SOME SUCCESSFUL WOMEN

MISS ALICE E. FREEMAN.

SUCCESSFUL WOMEN

BY

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How Success is Won
Social Studies in England
and others

WITH PORTRAITS

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* We take pleasure in saying here that the autobiographical portions of this sketch are from an article which appeared in the *American Garden*.

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CHAPTER I.

JULIET CORSON.

IN the winter of 1884, the Cleveland Educational Bureau, which was organized to give the best entertainment and instruction to the people at the lowest possible prices, decided to have a series of lectures on cooking, in addition to its regular course. We hoped that some of the women of the city, especially the wives of workingmen, would appreciate and appropriate this special instruction.

Who should be engaged to give the lessons? Naturally we turned to Miss Juliet Corson, Superintendent of the New York School of Cookery.

At the hour appointed, on Saturday afternoon, what was our amazement to find three thousand

persons present! On the platform a gas stove had been arranged, while a man in white apron stood before a butcher's block ready to cut his quarter of beef as the teacher might direct.

Miss Corson, with sunny face and pleasant voice, mixed her bread or prepared her meat as she talked. A dozen newspaper reporters were at their tables, while ladies all over the vast audience were taking notes, or writing receipts, as she gave them. The men among her listeners seemed equally interested with the women; and why not, since good food, like good air, is vital to one who would do able and telling work in the world?

Women were present from the most elegant homes of the city, and from the plainest, all equally interested. Each newspaper gave from one to three columns daily of Miss Corson's sensible talks about food and health and of her directions for making soup, tea and coffee, bread and pastry; and we trust that the city was helped considerably in the matters of digestion, economy, comfort, and good sense. I became myself deeply interested in Miss Corson; I found her highly educated, refined in

JULIET CORSON.

manner, one who dignified and elevated labor, and who had gained her success by her own exertions.

Born in 1842, in a Boston suburb, Mt. Pleasant, she lived and played in that shady retreat till the family moved to New York, when she was six years old. The mother was a quiet, cultivated woman; the father was absorbed in his wholesale commission business.

The child spent most of her time with the family of her uncle, Dr. Alfred Upham, brother of the writer on Mental Philosophy. Under the loving care of two of her mother's sisters, and her uncle's guidance, she studied Latin and Greek history and classical poetry. She read daily in Mr. Upham's large library, and was quite content to be his little companion book-worm; for until she was almost twelve years of age, nearly ten months of every year were spent on the sofa or the bed; nevertheless the little invalid was amassing great riches from her books, and doubtless this early study prepared her mind for her broad work in the future.

But she grew neither unhappy nor morbid from her sickness; and finally she grew stronger, and

to her great joy she was often able to join her brothers' sports; to learn to row, and fish, and shoot with them, and enter heartily into their pursuits.

When Juliet was eighteen, the gentle mother died, and, after a time, the father brought a new wife to the home. As he was a man of comfortable means, there was enough for all, but as the brothers had gone out into life for themselves, the new inmate requested the daughter to do the same. Unused to labor, still frail in health, what could she find to do? Yet do not commiserate her. But for being forced to earn her living, Miss Corson would probably have done little for the world.

Miss Elizabeth Power, a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times*, then under the management of Henry Raymond, had been instrumental in founding a library for working-girls, in a large room in the New York University building. Young Mrs. Upham was interested in this work. Could not her cousin be useful here as librarian? Only a small salary could be paid, four dollars a week, but this the eager Boston girl was glad to obtain.

"It seemed a gold mine," she once said to me;

but she little knew how quickly four dollars would vanish when room-rent, board-bills and washing-bills were to be paid out of it. Often by the time the week was half through, she was out of money, and then she lived by means of pitiful economies. She says laughingly now that she would often have been glad of one of the fifteen-cent dinners she devised later. Finally it was arranged by the kind-hearted founder of the Woman's Library that she should sleep there on a sofa in the library, and thus save a portion of her expenses; the library's finances did not warrant an increase of salary. She made a little money, too, now and then, by a poem or a sketch in the newspapers.

At last she became acquainted with several of the staff of the *Leader*, of which Oakey Hall and Harry Clapp were then editors, and the arrangement was made that she should write one first-page article each week, upon the new books, pictures, music, and matters of interest to women; for this column she received five dollars. This seemed another "gold mine," and life actually looked luxurious with nine dollars a week; four hundred

sixty-eight a year! Presently Dr. Sears, editor of the *National Quarterly Review*, wished a half-yearly index made, and this she did for him accurately. Then he gave her points of articles he desired, told her to make researches and write, "and he would see what sort of stuff there was in her." The young librarian was tired and worn, but glad enough to earn the money and, moreover, very proud of writing for the *Quarterly*, on the staff of which she was the only woman-writer.

Now she wrote an article on the resources and future of Australia, and now she sketched the progress from early times, and the present position of women in art.

Meantime, her brothers never ceased to insist that the place for their only sister was in her father's house, and thither she did at last return. But she soon became very ill from the effect of unhappiness there, and her hard life of the year past; recovering, she was made to feel the advisability of going back to self-support.

In 1873 some ladies in New York started a noble charity. There were thousands of young

women who needed to earn a living, but, unlike their brothers, they had been taught neither profession nor trade. Probably their mothers reasoned that they would marry early, and therefore a trade would be useless; but knowledge never remains useless to man or woman, married or unmarried. The free training-schools for these young women, first opened in Miss Corson's own home, were soon located in a large room in Wheeler and Wilson's sewing-machine building, and this company, and others, loaned scores of machines, free of charge, for applicants to learn upon. In nine months over one thousand women had been taught thus to sew, and situations had been obtained for three fourths of them. Book-keeping, proof-reading, and short-hand, with which Miss Corson's avocations had made her familiar, were also taught free of charge.

Early in the spring of 1874, it was decided to also teach domestic service. A larger house was taken, where the basement could be used for a cooking-school, and meals could be provided at cost, to working-girls employed in neighboring

stores. The upper rooms were turned into a dormitory, for many young women came hither with no money to pay for either shelter or food. A laundry was soon added.

When this cooking-school was started, being the first in the country, no one knew just what was specially best to be done. As Juliet Corson was the secretary of the society — no wonder she was interested in working-girls from her own trying experiences — she wrote to the South Kensington Cooking-School in London; but it proved that they too were just beginning and could give little assistance. However, it was clear to all that the school must at once have a teacher. The ladies interested were all busy with their own home-cares. As for Miss Corson herself, she knew how to make coffee, and broil a beefsteak, possibly, but she could read French and German much better than she could do either. Paul du Chaillu, the traveller, had been one of her teachers at the Raymond Institute. However, the old adage, "Where there is a will, there is a way," once more found an illustration in her. She then decided to obtain the best

books on cookery, in the French and German languages, and the result was, that admiring the thoroughness of the German and the delicacy of the French, she combined the ideas and reasons of their methods into a philosophy of her own. Next a trained French cook was employed who could carefully carry out Miss Corson's directions as she gave the lesson before the class. At first she was nervous as she stood before her pupils; but this timidity was overcome as her interest in her work increased. For several years she carried forward this department. Fortunately she had early known some of the most cultivated people of New York, and these remained her warm friends, as well as her comrades of the press, to whose unvarying kindness and encouragement Miss Corson largely attributes her success.

In 1875 requests came that she would write articles for the press on cookery. How strange it sometimes seemed to her that her ideas and opinions should be sought, and that she should be at the head of a cooking-school — the last work she could ever have thought possible in her girlhood.

Still if she could make articles on books and pictures interesting, why not upon cooking? The ignorance on this subject was lamentable among both rich and poor, and as she had made the composition of foods and their nutritive properties a study, she felt that she was as well fitted as any one for this work.

In 1876 several wealthy ladies said to her, "Miss Corson, can't you open a cookery school at your home? *We* wish to come and learn, as well as the cooks."

So, in St. Mark's Place, near Cooper Institute, the famous New York Cooking-School was opened. From the first it was a success; over one thousand persons came each year for a course of lessons. Those in good circumstances paid ten dollars for twelve lessons; wives and daughters of workingmen, fifty cents a lesson; while, says Miss Corson, "I never have let a person go who wanted to learn, and had no money. I gave to all what I could teach." But how different these bright years of well-paid work from the four-dollars-a-week life in the library!

In 1877, on account of the railroad strikes and the unsettled condition of business, there was much suffering. Miss Corson well knew what poverty brought to women and children, especially when poverty came because husbands and fathers were out of work. She believed rightly that if she could show the poor how to live comfortably on a small income, she would be conferring a blessing.

It was then that she prepared that little book called *Fifteen-Cent Dinners for Workingmen's Families*. She had tested the receipts in her own family of five adults, and found that while delicacies could not be provided, plain substantial food could be, if the teachings of the book were implicitly followed. Upon its completion, she offered the book to any Charitable Society which would print and give away fifty thousand copies, but no organization was found willing to undertake this beneficence. Then Miss Corson said, "I will do it myself," though she did not know where the money that was necessary for the work, would come from. When the book was ready, she announced through the leading papers that all per-

sons who called at her house could have the book free. Before seven o'clock the next morning, her hall was filled with people waiting to receive the little pamphlet.

So wide-spread was the demand for it, that calls came even from India, China, Australia and South America. Countless letters have reached her from all parts of the world concerning this book. Some Socialists ardently blamed her for writing it, because, they said, "If capitalists think we can live on fifteen-cent dinners, they will lower our wages;" but generally the poor felt grateful for this assistance in making a dollar go as far as possible.

The six thousand dollars eventually spent in circulating the book, came from Miss Corson's own hard work, with the exception of one hundred dollars, which was given to her one day at the school, by Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, with the remark, "Do what you wish with this, Miss Corson." As all that came then was grist for *Fifteen-Cent Dinners*, this hundred dollars went into the mill.

Almost immediately, all over the country, the press and people were talking about the novel little

dinner-book. The Baltimore *Daily News* gave out over its counters one thousand copies in less than a week to meet the individual calls of working-people. The Philadelphia *Record* re-published it entire in its columns. The New York *Herald* said:

When we consider that the breakfast of many a laboring man's family in these times (of the railroad strikes in 1877) frequently consists of bread alone, we cannot give too much praise to the book that teaches how to make savory and healthful dishes at a cost of from ten to fifteen cents. . . . There is no use in extending our arguments: the book speaks for itself and needs no vindication: for its earnest author, she has nothing to make: indeed, for charity's sake, she is a great loser. The interest we have is in the pamphlet, which has secured wide attention, and which is valuable for the very poor. Economy is not a crime. If a poor man can get more from ten cents than he is used to getting he is better off.

The *Workingman's Advocate*, a labor paper published in Albany, said:

If we could have our own way about every thing every workingman's family in the land should feed on roast beef every day if they wanted it. But this cannot be. In many, many a home it is not a question of choice food, but a question whether there is any food at all, or at most whether there is food enough each day to go round. To such families we believe the advice given in Miss Corson's little book

will be found invaluable. It is the most practical work of the day.

The letters of the working-people themselves were pathetic, because they testified how the poor struggle to live, and how warm their hearts are toward those who aid them. One person wrote:

If I understand the papers that you help the poor by letting them have a cook-book free of charge, that they may learn the way to cook for themselves and live cheap by the good advice therein, pray send one to me, for I am greatly in need of something of that sort. If I was to write for all the poor people in E ——— that would be glad of a chance to get a book it would take two dozen to supply them, for we are in hard luck for the last four years. Very little money. Very little work at any price. And what is worse than all, winter is coming. Then all work stops. And the store-keepers stop trusting us. So you see we are very much in need of a book to teach us how to cook what little we can get in a proper way.

Another wrote:

Having just finished a piece in the paper of your book teaching economy I would say I would be very thankful if you would send one to me. I am a working man, and under small pay, and I have a wife and two children, and I can but just make a living. I feel as if one of your little books would bring light and happiness into my home again, and if so I could never thank you enough.

Still another:

Please send me a book for people of refinement and education reduced almost to starvation. God will reward you tenfold for the noble impulse of heart that has made you remember the poor and needy, and I earnestly pray that the good work you are engaged in may go forward until many rise up and call you blessed.

And here are others:

Please send me copies of the pamphlet you have for workingmen, to produce a hearty meal for 15 cents. We eat but little meat. *Are not able*, and anything that will help a poor man will be gratefully received.

Kind friend Juliet, for the last six months I have not earned $1.50 a day. Times are very hard. There are plenty in our factory no better off than myself, with five to seven in a family. Please send us books.

My Dear Madam: I read in the Sunday papers something of more importance than I ever read in my life, under the head of "The Food Question." My wife read it, and was very anxious to know how it could be done. I work in a shop where we are getting 80 cents to $1.44 a day; there are about 90 men working there. I would suggest that you send us each a copy, that we may learn to feed ourselves economically. If any person with an intelligent eye would walk through our shops and take notice of our lean, haggard, worn-out faces and bodies, he would come to the conclusion we need some advice.

There is five of us women and a little boy, and I earn a dollar a day. I sew lace. But my eyes are poor, and it is hard. *We don't have much to eat many days.* We want your book so bad.

I have received your little book, and am very grateful to you for it. It is a great help to me, and I only wish I might have had it years ago. You are doing a noble work and I pray that God may bless you.

Besides this little book for the poor, Miss Corson has given lessons to the workingwomen of the Five Points House of Industry, the 7th Ave. Chapel, the Episcopal Orphan Home, the Alexander, the Holy Trinity, and Olivet Chapels, New York, Dr. Vincent's Mission, Dr. Hall's Mission Class, the Wilson Mission, the Sheltering Arms, Cooper Institute, the Workingmen's School, the Brooklyn Industrial Restaurant, the Soldiers Orphan's Home, and latest at St. Augustine's Chapel of Trinity Parish, New York. She was often told at these places that

husbands were willing to stay home in the evening and take care of the children so that their wives could attend; even experienced housekeepers, who had said that "no one could teach them much about cooking," were among the most attentive and interested auditors.

When giving a course of lessons in East Houston Street, New York, among the poor, one young girl said, "I will never forget you, Miss Corson, as long as I have any bread to make;" to which Miss Corson replied, "Very well, May, then I shall be quite satisfied, for as long as you live you will need to make good bread for yourself or your family."

Miss Corson loves this philanthropic work better than any other she has done. She says:

> I hope to live to see the time when workingmen can earn enough to supply all their wants. Until then my duty is to show them how to make the best of what they have. And I hold that in doing so I am proving myself a better friend to them than those who try to make them still more discontented with the lot that is already almost too hard to bear.

She had now become so widely known that requests came from many cities asking her to give courses of cooking-lessons and to help open cooking-schools. In Montreal she gave the first lessons in cooking ever given in public schools, to the girls in the high school; she also gave a course before the Ladies' Educational Association, and evening classes to the wives of artisans. In

Concord, Northampton, Hartford, Pittsfield, Peoria, Minneapolis, Baltimore, Chicago, Washington, Syracuse, Plainfield, Brooklyn, where she gave courses, the working-people had free lessons. Nurses were taught cookery for the sick at the State Charity Hospital, the Brooklyn City and Maternity Hospitals, and at the New York, Brooklyn and Washington Training Schools for Nurses.

Before 1878 she had prepared a *Text-book and Housekeeper's Guide*, which has now gone through six editions; and this was at once used in the Montreal Cooking-School. This book also contains a "Dietary for Schools," showing what food and beverages students need, and most useful suggestions are given about early breakfasts and mid-day dinners. This "Dietary" was prepared at the request of Hon. John Eaton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, and ordered published by the Secretary of the Interior.

Says Miss Corson:

Studying before breakfast is not conducive to general good health. If the rising hour is about six in the morning, the breakfast should not be later than seven; if the meal is likely to be delayed beyond that hour a cup of milk and a

slice of bread should be taken after dressing. . . . Equally important with a hearty breakfast is a full and wholesome early dinner of freshly cooked warm meat and vegetables, plenty of bread and some plain pudding or fruit; these should be will masticated, and accompanied by about half a pint of fresh, cool water as a drink.

Before going to Montreal, Miss Corson sent word for the ladies to have the usual French cook in readiness to assist her. She arrived late on Saturday, and asked if all was ready. Yes; only the French cook was lacking. But the ladies said they knew Miss Corson could cook and lecture at the same time. It was then too late to do otherwise; so she "began with fear and trembling, and got through it alive." It was much more enjoyable to see her own skilful hands beating the eggs, or mixing the dough, and thenceforward she dispensed with her French cook.

In 1878 Miss Corson's well-known *Cooking Manual* was published. It is one of the best books possible to put into the hands of a young housekeeper. Over eight thousand copies have been sold. *Meals for the Million*, a small book for twenty and thirty cents, has had an immense sale.

After this her *Family Cook Book* was published in one of the cheap libraries, and has gone into thousands of homes. She has recently completed *Practical American Cookery and Household Management*, and is also preparing two books to be published by the Harpers, one of which is upon *Sanitary Living*. This she means to make "the work of her life." These later books are more carefully written than were the others in time stolen from her work as teacher and lecturer, often after midnight, to meet demands for copy.

She is also, at the time of writing, preparing a cook-book for working-people, to be sold at about the cost of publication.

All this time she has been writing useful articles for the New York *World*, *Express*, *Times*, *Daily News*, *Star*, *Evening Post*, *Christian Union*, and other papers. She has published a series of most admirable articles in *Harper's Bazar*, notably those upon "Health and Comfort for Girls," and "Family Living on $500 a Year." Miss Corson believes that, to a great extent, a man is what his food makes him.

Diet can make him strong or weak, intelligent or stupid, chaste or profligate, sober or drunken, and she writes earnestly to help make the world healthier and happier.

Her articles on "Diet in Diseases of the Nervous System," and her words about sewer-gas in homes, ought to be read by everybody.

Has not this been a busy life? And nearly all her important public work has been done in the last ten years, done, too, with frail health, and often in much pain of body, and literally under the doctors' sentence of death.

Miss Corson's work has been appreciated abroad as well as at home. The Consul-General of France wrote her:

I have the honor to inform you that the French government, very much interested by the great success of your cooking-school, and wishing to help the creating of the same in some of our principal cities, writes to know thoroughly the rules, organization and management of your establishment.

Similar requests also come from Germany, Holland, Switzerland and other countries. A prominent lady writes her:

You have done a great work to help people with small

incomes to live better than they would have done if you had never been a missionary in the world. And you have brought intelligence in cooking to the homes of the wealthy too, and new ideas as to living, every way.

In these days of industrial education, Miss Corson attaches much importance to the teaching of cookery in the public schools. She has been engaged in every attempt made in that direction since the initial step was taken in Montreal under her supervision, and favorable results are already reported of the lessons given in several localities.

The lesson of this life is for all women. Miss Corson would undoubtedly have succeeded in other directions, with the putting forth of the same energy and ability.

A Christmas story of hers, written for one of her child favorites, the daughter of a neighbor of Thomas Nast, has been promised illustration by that versatile genius. She is somewhat of an artist herself, an enthusiastic lover of music, and an ardent student of the harmonic mysteries of Wagner.

Better felt even than Miss Corson's admirable

and essential work, is the influence of her refined, gentle nature and earnest personal life. Always a student, she has been the friend of the cultured; poor at one period, she has been the friend and helper of the poor. Her cheerful home with her pets, her great St. Bernard dog, "Teddy" her Angora cat, and Prince Aladdin her white Persian, is an inviting place, where friends from all over the country are made welcome.

And now, unable to lecture on account of ill health, her physical inactivity tends to mental activity, and permits her to put her experience into written words which can reach thousands, where her spoken words could reach but hundreds. "This is the silver lining, I suppose," she says cheerfully, and she adds:

If I am laying up any reward for myself I hope it may come in the shape of strength to complete my work, as yet only outlined.

CHAPTER II.

MARY LOUISE BOOTH.

TALENT does not always make a home delightful, nor a character lovable. No one, save Boswell, thought the great Johnson attractive for daily companionship, and Jane Welsh Carlyle found Craiggenputtoch cheerless. But where talent and taste combine, where sweetness and strength round out a character, where the grace of love and the dignity of mind unite, there one obtains rest and companionship.

In the upper part of New York, there is one of those ideal homes, well-known these many years to those who follow literature and art. Its owner, Miss Mary L. Booth, is a woman in middle life, who, though in independent circumstances, is proud to labor, and believes in so doing like all sensible Americans. Does she remain in her dainty and

beautiful parlors through the day, doing fancy-work, or reading the latest novel, or receiving calls, or driving in Central Park? She goes regularly to a down-town office, where from morning till night she superintends every detail of the work on a large and popular newspaper — *Harper's Bazar.*

At night she is found in her home with her friends about her, happy because her life is full of noble effort. A beautiful woman, indeed, with gray hair, gentle manners, and a generous heart. Eminently successful herself, like Whittier she delights to help others, her kindly face showing how genuine is her helpful spirit.

Miss Booth was born in the little village of Yaphank, N. Y. Her family removed to Brooklyn when she was thirteen. Her father, a man of education and nobility of nature, organized the first public school ever established in that city.

The parents were both deeply interested in their little girl who at five years of age had read the Bible through, and Plutarch's *Lives*, and at seven, Racine in the original. At this age, seven, she was also taking lessons in Latin from her

father. So eager for books was she that before she was ten she had read Hume, Gibbon, Alison and other historians.

It was not probable that such a girl would grow up frivolous and useless, fit only to exhibit fine gowns upon. Rather such a girl would become the companion of educated men; a noble member of society. It was fortunate her parents saw that a woman must be very considerably educated if she would accomplish anything important and noteworthy; that the education of the usual boarding-school would not answer: she must be given such as a young man receives at our best colleges.

Her tastes inclined her toward the study of the languages and the natural sciences, and in these directions she worked earnestly, in connection with general training.

It was not at all strange that she began to write early for publication. With a father able to support her, she yet enjoyed earning money for herself. What girl possessing both force and independence of character does not enjoy money that has come to her from her own effort?

MARY L. BOOTH.

With a remarkable knowledge of French and German, such as a lover of those tongues would gain in enthusiastic and diligent study, from seven years of age to womanhood, Miss Booth naturally turned to the congenial work of making translations of the finer literature of both languages — thus putting her readiest knowledge to use first. Among her earliest translations were Méry's *André Chenier*, Victor Cousin's *Life and Times of Madame de Chevreuse*, Marmier's *Russian Tales*, and Edmond About's *Germaine*, and *King of the Mountains*.

All this was close hard work for a young woman, but Miss Booth never sought nor wished for easy or trifling tasks. Light labor never develops character, and the development of thought and character is surely the great purpose of both literature and life.

One day a friend suggested to her that a history of New York City would be of great use and benefit in schools, and as a complete one had never been written, it might be wise for her to attempt it. Many a trained literary man would have been

deterred by the necessary labor; but an energetic, educated girl, what could deter her? She was thorough, by all her habits, also accurate, patient and persevering; an essential equipment if one would write history.

Turner said he had "never known any genius but that of hard work," a statement that most successful workers have found to be true. Miss Booth not only had no dread of toil, but she was possessed of a will and a wish to do only noble and important work. Still, would she not tire of this task when she should find how long, how slow, was even the preparation for doing it? Well, she did not tire, though she worked for years at gathering together her materials; searching public and private libraries, talking with literarians about books, talking with specialists and antiquarians about events, dates and localities, talking with statesmen and public-minded men about the significance of this act, that policy, and a multitude of occurrences and enterprises. To be sure her pleasant manners and her scholarly devotion made this comparatively pleasurable work.

Those who possessed the knowledge she sought helped her gladly, appreciating her intention to do thorough work, and, above all, her patient and careful preparation for it. Then followed the slow toils of sifting, of comparing and collating. All this before she wrote the first page of her manuscript.

At the publisher's suggestion the small school-history first projected was laid aside, and only served as the preliminary study for a large octavo volume of about a thousand pages, which was the first complete History of New York City ever published. The reception of the book everywhere was cordial. The style was clear, graphic; simple as is all good writing. Second and third editions soon appeared; the last one, in 1880, brought down to date. A large paper edition of one hundred autograph copies was also published, so popular was the work, and book-collectors enlarged their copies with portraits and autograph on interleaved pages.

One copy, extended to nine volumes of several thousand maps, letters, and illustrations, is owned

in New York. A collector in Chicago has extended his to twenty-two volumes. Miss Booth has in her library a large paper copy presented to her by an eminent bibliophilist, which contains over two thousand illustrations on inserted leaves.

What should she do next? for such a young woman has no thought of stopping her work with one great success. Her publishers proposed that she should go abroad and write popular histories of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, but the Civil War came, and its matters soon filled her mind.

She was most earnestly opposed to all the ideas and outcomes of slavery. Her brother, a mere youth, had entered the army. Could she not help also, in the cause of liberty?

Just at this time she received an advance copy of Count Agénor de Gasparin's *Uprising of a Great People.* She took it at once to Mr. Scribner and urged him to publish a translation; but he told her the war would probably be over before there was time to bring it out. Finally he said that if the

manuscript could be ready in a week, he would publish it.

She hurried home; and writing twenty hours out of twenty-four, in a few hours less than a week the book was ready for the press. This work was read from one end of the country to the other. Charles Sumner wrote her, "It is worth a whole phalanx in the cause of human freedom;" in a large and famous collection of autographs in Miss Booth's library are the grateful letters of Abraham Lincoln, Edouard Laboulaye, Henri Martin, Edmond de Pressensé, Galusha A. Grow, with scores of others, both from America and Europe, thanking her for this and subsequent books.

From the most prominent European authors she now received pamphlets on the questions of the day, which with advance sheets of their books she translated and published without asking or wishing remuneration. This work she was doing to serve her country in its great work of regeneration.

She soon translated Gasparin's *America before Europe*, Laboulaye's *Paris in America* and two

volumes by Augustin Cochin, *Results of Emancipation*, and *Results of Slavery*. Later, she translated Laboulaye's *Fairy Tales*, Jean Macé's *Fairy Book*, which were published by Harper & Brothers, and several of the books of the Countess de Gasparin, including *Camille*, *Vesper*, and *Human Sorrows*. One book-case in her large library contains some forty volumes of her own translating. What an amount of work from a single pen! More recently she has translated Laboulaye's later fairy tales, beautifully illustrated.

After the close of the war, her next great task was to translate six volumes of Henri Martin's *Unabridged History of France*, and then in connection with Miss Alger, the historian's abridgment of the large history. On the library walls of Miss Booth's home are the kind faces of these Frenchmen, Henri Martin, Gasparin, and Laboulaye, in company with Julia Cameron's beautiful autotype of Tennyson, and the portraits of Dickens, Alice Cary and other celebrities.

In 1867 the Harpers desired to start a new family journal, and they asked Miss Booth to

become the editor. She hesitated to assume so great a responsibility, also involving daily and systematic labor throughout the year; but, accepting, she proved her fitness for the work. *Harper's Bazar* soon reached an immense circulation, paying its way from the first, a thing unusual in journalism. For more than nineteen years Miss Booth has made this paper bright, fresh, pure, reliable, sensible, and a great success. Its corps of contributors has included the leading writers of Europe and America.

Meantime her home has been a literary centre for cultured people. Every Saturday evening one may meet in her parlors, authors, statesmen, artists, the gifted from all the professions. The rooms are cheerful and light in color, and the hostess and her adopted sister, Mrs. Anne W. Wright, are as cheery as the home they brighten. Here are countless tokens of friendship: vases from Japan, old silver from Norway; jewels from the neck of the Queen of Montezuma; unique things from Mexico and the Indies; and the hair of Shelley, of Keats, fine and brown, of Byron, dark, and of Leigh Hunt, in the same case. The

pictures on the walls are the gifts of famous friends.

As we sit in the back parlor looking through the handsomest album I have ever seen, Russia leather with silver clasps, a birthday gift to Miss Booth from the friends who attend her Saturday evening receptions, "Muff," a great Maltese cat, walks in, and apparently enjoys the faces with us. This seems like a bit of English home-life where a cat is always a petted member of the family, either in high life or among the lowly. In this album one sees refined Harriet Prescott Spoflord, merry Grace Greenwood, artistic Richard Watson Gilder, handsome Whitelaw Reid, brilliant Mary Mapes Dodge, and scores of others, each contributing an original poem, or words of appreciation. A great cage of canaries, and a mocking-bird, in the window, help to make this New York stone house like a bit of country life, in its kinship with nature. Flowers, too, tell that Miss Booth is as refined as she is scholarly.

Miss Booth receives a large salary, proving that a woman besides making friends and fame can

make money, and this brings her into striking contrast with the helpless women who are obliged to depend upon relatives, largely because they were not educated in early life to be self-dependent, and were not brought up to have a special pursuit or some definite and engrossing aim.

Miss Booth, notwithstanding her constant work within daily confines of "office hours," notwithstanding the many-sided superintendency devolving on her, notwithstanding the outgoes of vitality into the work of originating, criticising, deciding upon and bringing into symmetry the plans and details of a great, bright weekly journal, has excellent health. Probably her daily and systematic labor is one secret of this health. For it is now admitted that where the mind is fully and regularly occupied and exercised, the body is in far better condition. She has had but one serious illness since she was a child, a rheumatic fever which she thinks she could have avoided with a little care and less confidence in her impregnable good health. Her mother is still living in superb health, a handsome old lady with spark-

ling black eyes and unwrinkled face, in her eighty-sixth year, residing in Brooklyn, with Mrs. King, Miss Booth's only sister. This mother comes from a long-lived family. Her grandmother was born in 1744 and died in 1844, a century old, retaining her faculties to the end. "I remember when a child," says Miss Booth, "hearing her tell of the days when the country was covered with forests, swarming with wild beasts and game, and thickly populated with Indians, for she was grown at the time of the French and Indian war, and married at the Revolutionary epoch. How young it makes our country seem thus to stretch hands to the middle of the eighteenth century, and to have stood face to face with those who knew the primeval forest!"

It is easy to desire Miss Booth's success for one's self, is it not? But how many women would be willing to start upon the years of untiring toil that has gained it? How many would serve her apprenticeship? Let us review the details of her work simply as an editor:

For nineteen years Miss Booth has been habit-

ually at the *Bazar* office from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. daily, usually taking a light lunch in the office; permitting herself only a brief vacation at midsummer. Every line of manuscript in the paper, and its proof, is read by her. Every illustration is scrutinized by her. You can see that she can have had few playtimes, and that her work must be thoroughly systematized; no time wasted in looking up what has been done or what remains to do. "Editorial work," she says, "like woman's, is never done; and the planning of which it largely consists goes on day and night without interruption. It is not what the editor writes, but what he chooses for his paper, that makes or mars his success. It is the judicial capacity that marks the true editor." She has shown herself to possess the rare talents that go to make successful editorship: a comprehensive outlook as to the needs of a cultivated people, variety of method, well-nigh unerring judgment, and a capacity for hard labor.

To work for the world and not to become soured by its indifference, to have strong convic-

tions and yet be charitable toward those who think differently, to correct the faults of humanity without bitterness or personality, to keep a sublime hope in one's heart, to be as unostentatious as though she were unknown to fame, and to do her work as thoroughly and regularly as though she depended on her labor for her daily bread—all these lessons belong with Miss Booth's public work.

To show other women that a woman may have consummate ability, and yet be gentle and refined and warm-hearted, that she can be accurate, prompt, and thorough, and yet think out beyond the thousand details of everyday life, reaching for all beauty and grace, and that if one woman can stand at the head of a great journal it must be logically true that other trained women may come to stand at the head of the business they select—these, too, are public lessons of a life and a character worthy of study by our noblest girls.

CHAPTER III.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

A LITTLE way out of Chicago, in a pretty home called "Rest Cottage," at Evanston, lives Frances E. Willard, one of the best-known and best-loved women of our country.

Another woman lives in the cottage, Miss Willard's mother. In her eighty-second year she is still the inspiration of those who are much with her; still a reader of the best poetry and prose, and interested in the leading questions of the day. On January 3, 1885, this venerable woman had a charming birthday celebration. The cottage was fragrant with flowers, the South sending japonicas and hanging moss; the North, white carnations and roses. Some four hundred friends gathered to do her honor, and messages and gifts came from all over the country. President Fairchild

sent sprigs of evergreen from the old tree in front of the early Willard home in Oberlin. Joseph Cook sent "Congratulations to the mother on the daughter's life, and to the daughter on the mother's." Mr. Moody, Roswell Smith of the *Century Magazine*, Dr. Vincent, Maria Mitchell, and hundreds of others, sent cheering words.

No one of all the company was so proud and glad as Frances. No one knew, so well as she, how this good mother who had toiled for her three children, was deserving of this honor. And yet it come because the noble daughter, by her own life, had made the mother known to the world.

Miss Willard has had the rich blessing of Christian parentage. Not all who gain success are so fortunate, and yet it is rare to find eminence where there has not been at least an able mother and of high principles. Her ancestry enrolls names of many who have toiled for the public good. One of the Willards was a president of Harvard College, another a pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, and still another the well-known educator, Emma Willard of Troy,

N. Y. Miss Willard's great-grandfather was a minister at Keene, N. H., for forty years, and a chaplain in the Revolutionary War.

Her father, a native of Vermont, and a promising young business man, after marrying an intelligent girl, also a teacher, started Westward to found a home. The daughter, Frances Elizabeth, was born at Churchville, near Rochester, N. Y. When she was two years old, the young parents moved to Oberlin, Ohio, where for five years they both devoted themselves to study, and then bought a large farm at Janesville, Wis., called "Forest Home." Here for twelve years the girl basked in the sunshine of nature and health. She says of herself:

"Reared in the country, on a Western farm, I was absolutely ignorant of tight shoes, corsets or extinguisher bonnets. Clad during three fourths of the year in flannel suits, not unlike those worn at gymnastics now by young lady collegians, and spending most of my time in the open air, the companion in work as well as in sport of my only brother, I knew much more about handling rake

and hoe than I did of frying-pan and needle; knew the name and use of every implement handled by carpenter and joiner; could herd the sheep all day and never tire; was an enthusiastic poultry raiser; and by means of this natural out-door life, eight or nine hours sleep in twenty-four, a sensible manner of dress, and the plain fare of bread and butter, vegetables, eggs, milk, fruit and fowl, was enabled to store up electricity for the time to come.

"We three children were each promised a library to cost one hundred dollars apiece if we would not touch tea or coffee till we became of age. Subsequently I used both for years, very moderately, but have now entirely discarded them. A physician was almost an unknown visitant to our home."

The common-sense mother said, "Let a girl grow as a tree grows — according to its own sweet will."

"Forest Home," says Frances, "was a queer old cottage with rambling roof, gables, dormer-windows, and little porches, crannies, and out-of-

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

the-way nooks, scattered here and there. The bluffs, so characteristic of Wisconsin, rose about it on the right and left. The beautiful Rock River flowed at the west side; to the east a prairie stretched away to meet the horizon, yellow with grain in summer, fleecy with snow in the winter."

But there were all sorts of intellectual feasts in this plain home. Frances, and her lovely sister, Mary, each not far from twelve years of age, organized an "Artist's Club" of two. They would lead up the willing goat, put panniers on his back, packed with lunch and a bottle of spring water, and then with two shepherd dogs in the procession, wander off to the river bank where they would sketch the whole day long. Sometimes the frolicsome girls tried "to train a calf into a riding-horse," but were not rewarded with great success in this novel undertaking. At other times they caught Jack, a favorite horse, among the hazel bushes and enjoyed a horseback ride.

At fourteen when a new schoolhouse was built in their locality, Frances went to school for the first time, the parents and a bright young lady in

the family having been her teachers heretofore. She writes in her journal:

"Sister and I got up long before light to prepare for the first day at school. We put all our books in mother's satchel; had a nice tin pail full of dinner. Stood next to Pat O'Donahue in spelling, and Pat stood at the head."

Next the girls started a newpaper, with poems, essays and stories. The "news" must have been meagre, but such as it was it was greatly enjoyed by the public; which public consisted of the father and mother! At sixteen Frances received a prize from the Illinois Agricultural Society for an essay on "Country Homes." Mr. Willard was deeply interested in agriculture, having been president of the State Society, as well as a member of the State Legislature, and was of course pleased at his daughter's work and success in this field.

On her seventeenth birthday she says in her journal: "This is the date of my martyrdom. Mother insists that at last I *must* have my hair 'done up woman fashion.' She says she can hardly forgive herself for letting me 'run wild' so

long. My 'back hair' is twisted up like a corkscrew; I carry eighteen hair-pins; my head aches, my feet are entangled in the skirt of my new gown; I can never jump over a fence again so long as I live. As for chasing the sheep down in the shady pasture, it's out of the question, and to climb to my 'Eagle's Nest' seat in the big burr-oak would ruin this new frock beyond repair. Altogether, I recognize the fact that 'my occupation's gone.'"

A year later she was sent to Milwaukee College, founded by Catharine Beecher. The Willards now saw the necessity of going to some town where the children could be more fully educated. The farm was therefore sold, with a reluctant good-by to the goat and the poultry, and the family moved to Evanston, the seat of the Northwestern University, where Mr. Willard became a partner in the Chicago banking-firm of Preston, Willard & Kean.

Both daughters entered the Woman's College, and graduated with honor. For a girl with Frances's energy, the ending of school was but the

beginning of a career of work. She had a pleasant home, and a father able to support her, but why need she be dependent upon him? Should she stay at home and wait for marriage? No; she would earn money for herself, and marry or not, as her heart prompted.

A country school was found near Chicago, in which the young teacher began her labors. Then a position was offered her in Evanston, as teacher of natural science in the college whence she had graduated. After this, she was called to the Female College at Pittsburg, Pa., and later on became Preceptress in Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, N. Y.

Meantime a great sorrow had come into her life — the death of the beautiful and gifted sister Mary; and a few years later, the father and only brother, Oliver, died, and Frances and her mother were left alone.

While teaching in Pittsburg, Miss Willard wrote her first book, a memoir of Mary, called *Nineteen Beautiful Years*, which was published by the Harpers in 1864. This book has made thou-

sands better from reading it, and will continue to do its elevating work in the years to come. A new edition has lately been brought out with an introduction by the poet Whittier.

In 1868, a great blessing came to Miss Willard. Her friend, Kate A. Jackson, took her abroad for three years as her guest. They travelled in nearly every European country. In Greece and Palestine and Asia Minor they found much to study and enjoy. They climbed the pyramids and visited the treasures of art in Italy and Germany. While absent Miss Willard devoted more than a year to study in the College de France and the Petit Sorboune, attending the lectures of Guizot, the historian, and other famous men; she also studied in Berlin and Rome. Her training went constantly on. Whenever she could command time she wrote articles for the *New York Independent*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Christian Union* and the Chicago journals. It was probable, of course, that a girl who thus preferred work to pleasure, would become a successful woman.

On her return home, a new point of departure

almost immediately confronted her. She spoke before a Woman's Missionary Meeting upon the Christian work done abroad, and so impressed was a prominent gentleman with her ability as a speaker, that he proposed to her that she should give a lecture, promising her a large and appreciative audience. Hesitating much to try her powers, she laid the matter before her mother, asking if she should accept. "By all means, my child," said she; "enter every open door."

"At the expiration of three weeks, and with no manuscript visible," says Miss Willard, "I appeared before an elegant audience in Centenary Church, Chicago. The manuscript was with me in portfolio, ready for reference in case of failure, *but I didn't fail.*" So pleased were the people and the newspapers, that she at once received invitations to lecture from all parts of the Northwest.

Honors now came fast and thick. In 1871 she was made President of the Woman's College at Evanston, her Alma Mater, and two years later, when the college became a part of the University, she was made Dean of this college, and Professor

of Æsthetics in the University. She adopted a plan of self-government for the pupils, novel then, but since used, substantially, at Amherst College and elsewhere. When any girl had shown herself worthy, she entered a "Roll of Honor Society," and if her record was good for a specified time, she joined the "corps of the self-governed" with a pledge to act her best. Miss Willard, the teacher, has proved an inspiration to more than two thousand pupils; her always recurring question to them being, "*What are you going to be in the world, and what are you going to do?*"

In the winter of 1873 there was a remarkable uprising of the Christian women of the land, known and remembered as the Temperance Crusade. Tens of thousands, in praying-bands, visited the saloons, and awoke the whole country to the peril of a drinking habit well-nigh universal, and to the sin of the liquor traffic.

Miss Willard was asked to join the movement. She was already a successful teacher, author and lecturer. Would she now please give up literary and educational reputation, and the brilliant pros-

pects of her life, and enter upon a lowly and unpopular work? Better than art or literature she had always loved to see a human being helped upward. She once had said, "The deepest thought and desire of my life would have been met, if my dear old Mother Church had permitted me to be a minister." Yes, she was immediately and wholly ready to aid the temperance women.

She was made the National Corresponding Secretary of the movement, and at once began the work that has been an astonishment in its breadth and a blessing to hundreds of thousands. Her grand faculty for organization developed and made itself manifest. She determined to herself to visit and speak in every town in the United States which numbered ten thousand inhabitants — she afterward included many of five thousand, in order to organize a Woman's Christian Temperance Union in each if it had not one already.

Was this a possibility? She had little money and a constitution not robust. But she had what was better, a heroic purpose, and great faith in God working with man.

For ten years she spoke, on an average, once a day, staying at "Rest Cottage" only three weeks during each year; sent out in the later years twenty or thirty thousand letters; travelled some years, from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand miles, accompanied by her invaluable private secretary, Miss Anna Gordon, whom she truly calls her "right arm," writing nearly all her speeches and articles for the press on the cars. The wonder is that she is not a broken-down woman, which indeed she doubtless would be were it not for her sunny disposition, her common sense, her power of holding herself at an even pace, and nature's early gifts and endowments in the free life at Forest Home.

She herself says: "The chief wonder of my life is that I dare to have so good a time, physically, mentally and religiously. I have swung like a pendulum through my years 'without haste, without rest.' What it would be to have an idle hour I find it hard to fancy. With no headache why should I not think right straight ahead?"

It is largely through Miss Willard's efforts that

in the whole thirty-eight States and nine Territories, W. C. T. U.'s have been organized. In ten thousand towns and cities a great body of women are at work to make liquor-selling and liquor-drinking, with their consequent ruin to men and their families, hateful and disreputable before the world. Especially have the people of the South become enthusiastic over the settlement of the temperance question. Miss Willard has made four campaigns in that great section of our country since 1880 and has been welcomed into the most important pulpits, and sustained by those in the highest positions.

The Woman's National Organization has now over thirty departments. It has for its organ the *Union Signal*, a bright sixteen-page weekly paper, with a large subscription list. In twenty States, temperance text-books have been introduced into the public-schools by law. The press department reaches over one thousand papers, and sends out annually over five million pages of printed matter. The W. C. T. U. has commissioned Mrs. Mary C. Leavitt, of Boston, to journey round the world

perfecting kindred organizations in India, China, Russia, Scandinavia, and other countries. Many of the States are working for Constitutional Prohibition already obtained in Maine, Kansas, Iowa and Rhode Island, and for the ballot for woman, in the power of which Miss Willard heartily believes, since the liquor-power would thus be met by the "force of numbers." Miss Willard has now been the President of the National Association for seven years.

For the next ten years, Miss Willard hopes, if she lives, to use her pen even more than her voice, remaining much of the time at "Rest Cottage." Here she has fitted up a great workshop; and to a friend who asks what she is doing now, she replies, "I have the care of four departments of the National W. C. T. U., and the general supervision of the whole, viz.: the World's W. C. T. U., National Literature, White Cross League, and the extension of the organization. Each would be too much for seven women; I only make a dash at each." But those who know Miss Willard, know her thoroughness. She is usually at her desk from

nine till six, with a half-hour for dinner, and another half-hour for exercise in the open air.

A well-known lady in Evanston, Miss Willard's home, writes me concerning her: "To human observation, here, Frances Willard is without fault. Her liberality is unbounded, or would be if her purse were as big as her heart. Her own private expenditures she reduces to a minimum, going without what she actually needs, in order that those in want may never be refused. . . . In her immense and ever-increasing correspondence, there are the usual number of cranks and bores. But *every* letter is answered, and courteously. When remonstrated with on account of the time and strength it takes, she replies, 'I like to have them write to me. I want to get at the temperance work in every possible way, and at the hearts of people. Perhaps it cheers some poor soul to write to me and get a reply. Let us comfort one another all we can.'"

Another prominent lady writes: "Miss Willard's life will bear the closest scrutiny. So conscientious is she in her correspondence for the National

Society that altogether she sometimes has ten secretaries at work; even an envelope or a sheet of paper is never wasted. This cannot always be said of men in the Government or Church or Missionary employ! . . . She is heart and soul and body, given, a living sacrifice, to the work of saving men. She invites to her home those who have been overcome by temptation. Rarely is a social invitation accepted, although invited by the best and the greatest, unless it be where she can do some work. She is a marvellous woman, great, and will be greater." She receives no remuneration from the Society except that it furnishes postage and stationery.

Already, thanks to the energy of Mrs. T. B. Carse, largely, a building is in prospect in Chicago with lecture hall, Training School for women in the temperance work and National headquarters for the W. C. T. U. A million dollars is needed, and some person will yet give this gift. The Temperance Hospital was opened April 8, 1886, opposite Chicago University. Both sexes and all classes are to be treated without the use of alco-

hol, the statistics of the large London Temperance Hospital proving that a much larger per cent. of patients recover without alcohol than with it. One woman, Mrs. R. G. Peters of Michigan, gave fifty thousand dollars to this work. A medical college and free dispensary are to be opened in connection with it. Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett is president of the Board of Trustees.

The White Cross League, instituted by the Bishop of Durham, in England, pledging equal purity for man and woman, bids fair to be one of Miss Willard's grandest lines of work. She has, with all her other labors, been writing some excellent articles to girls, in the *Chautauquan*, on the subject, "How to Win." She says:

"Keep to your specialty, whether it is raising turnips or tunes; painting screens or battle pieces; studying political economy or domestic receipts. . . . Have in place of aimless reverie, a resolute aim. The first one in the idle stream of my life was the purpose, lodged there by my life's best friend, my mother, *to have an education*. . . . Margaret Fuller Ossoli was another fixed point — shall I not rather say a fixed star? — in the sky of my thought, while Arnold of Rugby, to one who meant to make teaching a profession, was chief of all.

"If my dear mother did me one crowning kindness it was in making me believe that next to being an angel, the greatest bestowment of God is to make one a woman. . . . If I were asked the mission of the ideal woman, I would reply, *It is to make the whole world homelike.* . . . She came into the college and elevated it, into literature and hallowed it, into the business world and ennobled it. She will come into government and purify it, for woman will make homelike every place she enters, and she will enter every place on this round earth."

Miss Willard has come to her grand success chiefly because of a high purpose. Life has been for her a constant work-day since she sketched with Mary by the riverside at Forest Home, and every day has told upon the future of our people. For constantly working in advance of all party-lines, she has helped more than any other woman first to make a great issue and then to hasten it into national consideration.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. G. R. ALDEN ("PANSY").

I AM going to write a sketch of 'Pansy,'" I said to one of the young ladies in our Public Library, "and I would like to take several of her books home, to look them over."

"There are none in," she replied.

"None in, when I see by your catalogues you have several of each of her more than fifty volumes?"

"Oh! there *is* one in — *Mrs. Harry Harper's Awakening*, but that will probably be taken out during the day."

"What is the reason 'Pansy's' books are always in demand?"

"Because they are bright reading for young people, and as pure as they are bright, and we like to specially recommend them. When hun-

dreds come to us, and ask what they shall read, among those of the few unexceptionable writers we can always speak well of the 'Pansy books,' and the boys and girls always come back pleased, and ask for others by that author."

What is true of "the Pansy books," in the Public Library of Cleveland, I doubt not to be true of them in the libraries of other cities.

I have just been reading Mrs. Alden's *One Commonplace Day*. I have been with poor Kate Hartzell to the picnic, and felt ashamed of Fannie Copeland, or any other girl who is too proud to associate with a noble-hearted young woman because she helps to wash dishes and make bread. I have felt a great liking for Mildred Powers, who, though her father was a judge at Washington, put on no airs, and was thoroughly kind to everybody. I have followed Kate to the home of the drunken father and drunken college-brother, and have seen how a girl really can be a ministering angel. I understand, I think, the reasons for the perennial popularity of the "Pansy books." They waken the music of the noble chords of the soul.

In their influence, as compared with that of the usual Sunday-school book, or work of light fiction, lies the difference that exists between waltz and oratorio.

It was years ago that I read *Ester Ried*, and cried over Ester's death, as I suppose thousands of others have done. After that I was always wondering how the author of that most magical book talked and looked and if I should like her if I ever saw her.

One day I heard that "Pansy" was to conduct the primary department of the Sunday-school Assembly at Framingham, Mass. So I went out from Boston to hear her.

When I arrived, I found a crowded house listening to a sweet-faced woman, in early life, much younger than I had supposed, with a rich, pleasant voice, heard in every part of the house, and with a most attractive and womanly manner. She was natural, interesting and earnest. It is unnecessary to add that I liked her.

And now what has been the history of this very successful woman?

MRS. G. R. ALDEN ("PANSY").

Born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1842, she had two blessings, perhaps the greatest earthly gifts: a father and mother who were wise, patient, tender, helpful under all circumstances. The father held wonderfully pronounced convictions on all the great questions of the day; he was a strong temperance man, a strong anti-slavery man, a leader in every moral reform, and pressing forward alone oftentimes, for public opinion was not educated up to his standard, whereas now he would have hosts of co-laborers. The noble man standing solitary upon advanced positions, upon high lonely look-outs, lived half a century ahead of his time. The mother was a sunny-hearted, self-forgetful woman, devoted to all that was pure and "of good report."

Their little girl, Isabella, received her now famous name of "Pansy," from an incident in her baby-life. The mother had a choice bed of great purple and yellow pansy blossoms, which she was treasuring for a special occasion. One morning the wee child, being in a helpful, loving mood, sallied out, and picked them every one, and bringing the treasures in her arms showered them in

her mother's lap, with the generous statement that they were "every one for her."

They were to have been used on the evening following, and the good mother was much disturbed; but the father mounted his baby in triumph on his shoulders, and called her his own little pansy-blossom; and from that time the sweet name clung to her.

Thus gentle was the man of strong thought, over a thing that could not be helped, and which was done in innocency. A less thoughtful parent might have punished the child, and then wondered as she grew older that she did not develop lovelier traits! How often we spoil the flowers in our home gardens!

A little incident which I have heard Mrs. Alden relate, shows not only the love within that early home, but the skill of the father in the character-forming of his child. "I recall," said she, "a certain rainy day, when I hovered aimlessly from sitting-room to kitchen, alternately watching my father at his writing, and my mother at her cake-making. She was baking, I remember, a certain

sort known among us as 'patty-cakes,' with scalloped edges, and raisins peeping out all over their puffy sides. I put in an earnest plea for one of the 'patties' as it came from the oven, and was refused. Disconsolately I wandered back to father's side. He was busy with his annual accounts.

"Our home was in a manufacturing town, where the system of exchange, known as 'due-bills,' was in vogue. Something caught my eye which suggested the term to me, and I asked an explanation.

"Father gave it briefly. Then I wanted to know whether people always earned the amount mentioned in the due-bill, and my father replied that of course one had the right to issue a due-bill to a man who had earned nothing, if for any reason he desired to favor him, and that then the sum would become that man's due, because of the name signed.

"I remember the doleful tone in which I said, 'I wish I had a due-bill.' My father laughed, tore a bit of paper from his note-book, and printed on

it in letters which his six-year-old daughter could read, the words:

DEAR MOTHER:

PLEASE GIVE OUR LITTLE GIRL A PATTY-CAKE FOR MY SAKE. FATHER.

"I carried my due-bill in some doubt to my mother, for she was not given to changing her mind, but I can seem to see the smile on her face as she read the note, and feel again the pressure of the plump warm cake which was promptly placed in my hand.

"The incident took on special significance from the fact that I gave it another application, as children are so apt to do. As I knelt that evening, repeating my usual prayer: '*Now I lay me down to sleep*,' and closed it with the familiar words: '*And this I ask for Jesus' sake*,' there flashed over my mind the conviction that this petition was like the 'due-bill' which my father had made me — to be claimed because of the mighty name signed. I do not know that any teaching of my life gave me a stronger sense of assurance in prayer than this apparently trivial incident."

"Pansy" began to write little papers very early in life, which she called "compositions," and which were intended for her parents only. From her babyhood she kept a journal where the various events of the day were detailed for the benefit of these same watchful parents. There could have been little that was exciting or novel in this girlish life, but the child was thus trained to express her thoughts, and to be observing — two good aids in her after-life. She was also encouraged to send long printed letters each week to her absent sister, telling her of the home-life, and describing persons and places. "Pansy" was very happy in all this work, stimulated by gentle appreciation and criticism.

When "Pansy" was perhaps ten years old, one morning the old clock, which she "really and truly" supposed regulated the sun, suddenly stopped. Such an event had never before occurred. She considered it worthy of a special chronicle, and forthwith wrote the story of its hitherto useful life, and the disasters which might have resulted from its failure in duty. This clock

was very dear to the father and mother, being associated with the beginning of their early married life. When "Pansy's" story was read, she was startled, almost frightened, over this discovery — that it drew tears to her father's eyes. He said he would like to have the story in print, the better to preserve it, and that she might sign to it the name of "Pansy," both because that was his pet name for her, and because the language of the flower was "tender and pleasant thoughts," and these she had given him by her story.

How pleased the little girl was that she had made him happy, and that when a real story of hers was in black-and-white where the world could read it, none would know the real author except the family. How her heart beat when the little ten-year-old author looked upon her first printed article, all those know who have ever written for the press.

Her first book, *Helen Lester*, was not published until ten years later. She wrote it in competition for a prize, and was so fortunate as to gain it. This greatly encouraged her, though her best

encouragement was, as she says, "the satisfaction which the little printed volume bearing the pet-name, 'Pansy,' gave to my father and mother."

Following upon that first little book, "Pansy's" literary work has been constant and most successful. She has written between fifty and sixty volumes, of which over one hundred thousand copies are sold annually. They are in every Sunday-school, and in well-nigh every home. It is believed that *Ester Ried* has had the largest sale, and has exerted the most beneficent influence of all her works. Of this book, Mrs. Alden says: "The closing chapters were written while I was watching the going out of my blessed father's life. To the last he maintained his deep interest in it, and expressed his strong conviction that it would do good work. It went out hallowed with his prayers, and is still bearing fruit which will add to his joy, I believe, in heaven. The last chapter was written in the summer of 1870 with the tears dropping on my father's new-made grave."

The titles of Mrs. Alden's books are familiar in all households: *Four Girls at Chautauqua*, with

its charming sequel, *Chautauqua Girls at Home*, *Tip Lewis and his Lamp*, *Three People*, *Links in Rebecca's Life*, *Julia Ried*, *Ruth Erskine's Crosses*, *The King's Daughter*, *The Browning Boys*, *From Different Standpoints*, *Mrs. Harry Harper's Awakening*, *The Pocket-Measure*, *Spun From Fact*, *etc.* — titles familiar in all Public Libraries, and to Sunday-school librarians in all denominations. Though she is an adept in the arts and peculiar fascinations of the novelist, a master-analyst of the subtler workings of the human heart, she has from the outset dedicated her work to the advancement of the Christian religion in the home-life and in the business-life; to making alive and important and binding and "altogether lovely," the laws of the Bible. The glittering prospects of other fields in literature have not allured her aside.

But Mrs. Alden's books are only a portion of her life-work. Her husband, Rev. G. R. Alden, is the pastor of a large church, and she works faithfully at his side, having a high ideal of the duties and peculiar opportunities of a minister's wife. She is president of the missionary soci-

eties, organizer and manager of a young people's branch, superintendent of the primary department of the Sunday-school, and the private counsellor of hundreds of young people. While she enjoys her literary work, she makes it subservient to her church and Sunday-school work.

She says, "My rule has been to write when I can get a chance, subject to the interruptions which come to a mother, a housekeeper, and a pastor's wife."

Yet for seventeen years Mrs. Alden has been under contract (never broken) to keep a serial story running in the *Herald and Presbyter*, through the winter; and for ten years she has given her summers largely to normal-class work at all the principal Sunday-school assemblies, having been several times at Chautauqua, Framingham and Florida, and is under engagement to do the same work in Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Tennessee.

One would suppose that with all this work, "Pansy's" hands would be full to overflowing. But she finds time to do more than this. For twelve

years she has prepared the Sunday-school lessons for the primary department of the *Westminster Teacher*, the organ of the Presbyterian Board, and has been for two or more years the editor of their *Primary Quarterly*.

And there is more to tell. For eleven years she has edited the *Pansy*, the well-known Sunday magazine for boys and girls, and there is always in this a serial story from her pen and a continued Golden-Text story, besides innumerable short stories, which now, collected, make a complete Primary Sunday-school Library of about forty volumes.

One of the most interesting things in connection with this magazine, is the "Pansy Society," composed of those children who are subscribers, and who are pledged to try to overcome some besetting fault, and who take a whisper-motto: "I will do it for Jesus' sake." All who join, have a badge, a beautiful pansy painted on white satin, and fastened at the top by a silver pin.

The members of this society from Maine to Louisiana, write to "Pansy," and mother-fashion,

she answers them, a hundred or more a week. Already there are thousands of members, who are trying to stop fretting, to obey parents, to be patient, to say only kind words of others, to overcome carelessness, and to make somebody happy. The amount of good done by this beautiful, simple means to form correct habits in early life, is simply incalculable.

The letters from the little ones among the members are full of naive interest, many written with a hand just beginning to do its first work with the pen.

One older child writes:

Mamma says I ought to tell you at the commencement that I am eleven years old, but a poor penman, and she is afraid you cannot read my letter, but I will try and do my best. I have taken *The Pansy* for two years and enjoy it very much. After reading it I send it in a mission barrel to the children in Utah. I had rather keep them, but mamma thinks I onght to let some one else enjoy them. I have read all your books except one or two of the last. From reading *Pocket Measure* I learned how nice it was to give. Mamma especially likes *Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On*. I would like to become a member of the Pansy Society. I have tried for a week to find the fault that I want most to overcome, but I do not know which one it is, I have so many; it seems to me as if everyone else had but one fault. One

is my not obeying quickly when mamma speaks. I had rather read your books and magazine than do what I ought. I do like to read very much. Another is my temper which is very quick; when anything is said which irritates me I speak quick even to my dear mamma. I pray over it and work hard to overcome it. . . I have a picture of you which papa is going to have framed and hung up in my chamber, so that I can look at it and think of you.

Letters come, too, from mothers and teachers, telling of the beautiful work of the Pansy Societies. One mother writes of her own home club formed of her six children. She says:

We are trying to make its influence for good extend far and near. At Christmas we got together a large lot of old toys, picture-books, etc., with boxes of cake and bon-bons, and sent them to some poor children in our community who were not able to buy new ones. We also sent a box of Christmas goodies to each of the real old ladies and gentlemen living near us, who were likely to be overlooked in the overflow of young life surrounding them. Also sent out some suitable presents and eatables to needy colored families.

For St. Valentine's Day some valentines were prepared and sent to such children as would be likely to be forgotten on this festive occasion. *The Pansy* has been a regular visitor here for the past four or five years, and we would feel very much as if one of the family were gone, if we were deprived of it.

Mrs. Alden is still in the fresh prime of her strength. She carries her work with quick step and sunny uplook. She is so wise and so friendly, so good an interpreter — let us be glad that the eloquent pen is a swift one and tireless.

CHAPTER V.

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE ("MARION HARLAND").

TO be a successful writer of novels and of cookery books, the helpful wife of an eminent pastor, a leader in all the benevolent work and social life of a city parish, and a most careful and responsible mother, show, to say the least, great versatility of talent and great executive ability. Such a woman is "Marion Harland."

Born in Amelia County, Virginia, of a father descended from Puritan stock, Samuel Hawes of Dorchester, Mass., and of an equally intelligent and refined mother, whose ancestor was the brother of Captain John Smith, the young girl came naturally into an inheritance of marked traits and talents, energies and convictions.

At ten years of age the little Mary Virginia was absorbed in Rollin's *Ancient History*, having

read to the fifth volume. The faithful, thoughtful mother encouraged her children to read to her while she sewed, and thus Virginia and her sister went through Pollock's *Course of Time*, *Pilgrim's Progress* and Plutarch's *Lives*, and knew by heart whole pages of *Paradise Lost*, Cowper's *Task*, and Thomson's *Seasons*. For light reading they indulged in *Godey's Lady's Book* and *Graham's Magazine*.

Beginning to write for the press at fourteen, Virginia had a story accepted at Godey's when she was sixteen, called "Marrying Through Prudential Motives." This story was copied into an English paper, translated into French for a Parisian journal, re-translated into an English periodical, and finally copied in America as an English tale. About this time, too, she won a fifty-dollar prize for a story; and so pleased were the editors that they advertised to learn the real name of their anonymous contributor.

Thus encouraged, the young Southern girl determined to write a novel. When it was finished, she broke the astounding news to her father.

"How long have you been writing it?" he asked.

"I wrote the rough draught three years ago. Within a year I have written it out in full. I should like to publish it."

So the manuscript of *Alone*, a very famous novel in its day, was taken to a Richmond publisher for examination. The young author waited for days and weeks and months. Finally, the father asked that the manuscript be returned, and with it came this note:

"I regret that the young author's impatience to regain possession of her bantling has rendered it impossible for me to read more than three pages of the story. From what I *have* read, however, I judge that it would not be safe to publish it on speculation."

Mr. Hawes believed in the ability of his daughter, however, and at once assumed the expense of publishing. "Bring it out in good style, printing and binding," he said; "advertise it properly, and send bills to me."

Alone was published when Virginia was twenty-one, and at once made a genuine and wide sensa-

tion. It was a pure and beautiful story, and it was written in clear, fine English. "Marion Harland," for thus she signed her literary work, suddenly found herself famous. In less than two years a Tauchnitz edition appeared, and in these thirty years since over one hundred thousand copies of *Alone* have been sold, a record attaching to very few books.

The following year, 1855, a second novel, *The Hidden Path*, came from her pen, and that also met with a large sale.

Meantime another great happiness had come into her life. Edward Payson Terhune, the son of Judge John Terhune of New Brunswick, N. J., had been licensed to preach by the Presbytery, and had accepted a call to Charlotte Court House, Va. This is a place abounding with historical associations. Here Patrick Henry made his last public speech and John Randolph his maiden address. Both these statesmen are buried in the neighborhood. Here, when "Marion Harland" was twenty-three, she came as a bride. The marriage was a love-match, and has brought her a do-

mestic life of unusual happiness. It is said, in proof, that for nearly thirty years, whenever Dr. and Mrs. Terhune have been absent from each other, they have never failed to write daily letters.

"Marion Harland" did not lay down her literary work when she assumed her household and church duties. She merely "economized time," and found hours for each. In 1857, a year after her marriage, *Moss-Side* was published.

The next year Dr. Terhune was called to the First Reformed Church in Newark, N. J., where he and his family spent eighteen happy and useful years their home a centre of delightful influences.

The pretty children, of whom there were six finally, evidently did not hinder the mother's literary work. The writing of *Nemesis*, a novel which appeared in 1860, was attended by amusing circumstances. Mrs. Terhune's writing-table stood near a favorite window; and to the leg of this table she tied one end of a string, the other end being attached to the railing of a cradle, set in a darkened corner where Baby Christine took her long

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE ("MARION HARLAND").

forenoon naps. When Baby moved, the mother, without distraction of thought, touched the string.

In 1863 *Husks* was published; in 1865 *Husbands and Homes;* in 1867 *Sunnybank* and *Christmas Holly;* in 1868 *Ruby's Husband*, dedicated "*To him who for many years has been to me adviser, co-worker and best earthly friend*"; in 1869 *Phemie's Temptation;* in 1870 *At Last;* in 1871 *The Empty Heart;* in 1873 *Jessamine;* seventeen novels in all, pure, and elevating books which have had a wide reading.

When "Marion Harland" was married, friends thoughtfully bestowed upon her five different cookbooks. Each was unlike the others, and often contradictory; and the more the young housekeeper experimented, the more perplexed she became. At last, however, as good receipts proved themselves, she laid them aside for future use.

These choice and reliable receipts in fifteen years had grown into a useful collection. Thinking she might benefit young housekeepers, in 1870, she visited Scribner & Co. and offered to them

the MS. of her now world-famous *Common Sense in the Household.*

They hesitated about accepting. "It will not amount to much," remarked Mr. Scribner to his partners, it is said, "but perhaps by taking it we can obtain a friendly hold upon her and so be given the publishing of her other books."

But "Marion Harland" was already known to the women of the land as a true-minded Christian woman, and they said, "We can depend upon what she states." It followed that the sale of the book was an astonishment to the publishers, and probably to the author as well. Since its publication one hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold in America, and half that number abroad. It has been translated into Arabic, French and German, and a special translation is soon to be issued for the use of German residents in America. This Mrs. Terhune considers a worthy and precious success.

Other kindred books have since come from her pen, constituting a "Common Sense" series: *Breakfast, Luncheon and Tea,* and the *Dinner*

Year-Book. The first is made up of entirely fresh instructions, with some admirable "Familiar Talks" on the need of every woman to have a trade or profession, and on various other home-topics. "How many women," she asks, "could, if bereft of fortune or support to-morrow or next week, or next year, earn a living for themselves, to say nothing of their children?" The latter book contains a bill-of-fare for the dinner of every day in the year, besides twelve company dinners. In 1883 *The Cottage Kitchen*, composed of inexpensive receipts, was published; in 1885 *Cookery for Beginners* (D. Lothrop & Co.), and a *Common Sense Calendar*, with a receipt for each working-day in the year, and some helpful words of counsel.

Notwithstanding all this practical work with her pen, "Marion Harland's" benevolent and church-work has yearly grown more extensive. During her husband's pastorate in Newark, Mrs. Terhune became the President of the Women's Christian Association, holding the office until her removal from the city. The Society had five different

branches of labor. One "hard winter" they gave work to more than three hundred sewing-women, opening and conducting a store for the sale of garments made. So skilful was the management that while thousands of dollars were paid out, and thousands of articles sold, in the spring a small balance remained in the treasury, even after all their generous giving of money.

One incident will perhaps illustrate "Marion Harland's" force of character as well as nobility. In January, 1874, she buried one of the most gifted of her children, the "Ailsie" of her book entitled *My Little Love*. A month before this she had ruptured a blood-vessel in her right lung. The grief and excitement of the child's sudden death resulted in a hemorrhage, and she was confined to her bed. Two days after the funeral the chairman of the "cutting-out committee" of the Association, called and desired to see Mrs. Terhune on pressing business. Two hundred women were at the work-rooms waiting to return home with work. The treasury was empty. There was not a yard of material to be cut up. The women

were depending upon this work for bread. What could be done?

Mrs. Terhune, ill as she was, determined to see her; and she has often said that she thinks this visit saved her reason, and perhaps her life. She was obliged to forget her darling child and think and act for others. She sent her friend to a store where she had previously made purchases, and asked that a number of pieces of cloth be delivered immediately at the work-rooms.

Then she arose, dressed herself, took her carriage and drove to the office of a kind-hearted merchant. He came to the curb-stone and she stated the case briefly. He cast one look at her pale face and her mourning dress, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Wait a minute," he said, as he turned back into the office.

Re-appearing, he handed her a check for a large amount, and notes to half a dozen wealthy men which would, he said, "save her voice from the strain of telling the story."

Within an hour, Mrs. Terhune was making her

way through the rows of anxious sewing-women, to the hall where twenty pairs of shears were flying through the rolls of cloth, and laid before the treasurer a package of bills — sufficient to pay the poor workers for three weeks, and to provide materials for a month's operations. So heroic can a woman be who has strength of character and a tender heart.

The same winter the Association netted a thousand dollars by a single performance of the cantata of *The Haymakers*. The chorus of fifty voices, and the members of the orchestra gave their services; but each represented one, or more, and sometimes a half-dozen calls from the President, but she found time for the work. She often says she has become an optimist in charitable undertakings, for she "has found people ready to help in every good work, provided they are approached in the right way. Tact in this respect goes as far as energy."

While in Newark she taught a large Bible class of young girls, and was also superintendent of the Infant Department of the Sabbath-school. After

Dr. Terhune was called to the First Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., she took charge of a class of young men, beginning with eight. When they removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., five years later, Dr. Terhune being called to the First Reformed Church, there were sixty-eight young men on the roll, and a noble body of workers they were. They had their own class-rooms adjoining the main Sunday-school rotunda, which they fitted up as reading and sitting-rooms, and these they kept open during the week.

Mrs. Terhune has a similar class in Brooklyn, N. Y., who call themselves "her boys," and for whom she has an affection largely akin to that felt for her own children. She says:

"My heart yearns unspeakably over all young things that need love and training. I think two thirds of me is 'mother.' This was the motive that induced me to accept the editorship of *Babyhood*. Letters from all parts of the country ask what are my methods of managing classes; and of making friends of boys and girls. I know but one secret: to love and sympathize with them.

God bless them one and all! 'My boys' are scattered far and near, all over this and other lands, but they still write to me, telling me of their prospects of business and happiness, ask congratulations when they marry and sympathy when they bury their dead."

In Brooklyn, Mrs. Terhune is one of the managers of the Training School for Nurses, a member of the Local Visiting Committee of the State Charities' Aid Association, a Vice-President of a Musical Association and First Director of the Ladies Association of her husband's church.

The broken blood-vessel above mentioned did not heal. In 1876 a consultation of physicians said Mrs. Terhune had not three months to live. Her husband with his usual promptness and decision, sent in his resignation to the Newark Church by whom he was greatly beloved, sold his home, furniture and horses, "burned the bridges behind him," as he said, and took his wife to Europe, where they remained for two years, he acting as Chaplain of the American Chapel in Rome the first winter, and the second supplying the American

Church in Paris. Mrs. Terhune became entirely restored to health, and now, a little past fifty, seems in the very prime and full joy and activity of a vigorous womanhood.

She has learned how with no appearance of care to constantly care for her health, varying her occupations to relieve one another, and giving full time to sleep and to out-door exercise, especially to walking.

On her return from Europe she wrote *Loiterings in Pleasant Paths*, a most interesting and delightful book combining fine description with much of history, and evincing wide reading and culture.

One of Marion Harland's most valuable volumes is entitled *Eve's Daughters*, devoted to hygienic common-sense for maid, wife and mother. She urges broad education for girls. She says:

> Mary may not "keep up" her Latin after she leaves school, and her German may, from the same date, become to her as truly a dead language. But she will write and speak her mother-tongue the better for having learned the one; the breadth and grasp of her mind be improved by the study of the other.

She has carried out this idea in the education

of her own children. Her eldest daughter, though married, fitted herself for the chair of English Literature in any college, and reads and converses in five languages. Among other literary tasks, she and her mother have charge of the Household Department of a syndicate of fifteen papers.

Mrs. Terhune loses no opportunity to urge girls to form some definite aim. To mothers she says:

> Do not — in the absence of indications of the divine thirst and longing for musical expression which is genius — sacrifice, diurnally, two hours of sunshine and sweet airs and such affluence of innocent delight in the mere fact of being *alive*, as only childhood ever knows this side of the Land of Eternal Youth, to the ignoble ambition to have your baby "accomplished." . . . Pay her for picking berries, hemming towels, shelling peas and dozens of other small tasks, stipulating that they must be done well and "on time." Let her make out her bills, keep her own accounts and never impress her with the belief that she is dependent upon you for aught save love and care. . . . It is not work, but impatient solicitude, the fretting, teasing thought and care for the next minute, the next hour, the next day, to which we apply the homely term "worry," that breaks down our schoolgirl.
>
> So far from the election and study of professions by women acting unfavorably upon domestic life, I believe, after a tolerably thorough examination of arguments and

examples on both sides of the question, that the highest and purest interests of the Home are promoted by these. She who need not marry unless won to the adoption of the state of wife by pure love for him who seeks her, is likely to make a more deliberate and a wiser choice of a husband than she who has done little since she put off long clothes but dream and long and angle for her other half.

You may pass a long, useful, and contented life without learning how to embroider a tidy. . . . No American woman, however exalted or assured her social rank, or whatever may be her accomplishments, can afford to remain ignorant of practical housewifery.

How has "Marion Harland" accomplished so much work? By economizing time; using spare hours and minutes to shape articles, and carry on stories, and while cooking or sewing, watching for the opportunity to write. All her life has been subject to interruptions; her best working-hours years ago were when her children were in bed. Now she is usually at her desk from nine o'clock until one, never writing or studying in the evening if she can avoid it.

She says: "Domestic duties have never hampered me. On the contrary, I work better than if I had not thus had time to think over a composi-

tion before rushing it into print. I have knit a pair of cradle blankets for my grandchild in the intervals of composition, thinking out page by page, as the needles played, and laying them down now and then, to commit the digested thought to paper.

One learns contentment and concentration of thought by such discipline of daily life, and to manage temper and mind together."

She once said to me: "I love my kind and have tried to help women. If the lowly places of life are brighter, daily burdens that must be borne lighter because I have lived and worked, I am satisfied. I believe it is possible to elevate household 'drudgery' into a Mission; to make Home the centre of thought and duty, and yet help the toilers in other homes."

Truly, this woman has glorified the commonplace. In behalf of domestic home-making women everywhere, in cottage and in mansion, she has bestowed shaping thought and refining care upon a thousand details of household comforts; through her influence countless women have learned to

look upon cookery as a fine art. Her influence upon the home will endure for more than this generation; indeed it may be regarded as one of the forces of our time that determine what shall be the beliefs and ideals of the woman of the future.

CHAPTER VI.

MARGARET.

NEW ORLEANS, with its orange-trees, fragrant with white blossoms and golden fruit, with its verandaed homes overgrown with roses, with its house-lawns bordered with sweet blue violets, is a city long to be remembered by a stranger.

I was glad to see this; I was glad to touch the warm Southern hand with its genuine hospitality; but I was especially glad to see — remembering what it represented to New Orleans — the marble statue of "Margaret." It stands in a large open square, and is the first, I believe, erected to a woman in this country. "Margaret" is represented sitting in a rustic chair, dressed in her usual costume — a plain skirt and loose sack, with a simple shawl thrown over her shoulders; her arm encircles a pretty orphan child.

THE STATUE TO "MARGARET OF NEW ORLEANS."

The face of the woman is very plain but very kindly. There is no indication that "Margaret" was a woman of great power or of great fame; the statue is simply the thank-offering of a whole city for a beautiful, unselfish life, lived in its midst. Many men and women have possessed millions — and have spent all upon themselves; Margaret spent her small riches for others. Thousands about her had unlimited opportunities for education; "Margaret" could scarcely write her own name. Yet to her, of all our countrywomen, stands the beautiful memorial.

Who was this "Margaret" so honored above others?

More than a half-century ago, there came to Baltimore, among the Irish emigrants, a young man and his wife, William and Margaret Gaffney, to seek their fortunes in the New World. They were poor of course, but they loved each other, and were happy to struggle together. By and by a little daughter came into their home, whom they naturally called Margaret, after the mother.

They were not long to enjoy the little daughter

or she to know their love, for both parents died of yellow fever, leaving the helpless child to the tender mercies of the world at large. Fortunately, some friendly people, Mrs. Richards and her husband, had crossed from Wales on the same steamer as the Gaffneys, and though Mr. Richards had just died also of yellow fever, the stricken wife took the wee child into her own home.

The girl grew to womanhood in this shelter; and while she knew the privations and wearinesses of poverty and lowly labor, she knew also from the good teachings of Mrs. Richards, that the best of all things in the world is loveliness and truth of character, and this precious seed was to bear fruit in later years.

In due time Margaret was married, to young Charles Haughery. They commenced life together, as did her parents, with empty purses and full hearts. But shadows soon began to steal over the little home. The husband's health failed, and they decided to move from Baltimore to New Orleans. But this change of climate did no good. Advised by his physician that sea-air might prove

beneficial, he said good-by to his young wife and baby-child, and sailed for Ireland. The good-by proved to be the final farewell, for he died soon after reaching his destination.

Though this loss was hard for the wife to bear, a second loss followed, the hardest a woman can ever know — the loss of her only child — and Margaret was alone again, poor, yet warm-hearted, and loving all children tenderly — the more, it may be, that her own arms were empty.

Did she sink in despair? No. She could feel the hand that was leading her, even in the densest darkness of her sorrow, and she never lost the fullness of her divine trust, or the tenderness of her human love. As ground is made mellow by harrowing, so ofttimes are hearts made fruitful.

What should she do for self-support, and to fill her lonely life? She who was an orphan herself, a widow and childless, wished that she might work for orphans, and to this end she entered the domestic service of the Poydras Orphan Asylum for Girls. Here she toiled early and late, sometimes doing housework, and sometimes going out

to collect food and money. How she was dressed, or whether she had ordinary comforts, seemed to her of no moment. Her life was centred in the asylum.

One day when she appealed to a large grocery establishment for aid for the orphans, one of the firm laughingly said, "We'll give you all you can pile on a wheelbarrow, if you will wheel it to the asylum yourself."

Margaret promptly agreed to this, and in a short time returned with her wheelbarrow, filled it to its utmost capacity, and trundled it home along the sidewalk. The young man surprised at her courage, and admiring her noble spirit, insisted on wheeling it for her, but Margaret politely refused, saying she would cheerfully wheel a barrow-load every day for the orphans if it were given to her.

Sister Regis, the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, much beloved for her self-sacrificing life, in time became Margaret's warmest friend and adviser. When it was necessary to erect a new Orphan Asylum, a large and commodious one was built on Camp street (in front of which Margaret's

monument now stands), and in ten years Margaret and Sister Regis, working together, had freed it from debt. For seventeen years Margaret had lived in the asylum, managing the large dairy, and doing any and every kind of work that would aid fatherless and motherless children.

In 1852, she decided to open an independent dairy in the upper part of the city; in this enterprise she soon demonstrated her financial ability. Never wasting a cent upon her own wants — indeed she never seemed to have any — she scrupulously devoted all profits to her beloved work. Everybody knew Margaret's milk-wagon, and her kind plain face as she went from customer to customer.

Then she added the old D'Aquin bakery to her business. The former proprietor, who had always been generous to the orphans, had become financially crippled, and borrowing from Margaret, her creditor at last was obliged to take the bakery into her own business. That she succeeded in "making money" out of the new branch, was due to economy, sterling integrity, and to the fact that

everybody knew and respected and relied upon her and liked to buy of her.

She opened her bakery in 1860. Says George W. Cable, who knew her: "But long before that, as well as long and ever after it, any man might say to you as a strange woman passed in a dingy milk-cart — or bread-cart in later years — sitting alone, and driving the slow, well-fed horse, 'There goes Margaret.' 'Margaret who?' 'Margaret, the Orphan's Friend.' I suppose we should have forgotten her married name entirely, had not the invoices of her large establishment kept it before us. 'Go to Margaret's' was the word when a country order called for anything that could be bought of her; but the invoice would read:

New Orleans, March 15, 1875.

MESSRS. BLACK, WHITE & CO.

To MARGARET'S BAKERY (Margaret Haughery) *Dr.*

2 Bbls. Soda Crackers, etc.		

"And what had she done, what was she doing, to make her so famous? Nothing but give, give,

MARGARET.

(From the photograph by Souby, 113 Canal St., New Orleans.)

give, give to the orphan boy and the orphan girl, Catholic, Protestant, Hebrew, anything. Yes, one thing more; she gave and she loved. But that was all. Never a bid for attention. Never a high seat in any assembly. Never a place among the proud or the gay. No pomp, no luxury, no effort to smarten up intellectually and take a tardy place in the aristocracy of brains. Nothing for herself. Riches and fame might spoil Solomon; they did not spoil Margaret.

"Of education she had almost nothing; of beauty as little — to the outward eye; accomplishments, none; exterior graces, none; aggressive ambition, the disposition to scheme or strive for station or preference, none; sparkling gayety, exuberant mirth, none, more than you or I; money, some, a little, a trifle; financial sagacity, a fair share, but nothing extraordinary; frugality? yes, frugality — as to herself. What else? religion? Yes, yes! pure, sweet, gentle, upbubbling, overflowing, plentiful, genuine, deep, and high; a faith proving itself incessantly in works, and a modesty and unconsciousness that made her beneficence as

silent as a stream underground. Hers was one of those very rare natures, whose happiness is found in blessing, not in being blessed.

"The whole town honored her. The presidents of banks and insurance companies, of the Chamber of Commerce, the Produce Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, none of them commanded the humble regard, the quick deference, from one merchant or a dozen, that was given to Margaret. They called her by her baptismal name — as they do queens and saints — because they loved her, and then loved her the more because she went by that name; the name of that sweet meadow flower which Wordsworth calls 'the poet's darling.'"

While the Civil War lasted her business was somewhat checked, but never her charity.

During the war, the Fourth Louisiana Regiment was captured at Shiloh and brought to New Orleans, and imprisoned at the police station, Algiers, across the river. The news of their arrival sped through the city, exciting the sympathies of thousands of women, who immediately sent presents of clothing, food and niceties. Margaret, true to her

instincts and principles, though having no son or relative in the war, loaded a wagon with bread and crackers, and accompanied by two negro men, appeared before the gateway of the prison, her two men bearing immense baskets filled with bread, on their heads.

The sentry on seeing her approach, slightly depressed his musket and commanded, "Halt!"

Margaret replied, "What for?"

The sentry again commanded, "Halt!"

Margaret advancing, said, "What for?"

Thrice the challenge was repeated and questioning answer given. Then she, with remarkable quickness for a woman weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, jumped to one side the musket, seized the boy in blue by both shoulders, and lifting him away, marched in, followed by her attendants. The surprised soldier, overcome with astonishment, could but join in the shout of his comrade sentinels, who had witnessed the scene.

During the Fourteenth of September fight a young man, a Protestant, lost his leg; Margaret tried to obtain for him a situation at a toll-gate,

but failing in this, gave him one hundred and fifty dollars to buy a leg; then set him up in business as a newspaper-seller, and supplied his family with bread during her life. This young man was a pattern-maker in a foundry; but his wound incapacitated him for his position.

In the inundations to which New Orleans is subject from the overflow of the Mississippi River, Margaret could be seen daily in a large boat, standing in the midst of great piles of bread, a colored man paddling her through the river-streets, as she dispensed her loaves to the half-starved families.

She never asked what their race or creed. All alike shared her bounty. Her life-motto: "God has been so good to me, I must be good to all."

The three largest Homes for Children in New Orleans are almost entirely the work of Margaret, as well as the Home for the Aged and Infirm. Being asked once, "Why don't you buy a fine dress?" she replied, "There is too much suffering in this world."

For forty-six years Margaret had carried on

these labors of love in New Orleans, making her money with great industry and sagacity, to spend it for the poor and afflicted. But the time drew near for her to leave her work to other hands. Sickness came. The women of wealth and fashion made the sick bed as easy to lie upon as possible. To a lady who said, "I am sorry to see you ill," Margaret answered, "Oh! no, the Lord sometimes has to lay his finger on me to let me know I am mortal and don't belong to myself — but to Him."

On February 9, 1882, the end came of this noble life. And then thousands, the poor and the rich, the City Government and New Orleans' merchants and bankers, gathered at the funeral to do Margaret honor. The services were conducted by the Archbishop of the Diocese. Then followed in carriages, after the pall-bearers as the beloved Margaret was borne to the grave, the children of eleven orphan asylums, white and black, Protestant and Catholic. Many of the fire companies of the city were present, especially "Mississippi Number Two," of which she was an honorary member. Great crowds lined the streets, and all

men took off their hats reverently, as the procession moved by.

The following Sabbath, sermons upon Margaret's character and life were preached from many pulpits; upon the woman so poor and plain that she never wore a silk dress or a kid glove; so rich that she gave in charities six hundred thousand dollars, the fruit of her own labors.

"St. Margaret" as she is often called, lived her life in grand heights and breadths. She brought every man and woman who knew her up on higher levels, too, for a moment's glimpse at least. Her monument, built by the city she blessed, stands now, in place of her, a constant reminder that one's own children are not the only children in the world; that one's home is not the only home into which we are commanded to carry sunshine and love; that though one be poor, there is work for others to do; that though one be ignorant, one may yet carry heaven's own light far and near.

CHAPTER VII.

ELLA GRANT CAMPBELL.

THERE stands beside me as I write, a bouquet of exquisite flowers; pink and yellow roses, lilies-of-the-valley, red and white carnation pinks, and, loveliest of all, daisies. I have just brought them from a large and well-kept greenhouse, on Jennings Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, owned and managed by a young woman whose taste and ability make it well worthy of a visit.

The daily press calls this greenhouse "the finest, the best-equipped and the best-managed floral establishment in the city." The business office as you enter, is dainty with pictures and flowers; tall pampas grass stands in this great bay window, and in the reception room or studio, where the designs are made, palms and plants in flower, grow in bowery profusion. There is a womanly home-making

touch here, for the business woman has hung among the blossoms a large picture of her daughter, named "Pansy," a pretty little creature with blue eyes and golden hair, who holds in her arms a pussy-cat nearly as large as herself.

The greenhouses of this establishment are always an interesting study. Plants just set out from clippings which the deft fingers of Mrs. Campbell pull up for us to see if they are rooted, and then set down again in the warm earth, seem not to mind the uplifting. Here are carnations in bud; great beds of lilies-of-the-valley; trees covered with lemons, masses of rich-colored foliage — plants ready for the summer beds in the parks.

And I can but wonder as I look upon this beautiful and successful business, and see how refined and how sunny and happy is the young woman who manages it, whom I have known for years — I can but wonder, I say, that more women do not take up the business of floriculture. There is hard work in it, as in every other calling — patience, care, perhaps even the creation and training of a good market-demand for plants and flowers — but tending

ELLA GRANT CAMPBELL.

upon flowers and developing them, is really work so dainty and pleasurable that it seems especially fitted to the hands of those women who shall be willing to study of the nature and habits of the flowering and decorative plants.

Mrs. Campbell can best tell her own story of effort and well-deserved success:

"When I was thirteen or fourteen years of age my father met with reverses which rendered him penniless. I was obliged to do something to help the family exchequer.

"After trying crochet work, delivering butter to father's customers in his new business, I began to feel discouraged and long for talents and a vocation. One thing I heartily loved to do, and that was to care for my flowers. At this time I read of a young girl who was enabled, through her own exertions, to build a greenhouse. The tale fascinated me. Why could not I be a florist? I would! My vocation was found! Every fibre of my being vibrated in harmony with the thought.

"Fate was kind, and threw just the opportunity desired into my pathway. Passing out Euclid Av-

enue one bright afternoon (eleven years ago last fall), I noticed that Mr. Jaynes had just built an expensive office. He would want a girl to take care of it! I entered, found Mr. Jaynes; asked him breathlessly, 'If he didn't want a girl to take care of the office, learn to make up flowers, and do anything that she could to make herself useful?'

"'Yes,' he needed such a girl, and I was 'just the one he wanted. The active way I jumped in and out of the wagon pleased him.' I was engaged to keep books, wait on customers, take care of the office, and make myself 'generally useful.' I had been in my position three or four months, when father met with an accident and I was obliged to go home and help take care of him. Mr. Jaynes told me on leaving that 'in everything I was satisfactory except making up.' That 'my work was too loose and scraggy,' and that 'he did not think I would amount to much as a florist.'

"I went home very much discouraged. But I loved flowers, and plants and flowers I must have. A gentleman (a true lover of all plant forms), Mr. Taintor, deputy post-master of Cleveland for twenty-

five years, presented me with some small plants and choice cuttings from his private greenhouse. And at different times mother would invest from ten to twenty-five cents in market plants for me, until by the next fall I had quite a nice collection of choice plants. I secured twenty-six native varieties of hardy ferns from the woods, which I planted on an old table, and in a hanging basket of old hoop-skirt dipped in sealing-wax.

"This fern basket and table were my especial pride that winter, and more than one came to see my collection. Besides, I had one hundred and seventy-five plants in pots and in boxes, old butter crocks, and anything that could be utilized.

"Mother allowed me to have our front room, which has two east windows and one north window, for my plants. I had only a poor apology of a soft coal stove for heating. On cold nights I used to move all the plants into the middle of the room, and wrap them up in newspapers to keep them from freezing or getting chilled. We had an unusually cold, severe winter. I would sleep on the lounge in the room and get up sometimes three

or four times a night to replenish the fire, but I succeeded in bringing my plants safely through, while most all of my friends had theirs destroyed. One day as I was looking through Mr. Taintor's garden, I came across a pile of sash and other materials pertaining to a greenhouse structure. I asked him what it was and he told me it was an old greenhouse he had taken down and brought in from his farm. Turning to me, he said: 'I'll sell it to you cheap and you can take your own time in paying for it.' I asked him 'How much?' more for conversation than with any idea of buying it. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll sell it to you for ten dollars and you can pay me when you are able, and there is a quantity of bricks and old lumber out on the farm now which you are welcome to.'

"At the supper table that evening I repeated what Mr. Taintor had said, whereupon my younger brother Bert remarked, 'I tell you what, Ella, you take it, and I will put it up for you, if you will only get those plants out of the house.' (Bert used to be called on to help me move the plants.)

"The next day we went to the farm and in-

spected the débris there, came home, and concluded to try it. I never could endure anything ugly, and though Bert did a large share of the carpenter work, and I set over half the glass myself, I found it had cost for lumber, glass, nails and putty a trifle over one hundred dollars. This included the labor of a carpenter for three or four days to help Bert. My total cash assets to start with were fifteen cents. The lumber, glass and putty I obtained on credit. I told the parties from whom I got the goods that I could give them no security but 'my word.' But they were very kind, and offered to give me what credit I needed.

"Well, I was one hundred dollars in debt, and no heating apparatus in either. I rigged up, with the help of my brother, an old stove that had been stored in the barn, in one corner of the greenhouse, moved my plants in from the house, went to Mr. Jaynes, told him what I had done, and got credit for plants.

"It was then the last of April or the first of May. I went among my acquaintances, told them I had plants for sale, and solicited orders for hanging

baskets, plants, or cut flowers. Every day father was not using his horses I would take one and deliver orders, also take out plants and sell them. To be brief, I cleared my greenhouse of debt by my spring work. I did all the work myself with occasional assistance from my brother. That fall we put in a flue and furnace. My first greenhouse was eleven by eighteen feet, with glass on sides and roof, and adjoining the house. I had tried to do all the work *well*, that was given me to do, but I was a struggling girl, and I had a hard time of it. When I first thought of gaining my living as a florist, I received a great deal of discouragement from father, he prophesying that 'I would *not* make a two-cent hat or six-cent calico dress.' He has since changed his opinion.

"The next spring my greenhouses were full of fair market plants. I strove to grow only choice varieties, or something that was not grown in profusion by the other florists; I bought plants in quantity from Mr. Jaynes and others, restocking my houses several times. From the first I have always believed in pushing business, and I went

after my orders, instead of waiting for them to come to me; though I always endeavored to keep within the limits of good taste in this direction. That fall I determined to make a bold stroke. I would build a greenhouse large enough to grow my own cut flowers. My brother, who had been away, came home at this time, and we built a greenhouse twenty-two by fifty-five, with a shed twelve by twenty-two at the end, where our furnace was located. This cost about three hundred and fifty dollars. It took two years to pay for it. We also purchased a horse. It was during these two years that I commenced to push 'my floral design' work.

"I was craving for a recognition from the other florists, and I could not see any better way than to meet them on their own ground, on their own level. I have always been most anxious that my work should be judged with man's work, or in other words, on its own merits. My first exhibition was at the State Fair at Columbus.

"I arrived before any of my competitors, and found the flowers pretty badly shaken up. My

largest piece, a combination of a heart, anchor and Bible, came to hand turned over on its side.

"Bouquets and baskets were in various stages of perfection and imperfection and decay. I looked at my carefully prepared work and felt blue. But I picked up my spirits and went to work. I had taken the precaution of bringing loose flowers with me, and these I soon utilized, repairing what damage had been done as far as was possible. I received many courtesies from the officials and was placed on the awarding committee for amateurs.

"When I viewed the designs brought in by my competitors I began to be sure I had no chance against fresh flowers, and such excellent work. I was agreeably surprised when I received first premium on hand bouquets, and second on display. The first premium was also given to a woman, Miss Maggie Evans of Columbus, Ohio, who has a great native talent in floral arrangement, and I am glad to say she has been a warm personal friend from the day we were active competitors at the State Fair at Columbus.

"I now made up my mind that if I was to suc-

ceed professionally, I must get thoroughly well-known and identified with my business. Three or four large wedding orders that were placed in my hands at this time, and in which I was allowed to use my judgment, were more favorably spoken of, and our local press gave me many compliments.

"The next year I exhibited at the Northern Ohio Fair. Here I knew I must meet with the sharpest competition with our old, established florists. It proved to be a hot, dry, sultry day, with just wind enough to keep the dust in motion. The flowers and designs had to be transported over seven miles of dry, dusty roadway before reaching their destination in Floral Hall. On arriving at the grounds the Superintendent of Cut Flower Hall met me and said: 'It's no use, your bringing your flowers here. *You* can't compete with the designs in there,' indicating with his hand the building occupied by the cut flower department.

"My flowers at that moment arrived, and the florists crowded round to see what I had brought. I could hardly suppress my emotions when I found that, owing to the rough pavements, there

were places where the flowers were shaken out almost as large as a man's hat. The other florists had their exhibits entirely in place. And I felt indeed as though 'I could not compete with the designs in there.' It was then five o'clock, and I worked until dark, when my brother and the Superintendent took turns holding lighted matches for me to see by. The premiums were to be awarded the next morning; but so discouraged did I feel that I could not be induced to visit the grounds. (I must confess to a good, hard cry.) But mother and brother went out, and I stayed at home and worked, and worked, and chided myself for my presumption in thinking I could compete with those who had so much better facilities in skilled labor and choice flowers. By the time they had returned at night, I had worked myself into a proper submissive mood to receive the news I expected them to bring. Mother came in, and sitting down, said, 'Well,' in answer to my inquiring look, and drew forth from her pocket a yellow piece of card-board and handed it to me. I thought she was teasing me, and said. 'Mother,

how can you!' I still thought she had palmed off a bit of useless card-board on me. 'Read it,' said she, and through my tears I managed to read—'1*st premium.*' Even then I could scarcely believe the good news. 'Mother,' said I, 'you are unkind.' 'Why, it's yours, child. 'Twas on the table design when we got there.'

"Can you imagine my feelings? From one extreme I rushed to the other. I was wild with joy. I hugged mother. I waltzed around the room like a crazy girl. I had been weighed and not been found wanting! I had ideas! I had come out victorious in a fair and square test with those who had every facility at their command. I have passed through other such scenes since, but the most exciting test of abilities would not raise me to such a fever of delirium as that first public acknowledgment of my success in competing with our old and well-established florists.

"Not the least pleasant feature of the exhibition was, that on the following day some of the competing florists came to me and said· 'You have won it fairly! It belongs to you rightfully.'

"All our papers spoke in praise of my efforts, and it was the means of giving me a general introduction to the public as a commercial florist.

"Soon after this I received an invitation from Col. Fogg, editor of the *Herald*, to go to Cincinnati as a special correspondent to write up the floral features of the Exposition there. Here I was in my element, though in a new field. A floral reporter! It opened up new means for self-improvement which I endeavored to improve to the uttermost. I believe there is no better means of self-education than to write on live issues and new ideas; to catch events before they become old. It was a red letter day when I saw my first letter in print, and by carefully noting what errors had been committed, and avoiding them afterward, I found by the fourth or fifth letter that they were printed verbatim.

"Two years afterward my brother went into business with me, and we erected a larger 'forcing house.' This was built running east and west with a long slope facing the south. Peter Henderson's *Practical Floriculture*, presented by Mr.

Taintor, was our text book. At this time we had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. John Thorpe, now so well known as the president of our Society of American Florists. Mr. Thorpe is a friend to struggling young florists: such we found him, always willing to give information, and a walking encyclopædia of useful information pertaining to floral subjects. Our new house was located on a strip of land we bought next to father's, and is the property we are now occupying.

"The house was planted to Roses, and Bert had unusual success with them, considering that the heating was done by flues. In fact this house at the present writing is in full leaf and blossom, with not an insect or a speck of mildew to be found. In 1881 my brother left me to enter business in Chicago, and from that time to the present I have given my personal care to all departments of the business. In 1884 I built a long-wished-for addition, our new office and greenhouse. This last was built for tropical and decorative plants.

"For some years I have done all the watering of my greenhouses, believing that by so doing I

could keep track of all the little things that go to make up the sum total of success. I find, also, that watering is one of the most important operations connected with the practical running of a greenhouse. To give or withhold water from different plants at different times of the year requires experience and the nicest judgment, not only for different plants, but also for the different stages of the same plant.

"In regard to the future of woman in horticulture, I regard it as bright. Any woman can do what I have done, and better if she has capital and experience. For I have worked at a disadvantage in regard to both. Last Christmas I employed eight or ten girls and two young men.

"I must not forget to mention in conclusion the very material aid and help I have received from a lady who has been my true friend. When financial skies looked dark or some very much-needed improvement needed to be made, she has given me help in the shape of loans, at six per cent interest, with the privilege of paying it back in easy payments. And more than this, she has placed

liberal orders with me, and so gave me real help — the privilege of earning the money she so kindly loaned me. Would that more would loan from their plenty, not give, to struggling beginners who are straining every nerve to make a success of life."

But Mrs. Campbell has not referred to some of her signal successes. So let me mention one or two. For instance: When President Garfield's body was brought to Cleveland for burial, the streets of the city were, of course, to be beautifully decorated with arches, and all that money and taste could do to make the city worthy to honor its great statesman, was to be thoroughly done. Mrs. Campbell received notice on Thursday noon, that she had been designated to superintend much of the floral work. She began at eight in the evening, with a force of picked men and girls, upon whom she could rely, and slept but two hours each night until the streets were made ready for the passing of the solemn procession. Her designs were original and elaborate, yet with beautiful breadth of effect. Each arch was impressive, all the com-

memorative lettering distinct and symmetrical. The verdict of the press was: "Every piece is a work of art, and will bear the closest inspection."

Quite recently she has bestowed a pleasure upon the public, in the form of a "chrysanthemum show," having over two hundred varieties upon exhibition. A similar exhibition of choice roses was given last year, some of them so rare and so beautiful as to bring five dollars for a single blossom. At the National gathering of the American Horticulturists, in 1886, Mrs. Campbell carried off many of the honors; she received the first premium for best floral designs, as also the first premium for the best collection of cut flowers; the second prize for the best collection of gladioli, the second for dahlias, the second for geraniums, and the second for begonias in pots. One of her floral designs, much admired there, was a dainty white parasol of carnations with a lining of bright scarlet Lady Emma's. The exterior was decorated with a drapery of Le France roses, and lilies with delicate ferns, the whole supported by a standard of tropical ferns.

Mrs. Campbell is celebrated for her decorations for fine weddings; she is not only an artistic originator, but is also a constant student, experimenting and combining, and also has developed the business tact and talent to "win trade" which she holds by her genuine courtesy and candor, and her painstaking to give satisfaction. No order however small misses of her personal attention.

These are the business-rules framed and hung in her office:

Advertise thoroughly.

Carry the best stock.

Sell at small profits.

Improve every opportunity to increase trade.

Her books are kept with system. She is quick to act, and accommodates herself to the taste and wishes and need of her smallest customer.

Mrs. Campbell has made a specialty of carpet-beds in lawns, and many beautiful grounds in Cleveland and other cities are indebted to her originality in designs for their attractions.

And yet this successful florist, this thorough business-woman, is scarcely yet out of her girlhood,

a slight, fragile creature. Other women, too, are succeeding as florists.

Mrs. Harris Jaynes, the widow of the florist who first employed Mrs. Campbell, has, since her husband's death, managed the business with the aid of her two sons. She has seven greenhouses, with fifty thousand feet of glass, cultivates nine acres of grasses and flowers, and employs nearly a dozen persons. Miss Bristol of Topeka, Kans., Mrs. Packard of Quincy, Mass., Mrs. Shuster of Brooklyn, N. Y., and many others are known as prosperous florists. Miss Merriman of Beacon street, Boston, has for seven years been a successful flower-grower and flower-trader, the first woman to engage in this business in that city, I believe. The oldest florists in Boston said, "We will give her six months to go under;" but their predictions have failed. She admits that the working hours are long, the cares of the business many, but she has no thought of abandoning it.

Why is not this an ideal industry for women? The more flower-growing the better, the more lovely our homes, the more refined our nation.

CHAPTER VIII.

RACHEL LITTLER BODLEY.

THE roll of Successful Women would not be complete without the name of Prof. Rachel Littler Bodley, A. M., M. D., Dean of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. She has not reached the position she occupies without meeting difficulties and surmounting obstacles; her story is a record of heroic efforts, untiring industry, unselfish devotion.

Prof. Bodley was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Her paternal ancestry was Scotch-Irish, the American progenitor, Thomas Bodley, having emigrated from the north of Ireland in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and settled in what is now Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. There he married Mrs. Eliza Knox (*née* McIntosh) from Edinburgh, Scotland; the eleventh president of

the United States was a direct descendant of this widow. William, the eldest son of Thomas and Eliza Bodley, was the great-grandfather of Prof. Bodley; he was a soldier in the Continental army, and during the terrible winter of 1777–78 was with General Washington at Valley Forge, where he ranked as Major; he contracted consumption from exposure in the service, and died in 1780. His grave, with its gray lichened headstone in a state of excellent preservation, is in the churchyard of Providence Meeting House not far from Norristown, Pa. Standing by its side the eye takes in a far-reaching landscape of marvellous beauty, the distant hills about Valley Forge being distinctly visible.

The maternal ancestor was John Talbott, an English Friend who emigrated to the Colony of Virginia and was the progenitor of a large family who through two succeeding centuries have honored their name and lineage. Rebecca Wilson Talbott and Anthony Richard Bodley, the parents of Rachel Littler Bodley, went to Ohio early in the present century. Rebecca, the Quakeress, the

DR. RACHEL LITTLER BODLEY.

only daughter of Samuel and Rachel Littler Talbott, crossed the Alleghany Mountains in an emigrant wagon, being one of a family of five young children who were taken by their parents from the old home near Winchester, Virginia, to the far West which in 1806 was on the banks of the Monongahela in Western Pennslyvania. A few years later, the Virginia emigrants moved into the adjoining State and eventually the whole family embarked in an "ark" constructed by the eldest son, and descended the Ohio River, landing at the town of Cincinnati in May, 1817.

Anthony Bodley at twenty-one set out from Montgomery County, Penn., to seek his fortune, and crossed the mountains on foot; from Pittsburg he descended the river in a canoe or skiff, reaching Cincinnati about the same time as the Talbott family.

Five children were born to Anthony and Rebecca Bodley, of whom Rachel was the elder daughter and the third child. The education and training of the children devolved upon the mother. This pious and devoted woman dedicated her little

daughter to the Lord, and chiefly to her influence and teaching is due the strength and excellence of character exemplified in her child. The daughter never forgot the consecration, and her life has been one of steadfast obedience to her mother's injunction written in a birthday album: "Make everything subservient to the high aim of pleasing the great I AM, lean on Him, lean on no earthly stay: your strength, your sufficiency is in Jesus alone."

Mrs. Bodley opened a private school in Cincinnati, and in this school Rachel was a pupil until her twelfth year. Both mother and daughter believed that the best education and the broadest culture were means to the greatest usefulness; hence even the fragments of time were improved to secure a liberal education, and to this end Rachel entered the Wesleyan Female College of Cincinnati in 1844. This institution, the first chartered college for women in the United States, and hence, in the world, was founded in 1842 for the purpose of giving to women a higher education than the existing schools and seminaries afforded. This college which, for the first seventeen years of its history,

was under the presidency of Rev. P. B. Wilber, has enriched society with women of a noble type. While the intellect was under training, especial attention was given to the education of the moral powers. The conscience was carefully cultivated, hence its graduates have been to a remarkable degree the foremost Christian laborers in church and charitable work in their respective communities.

Here, in her school-course of five years, everything required of Rachel Bodley was well done, and in all that she attempted the highest standard was reached; especially was it soon evident in her duties pertaining to the college literary society that she was endowed with the "gift of writing." It is not always that persons of the finest mental powers and of studious habits are the most genial companions; but in the case of Miss Bodley, to her literary taste and skill was added a warm heart overflowing with affection and sympathy, prompting her to deeds which endeared her then and forever to the discouraged class-mate and the homesick schoolgirl.

Immediately after graduation in 1849, Miss Bod-

ley was appointed to an assistant teacher's place in the faculty of her Alma Mater, and here she remained ascending in grade, till 1860, when she was Preceptress in the Higher Collegiate studies. To say she was a good teacher were too tame and spiritless an expression to use in referring to one so thoroughly prepared, so in love with her work.

Her rare power in winning the hearts of her pupils, gave her unusual influence over their minds, and thus mutually loving and being loved, they taught and learned with an enthusiasm which robbed study of its tedium, begat a hunger and thirst for knowledge, and made the school-room a place of delight. Not content with explaining the lessons of the text-books, she felt responsible for the moral development of her pupils, and made time to close each week's duties with special religious instruction. It is the testimony of many of her pupils of those early years that these lessons given in such an unobtrusive manner made a lasting impression, and that the example of Christian character before them daily became their highest model in maturer years.

Notwithstanding her success through these eleven years as a teacher, Rachel Bodley was not satisfied with her attainments. Hence to gratify a worthy ambition and to qualify herself for still greater usefulness, she left home in the autumn of 1860 for Philadelphia to become a special student in advanced chemistry and physics in the Polytechnic College of Pennsylvania, at that time the leading institution of the country for instruction in the applied sciences; and of practical anatomy and physiology in the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. After a year of close application and of rich acquirement, she returned home, and in February, 1862, was appointed Professor of Natural Sciences in the Cincinnati Female Seminary, which position she occupied three years.

During this time she made a valuable contribution to local botanical science in the shape of a catalogue of plants. Joseph Clark, a native of Scotland, but for the last thirty-five years of his life a resident of Cincinnati, died in 1858; he was a lover of nature and an indefatigable collector of specimens of natural history. After his death his

extensive collections came into the Cincinnati Female Seminary. We will let Prof. Bodley tell what she did in an extract from the preface of this attractive catalogue of forty-eight pages :

When I entered the seminary in 1862, I found chaos reigning in the domain of science. In the midst of abounding wealth famine was inevitable through lack of classification. With a resolute will I entered single-handed upon the Herculean task of making these treasures available to science. No attempt at classification according to the natural system had been made. The plants for the most part had been named, but named according to the nomenclature of thirty years ago. Hence the necessity for a careful study of synonyms and a critical and laborious examination of individual specimens for the purpose of effecting the numerous nomenclatural changes which the advance of science rendered necessary.

The American plants have been classified according to the natural system as published by Prof. Gray in his "Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States," revised edition 1857, and by Dr. Chapman in his "Flora of the Southern United States, 1860." There were also foreign plants, British ferns and mosses, packages of plants from New Zealand. In the absence of any reliable manual which embraced the countries represented by these plants they were classified as far as orders and genera with Lindley's Vegetable Kingdom as my guide. The mass was carefully opened, the plants identified and finally arranged in labelled sheets of uniform size, and the whole placed in a convenient herba-

rium case, where it is now in complete readiness for reference and study. During these years I have labored patiently and faithfully upon it in my leisure hours, and it is only now in my fourth summer vacation that I have finished the classification and arrangement of this herbarium. I have found my work womanly, secluded, ennobling; and I submit to educated women of this vicinity whether, since these pursuits fail through lack of patronage, they may not enter upon them, and, as they find opportunity, become workers in, or patronesses of science. Only the will is lacking; cultivated talent, wealth, and opportunity are abundant.

The preparation of this catalogue received the commendation of so experienced and critical a judge as Dr. Asa Gray, the highest authority upon botany in the United States. "Your attempt is very satisfactory indeed," kindly wrote the great botanist, "and much I know must have depended upon your good taste and knowledge. I see but very few misprints, and the arrangement is wholly pleasing to the eye."

In 1865, Rachel Bodley was called to the chair of chemistry and toxicology, in the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. She accepted and thus became the first woman-professor of chemistry on record; and here, after more than twenty years

of arduous labor, she still toils inspiring students, serving humanity, and honoring God. In January, 1847, she was elected Dean of the Faculty, since which time she has given herself, time, talents, and strength wholly to the college, promoting its interests, striving in every way to benefit and elevate her sex, and to secure for woman and her work the recognition and respect which they deserve.

The industry whose results have been partially shown, has been truly marvelous. Although Prof. Bodley graduated, she has never finished her course of study. While teaching in Cincinnati she was still pursuing her studies under the best masters. Her college course had been a thorough classical one, including also mathematics and two modern languages, but throughout the eleven years this mental acquirement was systematically and statedly supplemented with private lessons in higher mathematics, music, French, German, elocution, drawing, microscopy and phonography. These subjects alternated with each other usually only one subject being pursued at a time; when these self-imposed tasks were challenged by her

friends, the young teacher was accustomed to defend them by saying that they kept her "out of the ruts" and imparted good quality to her own teaching. From this extended and critical study of standard French and German authors, the transition to text-books was easy and natural when the time came for her to devote herself to natural science. Through sight-reading she has without effort been able to keep abreast with the latest phases of scientific thought on the continent, without the marring and the delay incident to published translations. After Prof. Bodley had taken up her residence in an Eastern city the same habit of daily application enabled her to pursue the regular course of medical study begun in 1860, and to complete it while fulfilling the duties of her chair in lecture room and in laboratory.

Her summer vacations constitute the only leisure the laborious life of Prof. Bodley has ever permitted. The vacation trip was carefully planned months before it occurred and usually comprehended long journeys, never hotel residence except during brief pauses for needful rest. In this way

throughout the decades, this American woman, loyal in her recreations as in her labors, has visited every typical locality whose natural scenery or historic associations invite attention, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains.

Beginning as a little girl with the encircling hills of the beautiful queen city of her birth, which hid from her view the great world which she longed to explore, her earliest journey beyond them was made one summer day when the wise mother transported her entire little brood of four, on the wonderful railway (the Little Miami) then in process of construction and which terminated in the fields about thirty miles from Cincinnati; the little party pushed on by stage to Green County, their destination being the "cliffs of the Little Miami River." This for the children was their first "scenery" and the happy day spent in the miniature canyon was never forgotten; of the "four" it was Rachel's soul that was filled with reverent awe and speechless delight. The impending rocks, the unfamiliar, sombre evergreens and the falling waters re-

appeared in her day-dreams again and again long after she had returned to her school tasks. The next great revelation was Niagara some years later, the next Mammoth Cave, the next the Great Lakes, the tour planned to end at the head of Lake Superior as to the steamer, and the crossing to the head waters of the Mississippi River to be made by canoe and afoot. Her elder brother was her congenial travelling companion and the attempt to carry out the programme was resolute, but failed finally, through inability to obtain reliable guides. The attempt was renewed two years later when with her younger brother as fellow traveller, the long trip by steamer from Cincinnati to St. Paul was accomplished at the "Fuller House" and the party was booked for Lake Superior; the first stage of the land journey was actually made, but the arrival of a party of half-breeds at the first station who had just come over the route to be taken, compelled the enthusiastic tourists to desist from their purpose. These trappers reported the streams and little lakes overflowing from recent rains and the numerous port-

ages utterly unsafe to be undertaken by a lady. Sixteen years later the same lady, this time alone, entered the harbor of Duluth on a magnificent steamer and, after a late breakfast in a first-class hotel, began the ascent of the St. Louis River seated in a luxurious railway car; onward sped the train, the names of stations as gleaned from railway guide recalling the careful study of the portage route, which was to have consumed many days. In the late afternoon of the glorious mid-summer day the train rolled into the stately city of St. Paul and the dream of years was fulfilled! The transit from the greatest lake to the greatest river of the continent had been made, but the glamour was gone, the steam passage had proved destitute of poetic elements, *the dear brothers were both dead.*

Many of the later recreation journeys were taken quite alone as a friend rarely could be found able to undergo the fatigue incident to extended and often laborious routes. Botany here came in good stead, the traveller finding in the collection and field study of plants abundant companionship; in

witness of this, the botanical trunk manufactured to order and containing specimen-sheets and drying paper and boards in abundance, together with ready-cut labels and the manuals of Gray and of Chapman, always constituted part of the baggage of the tourist. In this silent and congenial companionship within the last twenty years, the Venus' Fly-trap has been studied and gathered in the sandy bogs in the vicinity of Wilmington, North Carolina; the lily of the valley on the high mountains of Virginia; the graceful white racemes of the snowdrop-tree on the mountain road leading to Hawk's Nest which overhang New River in West Virginia; the crimson panicles of the dwarf horse-chestnut on the shore of Mobile Bay; the Alpine sandwort on the summit of Mount Monadnock; in the hem of the vast wilderness on the north shore of Lake Superior, the dainty and fragrant Linnæa Borealis; on the western plains the sage-bush; in the valley of the Arkansas, the regal blossoms of the cactuses; and on the mountain sides in Colorado in the solemn presence of the snow-crowned peaks, the brilliant Alpine flora

which in August glorifies the scanty soil above timber line. As will be readily surmised, Prof. Bodley is an ardent lover of nature, not its worshiper, for to her "nature is but the name of an effect, whose cause is God." And at His feet she keeps herself and all her gifts in perpetual offering.

Previous to her election as Dean, Prof. Bodley accepted invitations to teach or lecture during time which was unoccupied by the duties of her professorship; she was thus occupied in the summer of 1866 at Flushing, Long Island; 1867 and 1868, in Philadelphia; in the spring of 1869 she delivered a course of lectures in Cincinnati to which leading physicians and teachers listened with interest and profit. Five seasons, 1870–1874 inclusive, she gave instruction in Howland school, Cayuga Lake, N. Y.

Prof. Bodley came to the deanship when a new college building was in progress, the corner stone of which was laid in 1874, and possession taken in March, 1875. The number of students then in attendance was seventy; during the present annual session (1886–87) this number is one hundred

and fifty-five. The duties of the new position added to those of her chair left no time for stated outside work, her official letters alone gradually increasing to a correspondence which now encircles the globe and continues throughout the year. By means of these letters she has wielded a world wide influence for good in addition to what she has achieved by personal contact. In recent years one of the most notable events connected with Dean Bodley's work has been the delivery of an address to the graduates at the Commencement in March, 1881, entitled "The College Story." No less distinguished an authority than Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson in the *Woman's Journal* characterized this address as "the first really good and careful collection of facts I have ever seen bearing on the professional life of woman. It relates to the medical profession, the only one yet open to women on a sufficiently large scale to make facts of much value, except the profession of teaching which involves in some respects a different set of conditions, and need not now be considered. But medical practice is essen-

tially professional life, and Dr. Rachel L. Bodley, Dean of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, has lately instituted, among the two hundred and seventy-six graduates, a series of inquiries bearing on their whole public life for the thirty years since the first class graduated. The care with which the facts were obtained, and the clearness with which they are stated, give them a value almost unique."

Among the thirty-three graduates of the class of 1886 was a Brahmin lady of high caste from India. Already well educated when she came she pursued the course of medical study for three years. The previous history of Dr. Anandibai Joshee, her coming to America, her progress and success, had been a perpetual source of interest to those acquainted with her presence in the college. In anticipation of the memorable event of the graduation of this Brahmin lady, Dean Bodley extended an invitation to her distinguished kinswoman then in England, Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, scholar, lecturer and poet of India, to visit Philadelphia as her guest. The Pundita came, accompanied by her little daugh-

ter of five years, and in the American Academy of Music in the presence of a vast audience she witnessed on Commencement Day with full heart, the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Medicine upon her Hindu sister. The next evening a formal reception was given the two distinguished ladies in the parlor of Association Hall, the guests being ladies to the number of about one hundred who represented every department of woman's work in Philadelphia, educational, charitable, philanthropic and reformatory. Dean Bodley received the guests and introduced them to the Brahmin ladies; later, in the hall she delivered the public words of welcome to the Pundita and at its close presented the renowned stranger to a large audience of ladies and gentlemen who had assembled to listen while she addressed them on "The Women of India." The events of the two days engaged public attention to an unlooked-for degree and in response to this fact and that the interest in these lovely and gifted representatives of India might be fostered, Dean Bodley, early in April following, prepared a dainty little pamphlet entitled "The Welcome to Pun-

dita Ramabai," which was a complete record of the two events — the graduation of Dr. Joshee, and the Welcome at Association Hall. This little missive was widely distributed throughout America and Asia; its compiler taking especial pains to obtain from the Hindoo ladies the postal address of their relatives and friends that she might send it by mail to as many as might thus be reached in India. Contact with Western civilization on the part of both, and Christian baptism as regarded Ramabai, had made them outcasts among their kindred, but it was desired that in the land of their birth it might be known that American women cherished and loved them. Out of the half-dozen copies mailed to England, one was proffered for the acceptance of Her Majesty the Queen, Empress of India, through the good office of the Legation of the United States. The correspondence of the dean was enriched, and the summer rendered memorable in her life by a prompt response from Windsor Castle, written by the Queen's private secretary, Sir General Henry F. Ponsonby. By command of the Queen thanks were returned for

"having sent Her Majesty the account of Dr. Joshee's reception in the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania" and the assurance added, "the Queen has read the paper with much interest."

Queen Victoria's acknowledgment is of no small importance to the development of woman's medical work in India, and her recognition of one of her Hindoo subjects by her medical title is of great significance; all who in India are working for the elevation of women will thank the dean for thus calling the attention of her majesty to the subject.

Other honors beside those already enumerated have been conferred upon Dr. Bodley in acknowledgment of her contributions to literature and science and indicating the esteem in which her work and herself as a woman are held. In 1864 she was elected a corresponding member of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin; in 1871 elected a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. In 1871, the degree of A. M. (*Artium Magister*) was conferred by her Alma Mater in Cincinnati. This institution, up to this time, had never given a degree to any of its alumnæ

subsequent to the A. B. at graduation. At the College Commencement of 1871, three of its alumnæ were selected upon whom to confer the first honor of the kind, of which trio Prof. Bodley was one.

In 1879 the degree of M. D. was conferred by the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. In 1873 she was elected a corresponding member of the Cincinnati Society of Natural History; in 1876, a corresponding member of the New York Academy of Sciences, and during the same year a member of The American Chemical Society located in New York City. Early in 1874 it was proposed in the columns of *The American Chemist* to celebrate the centennial of chemistry in August of that year, this date being chosen in honor of the discovery of oxygen by Dr. Joseph Priestley in August, 1774; suggestions as to methods and place were solicited. Prof. Bodley had only the year previous, made a pilgrimage to the grave of Dr. Priestley at Northumberland. And she proposed that the Centennial gathering be held at that place. It was her suggestion which determined

the location of the meeting and accordingly "a reunion of American chemists for mutual exchange of ideas and observations" was held, whose proceedings fill a volume of over two hundred pages, and at which Prof. Bodley was elected first Vice-President, and was the only lady upon whom such honor was conferred. In 1880 she was elected a member of the venerable Franklin Institute of Philadelphia; in the winter following she was invited to deliver six of the lectures of the regular course of the institute, which she did, taking for her subject "Household Chemistry."

In January, 1882, she was chosen a member of the Public Educational Society of Philadelphia, and in February was elected School Director of the twenty-ninth School Section of Philadelphia, in which capacity she served acceptably for three years. In 1883 she was appointed one of seven women visitors to assist the Board of Public Charities of the State of Pennsylvania in visiting and inspecting such institutions in the county of Philadelphia as came under their supervision.

It is not too much to say that every year since

her residence in Philadelphia Dr. Bodley's influence has grown stronger and been more perceptible, but it has not been limited to that city; it has become world-wide through those who have carried away with them her helpful instructions and her healthful spirit. The elements of her success have not all been peculiar to herself, but have simply been appreciated and improved. Some of these have been good health, acute powers of observation, a refined and modest manner, carefulness in details, a systematic division of time, and an orderly arrangement of material.

For some years she has been the head of a modest but sunny home in the vicinity of the college building whose central figure is her aged mother who, having finished her work, awaits tranquilly by her daughter's side the summons to "come up higher." Here in her own home the Dean each autumn holds a reception in honor of the incoming college class and here throughout the year come and go those from near and from far who are busy about the world's work.

CHAPTER IX.

CANDACE WHEELER.

COME with me in New York City to that well-known number, "115 East 23d street," to the house of the "Associated Artists." The head of the association, Mrs. Candace Wheeler, is busy, so we will step into this large studio in the rear, and wait for her.

This studio is a study in color. The walls, of a delicate and light green, are covered with pictures; one especially interests me — a dark-haired girl with her chin resting on her hand, and beside her a sphinx: Modern Egypt and Ancient. Persian rugs lie thick on the floor. The old-fashioned black chairs are wonderfully carved; serpents coiled in the backs, their heads forming the arms. Water-color brushes lie across a bowl on the table, beside which red roses in a yellow vase are drop-

ping their petals, one by one, on the open pages of Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses.*

Everything about the studio reminds me of a girl's grace and delicacy, and I am not surprised to learn that it is the workshop of Mrs. Wheeler's daughter, the artist, Dora Wheeler.

But here the mother comes in to welcome us; she is a happy-faced, attractive woman, with a cordial manner and a winsome smile. She is to show us the artistic fabrics and needlework of the famous house. These art-cloths are of the best in quality; the silks are pure, and the colors fadeless. The work of needle and shuttle is "done upon honor."

We especially have come to look at the now-famous Tapestries, which are unsurpassed if not unequalled in modern times, and we are conscious of a feeling of pride that they are the thought of a woman, and of an American woman. One of the most beautiful in design is known as "The Penelope," a lovely Greek creature pulling out by lamplight the work she has done by day, from the

MRS. CANDACE WHEELER.

old classic story. There are other "literary canvases": "Hilda" from Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, and "Evangeline" from Longfellow, and a "Hester Prynne" from *The Scarlet Letter*. The Zuñi girl and the "Minnehaha" are both fine in conception as well as color. The latter leans against a tree, her hair falling over a branch. Bougereau and Fleury especially commended this when the tapestries were shown in Paris; the latter saying, "Her face is listening." "The Peacock Girl," dressed in mediæval costume, feeding her peacocks, is one of the most beautiful, in color. Most of these tapestries are from designs by Dora Wheeler, who has made each detail a study, faithfully drawing from American history and literature. The inspiration for "The Peacock Girl" came from a visit to quaint old Haddon Hall in England.

These examples of pictorial needlework have won the distinction of being treated by reviewers and critics as works of art. Of "The Birth of Psyche" and the "Winged Moon," Mr. Koehler, the art-critic, says:

"The former is executed upon a salmon pink ground in shades of flesh tint, very pale green and white. The mind — or the soul, Psyche, if that be preferred — is represented by a winged female figure, rising up slowly in a dreamily ascending line, like curling smoke, through the rosy mists of a warm morning, her garment still trailing along the earth, her gossamer wings of a pale, broken green, expanding in the mild air of a new-born day.

"While in Psyche we have the roseate hues of a morning veiled by the vapors rising from the earth, the Winged Moon, although executed upon a ground of the same color, gives us the feeling of a perfect evening. As to the composition, we have again a slightly draped female figure, this time with slender birds' wings. The latter, of pale yellow, are folded around and behind the figure, and assume a form suggesting the crescent of the young moon. The figure, thus bedded upon its own wings, floats in the calm evening sky, in which are slight indications of bluish or violet clouds, and of stars. Painting, whether in oil or in water-colors, seems incapable of adequately rendering this superterrestrial beauty. In this creation of the needle and the loom, however, there is a very potent suggestion, the best yet given, of the glorious effect hinted at."

One naturally inquires how this needle-woven tapestry is made. Mr. Koehler explains thus:

"Upon heavy silk canvas of rather loose and coarse texture the design is produced, or woven as it were, by introducing threads of the colors needed along the woof upon

the face. The material which serves as a basis, specially made for the purpose, is in itself very beautiful, and, as the woof and the warp are usually of different colors, develops a play of changing tints, which, aided by the rich gloss of the silk, gives it a life not to be otherwise attained. As the color of the ground can never be wholly suppressed it is easily seen that it fixes the keynote of the scale to be employed, and thus keeps the artist within certain decorative bounds, however strong may be his or her tendency toward realism. The delicacy of gradation that can be obtained by the introduction of threads, either of one color or of several colors twisted together, along the woof, is quite extraordinary. As a practical advantage of these tapestries, it is worth noting that they are absolutely moth proof, as nothing but silk, and occasionally threads of gold and silver, enter into their composition."

Of course any one of these tapestries should command the large price belonging to fine-art objects — and a thousand dollars is hardly its legitimate value. One consideration greatly enhances this value, looking at the tapestry aside from its decorative quality — that it furnishes remunerative labor to numbers of women. Mrs. Wheeler and her daughter have in many directions proved themselves benefactors to their sex, while they have greatly developed the artistic taste of our country,

raising the needle and the shuttle to the rank of the brush and pigment and the sculptor's chisel.

Do you ask how was this woman, a mother with home duties, led into this line of work, which not only has made her famous, and her daughter, but have been helpful to thousands in the way of self-support? Let us look back along her life and see.

Born in Delaware County, New York, of New England parentage, she was one of eight children, "each one of whom," says a friend of the family, "has reason to be proud and thankful for the chance of inheritance of such characters as the parents. The father was as good as the prophet Elijah, and as fervent as Paul, and withal possessed of what we now call the 'artistic temperament.' He had a passionate love of everything beautiful in nature, or in the interior world of thought, and so fine a religious and moral nature, that he really became the conscience of the community. The mother, still living at eighty-six, is the impersonation of that Yankee gift which Mrs. Stowe calls 'faculty,' all of which was exercised in trying to keep her children up to her own and the father's

ideal. They *had* to be intelligent, and obedient, and industrious, and kind to others, and truthful, for she compelled it. They were taught that life meant work, and that what concerned the happiness or welfare of others was *their* business. And so they all grew up and swarmed out into the world, so early in life that she is wont to say that 'her children all ran out of the nest like chickens with the shells still on their heads.' "

Though these young people had little money, they had, you see, what was better than money — a happy home and the willingness to work. Candace, the third child, and second daughter, would walk with her father by the hour, drawing every rare flower, which he picked for her, just because it gave him pleasure to see her do it. So fond of poetry was he that he clipped from the newspapers each fine poem which he saw, and saved it for his children. No wonder that such seed-sowing in little hearts brought forth fair fruit of flavor.

At sixteen years of age Candace married a young merchant and went to the city of New York to live. Three of her brothers followed her there

in due time, adding themselves to the number of country boys who so often take their places in the front rank of successful merchants.

In her unaccustomed city-life, with all the pleasant country sights and sounds lost to her, all natural beauty blotted out, no sunsets or mountain tops or blossoming pastures, nothing seemed beautiful to our young countrywoman outside of her home-life, until she suddenly found that it was the beneficent province of art to create beauty for those who had lost nature. Yet a picture to her was at first a very inadequate substitute for the unrollment of an evening sky, with all the dusky valleys of the Delaware lying in perspective.

The love of art and the companionship of artists in time became a part of the family-life. The Studio-buildings were hives of friends; and under this genial social influence young Mrs. Wheeler began to paint. An "instinct for color" proved to be one of her natural gifts, and with the criticism from the artists who were foremost among our American painters, it was easy to form a high standard and work toward it. Her own friend-

liness had made artists helpful and friendly, and she rapidly expanded in the sunny atmosphere.

Fortunately she had always drawn; even from the time when the stalk of tiger-lilies she attempted was high enough to look down upon her little hands. She had long ago come to know every expression of every plant, for she had lived with them, and had held her father's hand while she gazed up at the transparent crimson bell of color which the meadow lily made between her and the sky, or the fiery pink which the wild rose showed with the sun behind it. She knew at just what stage of growth the timothy-grasses threw out purple, feathery seeds, and every curve and angle of the blade and stem; and all this digested and assimilated knowledge of color and form helped her rapidly on now at her easel.

After some years of city-life, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler made a country home on Long Island for their growing children, and called it "Nestledown," an appropriate name for the home of four little people, who, like their mother, loved the big

trees, the rustle of green leaves, the sunshine and a quiet home nest.

Twice the family made long sojourns in Europe, where they all studied together, music, literature, the languages and art; the mother as enthusiastic a student as her children, and well-nigh as youthful in her feelings and sympathies.

When they returned to New York from their second visit to Europe, Mrs. Wheeler's work for the outside world began. The conditions of life in America had been changing since her youth. She saw men so busy in the hard struggle for place and success that fewer married, and those who did, could maintain only their immediate families, so that vast numbers of women were left without homes and the means of support.

Of these women those who had accomplishments zealously tried to turn them to account. They taught music; made fancy articles; painted little pictures; concocted all sorts of tempting conveniences and sold them to their friends, or their friends' friends, in an anxious, unsuccessful way.

Many of these women were the friends of Mrs.

MISS DORA WHEELER.

Wheeler, and she was in sympathy with each. This state of things at large became at last thoroughly borne in upon her, and then her mother's New England faculty, and her father's zeal for helping others suddenly clasped hands, rose up within her, and examined the times for a remedy. "Why not," said Mrs. Wheeler, "bring everything that any woman can make, and needs to sell, into a shop, and let everybody come and buy what they really want, and put an end to this forcing of the wrong thing upon the wrong person?"

But who would pay the rent, and attend to the store? Mrs. Wheeler was equal to the emergency. She called together a few of the best and the richest women of New York, and asked for opinions. Everybody had seen the want, everybody was glad to hear of a remedy. Then Mrs. Wheeler sat down at her desk and wrote a circular and printed it at her own expense, telling the women of New York that it was proposed to form a large and influential association for the purpose of establishing a place for the exhibition and sale of "sculptures, paintings, wood-carvings, paintings upon

slate, porcelain and pottery, art and ecclesiastical needle-work, tapestry and hangings," *which work shall be done by women.*

About two hundred women responded to this circular, and they formed themselves into the New York Society of Decorative Art. They took a house and made the society a blessing and a success, by enlarging the range of things women could do. China painting, needle-work, decoration upon wood and other minor arts were thoroughly taught. Mrs. Wheeler gave her time and thought and heart fully to the work.

Soon arose the question: "What shall we do with inartistic labor?" So many desired to earn a livelihood, but had received no artistic training. There must be a shop where such work could be received, and Mrs. William G. Choate, Mrs. Wheeler and others proceeded to form a "Woman's Exchange." As Mrs. Wheeler was the Corresponding Secretary of the Decorative Art Society, she succeeded in encouraging women in many other cities to form auxiliaries and exchanges. Now there are few American cities

without these institutions, and they have been copied in Canada, Sweden and Germany.

The next thought in Mrs. Wheeler's mind was to demonstrate the fact that woman's labor, *if well trained*, was needed in the world, and could not only make its demand but find its wages, without the intervention of charity or benevolence. To this end she proposed to unite with other artists in an artistic and decorative enterprise, under the name of the "Associated Artists," where embroidery and decorative needle-work should be made a part of the scheme. Her friends now predicted a failure. But her husband and brother were ready to aid her with money. And she did not fail.

The very first work she and her allies were entrusted with was the now famous drop-curtain of the Madison Square Theatre. To the execution of this work was brought no special technical knowledge of embroidery, but an intelligent understanding of the methods of both modern and ancient schools, and a direct application of knowledge of pictorial effect. It was a translation of a painter's methods into needle-work. Every textile

and material which would give color or effect, and every method which would express drawing and perspective, were considered, both broadly and minutely. The result was a landscape with color, foreground, middle distance and perspective — in embroidery.

To Mrs. Wheeler the development of a school of American embroidery meant more than mere stitchery, however beautiful. It meant the training of bold strong designers, the teaching of girl art-students how to turn their knowledge in a direction where it was needed, and with a needle instead of a brush to treat textiles with a feeling belonging to pictures. Already a better kind of talent has been developed and has been brought to bear upon a branch of work that is purely feminine, and with a result that is a great gain to decorative art. Yes, from the "Associated Artists" have resulted the important additions to the art of this country; the needlewoven tapestries, and the manufacture of as beautiful drapery, upholstery and wall-hanging fabrics as are made in the world to-day. Careful study of ancient textiles, careful

selection of the best qualities they possess, and careful pursuit of appropriate designs for modern fabrics — and missing them, bold creation of beautiful forms — have made the "Associated Artists' Textiles" known among artists and art-lovers at home and abroad.

The following incident shows what Mrs. Wheeler has accomplished in decorative design. Messrs. Warren and Fuller, some two or three years ago, offered two thousand dollars in prizes for the best wall-papers, the judges to be three of the most prominent architects and decorators of New York. Mrs. Wheeler prepared one design, which had bee, honey-comb, and clover as motive; her daughter Dora, one; and Miss Clarke, a young lady who had studied with them from the beginning of their work, another. Sixty designs were sent from Germany, England and France, and two hundred other designs were accepted for the competition. Mrs. Wheeler took the first prize of one thousand dollars, Miss Wheeler, Miss Clarke and Miss Townsend, the second, third and fourth. Four women took all the prizes!

She herself believes that one of the most important things she has done is "to teach women that they must bring perseverance, character and teachableness, as well as technical skill to their work in the world."

Back of her own wonderful executive ability and knowledge, she has great kindness and sympathy, without which no person can be a good teacher. She has, says a lady who has worked with her for years, "the biggest heart in the world." She usually gives one afternoon each week to talk with those women who wish to do good and remunerative work, and are glad to come to her from distant cities for suggestions.

There has been another reason for her doing humanitarian work. The death of her oldest daughter, a lovely young mother, made an active life, one that took her out of herself and her sorrow, a necessity to her. How often God plans great work for his creatures, in a way quite different from their own careful sketching!

Mrs. Wheeler has done much other public work. She has been one of the managers of Cooper In-

stitute, lecturing before the students upon designs as applied to textiles, and also before the Gotham Art School of artisans and artists; a member of the State Charities Aid Association, and a writer of books which her daughter has illustrated. She was invited to the Silk Congress in England, as an expert in silk-weaving.

She has plans in prospect for a Woman's Hotel, for self-supporting women, a co-operative, dignified, self-managed, home-like home, and when one is established she hopes it will be the mother of thousands, as the Decorative Art Society and the Woman's Exchange have been.

If Mrs. Wheeler's public life has been successful, not less, be sure to take note, has her home-life been a happy one. "Nestledown," a red, roomy cottage in the midst of three hundred acres on Long Island, is a most charming place to visit. It is a home, with its great fireplaces, which artists and poets enjoy; glowing with dainty color. The hall in light Venetian red, contains Dora's first work, along its stairway; a procession of the children of the family, in Japanese costumes, trooping

up to bed, one with a doll in her arms, and the artist-son, Durham, now grown to manhood, with a toy gun in his hand. The parlor is in brown and gold hues, the frieze, fleur-de-lis on matting. The library in copper and robin's-egg blue, is rich in books, and pictures, many of them remembrances from authors and artists. The motto of the house is engraved over the mantle:

> "Who lives merrily, he lives mightily;
> Without'en gladness availeth no treasure."

The dining-room especially interested me from its wall-paper, for which Mrs. Wheeler received her thousand-dollar prize, the exquisite china on every hand, and her paintings on either side of the sideboard of mullein and cat-tails. Not less inviting were the sleeping-rooms, where the furnishings showed the exquisite taste of mother and daughter. Mr. Wheeler has a right to feel proud of his family, as he evidently does. The pet of the family must not be left out; Ponto, a great dog, yellow-color with intelligent white face, given when a puppy, by the monks of St. Bernard, to General

Grant, and afterward to the Wheeler family by General Badeau.

Their summer home on the top of the Catskill Mountains, must be no less charming than "Nestledown." They call it "Penny-royal;" "because," say its owners, "it scarcely cost a penny," and "because," say the friends who visit there, "it is the most royal place they ever saw."

Thus in the prime of her womanhood, Mrs. Wheeler has come to success along the way of noble thought for others, by wise use of her time, by careful development of her own natural tastes and gifts, and by a cheerful courage that of itself presages success. And though it be her daily work to plan, to direct, to govern, to buy and to sell and to estimate carefully and safely, to be a good business woman as well as an artist and a dreamer of dreams of beauty, she has kept her womanly individuality and the greatest charm of woman, lovableness.

CHAPTER X.

CLARA BARTON.

I BELIEVE I have never looked upon a happier face than that of Clara Barton. The unselfish heart, the hopeful nature, the helpful spirit, the definite purpose to bless the world, are all revealed in the radiance of that face.

And hers has been an eventful life. A New England girl, born in North Oxford, Mass., the youngest of a large family, enjoying the glee of snow-sliding, and the gentle gathering of wild flowers in the summer sunshine, she came carelessly to her eleventh year; then a great duty broke in upon this gladsome girlhood.

A brother, by a terrible accident, became for some years an invalid. And to the lot of the buoyant Clara it fell to nurse him day and night for nearly two years, taking only one half day for

CLARA BARTON.

recreation. Who could know then that the girl was already fitting for heroic deeds by the side of dying soldiers, both in Europe and America; that she was beginning that work which was to make her name forever remembered and cherished? Truly, a hand leads us though we may not feel it, and the way is opened for us to walk in, though we may not see our guide.

When Clara was sixteen she began to teach school, the natural occupation for an energetic, busy, conscientious, well-trained New England girl. Later, she took up a full course of study at Clinton, N. Y., and then went back to her work.

But Miss Barton seemed always to be reaching out to do the hard things in life; the things which others shrank from taking hold of — not but that she shrank too; yet as she said years afterward, when she was the only woman among the swamps and sands of Morris Island, "Why, somebody had to go and take care of the soldiers, so I went."

In 1853 she undertook a free school in Bordentown, N. J. There was a strong prejudice against

such a school; she was assured it would prove a failure, but she believed in it, and said she would assume the responsibility for three months at her own expense. She began with six scholars in an old building, made this little school grow into two large ones, and its influence secured the erection of a fine building with five hundred pupils on the roll.

Worn with the ardent labor — as who is not that gives genuine sympathy and devotion to a work? — she resigned, and went to Washington for rest among relatives, and to live awhile in a milder climate. While there, some embarrassments having developed in the Patent Office, Miss Barton was recommended to the Commissioner as one who was honest, capable and thorough; and for three years she labored faithfully in that new field-but was removed during the Buchanan administration, because she was said to be a "Black Republican." She was reinstated, but resigned at the beginning of the Civil War, for a broader work.

When the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment arrived in Washington, from the bloodshed in Balti-

more, Miss Barton was among those who met the soldiers at the cars. When they were quartered at the Capitol, she helped secure baskets of food for them, and read to the wounded what the papers were saying of their heroic conduct.

When the war began in earnest, and comforts for the soldiers poured in from the people, many sent direct to Miss Barton, feeling that their packages would surely reach the sons and brothers for whom they were intended. Her own room was soon filled, and overflowed into spacious warehouses; and when the boats went down the Potomac, she was on board with her precious freight for the hospitals.

Late in 1861, she came home to see her aged father, eighty-six years old, who in his youth had served under General Wayne, and was anxious to hear about the work which his youngest child was doing. She told him how her heart constantly ached for those at the front, who lay in suffering on the battlefields, and how she longed to go to them; and the old father said: "Go, if you feel it your duty to go! I know what soldiers are, and I know

that every true soldier will respect you and your errand."

But when she offered herself to go beyond the lines, there was no place for her. Woman-like she made a place. She went to Assistant Quartermaster-General Rucker, with tears on her face. His generous spirit responded, for he believed that a true woman could safely and properly go anywhere, and be God's ministering angel, and he gave her a "Godspeed."

And then, says Miss Lucy Larcom, in *Our Famous Women*, in a sketch of Miss Barton's work:

"We may catch a glimpse of her at Chantilly — in the darkness of the rainy midnight bending over a dying boy who took her supporting arm and soothing voice for his sister's — or falling into a brief sleep on the wet ground in her tent, almost under the feet of flying cavalry; or riding in one of her train of army-wagons towards another field, subduing by the way a band of mutinous teamsters into her firm friends and allies; or at the terrible battle of Antietam (where the regular army-supplies did not arrive till three days afterward) furnishing from her wagons cordials and bandages for the wounded, making gruel for the fainting men from the meal in which her medicines had been packed, extracting with her own hand a bullet from the cheek of a wounded soldier, tending the fallen all day, with her throat parched

and her face blackened by sulphurous smoke, and at night, when the surgeons were dismayed at finding themselves left with only one half-burnt candle amid thousands of bleeding, dying men, illumining the field with candles and lanterns her forethought had supplied. No wonder they called her the 'Angel of the Battlefield.'

"We may see her at Fredericksburg, attending to the wounded who were brought to her, whether they wore the blue or the gray. One rebel officer, whose death-agonies she soothed, besought her with his last breath not to cross the river, in his gratitude betraying to her that the movements of the rebels were only a ruse to draw the Union troops on to destruction. It is needless to say that she followed the soldiers across the Rappahannock, undaunted by the dying man's warning. And we may watch her after the defeat, when the half-starved, half-frozen soldiers were brought to her, having great fires built to lay them around, administering cordials, and causing an old chimney to be pulled down for bricks to warm them with, while she herself had but the shelter of a tattered tent between her and the piercing winds"

One of her friends for many years, General J. J. Elwell of Cleveland, O., a brave and noble soldier on many battlefields, gives me this illustration of her bravery:

"Miss Barton once came very near falling into the hands of the enemy rather than abandon a desperately wounded boy. The incident occurred

in the retreat of Pope during the several days fighting at the second battle of Bull Run.

"Miss Barton was about stepping on the last car conveying the wounded from the field with the enemy's cavalry in sight, and shot and shell from their guns falling in our disordered ranks, when a soldier told her there was left behind in the pine bushes, where he had fallen, a wounded young soldier, that he could not live, and that he was calling for his mother.

"She followed her guide to where the boy lay. It was growing dark and raining. She raised him up and quietly soothed him. When he heard her voice he said in his delirium, 'Oh! my mother has come. Don't leave me to die in these dark woods alone — do stay with me — don't leave me.'

"At that moment an officer cried out to her: 'Come immediately, or you will fall into the hands of the rebs — they are on us.'

"'Well, take this boy.'

"'No,' said the officer, 'there is no transportation for dying men. We have hardly room for the living. Come quick.'

"'Then I will stay with this poor boy. We both go, or both stay.'

"Both were therefore taken on the car, and the wounded boy carried to one of the Washington hospitals, where his New England mother found, nursed, closed his eyes in death, and took him to his old home, where he rests with his kindred. I heard read a most touching letter, all covered with tear drops, full of expressions of thankfulness and gratitude to the brave, gentle woman who had rescued her son from a lonely death in the woods, and sent him to Washington where she could meet and administer the consolations of a mother to a dying child.

"At another time she had raised a faint, fallen soldier in her arms, and just when she was placing a cordial to his lips, a solid shot or shell took him out of her arms, covering her with his blood.

"On Morris Island, she was the only woman during the siege of Fort Wagner, where she contributed greatly to the relief of the suffering and wounded soldiers. The Island was itself a graveyard, having been occupied first by the rebels and

then by our forces. A cup of good water was nowhere to be found. Wells were shallow and the water brackish; almost deadly in its character. The siege was in hot weather, and the climate malarious. Every part of the island could be reached by the guns of Sumpter, Wagner, and other forts. Here Miss Barton stayed, and on the night of the assault when we lost fifteen hundred men in an hour, she was there to succor the wounded. She soon become dangerously ill in her tent. I appealed to her to return to Port Royal, or she would certainly die. Her answer was, 'Do you think I will leave here during a bombardment?'

"After a time, she was carried away, almost by force, to a more healthy locality, where she was ill for a long period. While on Morris Island she helped care for General A. C. Voris of Ohio, General Leggett of Connecticut, who losing his leg would probably have died had it not been for her timely help, and many other officers."

General Voris says: "I was shot with an Enfield cartridge within one hundred and fifty yards of

the fort, and so disabled that I could not go forward. I was in an awful predicament, perfectly exposed to canister from Wagner, and shell from Gregg and Sumpter in front, and the enfilade from James Island. I tried to dig a trench in the sand with my sabre, into which I might crawl, but the dry sand would fall back in place about as fast as I could scrape it out with my narrow implement. Failing in this, on all-fours I crawled toward the lea of the beach, which I hoped might shelter me a little, which was but a few yards off. . . A charge of canister all round me aroused my reverie to thoughts of action; I abandoned the idea of taking the fort and ordered a retreat of myself, which I undertook to execute in a most unmartial manner on my hands and knees spread out like a turtle; I moved toward the rear at the slowest pace possible and say that I made any progress.

"After working this way for a half-hour and making perhaps two hundred yards, two boys of the Sixty-second Ohio found me and carried me to our first parallel, where had been arranged an ex-

tempore hospital. After resting a while I was put on the horse of my Lieutenant Colonel, from which he had been shot that night, and started for the lower end of the island, one and a half miles off, where better hospital arrangements had been prepared. Oh! what an awful ride that was! A soldier walked along each side of the horse to hold me from falling off. Every step taken sent a pang through my tortured body. But I got there at last, by midnight. I had been on duty for forty-two hours without sleep, under the most trying circumstances, and my soul longed for sleep, which I got in this wise: an army blanket was doubled and laid on the soft side of a plank, with an overcoat for a pillow, on which I laid my worn-out body.

"And such a sleep! I dreamed that I heard the shouts of my boys in victory, that the rebellion was broken, that the Union was saved, that we were a united people again, and that I was at my old home and that my dear wife was trying to soothe my pain; in my rapture I tried to shout, but my throat was husky, my lips parched, and my

tongue was unable to respond. My sleepy emotions awoke me, and a dear, blessed woman was bathing my temples and fanning my fevered face; Clara Barton was there, an angel of mercy doing all in mortal power to assuage the miseries of the unfortunate soldiers."

And yet when I wrote to Miss Barton asking for some data for this sketch, she modestly replied: "The humdrum work of my every-day life seems to me quite without incident. The persons who use their brains, tongues and pens for the improvement of their kind, are those of whom biographies may profitably be written. The grand things their tongues and pens have said are accessible, and form a living inspiration to others. But me; I know of nothing remarkable that I have done."

After the war, letters poured in upon her from broken-hearted mothers asking that the burial places of their boys might be found. Talking the matter over with President Lincoln, it was decided that she should go to Annapolis, where the survivors of Andersonville were received, and attend to this correspondence. Three days after the an-

nouncement was made that she would be there, she arrived, and to her amazement found four bushels of letters awaiting her.

Soon after this she returned to Washington, established a Bureau of Records of Missing Men, employed several clerks to assist her, and compiled from hospital and prison-rolls, and from burial-lists as complete a record as possible. Later she visited Andersonville, and by the aid of a Union prisoner, who being engaged in hospital service had preserved the prison-rolls, she identified all but about four hundred of the thirteen thousand graves of soldiers buried there, placing a head-board at each grave, and a fence around the cemetery.

For all this work she raised her own money, Congress reimbursing her afterwards, by an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars. During these four or five years of labor, she lectured frequently both East and West upon experiences of the war, holding audiences spellbound by her eloquent and sympathetic recitals.

In 1869, broken in health, she turned to Europe

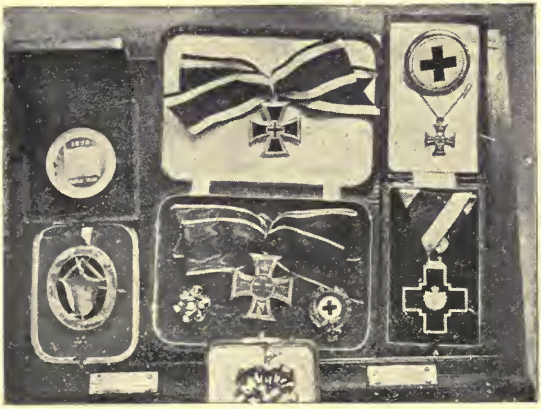
for rest, under the shadow of the Alps at Geneva. But there another work was brought unto her very doors. Five years previously, an International Association called the "Red Cross Society" had been formed at Geneva, whose object was the lessening of the horrors of war, by rendering neutral all surgeons, chaplains, and other persons engaged in caring for the wounded, of both friend and foe, extending over them the perpetual shelter of the white flag of truce.

The United States had been solicited to join in this treaty among the nations, but strangely enough seemed indifferent. The leaders of the Society sought Miss Barton, and urged her to interest her country. This she promised to do. But other work was close at hand. The Franco-Prussian war had begun. The Red Cross Committee at Geneva came to Miss Barton again and asked that she go at once with them to the battle-field, and ill though she was, she would not refuse. Her strong executive hand, her busy organizing systematizing brain were felt at once. When Strasburg capitulated and twenty thousand were home-

less and starving, she provided materials for thirty thousand garments to be made by poor women, who needed to earn money for their daily bread; then distributed the garments. She aided the starving people at Metz, and the wounded at Sedan. She entered Paris on foot during the days of the Commune, distributing food and clothing to the needy. Once, when, eager for bread, so that the mob overcome the police, she came out of her house and spoke to them; they said "God! it is an angel," and became quiet and orderly.

While in Germany she spent much time with the Grand Duchess of Baden, the daughter of Emperor William, a noble woman, and, like the Empress Augusta, devoted to the Red Cross Society.

Miss Barton says of this regal woman: "Her many and beautiful castles, with their magnificent grounds, were at once transformed into military hospitals, and her entire court, with herself at its head, formed into a committee of superintendence and organized for relief. I have seen a wounded Arab from the French armies, who knew no word of any language but his own, stretch out his arms



ORDERS AND DECORATIONS RECEIVED BY MISS BARTON.

to her in adoration and blessing as she passed his bed."

The Grand Duchess gave Miss Barton a beautiful Red Cross broach in gold and enamel, and the Emperor gave her the Iron Cross, given only to those who have done brave deeds on the field of battle.

In 1873 she returned to America, and "though so ill that through years of suffering," she says, "I forgot how to walk, I remembered my resolve and my promise, about the Red Cross Society." By much personal persuasion, the Government was at last brought to join itself to the thirty-one States already in the humane compact, and President Garfield appointed Miss Barton President of the American Association of the Red Cross.

She soon saw the need that in our country the society should act also in time of peace, and she secured an amendment whereby calamities by fire, flood, and other misfortunes could be ameliorated by the aid of the organization.

Such misfortunes came. In the great fires in Michigan, in the recent floods along the Missis-

sippi and Ohio rivers Miss Barton dispensed the gifts of the American people; now providing seeds for fields, and goods for building homes anew, and now sending a pretty doll with these words pinned to the dress: "Little Florence Jones of Western Springs, Ill., sends this doll to some little girl five years old, who has lost all her dollies." Truly, said the newspapers, "The flag of the Red Cross has won the deepest confidence, love and respect from the people on both sides of four thousand miles of river."

After the earthquake in Charleston, Miss Barton at once hastened thither with supplies. While there, being invited to a reunion of the Yates Phalanx in Illinois, she wrote to them:

"And Charleston herself, standing thunderstruck, but still manly, firm and brave, says, with bated breath: 'We are stricken, but it was worth an earthquake to us to receive the sympathy and learn the spirit of our Northern countrymen and women. We never knew them till now; their courage was great, but their magnanimity is greater. We thank God, to-day, that we are one people, and one people we will remain; we would fight harder to stay in the Union than we ever did to get out of it.' General Mann, tell the old 39th this, and that at last they are fully victorious, not

only in war, but in peace — they have conquered. Tell them that as I stood in the dismantled dome of Charleston Orphan House, last week, and looked over the bay upon the glittering sands of Morris Island, I fancied us all there again; that in memory I saw the bayonets glisten; the swamp angel threw her bursting bombs; the fleet thundered its canonade, and the little dark line of blue trailed its way in the dark to the belching walls of Wagner; tell them from me, what you will not of yourself, that I saw again their fearless leader waving them on, up and over the parapets into the jaws of death, and heard the clang of the death-dealing sabres as they grappled with the foe. I saw the ambulances laden with agony, and the wounded slowly crawling to me down the tide-washed beach, Voris and Cumminger gasping in their blood; heard the deafening clatter of the hoofs of 'Old Sam,' as Elwell madly galloped up under the walls of the fort for orders. I heard the tender, wailing fife, the muffled drum, and the last shots, as the pitiful little graves grew thick in the shifting sands.

"All this for an entrance into Charleston, and never gained. I turned and looked upon her now, a mass of ruins; there stood beside me the men who had held her forts and manned her guns.

"'Behold what God hath wrought,' I said; and awed as if by Almighty presence, hearts beating low and eyes dim with memories old, we joined hands and picked our way down the shaken staircases to the broken city at our feet."

For a year Miss Barton was at the head of the

Woman's Reformatory Prison at Sherborne, Mass., and won the highest confidence. As I was walking with her one evening through the halls, a young convict sprang out of bed, and stood half hidden behind her grated door.

"What is it?" said the kind voice of Miss Barton.

"I heard you coming, and I just wanted to look at you," was the low response.

Passing two large letter boxes, I asked their use. "One is that they may drop letters in to me, that they may tell me anything and everything. They often write because they are so lonesome."

Oh! for such wardens in all the prisons of earth.

"The other box is for letters which they may write to the Commissioners about any complaints they have to make; and nobody can see what they write."

Abundant honors have come to Miss Barton. Queen Natalie of Servia has conferred upon her the Servian decoration of the Red Cross, suspended by red, white and blue ribbons — a compliment to the Union colors. The German survivors of the

Franco-Prussian war elected her a member of their society, and sent a beautiful diploma. At the opening of the World's Exposition at New Orleans, a day was given to the Red Cross Society, Miss Barton sending a flag with the Red Cross between the stars. At the last Red Cross gathering at Geneva, she received a great ovation from prominent persons. Among two hundred distinguished guests at an official dinner, Miss Barton was the only lady present. From the Woman's Relief Corps of the Grand Army of the Republic, she has received a Maltese Cross suspended from a bar pin, bearing the name Clara Barton. The red Geneva cross which drops over the ribbon is of California gold, set with a diamond solitaire. In her eloquent response, Miss Barton said:

"And it is neither in vain nor too soon that you learn your lessons, for, whether one will or no, the time is coming in the march of human progress when you will be called to take a part in the direction of the Government under which you live. Desired or not, well or ill, veteran comrades, it is coming. Well or ill, sister comrades, it must be

so. The day is marching on when it shall be a part of your duty as citizens to help judge of the welfare of the nation, of the causes and necessities for war, and to say of yourselves wherefor you bear and rear sons. It can no more be stayed than a tidal wave, and my charge to you, my sister comrades, is that you learn your lessons faithfully."

Surely, the world has been made better by the life of Clara Barton.

CHAPTER XI.

ALICE E. FREEMAN.

ON the Albany Railroad, midway between Boston and Worcester, stands a group of buildings beautiful for situation, grand in architectural proportions, and perfectly adapted to the uses for which they were constructed. The broad undulating acres border on a lake whose indented shores are covered with stately trees and beautiful villas. The cultivated lawns and gardens which are seen on the opposite side of the sparkling water are filled with every variety of tree and shrub, and every device of landscape gardening. The parterres and terraces sloping down to the water's edge are covered with flowers of every hue, transplanted from every clime, and are such as one might see on the shores of the beautiful Como. Lily-pads cover the surface of Waban water and

every wild flower known to New England blooms along the banks. Here the anemones and violets first show their beauty in the early spring, and here in the autumn the purple asters and the brilliant golden-rod linger long after they have disappeared from the neighboring meadows (as if to say we cannot leave these shady haunts and walks). The whole scene is one of surpassing beauty and it would seem that nature with lavish hand had prepared it for some grand purpose.

The steward into whose possession all this had fallen, and who had for years been planting his vineyards and trees and preparing the grounds for a family mansion which should crown and complete the picture, had been saying to himself: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." Under the shade of these stately trees he had spent his leisure hours with the beautiful boy, his only son, who was heir to all these proud acres. Here with his own surpassing taste he had planned the walks and drives and beautified the lawns.

In an unlooked-for moment this only son was

stricken with a fatal disease; one week of sickness ended his earthly life, and his father, the brilliant man of the world, the successful lawyer, at the acme of his fame, in the heyday of life, bowed his head in such overwhelming grief that his hair became white as snow in one short week, and every plan and purpose was changed. His hopes and prospects were buried under the green mound of earth which covered that little form around which all the interests of his life had clustered. Henceforth every tree and smallest flower spoke only of his boy.

Thus bereft, he heard out of the desolate silence a voice like the sound of many waters, a voice which stirred his inmost soul, saying, "I have other work for you to do; let the treasures which I have committed to your keeping be used for fitting other sons and daughters to do the great work which must be done to save this world from sin, and to make its waste places to bud and blossom for other souls as you have made your little spot of earth to bring forth fruit for one. Have I not so loved the world that I have given my only son

to redeem it?" Thus called, the ready answer was: "Here, Lord, am I; send me."

For six years this man of God journeyed far and near through the storms of winter and the heat of summer to consult eminent men and women as to the wisest way to use his fortune for the highest and broadest education of the young. At length, after these many wearisome journeys, with utter abandonment of ease and luxury, even of the ordinary comforts of life, his resolution was formed and his life-work begun. In 1872 the corner-stone of Wellesley College was laid; and a structure as beautiful and complete as any in the world has arisen, for the purpose of giving to the daughters of this country a broad and thorough Christian education.

"Because," said the founder of Wellesley, "educated Christian women have more to do in forming the opinions and making the character of men than all other influence combined, I will build a hall large enough to accommodate three hundred girls."

His friends smiled at his enthusiasm, and thought

in their hearts "It will be many a year before three hundred girls will want a college education." But he with his prophetic vision believed otherwise. He said "The young women of Wellesley College shall be taught every thing necessary to make a true woman. They shall be taught that household labor is as honorable as the study of Latin and Greek; they shall be taught that it is honorable and womanly and Christian for a girl whose parents are obliged to sacrifice the ordinary comforts of life to give her an education, to bear some part of that sacrifice." Here again many friends of the enterprise shook their heads and questioned the feasibility of such a plan.

During these years of waiting and preparation, while the towers and turrets of the "College Beautiful" were rising from the hill-tops among the trees, a young girl in a Western town was quietly pursuing her college course and preparing, all unconsciously, for the great work which awaited her.

Miss Alice E. Freeman was born in Colesville, Broome County, N. Y. She is the daughter of

Dr. James and Elizabeth Freeman and is the eldest of four children. Her father, with a longing for education which nothing could check, began his professional studies after the birth of his youngest daughter, and the youthful mother, only seventeen years older than her daughter, was left with the care of the farm and the household affairs while her husband studied medicine in a neighboring town; so it will be seen that the daughter is, by an act of predestination, the child of both zeal and culture.

While Miss Freeman was still very young Dr. Freeman removed with his family to the little village of Windsor, a charming spot on the Susquehanna, whose beautiful natural scenery filled the child with enthusiastic delight. She early began to share the responsibilities of the household and became the nurse and constant companion of the younger children; her days were spent in teaching the little ones in the woods and fields the love of wild flowers and of all beautiful things in nature, and this is perhaps the secret of her own enthusiastic love for flowers and ferns and sunset clouds,

and this the fountain from which she drew that elixir which has thus far kept her as young in feeling and as fair in face as when she roved over the fields and meadows of the old farm and at six years of age sat down on a mossy bank by the roadside and with the three little children fell fast asleep. With remorseful feelings she hastened with her charge when she awoke, the baby in the little wagon and the other two tagging behind, to confess to her mother how unfaithful she had been, and with what horror she contemplated the possibility that the children might have been stolen by the gypsies while she slept. Thus early she began to take upon herself the responsibilities of life and thus early began that conscientious discharge of life's duties which has worked out for her a character as beautiful as it is rare.

She spent the years of her happy childhood in this picturesque village, and here at the old academy she developed a love for study which made it inevitable that she should desire to go to college. About this time Michigan University opened its doors to women. At once Miss Freeman's reso-

lution was taken. She entered the University soon after, and was one of the pioneers of the hazardous experiment of co-education. During the four years of her college-life her simplicity and directness of character, her thorough womanly self-respect, her faithful scholarship and earnest Christian spirit exerted an influence which cannot be over-estimated. Miss Freeman graduated in 1876 and after teaching three years in the West she was called to the chair of History in Wellesley College. Her success in this department was so marked, though she was but twenty-four years of age, that the founder of the College often said of her: "There is the future President of Wellesley College."

In 1880 the founder of Wellesley College, Mr. Henry F. Durant, died. The same year the President of the College was obliged to leave on account of ill health. In the exigency of the moment, Miss Freeman was invited by the trustees to act as President until some one could be found to fill the place. It had been predicted by wise men and women alike that there was not a woman in the

country who could stand at the head of a large and growing college and administer its government successfully.

Miss Freeman occupied the position of President *pro tem* for one year, and so remarkable was her influence in this position, such was her aptitude in governing and such her skill and tact in managing the affairs of the college, that at the end of the year she was invited by a unanimous vote of the trustees to become the President of Wellesley College; the only question being whether with her youth and her delicate physique she would be able to bear the great burden of work which the position would involve. Six years have passed since Miss Freeman took the reins of government. In her administration she has displayed strength and sweetness of character, discernment and wise judgment, ability to govern, and at the same time to influence, and to lead to the highest and best. With the playfulness and simplicity of a child, she has a deep religious nature and the modest reserve of a true woman. The charm of her personality and the wisdom of her methods have won all hearts;

her own enthusiasm is contagious and every student regards her as a personal sympathetic friend to whom she may go at all hours for council and comfort. She has a clarity of mental vision that is rarely equaled, and a balanced judgment which is seldom questioned; her keen insight into character enables her to detect anything wrong in the life of a girl, and her ready tact and sympathy lead her always to apply the right remedy.

During Miss Freeman's administration the number of students has more than doubled. Four large halls and two cottages have been added and nearly every house in the village where the college is located is filled with students. Last year there were fully one thousand applicants, and at the present moment the number of those who are seeking admission to the college is larger than ever before.

Miss Freeman, though delicate in feature and slight in figure, has a power of endurance which enables her to accomplish a great amount of work. She is working out her own theories, the most important of which she thus states to her girls:

"God has made you after his own plan, and He places you just where He wishes you to work with Him to bring about the highest results for yourself; He has given you every opportunity. Make yourself what you will — remember it lies with you. God can make no mistakes."

One who has known her for many years says of Miss Freeman:

"She is especially esteemed for her quick sympathies, her sincere enthusiasm, her devotion to the cause of higher education, her capacity in carrying out her convictions, and particularly for her most lovely Christian charity which creates an atmosphere of purity and earnestness throughout all her work."

Her Alma Mater, in just acknowledgment of her work, has conferred upon her the degree of Ph. D. Columbia College on the occasion of its semi-centennial conferred upon Miss Freeman with other distinguished literati and educators the degree of Doctor of Letters.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