

CHAMPION OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS

ELIZABETH
CADY
STANTON

THIS suggestion recently made in an English newspaper that the women of Great Britain and the United States combine in an effort to build a monument to Elizabeth Cady Stanton has met with a hearty response in this country, and it is probable that definite steps for the opening of subscription lists will soon be taken. It was suggested that the monument shall be located in Johnstown, N. Y., in which city Elizabeth Cady Stanton was born Nov. 12, 1792, and this will probably be done. No American woman's career has been a more splendid example of courage and faith in the right or more fruitful of good work for her own sex than that of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who in her eighty-sixth year, she turned Nov. 12, 1879, back to the rugged path she traveled forward to the near, shining table-lands of peace and satisfaction. From the time she was 9 years old Elizabeth Cady has worked for women and for justice and human rights. What made her do it? What started her on that road in the first place? There was a powerful prenatal influence to begin. Her parents were both intellectual persons, endowed with the strong, healthy physique of a Scotch ancestor. Elizabeth has really never lost it in her life. Some months preceding her birth her father became a candidate for congress—"in the time when it meant so much more to be a congressman than it does now," says Mrs. Stanton. The campaign was an exciting one. Her mother entered into it heart and soul. Mrs. Cady's sympathies were all called out for her husband's sake. She studied the political issues, understanding them perfectly, deciding sharply in her own mind between right and wrong. Through the whole of the contest she went mentally with Mr. Cady, in his speeches, arguments and debates. The most important result of this campaign was Elizabeth herself, the infant born soon after. She brought into the world with her a nature volcanic in its force and fire. Years of effort have covered the volcano with a perfect crust of self control, yet it is there still, giving power and warmth to the calm, dignified woman who began to think for herself 75 years ago. Her mother had ten children—five sons and five daughters—vigorous, noisy young animals. Elizabeth most so of any. Judge Cady's law offices were in a wing of his house. When the children's uproar became more than even a mother could bear, Mrs. Cady used to send some of them into the father's office to obtain quiet for herself. Elizabeth, the restless, the ringleader, was the one usually condemned to this exile. Among other inheritances from the peculiar circumstances of her birth were an imagination vivid and intense, a sense of justice as strong in its directness, great sympathy and a mind pre-eminently vigorous and alert. In her father's office, instead of playing about like a mischievous little girl, she listened to the law. Cases were discussed in her hearing without a thought of the seed that fell into the tropic soil of the child's mind. Many of the clients appealing to Judge Cady were wives whose hus-

bands and sons had taken from them the property inherited from their fathers. In that time in the state of New York what was a wife's was her husband's, while what was his was his own. Though he were penniless at the time of his marriage and she was the possessor of wealth, the law made an absolute gift of it all to him, making her dependent on him for so little as a

flame. Her powerful, wise father could do nothing? Then she would. There gradually shaped itself in her soul the conviction that all evils whatsoever could be righted, and she was the one to do it. Seeing her wrought up over the wrongs of woman, her father's law clerks and students began teasing and worrying her without mercy. They teased out the laws discriminating because of sex and read them to her. They told her that when she married she herself and everything she had, even the clothes on her back, would belong to her husband. They taunted her with the legal degradation of woman.

"They rubbed it into me all the time, and that was part of my education," says Mrs. Stanton. Her brothers dropped out of life one after another till one day the last son of Judge Cady was brought home dead. He sat beside the coffin alone and mourned as only a man can who builds all his hopes upon a son. Elizabeth crept into his arms to comfort him. "Oh, my child, my child!" he said. "If you were only a boy!"

she was a woman became an anti-slavery worker along with Frederick Douglass, Lloyd Garrison, Lucretia Mott and the rest. She called the first convention to consider the rights of woman. It met in Seneca Falls in 1848. Had she been a man, gifted as she was, there is nothing in this republic Elizabeth Cady Stanton might not have aspired to and won. But we are glad she was a woman, to know the needs of women, to suffer with them, to labor for them. Her work will stand as part of the history of this country. ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

A GREAT TRAVELER.

Although, perhaps, Mrs. Alec Tweedie is not the most traveled woman explorer, yet she is one of the greatest authorities on such countries as Finland, Iceland, Norway and Sweden—in fact, countries where snow and ice abound seem to have a great attraction for the author of "A Girl's Ride Through Iceland," "Through Finland in Carts," etc. Mrs. Tweedie when exploring Finland made the greater part of her way through the country on snowshoes, this

DOG SHOW

A CHATTY POTPOURRI

TABLE ETIQUETTE

I HAVE been tempted, and I have yielded—yielded to the impulse to paraphrase that solacing saying which comes to us on hard luck occasions, "Every dog has his day," to "Her dog has every day"—that is, at the Garden kennel show. "Her" dog is the name of perfection. Nobody's pet has

things sent over by a leading Paris establishment for the dogs of the household, milady must look to her laurels if she would not be eclipsed. To Aunt Hetty's old fashioned ideas, 'tis an unforgettable prodigality, this indulgence in clothes for dogs. Be that as it may, a young woman suddenly thrown upon her own resources is earning a comfortable living by the manufacture of coats, handkerchiefs and shoes for the pet. Special pieces of jewelry, such as collars and bangles for the left fore foot, may be observed on the more aristocratic quadrupeds. The coat fiff wears should match his mistress' and have a little turned down fur collar instead of the turned up bluezard pattern of last winter. To some women a little dog is as necessary a complement to her toilet as a buttonhole of flowers, and the fad is to hug it so close to your person that it looks part and parcel of your fur. A love of a girl will don one day a reseda green cape trimmed in black and white lace insertions and a big, black, tucked chiffon plateau just to be in harmony with her white, woolly dog, who affects emeralds and black velvet protectors. Fancy the whole procession done up in accordance with such freaky fashion and really presenting a pretty picture because, absurd as it seems, there is an amount of consistent coloring thus was obtained which, despite prejudice of principles, is monstrously fetching. The din is fearful; the piping voices of the tiny Japanese specimens mingle discordantly with the vicious growl of the bulls, and all along the line of bench beauties one hears a medley of incongruous noises, yet not one word of complaint. Women have pocketed their nerves and are parading their pride, or mayhap they've added another accomplishment to the Science healer's list, who tells you dogs make music, not noise—and there you are! Pretty girls, large and small, and stately matrons, too, are using their eyes and other beguiling methods to create an impression for themselves first and dogs afterward on the judges. At present all is serene. Dinner and supper invitations are simply being hurled at their heads, and one vies with another to be at the week's end! What a difference, though, there'll be at the week's end! There's been quite a departure in the manner of entertainments scheduled for the week. Guests are invited to the houses for supper or dinner, and not to the restaurants, as has been a much vaunted custom of late. I'm glad to

table is a tape measure; for mathematical precision it is absolutely essential. "Armed with measuring stick or tape, the housewife follows her maid, who bears the tray of spoons, forks and knives. Exactly two inches from the edge of the table they are placed, and fork, knife and spoon must be no nearer. "The sharp edge of the knives must be turned toward the plates. The forks rest with their concave sides up; the spoons ditto. "The napkin, with dinner roll within is directly in front of the plate, where the dessert spoon and fork may also be placed, although it is better to pass them with the dessert plate. "Keep saltcellars—one in each corner—as near the edge of the table as possible—about two and one-half inches is the proper distance. "Let no carafe appear upon your mahogany; it is among the things which, like butter plates, have been. Water is poured from a pitcher into the glasses as needed. "Four dishes of almonds and sweets stand six inches from the centerpieces, which may be of cut glass or silver, filled with fruit or flowers. "Do not fill a liqueur glass more than two-thirds full. The same rule goes as regards wine and water glass. "As soon as one plate is removed another must be put in its place, that no one at the table during the course of the meal may be without a plate before him. "Leave the napkin at the left of the plate. "The hostess who values her reputation passes no butter at dinner and serves neither sugar nor cream with the after dinner coffee. Clear coffee is a digester. "Dorothy has been writing the most breezy epistles from the Riviera, and I faint would repeat all her pleasant and unique talk on clothes were there time. I quote just a bit about coats, which are so beautiful you must have first information on the subject: "Transparency cloaks, like cloaks, half veil and half display this splendor and enhance its effect. They also lend a new beauty to the picturesque whole. Fancy a black net cloak with a garland of roses and carnations made of mousseline and velvet thrown carelessly round it from the height of the left shoulder to the extremest point of the shawl shaped back. The excessively lovely impression is that of a rope of blossoms carelessly cast over the wearer's dress, for the black part of the wrap is not discernible at a distance, merging as it does with the black of the dress. The palest, creamiest sand color is chosen for south of France daytime frocks. This trims excellently with gold. A waist belt of gold tissue, for instance, below the bolero looks well, and sometimes is hand painted with delicately tinted flowers." Be on the alert for some shining examples of the dressmaker's art, for Dorothy will soon be with



A necessary complement to her toilet.



In setting the table a tape measure is essential.



What a difference there'll be at the week's end!

Saisy May
New York.

BERNHARDT IN BUSINESS.
The name of Sarah Bernhardt will soon be seen on a shop front in Regent or Bond street, London. It appears that when she arrived in New York she met with a disagreeable surprise on hearing that her niece, Miss. Saryta Bernhardt, and a friend of hers, Miss. Yvette de la Rheda, had just been made bankrupt and had lost all the money which she had lent them two years ago. However, she did not scold them, as a commonplace aunt and patron might



Photo, copyright, 1900, by Charles Culver Johnson.
THREE GENERATIONS—ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, HER DAUGHTER AND GRANDDAUGHTER.

paper of pins. At the husband's death he usually left a will giving everything to his eldest son, with the proviso that the mother was to be taken care of out of the inheritance. It was sour bread the poor, defrauded women ate full of, and they came to the lawyer for redress. He could only shake his head even in the most aggravated cases and say he could do nothing. The law gave the man all rights over the woman's property. Upon the mind of the child Elizabeth these pitiful stories fell like drops of

Into her heart and imagination the words sank deep. "I'll be just as good as a boy to papa," she said to herself. From that day "anything to beat a boy" became the motto of this gifted, eager woman child. She became strong and active physically through athletic training and outdoor exercise. She asked the pastor of the church to teach her Greek along with a class of boys from five to eight years older than herself. He consented, and the girl child, studying with young men, at once took the place next to the head of her class and kept it to the end. Then she received a prize of a Greek Testament. With a full, happy heart, she carried it to her father. "Now he'll see that I'm as good as a boy," she told herself. Judge Cady looked at the book and at her. There was love, but not a spark of pride in his eye. "How I do wish you were a boy!" was all he said. She ran to her room, threw herself upon her face and shed the bitterest tears of all her life. She never forgot it, never entirely overcame the effects of this blow. That, too, was part of her education. In after years she fought through the New York legislature the bill giving married women property rights. Influenced by what was told her by negroes who had been slaves in her father's family in the state of New York, the impressionable child when

being by no means the only expedition she has carried out on foot. This famous woman explorer does not mix a great deal in society, but when resting from her travels lives in rather quiet retirement. Now and again, however, Mrs. Tweedie entertains at her house in the west end of London, invitations to these entertainments being much sought after by the elite, for, of course, Mrs. Tweedie is a most interesting lady to meet, a capital hostess and a brilliant conversationalist who is ever ready to entertain her guests with delightful accounts of her travels. Her house is absolutely packed with curios from all parts of the world, among them being two sledges which Mr. Jackson, the famous arctic explorer, used during his expedition, and a photograph of his meeting with Nansen, both of these intrepid arctic travelers being among Mrs. Tweedie's most intimate friends.

THE MARRIAGE KNOT.

We often talk of the "marriage knot," but very few of us realize that the knot was ever anything more than a figure of speech. Among the Babylonians tying the knot was part of the marriage ceremony. The priest took a thread from the garment of the bride and another from that of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot which he gave to the bride, thus symbolizing the binding nature of the union which now existed between herself and her husband.

quite the same chic air about it—in fact, she so well understands the art of grooming herself that it is a mere matter of habit for "doggy" to reflect the same potent charm. These and like complimentary speeches are heard at every turn in the vicinity of Madison Square Garden, where holds forth the annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel club. "The dog show has come to be quite as great a feature of fashionable life in the metropolis as the horse show. It is here women and men of our set give practical demonstrations of the saying that "blood will tell" by excellent examples of the pedigreed pup. The usual quota of bowwows of all nationalities and cults is augmented by a generous installment of prize winners from British lovers of the brute, who have sent them over to compete with American born products. Interest in the baby contest is decidedly on the wane in consequence. I understand that the loggery of the "E. P.'s" (English pups) is bewildering. This was told me by one who has yearly carried off the palm for the most smartly caparisoned dog at the show. My, but she's in a flutter! With half a dozen scouts on a voyage of discovery for the first new bit of dog fanny produced, and a seamstress at call to copy the fad! I won't give names, but she's almost as cross as the big Dane and as supercilious as the pug, who for the moment is an animal in favor. Judging from the trap-

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.

ARE you acquainted with Miss Sue Perlativ? Her family is almost dead! I haven't slept one wink for six nights. I never had such a cold in all my life. I've the awfullest, frightfullest, horriblemst headache! Can't hold my eyes open. I feel just as though I couldn't live another day with it. Really and truly, I expect my head will split open every minute!"

"I almost went wild this morning," says Miss Sue Perlativ. "I am invited to dine this evening, and I had my nails manicured in the latest style. They were the prettiest thing out. I never had them done so well in all my life, and I was the proudest thing you ever saw. Well, I struck my hand against the staircase and whacked the point of my thumb nail off, leaving it blunt and square. My blood ran cold. I was heartbroken over it. It was almost tragic."

A charming young lady is Miss Sue Perlativ, but just now she feels uncomfortable. She has a cold—just plain, common cold in her head. It is not at all romantic. Miss Sue's throat is slightly sore. There is a fullness over her eyes, likewise a stuffed up feeling behind her nose, accompanied with a redness in the solar plexus. She meets young Will Philip and pours her sufferings into his ears. He listens because he cannot get away. The poor girl says in her inter-

Miss Sue Perlativ goes to a little dinner at the home of a near relative, Miss Represent. Next day she describes the feast to Aunt Dote, who was not there. "I had the loveliest time you ever heard of—simply divine!" she exclaims. "I was almost famished, actually starved, you know, and the ice cream was perfectly splendid. The macaroons were heavenly, and the candied fruit! Oh, I can't tell you, but they were glorious! And there was the orange sherbet! It was irrepressible. I could have

swallowed a gallon of it. I was almost transported!"

Miss Sue Perlativ has an adventure. She narrates it to her friend, Pinkie Budd: "Oh, Pinkie, I never was so upset in my life—never in all my born days. I'll never get over it. I was in an electric car going down town, and the car was running rip rap. I never was in a car that went so fast. In front of the car an old woman—she was about 1600 years old—was crossing the street, with a dog on a string. Its name was Feathers. I heard her shout at it, and it was the dearest, sweetest, tiniest, cunningest, cutest, smartest little fluff ball of a pogy wogy of a doggy that ever was. It was the newest fashioned dog—the toy Pom—just out. The old woman didn't see the car till it was close upon her, but I saw her, and I almost died. My heart was in my mouth. I screamed as loud as I could, so the conductor would look out in front of the car and tell the motorman. Well, the dog got across the street safe, but I never was so scared to death in my life. It was the most fearful thing! Actually drove me out of my senses. I almost fainted!"

When young ladies exhaust the resources of the English language in superlatives and exaggerations over trifles, what will they do if something really serious happens?



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris. Design by Carlier.
HAT OF CHIFFON AND SABLE.

note this, for it is a change in the right direction. To my mind it was always a doubtful compliment to be asked to a restaurant instead of to one's home. I was a home guest during the week and was greatly impressed with the regularity and prettiness of the table arrangements, of which I made bold to speak to my hostess, and this is what she had to say on the subject: "The first important requisite in setting the

have done. To the intense relief of the unsuccessful milliners, she kissed them tenderly and, with her smile divine, told them: "You are both pretty and winning little Parisians, and you have become bankrupt in the land of millions. Bravo, my dears! I am sure I could never have done that. Now, shall we try our luck in London?" And she threw a bundle of bank notes into Saryta's lap.

els to purchasers of his tea and varies the gift according to the quantity requested. F. L. Reed, one of the founders of Olivet college, celebrated his golden wedding at Olivet, Mich., the other day. The occasion was observed by the entire college, and the faculty gave a dinner in the evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Reed. In France the law allows children to work 12 hours a day, in Spain only 8.



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris. Design by Rediera.
CLOAK OF BLACK TAFFETA AND EMBROIDERY.

THE FANCIES OF WOMANKIND.

A hundred years ago a woman and all her possessions practically belonged to her husband. Today a man may not write a letter without her permission. But there are a multitude of nervy men who do so despite the law and modern customs. Edward VII's queen has decided, it is said, to accept the \$25,000 offered the

pages of her latest story were drawn from life, and she added, "They are just as handy with a rifle in fact as they are in fiction." Mme. Patti, who has amassed one of the largest fortunes ever made by a voice, made her first appearance as a singer at a charity concert when she was a little girl 7 years old. Her first salary as an operatic singer was \$100 a week. Nowadays she receives \$2,500 for every provincial engagement and

\$4,500 every time she sings in London. Queen Victoria was a grandmother at 40 and a great-grandmother at 60. Her first grandchild is the emperor of Germany, and her first great-grandchild is the daughter of the emperor's oldest sister. Mile. Jane Derval, winner of the GII Blas beauty contest held in Paris a year ago, received \$5,000 a year from a well known dressmaker to wear his clothes, exclusively and advertise them

among theatrical folk. Her employer has just sued mademoiselle for damages, claiming to hold proof that she received \$2,500 from a rival to propagate the idea that, while she wore the garments made by the plaintiff on account of the salary paid her for doing so, she preferred his rival's gowns. Mrs. Cushman K. Davis has returned to Washington and is already busily engaged in compiling her distinguished husband's works on law, politics, diplo-

macy, literature, war and the miscellaneous lectures which he delivered at various times during his public career. In this labor she will be assisted by Bishop Hurst of the Methodist church, who was an old and esteemed friend of the late Senator Davis. A Connecticut woman disinherited an adopted daughter and several cousins and left \$7,000 for two yellow dogs. A new use for literature! A "cultured" grocer in London gives away nov-

els to purchasers of his tea and varies the gift according to the quantity requested. F. L. Reed, one of the founders of Olivet college, celebrated his golden wedding at Olivet, Mich., the other day. The occasion was observed by the entire college, and the faculty gave a dinner in the evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Reed. In France the law allows children to work 12 hours a day, in Spain only 8.