

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, turning around, trembling but hopeful.

"Well," said the carpenter, "I don't know you, but I knew your father and your uncle and all their friends, and as they were all right smart people, and as you look puny—as if you didn't inherit anything from them except the name—I guess I'll build you a ladder."

So he builded a strong ladder, and he called each round by the name of one of the boy's relatives or friends, so that, when it was completed, the boy easily mounted it and plucked the apple. Then he shrewdly decided it would not do to have too many boys plucking apples from that tree; so he pulled the ladder up after him, and only lowered it at rare intervals, until he had gathered about a dozen companions.

Presently boys began to come from the north, south and west, with eyes turned upward to the red apples. Then the boys up in the tree had a very merry time, indeed, and said funny things over their telescopes—I mean apples—about the boys below. They made jokes in a pretty way—they were never rude—and laughed among themselves at their own cleverness. They were not thinking of putting the ladder down for those funny boys below; if the funny boys were hungry, they were sorry for them, of course, but they couldn't spare them any apples. They would like—yes, really, now—to drop down a worm or two; but it wouldn't do—it would only encourage them, and encouragement was bad for funny boys, don't you know?—and then they all laughed merrily again.

But the boys from the north, south and west built their own ladder. And, although the work was hard, bitter and crushing at times, they never gave up. They had no relatives or friends, but they named one round genius; another, talent; another, strength; another, patience; another, work, and another will; but the strongest rounds of all were the ones they named help and charity. And in time they plucked apples side by side with the boys up in the tree.

This little story does not apply to anybody in particular; I put it in wisely because I am inclined to irrelevancy.

To return to Mr. Holmes and his telescopes, I find that he says: "What astonishes me most is that this enormous mass of commonplace verse, which burdens the postman who brings it, which it is a serious task only to get out of its wrappers and open in two or three places, is on the whole of so good an average quality."

It is barely possible that a great many years ago some dear old gentleman, who imagined no one but himself should, or could, write, was astonished to find that young Oliver Wendell Holmes could write verses which were, on the whole, of "so good an average quality."

I, for one, do not like to see old people forget that they once were young; I do not like to see successful people forget that they once were climbers and strugglers for a permanent place on the jostling, crowded way of life!

This may not apply to Mr. Holmes—he may have been born great; but if he was, he is not to be honored as he would deserve to be had he himself achieved greatness. Life is full of little bitternesses, and the young naturally expect some help and a great deal of lenience from the old.

One page in the *Atlantic Monthly* of good, sound, kind advice from a man of Mr. Holmes's reputation would have accomplished an hundred times more good than all his ten pages of refined unlaughter will accomplish, because through it, strong and full, flows the pulse of sarcasm instead of genuine kindness. Sarcasm and ridicule, however delicately expressed, have never wrought good since the world began, and never will

while there is an eye left to weep, a heart to ache, or a life hope to be crushed.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in her address before the United States senate special committee on woman suffrage, said: \* \* \* "If there are any (women) who do not wish to vote, that is the strongest reason for their enfranchisement. If all love of liberty has been quenched in their souls by their degraded condition, the duties of citizenship and the responsibility of self-government should be laid upon them at once, for their pitiful indifference is merely the result of their disfranchisement. \* \* \* When I heard that a body of Massachusetts women had actually been before their legislature to beg that the women of the state might not be enfranchised, I blushed for my sex."

In speaking thus, Mrs. Stanton was not eloquent or convincing; she was not even just. She was really, let us say, thoughtless. She would first prove that women have a right to equal rights with men because they are as intelligent and as capable of thinking for themselves. She then veers around and wishes to do for us precisely what the men have so long considered it their right to do for us, namely, our thinking.

There will probably always be woman suffragists and anti-woman suffragists, just as there are democrats and republicans. But, because one woman does not wish to vote, it is not seemly that another who does should refer to her condition as "degraded," nor blush for her. If women are going to be so arbitrary when they get the reins in their own hands, well may the men tremble with apprehension.

If women ever are enfranchised, it will be the same with them then as it is to-day with the men: the strong-minded will govern and control the weak-minded. The strong minded woman will say, "I want an office;" and straightway all the weak-minded ones who must be led because they are not capable of leading, will band together to secure for her the coveted office.

With all my heart I wish to see women happy and contented; but it seems to me life is so short, and there are so many poor to be looked after; so many burdens to be lifted, or, at least, lightened; so many little kindnesses to be done at one's very door, that it is hardly worth while saying such unkind things of our sister women simply because they do not happen to think as we do.

I wish it might be arranged so women who desire enfranchisement might have it without effecting those who do not desire it. But as this is impossible, it must remain a question as to whether it is better for those who do not wish to vote to be tyrannized over by women or men. For myself, I can not but recall with irresistible pleasure the dove that lived within the convent walls, and yet forever kept flitting to the gateway, where "wisteria blossoms trailed and fell," to sweetly watch the ways of men.

When one who loves you, and whom you love, has wounded you to the very soul, wait! Be patient and silent until the first keen suffering has worn away. In the end he will suffer more than you, because he hurt you. And remember always that the woman never lived who did not suffer from hurts.

If the tears of all the women who have lived since the world began might be gathered together, they would make an ocean wider and deeper than the Pacific; while the unsatisfied cries of their hearts would deaden the awful sound of the surf beating upon the shore.