

WOMEN WHO ARE DOING MEN'S WORK

THERE Are Women in Plenty in the Nation Today Who Are Going Forth and Performing the Tasks of Men and Whose Work Is So Creditable That Their Reputations Extend From One End of the Country to the Other—There Are Women in Finance, in the Professions, in Art, in Administrative Positions That Call for Unlimited Executive Ability, and All These Are Making Good—Who Some of These Women Are.



WOMAN now stands forth and cites the concrete example in her claim of being the equal of man in the business, professional and administrative world. She has accomplished things. She points to these specific things. They are living facts that cannot be controverted. There are members of her sex who have succeeded in the most difficult of the tasks that ordinarily fall to the lot of man. These are the exhibits she files in making out her case. She holds that they are conclusive.

These successes, she boasts, have been accomplished in the face of great difficulties. Woman in business ordinarily gives man a 30-year handicap. The women who have made the greatest successes have not taken up their public or professional service until their children are grown up and out of the way. To the age of 45 the activities of the mass of women are domestic. Then they begin to think outside of the home. In many cases their great successes have come at a time when Oler would have considered them. The individual great success is one in many thousands. Domestic duties have kept women out of active life. So there have not been many of them among the thousands from which to pick the unusual. Their successes have been greater in proportion to the number in active life than have been the successes of men. And now, finally, woman declares that she has found a talent that she intends to use against man to his undoing. She is to set her intuition to work on the great outside and let it guide her

where man has only his reasoning. She intends to demonstrate in the next few years things yet little known.

Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie.

But to come down to the specific examples, the women who have made National reputations and are today living and doing work which might well make the most enterprising man jealous. There is Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, who is still vigorously wielding her chisel and producing works of art that rate among the best of her time, despite the fact that she was old enough to depict the martyred President of the Civil War from the life.

Mrs. Hoxie, at the age of 64, has a commission from the State of Iowa for a statue of Governor Kirkwood, to be placed in the state capitol. Her statue of Lincoln, which stands as one of the few redeeming features of that aggregation of horrors known as Statuary Hall, in the National Capitol at Washington, does much to redeem that chamber from the domination of man-made monstrosities. She is the only woman who has ever received a commission to make a statue for the Government. She has a life story that smacks strongly of the romance of accomplishment.

For Mrs. Hoxie, who was Vinnie Ream as a girl, sat beneath the spell of President Lincoln in the impressionable days of her youth. She was an artist-student in war times and was but 15 years of age when she first saw Lincoln. The personality of the man of sorrow so impressed her that she carried it away as a burning inspiration. Returning to her home, she modeled a cast of him. This she showed to some friends, who were greatly impressed with it and carried

it to the President. He was no less delighted than they; no less impressed with its originality of conception and delicacy of treatment. She was given a commission to execute a life-size statue for the Capitol.

A Woman's Statue of Lincoln.

So it happened that this girl of 16 sat in the presence of the great and mellow Lincoln at the White House for an hour and a half every second day. As she carved her conception of him from marble he told her many of his best stories and gave her many a peep behind the curtain of his locality and into the greater depths. Her girl's intuition has seen Lincoln as did no one else, and the record of that seeing now stands in the Nation's Capitol.

The little sculptress whom Lincoln discovered had little difficulty in subsequently obtaining from Congress the commission to make the statue of Admiral Farragut which adorns Farragut square, one of the handsomest in the capital city. A unique treatment was that in which the young sculptor designed the pedestal so it reached to an unusual height, to be seen blocks away, and its life-size, heroic figure in sea jacket with charts in his hand, might be said in passing that the statues of Lincoln and Farragut are the only two ever ordered by the United States Government from a woman. From that time Vinnie Ream worked hard and long at her art, and the fruits of her work are in many art galleries. Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, shelters "Miriam," "The West," "Sappho" and an ideal statue, and what some say is Mrs. Hoxie's best work, "The Spirit of Carnival."

When she was 28 years old she married Lieutenant Richard L. Hoxie, U. S.

JOHN A. LOGAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE OREGONIAN.

N., after she had made a name for herself as an artist. Now she signs her work Vinnie Ream Hoxie, and in her beautiful home on K street northwest still pursues the divine art of trading in marble the beauties of nature and humanity. Another interesting work on which she is now engaged is that of busts of American patriots for Cornell University.

Miss Clara Barton.

Most outstanding among the grand old women of America is Clara Barton, who was the inspiration and moving spirit in the organization and maintenance of the Red Cross Society of America, an organization that has done more toward relieving distress than any other. Miss Barton has a quiet home on the Maryland hills that overlook the National capital. There in her 90th year she sits and looks upon the setting sun of a life so filled with endeavor as to establish an enviable place in the heart of every American, and many a sufferer the world around.

Miss Barton's entire life has been devoted to Red Cross work. From 1861 to 1864 she was president of the society, although her relief work dates back to the Civil War, when she personally gave succor on the battlefields and organized searching parties for missing men. After the war Congress gave her \$15,000 to help locate the unknown dead. The National cemetery at Andersonville is a fruit of her energy, for she planned the lot and was the overseer herself. The war over Miss Barton became associated with the Inter-



MISS MARY S. LOCKWOOD, FOUNDER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

ELLEN SPENCER MUSSEY, DEAN OF THE WASHINGTON COLLEGE OF LAW.

national Red Cross Society, and worked during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Her work was highly praised by Generals of both sides, and in 1871, through her efforts, the treaty of Geneva was adopted.

Miss Barton's clever mind soon saw that relief was needed at other times than during war, so she wrote an amendment to the constitution of the Red Cross Society which provides for aiding sufferers in times of great national calamities. Through this the helping hand of the Red Cross was held out to the Johnstown flood, to Armenian massacre victims, reconcentrados of Cuba in 1895, at the Galveston flood, the San Francisco fire and the recent appalling Cherryville disaster.

In a glass case in Miss Barton's home are many diplomas and medals of honor and other decorations awarded her by the crowned heads of the world. Practically every nation, even heathen Turkey, has sent its tribute of love and affection to this young old woman. Miss Barton is an author, and has written several books of history and a vivid account of a relief expedition in Asia Minor.

Miss Mabel Boardman.

As the hand of Miss Barton relaxed with age there appeared a kindred spirit with youth and vigor and resourcefulness to take her place. Miss Mabel Boardman, woman of wealth, social position and political influence, is now at the helm. Miss Boardman has long been the most intimate woman friend of President Taft, and it is said that many of his appointments have been influenced by her. Certain it is that he has been led to take an active and personal interest in the Red Cross and lend his name to its list of officers.

Miss Boardman has been untiring in her work for the Red Cross Society. Although she is worth many millions, Miss Boardman may be seen any day hurrying along to the War Department to see the highest court of the country, anxious to be at the Department, where she has a desk, at 9 o'clock. She works faithfully at her desk in the Red Cross office in the War Department all day, neglecting many of her social duties.

Miss Boardman is one of the cleverest women speakers in America, and has before the Supreme Court of the United States and other parts of the country, telling them of the splendid work of the Red Cross Society.

It is said by many that Miss Boardman is the real leader of Washington society, and to be really in the smart set it is necessary to have her approval. Time that she can spare from her other pursuits is devoted to the study of history, and she is now writing a

history of American wars, which will soon be published.

Miss Boardman shares the honor with Miss Jane Addams of having had a Yale degree conferred on her. She received her degree this Spring in the presence of the President of the United States and several members of the diplomatic corps and of the Cabinet.

Mrs. Mathew T. Scott.

The press announced a few days ago that Mrs. Mathew T. Scott, president general of the Daughters of the Revolution, had been made president of a mining company in Illinois. Mrs. Scott is a woman with many accomplishments to her credit. For a decade she has been the dominating figure in that strongest of women's societies—the Daughters of the American Revolution. This is a position of such delicacy that its handling and the political acumen necessary to re-election year after year are such as are needed by no member of Congress in his currying of favor with the folks back home.

Aside from her recently assumed presidency of a mining company, Mrs. Scott has long been the owner and operator of a steel factory, representing the investment of many millions of dollars. She is a most active member of the stock exchange of New York, and there are men in plenty who have felt the weight of her opposition in times of crises. Aside from this, she is the owner of 10,000 acres of land in Illinois, upon which she is conducting a back-to-the-farm movement of no mean proportions. She selects sturdy young men of families, and places them upon the land, where they are given every opportunity to become thrifty and self-reliant farmers.

Allied with Mrs. Scott in the work of the Daughters of the Revolution, and akin to her in forcefulness is Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, dean of the Washington College of Law, a practitioner before the highest courts of the Nation, and a woman of a National reputation as a lawyer. There are cases of National importance regularly being tried in which Mrs. Mussey takes part. Aside from this, she is a member of the board of education of Washington and the publisher of the American Magazine, the organ of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Belva A. Lockwood.

But the woman of them all who has met most successfully the members of the opposite sex in the profession of her greatest pride, the law, is Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood. She it was who fought for woman's admission to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States, and she it was who won the distinction of having been the only woman who ever ran for President. Twice was she nominated for the Presidency on the "equal rights" ticket, once in 1884 and once in 1888. "Belva Ann Lockwood, Barrister at Law," reads the sign that appears above the door of her office in Washington.

After a spirited controversy about the admission of women to the bar, she

was admitted to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in 1873. She at once entered into active practice of her profession, which she still continues after over 30 years of successful work. She progressed through the Court of Claims, her admission to each court being bitterly opposed because she was a woman, until she made application for admission to the Supreme Court of the United States.

After a close and bitter fight she was admitted to the court, but her admission was almost directly repealed, because no English precedent for the admission of women to the bar could be found. In vain did she plead that Queens Eleanor and Elizabeth had both been chancellor of the realm and that at the assizes of Appleby, Ann, Countess of Pembroke, sat with the judges on the bench. She was admitted, but at that time in spite of all her eloquence.

Nothing daunted, she drafted a bill admitting women to the bar of the Supreme Court and presented it to the house of Congress. After three years of effort she aroused influence and sympathy enough to secure its passage in both houses. So on March 3, 1875, her efforts were rewarded and she was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court on the motion of A. G. Riddle. Of that court she still remains a member in good standing.

Mrs. Lockwood is well known in the newspaper field and on the lecture platform. She is now president of the National League of Women and an officer in the National Woman's Suffrage Society. She organized the International Peace Bureau of the city of Washington, D. C., in 1890, and has been its leader ever since.

Other Successful Women.

Mrs. John A. Logan, wife of the war hero, is another grand old woman doing a man's work. She built and founded Garfield Hospital in Washington, which has the largest endowment fund of any hospital in the United States. This Mrs. Logan accomplished through her business skill, working at the plan early and late and never ceasing until the most insignificant detail was safely placed and arranged. Mrs. Logan is also the editor of a woman's magazine having a circulation of over 2,000,000 subscribers. Besides these activities she has found time to be a social leader of Washington and takes an intense interest in public affairs. Mrs. Logan followed her soldier husband to the camp fire, watching with glowing pride his successful career until he was made a general.

One of the most loyal women of the nation is Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, founder of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Lockwood has written many interesting books on historical spots in this country and many children's stories. Mrs. Lockwood is a historian of merit, and it is conceded that her history of the United States is one of the most accurate ever written. Late Summer Mrs. Lockwood spent traveling in Europe, and is writing a series of travel talks soon to be published in a leading magazine.

Mrs. Le Salle C. Pickett, widow of the Confederate General George Pickett, is well known throughout the country as a lecturer on the Civil War and of the South in general. Mrs. Pickett was married to the General when she was quite a girl and is now but 60 years of age. Her forceful lectures are interesting, and many good judges consider her the foremost woman lecturer in the world. Mrs. Pickett shines brightly as a writer, and her books on Virginia life and stories of the Civil War are household books in the South. So might the reduction of the successes of the women of today be multiplied without end with never a touch upon those particular realms of endeavor, the stage and the story, where women have long taken her place beside man. But such are the proofs positive of woman's ability to compete with man. It is not shown that she has any untoward desire to demonstrate this ability, for the majority of her are entirely content with the administration of the home. But she holds that she has shown her capacity if the necessity arises and she gives warning. Mere man is advised to exercise caution as to over assertiveness.

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Women Mixes With The Funny Men.

SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JESTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.

Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

WHEN LOVE WAS YOUNG.

The man's mother had given the man's wife a love letter which she found hidden away in a mass of old papers, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It had been written to the man when he was a boy and the writer was his sweetheart, aged 15.

"The man's mother laughed when she handed it to the man's wife, and the man's wife laughed when she handed it to the man.

But the man did not laugh.

"Aha," said the wife, in her merry way, "see how the past rises up against you."

The man took the letter and slowly unfolded it and softly read it aloud:

"Dearest boy," he read, "I'm afraid you are mad at me because I walked with Johnnie Nicholson yesterday to school, but it wasn't my fault at all. You know I love you, dearest boy, a thousand million times more than I could ever love Johnnie, and when you look cross at me it breaks my heart. Ain't you going to take me to the school picnic Saturday—'cause if you don't I can't go. I cried when I wrote this—'cause why it's spotted. Don't make me cry any more, dearest boy."

The man looked at the letter for some time. His gaze softened and he sighed.

"That was the real thing," he murmured, and he carefully refolded the letter and turned away.

And then the man's wife was sorry she had given the letter to the man.

WHERE HE PUT HIS SAVINGS

As the new district visitor looked at Mr. Leashy and noted his determined chin, she had a momentary sensation of reluctance to question him, but she overcame it and began her appointed task, says the Youth's Companion.

"Where do you deposit your wages, Mr. Leashy, if you've no objection to telling me?" she asked. "I am trying

to interest the neighborhood in the excellent People's Bank, lately started."

"Sure, I'd as soon tell you as not," said Mr. Leashy, cheerfully.

"Tis tin dollars a week I earn. When I've paid the rent, the provision and grocery bills, and the milkman, an' bought what's needed for Celia an' me an' the five children, I deposit the rest of the money in barr'ls, ma'am."

"I use sugar barr'ls, ma'am. They're a bit larger, an' so holds more. But when I can't get 'em I make shift with plain flour barr'ls."

HOW FATHER TOOK IT.

He came down the garden path a sad, sorrowful figure. She watched him with anxious eyes, says London Answers.

"How did father take it?" she asked.

"He took it well," replied the young man.

"Oh, I'm so glad, George!" she cried, pressing her hands together.

"Are you?" replied George, flopping forcibly by her side. "Well, I can't say sugar, dear. I am sure your father wouldn't listen to me."

"Why didn't you tell him that you had \$2500 in the bank, as I told you to?"

"I did, after all else had failed," answered George dejectedly.

"And what did he do then?"

"He roared like a young man, passing his hand wearily through his hair. 'He borrowed it!'

Profanity in the Navy.

popular Magazine.

A tall, thin man stood on the deck of a battleship, and watched the target practice just outside of the mouth of Chesapeake Bay one morning last April. Near the tall man, who was dressed in civilian clothes, stood a young ensign in natty uniform, his chest stuck into the foreground like that of a pouter pigeon. Ensigns, as a

rule, feel indescribable contempt for civilians, civilian clothes, and civilian brains.

There was the heavy boom of a discharge from one of the other battleships, and a shell, going wide of the target, kicked up a cloud of foam far out to sea.

"That shell," remarked the civilian, "fell far to the left."

"The hell it did!" contradicted the ensign, and continued to gaze toward the horizon.

The tall, thin man regarded his companion in silent amusement for a few moments, and then remarked:

"I suppose I'd better introduce myself. I'm the Secretary of the Navy."

Whereupon the ensign remembered the naval regulations against profanity, let his chest cave in like a saucer, and lost his appetite for three days.

HIS POLITICAL GRATITUDE.

Popular Magazine.

Whenever the political complexion of the House of Representatives changes, the winning party proceeds to fire out of office all the employees on the House side of the Capitol, and to give the vacant places to the new members' henchmen.

At the convening of the new Congress last April, Alexander McDowell, who had been clerk of the Republican House, made this farewell address to the opening session:

"I wish to thank the members of the Sixty-first Congress who have skinned through, and been returned to the Sixty-second, for their unfailing kindness to me. To this new House, I merely want to say that I thank them in advance for what they are about to do to me."

Whereupon, he retired to the desuetude and calm of private life.

REFUSES TO REPEAT.

London Throne.

Bill, the scene shifter, much against his will, has been "sent on" in an emergency as the Duke's servant, with one line to speak.

Bill—Yer grace, his 'ighness is with me. To this new House, I merely want to say that I thank them in advance for what they are about to do to me."

The Duke—What say'st thou, knave? Bill (greatly annoyed)—"You 'eard."

Quips and Flings

"I want to do something that will cause me to be talked about," said the ambitious man.

"That's easily arranged," answered the cynic, "get married to a poor neighborhood."—Washington Star.

Major Gore—The Cuneil, I am sorry to hear of your ever knowing when he has had enough.

Judge Regad—No, aah. When the Cuneil has had enough he doesn't know anything.—Puck.

Her Dad—No, sir; I won't have my daughter tied for life to a stupid fool.

Her Suitor—Then don't you think you'd better let me take her off your hands?—Pathfinder.

Frost—They say Brown's income is \$5000 a year.

Snow—Yes, and \$6000 of it goes for living expenses every 12 months.—Harper's Bazar.

Wigg—Henpecke has bought a motorboat and named it after his wife.

Wagg—Can't manage it, eh?—Philadelphia Record.

"You are false!" he blazed. "You are the artificial product of the artificial age. Even your figure is not your own."

"I am!" she cried, triumphantly. "I paid the last installment on it, this morning."

He slunk away.—Toledo Blade.

Traveling Man—Much of a house at Podunk?

Hamfatter—Very small.

Traveling Man—Much applause?

Hamfatter—Well, a dog in the center aisle wagged his tail.—Chicago News.

"I wish I knew of some way to make religion more attractive to the masses."

"Why not have a description of heaven written by one of these men who write descriptions of Summer re-

sorts for 'the railroads'?—Houston Post.

"I've got great news for you," cried Jack excitedly.

"What is it?" asked his cousin Jennie.

"I'm going to marry May Prettyman!"

"Pshaw! that's not news. She asked me a month ago if I'd be her bridesmaid."—Catholic Standard.

"Help! Help! I'm drowning!" cried the young woman at the seashore.

"We're all married men here!" shouted one of the crowd on the beach.

"Never mind, then," replied the young woman. "I'll get to shore myself."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Nagg—Who was it that said, "I thank God I am not as other men?"

Mr. Nagg—Some bachelor.—Lippincott.

"Your wife never sings any more. Did she lose her voice?"—Toledo Blade.

Mrs. Chinanon—Tell Marie I want her to come up and take my hair down.

Rose (the new maid)—Can't I take it down to her, ma'am?—Christian Intelligence.

She—What is the greatest punishment a man can receive for bigamy?

He—Two mothers-in-law, my dear.—Variety Life.

Knicker—My wife is always praising the man she rejected for me.

Bocker—Never mind; she will praise you to her second husband.—New York Sun.

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

THE BETROTHAL—AFTERWARDS

Bring down the old cigar box, not for a Cuba rare, But since, to remember Maggie, I keep all her letters there.

Letters that say she loved me, postscripts that never fail To limit my joy in smoking, and ask me if I inhale.

Then came the ultimatum; she's to have no smoke in her frocks; So I write her a sweet dismissal, and ordered another box.

"A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." I write, and the Fates were laughing at thought of their little joke.

For I had been Priest of Partagas a matter of seven years, And now I am out of the priesthood, and only a simple peer.

'Twas scarcely a short month after, And Maggie has wed another, and I am the Duke of Geese.

So take up the old cigar box, and put it back on the shelf, For women have changed their manners, and Maggie now smokes herself.

—Harold E. Porter, in Life.

A MORTGAGE ON THE HOUSE.

VanAlen in his racing car is very hard to beat; The car is French, a most expensive kind. And so, although the creditor be fleetest of the fleet, VanAlen always leaves him far behind.

The sports' exhilarating; how the blood leaps through one's veins When life is merely one long speed-carous.

The cost? That's hardly reckoned; but VanAlen, just a second Remember there's a mortgage on the house!

VanAlen's wife is silent on her husband's law suit; The groovy man has asked her to remit; The home is growing shabby, but of course Johnnie's health is bad; It's best this he should recreate a bit. Then three speeds on, Van Alen, leave carking care behind To wrestle with an anxious little spouse.

With white roads stretched before you be it far from us to bore you By recalling there's a mortgage on the house.

VanAlen lives next door to Smith, a rather prosy sort; Makes garden suits the grass, that kind of thing; Smith wishes ever and anon he, too, could be a sport—

But house received a coat of paint last Spring, and Van Alen, who cares for plain living when one can make a splurge? To blaze with expenses, let's arouse Our neighborhood. What a paltry compensation To feel that they've no mortgage on the house.

Then crank 'er up, Van Alen, for the roads are beckoning. The powerful engine wakens at your touch. On such a day, with such a car, why count the reckoning? Why think of bills and creditors and such?

You're only one of many speeding down the primrose path A trifle faster than the law allows; So let the good wife worry, you're a young man in a hurry.

And a young man with a mortgage on the house! —Arthur D. Pratt in Puck.