

THE BOSTON STORE

An immense and select array of warm weather materials. A full line of Gingham, Challies, Pongees, Satines, Jackonets, Foulards, Venetians, Cashmereines, and all the popular light fabrics in endless variety of colorings. Many choice imported materials will be found in this department. In conjunction with these we offer many styles of White Goods at our popular prices. Plain, checked and striped Nainsook Dimities, Persian Lawns, Victoria Lawns, India Linens. We have a large supply of these goods and ask an inspection.

A Special Reduction.

In Colored Dress Goods we offer 50 pieces of all Wool Dress Goods, including Cheviots, Mixtures, Plaids, Bedford Cords and Serges, which have been selling at 50c per yard and will reduce the price for the week to

29c yard.

(No Reserve)

Taffeta Silk.

10 pieces elegant stripe Taffeta Silk, so popular this season for skirts and waists, the regular price is \$1.00, this week

89 cents.

Printed Silk.

A full line of very desirable patterns at

49c yard.

Laces.

A complete range, including the popular Point De Ireland, Oriental, Point De Genet, Topo Lace, in all widths and prices. All the heavier trimmings in very complete lines.

Gloves.

8-button White Chamois Gloves,

75c pair.

Quality Excellent.

Foster's superior White Chamois 5-Hook Gloves,

\$1.00 pair.

These two styles are incomparable and command the attention of prospective purchasers.

Silk Mitts.

Regarding Silk Mitts and Silk and Fabric Gloves of all kinds we show the fullest complements and all know our prices to be correct.

Millinery.

For this week we offer 100 Hats that have been \$5 and \$8 each, and will for the week sell them at

\$3.00

For Year Choices.

Those who select early will get some very choice Hats.

Shoes.

A few pairs of the Burt Button Shoes and Oxfords Ties in odd sizes. To close the lot we make the price

\$1.50 pair.

They were \$3.00.

Ladies' Underwear.

Ladies' Cotton Underwear—most complete lines in the state. Excellent styles of Summer Corsets.

INSPECTION SOLICITED.

TRANKLA, JAMIESON & CO.,

THE BOSTON STORE.

IN FOR THE BALLOT

Mrs. Potter Palmer the Successor of Susan B. Anthony.

WHAT THE NEW LEADER WILL DO

An Interview With Miss Anthony, Who Declares That Her Life Work's Consummation Is at Hand.

If you attended the world's congress of women just held at Chicago, you must have noticed that women are rounding a turning point in their civil history.

I was present at their congress through all its sessions and have been wonderfully impressed by three things.

First, that men are thoroughly in sympathy with woman in her efforts to show that her intellect is up to the level of theirs.

Secondly, that woman, after years of endeavor in right and wrong directions, has found the place which nature intended for her, as coordinate part of the human race.

Thirdly, that the advanced woman has a high social position. She will be the social leader in her sphere by virtue of her brain, whether she have money or not.

I was talking with Susan B. Anthony about this, and she agreed with me.

"We veterans in the service," she said, "has been at the work since they are hatched by years and nurtured by toil. We have endured everything. We have been hooted, laughed at and scorned. I myself distinctly remember being stoned back to the fifties when I attempted to speak. And the law prosecuted me once when I voted, and it also prosecuted the poor young inspector who took my vote."

"But things are different now. People have got used to thinking that reasonable women can think high thoughts and understand deep things, and they are letting the newcomers be as learned and as thoughtful as they please."

"It began with Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton in 1848. When I joined them a little later they had hardly begun the struggle we have gone through since and which we feel is now nearly ended."

"We have prepared the way. Like all reformers, we have been treated with derision, but the fact remains that the path has become smooth for those who choose to walk in it. It began with Lucretia Mott and ended with Mrs. Potter Palmer. Could any one go for more glorious shoulders upon which our mantle could fall?"

"Mrs. Anthony's gray eyes filled with tears and her gold-rimmed spectacles grew dim as she mentioned Mrs. Palmer. Like all the eminent women who have met at this congress, Miss Anthony realizes that Mrs. Palmer's qualifications will place her at the head of all great movements among women for the next two decades."

"But," said I, "Mrs. Palmer has not joined the ranks of suffragists. Yet I notice that the women who want to vote are turning to her, as they used to turn to you and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Has Mrs. Palmer taken up the cudgel for woman's suffrage?"

"Mrs. Anthony hesitated. 'I am not at liberty to say anything about that yet,' said she, 'with a significant smile, because Mrs. Palmer has not told me authoritatively what will be her next move. But I am certain that she will be our leader as that Lucretia Mott led us forty years ago.'

"I think Mrs. Palmer was impressed with the cause during her visits to Washington to get an appropriation for the Woman's Building and an extra appropriation we very much wanted."

"One day she came back quite disheartened, although she had, as usual, secured what she went for. When she arose in the morning to tell me of her success, we asked her why she seemed unenthusiastic after having been so successful. I shall never forget her reply."

"I have begged and I have pleaded for this appropriation," said she, "and I have secured it. It is less than we needed, but it was all I wanted to beg for. They are going to give us more of their own accord some day, so we can make a proper exhibition of our native industries. But oh! If I could only have said to that congressman who helped me through: 'You put this bill through and when you run for office next time there will be five thousand women working for you in your district.'

"I should have been so happy. It would have seemed so much more womanly and independent, and so much less like begging for money."

"It is woman's dependence on man that is making all the trouble in the world," said Miss Anthony, with a flash of her eyes.

"A little girl is dependent on her mother's pocketbook long after a little boy has an allowance. When a girl grows into womanhood she must do as her father wants her to or he will not leave her his money when he dies, or give her anything while he lives. If she has merely a school education, as most girls have, she is afraid to begin earning her living without having learned a trade or profession. So she stays at home and gets married, whether she wants to or not."

"Sometimes a delicately-reared girl has to go out and fight for her bread. Her father dies and has not as much money as was supposed. Then the girl must work and a hard time she has of it, in the few avenues of employment open to her."

"She can become a typewriter or a shop girl. And she can learn a trade. Her father neglected to have her taught a profession and it is too late now, because a professional education costs money. So she works until she is tired out and then she gets married. She is not strong enough physically to keep on toiling in the unskilled way her lack of education entails. She marries the first man who asks her and she settles down to be dependent upon him, just as she had been dependent upon her father."

"How would a man like to be brought up in lifeless, knowing how to do nothing, and then he suddenly cast upon the world to stand behind a counter or do some other cheap work until he found a woman who would support him?"

"The shoe does not fit the other foot at all. Girls are just as sensitive

about their poverty as boys could be. And they feel just as keenly the idea of being a pensioner on anybody's bounty, even though that person be father or husband."

"If you do not believe this, stop and count upon your fingers the daughters of wealthy fathers who are doing fancy work for rich friends at ridiculously low prices, or giving a few genteel music lessons so that they can have a dollar now and then, of their own. Your fingers will give out before you have half done."

"Count the wives who are saving little sums out of the house money so as to have a nibble or two, which they feel is all their own!"

"But, Miss Anthony," I ventured, "it is the lot of woman to get married. You surely are not opposed to matrimony?"

"No, I am not exactly opposed to it," admitted this maiden champion of the completeness of her sex. "But I am opposed to it as matrimony now is. I do not think men take a right view of matrimony, or that women do, either."

"This came to me very forcibly last evening as I stopped at one of the suburban stations and saw the men sitting around of grocery boxes and chatting. Every one of those men had something to say about having a wife to support."

"Now, I hold that a woman should be ashamed to have a man support her, even though that man be her husband. As things are now, a woman is ashamed to have her brother support her. She thinks it all right for her husband to do so."

"When a man asks a woman to be his wife, he does not mean that he wants her for a companion. He means that he wants her to keep house for him, be petted by him, and do as he tells her. In return, he will pay for her board and clothes, and when he dies she shall have one-third of anything he may leave."

"My idea of matrimony," continued Miss Anthony, with enthusiasm, "is that a married woman shall be a companion for her husband in all things. If she has a family, it is a duty she owes her husband to bring up her children, until they reach the age when they do not need every minute of her time."

"She should then be so capable and so trained to support herself, that she can either assist her husband in his business, or conduct a business of her own."

"Whatever men may have to say about this idea, as an idea, there are very few men who would not be glad to have thirty or forty dollars a week added to their incomes. If by so doing the wife did not tire herself any more than she now does running a sewing machine all day and sweeping carpets, besides mending stoves and mending over washtubs, as most wives have to do."

"Statistics show that only one family in five keeps a hired help. Do you suppose that a woman would work any harder getting up a few briefs than she would polishing her husband's shirt front? And don't you suppose her husband would love her just as well for doing it?"

"She could pay a Christmas for a month out of one day's work, and could wear nice dresses, too."

"When women can vote," said Miss Anthony, looking through her spectacles in a dreamy way as though she could see a line of women walking to the polls with ballot in hand, "all women will have a much easier time of it."

"Women will then be independent, and working girls will be treated with respect. When a girl goes into an office to work she can be very tart to the man who is too familiar. He will not dare to discharge her. Why? Because she has a ballot. And it is ballots that count."

"To speak plainly, I mean that when an employer says nice things to a girl—things that she knows it is a shame for a married man to say to her—she can slap his face, or can turn upon him and say boldly: 'I am here to tell you the worth of my hands. My personality is nothing to you. If I am not worth the money I am paid, you can discharge me. But my woman congressman will know all the circumstances, and when you try to get the street commissioner's affair will callitate against you.'

"When a girl is as independent as that, by right of the law, the courts will have fewer heartrending cases to settle."

"I repeat that the possession of money solves many perplexing social questions," said Miss Anthony, bringing down her hand upon a woman's suffrage tract which she was holding.

"The lack of money has been the cause of more sorrow to a woman's heart and disgrace to a woman's life than ever any personal weakness has been. Long ago I made up my mind to two things, that I should never marry until I found a man who wanted me for a companion and not a slave and who proved it by offering me half his income; and, secondly, that, instead of holding prayer meetings to reform unfortunate women, I would labor to give them a chance to be independent, which is all they need to make them model citizens."

With these parting words, dear old Miss Anthony, taking off her gold-rimmed spectacles and folding them in the tract she had been fondling, laid them away in the bosom of her plain, black gown, with a look of patient waiting.

As she folded away she looked more than ever like the Anthony statue which will be presented to the women of America before long.

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.

Society Made.

Compass—What do you think of my new coat?"

Circle—It needs ventilating.

Compass—Needs ventilating?

Circle—Yes, the air is bad, don't you know.—Detroit Free Press.

He Said the Fiddler.

"Colonel, I hear you were a social lion at Washington?"

"Yes, sir; I loaned three congressmen ten dollars apiece and got a chance to pay a senator's hotel bill."—Atlanta Constitution.

Little Mabel—"Mamma, don't you think I can teach Fido to talk?"

Mamma—"No, dear; what made you think you could?"

"Well, when I gave him his dinner he growled just like you say papa does when his meal doesn't please him."—Inter Ocean.

From Head to Mouth.

These optician's pupils are lined by some. They'll like this one, so don't.

The schoolgirl's string of chewing gum is sometimes long drawn out.—Frank.