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FIFTY YEARS OF WORK FOR WOMEN

BY SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

At the beginning of my public work fifty years ago, like other women, I was interested in a variety of reforms which I confidently believed we should soon be able to accomplish. With the greatest zeal I plunged into the temperance movement. At that time the only organization of women for any purposes were a few of what were called Moral Reform Societies, and, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and perhaps a few other cities, anti-slavery societies, a sort of annex to the men's association. The temperance work was almost entirely in the hands of men, but women were beginning to organize small bands called "Daughter's Unions." These were violently antagonized by the masses of women themselves, who considered them wholly outside of woman's sphere. They were actively supported in this belief by the men, who insisted that it would take women out of the home and disrupt domestic life. This was specially true of the clergy, who, in addition, declared it to be in direct violation of the will of God and the commands of St. Paul.

But a few women believed that this work for the protection of the home was strictly within their sphere, and that they had a perfect right to organize and break the silence so long imposed upon them. But what was their amazement, when, having accepted an invitation to the men's temperance conventions, they were told that they were "invited there to listen and learn, not to speak." Although armed with credentials from their own societies, they were refused recognition as delegates, shut out from committees, and, when they tried to plead their own cause, literally howled down with cries of "shame, shame." This happened not only once, but many times, the men engaging in it belonging to the highest positions in the church and state. No advanced step taken by woman has been so bitterly opposed as speaking in public. For nothing which they have attempted, not even to secure the suffrage, have they been so abused, condemned and antagonized. In this they were defying not only the prejudice of the ages, but also what the world had been taught was a divine command. This was not because they advocated unpopular doctrines, but it extended even to the conventions of school teachers and to prayer-meetings themselves. "I suffer not a woman to speak in public." This was the law and the gospel enforced by man.

The battle for this right has long since been won. She is welcomed on every platform the length and breadth of the land, and there is not a question which she is debarred from discussing. Indeed, the assertion may almost be justified that the people find more enjoyment in listening to a woman than to a man. The temperance question has been virtually handed over to woman. The emancipation of the slave, for which she pleaded so eloquently and sacrificed so much, was accomplished nearly forty years ago. The number of women in organizations approximates the number of men and they are working with just as much faith, courage, and energy to accomplish their various objects. But they are striving with one arm in a sling. They are working without tools, they are fighting without weapons, and, as the inevitable consequence, the results must be inferior to those ac-

complished by men, fully armored and equipped.

When I began reform work, like all women who undertake it, I expected immediate and complete success. I had not the least realization of the disadvantages under which women worked. My first lesson was denial of my right to speak. The second came when I went before the New York State Legislature with a petition signed by 28,000 women asking for a "Maine Law." Eight months of weary tramping up and down the State had been spent to secure those names, and when it was under discussion in the Assembly, one of the members said contemptuously, "Who are the signers of this petition? Nobody but women and children!" It then came upon me with great force that if women's votes had contributed to his election, and if they could defeat him when again a candidate, he would not have treated their signatures with sneering disrespect. I saw in a flash the secret of woman's powerlessness, and I resolved then and there that my work henceforth should be to make her a name worth as much as a man's on a petition to a legislative body.

With this one object in view I have labored for nearly fifty years, almost without giving the weight of my name, my voice or my pen for any other purpose. I never have wavered for one instant in my belief that in the ballot lies the supreme



SUSAN BROWNELL ANTHONY.

source of power. Its possession brings self-respect to the individual and commands the respect of others.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham said:

"Though a man may possess all the world deems most desirable, and have not the ballot, he is sure of nothing, because he has not the power to protect that which he has. On the other hand, if a man have nothing, and yet possess the ballot, he has all things, for he holds the key with which he may unlock every door."

When the great Civil War broke out, women consecrated their efforts to the duties which it brought. Until the close of the war I put aside all else and gave my services, freely and willingly, to help secure the emancipation of the slave. When this was accomplished and the war ended, we turned our attention once again to the obtaining of freedom for ourselves.

We were defeated and in 1870 had the bitter humiliation of seeing every class of men in the United States, native-born or naturalized, created our political superiors, while we were relegated to the plane of idiots, lunatics, and criminals. It was only a short time until the plantation negroes were looking us in the face and telling us that women did not know enough to vote; just as the Huns and



MRS. ABBY LOUISE FENWICK.

The Woman Who is President of the City of Light Assembly.

Poles, the Italian "dagooes" and the naturalized sons of Russia have been doing ever since.

Every succeeding decade has beheld a larger and larger ratio of women joining the ranks of the educated, the wealthy and the leisure classes, and has seen them utilizing this education, this wealth, this leisure, all their splendid powers, in the improvement of social conditions and the uplifting of humanity. During every one of these years the women of every state have petitioned their legislatures to confer upon them the franchise, which would greatly facilitate their work. And all these States have petitioned every congress during this time to add a sixteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution, which shall enable woman to exercise the right to vote. Within these three decades the full suffrage has been granted in four states, but in thirteen different elections it has been voted down. In nine of these campaigns I personally canvassed the states and gave from two to ten months to the exacting labor.

In looking back over the past fifty years I see many gains which have come to women—indeed a complete revolution in the status and condition. But in looking forward I ask myself this question: "How long must the greatest brains, the most commanding ability of the women of this country continue to be absorbed in this struggle to secure their own freedom, the power to do their work which the nation needs and which waits for them?"

Mrs. Caroline Scott's Work.

Mrs. Caroline Scott of Frankford, Pa., has the reputation of being the greatest lover of animals in that town, yet she kills from 800 to 1,000 animals every year. Mrs. Scott began her grewsome occupation thirty-five years ago, when her interest in dumb animals brought many cases to her attention in which nothing could be done but to put the animal as painlessly as possible to death. The work gradually extended until now Mrs. Scott is called upon whenever any animal in Frankford is ill with an incurable disease or wounded beyond hope of recovery. She kills it by putting it in a box and filling it with gas.

SOME POINTS ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

BY REV. ANNA H. SHAW.

During a campaign in California I asked a man if he would carry some literature home to his wife. "I would not let my wife read it," he said. "Why not?" I asked him. "Because I want my wife to be where the women of my country have always been—in her place, in the home." I said, "Sir, did you come to this country to remain in the place where the men in your country have always been, or have you reached out for those privileges, advantages, and opportunities which the men of this country believe are right for every man? Do you vote?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Did you vote in the country from which you came?" "No," he replied. "Then," I said, "Why are not you as content to remain in the condition you were in before you came to this country as you are that your wife shall remain in that condition in which the women have been in the country from which she came?" But he could not think she had the right to grow in the higher relations which men bear to the state.

In a republic, at the last, everything depends, not upon our smoke stacks and our belching furnaces, our ships that traverse the seas, the extent of our territory, and the material things of which men talk so much,

but the prosperity of our nation depends upon the intelligence, the integrity, and the morality of its citizens. Realizing that the mothers of intelligent men should themselves be intelligent, that the fountain can not rise above its source, and consequent-

ly, if we are to have intelligent, broad-minded, large-hearted manhood, we must have that form of motherhood, the colleges were opened, because it was believed it would be better for the men, better for the home, and better for the Government.

Dire results have been predicted at every step of radical progress.

When women first enjoyed higher education the cry went out that the home would be destroyed. It was said that if all women were educated, all women would become bluestockings, and if all women became bluestockings all women would write books, and if all women write books what would become of the homes—who would rear the children? But the schools were opened and women entered them and it has been discovered that the intelligent woman makes a wiser mother, a better homemaker, and a much more desirable companion, friend, and wife than a woman who is illiterate, whose intellectual horizon is narrowed by the circuit of embroidery and the minut.

In many of the states where the laws were based on the old English common law, women found that af-

ter being paupers dependent upon the bounty of their fathers, they became paupers dependent upon the bounty of their husbands. The husband absorbed the wife's property as he absorbed her personal rights. Then came the demand for property rights for women. Then the cry went up, the women will desert their homes. Yet it was found that there were thousands of women who could have no home if they were not allowed to pursue avocations in the outside world. It was said that the moral life of woman would be degraded by public contact, and yet the statistics show that in those occupations in which women are able to earn a livelihood in an honorable and respectable manner, they have raised the standard of morality rather than lowered it.

The results have not been those which were predicted. The homes have not been broken up; for human hearts are and always will be the same, and as God has established in this world a greater force than all other forces combined, which we call the divine gravity of love, just so long will human hearts continue to be drawn together, homes will be founded, families reared, and never so good a home, never so good a family as that home and family founded in justice and educated upon right principles. Consequently the industrial emancipation of women has been of benefit to the home, to women, and to men.

The claim is made that we are building a barrier between men and women; that we are antagonistic to men because men are men and women are women. This is not true. We believe there never was a time when men and women were such good friends as now. We have co-education in our schools; boys and girls work side by side and study and recite together. When co-education was first tried men thought they would easily carry off the honors but soon learned their mistake. That experience gave to men a better opinion of woman's intellectual ability.

The larger intellectual powers of women and the greater financial independence of women have tended to elevate the home. There is nothing in liberty which can harm either man or woman. There is nothing in justice which can work against the best good of humanity; and when on the ground of expediency this measure is opposed, in the words of Wendell Phillips, "Whatever is just, God will see that it is expedient." There is no greater inexpediency than injustice.

We do not claim that the millennium will come when we are enfranchised, but we do claim that the millennium will never come until justice is done to all mankind. We do not ask the ballot because we do not believe in men or because we think men unjust or unfair. We do not ask to speak for ourselves because we believe men unwilling to speak for us; but because men by their very nature never can speak for women. It would be as impossible for all men to understand the needs of women and care for their interests as it would be for all women to understand the needs of men and care for the interests of men. So long as laws affect both men and women, men and women together should make those laws.

"The leading Spiritualists of the world are a unit in saying: 'Whatever is good in Spiritualism will abide, and whatever is not true they do not wish to abide.'"

"If spirituality teaches one anything special, it teaches that we must not violate the physical and organic laws of being."



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TO OUR READERS.

We take great pleasure in presenting you with this Special Woman's Edition of THE SUNFLOWER. We believe it will prove of interest to all.

We regret that no woman saw fit to take up the question of Woman's Work at Lily Dale more fully, but as this is your paper, ladies, not ours, we present it as it is and thank all of you who have contributed to its columns. To Mrs. Elora Monroe Babcock, of Dunkirk, N. Y. do we feel especially grateful. To her we are indebted for the incidents in the lives of the prominent workers in the Woman's Movement, but her modesty prevented her from saying anything about herself. She is a wholesouled woman, wife and mother, and deserves as much mention as those she mentioned.

Next week we will have a complete report of Woman's Day at Lily Dale. It is impossible to give an approximate program for the day, as many are expected and their presence or absence will cause changes in the plans. It is sufficient to say that the men are totally eclipsed on that day. The women have complete possession and the men are as meek as Moses was supposed to be.

With these few words we present to you our first effort in "YELLOW Journalism," and trust you will enjoy it.

THE SUNFLOWER PUBLISHING CO.

Woman in the Home.

BY HORTENSE MALCOLM PHELPS.

I would like to give a few passing thoughts on the above, although much could and should be said. It is true that in this present way of living our daughters should be well schooled for the laborious task of becoming a house-keeper. A young wife takes upon herself a life of slavery through continued custom, whether she is conscious of it or not.

No wonder that mothers sit in a corner and cry when their daughters are married. In the majority of cases she is destined to become wife, mother and housekeeper. That means doing the washing, baking, ironing and scrubbing, go to market, entertain callers, do her share of gossip, cook many courses for meals, and always be on time, never fail—Selah.

If she does all this alone, as thousands do, and many more things too, and has from two to six children to care for, their meals to prepare at the table before she touches her own, what a state of mental excitement the average woman is in to sit down to eat her meals.

She is told to relax her muscles and rest, by some thought writers. Pray tell me where is her time to relax or think a thought outside of her home and its cares if she keeps everything as modern custom demands?

Man and woman look at each other in disgust and see no way to escape from this terrible way of living. Divorce or death too often solves the problem.

What we want is a reform way of

living, and lady reformers should hold meetings from house to house and discuss the work problem. Educate the masses against unnecessary work and worry, and introduce a better all-around system of living; against the evil of society going expense, and catering to fashion.

Take it on a whole, man and woman are slaves to each other and to these customs and they are barred out from the enjoyment of life and health, and the result is inharmonious households. People who are tired of life and are in labor to be delivered.

Beloved workers, here is an open field for reformers. Are we sufficient for these things? Let us all fill our little corner to further the work of reform.

WILLING WORKERS.

Woman's Work at Lily Dale.

This organization was called to order by George H. Brooks, July 16th, 1901. Mrs. G. L. Humphrey was elected president and has served the society faithfully with the exception of last season when Mrs. Elizabeth Craig of Waco, Texas, was elected president *pro tem* and served for the season.

The proceeds of the work has been used to buy two pianos and new curtains and cushions for the Auditorium, which exhausted our funds.

We held our first meeting this year July 10th, in the Auditorium. Since that time we have held a business meeting re-electing all of the officers except the secretary, who was unable to serve us longer. By a unanimous vote Mrs. Carrie Twing was elected honorary president for life.

The work has been taken up with renewed vigor, being encouraged by the harmony prevailing between the management of the City or Light Assembly and the members of the Willing Workers as an auxiliary thereto.

Thus far, from the card parties, sales, and "Gingerbread Tea" we have realized about \$125.00. We are indebted to THE SUNFLOWER for this prominent mention of our work in the Woman's Edition, and we acknowledge gratefully its help in other ways, as well as to other friends who have helped us both by work and donations.

We hope with the hearty coöperation of the good people to swell our bank account considerably so that the Artistic Willing Work of Women shall stand prominently in beautifying the Assembly at Lily Dale.

SELF CONSCIOUS

Sad Lot of the Girl Who Always Thinks of Herself

"I PITY her and yet I wouldn't have her around for anything—not at any merrymaking of my giving certainly," said the society woman.

"What is she like?"
 "Why, don't you know? She is the girl who is always thinking of herself."

"The selfish girl, you mean?"
 "Not at all. She may be the most generous hearted girl alive, but she is always, even unconsciously, painfully conscious of herself."

"But how does she show it?"
 "Oh, when you tell her incidents from your life she is always mentally comparing them with her own. And when you show her your new gowns she compares them inch by inch with hers. When she goes out into society—which isn't often after people find out about her—unless she is the center of everything she sits and mopes. She calls it 'not feeling well,' and then retires early with a headache."

"Is she good at sports?"
 "Not at all. She is too self conscious to do anything with grace. She is always thinking, 'What will people say?' The result is she foomles at golf, dances stiffly, makes mistakes, is absent minded at cards and bungles at the piano. In a word, she is never spontaneous, free and natural, as a girl should be."

"She can talk about herself, I suppose?"

"Yes, but not in a conceited way. She is always excusing herself and blaming her timidity, her hard life, etc. Her life becomes one perpetual apology and one long succession of failures."

"Is she vain?"

"No, but she gets the credit of being so. There isn't a mirror she passes that she doesn't glance into on the sly—not to admire herself, but to be sure she isn't coming to pieces. If she isn't quizzing her clothes she is busy with a hand mirror seeing if her teeth are not loose or assuring herself that a mole is not coming on the end of her nose."

"But is it always the poor girl's fault?"

"No; it is primarily that of her parents. Of a naturally timid disposition, she probably had either a very accomplished and brilliant or a very timid mother. Both would be equally exacting and both would keep nagging her—one timidly, the other severely. 'Mary, don't attempt to drive if you can't turn that corner properly.' 'Mary, you can't play well enough on the piano to do so before all these people.' 'Mary, don't get up and dance in the hotel ball room before all these people. I noticed a woman smiling because you jerk so.' And so forth and so on until little by little Mary develops into that most piteous object—the self conscious girl."

MAUD ROBINSON.

MISS ELSIE WARD.

One of America's Brilliant and Rising Young Sculptors.

Miss Elsie Ward, who is now a member of the artists' colony of New York, is one of the most clever young women sculptors of America. Miss Ward, who won the \$3,000 prize for the drinking fountain at the St. Louis fair, is of southern parentage, her ancestors of Kentucky and Virginia birth, her mother a Talbot, sister of Bishop Talbot. She was born on a farm near Fayette, Howard county, northern Missouri. On that farm was a famous deposit of clay, of which the children were always making "things," dolls, dogs, pigs and animals of all kinds, as well as human beings.

She was still but a child when her parents moved to Denver, where she began attending public school. On graduating from the North Denver High school she began modeling in private classes. Fortunately artists of European education in Colorado for their health became her instructors. Among them was Samuel Richards, for many years an artist in Munich. He was impressed with Miss Ward's ability and advised her to come to New York.

That was eight years ago. She took his advice and found herself enrolled at the Art league under Mr. St. Gaudens. To "help out" in her finances she accepted the position of "monitor" of the modeling classes and took care of the rooms.

Mr. St. Gaudens saw that she would win distinction and gave her every encouragement. She won the first prize for a statue of a boy, a beautiful figure of a thoughtful youth in a pose of contemplation. The work placed her at the head of the three modeling classes, one of women and two of men. In her last year at the Art league, where she had begun by sweeping out the class room, she was made a member of the board of control.

In 1898 she managed to get enough money to go to Paris, where she stayed a year. There she made her beautiful design for a fountain, "The Boy and a Frog," which was exhibited at the Society of American Artists and also by special request at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

On returning to this country she opened a studio in Denver, when St.

Gaudens sent for her to work with him at his studio in Windsor, Vt. She remained there for a winter, receiving further instruction.

When the Charleston exposition opened she received important commissions and won a prize for her Huguenot group of a father and mother with babe in her arms and a little son kneeling behind his father's staff in the act of picking up a branch of pine, symbolizing many important products of the state. She also received a prize for another group, "Mother and Child."—New York Herald.

A GIRL'S SUCCESS.

How Louise Dodge Managed a Musical Festival.

Southern girls go north to seek and win success in newspaper and other fields; northern girls go south for the same purpose, and also attain the goal of their quest. It is a good blending of the people at the geographical poles of this nation. It makes them know each other better, consequently like each other better. Girls make admirable messengers of peace and good will.

A few years ago a northern girl of the best type, Louise Frances Dodge, removed to Florida. Her parents had settled there some time before, her father being a Presbyterian minister and in charge of a congregation near Tampa. The daughter tarried behind to complete her education, which she did at the University of Michigan, after being graduated from the normal department of the University of Nashville. At Ann Arbor she was one of the editors of the college daily, which, though she did not know it, was the breaking in for the work that was before her.

After leaving college she joined her parents in Florida, where, as she says, she "began writing of things in which I was especially interested—toward the upbuilding of the state." Rather an unusual subject for a girl to be interested in, that was. But in the Dodge family is an ancient patent of land rights given to one of her ancestors, who was a brigadier in the Revolution and the friend of Washington. The document says the patent was issued to General Ebenezer Learned, "who did valiant service for the public good and encouraged his heirs and successors to continue in like virtue and noble conduct."

Continuing in like virtue and noble conduct, therefore, his great-great-granddaughter became very early interested in the public welfare. Her girlish letters on the "upbuilding of the state" were published in a Florida newspaper. Girlish though they were, they spoke the power and spirit of the woman. Awhile after she wrote them Miss Dodge went to Tampa to visit friends, and while there she was invited to become a member of the staff of a daily paper—and there she is at present.

Technically Miss Dodge's post is that of society editor of her paper, but she has broadened her mission till it includes all that goes to the bettering and beautifying of Tampa and that part of Florida. This is what newspaper women and all other women in America might do and ought to do in their respective localities, but too often do not. Miss Dodge became society editor of the paper some two years ago and at once felt that on her it was incumbent to give good justification to all the people of Tampa for her selection. She widened the duties of society editor to take in the schools and public institutions of Tampa. She founded a musical club and an art club. She herself is a singer of fine gifts.

Part of the labor of love she imposed on herself was to visit personally the Tampa schools and report items concerning them that interested the public in their progress. She made a tour of the schools about once every six weeks during all the last school year.

The largest of her undertakings, however, were the planning and successful carrying through of a Tampa May musical festival. Tampa needed an orphans' home. Miss Dodge resolved to start a fund for its establishment. To this end was the musical festival. It lasted through three days, and Miss Dodge arranged its programme and every detail and managed it herself. The exercises included a children's concert, old folks' concert and a military and minstrel matinee. It was the first May musical festival Tampa had ever given, and it went off with a whirl. At its close, when all its affairs were settled, Miss Dodge laid down several hundred dollars as a starter for the orphans' home fund. Considering the size of Tampa, this was an admirable result.

Then the young lady dropped back into the public spirited society editor. But the people of Tampa appreciate so well her good work for them that they cannot speak too highly in her praise. Miss Dodge has now in hand a project for the erection of a free drinking fountain for her city.

She says modestly of herself that she is not so much literary as interested in public affairs and that she was drawn to newspaper work primarily because it offered so many opportunities for being widely useful.

MARCIA CAMPBELL.

"There is, and always will be today."

"The last turn is ever the best."

THE SUNFLOWER.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the success THE SUNFLOWER has been making in the spread of the latest news along Psychic Lines of Thought, and to ask you if you do not think you can aid us in spreading the "Glad Tidings of Great Joy" to the world.

THE SUNFLOWER

reaches you every week, laden with the good things that are sent out by some of the brightest minds of this and foreign countries, and every issue is filled to the brim with them.

It should be the aim of every paper devoted to the dissemination of Freethought topics to spread them as widely as possible. To do this it should not only contain in its columns all lines of freethought on religious and scientific topics, but it should introduce the people to a line of reading matter that would tend to give them an insight into the latest lines along their field.

THE SUNFLOWER

has always aimed to do so and has added to the knowledge of its readers in that way.

We have again decided to make some book offers and will begin by again announcing two books that we have offered before that will aid you to a library at a reduced cost to you. It is doubtful if either of these books will be reprinted when the present edition is exhausted and they are valuable works so that it is policy for you to order at once.

These books will only be sent when accompanied by a year's subscription to THE SUNFLOWER.

FORTY YEARS INTERCOURSE WITH THE DENIZENS OF THE SPIRIT SPHERES.

BY BEALS E. LITCHFIELD.

This book is filled with good and practical thoughts on all branches of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. The author was a constant attendant at Lily Dale for a number of years, was a first class medium himself, and he wrote as impressed by the spirit as well as from the experience he had while attending the meetings here and at other places. Those who have secured the book in the past have advised their friends to secure one and the edition is nearly exhausted. We have the entire edition and as both Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield have passed on, it is more than unlikely that another edition will be issued.

While the copies last we will send THE SUNFLOWER one year, 52 numbers, and a copy of this book, containing 486 pages, for \$1.25.

THE NEMESIS OF CHAUTAQUA LAKE.

This charming book by Hon. A. B. Richmond, is a book that should be in the hands of every Spiritualist in the land. It is based on a historical fact, but through the narrative is woven a psychic line of thought in the style so appropriate to the great criminal lawyer, that it is opening the eyes of those who read it.

The discussions indulged in between The Nemesis and his visitors are filled with the greatest lessons that could be imagined in the line of Psychism and even old Spiritualists who have had everything the spirit world can give, will be interested and instructed by it. We have secured a number of copies of this valuable work and while they last we will send them with a year's subscription to the THE SUNFLOWER, 52 issues, book and the paper for \$1.50. As Mr. Richmond is well along in years and practically retired from active work, it is unlikely that another edition of this book will be issued and we advise our patrons who have not done so to get a copy of it at once. We make no difference between renewals and new subscribers. All that is necessary is to send in \$1.00 to pay for the paper one year and add to it the small sum of 50 cents if you want The book, Forty Years Intercourse with the denizens of the Spirit Spheres, or 50 cents if you want The Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake.

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DESIGN ARGUMENT FALLACIES.

This book by the Editor of the Truthseeker, attempts to show that that Nature does not exhibit the marks of having been designed by an intelligent being. It is a brief, but plain statement for the benefit of truth seekers of all classes. It solves many perplexing questions. Paper, 15 cents.

Woman's Outlook For the Future.

FRANCES E. BONNEY.

Progression is the law of life and the nineteenth century has been especially distinguished by numberless exemplifications of this law. Man has been most successful in climbing above what some writer has designated as "the tinder-box level". There is a long stride between the tinder-box and the electric light, and the man who patiently rubbed two sticks together in order to strike a light, would have smiled derisively at a prophecy which described our present system of electric lights.

We glance back with contemptuous pity for the darkness so dimly relieved by the candles beams, while we think also of the corresponding twilight of ignorance and the fog which then obscured the mental and spiritual vision, congratulating ourselves that we are facing the light of a glorious morning; but how shall we appear to those who look back from the close of the twentieth century? What is bright morning and broad noonday to us will seem to them like gray twilight, and they, in turn, will feel compassion for our darkness and ignorance, and thus will it ever be through all the coming ages.

It is right to be glad that we are living in the wonderful now; but we should recall with grateful appreciation, the persistent struggles against discouraging environment, the utilizing of all progressive and potent forces, and cultivation of opportunities which characterized so many brave pioneers, and thus rendered it possible for this generation to achieve its present state of knowledge, education and culture.

In that preparatory work woman performed her full share, though silently, and without receiving recognition of its value; her work in the old days is mainly unwritten history except as it is recorded in the heavenly annals.

We have traveled far from the time when it was thought to be woman's whole duty to perpetuate the race, and now, though Eve still clings to Adam, it is not in blind submission or slavish obedience, and the influence of the "eternal feminine" permeates every department of life—social, educational, ethical and political. Her intuition recognized long ago the truth that "Genius knows no sex" and decided that man had no right to monopolize all the fields of labor or avenues to knowledge; but when she started on her unaccustomed pathway, only a few progressive brethren—God bless them—had the courage to reach forth helping hands to the patient toiler. These brave examples were followed at first by others slowly and cautiously, later by a rapidly increasing number until today, the best and truest thinkers, the men of brains and culture, steadily uphold woman in her pathway of progress.

She has fought her way step by step to the world's recognition of the fact that woman's sphere is where ever she can best do the work for which she is fitted, in the home, in society, on the platform, in all professions, in the domain of science, art and education, and possibly in our halls of legislation.

Judging from the history of the past, What shall be woman's outlook for the future? What achievements may be hers? In what way can she best promote her own advancement? What shall be her contribution to a solution of the problems that now agitate the public mind and press their claims for consideration? What shall be her part in helping to bring in that golden age wherein perfect harmony shall reign?

In the first place, the outlook is too encouraging to permit us to listen to the whine of the pessimist; the sky is bright with promise and all the clouds are tinged with silvery radiance that lights the pathway far ahead through the swiftly passing years.

But there remaineth "yet much land to be possessed" said the poet prophet. There is much that woman will achieve because she ought to and many things she ought to do because the work is to be done in hers alone.

Patriotism and ethics both demand that woman shall perform her part in shaping the future of our country; she realizes that if the homes were all they should be, there would be little need for reformers, and it is her especial privilege and duty to help make the home full of sweetness and beauty from which to radiate perpetual influence for good. But she will not lose sight of her share in the solution

of the problems that press their claims upon us. Some of these are, The war between capital and labor, the slum question, disposition of trusts, the saloon curse, and the political enfranchisement of woman. All these questions are so closely interwoven that it is impossible almost, to separate them or consider them separately.

Those who have made most careful study of woman's correct position in affairs municipal, state or national, affirm without hesitation that the ballot in woman's hands will prove a potent factor in the correct solution of all questions involving the welfare of our country; yet whether woman desires this added responsibility or not, it will surely be laid upon her, but not yet shall she be called upon to choose her political party.

Some of our brothers have sounded a note of alarm and are wondering what shall be the fate of nations in the coming days of woe when the new woman shall reign supreme and the eternal feminine shall be dominant in our halls of legislation.

But cheer up, brothers, for the time is not yet. Cease prating so much about the new woman and reflect upon the days of the coming man wherein woman shall no longer be a troublesome factor in his pathway. What if she should sometime sit in the halls of Congress and discourse words of wisdom or foolishness, buy votes, and knock down her opponent too if she chooses? Why should she not scramble for office and slide off from a moral plank in a political platform if by standing upright she would thereby endanger her chances for election to a coveted office?

What if, in this process of evolution, here and there should be found one who imbibes cold water too freely, or who makes a chimney of her nose, or chews gum? Hath she not a right to the cuspidore and all the other perquisites? Yea, verily.

Above all do not fear that she will play the role of tyrant as successfully as her predecessors, should she gain political power, or deny you the right to say what shall be done with the money you pay for taxes, and so on, for the time is not yet when municipal misrule and corruption shall be numbered with the dead, and you may still, for many years, have the privilege of bowing the head in meek submission to the insolent demands of the liquor oligarchy.

Woman's work for the future will include greater things than the past can boast, and in the domain of spirituality will she recognize the sorest need and therein will she find the unfoldment of her greatest power while constantly emphasizing the necessity of cultivating spirituality as well as the need of intellectual development and thus assist in the solution of the question, What can be done to raise the standard of morals? And so she will contribute to a larger share of that unselfish service for humanity which will usher in the golden age wherein shall reign that harmony of which we now catch faint echoes from the hills of hope.

"How beautiful will life be then, When earth can cry, 'Behold my men.' And women in her perfect state Be womanly and yet be great."

The Just Judge.

We are entering the new age. The just Judge is robing to enter into the court-house, and will look through effect into cause. He will select the jury with care—twelve men, healthy in body and in mind, fathers of the race and men of wisdom, free from taint of leprous crime. He will choose twelve women, mothers of the race, of mature age and motherly instinct, also free from leprous crime. These twenty-four will together take their seats. The criminals will be brought before them. He will look through inherited tendencies and place the guilt where guilt should be. Woman must prepare to enter and take her place. She will be questioned along with the fathers what part they had in giving a criminal race unto the land.

The planet is a sphere, one-half male, one-half female. The male is the Orient, the female, the Western World. Woman will now arise to take that place in the sphere as mother, wife, sister, friend and queen of the race, at the right hand of man.

JENNIE RHIND, Typical Messenger.

POPULAR DAYLIGHT EXCURSION to Niagara Falls over D. A. V. & P. and Lake Shore R. Ry. August 14th at very low rates.

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO.

BY MRS. WM. WHITE.

From the time of the murder of Hypatia by the church in far away Alexandria, and the burning of Joan of Arc at the stake by brutal England, until the dawn of the nineteenth century, womankind was held in the bondage of inferior social condition in relation to that other being—the sterner sex—called man. But a century of enlightenment has wrought a wonderful change in establishing the equality of sex in the exercise of social and political right.

First came the declaration of American individuality and then the French Revolution. With these pronouncements there evolved a new birth of freedom for the better half of the human race, and although the nineteenth century did much in elevating and developing the finer and more brilliant qualities of the female mind, yet at the beginning of the new twentieth century much still remains to give conquest in brushing away the cobwebs of the female mind before she is awarded the full privilege of exercising all the social and political rights that have been assumed by that lord of creation—the male gender.

The brilliant and patriotic women-mothers of the American Revolution—along with Mollie Pitcher who fought at the battle of Monmouth—the intellectual and gracious women of the French salon of Napoleon's time, and later; the mothers of our statesmen, poets, artists, musicians and thinkers, are true the measure of what pure womanhood has accomplished, although termed the weaker sex by the barbaric creed of church paganism.

But under the benign influences of modern republics the soothing power of woman's delicate touch upon civilization has wrought a new mission in her development; and although all that she has striven for has not come to gladden her hope, yet there is a silvered brightness upon the canopy of the future that forebodes ultimate triumph in her favor.

What woman can do is well represented in the evolution of our own greatest of republics, during the hundred years now drawn to a close.

First we might mention as pioneers in the cause, Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary A. Livermore, and Susan B. Anthony; these among the greater of leaders for human equality in the exercise of freedom. Miss Anthony, whom the nation honors, is still on this useful side of that which becomes spiritual beyond the silent river of a well-spent life; and we only wish she could remain with us for all time, for the world will be lonelier when her eloquence and womanly supremacy is hushed in the tomb of memory.

Then, further, in assuming what women can do, in this age of progress, there is pride in presenting the name of Anna Shaw, a platform lecturer of the brightest ability. With her may also be associated those other eloquent speakers, Carrie E. S. Twing Clara Watson and Mrs. Catt. What these women can do is but mentioning a few out of the millions of other sisters of Eve who are engaged in every useful avocation that maintains true and happy life.

There still remains another woman whose eminent ability deserves high comment. To her noble ambition of exalted effort, the City of Light, located on the shores of beautiful Casadaga Lake, can justly pay the deepest homage due to a philanthropist. That woman is

ABBIE LOUISE PETTINGILL. She manages the grounds and conducts the Assemblies in a manner destined to bring the greatest good out of her effort.

But I am exceeding my space. I will close with the sentiment: "What women can not do is not worthy of consideration."

Some Thoughts on the Woman Question.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH CRAIG.

Woman is more to man than the cord to the bow. She is the sap, the life-blood, she gives him the vigo, to be and to do; she is the very heart.

Therefore we should stand shoulder to shoulder with our brothers in uplifting the conditions of affairs in our mundane sphere.

Did anyone ever hear of a man keeping house alone? Without a woman to help him? It is true plenty of women can do so; if this be the case in the household of home, is it not just as true with the great political house-keeping? Methinks Un-

cle Sam needs an Aunt America, for he has been trying it so long alone that we think it high time the trial was being made. We think it will prove a benefit instead of a detriment, and we who work so valiantly for woman's freedom are watching and waiting Macauber-like for "something to turn up" that shall bring about this much needed reform.

Will our brothers stop and think, (as brother Lockwood says) that one of the largest institutions of time, the Catholic church, worships a woman as well as a man?

Next to that in influence comes Christian Science, where both men and women do homage to a woman. But in Spiritualism the greatest and grandest movement of humanity is the only one where men and women are equal.

Now friends, stop and think. The spirit world has this in hand and saw fit to give the first signal, the "tiny rap", through a woman as the instrument. Since that time they have sought both men and women as workers, and have made them equal in value to the movement, thereby forcing equal rights on the men in Spiritualism. Yet, if I have been informed aright, in the last Convention of the N. S. A. woman was barred from, some office of prominence.

Why is this? Because of the fact if men being in rule and having the say in Spiritualism of this sphere of action.

Brother Richardson is right in his message to the State to consider the woman question as well as others, for the good of humanity.

Come, friends of the sterner sex, give us every right conceded to you and we will show you how we appreciate it by doing and being our best, fully realizing the responsibility. We each have our work; some to sow, some to tend, while spirit hands uphold the feeble, weary hands, that the sun of truth sink not till the day-clouds of doubt shall have cleared away, and the world shall sing the universal peon of Woman's Emancipation.

[We think it is only justice to the N. S. A. to say that we think the lady has been misinformed. The secretary of the N. S. A., is a woman, Mrs. Mary T. Longley, and she is practically the executive officer of the Association. Ed.]

Books on Sale at the N. S. A. Office.

The following valuable books are on sale at the N. S. A. Office. These books have been contributed by the authors to the National Association to aid it in its good work, with permission to sell them at the reduced prices quoted. Each book has peculiar merits of its own, and all should be in every home.

- Occult Physician, Medical, Mrs. Matherson \$1.00
- Lisbeth, Fiction, Mrs. C. E. S. Twing 1.00
- God's Smiles, Fiction, Maggie Olive Jordan 1.00
- Wedding Chimes, For Wedding Ceremonies, D. P. Hughes50
- Leaflets of Truth, Karl20
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D. A. V. & P. R. R.

(Central Standard Time.)
One hour slower than Eastern Time.

No. 1	No. 3	IN EFFECT, JUNE 14, 1902.	No. 2	No. 4	
a. m. p. m.				a. m. p. m.	
7:00	5:00	Lv. Dunkirk	Ar.	9:20	6:30
7:10	5:10	Lv. Fredonia		9:12	5:52
7:14	5:14	Lv. Laona		9:08	5:48
7:34	5:38	Lv. Lily Dale		8:52	5:32
7:38	5:42	Lv. Cassadaga		8:49	5:29
7:46	5:49	Lv. Moons		8:41	5:21
7:53	5:57	Lv. Sinclairville		8:34	5:14
8:04	6:06	Lv. Gerry		8:25	5:05
8:12	6:16	Lv. Falconer	Lv.	8:14	4:54
8:45	6:44	Lv. Jamestown	Lv.	7:45	4:30
8:19	6:21	Lv. Falconer Junct.	Lv.	8:07	4:47
9:10	7:07	Lv. Warren	Lv.	7:17	3:57
10:25	8:23	Lv. Titusville	Lv.	6:00	2:40
a. m. p. m.				a. m. p. m.	

*Daily.
†Daily except Sunday.

SUNDAY TRAINS.
Leave Titusville 7 a. m., Falconer, 9:14; Lily Dale, 9:52; arrive Dunkirk, 10:20.
For return see number 3 above.

SPECIAL SUNDAY EXCURSIONS
will be run from July 5 to September 13, leaving Dunkirk 9:00 a. m., Lily Dale 9:37, arriving at Falconer, 10:17. Returning Leave Falconer 5:05, Lily Dale, 5:45, arrive at Dunkirk 6:10.
Also from July 5 to September 6, leaving Falconer 10:55, Lily Dale, 11:30, arrive at Dunkirk, 11:55. Returning leave Dunkirk at 1 p. m., Lily Dale, 1:34 arrive at Falconer, 2:10.

Central Standard Time is one hour slower than Eastern Standard which is used by the towns along this line.

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THE WOMAN IN A GARDEN.

GERTRUDE ANDREWS.

Woman!
You want me to write something about her? Bless my soul! But that is a hard thing to do when one is under the spell of Lily Dale, and when all one's thoughts are playing tag with metaphysics and woods and fields. One needs must be in a rational mood to tackle the labyrinthian subject of woman. But here at Lily Dale—one of the world's garden spots—Bing! That gives me an idea—that word garden. Why there never was a really successful and fascinating garden without a woman. In a garden she has succeeded ever in making most potent history. And history has that tantalizing trick of constantly repeating itself, you know. So when Fate makes a famous garden spot and then lets a woman loose therein—well, something epic is bound to happen. For woman is about nine-tenths regulative energy. She loves to see things moving in the right direction, and she loves more to shoo them along.

One can read between the lines in Genesis and discover that the Lord got a trifle bored with Adam before He made Eve. Our first papa, we are bound to acknowledge, was not much inclined to concentrated hustling. To be sure, he named the animals. But the Lord had to bring them all to him. He made no effort himself to hunt up any animals for the christening.

That was a busy time with the Lord. He could not devote Himself to entertaining this child-man, so He made a woman to relieve Him of such responsibility.

Eve opened her beautiful, curious eyes in the first garden, and immediately began to regulate things as her instincts prompted, and to also make history. It was probably then that the morning stars sang their overture together; for it was then that the first curtain went up on the great Drama of Life. Eve ate of the tree of knowledge, and thereby enacted the first epic. Life lost its indefinite monotony and fell into lines of more explicit action.

Eve's daughters have been following her example all down through the ages, and now we have this beautiful garden spot—Lily Dale. Yes, and we have the woman too—the gracious hostess of progressive spirit who offers, to all who come, rich feasts from the tree of knowledge.

In the garden we always find the woman spirit, for incarnated in every tree, flower and blade of grass is the All Mother. What a comfort her maternal soothing is to us who are a part of that nerve-jerked city incubator brood!

Let those who will, have the ocean, but give to me the garden and mother nature.

The male spirit is dominant in the ocean. There we come in contact with the most brutal and unbridled forces of masculinity. The ocean belongs to some moods, but it is not restful. It stirs to ambition, but it does not soothe. It demands our strength, and shows no mercy for our weakness. When we are weary of the struggle we long more to steal away to the woods and hills and to the sympathetic comfort of the All-Mother.

The garden has always typified the highest culture. When men acquire great wealth they spend it in beautiful gardens. So in this spirit did God make woman last, intending her for the refining influence in His great scheme.

I know of a man who says that he divides his friends into two classes: Those who read Spinoza and those who do not. I make another division of my friends: Those who love gardens and those who do not. The friends who love gardens are the sweetness of life. They are the friends to whom one can unmask his soul.

Did you ever think that in the big cities where Mother Nature is shut out by bricks and stones, we have no gardens to our homes? We have only yards, and back yards at that.

Back yards typify the utility side of life. They are used for clothes-lines. They are not things of beauty. They belong to our rushing, practical hurry-scurry, money-getting city lives. Here again we find that turbulent masculine spirit. Under these too practical back yard conditions we are apt to grow selfish, and our milk of human kindness gets cur-

dled. It is only by being able to escape occasionally these conditions that we are able to keep the human balance. So it is the maternal spirit in man that equalizes—that gives poise.

When we come, nerve-strained from the struggle, to a garden spot like Lily Dale, we like to forget clocks and the "penalty of Adam" as they did in The Forest of Arden. Those things belong to the rushing, chaotic, masculine spirit. We try here to find

"—tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

And feelingly do we try to persuade ourselves what we might become under the sympathetic, refining ministrations of that feminine spirit which is in the garden.

PROGRESS OF THE AGE.

ELNORA M. BABCOCK.

It is quite generally conceded that no one fact better illustrates the real progress of the age than the intellectual development of womanhood. And in no sphere of her activity is this fact more noticeable than the increasing numbers who are entering the higher professions and occupations which have until recently been considered as belonging exclusively to man.

The change that has taken place in the attitude of the people regarding woman's sphere in life is well illustrated by a story told by Miss Susan B. Anthony of her experience, no longer ago than 46 years, when she delivered an address before the State Teacher's Association at Troy N. Y. The lecture was considered a masterpiece, both in matter and manner of delivery, Miss Anthony having put weeks of thought upon it. At the close of the address L. Hazeltine of New York City, president of the Association, took Miss Anthony by the hand saying: "Madam, that was a splendid production and well delivered; I could not have asked for a single thing different either in matter or manner; but I would rather have followed my wife or daughter to Greenwood cemetery than to have had her stand here before this promiscuous audience and deliver that address." Remember this was at a teacher's association and the "promiscuous audience" the most refined and highly educated people in the city.

As ridiculous as such prejudice looks to us from our more enlightened and progressive point of observation, what must be said of this same prejudice which still obscures the view of many otherwise intelligent people of today regarding the rights that women are still seeking after. The only difference is that the prejudice is removed from the things that are established facts and transferred to the things that are struggling for an existence. There are always those who cry out against everything that does not already exist, no matter what it is. They would not let their children go near the water until they knew how to swim. Today this same prejudice is doing duty along the line of woman suffrage.

The Iowa State Register in a recent article expressed the very same fear regarding woman suffrage that the president of the state teachers' association did when Miss Anthony gave her address before that body. The Register said: "The great majority of the women and the men of this state are determined that the women of Iowa shall not be dragged down into the dirty pool of politics." Today the most active opponents among women are speaking before "promiscuous audiences" and are praised for it by such people as the president of the teachers' association and the Iowa State Register, but these same people tell us that we must be saved from the terrible degradation of casting a ballot. They even urge us to take an active part in politics, as in the Low campaign in New York city when the women raised \$30,000 by personal solicitation, besides making a house to house canvass and distributing quantities of literature. These women did the dirty work of a political campaign, but instead of using the one effectual, dignified and womanly means of bringing about the desired reform, they must resort to the most unsatisfactory and laborious method of influencing the men to vote their way.

How much more effectual it would be if women could say to officers who were neglecting their duty, "Do

what you are paid for doing or we will elect someone who will."

Ex-speaker George P. Wheeler, of the Idaho House of Representatives in a recent letter says of the practical results of the woman's vote regarding this point:—

"The practical results of woman suffrage in Idaho have been many and all for the better. The saloon and the brothel have been eliminated as potent factors in political contests. That element no longer dictates who shall be placed on the various tickets. In fact the candidate himself fights shy of this support. To know that he caters to that support is sufficient effectually to condemn him with the women.

"The fact of the woman's alarming independence and her well recognized liability to kick over political traces, forces the different parties to put forward their very best timber. The man who wins his nomination by a successful 'job' at the convention is practically certain to go down to ignominious defeat at the polls. You can't work a political trick on a woman. What she lacks in political sagacity and experience, she atones for in good sense, and she has a habit of always demanding the reason why which is occasionally most unpleasant. There are transactions at conventions which are frequently best left unexplained, but not with your woman voter. So the wholesome fear of the woman vote of Idaho has forced the political parties to put forward a very superior class of candidates for both state and county officers."

The question which confronts us today is not whether women shall go into politics, for they are already there, but how they shall go in? Whether they shall go in decently and honorably, in the purifying light of publicity, through the front door, or whether they shall sneak in deviously in the unwholesome darkness of concealment through the back door, using their indirect influence. It seems as if every one ought to be able to grasp these facts. But the processes of evolution are slow. All this prejudice is simply a relic of the time honored scheme, once thought divine, and defined by Blackstone, "The husband and wife are one and that one is the husband." To maintain that oneness the husband has in the past administered her property, collected her wages and spent her money. He has thought for her and acted for her in every capacity possible. Gradually these old prejudices have given away and now a wife owns her own property and does her own thinking, and about all the old prejudice that is left is that some man must vote for her. He does not do this because he or anyone else supposes for one moment that he really represents her; he votes his own opinions, while hers go unrepresented.

All this nonsense about keeping women out of the "dirty pool of politics" is the same old prejudice that has opposed every step in the progress of women.

Letter From Susan B. Anthony.

MY DEAR SUNFLOWER:—

You have chosen a very good name for yourself and I hope that the Woman's Congress week will be most propitious; that the skies will be clear and the sun not shine down too hot so that you may have all the men and the women for a circle of thirty miles around in attendance.

Your idea of printing an edition of your paper on yellow will be a very unique affair.

I hope to be able to go there and see you in all your yellow glory. I shall never forget the first time I went to your camp-grounds and dear Mrs. Skidmore was alive and in her prime; when all the houses and grounds were draped with yellow bunting. Miss Shaw was with me then and we had a glorious time. I hope now that you have in Mrs. Pettengill a worthy successor of Mrs. Skidmore, and one who will see to it that all the people within the camp-grounds are acting up to the light of the twentieth century.

Again hoping for the Woman's Week, commencing August 5th with Miss Shaw and Mrs. Perkins-Gilman as your speakers, pleasant weather and large audiences, I am,

Sincerely Yours,
SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

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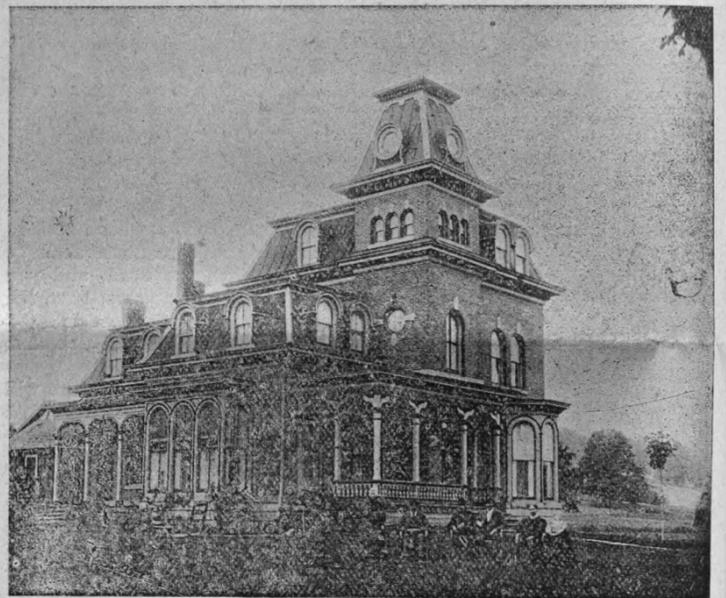
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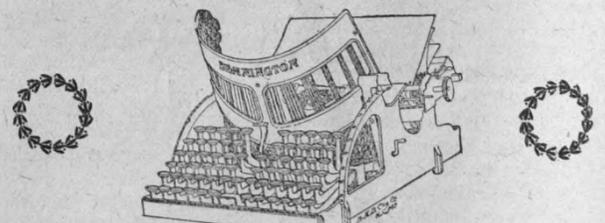


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Owing to the recent death of Caleb L. Todd, his late residence will be sold. It consists of the property known as the Todd House, or Lily Dale Sanitarium, including a large brick house, frame barn, twenty-three acres of land, with rose bushes and other shrubbery, apple, pear and plum trees; running spring water piped to all floors of the house; modern conveniences. Has about thirty rods of lake frontage and overlooks the Assembly Grounds and three of the lakes. Is about forty rods from the Assembly entrance. Will be sold with all or part of the land. For particulars, address

H. F. TODD, Lily Dale, N. Y.

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Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A.

HER FICKLE LOVER.

Susan B. Anthony's Narrow Escape From Matrimony.

A yearning desire seems to possess the public mind to know what event in the life of any man or woman has led them to pass through life in single blessedness, and especially is this true in the case of a woman like Susan B. Anthony who possesses all the characteristics of a good house-keeper and a love of home.

It is seldom that Miss Anthony will satisfy this curiosity, but when making a visit to the home of her ancestors in the Berkshire Hills a few years ago, a house party assembled in the long, old-fashioned parlor one evening around the big brick fireplace. The conditions and environments were ideal for romancing and Miss Anthony was importuned to relate some of her experiences in love.

"But I never had any worth telling," she declared. "There wasn't a bit of romance in any of my affairs. I always said, like the old maid, that the man I wanted would not have me and those that wanted me were so bad that the devil himself wouldn't have them." But Miss Anthony was not to escape so easily and it ended in her relating a tale.

"It was an unfortunate circumstance," said she, "but I could not help it. I was attending conventions in a Western State and was staying at the home of some friends where there was a very nice young man of about my own age—I was then about thirty.

"He arranged it so that he drove me to the meeting place behind his fine span of grays. We started out one day and he told me all about his possessions and suddenly came to the point.

"Will you have me?" he asked. "What for?" "Will you marry me?"

"I did not answer him yes or no, and he dilated on the beauties of a home and how nice it would be to have a nice quiet place to go to after knocking around at woman's suffrage conventions. He offered to aid my chosen work in every way he could.

"It was too momentous a question to decide at once, so I told him to wait a week until I returned from a convention. I wanted to think it over. I thought it would be rather nice to have a home such as he pictured.

"When I returned a week later about the first thing I heard was that my ardent suitor was married and was even then enjoying his wedding trip."

Miss Anthony could never be induced to tell what her decision was on the young man's question, however, and her refusal to answer point blank the question of her friends as to whether she would have said yes or no if the young man had not proved so frivolous and faithless, led to the conclusion that at this episode her heart had really been touched—that then, if never before or since, the woman's suffrage leader had a real romance.

It must not be thought, however, that this was the only proposal of marriage Miss Anthony ever received.

The same friend who related the details of her romance told of many incidents in the suffrage leader's life that might have been essentially romantic were it not for the fact that any kind of a romance, like a quarrel, requires two parties, and Miss Anthony was always prompt and vigorous in the expression of her refusal.

Fifty summers and more ago, Miss Susan was a girl school teacher, and a pretty one.

THE NEW SCHOOL MA'AM.

She was the new school ma'am come to his district, somewhere in New York State, to teach the country

school. His folks were going to board her and he was called from hoeing potatoes to hitch up the rig and drive to the station and meet her on her arrival.

He had seen other school teachers and they had not particularly impressed him, but when his eyes lighted on the Quaker girl he began to "take notice" at once.

All the way home he indulged in vain regrets that he hadn't shined his shoes and brushed his hair with greater care.

Throughout the winter months he worshipped his divinity afar, while he bestowed on the country belles the attentions that she disdained.

When she went home for the spring vacation it was his blessed privilege to drive her to the station again. She looked so very nice—even nicer than when she came—that he really could not help it.

Would the little school teacher marry him? he urged. Many broad acres were his, and he could care for a wife so that she needn't teach school all the rest of her days.

Just at this juncture in the impassioned plea they were nearing the village, when a curling line of smoke showed the Rochester express approaching. Then came a warning whistle.

The youth's declaration of love was rudely broken in upon by Miss Susan's frantic exclamation, "Oh, there! You are going to miss the train! Whip up the horse, can't you? And do, please hurry!"

Well, the driver did as he was bidden. He did whip up the horse and the train was not missed—but the romance was.

The story of another proposal goes back to one warm day in 1845 when several Quaker elders stopped at the Anthony home to dine. Hannah and Susan were in the large, cool parlor working on the wonderful quilt that was to be part of Hannah's wedding outfit when one of the elders, a wealthy widower from Vermont, asked Susan to get him a drink.

He followed her to the well and there made her an offer of marriage which she promptly refused.

He pictured his many acres, his fine home, his sixty cows, told her how much she looked like his first wife and begged her to take time to consider, and said he would stop for her on his way back from quarterly meeting. She assured him that it would be wholly unnecessary, as she was going to New York with her parents and did not want to marry.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw, vice-president of the National Suffrage Association, is regarded as one of the most pleasing speakers upon the public platform, possessing a wonderful magnetism, a fine voice and the power of pointed argument. She has overcome what some would seem almost insurmountable obstacles. In her girlhood days, with a thirst for knowledge, she took advantage of every book and paper that fell in her way, and thus obtained an education which enabled her to begin teaching at the age of fifteen.

She is probably the first woman in America distinguished by having earned both theological and medical degrees. She won her way into and through college by self-culture and by teaching, paying for her theological training by preaching Sundays. She often humorously recalls that she never knew whether she was going to be paid with a bouquet or a greenback! Being refused ordination on account of her sex, by her own church—the Methodist Episcopal—Dr. Shaw applied to the Methodist Protestant church and was ordained. After filling one or two small pastorates, she found her widest opportunities in the broad parish of the lecture field.

Miss Shaw has been identified with many prominent women's organiza-

tions. She was chosen National Superintendent of Franchise in the W. C. T. U. and later became vice-president-at-large of the National American Woman Suffrage Association. She is president of Wimodaughis, the Woman's National Club of Washington.

Once during the World's Fair Congresses of Religions, in 1893, a meeting in which she was a spectator fell flat because of the failure of many of the speakers. The chairman, a conservative clergyman of the old school—one of the kind who think women should keep silence in the churches—called on name after name of those on the printed program, with no response. There was an embarrassing silence. Suddenly someone in the waiting audience called "Dr. Shaw", the name being repeated two or three times from various parts of the room.

"Ah," said the embarrassed chairman, the light of hope gleaming on his face, and happily quite ignorant of the fact that the speaker called was a woman, "If Dr. Shaw is in the audience will he kindly come to the platform?" His face was a study of surprise, dismay, and distress when a plainly-dressed, short, stout woman with gray hair and twinkling dark eyes, came briskly down the aisle and ascended the steps. But his expression changed to one of interest and lively appreciation as he listened to the pointed arguments, the rich humor, and the logic of the address which saved the meeting from being a perfect fiasco.

Harriet Taylor Upton.

Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton of Warren, O., is another of the prominent suffragists who will be at Lily Dale on Woman's Day. She has served as treasurer of the National Suffragist Association for many years and is universally loved and admired. She is energetic, zealous, tactful, and is said to possess a remarkable insight into human nature. Mrs. Upton is a born business woman, with a wonderful capacity for looking after details. She is a member of the Board of Education at Warren, and does helpful, effective work.

Before she became engrossed in the suffrage work she did a great deal of literary work. She has contributed to Harper's Bazar, St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion, Frank Leslie, and a number of newspapers. Hon. Ezra B. Taylor, her father, succeeded Garfield in Congress and Mrs. Upton spent thirteen seasons at Washington while her father was in Congress. He has always been a suffragist and a splendid lawyer. At Washington Susan B. Anthony always consulted Mr. Taylor in matters relating to the law, and while Mrs. Upton was a great admirer of Miss Anthony, she opposed her suffrage work. Mrs. Upton employed her pen against suffrage, and in searching for support in opposing suffrage she found so much in favor of it that she became converted.

Mrs. Upton now has charge of the National Woman Suffrage headquarters, which have been removed from New York City to Warren, O.

Not one of the National Officers receive a cent for all their labor. Some of them devote their entire time and much money to the cause. A greater devotion to a principle so dimly seen by the many, would be difficult to find.

Carrie Twing's Dixie Ginger Bread.

3 Eggs; 1 cup molasses; 1 cup sugar; 1 cup raisins; 3-4 cup melted lard; fill cup up with evaporated or home cream; 1 teaspoonful salt; 2 teaspoonfuls ginger; 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon; 1 heaping teaspoon of saleratus dissolved in 1-2 cup of boiling water. Stir in flour until of the usual consistency.

"You may retain youth and health by your thoughts or you may grow ugly by your thoughts."

The Leolyn House.



LEOLYN HOUSE PARLOR.

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Newly Furnished, Thoroughly Renovated,
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All Kinds of Baked Goods From Our Own Ovens, Fresh Every Day.
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The Sunflower \$1 a Year in Advance.

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All Modern Improvements.
Beautifully situated on the Lake.
One minute walk from the station.
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Breakfast and supper 25c,
Dinner 35c; 21 meal tickets \$5.00; Board and room,
\$7.00 per week and upward.

MRS. E. DENSMORE, Prop.
Lily Dale, N. Y.



Is the "Bachelor Girl" a Desirable Institution.

BY MRS. J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

If the editor of THE SUNFLOWER were to propound to me the question, "Is an Orphan Asylum a desirable Institution?" I would answer, "No, certainly not desirable, but a very necessary and fortunate evolution from the home which, sad but unavoidable circumstances of life have made necessary."

In Japan there are no Orphan Asylums, for none are needed; there nearly every family has, besides its own members, one or more orphan apprentices who are taken into the home and sustained.

We do not do things so well here, and perhaps we will never learn or practice that broader charity which will make us universally eager to adopt the child of our neighbor and raise it as our own.

Were we as broad and hospitable in our homes as they, the heathen of Japan, the "Bachelor Girl" would never have come to be; but the New Women, of the New World have no room in our modern flats to accommodate the girl-child of our country cousin who has come to the great city, with a pure heart, brave soul, and willing hand, to earn a wage, not only to support herself or carry out a pet ambition, but to lift the burden from the aging shoulders of father and mother, who have struggled at home with the little farm and the big mortgage until the stock of strength is depleted.

So this courageous girl-child of the farm comes to the crowded city with her love of home and all that word means, strong and pure. What does she find? First she goes into a large wholesale millinery establishment, perhaps, to learn the trade. For three weeks or a month she earns nothing. She finds a rooming house and a little hall bedroom, cheerless, with no place even to have a fire. Her meals she gets at a restaurant. They are as frugal as possible, for she is spending with shrinking hand the money that mother has saved from butter and eggs and father has earned—perhaps borrowed—to enable her to make this grand, brave struggle to pay off that harassing mortgage?

Next comes the joyful day when \$3 per week is handed out every Saturday night. It means that hope has come to life again in a heart that homesickness and lonesomeness has almost broken. Then a little longer struggle with the cold hall bedroom, seemingly growing smaller and more cheerless, until it almost seems to choke this child of the farm and home and one Saturday night a blue ticket comes in her pay envelope. It is a check for a raise in salary. She walks with trembling steps to the payer's desk and hands him the check. The clerk takes the check, runs his finger down the page in a big book until he comes to the name of Mamie L. "Yes, that's right; \$2 per week raise" he says, and pushes a crisp new bill over the desk to her and punches the check. It makes no difference to him but Oh, the difference to her. Five dollars a week at last! Everything looks blurred. Tears don't make eyesight clearer; she bites her lip to keep it from trembling and goes back to her cheerless little room. She is going home tomorrow to take a week's vacation. It is the Christmas holiday. Another girl, Margarette, is going to spend the sweet time with her. She is head trimmer at the shop and getting \$8 per week.

smiling, to welcome those brave girls to their own little home. What a supper that was! They can only have meals at home on Sundays, yet what a rest that will be, and mother promises often to come in. At last they are alone—mother has gone back to the farm—but she has slept with them there one whole night and made the place holy with her presence and the comforts of a real home abide with them.

Their evenings are spent in the little parlor that a folding bed makes into a bedroom at night for two of them, and eat their supper in the dining-room, that has a real bed in it, for the other pair, and make their tea in the alcove opening off from that.

The expense is not even so great for each as it was in their cheerless rooms and what comfort and companionship compared to the past barren loneliness. So the pink-cheeked maid from the farm is rapidly evolved into a progressive "bachelor girl."

I don't know anything about the bachelor girl who rents a flat at \$50 a month, the bachelor girl I know is not a desirable institution. She is a necessary evolution that time will make us used to and glad of.

This is no fancy sketch. The last time I saw Mamie was only two weeks ago. She and Margarette came out to spend a day of their vacation with me. Mamie made a big bow to me and introduced herself as fore-lady of her department, (that means \$9 per week) and with a great burst of joy she added, "The mortgage is all paid."

All honor to the American "Bachelor Girl," I say. She is the sweetest, purest, bravest girl on earth, and she has come to stay. May her tribe increase. God bless her.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman, is in the very front rank of the younger women of action who have brought enthusiasm, intelligence and wit into the study of modern problems. She is a grand-daughter of Lyman Beecher and grand niece of Henry Ward Beecher. She began to write at an early age, but her real work began with her removal to California in 1888.

The years that have followed have been filled with lectures and addresses throughout America, and in Great Britain during her visits in 1896 and 1899 and have been marked by stories and verses that strike a note of sympathy human. She is a woman of talent so vivid and rich, and a temperament and character so open and frank, that she has walked forward, hardly aware of the old prejudices and superstitions, but quite simply and naturally, in the path of development marked out by "the pioneers"—the women who first asked for an equal opportunity for their sex. Indeed, Mrs. Gilman is the rarest of persons—a reformer with a sense of humor, a preacher who never is dull, and a satirist who is still essentially a poet.

She is the author of several books, among which are "Women and Economics," "Concerning Children," "The Yellow Wall Paper," "In This World of Ours." "Women and Economics" has been translated into German, Dutch and Italian.

Not only in the realm of thought is Mrs. Gilman a success, but in all kinds of work that have been considered specially feminine. She can cook to a turn. She can design, fit and sew, and even clean house if necessary.

Wedding With a Woman as Officiating Clergyman.

A quiet wedding which bore all the uniqueness of having a woman as officiating clergyman, took place at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Paine, at Lily Dale, Sunday evening, July 26th, when Mr. Willis Warner of Chaffee, N. Y., and Mrs. Mary Ann Nichols of East Aurora, N. Y., were united in marriage by Rev. Tillie U. Reynolds.

Among the home friends who witnessed the ceremony were Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Kent and Mr. Pomeroy, of East Aurora. All united in the sincerest wishes for their future happiness. As they are two "lone ones," it is hoped that home will be the dearest spot on earth to them, and that they may live long to enjoy it.

Woman and the Ballot.

BY SUSAN WASHBURN.

Woman should have the ballot to protect herself and her children.

Then consider the developing powers of the ballot. You cannot develop a slave. Development comes only by freedom and keeping pace with it.

One great danger to our institutions is the indifference of so many good men to neglect the duties of citizenship, thus allowing the viler sort of men to capture the ballot box.

This will always be the case until woman has the full power of the ballot.

It is impossible to keep the masses of good men interested in anything from which good women are excluded and therefore for the sake of our country, for the sake of the rising generation, and good citizenship of the country, let woman share equally with man in the God-given rights of our country.

EXCURSION TO NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO AND TORONTO.

Over the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburg R. R. and L. S. & M. S., Ry., August 14th. Special train will leave Lily Dale at 10.01 a. m. Rate to Niagara Falls and return, \$1.50; Toronto, \$1.50 higher. See posters or ticket agents for further particulars.

A Woman's Orchestra.

Mrs. Eleanor Hooper Coryell of Brooklyn is the organizer and leader of a woman's orchestra. She has long had her heart set on such an undertaking, believing that it would open a new field for woman musicians, whose choice of work is now mainly limited to concert work or teaching. Mrs. Coryell is the mother of three children and is a clear headed business woman, not blinded by enthusiasm to the possibility of financial failure. "The trouble with women's orchestras in the past has been," she says, "that often they would place out their membership with students instead of finished performers. Whether the work of women compares favorably with that of men is beside the point."

The Girl Who is Loved.

Her features may or may not be good, her complexion perhaps leaves something to be desired, but her sweet, true eyes and her kindly heart make her friends forget any physical shortcomings that she may have, and wherever she goes she is as welcome as the sunshine.

Her charm is in her freshness and her naturalness. She is sweet and wholesome herself, and, being that, she is on the lookout for the good that is in the world. Somehow she always finds it. People seem to be at their best in her presence, and, though she knows that the world has its ugly, seamy side, she escapes personal contact with it.

She is simple and honest, and people who are tired of the shams and hollowness of society delight in her.

Miss Jennie Wilde.

Miss Jennie Wilde of New Orleans is one of the two designers for the New Orleans carnivals, being also entrusted with the same work for Kansas City. She is a granddaughter of the poet and statesman Richard Wilde, and was born in Augusta, Ga. She pursued the study of art in New York and soon after opening a studio in her own city was asked to submit designs for one of the parades, the effectiveness of which is talked of all over the country.

The Woman's Century.

Many prophets have been saying that this will be the woman's century. At any rate, it looks as if the old maid would disappear before its close. The belles of a generation or two ago were sixteen or eighteen years old, and a woman of twenty-five was regarded as hopelessly stranded if no man had won her. Today the unmarried women do not begin to call themselves "bachelor maids"—the most recent euphemism for "old maid"—until they are past thirty.

Inexpensive Suit Case.

Something less expensive than a leather suit case and lighter, too, in weight may be made at home to answer the purpose of the former. Make a linen or a denim cover for one of the oblong pasteboard boxes so much used in delivering goods. Tan colored linen, dark red denim, brown holland—any one of these makes a stout, serviceable cover. Stiffen two straps with an interlining of canvas. Stitch many rows on these to make them strong and fasten with small metal buckles. This traveling case will cost so little that you can afford the working of your initials on one of the sides.

A Literary Trio.

Three literary women, all of whom have made successes, in one family is rather rare. In history of other days the Brontes were the nearest approach to it. Today there are Mrs. G. K. Duer, her married daughter, Mrs. Miller, who signs herself Alice Duer Miller, and her unmarried daughter, Miss Caroline Duer. This trio of women have written several novels and novelettes and some excellent short stories and essays, and there is hardly one of the popular periodicals which does not contain the name as a contributor of at least one of the three.

WOMAN.

BY MRS. W. C. LITTLE.

In times of old, so the story is told, Of that preacher-apostle, St. Paul, I will that men pray everywhere, And let woman, in silence, learn all.

For Adam was first formed, then Eve, And woman, she did man deceive. As Eve was in transgression, Silence be her profession.

But times have changed since Paul was here,

To preach, exhort and pray, This world is moving onward— Progression's on the way.

The woman is the mother Of this world's weal or woe— She's good enough to raise a man, But further she must not go.

But in this day of enlightenment, The infinite spirit doth call To the soul of mortal in woman, 'To the front! There is work for all!'

And having learned through submission, From the teachings of St Paul, Being sensitive, kind and persuasive, She doth answer the spirit's call.

Women quietly take their places In this world's competition with men,

With honor they would cast the ballot, At home they will wield the pen.

The "Bachelor Girl" is a nuisance, Along with the "Bachelor Man" For when heart and hand is united, A power is felt through the land.

The mother is queen of the household, She doth honor and keep her home; For love is the crowning jewel, It will greet her at heaven's dome.

Thoughts For the Woman's Edition.

BY JESSIE S. PETTIT-FLINT.

In the home lies the strength of the Nation.

The finest jewels in woman's crown of life are those of wife- and motherhood.

The woman who can hold, as well as win, love and respect, is a queen in her own right.

The "bachelor girl" and "bachelor man" are but parts of a perfect whole and can never view life in its full richness and depth; but better a bachelor's life than a married life of discord.

"Let conscience be our invariable guide."—Andrew Jackson.

"Shine Where You Are."

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

I read in the bright SUNFLOWER, with much pleasure, a poem bearing the above title. The thought is a wholesome suggestion and one easily made practical. After woman's centuries of suppression we need not be surprised if, in her semi-liberation, she flies too high and too far to shine her brightest.

The reaction is only temporary. She will be true to her instincts as home-lover, and home-maker, shining with the holiest light in the Paradise her love has created, and for the illumination of those nearest and dearest.

She may glow from the stage, in opera, from the lecture platform, the pulpit, and wherever else her talents and tastes lead her, but in love's interests and revealing lies her highest effulgence.

A gentleman whose wife is one of the soaring, discontented kind, who overlooks her many broad advantages to dream of far-off efforts and victories, once visited with me an afternoon in the home of an ideal home keeper. She was really charming in her little kingdom. She lighted it completely with her own intellectual brilliancy, and the zest with which she entered into the duties of her position was commendable.

"What do you think of her?" I said after we left.

"I like her!" he said, "I like her! She is not bumping around like a 'bumble bee' against a window, to get out and off somewhere else."

The simile is easily remembered and may be readily applied.

SPIRITUALISM

Become a Genuine Medium and Clairvoyant in 30 days. Get direct communications from your loved ones (supposed to be dead) who are constantly with and helping you in every event of life, protecting you day and night from the hypnotic control of the evil minded of this and the other world. Through

SELF-HYPNOTIC HEALING

I have lately made a wonderful discovery that enables all to induce the hypnotic sleep themselves instantly. REND THE VEIL, and

SEE YOUR SPIRIT FRIENDS

and talk to them direct through this phenomenal trance at your own home privately, awaken at any desired time and thereby cure yourself of all known diseases and bad habits.

ANY PERSON CAN

induce this sleep in themselves at first trial, control their dreams, read the minds of friends and enemies, reveal all secrets in love affairs, intimacy and murders. Visit any part of the earth, solve hard questions and problems in this sleep and remember all when awake. Hypnotize any subject no matter how hard and become an expert Magnetic Healer. This

Mail Course of Five Complete Lessons will be sent to anyone for only 10c. silver, actually enabling you to do the above without further charge. Sent to the skeptical, Subject to Examination.

Address Prof. R. E. BUTTON, Ph. D., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Spiritualist Badge

The Sunflower Jewelry.

READING OF THE EMBLEM.

The center of the design represents a human face, the highest type of intelligence; the face is encircled by the band of darkness symbolizing the ignorance and superstition of humanity; this is broken by the rays of light from the center of intelligence which pierce the darkness and join the light nature on which progression is based. Each leaf symbolizes one of the principles of a pure white field, symbolizing purity, while its position in the center of the square is a symbol of justice. The whole is enclosed by the solid band representing the unity of humanity, while the ornamentation of the band symbolizes the kindnesses extended to others.

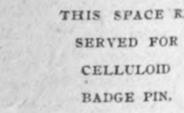
As the Sunflower turns its face towards the sun, so Spiritualism turns the faces of humanity from darkness and superstition towards the Sunlight of Truth and Progression.



BADGE PIN, \$1.50



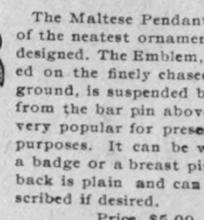
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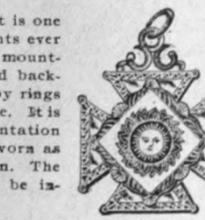
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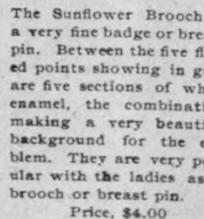
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MALTESE WATCH CHARM



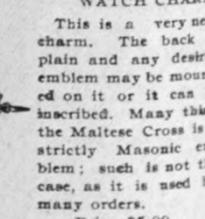
MALTESE WATCH CHARM



SUNFLOWER BROOCH.



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AUGUST 8, 1903.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY AND HER HOME LIFE

Susan B. Anthony, the last, perhaps the greatest, of that band of famous leaders in the woman's suffrage movement, is now 83 years of age, as bright and lively as many women are at half her age.

Those who know her through her public life and as she has impressed them from the platform, or as the controlling spirit of a suffrage convention, have yet to see her in her happiest sphere—that of home. How like herself that home is! How her strong individuality has made the exterior and the interior of the house to resemble herself—a house whose attractiveness is in its utter absence of everything akin to pretense and unnecessary expenditure; and yet lacking in nothing that comfort, refined taste and a genuine and wide hospitality demand, a house whose honest, frank physiognomy says, "come in" before the bell has brought Miss Anthony herself to the door.

Several years ago while Miss Anthony was away on a visit to her old homestead in the East, the Rochester Political Equality Club, with the assistance of Miss Mary Anthony, completely re-furnished and transformed the old home. Friends and relatives also contributed to the result, so that when the Club gave a house-warming upon Miss Anthony's return, on every side were tokens of love and esteem. The handsome rugs, the lace curtains, easy chairs, the writing desk and dining table were all gifts, and the Club had decorated the house with flowers, not forgetting to garland with marguerites the old spinning-wheel which had been a wedding gift to Miss Anthony's mother, and which always has an honored place in her room. Here she has passed the happiest days of her life.

The house is a plain red brick in a very good portion of Rochester. For the past twelve years it has been the Mecca of suffrage friends and workers.

The guest room may have only ancient and historical pictures on its walls telling the tale of patriotism and reform, but it is supplied with every little trifle that can minister to comfort, and the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, Miss Anthony drops in with some pleasant suggestion, so that the guest feels carried in the embrace of genuine hospitality.

The interest of the home centers in her workroom, where the walls are filled with photographs of workers past and present, and where her desk, piled high with work, seems holding her to the earth. The two characteristics of her youth are still with her—generosity and love of home. This Rochester home is her greatest comfort. In the parlor are pictures by famous artists, souvenirs of many lands and peoples, and the table on which the call for the first woman's rights convention was written in 1848. Her attic is filled with papers, pamphlets and documents from which the material for the "History of Woman's Suffrage" and her biography were drawn.

Although Miss Mary has the supervision of the house, yet Miss Anthony makes opportunity to exercise her domestic skill, of which she has always been proud. In her young days she charmed her brother-in-law by the excellence of her cream biscuits and, man like, he said he would rather a woman would make such biscuits than to solve the knottiest problem in algebra. "There is no reason why she should not do both," was Miss Anthony's reply.

There are many references in old family letters to "Susan's tip-top dinner," and she herself, although always abstemious, has never adopted any of the fads of the day with regard to food. In her later years, things perhaps not quite so pleasant at the time, have been recalled with zest, and in her diary such facts as these are recorded: "Washed all the shutters." "Took up the carpets this morning." "Whitewashed the kitchen today." "Helped the girl wash this morning. In the afternoon ironed six shirts and started for New York at 4 o'clock." Such was the work she did between her lecture engagements to make home comfortable for her invalid mother.

Miss Anthony has not been without earnest suitors. The real history has been concealed behind the jocular protest that she could never con-

sent that one she loved should be united to a political parish.

Probably no woman has ever had a more genuine comradeship with men. Men of intellect and experience could always appreciate her keen logic and sense of justice, and her wonderful knowledge of political history made her always an interesting companion and once her friend, always her friend has been the rule.

That she has lived to witness a complete revolution in the attitude of the world towards her is a source of great pleasure to her friends. The following from the Grand Rapids, Mich., Times, as late as 1879, will serve to illustrate the prejudice that Miss Anthony has completely overcome. The Times said in an article headed, "Spinster Susan's Suffrage Show:" "A 'Miss' of an uncertain number of years, more or less brains, a slimsy figure, nut-cracker face, and store teeth, goes raiding about the country attempting to teach mothers and wives their duty. * * As is the yellow fever to the South, the grasshopper to the plains, and diptheria to our Northern cities, so is Susan B. Anthony and her class, to all pure, true, lovely women. The sirocco of the desert blows no hotter or more tainting breath in the face of the traveler, than does this woman against all men who do not believe as she does, and no pestilence makes sadder havoc among them than would Susan B. Anthony if she had the power. The women who make homes, who are sources of comfort to husbands, fathers, brothers, sisters or themselves, who wish to keep sacred all that goes to make their lives noble, refined, and worth the living, will be diametrically opposed to the lecturer of last evening, as are most intelligent men."

Compare this with the grand celebration held at our National Capital three years ago in honor of her 80th birthday, when women representing every line of thought and activity were there to express their love and appreciation of her labors in their behalf. Verily the world is growing to where Miss Anthony was 50 years ago.

The New Woman.

BY SUSIE C. CLARK.

We hear much of the new woman in these days; in fact, there are several editions of this new creation, some being hard to translate and comprehend as Adam must have found his strange companion upon awaking from his deep sleep in the hitherto voiceless solitude of earth's primal morn.

Woman has traveled a long and thorny path since that hour. She has been enslaved, degraded, bought and sold, all through the ages, but gradually the divine in her, which no abuse or enslavement could forever eclipse, arose toward a fuller expression, and we today face the contemplation of that complex, diversified, multiform, personality—the woman of the twentieth century. How many there is of her! Verily, her name is legion!

There is the woman of affairs, the club woman, the woman suffragist, the public lecturer, the reporter and journalist, the school teachers, a noble army of these, to whose faithful care is entrusted the country's future safety; there is the artist, the musician, and sculptor, the expert stenographer, the numerous type-writer, and telegraph operator—the list is endless, yet the positions of usefulness and power to which she is welcomed, increase in diversity every year.

But there is another specimen of womankind, in which the writer is especially interested, the woman who is never more ill, a new woman indeed, to whom disease is a "forgotten word, as a personal experience, which blessed freedom this new woman is gratefully, devotedly trying to bring to the race. After a time-dishonored record of incompetent, incapable invalidism; having been a creature of pains and prostrations and nerves, the prisoner of close, darkened rooms, of nurses and doctors and potions innumerable, this chrysalis now emerges from her blanket cocoon into a full-fledged, active-winged messenger of light, of love and helpfulness. She is a sunny, clear-headed, large-hearted type of womankind, universal in well-doing, noble in achievement.

While holding within herself the fearlessness and enterprise of her mother Eve, she is far on the road toward realizing the possibility of her ideal—the glorified woman of the apocalypse, clothed with the sun of righteousness and freedom, all mun-

dane desires and impulses beneath her feet while all lower limitations are worn on her brow as a crown of conquest. To her the new birth has come, the Christ for her is not born in Bethlehem alone, but within her strong, true heart, where a manger can be found for every thought-child of incarnate truth.

The night of earth's error has been long and heavy, clouds have hung so low as to eclipse the light, the burden of ignorance, pain and human woe has been too grievous to be borne; but morning dawns, the star of truth ushers in the full-orbed glory of a cloudless day, the era of emancipation, of upliftment, and at-one-ment with divinity.

WOMAN'S WORK OF REFORM.

JENNIE O. PAYNE.

Sister workers and reformers, behold the coming day Is breaking, and its roseate light, lends a diviner ray.

Wisdom smiles on Columbia, for woman, tender and true, The spirit of justice makes room, as liberty's form comes in view. The artist has pictured the goddess, a woman fair to see;

In one hand she carries a shield, in the other the flag of the free.

Yet, being deemed the weaker sex, has been denied the power To shield her home from danger, in the nation's perilous hour.

Man cannot succeed alone, according to God's plan, Who, in the soul of a woman, a help meet made for man.

Nature bears the name of mother, earth and sky is her abode, Thus personified by mortals is she not then one with God?

God the Father, God the Mother, both in the one name implies That dual demonstration from which all forms arise.

As daughter of the Infinite, we see this law divine, Embraces as a body, all man- and womankind.

And the woman of today whose love for truth and right Is paramount in every thought, will work with woman's might.

For the fires of love can never die and as long as life shall last, One after another shall fade away the errors of the past.

By the great souled men of freedom let woman's voice be heard In the halls of legislature, let the nation's heart be stirred.

Fathers, husbands, brothers, sons need have no thought of fear, For woman sure has sense enough to hold her proper sphere.

Enfranchise woman, let her do with voice and heart and hand, Who would more willingly assist the poor, hardworking man.

One light supreme should shine on all to make our nation blest, Then the sword that justice carries will ever be at rest.

As laborers, wives and daughters, let us do what we can, For the sisterhood of woman and the brotherhood of man.

And who can best appreciate, or who would value more A home of peace and plenty, than the world's hardworking poor?

Shelter, food and raiment, who robs them of their share But the peace-destroying monster, the greedy millionaire?

Reducing woman's wages, pocketing the laborer's wealth, Wrecking human lives by his avarice and stealth.

Shall we let this maddening curse over all our fair land grow? In the name of love and justice, we firmly answer, NO!

Woman, with honest man, can remove this sickening blight, And overcome this evil, Equality puts it right.

The New Woman—Who is She.

ELIZABETH R. FIELDING.

She is to be more intelligent, more kind, more modest, more charitable, more physically and mentally perfect. More interested in home life so as to create a higher ideal of what the coming type of men and women should be, and to awake the world to action.

Today we call love a passion. True love is a quality of the mind, not of the body. Until men love women with the mind, woman will not have her right place in the world. A woman's charms of person and mind should be her store of wealth—sometimes her physical charms are counterfeit—they are used as a snare—she cannot counterfeit her mental qualities.

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WOMAN AND HOME.

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

"A man can build a mansion
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace
With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a temple
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called HOME.

That impalpable, ineffable something which makes of a palace or cot a HOME is that which the word paradise conveys to imagination. It is the fulfilment of rest, the joy of freedom, the loyalty and harmony of love.

Its activities as a dwelling place are a manifold exercise of skill, ceaseless care, wise judgment and economy. A *merely good housekeeper* requires only good mental and executive ability, with the moral instinct of cleanliness and the esthetic tendency to beautify. But this, while indispensable to an inviting and enjoyable dwelling place, does not constitute the charming attractive atmosphere that makes a home in its completeness.

As the heart in the physical organism is the center of its life-distributing energy, woman in the home is the center of that life of love and unifying principle that harmonizes diverse individualities. It is in the sympathetic love nature of woman and motherhood that is furnished the restfulness, recuperating to the body and refreshing to the soul.

Home is rest, peace, joy. The really homeless are those who have neither within themselves or in an associated life these spiritual blessings. The most beautiful dwelling-place without the atmosphere of harmony and its restfulness, is not home. The woman who enjoys the largest liberty, whose heart is expanded by the largest outgiving of love, is the best home-maker, whether or not she is the best housekeeper.

Our commercial money-worshipping civilization has wrought havoc with the home. Woman has been compelled to forsake it to secure subsistence. In the crowded districts of cities, cleanliness, beauty, and the possibility of restfulness are destroyed. The modern flat in the apartment house has crowded out a comfortable amount of space, the life-giving sunshine and pure air. Woman is compelled to adjust herself to a camp life with adornments minus the freedom and inspiration of contact with nature. Even the comfort of obtaining water through a faucet and light from a gas jet cannot make a hotel or the conditions of an apartment building the sweet sanctum and heart-rest of the separate dwelling building.

Woman as a home-maker has performed the most essential service to civilization. But like the various industries of housekeeping, these services have not commanded financial value and remuneration. Consequently household service lacks in the common mind the high estimate and dignity that its real contribution to human welfare deserves.

The dwelling place well ordered and well kept, the womanhood and motherhood that make it a home, a place in which not only body but soul is well fed, with loving care and guidance in ways of right and peace and harmony, is the most exalted, as it is the most useful sphere of human endeavor.

Woman and home are inseparable. We may hope the new man will provide that the dwelling place be legally inseparable from the Mother Home Maker. Also that she shall not be tax-payer on this home without a representation in the law-making body of the State—the larger home.

For—
"Tis a happy faculty,
Of women, far and wide,
To turn a cot or palace
Into something else beside.

Where brothers, sons, and husbands tired,
With willing footsteps come—
A place of rest, where love abounds,
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daughter of the late Charles De B. Mills of Syracuse, author of "Buddha and Buddhism," "Gems of the Orient," and "The Tree of Mythology."

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Miss Mills is by birth and education a reformer. All through her childhood her home was a center for the lecturers and workers in reform and literary lines. Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Frederick Douglass, and many other well known men and women used to gather often at the Mills fireside. She was co-educated from the beginning in the primary school to her graduation at Cornell University in 1879.

She taught for several years at Keble school in Syracuse. During that time she organized with Mrs. Mary E. Bagg the Syracuse Browning club which is now the oldest club of the kind in existence. She has spoken at banquets upon Browning, in Boston and Syracuse, and before various societies.

After a year of travel abroad and some newspaper work in Boston and elsewhere, Miss Mills became an active worker in the woman suffrage movement. For four years she was recording secretary of the New York State Suffrage Association. In 1894 she was made organizer and lecturer, which office she has since filled with marked ability and growing popularity.

She helped conduct the constitutional Convention in this State in '94. In '96 she spent eight months as conductor of meetings and lecturer in the constitutional amendment campaign in California, doing most effective work. Her work in this State is most encouraging, new clubs are being organized and signs of growing interest apparent. She has spoken at various times before legislative committees in Albany, was one of the speakers at the Onondaga County Centennial Celebration, and on other notable occasions.

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