

THE REPRESENTATIVE WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW



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Susan B. Anthony Talks of Her Life-Long Efforts in Behalf of Her Sex—Doesn't Despair Yet of Ultimate Winning of Suffrage Victory—Man's Life Broader Than Woman's

BY EMMA HORN SMITH.

YOU almost feel a reformer yourself when you enter the parlor of Miss Susan B. Anthony's spotless home; the walls are veritably crowded with pictures of America's famous reformers—Garrison, Mrs. Stanton and Wendell Phillips, Lucretia Mott and Channing, the Cary sisters, Anne Dickerson and Greeley. And in a corner is a picture of those five famous women who lectured to men centuries ago in the university at Bologna. The one with the veiled head was so beautiful that her face was always covered that men might better know her wisdom.

In an upper room, before the fire of her quiet study, you find Miss Anthony herself. You think of the tranquility of Whistler's portrait of his mother, as she insists that you take her own high-backed chair and slips a little footstool under your feet.

You are wondering, after reading her life and finding how continually women failed her and politicians deceived, that she is still an optimist. "You seem to have kept right on believing when it was raining cats and dogs," you say. "How could you ever do it?"

"Oh, that was because I knew that the sun was shining and must prevail, no matter what came between," she replies. "The cause was too just a one for me to believe in anything but its final triumph. The first work was, of course, all propaganda. The idea of the perfect freedom and equality of women was so new that we had to go up and down the land, and sow and harrow, and be harrowed. We had to create and educate a sentiment for our reform."

"Didn't the progress seem more rapid from, say 1848 to 1865, or up to the time when the New York State laws were amended, than it has since?"

"Well"—and Miss Anthony smiled

"I guess if you had done the work, and been through the weariness and stress of it, you wouldn't have thought it very rapid—no, not the results of fifty years compared with the efforts and earnestness put into it."

Men Never Worked for Equal Suffrage
"Are the men who are interested in suffrage to-day to be compared to those anti-slavery men who looked for it?"

"Oh, they never really worked for it. They believed in it abstractly, but there was always something else to be done first."

"Doesn't it seem strange that we haven't more influence with our husbands, fathers and sons in getting suffrage—they are so willing to give us everything else?"

"Yes, that is just the point. They give us, like to have us ask for, things. We must look pretty, and ask prettily. Those women who have too much self-respect to do so are called shrews," she said, with a twinkle of humor in voice and eyes.

"Just think of the years that we have our sons before they become voters. Why don't we influence them more?" I asked.

"That's because we have no real power, after all," Miss Anthony replied. "A boy may think his mother lovely, have the greatest admiration for her character, but when he goes out in the world and sees the respect shown his father's opinions, even though he drinks, smokes and swears, he isn't going to be influenced greatly by what his mother thinks. This father can, if he chooses, help to make and enforce the laws that regulate conduct and shape life. What can his mother do?"

"Do you think men's lives to-day are really so much broader than those of women?"

"A ditch digger has a broader life than a woman," was the emphatic answer.

"But, Miss Anthony, he only digs his ditch, comes in contact with one

or two of his kind, drinks a little with them perhaps, talks over the political situation after his light, and now and then votes as he is bidden."

"But don't you see that even then he comes into more direct relations with life?" she insisted. "The labor and wage question, the tariff, the liquor laws, all these vital things are talked over and reasoned about by the handful of diggers."

"Then you don't think that woman's contact with the grocer, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the food question, the money problem, the tariff as it affects the family purse, and our church and charitable connection is real life?"

"Oh, yes, but how can women help or hinder social conditions that they don't like, and that they know are wrong?"

Club Women and Suffrage
"Here are the federated club women, most of whom believe in suffrage. Why? They find out, for instance, that they want to modify or amend the laws regulating child labor, or some other evil. What can they do? Either wait years for a changed opinion, or go to the law makers, be treated politely and laid on the shelf. They cannot vote, and more than all, they have no constituents. That's a word our grandmothers didn't have in their lexicons. Their interests were in their homes and church, and what people called society. But as the interests of women broaden, and they go into business, manage their own property and study civic questions, they find that they have special interests to protect and special wrongs to remedy."

"Then they realize the disadvantage of having no political influence. They discover to their surprise that politics concerns them. Do you know that since the Federation of Clubs was organized in 1890 it has applied to more legislatures to secure the passage of bills than has the Suffrage

Association?"

"You surely think club life broadening, Miss Anthony?"

"That depends on the woman, the questions she is interested in, and the thought she gives to them."

"Are young men and women interested in woman suffrage?"

"I should say they are. Every few days high school boys and girls, and college men and women, and others send me for statistics and arguments to be used in their debating societies."

I asked Miss Anthony if she had a message to send to the young women of the country who are interested in suffrage—a word of advice, perhaps of caution.

The Lady, Not the Tiger
"A word of advice?" she repeated, smilingly. "Why, there never yet was a young woman who did not feel that if she had had the management of the work from the beginning of the cause, she would have carried it long ago. I felt just so when I was young."

"Annie Nathan Meyers seems to think woman in politics a question of the Lady or the Tiger. Which do you think it will be?"

"The Lady, beyond doubt," said Miss Anthony, emphatically, as she closed the interview.

Julian Hawthorne Writes on Crabbed Youth and Age

WOULD you really like to live to be a hundred and fifty or two hundred years old, or five hundred, maybe?

Science, after long abuse of alchemy, theosophy and quacks for asserting that the thing was possible, now begins to hint that old age may be indefinitely postponed, after all.

There are two factors in the problem—the physical machine, or body; and the force working the machine, life, and the duration of their association averages thirty years. The ordinary limit of age is seventy years, with occasional extensions to one hundred or over. There is also a third factor, not accounted for by science—form.

It is a mystery, whose laws are unknown; but it may turn out to be quite as important a factor as either of the others. Life, the force, is likewise a mystery; but of its laws we think we do know something.

Why should not the force work the machine twice or three as long as it does? The answer has been that the force wears out the machine after the periods named. But the machine differs from man-made machines, in that the force enables it to renew itself constantly, seizing and assimilating fresh substance from surrounding matter. Now, if renewal can be effected at all, why cannot it be effected definitely, or forever? Why, after twenty odd years, does the waste cease to be surpassed or equalled by the restoration? Why does it then exceed it, and finally drown it out entirely? That is the real enigma.

It cannot be shown that the force is weakened by time. It is a universal phenomenon, never disappearing out of the world. Where it ceases in one subject, it begins again in another. Why should my body, at seventy, cease to change outside matter into itself, while it continues to do precisely that thing in yours at twenty? Why should the force-and-matter partnership fail to be maintained at my age, while at your age it goes on?

Science leaves questions wholly unanswered. Its efforts to prolong the partnership are confined to oiling and nourishing the machine, so as to make it work easier. Diet, hygiene, and a cheerful temper are its means. Or it aims to provide an elixir, which per-

forms the same work more quickly and economically. In either case, it tacitly admits that the force does wear out, as well as the machine, though without explaining how such a thing is possible.

It suggests, meanwhile, that it pretends only to restore the body to its original limit of existence, which is assumed to have been shortened by unnatural modes of life. It would banish the devouring monster, disease; but that other devourer, death, it hopes to delay only. Earthly immortality is beyond its scope and ability.

Well, perhaps, we were originally designed to last one hundred and fifty years or more. By taking thought and pains we may restore that pristine vigor. But is it worth while merely to postpone a little what must in the end prevail? Who wants old people? Youth is ever springing up afresh, and desires and will have its day. Age may plead that knowledge and progress would be increased and hastened by its survival; but cannot the aged as well hand on their wisdom as apply it themselves?

Or do you say that there is no life after death, and that, therefore, you wish to eke out more years here? But will you find the end any less unwelcome to-morrow than to-day? If, on the other hand, you believe in immortality, why delay the approach of that fuller and more effective life? Does not your logic, in either case, fall sensible not to attempt or to hasten death, but to try to live as long as we can be healthy and useful. But that should be the limit of a sane desire. Our present dread of death is excessive and unreasonable. Compared with the procession of the equinoxes, our span of life may seem short; but is it not long enough for experience and character? And may it not bear a fixed, necessary relation to the planet's size and movements on its axis and orbit?

Let us, moreover, study the laws of this mystery, form, though that in investigation, material science cannot aid us. But those laws may throw light on much that now is dark. Form, itself wholly spiritual, or immaterial, for an appointed season has its arbitrary way with inert matter, and then, while remaining as regards the type, withdraws as to the individual.

Solve the riddle of that wondrous truth, and you may get a hint of whence this life-force comes, what it intends, and why, in this mortal sphere, it has its term.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Decorated by the Czar.

Mrs. George King, an English woman, has recently been decorated by the Czar with the Russian Red Cross, in appreciation of her splendid services as a nurse during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. This was her first work as an army nurse, for which she gave up an excellent social position as the wife of a prominent London magazine publisher. On her return from the Turkish field of action, she spent some time as superintendent of a hospital at Non of Clubs-Tyne, and later saw service as a nurse in the Zulu war, for which she was rewarded by the late Queen Victoria with the South African medal and the decoration of the Royal Red Cross. This is a striking evidence of the slowness and red tape of Russian government, even in the matter of conferring medals.

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Association?"

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Bedwork Redivivous

Women who wearied of the beadwork in Indian patterns which enjoyed such a vogue last summer, will now find an excuse for taking up their discarded looms. The rage for anything Japanese has found vent in beadwork, following conventionalized Japanese patterns. These cannot be bought at shops as yet, though doubtless the patterns will soon be on the market, but any woman with an eye for colors can evolve her own patterns from Japanese prints showing borders or panels.

Cherry blossoms, pride of Japan, are easily conventionalized, and dragons are stunning done in gold, green, blue and crimson beads. The bead fringes shown on the new, dull hued lamp shades are made from beads in myriad tints, run on the finest of copper wire.

Dress Display at St. Louis.

English modistes and designers are making preparations to rival Parisians in their display at the St. Louis Fair this summer. One London firm, which claims the honor of catering to the Court and Royal Family, will make a special display of gowns suitable for Court presentations, doubtless to catch the eye of American heiresses. American modistes have chosen a unique method of beating foreign rivals by engaging a number of well-known and beautiful models to wear and enhance the beauties of their elaborate gowns.

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Henry Norman, Correspondent

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twenty thousand miles in a year, and invent, in the intervals while the train stops, as it were, a few appliances for the improvement of motor cars. Norman is a wizard. He not only finds time to do all this sort of thing, but he finds time, too, to edit a magazine or two, and write essays on occult subjects, which, as Mrs. Harte used to say, "even he doesn't understand."

Henry Norman's chief field is the motor car and its appliances. He owns many remarkable machines, and if he were not now romping into the front with the correspondents who are reporting the wars in the Far East, he might be seen speeding his car through Hyde Park or out over the downs of Essex or Sussex or some of the other Ex's where they have downs.

His greatest delight is not the operation of his cars, either light or heavy, but to work for days and weeks and months at odd times over some improvement on a valve or stop-cock or cut-off or some other thing which he thinks will be an improvement upon the existing models.

He traveled for more than 20,000 miles through the Russian provinces without the knowledge of a single word of the Russian language. Of course, he had an interpreter, but he undertook the trip simply to come to a better understanding of Russian life.

Paragraphs.

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