinquish them without debate, realizing that the union of two hearts must be on terms of absolute equality, and my instincts tell me, that any condition short of this, would degrade the object of my love, and in the degree that it was degraded would it be separated from me. I love you according to nature's way, just as the flowers love the sunlight, just as the bird loves its mate, and it is strange to me now, that the same instinct that led me to thus love you had not led me to see that in the union proposed, any terms short of absolute equality, would eventually have destroyed you

as the object of this natural affection. Your separation from me, has let in this new light upon my mind more strongly. I think, however, that I was not wholly to blame. You will recall that you seemed to cling to the idea that nature's gifts were bestowed upon the individual with the obligation that they be used for the benefit of the whole race. That this carried the obligation to the person so gifted to devote himself or herself to the public regardless of the effects upon the person, or interested friends. This was your contention and your position. I insisted that you renounce your music and subordinate all things to your love for me. In this I was wrong. Now it is clear to my mind, that your love of the divine art, and your wonderful gifts therein, can tend only to heighten my love for you, and to destroy or suppress them would inevitably destroy you, as my enthroned ideal. I would therefore, not only encourage your love for music but would willingly aid you to become more efficient.

And now my dear Agnes, can you not, for your part see, that these gifts do not necessarily demand of you, that you sacrifice home, home relations, friends, loved ones, and in fact all you hold most dear, for a public career. May it not be that, these gifts were bestowed upon you for some other purpose. And may it not be that this purpose is as useful and as full of good results as a public career could be?

Did it ever occur to you, that by blessing and adorning a home, by charming and elevating husband, children and immediate friends, in fact by living your life as any true woman should live it, only adding the power of your charming gifts to the good you would naturally do, without those gifts, you might be meeting the great purpose of your life, with less selfishness than a public career would necessarily imply. And did it ever further occur to you, that through a public career you might lose many of those lovely traits of character which so adorn you in private life. The contention I used to make, that in the married relation, woman should in any degree be subordinate to man, is renounced, and is not to be thought of; and I believe it occurred through a mental habit I fell into, of elevating man's sphere above that of woman's. They are equally important and necessary, although in many features distinct and dissimilar. If man should be king in his sphere, woman should be queen in hers. The union of the manly and womanly characteristics and functions are essential for an ideal home. So the union of a manly man with a womanly woman are equally necessary for the realization of an ideal life. To such a union with such high motives, I invite you anew. Something tells me that we understand each other better now than ever before. I never could doubt your love. I know you never doubted mine. Separation has intensified my love for you, and also it seems to

me has given me a keener insight into your love for me. Why should we live apart dearest Agnes? Pursue those things still that you most love in art, but let them bless those who love you most. What can the applause of strangers be as compared to the plaudits of loving friends?" Thus through pages of such reasoning and pleading did John pour forth his inmost soul to Agnes to whom it came not only as a certain revelation of her lover's earnest love and supreme desire, but as a revelation and a picture of her own heart as well. How strange it seemed to her, that she should ever have even thought of marriage with Eugene White, whom she never loved, save only as she was able to love any instrumentality that would open up to her the possibilities of a career. She saw now, that what she thought to be love, was simply a sentiment of gratitude for opportunities offered. She also saw that on the other hand, Eugene's sentiments towards her had never risen higher than an admiration of her voice and manners, and a business estimate of how both might serve him in his future plans.

But he was to be there at 10 o'clock in the morning, to receive his answer and to accompany her to the art galleries. Her mind was clear; she would be frank and honest, but firm. So with these reflections, she repaired to breakfast, after which she answered Mr. Barclay's letter in the spirit in which his own was written, extending forgiveness and asking forgiveness

in turn. With many delicate and pleasing explanations and confessions, she accepted his fervid proposal to be his wife, on the terms he proposed; not forgetting to add, that her plans for a musical career would be deferred till after she could claim his advice, and seek his cooperation as her noble husband. She also claimed for herself a few weeks of study where she was so pleasantly located, with such unequaled advantages.

James Eugene White received the decision of Agnes with the air of one who had been disappointed in some important scheme, rather than with the air of a rejected lover, and in a few days was off to Rome in quest of an organization with which to open up his long cherished plan for a career. He was a man of culture and learning and being thoroughly wedded to music, had but little time for dalliance and love affairs.

A few weeks after this fateful morning in Florence, a leading society paper in Des Moines, Iowa, announced in the society columns, that Miss Agnes Fitzhugh had ordered the discontinuance of that paper which had been sent to her during her stay in Italy, with the information that she would be at home in Des Moines in the latter days of October. It also explained that a very estimable young man in West Des Moines could throw a great deal of light on the cause of her return.

BEETHOVEN

A FIVE MINUTE PAPER

READ BY

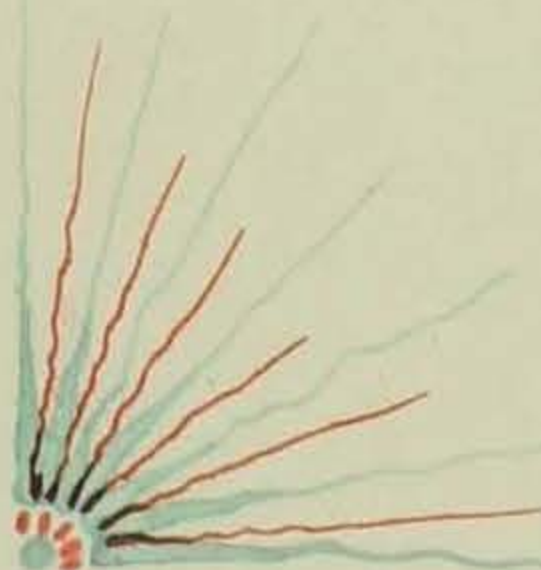
Mrs Mary Chase West

BEFORE THE

DES MOINES WOMENS CLUB

JANUARY THIRD—

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED NINETY FOUR



BEETHOVEN.

Mary MARY CHASE WEST.

JANUARY 3RD 1895.

Lord Lytton has said: "Music once admitted to the soul, becomes a part of spirit and never dies. It wanders perturbedly through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again distinct and living as when it first displaced the wavelets of the air."

We find the inspiration which followed the works of such great masters as Handel, Bach, Haydn and Mozart made the times prolific in the development of musical prodigies, and transferred the seat of musical learning from Italy to Germany.

Previous to the nineteenth century the efforts of composers to found a purely national school of music were unsuccessful owing to the degenerating influences at work in Italy.

Foremost among the musical contemporaries of Schubert stands the Shakespeare of music, the grand and majestic Beethoven. To all great lovers of music, his name awakens sentiments of the deepest reverence and admiration. To his physical affliction is attributed many defects of his character and splendors of his genius.

Ludwig Von Beethoven was born in 1770. His great musical career commenced with the present century when he brought forth his first symphony. Early composers made no attempt to elevate

thought in music, their chief aim being to produce an agreeable style which would please their aristocratic patrons, for as yet large public audiences were unknown and musicians themselves regarded but little higher than servants. As a natural result, music in the eighteenth century was refined and graceful, but lacking in poetry and imagination.

The success of the great masters Hadyn and Mozart depended more upon beauty of form *than* individuality. Beethoven balanced form and idea thus becoming the link between the old and new and giving to the world his nine great symphonies which form his principal title to fame.

To Beethoven belongs the perfection of the sonata, the highest realization of music, as a language of the feelings and emotions. By the introduction of the imagination to classic form he opened the door to the romantic school of which he may be called its earliest originator, thus paving the way for Weber, Mendelsshon, Schubert and others of its followers. Art to him was no amusement; he worked for the same ideals as a poet. In nature deep and powerful he filled his music full of emotions as it would hold. He longed for a higher intellectual life which he looked for in North Germany but was doomed to

disappointment for everywhere prevailed the same frivolous Italian spirit.

Beethoven regarded the mind of man the test of true nobility and expected to be placed on the same equality with Kings and Emperors. His independent views on great social subjects is illustrated by his third symphony "The Eroica" in which he seeks to draw in music, as has Paul Delaroche in painting, the portrait of an historical character. On the title page he placed the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, whom in his enthusiasm he regarded as an ideal hero of the people. On hearing that Napoleon had been proclaimed Emperor, he stamped upon the symphony, and tore from it the dedication exclaiming, "He will trample under foot the rights of man".

His opera "Fedelia" was written to show his possibilities in a direction in which he had but little sympathy.

Beethoven's masterpiece, his symphony on Schillers Ode to Joy, in which he expresses the various conditions of mans existence, was not appreciated. His far reaching mind soared beyond the understanding of his age. Other composers may have given to the world richer sensual effects of tone, perhaps greater melody, but nowhere can be found the spiritual passion

and poetry, the aspirations and longings, which are found in Beethovens Sonatos. His contemporaries regarded him cynical and illnatured. Can this judgment be just of one who writes: "Nothing can be more sublime, than to draw nearer to the Godhead than other men, and to diffuse here on earth these Godlike rays among mortals.

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S W I T Z E R L A N D .

January 3, 1894.

Political History - - - - - Mrs. Stella B. Morse.

Social and Industrial - - - - - Maj. S. H. M. Byers.

Committee for the Afternoon.

Mrs. Bina M. Wyman,
Mrs. Stella B. Morse,
Mrs. Ella W. Warfield,
Mrs. B. E. Israel,
Mrs. Henry Plumb,
Miss Ella McLoney.

Chairman,

As Chairman of the History Committee for the afternoon, Mrs. Wyman said:

This afternoon we are to devote to Switzerland. We are all interested in that brave little sister republic, nestled in among the Alps, rivalling the world in the magnificence of its scenery. We love it because it too has had a struggle to maintain its identity as a republic, and succeeded. It has tried many different kinds of government, and speaks many languages. We love it for its music boxes and its watches, its glaciers, and its industries and arts.

There is a bit of history connected with its president that may interest you. This same president, Col. Frey, was once a citizen of the United States. Although a born Swiss, he came here a few years before the war, and lived quietly in Chicago.

When the war broke out he joined an Illinois regiment and marched in the ranks as a private soldier. He fought at the Battle of Gettysburg, was there taken prisoner, and was sent first to Andersonville and afterwards to Libby Prison where he was confined for seventy days as hostage for Confederate prisoners. When he was at last paroled he was a broken down man and went back to

Switzerland where he regained health and strength.

He soon became the editor of one of the leading newspapers, and later was elected to Congress. In 1882 he was sent as minister to Washington, which position he held five years, when he was elected to the Swiss Cabinet in charge of military affairs, corresponding to our Secretary of War. And now he is President of the Swiss republic. Col. Frey made many friends while in Washington who cabled their congratulations when they heard of his election.

Now I have the pleasure of stating that Mrs. Stella B. Morse will read a paper on the political history of Switzerland, comparing it with the United States.

After her, I am happy to state Major S. H. M. Byers, our late consul to Switzerland, will give a talk on the social and industrial features of that country. As he and his family resided there some seventeen years, I am sure he can tell us all about it.

I wish to call attention to these beautiful pictures and wood-carving, as they were kindly loaned by Major and Mrs. Byers for this especial afternoon.

There are some other members of this committee who had prepared short papers who very graciously give

their place to Mr. Byers.

And now, I have the pleasure of introducing
Mrs. Morse.

As a people we have just-finished
celebrating the discovery of this continent.

We are proud of the progress we have made
and justly too. We have a right-to full pleasure when
we think of our institutions and our people, and
to show delight; when we remember that from a
few ports on the Atlantic coast; we have grown
into a country upon which the ^{sun} never sets.

We are great in many respects but-
we are so large and so young, we cannot
fail to be helped by the study of the methods
of self control which have been tried in
the little republic which sits perched upon
the Alps secure in a government; which
two years ago celebrated ~~the~~ "6th Centennial"
of its existence as a nation. It is of Switzerland
we speak, a country which has settled questions
both political and social that other nations
are only just-beginning to consider; and
since she of all confederations of

of history, bears the closest resemblance
in institutions to the United States, her
example can surely be of good to us.
Indeed a people, which has been self governed so
many years challenges attention. The difficulty
is to make her fund of knowledge available
to us, so little has been written on this
subject; that it can be said with truth, that
Switzerland is both the best and the least known
of all the countries of Europe - Her mountain
lakes and other physical features are familiar
to many, her system of government known
only to a few. It is plain why this is, so. She
has been visited by the tourist and sightseer,
for rest and pleasure but not for study;
so the student of social economy finds it
hard to take advantage of her example
which presents to us, in its growth every
phase of government, from the very
rudiments of liberty to its full flower
in the present day." It is not true as

many suppose, that Switzerland has
existed from time immemorial, a regularly
organized government. - It really made its entry
upon the historic stage, as a nation, in the 13th century
by the binding together of Uri, Schwyz, and
Unterwalden, three small peasant-communities
and by adherence it grew until it reached
its present size of twenty two cantons. From
Commune to the Canton, the Canton to the Confederation
these were the steps by which the Swiss State was
formed. In my reading for this paper I found
this illustration - "In the animal world, there is a
process, which in its various phases nearly resembles
the development of the Swiss Confederation. The old
confederation which lasted about one hundred
and thirty years seems like the caterpillar,
destined in dying to give place to something
better, the Helvetic Republic like the chrysalis
acting as a means of transformation, and
the present confederation like the butterfly,
which finally emerges the fair product

of the decay which has preceded it." Through all these stages of growth, the idea of liberty, of man's divine individuality was nurtured on the mountains, where the herders lived then, as they do now. How could it be otherwise? No man could feel or think of class distinctions in the midst of God's eternal snows and unchanging heights, these pastures were really training schools in the true principles of democracy. The position which Switzerland holds geographically is most remarkable. In the midst of Europe, protected by natural defences of high mountains and deep lakes, her location alone would help her towards importance, this with the trait of character, which she early learned and acted upon, that peaceful agreement is more noble than conquest in war has given her a position among nations quite unparalleled and most enviable. Since Napoleon (1815) every one of the

States of Europe have waged war, most of them several times against her neighbor, Switzerland has remained at peace and thus forms a strange contrast to these great-powers. She alone, of all has no standing army and can think of nothing so horrible as war, or at present so unlikely, for she has made her declaration of war a matter upon which the representatives of the people must decide and has bound herself by her constitution to put forward no pretensions to foreign conquest, and to make no alliance with any other power. While she has no standing army and makes preparation only to protect her frontiers in case of menace, every citizen must consider himself a soldier and is trained a few weeks every year, after becoming efficient - he is subject to reviews and inspection. The cost of these fall upon the government - and amount - to about - [#]35 - per annum for every soldier. While Great-Britain's Army costs her

#322 per soldier, besides leaving it a question of
doubt - whether in case of war Great-Britain could
put into the field an army more efficient than
the men which Switzerland could mobilize
within a week. This is an important fact - and
strengthens the idea, that as education
advances all difficulties will be settled by
arbitration. Just here, one word on Switzerland's
neutrality. Her geographical position imposes
upon her the choice between two foreign
policies. She must - either cast her lot with one
of the rival powers, or else observe strict
neutrality towards them all. For many years
she has adhered to the latter policy - thus providing
in the midst of armed Europe neutral territory
and of representing the principles of democracy
on the continent. This essential or guaranteed
peace which belongs to Switzerland alone, is
essential to the very existence of modern
Europe, and this strategic importance of
this country out of all proportion to her size
has made her the recipient of such a favor.
She is thus a neutral meeting ground and as
such is valued by the States of Europe. It

hardly seems possible that any one of the rival powers would be the first to break this agreement. With a small and useful state and bring upon itself public censure.

The ideal of Swiss Statesmanship is thoroughly democratic. Plain living and small reward for public services, this is clearly shown in Article XII of their constitution which reads: "No members of the departments of the federal government, civil and military officials of the confederation, federal representatives or commissioners, shall receive from any foreign government - any pension, salary, title, gift or decoration - Such persons already in possession of pensions titles or decorations, must renounce the enjoyment of pensions and the bearing of titles and decorations during their term of office." Our distinguished fellow townsman - Ex Consul Byer says "greater individual liberty exists nowhere, a more complete government of the people, by the people is not to be found, and nowhere in the world are state officers, law makers, and courts so absolutely the servants of the people." The head of the Swiss Government is -

a Council - This Council selects one of its members as Chairman, who thus becomes President of the Republic and assumes a Cabinet - portfolio, usually that of foreign affairs. Doubtless many of you have read in the papers of the election of Col. Frei to this position. This ought to be of interest to us as "he has been an American Citizen, a gallant - volunteer soldier in the Union Army and a sufferer for the Nations sake in a rebel prison pen". The salary of this official is not so high as we pay our President, only about three thousand per year, and no official residence. All members of the Cabinet - and judges of the Supreme Court are elected, hence he is clothed with no power of appointment. Being freed from this great pressure of office seekers, and having for his helpers trained statesmen, the country possess a long tried and firmly established civil service system, the President is free to give his time and ability to the duties of his country. Promotion is attained only on proven merit and the term politician is neither well nor favorably known.

Officials receiving small salaries cannot assume such an extravagant-manner of living which many of our officials do and which is always harmful to the people. Milers claims that this system of Civil service has not only saved millions of money, it has also increased the patriotism of its citizens and brought honor on the country. When it cost Switzerland \$3 per capita for all government-expenses it cost England \$12, France \$15, and our own beloved land nobody knows how much.

Mr Howells gives us this description of an election, he witnessed one Sunday after Church in one of the Cantons. On the Church door a summons to the electors was posted - tickets were

enclosed in envelopes and sealed. On a table before the pulpit the ballot-box, a glass urn, was placed, and beside it sat the judges of elections with a list of voters. The church bell rang for the people to assemble, the voting began and ended in perfect quiet. I could not witness an election of this ancient people, where freedom was so many centuries old without strong emotion, it had from its nature and the place the consecration of a religious rite.

The Swiss Citizen is noted for his desire for association, as the Englishman for self-reliance and independence. One way which this national trend shows itself in is the absence of party government. Under the Swiss system leaders are regarded not as the leaders of a party and the originators of a policy but as the highest servants of the people chosen to carry out such a policy as the people or their representatives may decide upon as just. This would not do in every country, but it does in

Switzerland because the patriotic feeling of the people is so highly developed and because there is in the people this instinct for association - Besides these, the peculiar Swiss institution, known as the Referendum helps to make this possible. Since advanced thinkers on economic questions are discussing the feasibility of introducing the referendum into England and the United States, it may be well for us to enquire about it - It is simply this - Every change of the constitution and new laws must be put to the vote of the people, and must be put in force on every occasion where there is a revision of the constitution and then a majority of the cantons as well as a majority of the people must vote for the measure, this form is called the obligatory. When the signatures of 30000 voters are appended to a petition asking that any particular decision of the federal council be submitted to the people, it is called the facultative form, such a

petition must be presented within three months of the passing of the law to be subjected to the referendum. A third form also exists, that of the initiative. This means that the majority of the federal assembly, or 50000 voters, may demand a total or partial revision of the constitution in any particular sense, which is then submitted to the popular vote of the referendum. This is supposed to apply only to constitutional amendments but since, in Switzerland the line between statute and common law is so loosely drawn, the people through the initiative will be able to propose legislation upon almost any subject. Let me refer you to Mr. H. McCracken - the author of the new book - The Rise of the Swiss Republic, and many magazine articles. He says: "The Initiative is the corollary of the Referendum, by means of which laws framed by the representatives must be submitted to the people for final acceptance or rejection - both institutions are mediums, for the expression of the

popular will. The Referendum is a passive force, it says aye or nay, and is essentially judicial in character. The Initiative is an active creative force - it supplies the progressive element in the process of legislation. The Referendum acts as the critical controlling check upon the adoption of laws. Taken together these two institutions form the most perfect contrivance so far devised by a free people for the conduct of self government. They create a sort of political pendulum, which oscillates in a groove strictly marked by the constitution, a continual to and fro movement, which carries certain expression of the public will directly from the people to the legislature, and back again to the people for their verdict. He further says that "they are the noblest political achievements of this waning century, capable of supplying our decaying democracy with the powers necessary for its redemption. They are the final perfected contrivance of a modern direct government enabling the

people to be in power, not this or that party" The Cantons, which correspond to our States, except in size present most remarkable contrasts to one another but all are equally Swiss and alike patriotic ~~patriotic~~. Experiments are often tried in one Canton, as was the progressive income tax, the making of voting at election compulsory, the principle of the initiative referendum, and temperance legislation. The States are small and the results made on a small scale rapidly assert themselves, so with appropriateness Switzerland has been called a nursery of politics. This position which Switzerland has earned for herself by her proud history and the moral and social qualities of her citizens, tells without further comment that they are a people of superior education. And in speaking of the education of Switzerland it brings to mind a name dear in many lands - Pestalozzi! To again quote Consul Byers he says "When Switzerland

would honor Pestalozzi's name, the monument
she built - was more than brass or bronze,
it was a school - and over the door
were written in letters of gold - "Dedicated
to the children of the town. A school
where memories of the man were carved
not on the wood, the stone, but - in
the minds of happy growing youths."
In no country is elementary
instruction more widely diffused -

Parents are
compelled to send their children
to school or have them privately taught -
between the years of six and twelve - but
these people have so well learned the lesson
set by the great - object - teacher that school
has become a co-operation of play and
work. The teacher is paid by the year.
The work his chosen one for life, conse-
quently the one he loves, only those who can
rule by moral force are allowed to teach and
the pupil who continuously neglects his
studies or is disobedient is expelled. These
school-houses are built for the children's
comfort - and convenience and always -

of which are in the Swiss Capital, and
the credit for their establishment belongs
to the Swiss. The most important are the
United Postal Union, the International
Telegraph Congress, the International
Literary and Artistic Association, the
International Railway Union. The International
Telegraph Congress will soon establish a
regular and square tariff for European
telegrams, and will eventually lead to
a uniform system of telegraph intercourse
over the world. The International Literary and
Artistic Association will protect the property
of authors and artists in other countries
besides their own. The International
Railway Union has already secured the
right of taking merchandise or products
of one land in cars of that land
to any other land, over the railway
of intermediate lands, for almost
all the countries of Europe. One more
important movement in which Switzerland
played a leading part, the "Convention
of Geneva", brought comfort and
recovery to many a wounded soldier.

on the battle field. In 1864 certain conditions were agreed upon among the military powers by which the ambulances and attendant doctors and nurses are protected by being regarded as neutral by the combatants & wear the red cross on a white ground a badge adopted from the Swiss flag, which is a white cross on a red ground.

In 1856 Switzerland made an agreement with the United States that all and every difference arising between these two nations in the course of the next thirty years should be submitted to arbitration. These facts & movements show that the Swiss are far in advance of any other European nation in grasping the idea of the confederation of nationalities, and of the value of mutual cooperation among civilized governments.

Switzerland has no sea coast, has a barren soil, is intersected by mountain ranges, does not possess a single coal mine, canal or navigable river, yet the commerce of Switzerland per capita is five times as great as that of Italy. This is true because she does not support an expensive court.

or a luxurious aristocracy, spends comparatively little on war preparations - is justly governed and has her affairs economically administered; these with vast sums from tourists every year, and her immense power, supplied by the streams utilized by factories - These advantages backed by the social and moral development and flowing from these to the political and international preeminence of the Swiss Confederation account for the greatness of her commerce. One aspect of the deeper side of her religious and national character is seen in her numerous philanthropic and religious societies and associations - One institution peculiar to Switzerland and which might be copied in other lands is the Society of Public Welfare - This seems to me to be that from which the modern idea of the associated Charity movement must have originated. Almost every town in Switzerland has one of these societies, the oldest and still the leading one is that founded in 1777 by the town

clerk of Basel - its activity has been given to many and various objects, these projects which it starts are managed by a special committee or separate commission, which reports to the central committee but still has independent power of action. Some of the objects dealt with, are religious, such as special committees for Sunday school work, for promoting good church meetings, for the diffusion of good literature, some are general and philanthropic, as the building of orphanages, workmen's dwellings, popular ^{and} temperance eating houses, savings banks, providing and sustaining bathing places and skating rinks, and humane societies. A society of this nature prevents the clashing of competing organizations and unites men and women of different views in common philanthropy.

No other nation in Europe has so fully realized the principle of religious liberty. Some cantons are almost exclusively Catholic, some Protestant, religious liberty they found early to be the only peaceful method. In Glarus there is one great church for the town

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which is used in common by Catholics and Protestant, Last year a Protestant synod met in a town which had a small Protestant congregation in an Italian Canton almost wholly Catholic. The members of the synod were entertained during their stay (some five days) at public expense, the person telling this asks, is there any other country in the world in which a Catholic town would pay from its public purse the cost of a Protestant synod held within its walls? Apostolic Creed to these people, is almost unintelligible and though both people and clergy are devout no subscription of the Creed is ever required from any Swiss pastor.

Switzerland's greatest danger is one common to us, danger of losing her individuality in becoming so cosmopolitan and so weaken her nationality. She sees her danger and works to counteract it. One of her men of ideal life and aim says "Ever and always our nation must have men whom the life and the comforts of the

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world will not-satisfy: men who can say,
I believe therefore I speak, men who will not-
suck their life by the pools and drink there
the stagnant-water, but-who will mount up
at-sunrise to the highest spring of all, and
will, with hallowed hands drink from that
as it gushes forth cold and fresh. This
highest-spring is God."

M A R S H A L L T A L B O T

by

MRS. CALISTA HALSEY PATCHIN.

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Read before the

DES MOINES WOMEN'S CLUB,

February fourteenth,

1894.

MARSHALL TALBOT.

I am afraid that to the "old settlers" in the Women's Club it must have seemed something of an impertinence that my name should have been put down for a paper on Marshall Talbot, I, who never knew him at all, for he died before I came to Des Moines. All the more, perhaps, for that very reason, he has been a vivid figure in my imagination. Perspective is as valuable a quality in literature as in art, and a strong personality gains and greatens by distance. Everything that I heard of this man interested me, and I had always meant to get his European and eastern life, and put it with those last western years, for print. That I should give it to the Club was wholly accidental and grew out of a talk in committee meeting, about pictures painted in Des Moines. I think the committee felt that it would be a good and a grateful thing to do, to spend an afternoon with an artist of reputation, who for some years made himself a part of the early life of our city.

He must have been a unique personality in the social geology of Des Moines. In the stress and strain of growth in a western town there cannot be much room or rest for art. There could have been little here fifteen years ago. Even now, with an alleged population of a good many thousands, the most that any artist can hope to do among us is to earn money enough to get

away. And twenty years ago there must have been less of appreciation and less of patronage. I do not mean that he was not recognized at all. Those who knew him best, knew him for a genius, and it is to their appreciative remembrance of him and to his niece, Mrs. Adams, that I am indebted for the material for this paper. But it is easy to believe that to the hustling majority, he was never more than a silent and eccentric old man, with long white hair and beard, who was here for awhile and then was gone.

Marshall Talbot was born March 2d, 1822, at Pompey Hill, a little village in Onondaga County, N. Y., about thirteen miles south of Syracuse. His mother was early left a widow with little children, five sons and one daughter. He came of mingled English and French ancestry, his mother's maiden name being Penoyer. It does not appear that there was any inherited artistic talent back of him, nor was there anything in Pompey Hill to stimulate it. His mother had been a teacher, was a woman of unusual intelligence, well informed and with the inherited eastern ambition to give her children a good education. His first teacher was Elizabeth Mitchell, a Quakeress, a cousin of Maria Mitchell, the astronomer. Pompey Hill academy must have had a primary department, for at the age of eight we find him there. Here it was, he says, that his talent for drawing was first noticed, his teacher promptly shoving him

off the bench onto the floor whenever she discovered his slate covered with pictures. This, he says, was his first "encouragement" in art. He was still in his teens when he left school, and going to Michigan taught school for a time. All this time he grew and painted as he could, being entirely self-taught, until he went abroad, which was not until he was about twenty-five years old. Later, he went into the dry goods business in Rockton, Ill. with his brother-in-law. A few years later he went with this brother-in-law and family from Illinois back to Winchester, Va., driving the whole way. I asked Mrs. Adams how they happened to go back to Virginia at a time when the whole tide of emigration was setting the other way. She says attracted by the more generous climate and a liking for the South and its people. From here, in 1849, he went abroad, going straight to Rome and other art centers, and returning about 1851. He went abroad four times in all, and while his life there seems to have been brilliant and full of interest, he was not one of those Americans who voluntarily live abroad. The strong love of kindred and of his own country seems always to have drawn him back. He sometimes took a long journey to say goodbye to his sister and her family before starting for Europe. It has been remarked that he always looked older than he was, and I find in an old passport, his hair marked "grey" at thirty-five. He was for some time Vice

Consul at Antwerp. Among the intimate friendships he formed there was one with Wiltkamp, a German artist who had sold some valuable pictures in this country. For one of these, a King Lear, now owned in Philadelphia, Marshall Talbot sat as model,

This reminds me of another instance in which a Des Moines friend of Mr. Talbot, Mr. Philip Gillett, is sure he sees a resemblance which to him is positive proof that Mr. Talbot posed as a model for Fortuny. In the November Century for '81, in an illustrated article on Fortuny and in a full page illustration of "The Beggar", this gentleman is sure that he detects Marshall Talbot. We all know that artists do thus utilize each other and at the time this picture was under way, Mr. Talbot knew Fortuny and was much in his studio. The resemblance certainly is striking. Some years later, a younger brother of Wiltkamp's came with Mr. Talbot to Des Moines, and remained here for a time, sketching and painting. He made a series of crayon sketches of the prairies. They hung for a long time in Mr. F. M. Mills' bookstore. The Queen of Holland at that time took a great interest in American prairie scenery, and these sketches were finally sent abroad, and are now, I am told, in the Queen's collection in the Hague.

On rare occasions, Mr. Talbot wore the many medals and decorations he possessed. In an old letter I find allusion to one of these. He was in Brussels and calling on his Majesty,

had been received, he says, "with a frank, honest dignity that proclaimed him every inch a king. After an hour's conversation, I returned to the hotel and left the city that night. Upon my return I was surrounded by the landlord and servants of the hotel who all wanted to tell me that the King had sent repeated inquiries after me, and finally a package had come to be delivered upon my return. It contained a gold medal as large as my hand, and a repetition of the invitation to visit the palace." He was a great friend of the American sculptor, Bartholomew, who died abroad, at an early age. He knew Rosa Bonheur, and Buchanan Reid--and visited Patti at her home.

He seems to have been an all-around artist of the old-fashioned sort, doing portraits, ideal figures, and landscapes, and equally at home in oil, water color and black and white; sketching in pencil and water color and lithographing successfully. Perhaps, if he had been less versatile, he would have made a more distinct and enduring impression. He regretted, later in life, that he had not devoted himself to some special line of art, and put his whole strength into it.

It was while he was living at Antwerp, that he wrote and illustrated an article on Holland, which was printed in Harper's Monthly. It is not always that an artist can write, but it needs only the title to this article to show that this artist had the literary instinct. He might have called it

"Holland and its People," or "The Dutch in Holland", or anything else that is commonplace. What he did entitle it was "How the Dutch are taking Holland," and the "go" of the title strikes the keynote of the article. "The Dutch are taking Holland, but it is by such slow and solemn degrees as the coral mite is building a mountain in the midst of the sea. The Dutch are taking Holland, and no other people on earth are endowed with that sturdy continuity which enables them to gather solid and fruitful earth, inch by inch, from a roaring, thundering, stormy, encroaching sea. No other people but the Dutch are just fitted by nature to pump and rake and shovel a fine productive country out of a cold, sour, reedy marsh."

To show what a keen observer our artist was and that men were more to him than the victims of his palette knife, let me read from a magazine article, which was probably written for a lecture. It is an interesting study of the development of a type and the influence of its environment. It is a study of the Jersey man of the East Shore. (Extract lost.)

Marshall Talbot came to Iowa about 1863, and settled on a farm near Pella, which he meant to make a dairy farm, after a Holland model. This was a failure financially but he found material for pictures in the beautiful country. One of the sketches shown here this afternoon is of landscape near Pella. The picture he painted from it was sold in Philadelphia for

four hundred dollars. He taught at one time in Grinnell. He sometimes lectured. The following notice is from the Des Moines Republican of that date:

"Marshall Talbot of this city, will deliver a lecture under the supervision of the Stuart Literary Association next Thursday evening, the 23d inst. at Stuart. His subject will be 'Art and Artists.' We doubt not the gentleman will give the people there an entertaining address. * * * Art and artists have been the study of his life, and where art is appreciated and apprehended, he possesses a reputation of high value. It is not long since the art critic of the Evening Post (New York) high authority in such matters, saw one of his pictures at an exhibition, and made earnest inquiry after him, regretting that he had passed from view, whether by death or retirement it was unable to say. We can explain the gentleman's retiracy by saying that he found it necessary to abandon the pallet and easel or go to his grave before his time, and came west, locating in a retired spot about twelve miles from this city. He has again taken up his brush-or rather the pallet knife-he does not use a brush- as a recreation, and our people may yet have the opportunity of seeing specimens of his skill."

The "retired spot" to which this alludes was a piece of

land near Polk City, which he had bought, and on which he had erected a tiny house, if a room eight by fourteen may so be called, which he used as a studio. His chief income from the land seemed to have been from the sale of black walnut for R.R.ties, and while he is busy getting out R. R. ties in Iowa, a Philadelphia paper, printing the catalogue of a picture exhibition, says "A head by Marshall Talbot-where is he?"

From Mr. Witmer, the artist, who was then just beginning to work, I am indebted for what little I have of studio memoranda. He came in to town one day, and said "I want to get a room for a studio-I want to paint a month or so." Mr. Witmer offered him easel room in his studio, feeling amply repaid by the older artist's criticisms and suggestions. "Don't be afraid of color," he used to say, "Don't be afraid of color. Somebody may not like it, but somebody else will, and they all ought to!" He worked fitfully, but when he did work, rapidly, painting almost entirely with the pallet knife. One day he was painting a landscape, a prairie sunset, working fast, laying in the color. Near by, it was an incoherent mass of color, but at the right distance, clear, luminous, true. Some stranger came into the studio, and stopped at sight of the picture. "Ah, that is like the Dusseldorf-that is fine", he said. A word like this, from one who knew pictures, was very grateful to the artist.

Sometimes the longing came upon him to go back to Europe. He proposed to Mr. Witmer that they should go abroad for a year, and when the latter objected that they had not the means, he treated the objection with that magnificent disregard of ways and means which seems to belong to the artistic temperament. He had gone to Europe before without money, why not again. Once his money had given out on the way over, and he had painted pictures on shipboard, which sold, he says, because they were "American." With what he thus earned, he went on, never stopping till he came to the Dead Sea into which he cast himself after the manner of travellers, and where the Panama hat he wore fell off and turned black in the brackish water.

He was arrested as a spy in Egypt. The crayon portrait shown here represents him in Egyptian dress. The other is the portrait of his guide, to whom he gave opium every night to save himself from being robbed and murdered. The little portrait landscapes shown here, all in the suburbs of Des Moines, seemed to me very interesting, as showing the difference between the artist's and our point of view-how he sees the picture where we would not. The same is true of color. A gentleman who knew the artist well tells of being shown by him a color sketch made at sunset from the Walnut Street bridge. "I ventured the criticism," he says "that I had never seen such color there." "Perhaps," said Mr. Talbot, quietly, "you never

stood on the bridge and looked up the river at that hour."

That evening I went down to the bridge at sunset, and looked up the river to see the color in the picture. I saw it."

Strong colorist as he was, he was also very fond of crayon and many of his Philadelphia commissions were executed in that medium. His drawings, in his sketch book, are exquisite in finish, and the pages are immaculate. The same nicety prevades his manuscript, which is like copy plate.

I have a letter from Thomas Moran, who says that he knew Mr. Talbot in early days in Philadelphia, but cannot give me very much of personal recollection. After the death of the artist, someone wrote on from the east, wishing to buy all his pictures and especially his sketchbooks.

Mr. Talbot was married in 1864 in Chicago, to Miss Elizabeth Brown, whom he had known years before in Winchester, Virginia. She was a lady of culture and refinement, belonging to the gentle race of Friends. To neither of them was this the first romance of their lives, yet very happily they spent their last years together. I regret that the only portrait of this sweet faced Quaker wife does not do her justice-it was not quite finished- and therefore is not shown here this afternoon.

The last years of Marshall Talbot's life in Des Moines, were years of failing health and in 1879 he died at the little house near Polk City, which he had built on his farm. He was

living in Des Moines at the time, but had gone there on business, and died suddenly. His wife, who was at that time ill at the home of his niece, Mrs. Adams, survived him only two months. They both lie buried in the graveyard at Saylorville.

One criticism has been made on this paper. It was this: "If some of the appreciative things you will say of Marshall Talbot could have been said to him, how much good it would have done him." I accept the criticism with all my heart. It echoes Mrs. Browning's pathetic appeal "Keep not your laurel leaves until my brows are numb as Dante's own, to all their pricking."

From the memory of the dead artist should spring a quicker, warmer appreciation of the living. If this tribute this afternoon means anything, it means that for two hours we are willing to measure life by something else than the commercial standard. That we are willing to see how a life poor in outward surrounding, may be rich and full and satisfying with its inner wealth of thought and imagination, and that subtle thing that we call genius.

"For who knows how a life at the last may show?

Why, look at the moon from where we stand!

Opaque, uneven, you say, yet it shines,

A luminous sphere, complete and grand."

If we are to have here in the middle west, an atmosphere

which will be the breath of life to an artist, it is women who must create it, For Art must be gently entreated. She will not come by way of the Commercial Exchange. No bonus-no promise of taxes remitted for a term of years, will induce her to locate in Des Moines. What are the things one misses most who comes from the larger cities to a city like ours? Not the social life, for of that we have enough. Of theater and opera, we have at least one night glimpses of the best. It is the great public libraries and the picture galleries from which we are hopelessly debarred. In just so fast as we supply these things, do we make life here better worth living. Let us have the art gallery. If it cannot be a gallery-let it be "rooms". If it cannot yet have a home of its own, let it board around, as loftier enterprises have done. It would at least stand for an assurance that we are not unmindful of these things.

Calista Halsey Patchin.

Start

in our

Midst

A FIVE MINUTE TALK

BY

MRS MARY CHASE WEST—

BEFORE

THE DES MOINES WOMEN'S CLUB—

FEBRUARY 28th 1894.

ART IN OUR MIDST.

Can we not see clearly a long cherished dream of this club realized; "A Home" with its accompanying art rooms which the City Library not only makes possible but will form a valuable addition to the combination of literature and art. The Library will furnish the thought-the picture the expression of the thought.

I am sure each member of this club is an enthusiast on the subject of an Art Gallery for we all believe art to be educational and its influence moral and uplifting. To it we are indebted for the early history of the world, no nation having existed without it.

There has always been a misunderstanding between the Artist and public whose untrained eye cannot see the hidden language of art. Can one understand Dante or Shakespeare with once reading or Mozart and Beethoven with once hearing? We speak of Musicians, Writers and Preachers as being artistic because they inspire, or create emotion. Does not the painter do the same in unspoken language? Is not Millet's "Angelus" a silent sermon? Does not this artist tell of the noble submission to the unending labor of the peasant's lot? Carot, Daubigny and other landscape painters reveal to us

beautiful thoughts of nature. Michael Angelo has said "The true work of art is but the shadow of the divine". A proof of this is seen in his stature of Moses, and on the walls of the Sistine Chapel is a noble expression of this great masters grand and sublime ideas. This is also true of the angelic beauty of Raphaels and Murillos Madonnas and other examples of soul painting brought forth during times of religious enthusiasm.

History tells us that all great artistic epochs follow times of national enthusiasm. The finest works of Greece were produced after her wars and a return to prosperity. The Renaissance was the outcome of the dark ages, the Elizabethian age followed the Spanish defeat. Rubens Van Dyke and Rembrant and a score of other painters after the wars of Holland, and after the victories of Marlborough England produced Reynolds, Gainsborough, Art came upon France after her great revolution and gave birth to a long list of great artists from the Claude Lorrains down to the present time. Americans as yet claim no great artistic epoch. Their time and attention has been given almost entirely toward developing the natural resources of their country and the ways and means of obtaining the

"Mighty dollar". Yet art has not slumbered with us; was not the World's Fair with its marvels of perfected art in every department a proof that the genius of a Michael Angelo is hovering over America and the dawning of a great artistic era? May not this serve to encourage and stimulate the Womens Club in their efforts to establish an Art Gallery in their midst? We possess already the nucleus. A Diana and Joan of Arc of which we are very proud as being not only World's Fair souvenirs, but the latter the work of Chapu one of the great leaders of the French school of sculpture. It is important that such an institution be established as a receptacle for future donations for their may be philanthropic characters with us - a Carnegie - who is only waiting an opportunity for benevolence.

Then let the Women's Club press forward in this work. In the words of Sheridan "The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed." With women at the helm carrying the thought of unselfishness and a sincere desire to benefit all mankind there is for them no such word as failure.

MARY CHASE WEST.

T H E N E W W O M A N H O O D.

--- By ---

----- Mrs. B. F. Elbert, -----

March 28, 1894.

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By comparing long periods of time we see that the whole race is advancing, that the world is growing steadily and surely better, that each generation enjoys more and suffers less than its predecessor. In this grand process of growth of evolution woman has had her share until to-day at the dawn of the twentieth century she stands before the world a recognized and necessary factor in this evolution of mankind to higher conditions: self poised, educated, with lofty aims, instinct with vital interest in all that concerns the human race, with larger opportunities awaiting her than have ever before dawned on a woman's vision.

Every step of woman's advance from serfdom to her present freedom has been hotly contested by men and by women themselves, and yet in the face of persistent opposition, the evolution of woman during the last fifty years has lifted her out of a legal relation to man, which was that of a servant to master, and now freedom of choice and action is the birthright of American women as of no other on the globe.

During the centuries that preceded the Christian era and for centuries after there were, here and there, eminent women who came into the possession of power, privilege and culture, but they were the exception, not the rule. The advance made by our sex has been the broadening of their field of influence the capture of new standing ground - the wider cultivation of individual - things that cannot be indexed by picture or needle

work. - The prevailing idea of education a little more than half a century ago was expressed by a gentleman who said to his daughter, earnestly desiring to go to college, "Your mother can read and write and cipher enough to keep her accounts - that is enough for any woman to know". From that sentiment to the hearty applause which greeted Phillippa Fawcett is a long step, but it has been taken. The way to legal right was strongly barricaded. No wife had any right to herself, her children or her property. A noted judge decided that if a husband had not whipped his wife with a stick larger than his Lordship's thumb he had not transcended his legal privileges. If a wife lost her temper and scolded, her husband had a legal right to have her arrested as a common scold, to put a splint on her tongue and have her publicly ducked in the river. One by one the unjust laws have been amended and women now are enabled to enter upon almost any business enterprise they desire. They may contest for any prize - if they win it will be by the same qualities and methods which bring success to men.. The high road to the college and theological school, the medical school and the law school is built and whoever will may walk thereon to gather leaves from the tree of knowledge, - the only limit being her own capacity. In the past she made her opportunities, struggling against all of the opposition natural to a one sided cultivation. To-day opportunities await her, and she compels, as never before, a respect founded upon

her attainments, as well as upon the sentiments accorded to her sex. She has entered into every department of work formerly considered outside of her sphere. She has demonstrated her ability to remain therein and to maintain and defend if necessary, the results she has achieved.

All ancient prejudice against woman's advancement is refuted by innumerable names of women who have conquered grand successes in art, science, literature, as great organizers, as administrators. The point of view is changed because the social conditions are changed. A very wise woman in writing of these things says "If the cultivated judgement of ages held woman to be inferior, doubtless she was inferior, without incentives, means or opportunities for growth the mind of woman did not grow, and these helps were denied her, not by any mean desire of man to defraud her; not by any divine limitation of her needs, but because her time had not come, just as war and slavery have been inevitable conditions and natural agents of human progress so has the subjection of woman. In a rude society man was her necessary protector, she his helpless dependent. As advancing civilization has required them, the feminine qualities answered with growing adequacy to the requirements, but of necessity the traditions of the time of man's legitimate supremacy lived on and still survives in the general if vague notion that something external or mechanical must be done eternally for women, whereas the modern spirit which has been so

long struggling into recognition maintains that little of permanent value can be done for woman which is not done by woman.

Growth is from within. In this attitude of guardian, man, as in the progress of time he has felt the need of a companion and ally rather than that of a servant or toy, has gradually released to woman the freedom of certain tracts of knowledge, finding his own account in this concession, and if he has not hitherto been ready to endow her with the whole domain, neither has she been free to occupy it.

But now half the work is done at half the cost while organization still further relieves them from drudgery. Moreover the great increase in wealth following on the acts of peace foster a growing class of unemployed luxurious women free to use the means of the higher education which their higher needs demand. Forty years ago we lived simply. Complications of many kinds have brought about wide reaching results. Statistics prove that the general health of women is over 15% better than ever before in woman's history, and her average age is five years longer, but ailments of the feminine nervous system show an alarming increase. These nervous diseases were unknown to our mothers and grandmothers, and they point to disastrous effects upon future generations, and they show too, that the physical demands of this new womanhood are beyond the capacities of many women. The simple methods of the past cannot be applied to the present. Things that were puxurious a score of years ago are now regarded

as necessities. Complexities have followed almost every advance we have made. Science and mechanism have made, in a sense, certain specific arts in homekeeping easier of accomplishment, but they have also been the means of introducing such a multiplicity or variety of duties that care is augmented. The high living and introduction of so-called modern improvements have opened the door for medical experts and nurses. We did not need so many lawyers forty years ago - so many designers - so many mechanics - there were no telephones, no call for typewriters - no stenographers. Mothers took care of their own children. Necessity threw back the door and woman entered simply because the hour of need struck and she was at the threshold.

Because of the convening of congresses, and the federation of clubs, or because the gallant Susan B. Anthony, and a few brainy workers like herself, have battled for the day of recognition of their sex is no reason for special glorification or rejoicing. With all due reverence and thankfulness to them and full appreciation for their unselfish efforts in woman's behalf for they have been great helpers, we are bound to believe that women are to-day in the full enjoyment of all the splendid but rather trying privileges of their sex because the world's growth or advancement demands it. Great as was their agency in bringing a healthier sex sentiment into play, and much as they have done to break the entail that gave the world to man, other influences have been stronger. And this change, this advancement

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has been painfully slow and gradual. Women themselves (through no fault of their own) have been the drags. The evils of their lot pressed most upon the weakest, and intellectually, morally and physically they were unable to arise even if the shackles had been removed. They had to be taught first, and teaching the stupid, unwilling or wilfully blind person is laborious. Facts do not sustain the sudden violent upheaval theory set forth by Sarah Grand in the March "North American". The statement she makes that there has been such an upheaval of the suffering sex is news to the sufferers themselves. She does not tell us what really has been done except in sarcastic generalities. She believes in reconstructing the men first (the "Bawling Brotherhood") she affectionately terms them, but when she has succeeded in doing that, she speaks as if it were a question of a few weeks or so, there will be nothing more to be done for women.

Through a slow process of evolution then - through many and complex influences, has it come about to-day in America that a woman's world is as wide as a man's. There is nothing she may wish to do that she has not the fairest chance of trying. You find her in commercial life, politics, the professions. There is probably no reason why women may not yet be tailors and telegraph linemen - the two trades which a thoughtful man has noted as the only trades in which women are not busily employed.

It is therefore not marvellous that women should rejoice and proudly celebrate their successes, their achievements, as

they did at their Congress in Chicago. How could they help being exultant and happy in their thousand new ways of work in their congresses, their guilds, Chautauqua circles, and their colleges, in their political triumphs, their charities wise and unwise? The gains are so real, so great that the women who have struggled for them feel proudly victorious, as they have a right to do, and in their intoxication of victory it is natural that the pendulum should swing as far one way as it swung the other, and that in their greater freedom, especially of mind, women should go to excess. So we must be patient with this modern woman, have some charity for her, some sympathy, even though she sometimes has a way of sounding her own trumpet, of calling attention to her virtues, perfections and achievements in a way which makes the judicious grieve. Helen ~~W~~Warkerson Moody in that much talked of article "Woman's Excitement over Woman" written several months ago, says that while she understands the rejoicing of her sisters, that they have pushed their way into places formerly occupied by men, she finds a false note in their rejoicing. There is too much sex consciousness in it, and a great deal too much boasting. She reminds them that women always have done one-half of the world's work, and that women who did it in the past ages were quite as able, as dignified and as usefully employed as those who so loudly trumpet their achievements to-day. She is perplexed too by that ecstatic announcement in Chicago that a discovery had just been made more important than that of the New World by Columbus - the discovery of

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woman. While she sees the difference in the kind of work done by past generations of her sex and this present just discovered rival of man, she mildly asks "What is the difference between the workers?" The only change in them that she can see is that while women once were content to do their work unostentatiously and without asking special recognition for it, they manifest a disposition to-day toward the title roles, the lime lights and the center of the stage. She asks too why women of to-day do not simply emphasize to the public the quality of their work, which is the only thing worth comment, but urge instead that the workers wear skirts instead of trousers. She points out in detail that women in other ages were the equals in art and literature of those who are so widely advertised. Another writer says that Mrs. Moody might have called attention also to the fact that the women who inherit political power have been gradually more and more cramped and stunted in its exercise during the last four centuries. Queen Bess would scorn Victoria's sceptre, which that worthy bourgeoisie old lady cannot touch except under the direction of half a dozen men.

Since the beginning of history has humanity been blessed and brightened with high and noble types of womanhood. They have come down to us through the ages - all the way. No ideal of womanhood presented by modern enlightenment has ever outshone the ideal of Christian womanhood. The maidenly modesty of Ruth, the wifely fidelity of Susanna, the bravery of Judith, the great mother heart of Hagar. They are types for all ages,

the rightful heritage of womanhood throughout the world. It is no modern principle but one that has been taught by Christianity for ages, that the great fundamental rights and duties of womanhood remain the same - to work out the best there is in her.

It is almost an axiom that the mother and home determine the character of a people. No nation rises higher than its mothers. What if the boy is father to the man, the woman is mother to the boy, and as such determines the whole status of society, not only in one generation, but in many. Her highest mission is to create a home - her greatest gift is maternity - her truest profession that of preceptress in the great school-room of motherhood. The hand that rocks the cradle belongs to the mother who molds the mind while she is nourishing the body and inasmuch as she has assumed the great God-given responsibility of motherhood she must be true to her trust. She cannot delegate its care, its duties to others without incurring serious risks in regard to the well being - the perfect development of her child morally, intellectually and physically.

A majority of the women of our country prefer not to be discovered. Their work may belong to the world, but their personality does not. This is the class whose individual influence will make them potential in the future of our country, and their chief characteristic is womanliness. Grand as are woman's achievements on all lines on which humanity climbs, a pure, exalted womanliness outstrips them all. There is an irresistible

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charm about it which escapes definition as completely as the odor of wood violets or the sensations produced by a strain of rare music. Its influence is silent, subtle, like the greatest forces in nature and therefore the most potent. What she is within makes itself felt without. Clothed with the garment of womanliness, woman in whatever position you find her is invulnerable to the powers of the world about her, so it is an unnecessary cry of alarm that some people are sending out that the entrance of modern women into business, which has been phenomenally rapid within the last twenty-five years, will destroy the future happiness of the country, lay low the American home and rob them of their greatest charm of womanliness.

Most of you are too well informed not to know that womanly instincts do not interfere with anything the Lord has created woman to do. We all number among our friends women of business who are living proof that a successful business woman may be just as womanly, as gentle, as sweet as any home guarded woman in the land. We acknowledge freely that the home with its privacy of domestic life is the natural sphere of every woman, and that there is only one here and there who would prefer ^{any other} career than that of a happy wife and mother, but alas ! for our sex. There are, unfortunately, not homes enough to go round, not homes enough for every woman to preside over, and so it happens that some by choice, and many from necessity enter into the ways of the world and shoulder the responsibilities of a business

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life; and this woman is so clever, so practical, she has less and less occasion to presume upon the accident of her sex, and we have ceased to be astonished at finding women in unexpected places. The old habit of dependence on the other sex has almost vanished and would no longer be described as lady-like. In fact, the timid, flustered, helpless woman has gone almost entirely out of fashion.

All this is not a spasmodic movement. It indicates a radical change going on in the structure of society, an advance along the whole line of the great body of women to independence the great body of women who may not care a rap for suffrage, and who do not make the least noise about their rights - they simply take them.

The question of why women receive less wages than men in the same employment is of great interest to us. An interesting contribution to this discussion was made in the Forum several months ago by Carroll D. Wright, who cited many valuable statistics bearing upon it. He thinks there is great advancement in remuneration of women. He gave several reasons why in most occupations women receive less wages than men, and why, in his opinion they will continue to receive them, in spite of social or economic, or legislative considerations. In brief these are that woman is an entirely new economic factor in the industrial system; that she occupies a lower standard both in physical features and in mental demands; that she has an insufficient equip-

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ment for life work, due largely to matrimonial hopes and prospects; that she lacks the influence which comes from combinations and associations, and finally that the entrance of women to the industrial field has created a supply out of proportion to the demand. He maintains that the cardinal fact regulating wages is the productiveness of the most productive kind of labor within the reach of each individual laborer. A man laborer of any grade has to be paid as much as he could earn in any other employment that he would be able to take up. Because he has a wider training than a woman has he has more of such employments that he would be able to look to and consequently demands higher pay. What women most want is more training to enable them to pursue more skilled handicrafts and a larger number of professional occupations.

One noticeable feature of these times is the increasing ability of women to unite their labors for good ends and to learn from co-operation the wisdom of association. The Sanitary Commission of our civil war was the first example of co-operative womanhood serving the state this country had ever witnessed, and as an education it was of incalculable value to women and to the nation. As a result of its quickening impulse or influence there are now more than sixty co-operative societies of women of national scope engaged in the philanthropies of the country, like the Women's Missionary Society, The Woman's Relief Corps, The King's Daughters, Protective Agencies for Women

and Children, The Working Girl's Guild, The Women's Educational and Industrial Unions. Their aggregate membership sum up to a half million. They own and erect buildings for their work, disburse funds, look after defective, dependent and delinquent classes of women and children, establish industries and do whatever other work comes to them for the helping of the age.

The interest in Women's Clubs, which was strong from the start, has been deepening and widening until now it has become a mighty river bearing on its bosom untold treasures. Women, under its stimulating influences, are waking up to a new intellectual life and to a sense of privilege and possibility that inspires them with enthusiasm. The fairest, most beautiful home may have a dream of more excellent things. Would a mother do her duty by her fast growing, progressive children, her horizon must not be bounded by the four walls of her home. It is needful that she breath the atmosphere of a large common life, that she exchange small thoughts for the larger life of the world, that she keep in touch with the thought and progress of the day. The club is of inestimable value to her in achieving these things.

The American woman of to-day has begun to create her own atmosphere, is breathing it and flourishes accordingly. Woman's intellectual and artistic development, instead of being crushed and stunted or chilled by marriage, on the contrary nowadays, in innumerable instances, proceeds almost without interruption,

bringing with it as a natural consequence, increase of power over immediate surroundings which only intellectual development can bring. Daisy Miller no longer plays the leading lady in the Comedy. - And it has come to pass that America's educational methods are found to meet the needs of the well rounded woman, who can stand on her feet and await her destiny, not debase herself by an ill-assorted marriage.

Let us hope that out of this the perfect wife and mother may be evolved - and society - the world, gladly welcomes the advent of the full grown, finely developed, intellectual woman of to-day - of her who knows taste from fashion, wit from smartness, pride from vanity, social distinction from ball-room popularity. The highest noblest type of womanhood she is. - Should you hunt the wide world over - with her broad well trained mind, noble, generous feelings, living not for self but for humanity at large - assuming no air of superiority - expecting no homage for talents, possessing the charm of perfect understanding, of fine tact, delicate intuition, her intelligence and culture suffusing and irradiating manners speech and complete intercourse with friends and acquaintances - possessing the quick warm sympathy or that rounded and satisfying element in life to which the young turn for inspiration, the strong for healthy converse, the weary for rest which is more delicious than idleness, and the old for the freshness which alone recalls life's outlived Spring.

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The Master who apportions gives the talent and the occasion.
In the words of De Quincy who strikes the key note better than
I can do let me add:

"Thou, therefore, daughter of God and man, all potent woman! reverence thy own ideal, and in the wildest of homage which is paid to thee, as also in the most real aspects of thy wide dominion, read no trophy of idle vanity, but a silent indication of the possible grandeur enshrined in thy nature; which realize to the extent of thy power, and show us how divine a thing a woman may become."

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS
ON THE
HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

DES MOINES WOMEN'S CLUB.
APRIL, 1894.

HELEN BAYLIES PETERS.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS ON THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

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The house with its location, construction and adornment is second only in the place it occupies in the heart of womankind, to the sentiment of love. However much woman's sphere may broaden the hearthstone where her husband and children gather daily will continue to be her choicest field for the bestowal of labor. Nothing falling within the boundary of judicious expenditure of time, effort and money is too good for an offering at her household shrine.

All the higher and nobler impulses of life of those whom she sends out into the world, should be able to trace their origin unhesitatingly and without deflection to foundations laid within the home. Nothing that interferes with the ordering and embellishing of this home toward the point of wholesomeness and incentive to moral, spiritual and intellectual growth, can weigh against it in the mother's mind,--primarily her family, and then that harvest of discriminating unselfishness, whose product is her own development.

The mother is used advisedly, for the House Beautiful grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of the family. It is but the shell around the unripened kernel to the happy young pair crossing its threshold. Neither is it upon the young, as a rule, that the building of the house devolves. It is upon their elders, whose homes are not thrust upon them, that falls the pleas-

antly responsible task of sitting down to count the cost, and then of following on through the various stages and degrees of interest involved in the selection of a site, the choice of building material and the drafting of architectural plans.

Without regard to the size of the contemplated structure, even though it be but the tiniest cottage, an architect should be employed. It is impossible without technical training to have a correct knowledge of proportion, although the architecturally disastrous results frequently to be met with, indicate the unfortunate attempts in that direction. An architect's voice does not proclaim immutable law, and the suggestions and adaptations which go to indicate personal preference must come from the prospective owners.

Because a woman knows nothing of the laws of architecture,--although Ruskin does say that they are so simple there is no more excuse for not being acquainted with their primary rules than there is for ignorance of grammar or arithmetic--it does not follow that she has not a mind of her own as to the direction in which her pantry shelves shall be laid, or where her kitchen table should stand.

We knew a housewife who, in the early days of her home making, in a small house not of her own planning, decided that back stairs were not only desirable but a necessity. The house was being remodeled, and she seized her opportunity,--she located her stairway. Her husband looked doubtful, the carpenter protested that it could not be done. She had a vision then and there invisible to the

masculine eyes. It was of the future years filled with the steady tramp of feet up and down her front stairs,--feet, shod not with the sandals of peace, but in boots, in shoes,--feet belonging both to the native and the foreign born, in season and out, in sickness and in health, aggressive, never wearying. She aroused from her trance, and viewed the allotted space with a critical eye as to its dimensions,--then she spoke. "I will have my back stairs if I have to plant a ladder to reach the first step" she said with smiling decision. It was surprising how the obstacles disappeared. The stairs not only went but they came, they had a beginning and an end. To be sure a supposed law of beauty was infringed, the lower step trespassed upon the room below, and the upper one encroached upon a doorway. But to the occupants these were trifles in view of the only alternative.

It is in the details that woman's experience and intuition tell against the theories of the architect,--he is the house designer, she is the home builder. Where masses and projections, supports and relative proportions are concerned, she may well modify her insistence in respect to desired changes.

Unless the house is to stand within comparatively spacious grounds, it is to be hoped that no beguiling will cause consent to be given to a side entrance. Why should this symbol of hospitality to family and friends, the very sign-manual of the house itself, the door which holds the modern latch-string be placed in an inferior

the kitchen. In the family living room the carpet shall go to the very base boards, that there may be no bare floor under tender little feet, and no polished border to guard against the bootheel marks of the precious, tramping boys who can never keep quietly within prescribed limits.

We will bestow as much expense as we dare upon our hard wood floors, for nothing--with the exception of good window glass,--gives an equally satisfactory return for the outlay, both in beauty and utility. If we think of using parquet blocks we will exercise the greatest diligence in leveling the floor upon which they are to be laid, otherwise the blocks will probably, in shop parlance, indulge in "cupping." It is the danger of this latter result that makes the placing of a parquet floor in an old house, sometimes inexpedient, for floors which have been used are likely to have boards in them which have sprung and warped. Where an economical but handsome border is desired, off from the beaten household paths, one of narrow soft pine boards, stained an oak color and polished will serve very well. When white marks occur, as they inevitably will about the doors, where a soft wood is employed, they can be readily removed by applying a preparation composed of equal parts of alcohol, turpentine and linseed oil. Where the purse strings refuse to yield to the demand for professionally applied polish on the other floors, this same compound can be utilized. It gives a fair looking surface, is as easily applied as water, can be walked upon

immediately and may be renewed at will.

Doors, or no doors! If there could only be a happy medium in all things! When single doors made way for double doors, there was a long step in the right direction, but when the latter yielded at so many points to nothing more substantial than curtains, the happy medium was passed. To be sure, someone has said that doors are coming into vogue again. There is no question but that portieres falling gracefully from beneath handsome grilles are much more beautiful. A noted authority says that "while in architecture you are continually called upon to do what may be unnecessary for the sake of beauty, you are never called upon to do what is inconvenient for the sake of beauty. You want the level window sill to lean upon; the eye and common sense of the beholder require this necessity to be met before any laws of beauty are thought of." In the average house,--and our House Beautiful is the average house with no aspiration toward the modern palace--in the average house then, sounds are too readily disseminated through the hot air, hot water or steam pipes, and these doorless doorways are but an added, willful aggravation of the other evil which is an unavoidable necessity. We can submit to the loss of space necessitated by a double wall for sliding doors, at least between the hall and adjacent rooms. It is true that sliding doors unless hung by a competent and conscientious mechanic can prove annoying. But when properly placed to begin with, it may be nothing but a screw at the top which has loosened and merely requires retightening. The draughts which always find

an abiding place where a stairway ascends, can be kept within bounds by doors alone, when the wind is in the wrong direction for the heating apparatus. What is of still more importance, the sick room, which is an inevitable part of all homes sooner or later, can thus be kept at the minimum of quiet.

There are many mechanical details in the household economy which require constant watching in order that the machinery may move smoothly. The careful housewife by turning her attention briefly in this direction will be repaid in comfort. She who can fashion a garment, paint a sun-flower or contribute an article to current literature, is equally competent to direct her child in the use of a file or a screw-driver on a refractory door-latch. There is much to be done in our house. It is to be lighted artificially, as well as by nature, heated, furnished, decorated, --mental, moral, spiritual and physical food must be provided, --and into, and through, and about all must be thoughtful intellect, the best judgment, the warm heart and active imagination of one woman enter, permeate, enfold.

Windows! Windows are not simply apertures fitted with glass for admitting light. They are instruments of torture, they are fads, they are fancies, they are objects upon which to display the most cultivated sentiment, or wreak the most atrocious, undeveloped ideas of the latent art instinct; they are an organized charity board instituted in favor of the owners of coal mines. But withal they are an undisguised blessing until they are overdone, which does

sometimes seem a present tendency. We want light but we do not want all light,--we can go out of doors for a part of it. Within doors we want wall surface upon which to display our pictures, places for sofas and beds, and we would like to be able to approach one window, without feeling the sun scorching down upon our heads, or the cold air creeping in about the sashes from another. With such expanse of glass there seems but one way in which to provide against both the cold, and the beautiful but wholly undesirable frost tracery. This is the use of double sashes, which is less common than it should be. The first expense of this method may tell against its adoption,--at least until one has experienced its comforts. Large panes of glass are always expensive, but if one can again bring her mind to the point of dispensing with beauty, smaller panes will serve equally as well. When it is taken into consideration that an estimate by someone shows a difference of nine degrees in temperature in favor of the house with, as against the house without, the outer windows, the first expense will seem proportionally less.

Most people like a light, bright room, especially in cold weather,--few, however, want the light to fall through the upper half of the window. There are two reasons for this. The first, because of the trying effect upon the eyes; the second, on account of its doing away with all the lurking shadows and half lights which lend such an artistic, softened atmosphere to the interior. All

manner of shades and curtains, long and short, heavy and transparent, have been brought into requisition to produce this desired result. One of the minor details, an inattention to which comes nearer than any other perhaps, to marring an attractive apartment, is the inclination to neglect the adjustment of window shades. This may seem too trivial for mention, but it is far removed from triviality where harmony is desired and sought. Ask the artist if the position of his horizontal line is of slight importance? Or the portion of landscape embraced within the boundary of his canvas of little moment? Or the indiscriminate hanging of his pictures immaterial? Each window view may represent a picture painted by nature's own brush, limited only by the horizon so far as nature is concerned. But when the builder placed a window frame and an upper and a lower window sash between us and that view, he practically limited us to a canvas of a specific size, and the raising of the shade above that transverse dividing line tends to throw the whole out of proportion, so far as the outlook is concerned, and the sash itself gives always a bad line across the picture's face. Constant, never wearying application to the solving of apparently trifling problems goes far toward producing homelike beauty in every interior.

Among the acknowledged serious questions are the ones we propound our walls. Humbly we look upon and apostrophize them. "What shall we do with you? How shall we treat you to prevent your rising before us in ghastly white, or closing in about us to the contraction of our already too limited space, or staring boldly

every time our glance falls upon you?" But a sphinx-like silence leaves us to the development of our own powers. We cannot all, like the artist Whistler, conceive of a coloring that will make the walls of a small apartment stretch away fairy-like into the misty distance of an apparent London fog, nor can the average home keeper employ a Whistler to effect this most desirable metamorphosis. Left to our own devices,--and gleanings,--we come to this conclusion: That a light colored wall is weak, a dark one sombre and depressing, the one with too much warmth of color encroaching and the cold in tone recessive. There is sufficient scope for individual preference, but these are the rules that will govern our House Beautiful. In the rooms of northern or cold exposure, there shall be warmth of color,--the yellows, reds, and tints derived from red, and the tender, yellowish greens. In apartments of warmer exposure, where the atmosphere is luminous from the sun's shining through draperies, or sending his rays unobstructedly through the rooms, we will put the blues, the colder greens, the browner yellows,--the latter including, perhaps, all the shades of terracotta, whose name is legion,--and the warmer grays,--the cold grays are too lifeless.

"But our furniture?" You say. Yes, it is your furniture, and for that reason we can only generalize. We are glad if you are beginning to feel that it may be your house after all of which we are talking. Your furniture will be just what you and he decide upon, and you will not be likely to listen to more than suggestion,

or if you do it will be with a mutual, tacit understanding that the advice will be honored in its non-observance. For how can you express your own individuality,--which you must do if your home is to be ideal, if you lean too heavily upon that of your friends? After much consultation over the state of the family exchequer, and careful estimates of the demand to be made upon it, not alone for the present, but for the possible rainy day that we all hope will never come, you and he will sally forth. And you will go to your favorite dealer,--after a half-hearted search elsewhere,--and will presently find that you are easier to please than you had thought possible before you left home. And the probability is, in nine cases out of ten, after the articles are installed you will continue to be measurably satisfied. For there is that element in human nature that causes it to feel a comfortable satisfaction in its own belongings, when not brought into too intimate contact with the infinitely superior possessions of its neighbor. The more encouragement this spirit of contentment receives toward the point of cheerfully putting up with the best that one has been able to do, the more happiness will result, as a matter of course. Which does not mean that one is to be content with what is inelegant in form, imperfect in construction and inharmonious in color. There has been a great advance in the past decade, in at least the first and last of these particulars, so there is less likelihood of going astray provided one has an idea of what constitutes harmonious color. The

principle governing the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, according to a recent CENTURY article is, that "Efficient special training must rest upon sufficient general training in art." This may apply equally to our home maker who is bent upon attaining household beauty. It may be necessary to go back to a study of first principles, -- color harmony is based upon natural law. While some may possess an intuitive feeling for such harmony, it cannot be said that the majority of either women or men are born colorists. Even among technically trained artists they are considered a small minority. Unlike the artist, we do not create our tints, but need only select, combine and arrange them.

Difficulties enough attend efforts in these directions, but they need not discourage us from improving what has been given us, whether it be the one talent or the five. They should at least, though, prevent that conceit and false pride which forbids our recognition of our own deficiencies or the applying of ourselves to the acquirement of a rudimentary knowledge of anything that will help to make home beautiful. Should we sometimes feel that there is danger of our enthusiasm flagging, we will recall what Ruskin has said, that "Beauty has been appointed by the Deity to be one of the elements by which the human mind is continually sustained," and turn to Hamerton and read that "every step is genuine culture is worth attaining for itself even if we cannot go farther--it will become a valuable and invigorating discipline," and if our time for study be

very limited indeed, we will listen gratefully to genial, practical Clarence Cook and try to believe him when he tells us that "we live in a world where even superficial influences have weight."

As for a picture so for a house interior must there be a point of view, and the arrangement,--the composition, so to speak--must be in accordance with this rule, with an advantage in favor of the house interior. For here our point of view is first established for us, and we can compose our own house-picture afterward, and relatively establish its lines of convergence.

The mind mechanically, momentarily, contracts to conform to the width of an entrance to an apartment, and as mechanically receives through the eye an impression of the objects immediately opposite. Then at the objective point approximately opposite the entrance we will place something of beauty, whatever we esteem most highly, possibly, provided it is appropriately placed for its own requirements, and is of sufficient size to form an impressive resting point for the sight. Then we will attempt to make the other objects in the room lead up to this in their arrangement. Where there is a succession of rooms with real or suggested vista, we will emphasize the idea by placing something interesting at the most conspicuous places. It may be a bit of statuary upon its pedestal, a choice vase, a growing plant, or a wall cabinet supporting a point of color, against the distant wall. With all articles of practical utility let us keep watch for comfort. If we have a chair whose cushion

is hard and sloping let it be placed in the least used corner. If we possess another descended to us from the remote past, beautiful to look upon but with too many aggressive angles of high relief carving, let us consider that it is unadapted to the modern uses of furniture and exhibit it as an example of the art product of a day when comfort was lightly thought of.

For within our walls we want provision for that physical ease provocative of mental ease, not alone for the permanent inmates but for the strangers within the gates. And in lieu of formality we will strive in all things for that artistic negligence, which is the farthest removed from carelessness,--the result of the most rigid self discipline. The woman who achieves the ideal home can never count upon a life of indolence. Whatever the future may hold, the danger of rusting out will not be in store for her.

We will hang our choicest pictures where the mid-afternoon light will fall upon them to the best advantage. For not only will we have more leisure to enjoy them then, ourselves, but our friends who "drop in" can share the pleasure with us.

We will remember when we plan our house that pictures are usually painted with the light falling from the left, and we will give the subject, if we are picture lovers, much weight in respect to the relative position of doors, windows and wall spaces.

As in the average house there is not likely to be an apartment devotedly exclusively to the uses of a library, we will here make

the living room serve for both purposes.

With this in view from the beginning we will have this room large and light with adequate unbroken walls. In order to secure the latter for our low bookcases, and at the same time have requisite light, we will, where a full length window is inadmissible, place above these low, open book shelves with their broad tops, the attractive cottage windows. The book cases will be made of the same wood as the interior finish, will stand a few inches above the floor in order to produce the effect of articles of furniture, rather than as representative of the construction of the building, and shall each be provided with a drawer at the bottom. The broad top will serve as a shrine for all the household gods one chooses to place there. While the home maker is patiently waiting for the accumulation of choice engravings to fill the drawers, it will really be no ones affair is she pleases to keep her sewing in one and the children's toys in another. Then while the small people entertain themselves, she can write, comparatively undisturbed, at the substantial, well equipped desk, her paper upon The Most Recent Developments in Women's Clubs.

The dining room shall not be the common stamping ground between the kitchen and the living room. The place where the family comes together three times each day shall be sacred to the purpose for which it was designed. However simple and unostentatious its furnishings, it shall be light and sweet and fresh. It shall be a place

of good cheer and good fellowship to each member of the family where he can throw aside care for the time being, or find ready sympathy. But we will make it as inviting as possible with its polished floor and soft rug, its snowy table linen and dainty china, and a side-board that corresponds with the rest of the room,--not just the one we want, of course, but the one we ought to have; for we are to be very conscientious in our beautiful home. And the whole shall be treated with a little more warmth of color and more dignity than the other rooms,--not an oppressive dignity but just a slight air of being able to appreciate its position as one of the most indispensable parts of the edifice.

As a house cannot be wholly beautiful unless the happiness of each person is considered, the kitchen will be large, light and well ventilated. The kitchen is usually the girl's sitting room, and in default of a servant is occupied for hours every day by the home keeper, herself, and where the latter is, the children will congregate more or less. It should bear the same imprint of refinement in the thought taken for a fitting preparation for its legitimate uses, as any other part of the house. The suggestion of one writer that there might be placed upon the wall a shelf filled with well selected books, seems indicative of a Utopian state to which we have hardly attained as yet. Let the book shelf with its contents be in the bed chamber, and in that room if there is to be more than one occupant let there be two beds. The repugnance to personal contact

said to be the fruit of civilization, can thus be a lesson inculcated daily,--a missionary work that does not detract from the home usefulness of the missionary. What shall be said of the family sleeping apartments? Nothing. The rules which apply elsewhere apply here also. The woman who can make an ideal home of the main floor of her house, will not be found wanting, whether her domain extend toward the attic or the cellar.

And these will have been some of the qualifications necessary toward attaining her ideal. Affection, industry, originality, perseverance, conscientiousness, aspiration,--a belief that she is possessed of a God given message to humanity, which is to be told to the world through the ordering of her household, and the impress of her own highest individuality upon its inmates. When, with clear vision, she sees at times how far she has fallen short of the heights to which she aspired,--when the wisdom of added years reveals to her her limitations,--when the message seems undefined, and doubts arise as to whether there be a message at all for her to give,--she will remember there is a receptive ear attuned to the few, sweet, clear notes of the oriole, as well as to the full, vibrant tones of the cathedral organ.

May the home in all its details be refined, cultured according to individual opportunity, and then,--with the thought of the Heavenly sunshine perpetually beaming through it, we will rename the House Beautiful, and like the Japanese, will call it the House of the Morning, and inscribe on its threshold but one word,--Peace.

A DIAGNOSIS OF SOCIALISM:

Paper read by

ELLA H. DURLLEY

BEFORE THE WOMEN'S CLUB,

April 25, 1894.

To-day, more than ever before in the world's history, is the mind of the student turned to questions relating to the improvement of society. The extended field of sociology is open, and its careful study the absorbing one of the hour. The relations of capital and labor, the causes leading to the great army of the unemployed, the misery of the complaining millions, the methods to be sought for their relief; all these are subjects which engage the attention not only of the statesman and philanthropist, but of thoughtful men and women everywhere. The knowledge that human suffering exists in immeasurable depths forces itself upon us, we dare not turn a deaf ear to it, we could not if we would. In almost every country of the globe, those who can barely earn a living, whom a sickness of but a few days would reduce to absolute want are in the majority. Nor does it improve matters so far as the peace of the community is concerned, that the millionaire, many times over, lives near by in a luxury which passes all description. His money flows as water.

The problem of the day is how to eliminate the

extremes of wealth and poverty neither of which adds an iota to the happiness of mankind. While poverty is attended by a threefold starvation, that of body, mind, and soul, it is the most serious of the three, a spiritual blight, which falls upon him who seeks to lay up vast wealth while many about him suffer. See that sad-eyed mother, weak from want of nourishing food, who has left her little family and trudged wearily about asking only for work. Think of her agonized prayer, of her bitter anguish as she thinks of hungry children crying for bread. Yet she is in a Christian land where plenty reigns. Misfortunes have fallen upon her heavily, they pursue her relentlessly, she groans in spirit as she thinks of money foolishly squandered, when so little would serve and save her. Only the night before thousands of dollars were spent in that brilliant party on the boulevard. What glowing descriptions of it all to-day's papers give! Tomorrow's journals may tell of her death from hunger, or worse yet, that she has in the blackness of her despair taken her own life. These reflections are unpleasant, but they enter into this question and must be made.

It is this startling inequality in the condition of men susceptible of the same enjoyments, capable of the same suffering, that leads to popular discontent, and in times of great industrial depression to deeds of frenzied violence. It is this that has suggested the idea of a possible reconstruction of the entire social organism by which it is hoped to improve the condition of all. None are so indifferent to others' woes as to be unwilling that they should be lessened, though many are too selfish to contribute to that end. It is my purpose to speak briefly of the methods for the amelioration of humanity proposed by Christian Socialism. I shall seek to present the matter fairly and without prejudice, but the subject is too broad to be made more than suggestive in the short time allowed me. Socialism is a term difficult to define, the more so as Socialists themselves differ widely in their views. It may be better to say that there are many different degrees of Socialism. The extremists say all "instruments of production" as land, mines, mills, and machinery should be operated and controlled by the

state. They would wrest power from the individual and vest it in the state. They would adopt a system of what they call Paternalism, so far as the state is concerned.

This belonged to the plan so fascinatingly unfolded by Edward Bellamy in his "Looking Backward", and it is this which has found expression in Nationalism which now numbers so many intelligent adherents. Practically the Bellamy idea led in the end to a division of property among all the people, or at least all were to fare equally at the hands of the government, but this transition was to be brought about so easily that none should suffer from the change. Its theories are most humane and beautiful. On the other hand, those wild and subversive measures which can be carried through by violence and red-handed riot, which look to the forcible wresting of property and its equal division among all, belong to the communist and anarchist, and these we will not consider. For those who desire to further such plans there can be no palliation. Some of the best minds of this and the old world, however, are numbered among Christian So-

cialists to-day and their theories are a proper subject for investigation and study. I can do no better than to give you the foundation principles as laid down by their leaders.

Lawrence Gronlund, who was a socialistic writer of prominence, defines Socialism as the collective management of industrial and social activities for collective benefit under democratic auspices, by the nation in its sphere, by municipalities in their sphere. He avers that private property in everything that is not capital and land will be scrupulously respected. People can save all they want to and spend their savings in any manner they please, except one only--they may no longer fleece their fellowmen by investments. Of course, they can bequeath to their children all they wish. He lays down the following as an important qualification; that subsistence and social position will be measured by performance, following the motto: "Everybody according to his deeds."

James Russell Lowell, whose interest in social science was wise and well directed, in an admirable and entirely conservative discussion a short time before his

death,said: "Socialism means,or wishes to mean,co-operation and community of interests,sympathy,the giving to the hands not so large a share as to the brains,but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce;means in short the practical application of Christianity to life and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction." Between the socialism of Bellamy and that outlined here there is an important divergence. To concentrate all the power belonging to capital and the instruments of production in the government,which is after all composed of individuals,is open to the very serious objection that we would not thereby rid ourselves of the dangerous and unscrupulous elements which work for the ruin of society as it is now organized. It ia a mathematical axiom that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts,and this holds good in the government. I have seen too much of political machinations to favor the Bellamy idea. We have to deal with people as they are,not as we would have them to be. It has been truthfully remarked that "There is no politi-

cal alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts." The same selfish and cruel spirit which too often characterizes the individual in his dealings with man, and which seems very often to dominate him entirely once he is in politics, would be a potent and baneful force when he became a part of the state. One could reasonably expect no more. If all men were honorable and true there were then no need for the state to intercede in behalf of justice. As all men love power and are prone to abuse it, so will all governments be at times tyrannical, no less so than individuals. In republics are found no exception to this rule. Those who have observed the progress of legislation in our own state and nation know that it takes men of iron will and nerve of steel to withstand the temptations, insinuating and delusive, often-times presented. If it were not that men so often forget their principles, the weaker unconsciously becoming the tools of the stronger, when they are vested with a little temporary power, the social conditions would be much better to-day than they are.

It would seem that the transference of great

power to the state would then be in the highest degree dangerous, yet that the state could do much more than it at present does by just legislation to protect labor, I do not doubt. The value of labor as a factor in modern civilization has never been appreciated. The successful operation of those gigantic interests, the railroads and telegraph, by the government is an accomplished fact, and not a mere matter of speculation, in many of the countries of the world; the United States being one of three countries only in which the railroads are controlled by private corporations. If the railroads and the telegraph can be thus successfully managed in other countries, why could not they be here, and why could not the mines be controlled by the government in such a way as to bring about fewer hardships to those who encounter untold dangers by going down into the earth to delve? Is not the hard toil of the miner of as much value as the brainwork of the operator? Should it not stand for as much? As to a well-ordered co-operation in which the interests of both capital and labor are respected, there is in it that which cannot but commend itself. In it is the very essence of good princi-

ple. Much that is done in the way of charity is in accordance with this idea, and to that extent socialistic. All efforts put forth for the improvement of man's environment come under this class.

The co-operation of capital and labor has been extensively tried both in this country and Europe. An oft-cited instance is that seen in the great Bon Marche of Paris. The lamented David Dudley Field wrote much and well on this subject, seeing in it a solution of many of the social difficulties. He was wont to say that a division of property among all the people was the dream of a madman, but to persuade one who has much to co-operate with one who has little, for the ultimate benefit of both, is a different matter. To induce the capitalist to take the laborer into that kind of partnership to which corporations are best adapted may tend to the support and enrichment of both. Mr. Field even went so far as to favor the state's compelling those to whom it grants corporate franchises for purposes of profit, to accept the franchises on condition only of giving the workmen an interest in the

product. Philanthropic men have introduced such methods to their own profit as well as that of their associates who could offer only their labor. They recognized this labor as being after all of paramount importance. Among the practical questions involved in the subject before us are these: Should the state be in duty bound to find work for the unemployed? This question is one of supreme importance. I believe that this will have to be answered affirmatively before our country can rest in peace. Another question: To what extent should the burden of taxation be shifted from the poor to the rich? Should there be a limit to the private ownership of land? Should large fortunes be subject to inheritance, or revert to the state? These are some of the problems discussed, concerning which men have widely different views. They have come down through the ages with ever-increasing force. They have puzzled men from a remote period. They will continue to do so until a greater measure of justice is secured. In one form or another they entered into the early agrarian laws of the Romans, found expression in the peasant uprisings in the Middle Ages and during the French Revolution. These

and similar principles were involved in the public granaries established by Frederick the Great; in the graduated income tax of Prussia, and in the Irish Land League agitation.

Of late years in most if not all of the European countries, the student of political economy finds that distressing causes leading to dissatisfaction among the very poor have been at work. Large wealth, fostered often by special privileges brought about by class legislation; pauperism in old age as the effect of wages through the working period so low that a bare subsistence was possible; grinding the faces of the poor even under the enlightened sentiment of the 19th century. It is not strange that there have arisen those who maintain that labor must and shall be protected. In Germany the socialistic movement took definite form some 30 years ago under the leadership and writings of Marx, Marlo, and Lassalle. As illustrative of its swift growth, it may be stated that there were less than 5,000 Socialists in Germany in 1864. In 1877 the number had increased to nearly 500,000, and as early as 1884 they had sent 25 to the

Reichstag. Both in Germany and Austria the movement has found sympathy from those in high places. Scholars have studied and espoused its principles. Good old Emperor William could not shut his great heart to the claims of the laboring masses, and it did not take the young Kaiser long to discover that the Socialists were a powerful factor in his government. Even the iron Chancellor, to the surprise of many, declared himself in favor of the state providing labor for the unemployed. He said: "I recognize the right of labor unconditionally. In doing so I am not taking my stand on the same platform with Socialism, but on the ground of the Prussian constitution." And is not the right of labor founded on our moral and christian view of life, so that if any one comes to his fellow-citizens and says, "I am strong and anxious to work but cannot find anything to do," he may add also, "Give me labor, this is the duty of the state." To concede that this duty of providing work for the unemployed belongs to the state is to take a long step towards radical Socialism. If this could be compassed it seems to me that a most

desired end would be reached, for surely there is no more distressing thing than that honest men and women should seek employment and find none. It is a shame that it has come to this in this great country. It bespeaks selfishness. It bespeaks a lack of Christian virtue. Even in our own city, which we love to think has felt the financial stringency less than have most places in the country, one has but to advertise for help of certain kinds, even if the remuneration be of the smallest, to find one's self besought with scores of needy applicants. You turn away with sickening heart, for you know that do the best you can, the greater number must leave you in bitter disappointment.

It has been suggested by some that the government should have a department of productive labor in which the worthy unemployed might enlist. This seems to be entirely practicable. Those who desire to see this established point out that there are roads to be built, waterways to be constructed, millions of acres to be irrigated, etc. these plans seem feasible and the need is certainly sufficient to give them a trial.

In France and the southern or Latin countries

of Europe, popular discontent has found a terrible voice in the deadly bomb, hurled where its destruction would be most terrible. Among the cooler heads of England remedies so dire have not been reached. But hunger is a fierce master, and when a mad mob of the unemployed fills Trafalgar Square and with clenched fists and set teeth make their threats against an arrogant plutocracy, there is occasion for uneasiness. The co-operative movement has attained large proportions in England, though it was slow to start, and the profits shared are very large. It has been slower in making headway, doubtless because that country has been blessed with greater material prosperity, a larger degree of political freedom, more sympathy between those of high and low degree.

It cannot be said that co-operation has been entirely successful in removing causes of discontent among the British laboring classes. The co-operators have not as a rule proven kinder employers than the capitalists. Hours have not been materially shortened, while wages are low except to the managers. This would indicate that there is danger of co-operators becoming selfish.

Right here in Iowa is furnished one of the most conspicuous and satisfactory examples of co-operation, or communism, that can be given anywhere. I refer to the Amana Society of Iowa County, purely socialistic, one of the best examples of the kind in the world. You are all acquainted with it. It numbers in the neighborhood of 3,000 people, who are as one great family, living in seven villages. The Amana Society had about fifty years of existence in southern Germany before it came to this country, and that was more than half a century ago. In 1854 this people acquired a large tract of land on the fertile and picturesque bank of the Iowa River, and here amid peace and plenty they have pursued their quiet and peaceful way. With no private interests to drive them to the performance of duty, they have nevertheless toiled and spun. Their mills and looms are never idle, and the products of their industry are shipped afar and command the best price. Every member of the colony is sure of nourishing food and comfortable clothing, though nothing is owned by any individual. The men are allowed to pursue the work to which they are best adapted. It is said that intellectually

they have improved during this century of Communistic effort, which is interesting to note. A simple-hearted, honest; frugal, and industrious folk, moral in the most rigid way, and with a religion based upon this passage of Scripture: "And all that believed were together and had all things common, and sold their possessions and parted them to all men as every man had need." And now comes the question: Does this serene, uneventful existence, this dead level of the common-place, this purely material prosperity satisfy the inner longings of these men and women? Or, beneath their honest but stolid exterior is there sometimes a secret desire for something different, a wish to break these hated fetters of a century's forging, to throw them to the four winds of heaven, to follow after them, and if possible leaven their lives with that which builds up the brain, fires the heart, inspires to nobler and better thought? Oh, this problem of living! We pity them, we would shun the Scylla of utter mental blankness, but is there no danger of our striking a Charybdis as well. Hurry and worry, the effort to do beyond one's strength, a limitless ambition; are these not as fatal to true manhood and womanhood? Where is to be found a happy medium?

We have seen that from an early day the germs of Socialism expanded. Under the soulless oppression of the humbler classes during and prior to the French Revolution, it grew apace, inequalities bred resentment, and resentment bordering on frenzy drove people to deeds of anarchism. Fierce need creates fierce deed. Popular discontent, restrained neither by the laws of God nor man, is a dangerous thing. When a few years since Bellamy presented his charming picture of life in the year 2,000 under the benign influence of Nationalism, a wonderful impetus was given to these ideas in this country, for we are all desirous of seeing our fellowmen happy and content. All are Socialists to that extent. Many other books have followed in the same vein. Under the magic of Bellamy's forceful pen, the reader could feel himself lifted above the petty thoughts and unworthy aspirations which had all his life worked him so much injury somehow, and could enter into those higher feelings that had come to rule men's minds. As for myself, I confess to having been fascinated, but calm thought leads one to the conclusion that his plan is in a large degree impracticable, though it contains lessons of

great value. That there is a growing tenderness for the suffering is a hopeful sign of the times. To this and to the cultivation of truer principles of living, based on honesty and justice, we must look for an improved social condition. What in a less humanitarian age was regarded as a disagreeable duty, viz., caring for the pitiably degraded, has become the subject of the most sympathetic thought. Noble men and high minded women have willingly turned from lives of luxurious idleness to devote their energies to the amelioration of the unfortunate, hesitating not to visit the haunts of squalor and wretchedness, seeking tenderly to allure the victims of vice and crime from such paths, by illustrating to them the supreme beauty of well-doing. Believing that "Every human heart is human," and that to each has been given a spark of the divine nature, and that it may be reached somehow, somewhere, this noble work has been pursued. Who has not been touched by the spirit shown by Lady Henry Somerset in her efforts for the extremely poor of England? She is using heart and brain in behalf of struggling men and women. With a genius born of patient study and a greatness wholly her own, she has taken up the

cause of the weak with commanding courage. Hers is no amiable, colorless philanthropy. Her eyes have seen the glory of a new heaven and a more glorious earth, a vision granted to those who have learned that sublime lesson, to love their neighbors as themselves. There are many cultured men and women in this country, less conspicuous but not less devoted to the uplifting of humanity. Earnestly they are seeking to produce changes for the better in the environment of the poor. It is a noble work. They are proceeding along the lines laid down by Modern Social Science which says, make right man's environment and the individual character will follow in natural sequence. As one writer tersely puts it, get rid of sewage gas first and sin afterwards. Christianity reverses this dictum to a certain extent, and works first for the regeneration of the individual. It says, fill the heart with love, make the man upright, get rid of wickedness in the man and woman and you have nothing to fear for the state. Believing that out of a correct manhood must grow a system embodying justice to men, Christianity has sought chiefly to do its work through the individual. "Social organism," says Dr. Lyman Abbott, "is a growth, and

the fundamental condition of growth is personal manhood. If individuals are made right, society will rectify itself; create a spirit of justice in the hearts of men and they will work out that which is just in government." It seems to me that the sublime principles taught by Christ, if we but take them in their purity, embrace all that is best in Social Science, all that is noble in Socialism. Nor are they antagonistic to each other. Christianity in making men better furnishes the key to the situation. It is fitting that it should join hands with Social Science and work for a better social environment for those it would save. The New Testament abounds in admirable precepts of benevolence and helpfulness. It is only as there has been a departure from the Christ teaching, making worship a form only, that humanity has suffered.

Such vices as drunkenness, avarice, gluttony, licentiousness, all of which tend to produce social inequalities and make men miserable, are there prohibited. These are individual vices, but their control makes right the community. It is evident that social philanthropists cannot dispense with Christianity, neither can the Church, un-

der the complexities of life as it now is, ignore the physical conditions of man. Nor dare we boast of an enlightened Christian civilization until our laws, now so one-sided, are such as will accord to each individual a fair and equal chance in the battle for existence. Only those who seek reform, who strive to secure just legislation, know the difficulties. The leaders in any great reform are sure to be reviled. The shafts of ridicule are directed at them, They are the objects of bitterest scorn, of most vicious personal abuse. Especially is this true to-day if the reform sought points to a curtailment of the power of the capitalist. Any great reform must come by slow, almost imperceptible growth. I hope the day will come in Iowa, at least, when we can truthfully say that the poor stand an equal chance with the rich, when selfishness gives place to benevolence, when a brother's distress appeals to one as one's own, and an enlightened philanthropy imbues every heart, enlarging the area of justice; then will it be said that the strong and healthy are blessed by saving the weak and perishing.

It is true that people are not made virtuous by

legal enactment, but no people can be happy in the highest sense which does not defend and protect the weak and helpless. Laws should tend to promote the general welfare. A government cannot divest itself of this distinct social mission if it would. It is clear that we have much to do in this direction even here in our well-beloved land. The general welfare is not preserved where, as a well-known writer says, "The millions own nothing and the few own millions." With one-sixth of our entire population among the unemployed, driven hither and thither by hunger, is it strange that in their ignorance and desperation they organized themselves into a common weal army and marched to what they believed to be the seat of trouble. It is sad to think that in 1889 one in every ten who died in New York City was buried in the potter's field. In 1890 there were 23,000 families forcibly evicted from their homes in the same city because they couldn't pay their rent, and the number of adult workers who earn less than 60 cents, though working from 11 to 16 hours each day, runs up into hundreds of thousands.

But there is a bright side to this picture. It

would be deplorable were there not. It lies in the fact that humanity is awaking along the whole line of human endeavor. There is an unprecedented activity in all kinds of charitable work. In our own city work is proceeding on true lines. There are the helpful missions, aiming to reach the vicious and depraved and to save them from bodily as well as spiritual death; the far-reaching Associated Charities with its faithful workers; the night schools, the home for working girls, the Salvation Army doing its unique and unexampled work. We have University Extension to quicken the intellect, and classes of all kinds for general culture. I look forward to the day when all these forces may prove themselves yet more potent factors in the work which is making in this community for a higher civilization, for the establishment of a new and better era, that of a truer brotherly love. Visions pass before me of a pleasant home, not for ourselves alone, but which might in a large degree shed its radiance upon those to whom beauty and sunshine come not often. The Women's Club of Des Moines has a right to a participation in the joy and a share in the blessedness of doing for others.

The world is growing better. Many and powerful are the forces working for its regeneration. Not the least among these is the advance made by woman, and the broad and generous sentiments which her enlarged opportunities inspire. It is the molding influences which lead up to the time beautifully described by a modern poet:

James G. Clark.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outwards, ye doors of the past,
For the soul of the people is moving
And rising from slumbers at last;
The black forms of night are retreating,
The white peaks have signalled the day,
And Freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

Swing inward, O gates! till the morning
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,
Till the life and the love of the New Time
Shall conquer the hate of the old;
Let the face and the hand of the Master
No longer be hidden from view

Nor the lands he prepared for the many
Be trampled and robbed by the few.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
The seasons their bounties display,
And the flowers lift their faces in glory
To catch the warm kisses of day;

While our fellows are treated as cattle
That are muzzled when treading the corn,
And millions sink down in Life's battle
With a sigh for the day they were born.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past,
A giant is waking from slumber
And rending his fetters at last;
From the dust where his proud tyrants found him,
Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around him,
And rule in the realm he has made.

May 9,

1894.

-----M u s i c -----

An Hour With
R O B E R T S C H U M A N N .

P a p e r s .

Robert Schumann,-----Miss Carrie Hubbard.

Chief Characteristics of)
Schumann's Music. (-----Mrs. J. A. Jackson.

Clara Schumann -----Mrs. E. C. Spinney.

Chairman,-----Mrs. Chas. O. Nourse.

P R O G R A M M E :

Violin Solo.

Traumeri,-----Mrs. Gerbrich.

Paper.

Robert Schumann,-----Miss Hubbard.

Du Bist Wie Eine Blume	<u>Songs.</u>	
Er, Der Herlichste Von Allen.	(	-----Miss Carsen.
	)	

Talk.

Chief Characteristics of	)	
Schumann's Music.	(	-----Mrs. J. A. Jackson.
	)	

Music.

Aufschwung,	)	
Warum,	(	
Traumes Wirren.	)	-----Mrs. Bonbright.

Paper.

Clara Schumann,-----Mrs. Spinney.

Song.

Widmung,-----Miss Plumb.

R O B E R T S C H U M A N N.

Ere Mendelssohn had left his mother's arms, was born one who was destined to the same calling. Schumann was not so successful as young Mendelssohn, yet he followed his profession quite as nobly. The two chose different roads to one great end. The one achieved all in a lifetime, short though it was. The other and his music are only now receiving that notice they so richly deserve.

It was the 8th of June that Robert Schumann came to a quiet little home in Zwickau, Saxony, the youngest of five children. Neither his birth nor his ancestry were such as to favor the development of his musical talent. His father, August Schumann, had after a long struggle between business and poetry, entered into partnership with his brother, and had become known as a publisher of valuable books and magazines. A self-made man who owed everything to his own untiring energy. From him Robert inherited his keenness of perception, imagination, and sensitive nature.

The handsome little boy was petted by every one. At an early age he was sent to school. As a scholar he made no great impression, but on the play-ground he was the favorite, and took the lead in all boyish sports. Owing to the school system in Germany,

music was included among his other studies, and when at six years of age he began to study under Knutsch, his great ability was shown. Soon he became very clever at the piano, for he could extemporize well, and was very happy at portraying scenes and characters through music. It was no uncommon thing to find him seated at the piano surrounded by his school-fellows bursting with laughter at the accurate manner in which he portrayed their portraits. The great skill with which he perceived their characteristics shows that even at that childish age his insight into human nature must have been developed to a very great degree. Although very fond of poetry, his love for music surpassed everything. His father, feeling that Robert was intended for a musician, in spite of his mother's opposition, attempted to have him placed under Carl Maria Von Weber, but arrangements failed and the boy's golden opportunity was lost.

He continued his musical studies at home, reading as much as possible and assisting his father. Already he began to grow more and more reflective and reserved, and to live alone in a world of imagination and dreams. The great romanticist, Jean Paul, had enchanted him. He knew his novels by heart, and never ceased to own him as the richest source of his own imagination. Such was his life until his seventeenth year, when his father died. The care of the child was placed in the hands of his mother and his guar-

dian, Rudel. He loved his mother and her influence over him was very great, and when she wished him to learn some profession that would give him a safe position in early life, he obediently submitted, and was off to Leipzig as a student of law. A worse place to dampen musical ardor could not have been chosen. Leipzig had just been raised by the genius of Mendelssohn to the foremost rank in Germany. The atmosphere was so heavily laden with music of the best kind that enthusiasm was kindled in souls of musicians far less inspired than the excitable Schumann. He had not been long in Leipzig when he began to dislike the chosen profession, as well as the noisy student life. To the lover of Beethoven, Jean Paul, and Shakespeare, the law seemed utterly dry and uninteresting. He joined some student's Societies, but preferred the company of a few friends, also lovers of music and poetry. Here he met Frederick Wieck, the father of that wonderful little Clara, who though nine years old, had made a reputation as a piano player of rare ability. With his mother's consent, he became a pupil of Wieck. The law lectures were neglected, and when the next year he left for Heidelberg, he had made considerable progress in the practice of music, but as a student of law his mind was a blank. In Heidelberg affairs were not much better. Even the learned Thibaut could not overcome Schumann's aversion to the legal profession. Music became the center of his existence. Life here was charming.

There were social events and trips into the neighboring towns and valleys. On these occasions Schumann used to practice on a dumb piano even when riding in a carriage. At length came the vacation at the University. His time was to be spent in a trip to Italy and Switzerland. Nothing hindered except necessary funds, and after a woeful letter to his guardian, Rudel, who seems to have dealt it out rather sparingly (with good reason), the money came. The spirit in which he describes his impressions, changing from wit or rapture to melancholy, from admiration to homesickness, is very characteristic of his nature. His stay in lovely Heidelberg was prolonged, and his time mainly devoted to music, until Heidelberg began to talk of Schumann. A successful debut had been made, and invitations were pouring in from all sides, when suddenly he refused to accept any invitation, or to play before any one except his few intimate friends.

The struggle between obedience to his mother, and loyalty to his genius, had not reached a climax. One evening after hearing Paganini, he decided to be no longer in doubt. Accordingly he sent to his mother that famous letter in which he confesses his struggle between music and law. "My whole life has been a twenty years struggle between prose and poetry, - between law and music.

He offers to abide by the decision of Wieck. The decision was favorable and Schumann at once wrote, "Take me as I am, and

above all things bear with me; no blame shall depress me; no praise shall make me idle; pails upon pails of very cold theory cannot hurt me, and I will work at it without the least murmur." He devoted himself to mechanical exercises with an almost sacred energy. He was far too ardent, and even made designs to perfect his execution, and unruléd a machine which he used so vigorously as to cripple his hand for life. To be a composer was now his hope, and the same enthusiasm which he spent in practice, was shown in his new line of work. Returning to Leipzig he devoted himself to study and the society of a few talented friends. A devoted friendship sprang up between Mendelssohn and Schumann. While the latter idealized the elder master, and looked up to him as one far beyond what he could ever aspire to. Mendelssohn did not at first appreciate Schumann as a composer, although afterward he was first to confess his mistakes. The lack of appreciation of some of his compositions caused Schumann, with a few of his friends, to embark into journalism. "Die Neue Zeitschrift" was started and soon took a commanding position. The age was ripe for criticism of a searching nature. To attack the prevailing abuses of the day with a pen powerful and impartial, has been one of Schumann's principal merits. As a writer, his works take a high degree, and as a critic he deserves praise of exposing charlatanism with frank appreciation of worth. The paper flour-

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ished and in time Schumann became its chief editor. While hard at work on his paper, Schumann was composing vigorously. In spite of these labors, much of his interest was absorbed by affairs of a private nature. For a long time he had watched the development of Clara Wieck; yet there was another young woman who took complete possession of his heart, Ernestine Von Friecken, daughter of a Bohemian baron. But this did not last long, and after a while cooled down, and at the end of two years a mutual parting was agreed upon. The next years are marked by a continual struggle for the hand of Clara Wieck. Her father obstinately refused. Schumann tried every way to improve his position, and even went to Vienna where he published his paper, not without the desired effect. Soon after his return, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon him by the University of Jena. With all his efforts and gaining popularity, only after a long term of legal proceedings, were the happy pair united in marriage. She not only continued her course as an artist, and interpreter of Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schumann, but at the same time watched tenderly over her husband's health, which was marked by growing instability of temper. Honor though it was to be Robert Schumann's wife, it required great character and devotion. Looking at his happy family life, reading his expressions of gratitude, esteem, and love for

his wife, hearing those who have seen him play with his children, it is not only the artist, but the man Schumann, that we esteem. His disposition was not free from characteristics of a less agreeable nature. Sensitiveness and taciturnity make him appear in an unsympathetic light. But this was the sign of the deep-seated disease which so steadily developed, and so early wrecked his mind. After his marriage he sank into the retirement of his home and worked. The joy and happiness of so bright a year found vent in song. To nothing less than the human voice could he confide the music of his soul. After the year of song, his time was devoted to orchestral work and symphonies.

Several concert tours were taken with his wife to Hamburg and Russia, at another time to Vienna, and again to Holland. In 1844, the state of Schumann's health made his removal to Dresden necessary. Five years were spent in recovering his lost strength. During that time an active part was taken in Dresden social life. His trip to Holland was the last sunny period of his life. Happiest among his children, he was as talkative there, as reticent with others. The symptoms of his dread disease, influenced the gaining of strength. He was troubled by nervousness, anxiety, hallucinations, so that he desired treatment in a hospital. He seemed always to hear one note sounding, and one night rushed from

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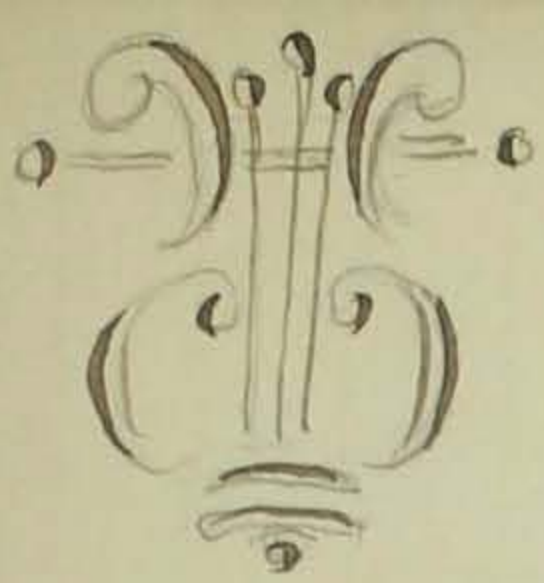
his bed to write down a theme given to him by the ghosts of Schubert and Mendelssohn. At last he left his home and tried to drown his sorrows beneath the waters of the Rhine. Through some sailors he was rescued, and recovered his reason for a short time. He died at the age of 46, the last ten years of his life having been spent in a private hospital. Tall, calm, and stately in his movements, his face with deep, melancholy eyes, and rich, dark, hair, was very expressive, but seldom betrayed the emotions of his soul, the wealth of imagination, wit and humor. Certain odd peculiarities of his personal and artistic character, which became more apparent when health began to fail, cannot insure the general impression of his true nature.

With Mendelssohn, nothing that did not appeal to the world in general, was worth saying. Schumann must say whatever was given him to say, whether understood or not.

We stand too near them to be able to judge which is the greater of the two. Those at the foot of the mountain cannot form a correct judgment. But music is justified of all her children, and not far from Bach and Beethoven, stand Mendelssohn and Schumann.

8.

Carrie Hubbard.



THE CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS OF SCHUMANN'S MUSIC

READ BEFORE

THE DESMOINES WOMENS CLUB

MAY NINTH, EIGHTEEN-NINETY-FOUR

BY

MRS. J. A. JACKSON.

THE CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS OF SCHUMANN'S MUSIC.

Closely following in Schuberts path came another able leader of the romantic school, the ardent and progressive Schumann, great both as a musical critic and composer, his work was invaluable in educating the public taste to appreciate the new music of Schubert, Chopin and others.

The crusade he carried on against the empty forms and phrases of the popular music of his time had its counterpart also in the literary world. He went much farther in this new movement than Schubert. In song the music and words are still more closely united and he is not only romantic in this but in instrumental music as well. It was impossible for Schumann to write according to the classical method even when he made strenuous efforts to do so. He is a perfect produce of the romantic spirit of his time.

In his songs he leaves the true close to the instrument. He disliked repetitions in the text to fill up or make an emphatic close, saying that the feeling aroused by the words was best left unexpressed except by the music. He says, "the proper function of the pianoforte is to reveal some deep and secret meaning beyond the power of words to express."

He is quite versatile in the form of his compositions, writing an opera, symphonies, overtures and other choral and orchestral works besides a great quantity of songs and pianoforte pieces. Instead of casting the longer works of his instrumental

has been told; "On one of the tours he and his wife made to a foreign court, Clara was very much feted for her skill in playing. A personage of exalted rank turned to him and said, are you too, musical, Mr. Schumann?"

Among the adjectives which might be applied equally well to the style of any great composer, the following are frequently made use of with regard to Schumann, Capricious, fantastically, wild, melancholy, humorous but farcical, ingenious, dreamy, loving mysticism, eccentric, strikingly original. The last is certainly true of him if the others are.

We will see how they are verified by a closer study of him in his works. In the first place he was a physical representative of the most prominent characteristics of his style. His firm and massive features indicated vigor but his iron frame was set off by a highly nervous temperament, inclining toward melancholy.

Few musicians have been so influenced by their literary tastes. It is said that to thoroughly appreciate Schumann one should study the prominent authors of his time. He was not partial to the classics, as: Goethe and Schiller, although he set a number of their poems and dramas to music, the most noted being that to a series of scenes from Faust. He admired Byron greatly and wrote impassioned music to his drama Manfred. He is the musical exponent of Heine, called the knight with the laughing tear in his scutcheon. He reflects his bitter irony as well as deep pathos.

Like Heine he flies from bright and witty subjects to those of

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deepest gloom.

The author, however, for whom Schumann felt the deepest affinity and under whose spell he remained throughout life, was the humorous, chaotic, mystical Jean Paul. Schumann writes of him "If every one read Jean Paul he would be better natured but unhappier. He has often brought me to the verge of desperation. Still the rainbow of peace bends serenely above all the tears and the soul is wonderfully lifted up and tenderly glorified."

There is, perhaps, no other composer whose music is so interwoven with the various experiences of his life. He put his whole personality into his work. He says, "The man and musician in me were always trying to speak at once." Much of his earliest music expresses the joviality of student life, the effervescent buoyancy of youth longing for distant flights. Schumann writes for Kerners song of the Rover as though he, too, had tasted the experience of the youth, who enjoying freedom from home restraint for the first time, treads on the verge of dangerous places.

His ball room experiences even and youthful fancies have a place in his music. By using the notes represented by the letters a, b, e, g, the name of a beautiful young lady friend became the essential part of a melody. In the Carvinal, one of his great works, he puts his own name among others, into musical phrase, also the name of the town, where a young lady lived to whom he was engaged to at that time. In the Carvinal, the merriest of masqueraders is represented in musical pictures. Different occurrences

of the ball, a recognition, an avowal of love, a prelude, a pause in the dance are indicated. sounds of waltzes are heard and the names of real and fictitious characters among the jolly crowd of maskers. The letters themselves, appearing and reappearing, seem to be dancing boisterly, when suddenly all appear to vanish like phantoms of the air. As the noise of the carnival night dies away, the church clock strikes and six strokes of the bell are distinctly audible. Like Bach and Jean Baul, Schumann was fond of this symbolical association, but he never descends to the common place.

To head the component parts of his longer works with names and sentiment which lead the imagination of the player or hearer was a favorite form of composition with him. He did not think of the title first and then write about it, but put the superscription afterward.

Although corresponding to his various moods he makes use of all kinds of suggestive titles, some very curious indeed, he wished a piece to have an independent value, to be intelligible of itself. The Carvinal, Papillous and many other products suggest the height of gaiety, but what effect would this have. It is called the haunted place in the woods and has further for superscription, "The flowers although they grow high, are pale here as death. One alone is a dark red. This color is not from the earth, for it drank human blood." One is not often in a mood to enjoy anything so gruesome. It is said one cannot listen to some

of the compositions of his latest years without a feeling of oppression, without being reminded of his ultimate fate.

In the Davidsbundler waltzes, the name is a souvenir of his career as musical critic and editor. This pseudonym means the hosts of David, and was supposed to be composed of Schumann's friends and other artists of his time, but was really he himself, who under this title, waged war against the Philistines in the musical world that is against those who preferred meaningless form to true feeling. Another strange title, Kreisleriana comes from Kreisler, a fictitious character in a novel of that day. The music expresses Schumann's sorrow occasioned by the crooked course of his true love for Clara Wieck. It might just as well have been called Wertheriana or better still Schumanniana.

The year 1840 was the most remarkable of his life in creative ability. He was about to receive the hand of the bride so long struggled for, that of his faithful Clara. Schumann has said that many things unutterable can only be expressed by the pianoforte. With minor exceptions he had never written anything except for this instrument. But now when filled with this great joy the instrument seems impotent to express it all, and his soul bursts forth in song. In a single year he composed the most of his songs, about 140 in number. Loverlike the artist pair wrote conjointly twelve songs to Ruckerts Springtime of Love. In his songs he draws largely upon Heine. The two sets, "Woman's Life

lyrical efforts. In the former he is said to show deeper insight into the soul of a woman than could be expected of a man.

Although he said it was delightful to write for the voice, and friends who expected still greater things of him urged him to continue, he refused for the time saying that that vein in him was worked out. "This sounds very natural at the end of courtship.)

Schumann is not the melodist that Schubert was nor has the finish of Mendelssohn, but he surpasses both in depth of emotion and vigor.

His marriage had the immediate effect of a great advance in his artistic work. His cantata of Paradise and the Peri, from Lallah Rook, a grand composition for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, ranks with the best productions of all ages. It is difficult to tell which of his four symphonies is the finest, but that in B flat is the most popular. His quintett for piano and strings is said to be the finest piece of chamber music since Beethoven. His piano concert in A minor is also one of the works on which his fame chiefly rests. His one attempt at opera Genovefa has been called the child of his sorrows. He spent more labor upon it perhaps than upon any other of his works, but although the music possesses great beauty, it cannot be successfully represented upon the stage, owing to an excess of emotion over dramatic power. In the midst of these great works and others of a similar

nature he found time to write for his daughters three sonatas, an album for beginners and "Children's Ball."

In 1851 Schumann writes to a friend, "It should always be an artists highest aim to devote his powers to sacred music. In youth we are rooted to the earth by all our joys and sorrows. It is only with advancing age that the branches stretch higher. So I hope that the period of my highest efforts is no longer distant."

He wrote several hymns, a mass and requiem, but his terrible malady was now surely creeping upon him and these works are not as great monuments to his genius as many others.

Schumann's music now finds place upon all artists programmes and is becoming every year more popular as it is better understood. His defects, if any exist are principally those of form, for according to a well known authority, "he possessed the true key to the riddle, he understood the relation of music to emotion."

The very fineness of his works sometimes make them difficult to comprehend. We may oftener have this exquisite pleasure if we follow the hint given in the heading to one of his celebrated fantasias. The words are from Schlegel.

"Through all the tones that vibrate

About earth's mingled dream,

One whispered note is sounding for ears attent to hear."

The ear attent to hear will perceive the unity tones that run

through all the pictures which the imagination of the composer
unrolls to his view.



MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN.

A PAPER READ BY

MRS. E. C. SPINNEY

BEFORE THE

DES MOINES WOMEN'S CLUB.

MAY 9th, 1894.



Madame Clara Schumann

by

Mrs. E.C. Spinney.

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Clara Josephine Schumann, one of the greatest piano forte players the world has ever heard, was the daughter of Fredrick Weick and was born at Leipzig, September 13th. 1819. She began to play the piano forte at a very early age, under her father's guidance, and on October 20th. 1828, when she had just completed her ninth year, she made her debut in public at a concert, where she played with Emilie Reinhold in one of Kalkbrenners four hand variations. The notices in the Leipzig papers show that she was already an object of much interest in the town. At this time she was accustomed to play the concertos of Mozart and Hummel, with orchestra, from memory, and thus early did she lay the foundation of that sympathy with the orchestra which so distinguished her. On November 8th. 1830, when just past eleven years she gave the first concert at the Gewandhaus under the good old name of "Musikalische Akademie", and her performance is cited by the A. M. Z., as a proof how far application and good teaching can bring out great natural gifts at so early an age, and she is praised by the critic just referred to, for already possessing the brilliant style of the greatest players of the day. Her next appearance was on May 9th. 1831 in pieces by Pixis and Herz--still bravura music. About this time she was taken to Weimar,

Cassel, and Frankfort, and in the spring of 1832 to Paris, where she gave a concert on April 13th., of which, however, no details are to be found. Mendelssohn was there at the time, but was suffering from an attack of cholera and thus the meeting of these two great artists--destined to become such great friends--was postponed. On July 9th. and 31st 1832, she gave two other musicals in Leipzig at which besides Pixis and Herz, we find Chopin's variations La si daren, (opus 2) a piece which only a few months before Robert Schumann had welcomed with his first, and one of his most spirited reviews. In October, 1832, Clara Wieck seems to have made her debut at the Gewandhaus Concert, in Moscheles' G minor concerto, and from that time forward her name was regularly found in the programs of those famous Subscription Concerts, as well as of others held in the same hall. Hitherto it will be observed that her music has been almost altogether bravura, but on November 9th. 18³²~~43~~ she played with Mendelssohn and Rakeman in Bach's triple concerto in D minor, and about the same time Moscheles mentions her performance of one of Schubert's trios and Beethoven's trio in B flat. In the winter of 1836 she made her visit to Vienna and remained during the winter, playing with great success and receiving the appointment of "Kk. Kammer-virtuosin". Schumann had been on very intimate terms with the Wieck family for some years, but it appears not to have been until the spring of 1836 that his attachment to Clara was openly avowed, and it was not until September 12th. 1840 after a series of delays and difficulties

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that they were married. For eighteen months after this event Madame Schumann remained in Leipzig. We find her name in the Gewandhaus programs attached to great master pieces, but occasionally making a romantic excursion as in December, 1841, when she twice played with Liszt in a piece of his, for two pianos. In the early part of 1842 she and her husband made a tour to Hamburg, which she continued alone as far as Copenhagen. Later in that year they were in Vienna together. In 1844 Schumann's health made it necessary to leave Leipzig and remove to Dresden, where they remained until 1850. During all this time Madame Schumann's life was bound up with her husband and they were separated only by the exigencies of her profession. She devoted herself not only to his society, but to the bringing out of his music, much of which, such as the piano forte concerto, the quintet, quartet and trios, owed their first reproduction to her. In the early part of 1846 Schumann was induced to go to Petersburg and in the winter of the same year they were again at Vienna, and there Madame Schumann made the acquaintance of Jennie Lind, and these two great artists appeared together at a concert in December. She made her first visit to England, played at the Philharmonic on April 14th., and 28th. 1856. On June 17th., she gave an afternoon recital at the Hanover Square rooms. She also played at the Musical Union June 24th. and returned from London to Bonn just before her husband's death, July 29th. After this event she and her family resided for some years in Berlin with her mother who had separated from Wieck

and had married a musician named Bargiel, and in 1863 she settled at Baden-Baden, which then became her usual headquarters until 1874. Her reception in this conservative country was hardly such as to encourage her to repeat her visit, and many years passed before she returned. In 1865, however, the appreciation of Schumann's music had greatly increased on this side of the channel, and the anxiety of amateurs to hear an artist whose fame on the continent was so great, and so peculiar, became so loudly expressed that Madame Schumann was induced to make a second visit. She played at the Philharmonic May 29th., Musical Union April 28th. and June 6th., etc. In 1867 she returned again and after this her visits became an annual one up to 1882, interrupted only when health and other circumstances would not permit her to travel. In 1866 she again visited Austria and gave six concerts at Vienna, and any coldness that the Viennese may have previously shown her husband's compositions, was then atoned for. In 1878 she accepted the post of principal teacher of the piano forte in the Conservatoire founded by Dr. Hoch at Frankfort.

To speak of the charm of Madame Schumann's personality, of the atmosphere of the noble and earnest simplicity which surrounds her in private life, no less than in her public performances, would require more time than is allotted me. She is deeply and widely beloved, and a few years ago when there appeared to be a prospect of her being compelled by ill-health to abandon her public appearances, the esteem and

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affectation of her numerous friends took the practical form of a subscription, and a considerable sum of money was raised in Germany and England for her use. In 1886 she made another visit to London, since which time she has lived a retired life at Frankfort-on-the-Main, spending her summers among the mountains. Happily she has two daughters who are both very fine music teachers, and when they have exceptionally talented pupils Madame Schumann listens to their performances, criticising and encouraging both pupil and teacher.

As an artist, Madame Schumann's place is undoubtedly in the first rank of living pianists; indeed she may perhaps be considered to stand higher than any of her contemporaries if not as regards possession of natural or acquired gifts, yet in the use she makes of them. Her playing is characterized by an entire absence of personal display, a keen perception of the composers meaning, and of unfailing power of setting it forth in perfectly intelligible form. These qualities would lead one to pronounce her one of the most intellectual of players, were it not that, that term has come to imply a certain coldness or lack of feeling which is never perceived in her playing. But just such a use of intellectual powers as serves the purpose of true art, insuring perfect accuracy in all respects, no liberties being taken with the text, even when playing from memory, and above all securing an interpretation of the composers work, which is at once intelligible to the listener--this certainly forms an essential part of her playing.

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With all this, however, Madame Schumann's playing evinces great warmth of feeling, and a true poet's appreciation of absolute beauty, so that nothing ever sounds harsh or ugly in her hands; indeed it may fairly be said that after hearing her play a fine work, one always becomes aware that it contains beauties hitherto undiscovered. This is no doubt due to the peculiarly beautiful quality of the tone she produces, which is rich and vigorous without the slightest harshness, and it is obtained even in the loudest passages by pressure with the fingers rather than by percussion. Indeed her playing is particularly free from violent movement of any kind; in passages, the fingers keep close to the keys and squeeze instead of striking them, while chords are grasped from the wrist, rather than struck from the elbow. She founds her Technique upon the principle laid down by her father Fredrick Wieck, who also was her instructor, that "the touch (i.e., the blow of the finger upon the key) should never be audible, but only the musical sound", an axiom, the truth of which, there is some danger of overlooking, in the endeavor to compass the extreme difficulties of certain kinds of modern piano forte music. Madame Schumann's repertoire is very large, extending from Scarlatti and Bach to Mendelssohn and Chopin, and it would be difficult to say that she excels in her rendering of any one composer's work, rather than another, unless it be in the interpretations of her husband's music. Madame Schumann's compositions, though not very numerous, evince that earnestness of purpose which distinguished her

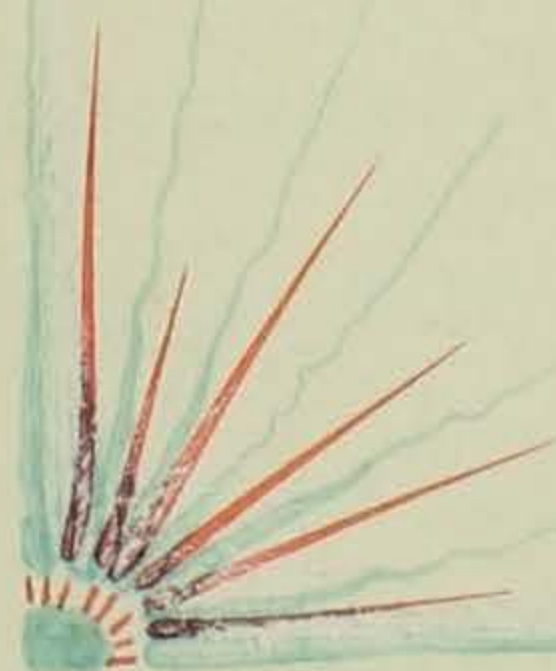
work in general. Even her earliest essays, which are short piano forte pieces written for the most part in dance form, are redeemed from any approach to triviality by the interesting rhythms and in particular by the freshness of their modulations, the latter being indeed in some cases original, even to abruptness. The general characteristic is that of delicacy rather than that of force. Her later works are more serious and of excellent construction, forming a most valuable study in the legato part-playing. There are also, as may be expected, many movements which bear traces of the influence of Schumann's music both in harmony and rhythm. As her musical life was influenced by his, so in turn she was the genius of his life, the companion, friend and counselor of his works, the guide and inspirer that led him to his loftiest and most enduring efforts, and since his death she has been his faithful interpreter. As an artist she has commanded the homage and admiration of the world. As a woman she stands peerless, in the nobility, dignity and beauty of her womanhood.

PURCHASE OF
Two ART PIECES
World Fair Souvenirs
JOAN of ARC.
and
DIANA

REPORT BY

Mrs HARRY WEST

Chairman—



The committee on World's Fair souvenirs, consisting of Mrs. E. R. Clapp, Mrs. J. H. Windsor, and Mrs. Harry West, report the purchase of two art pieces, one in bronze, of F. Barbedienne, Paris, France, the other in marble of O. Andrioni, Rome, Italy. The committee also take pleasure in announcing that they were fortunate in securing these pieces at a great reduction and free of duty, as they were to be the nucleus of an Art Gallery. The sum of three hundred and eighty dollars was paid for them, the original price being five hundred and eighty dollars.

The bust of Diana is the work of Earnest Gagreri and is a copy of the Diana of the Louvre. It is of heroic size and is of the finest carrara marble.

The bronze is the work of Chapu, one of the great sculptors of France, representing Joan of Arc kneeling and gazing upward beholding visions. The original of this piece is in the Luxembourg Gallery. A life sized plaster cast exhibited in the Art Building, World's Fair, has since been removed to the Chicago Art Institute and occupies the most prominent position in the rotunda. Brownell on French Art says "Chapu's Maid is everybody's Maid. She is full of expression arrested just before it ceases to be suggestive. The Maid is hearing her voices as distinctly as Bastien Lepage's figure, but the fact

is not forced upon the sense but is rather disclosed to the mind with great delicacy and the dignity becoming sculpture"

This piece is an excellent illustration of a modern working naturally and freely in the antique spirit.

We might wish our Joan to be in marble and regret the state of our finances would not permit of the one thousand dollars required to purchase a figure the same size in marble.

The committee were assisted in making their selection by Mr. Lorado Taft, a prominent sculpture of Chicago, and feel sure that these pieces will be an inspiration to students of art.

MARY CHASE WEST,

CHAIRMAN.

REPORT OF GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMENS CLUBS,
HELD IN PHILADELPHIA IN MAY, 1894.

The General Federation of Womens Clubs, have just finished their second biennial meeting. It was a great gathering of earnest representative women, nearly 400 literary and study clubs being represented, and with delegates, visiting, and resident members, over one thousand women conferred together on subjects relative to ideal clubs, and the best methods of making the federation of service in promoting culture and mutual helpfulness. The first meeting was held two years ago in Chicago, and certainly the two years intervening between that meeting and this, have wrought great and important changes to women everywhere. This second biennial was a great improvement on the first in every way, except perhaps in the City that entertained it, for we of the west must be loyal to our cities of the west. There was greater freedom of speech, and less of the cut and dried plan, more spontaniety, less of we "eastern people"; this was truly gratifying to the west, who felt at the first biennial that they were

out in the cold; but the west, and western talent, seemed to be fully appreciated at this time, and the east might almost feel as we did after the first meeting. There seems to be a little misunderstanding between Sorosis and the General Federation, Sorosis claiming that there is an unprinted chapter, and that they have the honor of having made the first call for a General Federation of Womens Clubs, and laid the foundation for this great federation, organized and prepared the constitution and by-laws that were adopted, and are anxious that this fact should be known and recognized. The president seemed to think that it was not intentional, this complete ignoring of the part Sorosis took, in starting the Federation, and said it must be corrected; we are willing to let them settle that matter to suit themselves, and are satisfied with holding a membership in this great organization for the advancement and emancipation for women, the wide world over. It seemed to be possessed of the spirit of Abou Ben Adhem, famed for his love of "fellow men" in its far reaching love for "fellow women", and its methods of help in so many ways. Ruskin says "there is a best way of doing a thing, which is not accidental, but eternally right", and the General Federation seems to have found that way.

The first meeting in Philadelphia was called on Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock in the New Century Club House, each delegate appearing to have her credentials passed upon. Such a discordant jam as that was, such pushing, crowding, and squeezing to get to those two little timid women, who sat at a table in a small room, and slowly wrote correct, opposite the names of the clubs represented. I think this could be greatly improved upon, have a bigger room, more tables, and select strong women, (like they select policeman in some cities, by size) able to battle against four or five hundred delegates. But we finally did get through, and after resting awhile, went back near the same crowded room, and received our badges, programs, and tickets for the afternoon and evening meetings. Everything was done systematically, and in a businesslike way, but there were too many people wanting to be attended to immediately. It was a distinguished looking company, intelligent, bright faces, and remarkably well dressed. One of the city papers made this comment, "that the fair delegates representing the club women of this country, and indeed of the world, were for the most part, faultlessly dressed, and there was nowhere apparent any show of neglect of the physical and outward graces, in the race to attain greater intellectual and moral

culture". Another paper stated that "every delegate brought two large trunks, and that they never appeared in the same gown twice, but emerged from the Hotel each time in a different hat, gown, and shoes." They were well dressed, not gaudily, but elegantly, and there were no allusions in the papers to short haired women, no ridiculous epithets hurled at this Convention, as there would have been, and was, twenty years ago. It was apparent, too, that the women were in no sense club women, in the sense that many men are club men; there were no fashionable loungers among the delegates, or if there were, they were in a hopeless minority. The convention was shown many courtesies by different organizations in the city, but the time was too limited to permit the acceptance of them. We did, however, attend the reception given Wednesday evening by the New Century Womens Club, dressed in our very best clothes, and wearing our most seductive smiles; but a change came over us very soon, after entering those crowded rooms; it was intolerably hot and jammed, no seats provided for the rheumatic delegates to rest upon, consequently some of us were very unhappy. We saw all the celebrities in a very short time, took in the new gowns, ate an ice, and were ready to go home in an hour or less time, an unheard of record for some of us, our husbands would say. But indeed the New Century Club Ladies were very kind, and

showed us every hospitality and kindness possible. Their Club House is very fine, and awakened almost a feeling of envy, but I must keep this subject for another time. I have gone ahead too far; I should have said something about the first session. After our credentials were passed upon, we secured seats and waited until Miss Mary Grew, of Philadelphia, of anti-slavery fame, was introduced and offered a short prayer. She is a sweet, plain looking old lady now. Mrs. Longstreth, President of the New Century Club, then welcomed the General Federation, in a short address, full of honest, heartfelt welcome, wanted us to appropriate and enjoy to the full their new Club house, their City, and their Institutions; the address was replete with hospitality and genuine welcome. Mrs. Longstreth was responded to by Mrs. Brown, Pres. on behalf of the General Federation, in her usual happy manner. She spoke of the wonderful growth of the club movement, telling us that at the first biennial there was only fifty clubs represented, at the next meeting two hundred had come in, and they had now increased to three hundred and fifty five, and before the next biennial would probably reach five hundred. She thought the work had only just begun, and at no distant time, the Womens Clubs for moral and intellectual developement would be

numbered by the thousands. These advantages would be more and more sought after: the club rooms were centers of social and intellectual culture, and could not be confined to any one country. In Federation matters wisdom and business principles must prevail. She thought the Federation should stand alone, and was not in favor of uniting with any other organization. She also favored clubs composed of women alone, and not mixed clubs of women and men, as many are proposing. She said we are not ready yet to enter into competition with men. There was plenty of room for women of all shades of thought". That last was quite comforting to many of us; we don't have to be brilliant, and write or speak, or do some great thing, but the clubs are for all kinds of womanly women, and each one can find the groove that is just suited for them to work in. She seemed to feel glad she had been able to do so much for the Federation, had been able to put so much heart in it. The future, she said, was beautiful with hope". After some reports upon the Exposition exhibits, the Federation badge committee, foreign correspondence, and Club organization, the Federation adjourned to meet at 2:30 o'clock.

The entire afternoon was filled with the reports of the state chairmen, some of them were full of interest, but in the main were

too long, and could have been cut down just half, and been much better. Our own state chairman, Mrs. Jessie Mallory Thayer, had the best and most concise report read. She reported our Club as having 140 members, and \$3000.00 in the treasury. I think this latter fact was greatly appreciated, and seemed to give us prestige; money, even in womens clubs, is a good thing. I think we were a little set up, ourselves, and felt a little more important on account of our wealth. We have really, though, 161 names on our roll, and something over \$3000.00 in Bank.

The State reports were not nearly finished, but were sandwiched in afterward, whenever there was a little time. The second day the papers announced in big headlines that there had been a gentle breeze at the womans convention, and it seemed to afford them pleasure. In reality, there was only a difference of opinion. The business laid over from the Chicago Biennial was taken up, and Mrs. May Wright Sewall, a very brilliant woman, President of the National Council of women, said there was a proposition laid over from the last meeting, that it was proper this meeting should discuss, viz., the proposition made to this Federation to become a member of the National Council of Women. A real sensation was stirred by this, and one could see whisper-

ing going on all around, and a general look of "I told you so". Some one said it was made a special order of business, and was open for discussion; just then some one moved to lay it on the table, and the ayes were a big majority. Some zealous friends of Miss Sewalls asked a reconsideration of the motion, but it was lost. The afternoon meeting was held in the Chestnut Street Theatre, and was the most interesting and profitable meeting of the Federation to those who really wanted practical hints and suggestions. The only trouble being that there was not enough of them, many were above our reach, too ideal by far. Most of those speaking thought there could be no ideal club without a man in it. In other words, a mixed club was the ideal club. The papers said the women were unanimous in this, but this was a mistake. Many of us are willing to do much for the elevation of man, but are not willing to admit them into our Clubs, and I am not sure that we ever will be. I want to give a few of the best things said, as I remember them.

The first speaker was Doctor Hackett Stevenson, President of the Chicago Womens Club, a woman of striking personal appearance, and a charming individuality. She thought the officering of an ideal Club was the most important part, and said there was a

great deal of missionary work in Club work. She favored rotation in office; no office but that of Secretary should be held more than one term, perhaps that of treasurer, too, might be held longer. She believed a Secretary in a large Club should be paid, as the work was so laborious. All large Clubs should have a department of economics, because under that head the Club may place reform, philanthropy, etc., etc. She found in the practical workings of Clubs it was difficult to get the members to express their views openly, but would talk among themselves after the meeting, when it was too late to do any good. After this talk, we had a "womens rights" poem. The reader wanted the Senate to turn its attention from tariff and money to the rights of women. I was not particularly struck by the poem. Then came a talk about originality in Clubs. Mrs. Babcock, of Oil City, said their Club had given up papers, and had devoted a year to original episodes in the lives of their members, and personal recollections, and had found it wonderfully interesting and profitable. May Wright Sewall thought the greatest benefit to be derived from a Club is learning to see a thing from another's standpoint. She thought it always commendable to have the courage of ones own convictions, but how much more so, to have the courage of ano-

thers opinions. Many of the next speakers were those who thought the ideal club could only be a mixed Club of men and women. Men would think more of women could they hear them discuss questions in the Club; they only acknowledge now the ability of women at home not outside. Julia Ward Howe thought that mixed clubs should not take the place of womens Clubs, but thought there might be a middle ground where such Clubs could be organized, and that such a Club might be productive of good to both men and women.

Mrs. Shattuck, the author of our little book on Parliamentary rules, thought the men would not come, would not care for our Clubs; that had been her experience. Our own delegate, Mrs. Windsor, said some good things about extemporaneous speaking in Clubs, and urged careful preparation and thought. The bell tapped before she quite finished. I was sorry, for I knew the best was reserved for the last. A number of speakers now occupied the time, sometimes a dozen rising at once, all trying to be recognized by the President, some advocating large Clubs, some small ones. Some thought best to limit the number, but all seemed to agree that large Clubs were best, where there was much to be done. Purely literary Clubs were advised by some; others wanted freedom of speech, a "mutual hospitality" that could discuss any and all questions. One said her Club had been studying the laws of the

States in regard to women and children, said we must keep up with the procession. Things move so fast in this day and age that the actions of five years ago appear like ancient history.

Madame Karon, the Syrian Commissioner to the Worlds Columbian Exposition, and who is in this country now studying our manners and customs, and some other things, said in her opinion our women belonged to too many clubs; urged attention to one or two, so that the work might be well done. She was a beautiful woman, and made a good impression on the audience, dressed in native costume.

Then came a talk on the requisites of club membership; the speaker said we took in too many women because they were our neighbors, because our children played with their children in "our back yard", and did not stop to consider whether they would be an advantage to the Club or not. Club members must be women who realized their own individuality and ambitions. Other speakers urged women to take hold of municipal and school matters, urged them to take positions on school boards, claiming they were better adapted to such work than men, understood children and their needs better.

Everything under the sun was talked of, much not relevant to "Ideal Clubs", but mostly good talk under some head. Many ex-

cellent things remained unsaid, for want of time and recognition by the chair.

In the evening we had ten minute speeches. May Rogers, of Iowa, was the first speaker, her theme the new "Social Force". She proclaimed the association of women into Clubs as the new Social Force. Associated womanhood is a social force, that encourages the higher education of women, the improvement of her social conditions, and the repeal of all laws that are unjust to her. She is trained in the practical affairs of life, and versed in Literature and Philosophy. In America she has met her greatest advantages, and if historians are correct in estimating the progress of a country by the position of its women, then America leads civilization, and our clubs are important factors in this result. It was a fine effort, and highly appreciated by all, but particularly by the Iowa people, in whose hearts she holds a warm place. Mrs. Helmuth, President of Sorosis, read a paper entitled "Daughters of Sorosis", tracing their early history, and paying a high tribute to Mrs. Jennie C. Crowley, (Jennie June) who is the founder of the society in this country. Mrs. Hall, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, told us what women should do for mankind, in a humorous, satirical, way. She pictured men as giddy, fun loving creatures, whom the self appointed Apostles,

women, must try to rescue from some dreadful fate. She knew that women were capable of doing this, because in two hours she could discuss all the philosophies under the sun, settle the greatest economical questions of the day, set the fashions for the next year, and enjoy some music beside. Next was a paper read by Mrs. Longstreth, President of the Philadelphia New Century Club, "How can women fit themselves for taking part in the affairs of City and State". The paper was written by some one who could not be present, and was only read by Mrs. Longstreth. She claimed that if women were allowed a vote they would sooner bring about a better condition of things, both in City and State; urged women to think and study on this line, for the time would soon be here when they would have to act. I am inclined to think myself that the Philadelphia women would very soon inaugurate some important changes in that City, had they power. The appointing of the police force ought, at least, be left to them, for the present force seemed remarkable only for great size, and stupendous stupidity.

Mrs. Clark, of New York, talked about the democracy of Womens Clubs. Her idea was that the first requisite for membership was a high moral character, second, ideas, snobbery, and toadyism

should not be tolerated. The rich and the poor are on an equal footing, democracy is the foundation of the Federation. "Womens demands on the Newspaper" was a well written and delivered address by Mrs. Merrill. She said all this stuff in the newspapers about women, and the "womens column", etc., didn't suit women, and didn't amount to anything at all, but in the language of Van Bibber was all "Tommy rot". Mrs. Bassett, formerly Miss Cooley of Dubuque, Iowa, followed with "After College Days". This was beautifully given, and considered by many to be the gem of the evening. It was touching and pathetic in places, the glimpses of the old college life, swept the chords of remembrance like a low and plaintive strain of music.

Club courtesies and discourtesies was discusses by Kate Tannatt Woods, in an able and instructive manner. The new Century Club drawing room was crowded the next morning, and the State Reports taken up. May Wright Sewall was given the floor upon a question of personal privilege. She said that many felt that the special order of business was not disposed of satisfactorily, and went on to speak of the proposition of the General Federation becoming a member of the National Council. Mrs. Brown, (President of General Federation), here stated that the matter had been invest -

igated, and it was found to be unconstitutional. An International body is not eligible to membership in a National body. The whole business was declared out of order. The wise ones seemed to get a little mixed on parliamentary rules, as well as some of us smaller lights, and Mrs. Shattuck was frequently called upon to settle disputed points. The same old bone of contention that created the excitement in the Chicago meeting, now came up, the Nominating Committee. It was strongly objected to, and nominations from the floor urged, but it was too late for this session. Mrs. Sherwood gave notice that she would offer an amendment, or change in the by laws, at the proper time, to do away with the Nominating Committee, and which would provide that all nominations be made from the floor. She said Conventions were safe, and caucuses were not always. The Nominating Committee were now ready to announce their candidates, but previous to this a motion had been carried to seat the delegates by States. It took about one hour to do ten minutes work, simply because they did not seem to know how. The male reporters were convulsed with laughter, and seemed surprised at our advanced methods. The Committee announced their candidates, order having been once more restored, and balloting was begun for President. Mrs. Henrotin

received 251 votes, 146 being necessary to elect. Dr. Stevenson, to make it unanimous, as there was only 24 votes against her, a half dozen or more delegates voted "no", an unusual proceeding. The other candidates for different offices were soon elected. Then came the Advisory Board, and Mrs. James G. Berryhill's name was put in nomination. She arose and withdrew her name in favor of Miss May Rogers, of Dubuque, Iowa, but it was not accepted, and she was elected in spite of her withdrawal, she being President of the Iowa State Federation. There were three State Federations, and the three Presidents were put on the Advisory Board, to more closely ally State and General Federations, we were told. We asked no apology for the appointing, or rather, electing Mrs. Berryhill; it was a compliment to Iowa and Des Moines that we fully appreciated. Friday afternoon was to be devoted to the discussion of the Ideal Federation, but there seemed to be so many interruptions in the way of announcements, invitations, etc., and so many other subjects were introduced, that it did not seem to be a profitable meeting. Some one wanted every woman present to interest herself in having the Law Universities opened to women, another thought there should be more young women in our Clubs, and

we should make an effort to interest them. One wanted mixed clubs of men and women to be received into the General Federation as honorary members. Mrs. Flower, of the Chicago Womens Club, told of the great work for humanity done by their Club in Chicago. One said an ideal Club was one whose members were united on spiritual, moral, and intellectual questions. There was more said about Ideal Clubs than Ideal Federations, many who could not speak the day before claiming the privilege, but speaking upon the subject of the day before, it was like the Irishman "trying to follow them beforehand." One woman said she had no use for Ideal Clubs, it was real Clubs we ought to be discussing, and the realities and vexations we have to contend with; Ideal Clubs would be found only in Heaven. Much was said about Ideal Federations, but it was mostly in line with what had been said the day before, not much to edify, or instruct.

Mrs. Harvey, Vice President of General Federation, thanked the New Century Club and Philadelphia for its hearty hospitality, kindness, and charming weather, the Press of the City for its courteous treatment, and added humourously, for the beautiful pictures of delegates it had printed. The evening session at

the Academy of Music was not quite so enthusiastic as the evening before, but was quite as large, not a vacant seat in the house, which seats 3000.

The great interest to us from Iowa centered in Mrs. Berryhill, who was to speak, and we were not in the least disappointed. She could be heard easily all through that large hall, her enunciation being clear and distinct. No one during the whole Convention held the audience as she did, or seemed more magnetic. Mrs. Brown told me she reminded her of St Cecelia all the time she was speaking. We felt great pride in her success, and took pleasure in telling she belonged to our Club. Mrs. Osgood from Maine spoke of One Woman. She made a plea for strong individuality. Said we must cultivate it as a heritage from Heaven. The Lecture habit was the title of a paper written by Miss Louise Stockton, read by Mrs. Johnson. The paper was well read, but we were all disappointed not to see Miss Stockton, and hear her read her own paper. Mrs. Henrotin gave an able and comprehensive talk, then requesting the Chatauqua salute for the retiring President. After a few fitting words of farewell, the Convention adjourned for two years.

Mrs. E. R. Clapp.

REPORT OF THE PHILADELPHIA BIENNIAL, MAY 11th, 1894.

READ BY HARRIETT B. WINDSOR

before the

DES MOINES WOMEN'S CLUB.

June 6th, 1894

The people of the staid lethargic town of Philadelphia stood aghast at the sight of the representatives of the progressive moving spirit of this Nineteenth Century, and figuratively speaking, with aristocratic dignity, drew their cambric skirts around their antique limbs, and cried to the motley crowd of strangers within their gates; "Go slow, do not jostle so." All culture should have a good foundation; and in order to accomplish that we should begin at the first principles. Philadelphia realizing this, set before us a grand living pageant of the dead past. The manners, the customs, and even the people seemed to belong to a past century. On every street corner was a personification of the Egyptian Sphinx in the guise of a policeman, who had so evolved out of the ordinary grosser human, that the single recognizable missing link was represented by the one phrase that it was still possible for him to say, and that was invariably; "I dont know." The dusky gods who presided over the tables, belonged to the fabled family of gods who were in the grinding business, and they worked with the same deliberate purpose, but however, they had retrograded some-what as regards sure-

ness. When the golden shafts of sunshine first burst upon the morn, they kissed into life and activity the silent lips of the hoary fishmonger,- the personifier of the singing Memnon of the Egyptian plains; and he rested under our windows while he warbled, but it was impossible for us within to rest.

They have solved one problem in Philadelphia that has long been troubling the world, and that is, employment for the feeble minded . There, the class that is wholly irresponsible, lacking memories, and even the ability to recognize their own writing, is utilized to keep caravansaries for the purpose of entertaining homeless wayfarers. At the Metropole Asylum, where we stopped, the people seemed perfectly harmless, if not interfered with in any way; but, woe, to the person who dared to cross their puny wills, or question their purposes. We will no doubt learn to accustom ourselves to these little peculiarities if we go east often enough; but you know we western people are a little slow about adapting ourselves to new conditions.

The Philadelphia people are very hospitable, and did every thing in their power to make it pleasant for us, and we should not criticize them for characteristics that

they cannot help; it is the result of their environment. As one lady remarked, she did not believe they knew yet, that the Continental Congress had adjourned.

The second biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs will be recorded in the history of that organization as a most successful, and in every way satisfactory meeting. And each individual member who was permitted to enjoy the privilege of being present, will cherish the memories of those three delightful days as choice bits of realized idealism snatched from this practical old world. We read, talk, and know of these leaders among women, but personal magnetism is a controlling power, and a touch of the hand, a glance of the eye, and the intangible quality of voice vibration, and there is revealed to us the power to which we bow down. I feel that no one could have gone through those days, and not been impressed with the ability, the earnestness, the kindly spirit, the unselfishness, and the sisterly love of that body of women. First among them, Charlotte Emerson Brown showed herself to be at all times thoughtful, considerate, helpful and patient, and I can assure you her place was not an easy one. In her parliamentary rulings, when

at fault, she gracefully acknowledged it; and appealed for guidance on every doubtful point to Mrs. Harriett Shattuck, author of "Shattuck's Manual." Mrs. Shattuck has a bright, intelligent face, and a pleasant but quick and decisive way of settling vexed questions.

It was said that over 400 club representatives were present, but as near as could be ascertained, there were but 280 delegates, there being but that number of votes cast for President. Delegates from 37 states were present. The fact that Illinois has 59 Federated Clubs, the largest number of any one state, would seem to testify that she realizes her lack of culture, and is making a mighty effort to get out of the slough.

On the evening of May 8th, the majority of the delegates had already arrived, and after a most spirited encounter with the hotel clerk, the fortunate or unfortunate ones were able to secure rooms- without board, at two and a half or three dollars per day. During the evening Charlotte Emerson Brown held a short informal reception in the hotel parlor. But many dared not trust themselves in that coterie of strong minded women until after they had been rested and refreshed. I venture to say, many weary little brains had but

a fitful troubled sleep that night. A mighty responsibility was weighing on inexperienced shoulders. It was a question of how we should meet these great lights; should it be with a deferential air, or should we put on a cool indifferent manner? (As we have been warned to do when meeting English people). What should we say? What would they say? What would the world say? But Ah! we might have spared ourselves all of this agonizing, for greatness at a distance is one thing, and hob-nobbing with greatness is another. I venture to say there is not one of us but stands in greater awe of our cook, than we felt in the presence of those noble women.

Promptly at nine o'clock Wednesday morning, we, with about 800 other women, tried to crowd ourselves into the audience chamber of the New Century Club house, a room credited to hold 600. And I am quite sure from my recollection of the crush that we succeeded. The first matter was the presentation of credentials. If Des Moines ever has the good fortune to entertain the Federation, we three, who went through that experience should be on the Credential Committee, for we certainly learned by experience, that one dear little woman with sweet smiling eyes was hardly sufficient to pass upon the merits of such a crowd in a limited space of time.

Until that formidable credential was recorded we could not get our ticket that would entitle us to badge, program, entrance tickets, etc.

At ten A.M. May 9th the first formal meeting was called, with Charlotte Emerson Brown in the chair. On her right was the Vice President, Mrs. Julia Plato Harvey. On the stage were seated about a dozen prominent Club women, among whom we recognized Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. J.C. Croley, Miss May Rogers of Iowa, etc. After the call to order, Miss Mary Grew, one of the famous anti-slavery advocates of Philadelphia invoked the Divine blessing. The president of the New Century Club of Philadelphia, Mrs. Edward Longstreth, then gave the address of welcome with a voice, that if not sweet, had the merit of being perfectly audible in the most remote corner of the room. She urged upon her hearers the cultivation of those things which lead to a higher life, and called particular attention to their beautiful clubhouse, built and managed by women. Mrs. Brown followed with a short address, congratulating the Second Biennial on being able to hold its sessions in the historic city of Philadelphia. The literary club movement she regarded as most far reaching, potent and helpful. She referred to the phenomenal growth of the Federation, stating that they began with 50 clubs. At the first

Biennial they had 200, they now have 350 directly federated, and 100 more belonging in groups. There are three foreign countries now belonging to the Federation, Australia being the latest addition, the other two being India and Ceylon. Mrs. Brown urged that the General Federation placed before women a high and noble interest that was second to no other in importance. She referred to the Club as the training school for woman's broadening work. She does not approve of mixed clubs (men and women) until we have shaped and polished our armor and are better able to cope with the experienced powers. She said; "let literature and general improvement be the chief aim, and not be drawn aside and our strength wasted on outside or diverging interests." She advised the organization of State Federations as helpers to the General Federation, but not as independent workers, if Clubs cannot belong to both, she feels that the greater good is to be derived from the General Federation. There are but three State Federations at present, Massachusetts, Iowa and Maine.

Mrs. Lozier, ex-president of the "Sorosis", as chairman of the badge committee, gave a short talk upon the Federation pin. She said the blue was symbolical of the overarching, all embracing sky, while the sun symbolized the

rising sun of women's influence. The motto "Unity in Diversity" was suggested by their much loved Mrs. Croley. It was suggested that those desiring individual club badges and not wishing to wear two pins, should have some sort of pendant attached to the Federation pin. A Club may furnish its own design or small simple pendants of sterling silver will be furnished by those who furnish the pins at fifty cents apiece. She said the mission of pins was to hold things together, and that that but emphasized the appropriateness of the Federation pin.

Wednesday afternoon, and part of the two following mornings were devoted to the Club reports from states, compiled and read by the Chairman of State Correspondence. This detail work was of necessity characterized by but little variety, yet it possessed quite a degree of interest for all Club women, as was evidenced when later in the session, a motion was made to omit the State reports at the future Biennials, requiring the State Chairman to send in her Club reports at least six weeks before the Biennial meeting, and have some one capable person appointed to cull from the whole number any especial points considered desirable, and present but one

lengthy paper instead of 37 short ones. Julia Ward Howe, and other prominent women objected to this seriously; considering it would take from the Federation a great part of the individual interest, effort, and attendance. Rachel Foster Avery approved of reports but thought there was no need of their beginning back at the Garden of Eden. The motion was promptly voted down.

A letter was read from Dr. Emma Brainard Ryder of Bombay, telling of the good work being done in India, and citing the fact that their Club work had been the means of bringing together nine different castes, their motto is: "And the world was made for women also."

The report for our state was prepared and read by Jessie Mallory Thayer of Chariton, and I would like to say that no state made a better showing as to character of work, prosperity, growth of clubs, etc., than our own dear Iowa. I do not remember in all the Clubs reported, any that were represented to have such a bank account as our own. When it was announced an audible, "Oh", went around the room. Perhaps that simply indicated surprise that we should be such poor managers as to not invest it in a permanent home.

Wednesday night occurred the great reception given

by the "New Century Club", in their beautiful Club House, and I believe by people generally it was considered the most unsatisfactory affair of the whole meeting, the crush was so great that there was very little comfort or pleasure, and the social feature of the evening seemed to be monopolized principally by the friends of Mrs. Henrotin for electioneering purposes. However, we met some very bright, agreeable people during the half hour of our stay.

Thursday morning the principal thing of interest was an attempt to bring before the Federation, as deferred business, the question of uniting the Federation with the "National Council." The business was promptly tabled. The next morning an effort was made to take it from the table, and Mrs. May Wright Sewell made a short telling speech in favor of it, but the motion to consider it was quickly voted down, and Charlotte Emerson Brown made the statement that she had examined into the case and found it was not possible for an International body to ally itself with a National one.

Thursday afternoon the meeting was held in one of the Opera Houses; and the subject of the Ideal Club was rather freely discussed. I regret you could not all have heard the good points made there. Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson opened

the discussion. She thought Secretaries should be paid officers. Also that the members should express their opinions in the meetings and not wait until questions are decided, and then criticize in the corridors the persons who decided them.

A short address was made in favor of women- if they had anything to say,- saying it so they could be heard, so that it would carry the impression of earnestness. The speaker said if one of these shrinking, weak voiced women wanted Johnny to come home, she did not announce it to him in that doubtful, helpless sort of way. Our former DesMoines woman, Elizabeth Boynton Harbert referred to our husbands as at that time doing double duty to home and state. One speaker approved of large Clubs, as productive of more talent and charity. May Wright Sewell referred to the tabooed subjects in their own Club in Indiana; for 19 years they were not allowed to speak upon Women's Suffrage, Politics or Religion. For their 20th Anniversary they made up a program entirely of these subjects. She said it was a great thing to have the courage of ones own convictions, but a still greater thing to have the courage to hear some one else's opinions.

Many spoke in favor of mixed Clubs as the future "Ideal Club". Mrs. Shattuck quoted from Shakespeare where Henry

IV says, " I can call Spirits from the vasty deep! When Hotspur answers, " So can I, but will they come?" So she felt of our anxiety to invite men to join with us. She felt that we should show the modesty so becoming to youth, and let them invite us to join them. Julia Ward Howe believed in a Club with a purpose, she approved of mixed Clubs , but insisted that the women's separate Clubs must not be given up. One speaker gave a plea for Clubs to join together and build a Club house in every town. Mrs. Harriett Robinson (the mother of Mrs. Shattuck) felt that Debating Clubs were the only ideal ones . She objected to written papers followed by discussions, and advised that all business be manipulated in open Club. Madam Korani, an Assyrian who is studying medicine in this country, is rather a refutation of the old idea, that beauty and brains do not go together. She thought that the ideal Club would be sooner realized if women would be content to belong to two or three , and do their duty well by them, and not try to be a moving power in a dozen. She said there were three things requisite in an Ideal Club, they were; "Unity in power, harmony in action, and perseverance in purpose."

Thursday evening was one of delight. The addresses were all by well known women. Our own May Rogers gave the

opening address on the "New Social Force," which she defined as "associated womenhood." She said that in past times the Club woman would not have been possible, for self development used to be the prerogative of man, while self sacrifice was the feminine virtue. A Mrs. Bassett (formerly an Iowa girl) gave a most charming address on the subject of "Old College days." She said, according to statistics only 26% of college girls ever married. If it were not that we are all supposed to have finished our education, I would not feel justified in making this fact known among you.

Friday morning, after getting us in a most terrible snarl, we were finally extricated and seated according to states. We had twelve representatives from Iowa. Mrs. Brown in her desperate efforts to bring order out of chaos during this seating dilemma, almost wore her gavel out, but her face was as serene, her smile as sweet, and her temper as placid as on the first day. Dr. Hackett Stevenson took advantage of the few minutes while we were waiting for the nominating committee to make its report, and offered a resolution requiring the same moral standard of character for men as for women. Julia Ward Howe seconded it, and it carried without a dis-

senting vote. The nominating committee then made its appearance with the prepared ticket, and in a very few minutes the election was over, it being merely a matter of form and nothing more, the power is all with the nominating committee, and the method was severely criticized.

The afternoon was devoted to finishing the discussion on the Ideal Club and the discussion on the Ideal Federation. The speeches, as those of the afternoon before, were limited to three minutes, some were to the point and some were not. Mrs. Gen. Mussey, V.P. Business Women's Association of Washington, wanted the Federation and every Club connected with it, to interest themselves in having law universities opened to women. A Sorosis member urged making more of an effort to draw the young women in the Clubs. She maintained they did not go to be amused but to profit by contact with mature minds. Miss Steele of Ohio desired that mixed Clubs should be admitted to honorary membership by the Federation. Ella Dietz Clymer desired to hasten the formation of Clubs, as she considered that only the first step in the advance of women. Mrs. James F. Fowler of Chicago referred to the great work done during the past winter among the suffering poor.

Mrs. Lozier of Sorosis said, in her opinion an ideal organization was one where the members were united on spiritual, moral and intellectual grounds. It goes without saying that such organizations would be limited to one member each. Mrs. Strickland, representing the Society for Physical Culture & Correct Dress, felt that their society was laying the foundation stones for the intellectual development of the race. Some fearless soul dared to make the criticism of the discussion in general as tending too much towards the ideal, and dealing too little with the practical. But in any line of work if we always confined ourselves to the stupifying dead level of the practical, where would progress be? There is a wide difference between the visionary impossible, and a healthy but ambitious ideal. The trite aphorism, "The ideal of yesterday is the reality of today", has the merit of truth and it is only by striving that we shall ever attain.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,

But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies

And we mount to its summit round by round."

Friday evening we met for the last time at the

Academy of Music to listen to the closing papers. The papers generally, it was conceded, did not compare with the work of the previous evening, some of the subjects being uninteresting; the voices of most of the speakers not filling the room, etc. Julia Ward Howe made the opening address, in which she said that combinations with selfish ends were so common that associations of an opposite character were much needed. We were to look to Women's Clubs for the regeneration of society. Women's Clubs gave woman a better understanding of her own sex.

Mrs. Etta H. Osgood made a plea for strong individuality which would be eternally womanly, from perfection of the individual would result the ideal federation. Louise Stockton, sister of Frank Stockton, said; shut out so many years from education, women of today have a craze for learning totally lacking in discrimination or prudence. She urged that women make a choice of lines of thought and work.

But the hopes and interest of all of the Iowa people were centered in Mrs. Berryhill's address, and I want you to know that on every side there was nothing but praise for it. It was said to be the finest production presented to the

Federation. We all felt that it was the right and proper thing that she had been honored with a position on the Advisory Board.

The evening drew near its close with a few farewell remarks made by Mrs. Brown and the introduction of the new President, Mrs. Henrotin. The latter gave a pleasing little inaugural address, and closed it by quoting the Shibboleth that Mrs. Berryhill had suggested "Wisdom and Love." Mrs. Henrotin said "One person cannot carry on this work successfully alone, it must be by united effort, and I beseech you to help me with your wisdom, and I will give you my love."

And so closed the second Biennial of Women's Clubs.

Harriett B. Windsor

Delegate to the Second Biennial.

Ladies of the Club, and Friends:

" Another year, the 9th in the Calender of the Des Moines Womens' Club, has passed quietly into history, leaving its record of earnest effort, and honest purpose to speak as best it may, of its growth and success, while the dawn of the new year brings bright promise of still greater possibilities to be realized, and still larger hopes to be fulfilled." We meet to-day under the most favorable circumstances, to resume the work which we relinquished for needed rest during the heat of Summer. Doubtless we are all refreshed and invigorated and ready to enter upon the duties of the new year with augmented zeal. I think we may fairly and without boasting, congratulate ourselves upon the character of our work during the past year. We did good, earnest, thoughtful work, and a great deal of it, many times crowding too much into one afternoon, and I would like to suggest that we try to make our papers shorter, and not quite so numerous. While we were all favorable to free and informal discussion of the papers, and all realized the good, that might have been ~~denied~~^{lost} by an honest, free, interchange of thought and opinions, still our time was too limited to allow it, and I feel that we have lost in this ~~neglect~~^{respect}, and hope we may find some remedy, some way, to bring about what most

of the Club desire. Another thing I believe would be a benefit to our Club, that is listening to the bright women from other Clubs and other Cities; it would put us in touch with the outside world; it would broaden us, and make us more tolerant of the opinions of others.

The past year was not quite what we had hoped for in a financial way. We made no money, but we spent a little very judiciously, and can at least say the long talked of " Art Collection" has been started, and can point with pride to our Joan of Arc, our beautiful Diana, and the lovely picture we have before us, a copy of Carot, the gift of dear friends who felt our need and responded so generously. A small beginning, 'tis true, but with large expectations, and hearts brimful of hope, we still believe the Des Moines Womens' Club will accomplish what it so earnestly desires in the way of an Art gallery for our City.

We have met, in the past year, women from all parts of the Country, who have built club houses, and done much philanthropic work, and they are no brighter, no better business women, than we have right here in our own Club. Let us not be discouraged. Mrs. Mary E. Mumford, our General Federation Vice President, says:

" There are indications that the day of purely literary work in our Clubs, is passing away. Women are no longer content with the

simple informing of their minds in literature, in science, and history. They are going to take up- they are now investigating governmental order, and social questions, and after awhile they are coming into the Kingdom, the Kingdom of moral force, and this force they are going to exercise; first, in the little circles of their own town; second, in the affairs of their common-wealths; third, in the questions which agitate the country at large." We are already a Club with a high purpose, outside of our literary ambitions, and are willing I think, to eschew municipal and State affairs, until that is- not accomplished, perhaps, but well under way. In the meantime, let us cultivate the " Democracy of intellect" that Kate Upson Clarke told us about at the General Federation, and we will be ready for whatever comes.

I feel that my thanks are due to the Club, and to the efficient corps of Officers, who have so ably supported and aided me during my administration; to the Chairmen of Committees, who have performed the labor imposed upon them, so cheerfully, and to whose united efforts so much of the success of last year was due; and to you all for your loving sympathy, and for the courteous, kindly manner with which you have uniformly treated me as your presiding officer. I shall always think of the past year as one dear to my heart, and in presenting our new president, I can only ask for her

the same generous sympathy, and kindly forbearance you have always shown me. May this be the most successful year the Des Moines Womens' Club has ever known. Allow me to present our president-
Mrs. Lowry W. Goode.

Mrs E. R. Clapp.
Sept-26th 1895.