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MY POLITICAL EXPERIENCE

A FANCY

BY CORA K. WHEELER

FRANK is determined to accept the Denver partnership that has been offered him, and Briggs Center is to be our home no longer. The girls always used to say, that in my clinging to my home I had the real cat-like instinct for place and locality. "When they moved to Chicago last fall I was glad Frank's business was here and that the old home could still be mine. I don't believe I ever do long for a change as some people do. Sue and Amy, my sisters next younger than I, are wild about the city, but I dread a city and I dread Denver. However, if I am conservative in one thing I am in all, and I believe in the old-fashioned idea of a wife following her husband wherever his interests call him, so like a dutiful wife, I shall try to make the change a success.

A YEAR LATER

We have been here a year now and whether I shall ever become domesticated or not is still an unsolved problem. We had not been here long before Frank was quite carried, away with the political situation. He dragged me night after night to hear speeches from both men and women, who could not say enough about the glorious times that suffrage had brought to their state. They talked about the purity and peace that women would bring to every department of public life, until I began to think the millennium must have begun and I suggested to Frank that if we were so much further advanced than the rest of the states we had better have the girls come

west (I am horribly homesick to see them all). Frank said however I might make fun of it, it was a great thing to have women have the ballot and that after I had been through with an election I would be as enthusiastic as the rest (privately, I hope not), but the very next week the campaign commenced. I was just finishing the breakfast dishes when the bell rang and I ushered in a large fleshy lady, richly dressed, whom I recognized for I had seen her in church, the wife of a bank president. She introduced herself as Mrs. Ross, said in former days she had always made it a point to call on all I newcomers who frequented her church, but in these busy times she was obliged to leave her calls until the month before election, as she felt it her duty to see every woman on our street that month. I really had no deep feeling of gratitude to her for the call under those circumstances, I could think of nothing to answer, except that "no doubt, the street was highly favored," at which she gave me rather a sharp look, and said she had understood I was not "alive to the great privileges to which was heir as a citizen of the great State of Colorado." I said in Minnesota the women had always been perfectly contented, and it seemed to me had a great deal more time to meet and be friendly than they had here. Then she made me a regular Women's Right speech and finally, for I'm nothing of an orator, when she had driven me into a corner, I said "Well, father always said he could take care of his women folks, and it would have amused him to hear you call us oppressed, for we always had our own way in

the end." With that she gathered her wraps around her and said she loftily "with women who in this age of opinions I have little sympathy," and swept out of the house. How I wished Sue had been here, with her ready tongue to answer her. As for me, I sat and looked at one spot on the carpet for ten minutes, and then I decided. I could dispense with calls, if that was a sample. You see all the year I had been in Denver I have had no calls to speak of outside the neighborhood. I have met numbers of people at church who have told me they should call, but they are all on so many committees, of some branch of suffrage or another, that they felt obliged to leave social duties until after the women of the city should have become well grounded in political principles.

It was the same afternoon that Mrs. Giles called. She is a little, brisk, energetic woman, she was not still one moment while in my parlor, she said she had met Frank at the meeting the night before, and he did not seem at all certain in which I would vote. Frank had told me about it, and of the way in which she had cornered him, so I was not surprised. I said, laughingly, that "I had been trying to find out something about the different men who were up for office, but as one paper picked one man to pieces, and another the other, I decided to leave the whole matter to people better posted than myself." She asked me quickly, if by that I meant to the men, and on my being obliged to say "yes," (I'm always very truthful), she said, "Ah!, my dear Mrs. Lee, that is your great error, never leave anything to the men, and never read all the papers, read one good sound paper like the Woman's Crown and you will always be safe." I did not quote father to her after my morning's experience but I did say "I thought a woman's crown was always her motherhood," at which she laughed and began to explain how far behind the age I was, and "Dear Mrs. Lee'd" me, forty times over, and

assured me that if I would only lean on her I would be safe. She's about five feet tall and might weigh a hundred, I was glad she could not possibly mean physically, but I supposed from all this she must have some connection with the Woman's Crown," and when I asked her quite plainly if she had, she acknowledged herself as principal editor. I tried to be very polite. I assured her that I would read the next edition very carefully, but that was not enough for her, she commenced walking up and down the parlor, telling me all the objections against the opponent, and assuring me that through her candidate was not very much better I must cast my vote for him this year as it would help to show our strength, but by next spring we hope to be in working order and this the last time the mayor of Denver shall ever be a man. I stared at her with such a hopeless air of bewilderment after that speech that I suppose she thought me a hopeless case, for she soon took her departure. I was flooded with calls the ensuing two weeks. If any of these women had called on me before I should not have minded it, but I'm so old fashioned that my cheeks fairly burned when day after day the young blushing maids made their political calls. Even Frank looked very sober and said, "After all it's much better in theory than it is in practice, I believe I'm glad my wife is behind the times after all, but we need a good breath .of fresh air and I'll telegraph the folks to lend us some of the girls, we've been put off with promises long enough. " How I counted the days after that and what a hall one morning and to feel Amy's dear arms around me. What talks we had and how the girls laughed over my stories. "Think of Belle who never had any more spunk, than a mouse," said Sue, "standing up for her opinions and quoting father," and Sue laughed until she cried. "Belle was always the dignified one of the family," said Amy, "but she never had any fight in her." "Never mind," said Sue, "patting my hand as if she had suddenly outgrown me, we'll do the

fighting for you, that's what we came for, it will be great larks."

Election day dawned clear and bright, five private carriages called to take me to the polls before nine o'clock, and I met such cold glances when I quite refused to go, that I was finally very glad when Sue offered to answer the bell for me. But those girls! I heard Sue making the most winning speeches all day. She told Mrs. Giles that my education had been so neglected, but that she (Sue), was in fully in sympathy with the new movement, and she as assured Mrs. Ross that "nothing would give her greater pleasure than to vote for a woman for the head of the nation," and next I knew she and Amy had their hats on and were riding down to the polling place in Mrs. Ross's carriage, as spectators. They assured me after their return that they had been introduced to half the domestics of Denver, and the ... those girls have been going on ever since election day has nearly turned my hair gray! What mother would think I know not, and I don't dare write her about it, for fear father will order them home and they are the dearest, best sisters in the world. Frank only laughs at me when I worry over them and says, "Let them alone, they have a world of common sense under all their fun." They go to every thing, they are always in some great person's carriage, or another. Sue even makes bright little speeches they tell me, and Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Giles and several of the leaders consider her very bright, and as they can sort of unite on her, seem to find her very useful. But at last one day when Amy told me Sue had drafted a bill for the legislature I could not stand it and I begged the dear girl with tears to think what she was coming to. "I'm coming to the honor of being next mayor of Denver my dear Bell," she said, making me a profound courtesy, "and my bill is to provide that 'the mayor may honorably resign his or her office at any time and appoint her own successor.'" "You see we

might have to go home we've been here nearly a year now, and though I have father's promise that I shall stay until Mas anyway, I must prepare for an emergency." I sank into my chair and lifted my hands in horror. I suppose I felt as our old hen used to, when she saw the young ducks she had raised take to the water, then my wits came back to me, and I tried every argument I could think of. I even said I should write home, but Sue said father was in the secret and it was all right. Of course that silenced me, but I held baby Ruth in my arms all the afternoon and I felt the first real care of motherhood come over me. I always had a horror of boys we never had any boys in our family, boys always seemed to me to gravitate towards the wrong. It always seemed a fearful responsibility to guide them right. There was Freddie Bliss at the corners, as bright and dear a boy as ever lived, a very smart boy too, wonderful.....

Weekly Wisconsin

Saturday, November 10, 1895

OUR BOYS

For the Woman's World of the Wisconsin.

We hear a great deal about the freedom of young America, and the great want of respect shown by children of today to their parents. No one seems to, remember that just as the outburst against Puritanism in the past made the levity of Charles the Second's court. So today, the parent who remembers the awe and fear of his or her own childhood, determines to be a companion and, confident of their child, and sometimes as in all revolutions, license marks the first extreme to which reform is pushed. But let us look beyond the outward and into the hearts before we judge that the world is going backward as regards the education and training of the young.

Did the children of fifty years ago take every grief and care of their parents, as ours do today? We do not hear of our boy climbing out garret windows to go after forbidden pleasures. Why? Because, he may come openly down the front steps, throw himself on the grass at his father's feet (not stand in awe before him) and tell openly of the treat he expects. Sure of sympathy, sure of aid (if his allowance has dwindled in that mysterious way allowances have of disappearing) or he runs merrily in at noon to tell his father there is to be a football match or a wheel race, glad and pleased to see the boyhood flash out again in his father's face as he prepares to keep the holiday with him." When our "boys bring their boy friends in the parlor in the evening and say, "Papa will you play "a game of -whist?" And, "Mother you've read enough you'll spoil your eyes, come play," we do not have to lie awake and listen for a stealthy tread on the hall stairs or

creep to meet our boy dreading that his good-night kiss may be tainted. Who is the loser, who is the gainer that our boys are sure of our sympathy and pleasure in their company? Have we lost respect. Nay, I claim we have gained it. Our children are our friends, our companions, our lovers as they grow, into manhood. Have the children lost? No. "Perfect love casteth out fear." And the gain to father and mother is unmeasurable.

If fathers and mothers were perfect in the olden time they might have demanded the reverence we hear they received, but I fear they were just as faulty as the parents of today. The arbitrariness made the old stubborn wills that we read made them such cares in old age. Made too often the separations between parent and child that used to be so common, but which are today so rare. Run away boys are not as common as they were in the days when a father was dictator and absolute monarch. He should be head today a monarch indeed but a constitutional monarch.

A father who governs not according to dogma and creed, but according to higher law, "Do unto thy children as in thy far-off childhood, than wouldst have been done unto." And remember that the crying sin against childhood in the past was the neglecting to remember that a child's sense of justice is its keenest trait and that perfect justice to a child means self-control in the parent. That boy who grows up in love and companionship will not have to sow "wild oats." Stronger than temptation can break,

will be the chain of love that binds him to you. There will be no breaking forth from restraint into freedom. Because the control will have passed out of sight and the child taught self-control by example and practice before he ever realized he was under restraint.

"Give me the first fourteen years of a boy's life and I will show you the man," said a good, wise mother to me in my early motherhood. Let us win the love and confidence of the youth before he is 14 and we have planted in his breast a sense of right and wrong that he can never get away from, because it is a part of himself. A strong lamp to which no matter where he roams he will return for light and guidance.

Cora K. Wheeler
Marshfield, Wisconsin

Weekly Wisconsin

Saturday, November ?, 1895

OUR DEFENSE

For the Woman's World of the Wisconsin.

In one of the October "Outlooks" there is an article on "Women who Write." In the course of which it is clearly proven, at least to the author's satisfaction, that it is impossible for a woman to handle a pen without neglecting all the duties that fall to her position as wife and mother. No doubt, the writer is some young woman to whom the duties of housekeeping seems a mighty burden; "1095 meals a year to be ordered is enough brain work for one woman." we are told. Why dear friend didn't you have "Robert Downing" in your Sunday school library, and didn't you learn from it before you were ten years old, that the rain only falls, "one drop at a time," and that "one step at a time will carry a man across the continent?" Why carry the burden of 1095 meals on one's mind? Its only three meals a day after all and you can duplicate your bill of fare once a week and no one will be the wiser. It may be the writer is one of those unhappy creatures who are haunted by ghost of their grandmother's methods, and who cannot realize that times and ways have changed. Now did it ever strike your sister worker that no woman of today has laid upon her the burdens that lay upon her ancestor?

Grandmother was often a new settler, more often than not a farmers wife, for one-eighth of the population of our land did not live in cities fifty years ago. She had to cook and wash for her whole household, perhaps even spin and weave, certainly make the greater part of the clothing of both sexes that comprised her household. Her time was full from early morning till late at night. Hired

help, if kept, was merely "help" not "service" as we have today. Poor faithful tired old lady. I love her now when I think of her patience and courage. I hope like Mrs. Whitney's Hulda, "that she has a good strong angel to tote her round," and that she can rest those weary hands and enjoy the beauty and glory that she was too tired to see are in this world as well is in the next.

Grandma had no water in her sink, no waste pipes, no sweeper or dishwasher. She dried her own. corn and did her own canning and preserving, even chopped her own sausage, but that is no reason that her granddaughter should do the same today. The march of. the century has been towards labor-saving machinery for both men and women. If "400 men raise as much food on a Dakota farm as 5000 Russian peasants in a single season as Prof. Wilder assures us they can, why cannot one servant or two do the work of an ordinary household, with modern conveniences, that in the old days took all grandma's time and strength together with the help employed. It can be done and it is done all over our land. Three quarters of our clothing is bought ready-made today; women in every walk of life have life easier; women have the time for historical and art classes, women clubs, etc., and they do more charitable and church work than ever before. Where do all the people come from who crowd the city streets on "bargain days?" They are recruited from the crowds of women who have leisure time in this day and age, because housework is easier and lighter than of yore; but we never hear that these women have

neglected other duties. The woman who paints does not hold her palate on her thumb when husband and children are home. The women's clubs meet in the afternoons in most places, when business and school leaves the mother alone. The children's hour is as sacred as ever it was. The presence that is always looked for first of all and called to be on hand is there now as always; nothing has been taken from any tie, only new interests added. The more new life and enjoyment that enters the mother's life, the more freshness and brightness can she radiate on that charmed circle all her own.

A dear friend (who alas! often handles a pen) said to me once, "Mrs. S. said to mother 'Fanny must neglect her home or children to have so much time to write,' and poor Fanny added, 'and within ten minutes mother said she (Mrs. S.) boasted that she had not had an evening home for six weeks and that she had been fairly driven with afternoon engagements all the fall," and Fanny wondered what made it "neglect" in her case, whose spare time was rightfully her own and "social duty" in Mrs. S. Ah! we all find time for what we like to do. That is the secret, whether we sew for a church fair or organize a woman's club or simply improve our own mental capacity. Women of today have lighter household cares than women did before the day of electric lights and modern manufactory. The presence and the brain are just as much needed to make the home as they ever were, but let those in the later days of the Nineteenth century be thankful that the march of improvement and invention have made time their own, and let them know that that time was given them to use and note, that the earth was not just a dull brown (which would have been just as well for a working world), and that the trees are green, the sunset shows all the colors of the rainbow, and hills and valleys, are full of pleasant sights made for the enjoyment of people in any condition

of life. The men and women who have lived before us have.....

Cora K. Wheeler

THE CONTRIBUTOR
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HOW THE SIOUX SPOILED OUR THANKSGIVING
BY CORA K. WHEELER

It was late in the fall of '62. The high prairie grass waved dry in the autumn air, and the sky was dull and hazy. Father came in one day with a letter in his hand. Our only connection with the world was, by stage, in those days, "and a letter was an event in our quiet farmer's time. It held the news that Uncle's Ben and Sam, (mother's only brothers) were home on furlough and would be obliged to leave St. Paul within ten days' time.

We had been in the wilderness, as we called western Minnesota, two years or more, and mother had never taken kindly to our pioneer life; now, seeing her tearful eye and trembling lips, father suggested at they should make a trip home, see the boys, and say good-by and "God speed" to them.

Mother's eyes quite brimmed over, as she answered, "If we only could, James, but we cannot take the boys, and I dare not leave them."

"Oh! Mother, what nonsense," we boys claimed. "I don't believe, Maria," father added, "that you've ever taken a free breath since we came here. I can't see what makes you have that deadly terror of the Indians. We have not seen an unfriendly one in all these two years."

Mother answered; "That may all be, but I certainly credit the rumors, we have heard of the Sioux scouts, being on through this section, this summer. You said yourself that you had seen them, you were sure."

"Well, I don't believe they succeeded in stirring up trouble, I see no signs of that, I

believe we are in perfect safety, or I wouldn't keep you here long." And father laughed.

I can't help dreading the fall," mother answered. "I could not feel easy to leave my children and we can't afford to take them." But father felt mother needed a change, I think her pale face and languid as she went quietly around about her work, her thoughts full of the beloved brothers, so soon to leave, perhaps forever worried him more than he would acknowledge. The next day he called us all into consultation. How honored we were as we turned the barn pails bottom upwards and sat by his side on the barn floor, as he talked to us, not like a father, so much as to brothers, whom he looked to, to help him out of a difficulty. We discussed the management of the animals and the little farm work which must be done, in case he could persuade mother to leave us. "You'll have to take your meals with the nearest neighbor, half a mile off," he said. But just then I had a brilliant thought, "Why can't we get Miss Maintland to come and board with us, while you're away? Then; we could stay home and we'd manage the meals with what help she could give us after school". Miss Maintland was our district teacher, and had boarded with us the winter before. "That's the best idea of all, father answered, and we'll make our plans that way, if she is willing."

Miss Alice Maintland was a girl of eighteen at this time; she was small and-slight, but we boys were all willing, like Fatima's subjects, "To kiss the dust from her little feet," or do anything she wanted."

So she had managed our district school for

a year, without trouble or annoyance; she was very fond of mother. Her own mother was dead and she lived with an uncle ten miles from us. She was delighted to do mother the favor of coming, insisting it would be great fun, so between us all we conquered mother's uneasy fears. She and father left two days later.

I was fourteen at this time, strong and sturdy for my years. Rob, my brother, was a year younger. We considered it a great lark, to be left our own masters for a week; though now I look back upon it, I think our home government was always most indulgent.

We decided to anticipate our Thanksgiving festivities by preparing a swell supper for Miss Maintland. We had a faint memory of "Saratoga potatoes" served I once by some cousin on a visit, and we determined to begin with that for a foundation. We studied mother's cook book, but that was old and had no mention of the delicate dish and so we decided to trust to memory. I put four or five pounds in a great black kettle. Rob in the mean time, peeled a dozen good sized potatoes, but neither of us wanted to slice them, so we concluded "It was a waste of time anyway," and dropped them into the cold lard and left them to cook themselves. Then we caught a chicken and dressed that; but as our knowledge ended there, we decided to dump the chicken in with the potatoes and fry that also. Rob said, "He always did like fried chicken best."

I shall always remember Miss Maitland's merry laugh, when our swell supper came on the table. Our wet soggy potatoes soaked through and through with grease; and our hicken, looking as though it had been fried in stove polish. We unanimously decided to fall back on mother's cold beans and sliced ham. We were just in the midst of the merriest of suppers when a dark form appeared at the

door and a dark hand was held out and we heard the words, "injun heep hungry, feed him." Miss Maintland was startled, her face was white when she looked at me, I think her feelings towards the red men; were much like my mothers, but I got up with what I felt was a manly air, and told him to spread his blanket and I took the platter with our whole fried chicken on it surrounded by the soggy potatoes, and I poured the whole contents into his blanket.



He grunted out what was meant for thanks, I suppose, and departed. We amused ourselves the rest of the evening, with imagining the dreams that would, haunt him that night.

The next noon while I was watering the cows in the barnyard, and looking forward to the nearly-ready Thanksgiving Feast, I saw the same Indian creep cautiously around the corner of the barn and move towards me on all fours. My first impulse was to run, my next was to laugh at my fears, as I saw him make a friendly sign. He came quite near me, and then said, "Indian kill heap white man, carry off boys. Indian not forget good food; hide, boy, hide."

Then he turned without another glance at me, and crept back the way he had come. For a moment I was stunned, the stories of Black Hawk's war, that grandfather used to tell us, came flying through my mind. I never doubted for a moment the truth of the report. The very air seemed to pulsate with evil, as I looked cautiously around. I slipped into the barn and called Rob down from the loft, and

told him all. I said, " Rob, I'm going to hide you, but I've got to find Miss Maintland, and try to save her, she's just about half way home by this time." Rob begged to go with me, he said "he'd rather risk death than to be left alone," but I told him it might be to risk worse than death. I made him come down into the cellar. I uncovered the old cyclone cistern and put him in with food and water. There was some ten or twelve inches of water in it, and he had to kneel in that, then I covered the top with bags of potatoes and piles of peat. He had air from the ventilator, that opened into the fresh air, at the side. I left him, and I crawled through the fields half bent double. Just at the turn in the road, I saw the little school mistress, swinging her book-strap and singing, softly to herself as she drew near. I ran to meet her, and told her all I knew in a few words. Even as we cast frightened glances around, we saw a bright red glare over in the West, and we knew the Indians had risen against the settlers. Miss Maintland was a brave girl; she begged me not to try and save her, but to escape which there was time. All my boyish chivalry took arms at that, and I said, "Well, we'll stay together and I'll kill you myself before I'll let you fall into....."

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EDITH UTLEY'S SUCCESS. BY CORA K. WHEELER.

"I am thankful my wife is not the modern woman:" Ralph Utley threw the paper from him as he spoke, and gave his wife a patronizing smile; that is, it would have been patronizing, if he had bestowed it upon a man in like manner.

"Why, Ralph?"

"Why you don't try to have your say in everything and set yourself up to discuss things you know nothing about as half the women seem to be doing today.

"Doctoring is well enough for women, they belong in a sick room," he continued, and school teaching is the natural business of single women; but when you come to lawyers and editors, journalists and reporters, excuse me! Women today are meddling with things beyond their observation or comprehension."

"It's a little strange they succeed then, isn't it dear?" Edith asked in her sweetest tone.

"Don't defend them Edith I beg of you, a woman's brain wasn't made to tackle some problems, her place is home."

"It has been remarked before that all women haven't homes." Edith answered dryly: "I fail to see why a woman who must be self-supporting is out of her place if she fills any honorable place well. If the men want the homes filled, they must be more attractive, that's all," and Edith swung her

pretty little foot and bit her lips.

"How fortunate for me that I was attractive or that you have limitations to your ability, which is it?" said Ralph, bending to kiss her. "I never could have married a progressive woman."

"What was it stirred you up so, Ralph?" Edith asked. "Let me read you," he answered: "The editor of The Independent offers to bestow a prize of Fifty Dollars on the man or woman who shall give the best reason why the present system of having tramps break stone, has proved such a failure in this city, and who shall offer any practical suggestion that may be of use, as to an employment suited to the general characteristics of the average tramp." "Think of a woman answering that! Yet some of them will try," Ralph added in a sarcastic tone, throwing the paper a second time from him in disgust, as he rose to pass into his library.

Edith picked it up and spread it open on the table before her. She rested her round little chin in her plump little hands and looked long at the words. "It always tries me so when Ralph takes that superior tone. It's growing on him, too; perhaps I've never asserted the equality of woman enough. It isn't because he really doesn't believe women have brains, yet I always feel as if I had to fight for the right to possess any when he talks that way." A long pause—then, slowly, "I wonder if I could; would he be angry or would it cure him if I

succeeded? He's always just enough to acknowledge, if he's convinced; I've a mind to try"—a determined set of the chin at these last words.

"Listen Edith," Ralph said, the next morning, unfolding a piece of paper as he stood waiting for the breakfast bell, and he read aloud an article, clear, concise and to the point, suggesting the formation of tramps into chain gangs, to work upon the public roads under an overseer armed with a Winchester rifle. "A little heathenish, but written, well as you always write," Edith said as he finished. "It sounds rather rough to your tender heart, I suppose," Ralph answered. "The woman's part of it would be to have them cultivate flowers. There'll be no taint of severity in their papers, I promise you;" and he laughed as he kissed her good-by. Edith's eyebrows went up and she made a wee little face as the door closed. "Women can't see the need or justice of severity in dealing with the lazy fellows. Oh, no! I wonder who they've annoyed most, men or women?" she said, shaking her wise little head.

The week passed as usual, and the tramp question was not mentioned again by either of them. One afternoon, after the postman's call, Edith's cheeks were very bright, and her manner was a little hurried and unlike its usual calm at dinner, but Ralph did not notice.

The next afternoon, as she fastened the dress that was Ralph's favorite, her hands trembled. "I hope he won't be angry," she whispered. "If he really feels it's a just decision, he'll be honest enough to acknowledge it and he needs a little lesson on the respect he should pay women's brain power." Just then the front door closed with a bang. Edith glanced hurriedly at the clock. "Three hours before his usual time, he can't have heard—the paper isn't out until five." Yet, she drew her breath a little hurriedly as

she turned to meet him. She heard him running upstairs now, two steps at a time. "Where's the renowned authoress who has distanced her legal Lord in the race?" he called merrily as he entered and caught her in his arms. No anger, only a ring of gladness and mirth in the voice she loved best on earth.

She gave him, what he afterwards declared was the very sweetest look he had ever received. "How did you find out," she said. "I'm so glad you feel this way about it." "Why, what way should I feel?" he asked in a surprised tone. "Editor Ross says, I have the brightest woman in the city for a wife, and I hope I am not such a cad as not to appreciate the fact." "But her reputation is literary, Ralph, and she won the prize by the use of her woman's brain power," and putting her hand over his mouth as he tried to speak, "her article was on the proper treatment of tramps, a subject on which no woman knows anything." He covered the little hand with kisses before he released it.

"How unmerciful a woman is," he said, laughing. "Shall I go down on my knees to apologize?" "You ought, mentally at least, to all womankind for slandering their brain power," she answered sagely. "You've said awfully superior things about women." "I'm properly punished then if I have, and I'll say as we said when children, 'I'll never do so any more, if you let me read your article, I didn't half absorb it, I was in such a hurry to come home. Ross only brought me the advance sheet half an hour ago. Behold yourself in print, woman!" he said, with mock seriousness, as she perched herself on the arm of his chair, prepared to read with him. Russia might properly make if the whipping posts and overseer plans were tried. It suggested that "stone cutting" had never been known as an enticing occupation likely to inculcate a love of work—to say nothing of how contrary to the system of "Protection for

American Labor," such a plan would be, as it would ruin the invention of the new steam stone crushing machine. As for what was supposed to be the ordinary beloved occupation of a tramp "wood sawing," it was suggested that they who generally praised this form of labor forgot the Golden Rule, insomuch as, generally, a man recommended to take exercise, by his physician, preferred almost any other method, and it suggested that the tramps be either forced to ride a wheel up and down a steep hill a given number of times for each meal bestowed, or else be turned over to the Cold Storage Company to pick over and assort the vegetables and fruit consigned to their care.

The Cold Storage Company had lately advertised for hands for that purpose. The tramps would thus be enabled to fill themselves from the refuse without any expense to the city of food bills. And the usual exceptions taken by tramps to work would be eliminated, as they would be out of the heat, yet obliged to exercise to keep warm; and, as a last resort, it was suggested that, as "whosoever will not work, neither shall he eat," was a Biblical law, those who refused to conform to the conditions should be summarily ejected from the city. "That last clause is certainly strict enough to suit even you, Ralph," Edith said as they finished. "Yes," he said, reaching up to pull her face down to his, I'm thoroughly converted, but would I might be there to see the women carry out that last sentence."

Evening Wisconsin

Saturday, February 1, 1896

THE GOVERNOR'S CAMP

For the Woman's World of the Wisconsin.

One thinks of a Wisconsin logging camp as of a rude, wild place, inhabited by uncivilized aliens. Our visit revealed to us such a different state of things that we decided to chronicle it.

On the morning of our arrival the trees hung heavy with frost, which the morning rays changed to brilliants and a veritable fairy land lay before us. The sleighing was perfect, and as we neared the camp the sound of the "swinging ax and falling trees" was in our ears. Away in the distance we saw the gleam of ice and were told that an ice road had been constructed in December, when the snow failed to appear, and would be used again if the snow should take an early departure, as it does some years. These ice roads are made the width of the sled runners. Sometimes ice from the rivers is pounded down, but more often an ice sprinkler is used.

As this logging camp was owned by the governor of Wisconsin and as we claimed his patronage, we had intended to show his card, but decided to remain unknown and see exactly how chance visitors would be received.

The young man who touched his cap and introduced himself as foreman might have "passed muster" in a drawing room. We found later he had passed two years in the State university. His jacket (or what in our ignorance we called "Indian blanket" was red, striped with black, an white, and was buttoned snugly around his waist. Later we were told it was a "Mackinaw" he wore. The name was puzzling. We finally settled to our (to our own satisfaction at least) that the first hunters at the famous island must have invented the custom. His feet looked several sizes too large for him, and as his height was already some six feet or more we hoped he

had not (like Bonner's puppies) to grow up to them. It was a relief to our minds to be told that their apparent size was owing to the fact that several pairs of woolen hose were covered by what is called "bootpacks," a form of shoe or boot made of stiff uncolored leather, tanned by peculiar process and well lined..

He politely offered to do the honors of the camp. We followed him into what he called the "shanty." This was a large log building, one story high, having bunks something like those in the old lake propellers along the sides. It was black with smoke stains. Garments of many colors and socks of all sizes hung on the sides. A large box stove that looked as if it took "cord wood" stood at each end of the room. We were told the men kept the room at a high temperature evenings. By each stove was a table and on it we were surprised to find many of the periodicals, besides newspapers in many languages and the popular dailies only a few days old.

We were informed that this camp (as well as all others in Northern Wisconsin) receives semi-weekly supplies of papers and magazines from the Woman's Christian Temperance union. The governor's wife is at the head of the lumbermen's work for the United States and it was her brain that originated the plan and it is owing to her efforts that it has been carried out all over the Northern states. She systematized the work by giving each union in the state one or more camps to keep supplied.

As we wandered around and conversed with the men, we found her name familiar to all. It was a talisman that unlocked many a tough voice. "I tell you she's a good women," said one burly

Canadian. I was in her husband's camps twenty years ago in Angelica - long before anyone thought of him as a public man, and she did this work then for all the camps near their mills." The foreman told us there was hardly a woodsman to whom her name was not familiar. "We can always depend on her," the foreman added. "She writes herself every fall to every mill owner for the name of his camps. We're all proud to have her the 'first lady in the state' and we gave our votes to a man to put her here."

The governor of Wisconsin is a very popular man we are told, but in the "camps" he must divide his honors with his wife.

We passed into the eating shanty and saw the long tables, laden with pork and beans (the stand-by of the "choppers"), hot biscuits and "Johnny cake." Fresh meat was on the great plates and potatoes smoked in their skins.

The "cookee" (assistant cook), a slight young fellow, was placing high cups of steaming coffee on the table and the men began to pile in. Not a hard-looking set of men, taken as a whole - every nationality of course, but most of them intelligent young farmers, who flock to the camps in winter leaving to their wives the care of the farms, to lay in their yearly supply of cash,

We wandered out to see the great trees lying where they had fallen, then on the "skidway" where the logs were being rolled.

After the midday meal we watched the "rolling up" as it is called. The great chains that reach clear across the thirty-foot piles of logs pulled on the further side, by a team, rolled a great log to its place on top, as easily as one would roll one snowball on another.

Oxen are used for some of the rough road work, but the bulk of the pulling and hauling is done by horses. We were surprised to hear that the horses could pull heavier loads and had more endurance

than the oxen. Oxen are not used at all in many of the camps.

This camp was seven miles from the city of Marshfield, where the governor's mills are located. The logs are carried by the logging train to that city. The engine is one of the first ones made in New York and still bears the name of the old commodore, "Vanderbilt."

The thermometer was falling and our own dinner hour was drawing near; so thanking the foreman for his courtesy we left the picture camp with its tall pine trees, low log shanties and groups of red and blue-coated workers and flew back along the hard white road shadowed still by the thick trees of primeval growth.

Cora K. Wheeler

EVENING WISCONSIN

FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

CHILDRENS' TRIALS

For the Woman's World of the Wisconsin.

Do we parents ever think of the advantage we have over our first parents? Poor Adam and much-slandered Eve never were children themselves, and therefore never could sympathize with "the childish troubles and grievances of their offspring as we can whose memories of those by-gone days have never faded. You hear one woman called a "real mother," or some man is said to be a "true father," and when you study the home lives of these same worthy people you learn the secret of their power. They have never forgotten how they felt when children. How can a father sympathize with a boy if the care and worry of business has crowded out from his mind how he felt when the other boys had "double runners," and he had to use the old "bob?" Can a mother expect a child to "confide" in her when she promises a pleasure and then when the anticipation (that often is half the pleasure) has reached its height, decides that "some other time will do as well?" Children's griefs and sorrows are as vivid and real to them as ours are to us. Sometimes remembering childish trials, I am tempted to say "more so." We never feel, except when death or disgrace touch us, that keen acute sorrow that we felt when young. We have, as it were, blunted the point of the sword; it never pricks as sharply in late life as it did when new.

Somewhere on earth there is a dear old grandmother, ready now these many years to join the saints, and when she hears the praise bestowed for "having shown sympathy to one of these little ones and so unto me" will she remember a spring day thirty years ago, when a carriage load of visitors drove off for a days outing and left of the steps the child who for

two days had been promised a treat? She came across the green and gathered in her motherly arms the heart-broken little one who had thrown herself down on the grass in a passion of sobs. Everyone else blamed the child for not understanding that the carriage was too crowded to admit her. "She" understood that a ride was a treat and the excursion something like a dream of fairyland. The child had never forgotten - neither will she ever - what the suffering was; it seemed to break the charm of childhood, and at 7 it changed the look of the world. But the sympathy of the old lady's motherly heart made it a "grief," not an injustice. We can't help sorrows and troubles coming to our little ones, but by our sympathy and understanding, we can help them from hardening the child. It's one of the times we can "bear one another's burdens."

One of the most affectionate mothers I ever knew told me a little story once, to show me how the lesson came to her. It was twenty years ago, when a mother in moderate circumstances "made over" all the clothes she could. This mother "made over" the father's overcoat and; that it might last she - made it come down to the boy's heels. This was long before the day of ulsters remember. The mother, alas! was not gifted in the sewing line, and the coat did have a look as though it might have been made by mother Noah. The boy wore it, came home in tears to tells that the "boys" had called him "Jerusalem," but father and mother told stories of "Spartan fortitude, and the boy braced himself for the Sabbath day. He came from the church with white face and quivering lips to tell how the minister had waved his hand towards him and

called, out, "Oh! Jerusalem, I see thee! Thou —" What the rest of the sentence was the boy could not have told if torture had been used. The dreadful words had burned into his brain. He had felt himself branded before all the people. He was only 8, remember. What if that father and mother had laughed? His mother gathered him in her arms, and his father rolled the coat in to a bundle and marked it "Carpet rags." Then the boy could understand the explanation, and laugh himself. But think you he ever could have done so if the father and mother had not understood the agony and shame? He is a man now, prosperous and high in power. I wonder if you should ask him what link in the chain binds him the strongest to die old hearts at home, if he would not answer "Jerusalem."

We must be able to sympathize with our children if we would bind them to us. We may see through spectacles today, but we remember the day once was when we saw clearly without them. Let us look through our children's eyes, remembering that we once saw as they do now. The children will be immense gainers; all their after lives will be colored by the remembrance of sympathy.

Cora K. Wheeler,
Marshfield, Wis.

Evening Wisconsin

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

March 6, 1896

Synopsis of paper read that day to ? Association

THE NEW WOMAN

For the Woman's World of the Wisconsin.

by Cora K. Wheeler

Most of us are growing a little tired of the "New Woman" craze. One might suppose from the literature of the day, that no woman had even declared herself possessed of "will or right until the later days of the Nineteenth century, when in fact her power radiates through all history. Deborah held the same power that Joshua had held scarce a hundred years after his death, and the Queen of Sheba come as an equal to Solomon's court, and was there, treated with the same respect and consideration that he showed to his great contemporary, Hiram, King of Tyre. Zenobia marched in Aurelian's triumph procession, treated in all respects, not as a woman, but as a fallen monarch. Maria Theresa, the great Empress of Austria was very tenacious of her power and handsome Frances of Loraine, played in her day the same part that the prince consort of England has in ours. Though in intellect and learning both men have been their queenly wives' equals, if not their superiors. Joan of Arc led the armies of France, Madame du Pompadour governed the same country long after her power to charm the old reprobate who bore the title of Louis XV, with whom both priests and cardinals were obliged to treat. Yet these women have never been called "New Woman."

St. Paul, being a bachelor, said a good many foolish things about women, but he was careful to say that he said them of himself, not from inspiration. We know what Rome was

in his day, and how women had become through vanity the mere playthings of mankind, but if Deborah had been living in Corinth, do you think Paul would have dared say, "Let the women be silent all?"

The world has drifted a long way since the days when the women were judges over Israel. The dark ages riveted the chains of bondage upon her. The fathers of the church refused to loose those bonds, and when New England was settled, one would imagine from the records that the women had become content to leave all things to the consideration of their stronger (and in that sense only) better halves.

Away off in Boston churchyard, closed now, and open, only on great occasions, there is a child's grave and over it an old stone, the letters faded now with age. The little one lived but six short months; and read the inscription, "In memory of – youngest child – and who departed this life after a long and painful illness, which she endured with Christian fortitude and patience, and then departed to meet her God." Do you think the mother of that child was consulted as to the inscription? No, her father was New England's greatest divine, a follower of the great Calvin. Wasn't it time that women's voices should be heard in the interpretation of Scripture? That we should hear as that sweet voice has sang in our own day of "The tenderness that is in the midst of the Almightyness."

All great revolutions bring disorder and abuse in their train, but afterwards peace and advancement. We are in the midst of "the revolt of mother," today. Let us reserve our judgment till order and peace reign once more. Women have claimed for themselves the higher education. Today they have taken their place after fair competition in the highest grades of their professions. Are they any less womanly because of this? No! Rather, mankind is finding out the pleasure of communion with an equal, who can be a comrade, a counselor and a help. Critics claim she will lose that devotion paid to her as a saint. Do the critics ever realize that a loving, intelligent woman may prefer love on fair and equal terms, and may be willing to descend from the pedestal where she was expected to show not only saintly serenity, under all and every circumstance, but also to refrain from any suggestions which her clear insight might suggest, lest they reflect on the judgment and wisdom of her lord and master.

Mark Twain's innocent found Christ indeed in Rome, but always "as an infant in arms." So the present age found woman, but today she has emerged from her swaddling clothes. Will she lose respect and consideration? Who teaches men deference to womankind? Is it not the gift of a Higher Power for the pain and danger of motherhood? Is there any evidence that the modern woman lacks the love and unselfishness that makes the respect and courtesy but the answering chord in the masculine breast? Perhaps while mankind is learning to appreciate what they have so often despised, the glory and beauty of home, the modern woman may be learning also by actual experience to appreciate the cares and worries of business life, and the homes of the future may have in consequence a higher, broader sympathy than was possible in the past. Men and women will meet as equals.

One will not be the "Lord of Creation," but both will be complements of the other, and the result will be a perfect whole.

