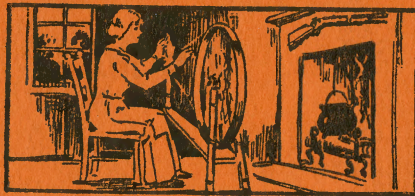


The
Romantic Story
of
Georgia's Women



By

REBECCA LATIMER FELTON

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Georgia's Women

BY
REBECCA LATIMER FELTON
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THE HON. REBECCA LATIMER FELTON

FOREWORD

MRS. REBECCA LATIMER FELTON, the first woman to sit in the United States Senate, tells here the romantic story of Georgia's women—their place in the colorful history of the state.

Her absorbing narrative ran serially in *The Atlanta Georgian-American*.

Mrs. Felton, at the age of 94, retains, in full measure, a remarkable memory of people and events dating back to the early decades of the last century.

Her life has been extraordinary, and she has observed keenly and shrewdly throughout its long span.

She grew up on an ante-bellum plantation in North Georgia, not far from Atlanta. She went through the terrible days of the War Between the States and the trying period of Reconstruction.

In later years she was a pioneer in the work of women's organizations.

She was in Washington for years as secretary to her husband, the late Dr. William H. Felton, who was a member of Congress.

Then, in 1922, Mrs. Felton was given an interim appointment by Governor Hardwick as United States Senator.

Mrs. Felton occupied executive positions at three world's fairs.

In the restful seclusion of her home at Cartersville, Ga., she still keeps up with public affairs, commenting with pungent philosophy on the trends of the times.

Background

CHAPTER I.

MY memory goes back nearly a century. But a generation or two back of me stretch the Colonial days of Georgia—shadowy times, glamorous with distance.

I have heard from the lips of my grandmother and from other people who were old when I was a girl, many episodes that occurred in the closing years of the Eighteenth Century and the early years of the Nineteenth.

It gives me a strange feeling, as if I had stepped into three centuries in my own lifetime.

To have lived 94 years, and to be blessed with the capacity to remember them and talk of them, is not a usual thing.

And I realize what a blessing it has been to live through such a kaleidoscopic tempestuous, ever-changing and altogether remarkable 94 years in history.

Customs, eras, epochs have crashed about me again and again. New faces, new ideas, new inventions have appeared as often on the horizon.

It has been bewildering, and yet I think it has given me a zest for life that has kept me from surrendering to age and dropping out of the picture long ago.

I have seen this part of Georgia change from a region of plantations and towering forests into a land roaring with commerce and industry. I have seen Atlanta grow from a wilderness into one of the great cities of the country.

Many and extraordinary have been the changes throughout Georgia and throughout the world in these years.

Yet it is doubtful whether there has been anything more remarkable than the changes that have

affected women. Their place in the community life, their work, their customs, their whole point of view, have been turned upside down within my memory.

They have emerged from a subdued background to a place in the sun.

I grew up on an ante-bellum plantation—in an era when women were only homemakers, when any active part in the world of men and their affairs would have been considered immodest—and lived to become an active suffragist.

More, I lived to see suffrage an accomplished fact—to see women working side by side with men in the political, business and professional phases of the communal life.

I have lived in Georgia all my life, and I know something of the part women have played in the remarkable development of the Empire State of the South. It is a romantic story, as varied in its details as the two centuries it covers.

It is an inspiring phase of Georgia history—a narrative replete with devotion, heroism, self-sacrifice and patient work for the upbuilding of a great civilization.

The story goes back to those pioneer women who endured the privations of a primitive life that future generations might live in comfort and freedom.

It tells of the heroic women who faced unflinchingly the men-

ace of the Indians and the perils of the wilderness.

And the conduct of our women through the two wars that raged about their hearthstones.

And then the beginning of their concerted effort to improve their lot, to lay the foundations for better homes and better communities in the future.

Our narrative will lead us to their accomplishments in literature, art and the drama.

It is a story that should inspire the girls of today to become better wives and mothers, thinking back on the sacrifices, ideals and dreams of those who lived before them.

The knowledge that other women have succeeded should help those of the new generation who aspire to careers in politics, business, a profession or an art.

Georgia, is a great common-

wealth, which has risen on a steady tide of progress. Its resources are enormous, its future resplendent.

I am proud to think of the important part women have taken in the making of this prosperous and happy state—a role that will grow in importance as the years go on.

I have never attempted to make a detailed study of women in the history of Georgia. Yet I have observed much in my long lifetime, and read more.

You request me for my observations and impressions. I shall give them, not setting them out as exhaustive or definitive, but simply as a picture of Georgia womankind through the years—typical if not complete.

To begin at the beginning it is necessary for us to go back to James Edward Oglethorpe and the year 1732, when he set sail to found the colony of Georgia.

Beginnings

CHAPTER II.

THE ship on which Oglethorpe set sail from England on November 17, 1732, to found the Colony of Georgia bore the name of a woman—Anne, after a princess in the royal family.

There were 35 families aboard—totaling 135 persons.

One may well imagine the anxiety of the women.

They were going, with their children, into the unknown.

They had set out to conquer a wilderness full of perils. Hostile Indians lurked there. The grim forces of nature were arrayed against them.

Yet they did not hesitate. They went about their duties with the quiet courage that pioneer women always have displayed.

They awaited their fate calmly, confident that their prayers for safety would be answered.

The story of how James Edward Oglethorpe conceived the idea of founding a colony in the New World for some of the wretched men whom England had imprisoned for debt is well known. The lucky few who were chosen for this first expedition doubtless were so glad to escape from their plight at home that they gave little thought to the dangers ahead.

The voyage was long—two months and seven days—hard for the women and children.

At last January 13, 1733, Charleston was sighted.

How Oglethorpe left his colonists to rest at Beaufort-town and himself pushed on with a few friends in an Indian canoe is familiar to students of Georgia history. He selected a site at the mouth of the Savannah River, and the colony was established.

It is not recorded, so far as I know, that Lady Oglethorpe ever visited the colony founded by her philanthropic husband. Indeed, they were not married until Oglethorpe was 53—about the time that he returned to England never to revisit Georgia. Yet, no doubt, in the many years that they were to have together, they often discussed his experiment across the sea. The portrait of Lady Oglethorpe which hangs in the library of Oglethorpe University today reveals a young woman of rare charm.

One of the first women connected with the colony to gain the attention of future historians was not an Englishwoman, but a Creek Indian—Mary Musgrove.

She first appears at the very moment Oglethorpe was founding his colony.

Winding in and out among the small islands at the mouth of the Savannah, he paddled to a high bluff, 18 miles from the ocean. There he discovered a village of Yamacraw Indians.

The old chief, Tomochichi, was inclined to distrust the white invaders. But Oglethorpe found a Creek woman who could speak English, and she acted as interpreter. The interpreter was Mary Musgrove.

She conveyed to Chief Tomochichi that the white men were friendly and only wanted a place to settle. Oglethorpe's little group

then was welcomed and promised the chief's protection. On February 12 the rest of the colonists arrived at Yamacraw Bluff and began cutting down trees, building cabins and laying out the city of Savannah.

Mary often acted as interpreter after that. She had a most interesting and romantic career.

Years after the colony was established, she married the Rev. Thomas Bosomworth, one of the ministers sent out from England. She had been very friendly to the white people, but Bosomworth persuaded her to present a bill against the colony for 5,000 pounds for her services and for damages to the property of her first husband, an Indian.

It is recorded that when Mary was sober, she refused to listen to Bosomworth, but when she was full of rum, she thought it was a fine idea. Evidently the rum was plentiful, for she followed out the scheme.

Under his advice, she proclaimed herself Empress of the Creek Nation and demanded a tract of land opposite Savannah and three islands on the coast—St. Catherine's, Ossabaw and Sapelo. This was in 1749. Oglethorpe had returned to England, and William Stephens was president of Georgia. He refused to recognize Mary's claims.

She appealed to the Indians. Gathering a large force, she marched them to Savannah and repeated her demands. The Rev. Bosomworth, clad in his white robes as a priest of the Church of England, stood at her side. The Creeks behind her were in full war paint.

Naturally, the people of the colony were alarmed. But President Stephens called out his soldiers and ordered the Indians to lay down their arms before entering the town. His bluff worked. They marched into Savannah unarmed.

Mary and her husband immediately were separated from them and locked up. The president then made a friendly talk to the Indians. He convinced them that Mary was no Empress and that the islands she claimed really belonged to the Creek Nation.

They were satisfied. The usual presents were distributed, and the Indians dispersed.

But Mary Musgrove was not through. She and Bosomworth, released, embarked for England, where they prosecuted their claims before the Trustees of Georgia and the King. The case was carried into court and lingered for years as a "cause celebre." It is known today in legal annals as the "Bosomworth claim."

Mary won out, at least partially. She was awarded nearly 2,000 pounds for damages to her property and for her services to the colony. And she was given St. Catherine's Island.

She and Bosomworth returned to the Georgia coast and took up residence on their island.

Their graves may be seen there today, side by side, on the seashore.

Mary was a harum-scarum sort. Nevertheless, I think she had in her the making of a great woman. She had force and ability, and she became one of the outstanding figures of her time.

Nancy Hart

CHAPTER III.

MANY were the brave and consecrated women who helped General Oglethorpe and his successors build up the Colony of Georgia.

Many there were whose names deserve a place on the scroll of history.

Yet, because they were quiet and self-effacing and kept themselves in the background, as women generally have, most of them have been forgotten as individuals.

They linger in memory as a class of wives and mothers who bore hardships patiently, faced danger unflinching, and worked incessantly, with the crude implements at hand.

Theirs is a vital duty in any new civilization. They must labor to make such homes for their men as they may, and they must rear the next generation.

The colony of Georgia was little more than 40 years old when the Revolutionary War burst over the land.

The new state of Georgia had been established on April 15, 1776, and together with the other 12 states, it signed the Declaration of Independence. Georgians were as hotly patriotic as any of the other former colonists, and the women rallied to the support of their men, ready to wield a musket if necessary.

The classic example of the attitude of Georgia women is the story of Nancy Hart.

Things were in a bad way in Georgia at the time she came into the picture, but the fires of patriotism burned as fiercely as ever. The British held most of the settled portions of the state, but

they were being pressed hotly at Augusta and Savannah.

Nancy Hart lived on the frontier. She was described as tall, strong, fiery tempered and cross-eyed. She hated Tories.

A party of Tories called at her cabin one morning and coolly ordered breakfast. Nancy pretended to serve them. She prepared a meal, spread it before them and invited them to eat.

Stacking their arms in a corner, they sat down. In an instant Nancy was beside the muskets and had leveled one of them at the British soldiers. She called one of her children.

"Go," she directed, "and tell the Whigs that I have taken six base Tories."

A historian says of the trapped Tories:

"All were terror-stricken, for each thought from her cross-eyes that he was the one she was looking at."

One of the men started to spring at her. Nancy fired, and he fell dead.

She seized another of the loaded muskets and held the others back until a party of patriots arrived, among them her husband.

Nancy suggested that shooting was too good for these Tories, and so they were taken out and hanged.

Numerous other episodes are told of Nancy Hart.

She could handle a gun with the best marksmen of her time.

She once defended a fort filled with women and children, while the men of the neighborhood were chasing Indians and catching up with Tories.

She discovered a craven fellow hiding in the fort, and she brought him out and placed him behind a cannon and made him obey her orders, with the alternative of being shot as a slacker.

Nancy made her mark in brave, bold, strong lines. A critic remarks that she was "a honey of a patriot, but a devil of a wife."

Nevertheless, she reared a large family. The Harts moved westward when game became scarce in the rich bottom lands of the Savannah River.

Nancy is the only Georgia woman to have a county named after her. Hart County honors her memory. It should have been called Nancy Hart.

The place where her cabin stood is a historic shrine in Hart County today.

There were many women of Nancy's type in those days. They kept the homes going while the men were away fighting. They stood ready to seize guns for defense whenever necessary.

The women of the frontier, who, like Nancy Hart, lived beyond the comforts of the coast cities, had an existence that would seem mighty hard to a modern woman. Yet perhaps, with all their hazards and hardships, the women of early days were as happy. Who knows? Life was less complicated then.

However they felt, they carried

on, to the glory and advancement of Georgia.

The typical frontier home had but one room. There were no lamps and candles were scarce. Both light and heat often were derived from blazing pine knots in the fireplace.

The boys of the family often would work all day in the fields or woods, and then at night, under their mother's tutelage, lie down in front of the fire and learn to read and write. Many of these boys became distinguished men.

The frontier women cooked at the open fireplace and made cloth from spinning wheels and looms.

During the Revolutionary War the women of Augusta and Savannah had to endure enemy occupation for long periods.

When the Tories captured Augusta in the spring of 1779, Colonel Grierson, placed in command of the city, had the opportunity to avenge himself for a tarring and feathering he once had received at the hands of a Whig mob. He seized the property of all Republicans and sent their families into exile beyond the boundaries of Georgia into South Carolina.

Georgia escaped invasion during the War of 1812, but that war brought Indian troubles more menacing to the women and children. There were several massacres, and bloody battles were fought with the militias of several states.

The danger of Indians remained acute in the outlying regions for many years afterward.

And that reminds me of some episodes in my own family, which I shall relate presently.

Indian Perils

CHAPTER IV.

I WAS born in DeKalb County, June 10, 1835, and among my earliest recollections were the Indians who then lived in the forests that encircled our plantation.

We children were very much afraid of them, and the negroes in the slave quarter stood in particular terror of these painted savages, who, for the most part, were friendly.

The Indians, I remember, clung to the tangled woods. When they moved about, they would not use the wagon roads, but slipped through the wilds.

I was but a wee girl when they were driven out of North Georgia, and I remember their Westward migration.

It was pitiful—to see them sent into exile from the forests their ancestors had lived in for centuries. They trekked Westward—pawns in the hands of destiny.

We all know, from our history books, of the dangers from Indians and other wilderness perils that the pioneer women faced, in Georgia and in the other states which hardy souls settled. These were heroic women. They never knew when the dread war cry of the painted braves would sound, and a horrible horde would swoop down on them.

Many a woman manned a rifle-hole in a barricaded cabin and fired alongside her husband at the terrifying assailants, while the children cringed helplessly in a corner.

I was deeply impressed, as a little girl, by a story of an Indian massacre which my mother told me.

My grandfather lived in Morgan County, Georgia, which was not a border county. Among his neighbors was a family by the name of Brantly. Within a few miles of

the Brantlys was a large settlement of white people who owned farms, some living on land inherited from their parents.

This section of the state had not been molested for many years, and the people felt secure. But one day, in the year 1813, Mr. Brantly was plowing a field. His wife, with a servant woman, was washing at a spring branch.

Without warning, the Indians swept across the place. They killed and tomahawked everyone on it. No one escaped.

When the alarm was given, my Grandfather Swift, then a comparatively young man, saddled a horse, helped my grandmother into the saddle and lifted up beside them my small uncle, William, and the 3-month-old baby, my own mother.

Armed with a musket, he walked the horse to my great-grandfather's place. There he left them, and joined neighboring men, who had agreed to pursue the Indians. They tracked the murderous band, night and day, but never caught up with them.

Then there was the tragic story of my mother's aunt, born a Talbot. She and her husband and two children and a slave woman went to Texas in the early days. It was truly a Wild West in those times. They made the perilous journey from Georgia successfully, and chose a spot for their home. Clear-

ing some land, they built a house.

The little family was at supper one night. The 4-year-old boy sat in his high chair and the year-old baby girl was perched in hers. She clutched a home-made doll.

The door crashed in, and Mexican Indians burst on them. The Indians killed and scalped the husband and the wife and the little boy. They took the baby girl and the colored nurse away with them.

By some means, the family in Georgia learned of the tragedy. They learned also that they could ransom the little girl by paying the Indians a sum. Yet she was 12 years old before her mother's brother got track of her. At last they made the long journey by horseback to a designated spot in Texas.

They found the child, still in care of the servant, who had allied herself with the natives. The ransom was paid.

The girl was mounted on a Mexican pony, the colored woman on another pony, and the long return trip to Georgia was started.

On the second day, the servant woman lagged behind. Before the uncles knew what was happening, she had whipped up both ponies and escaped. Another long parley was necessary, and more money had to be paid the Indians before they would surrender the child again.

This time the colored woman was left behind. The hard, hazardous ride to Georgia was made.

The little girl brought her doll with her. It was the only memory that remained of her parents and little brother.

After the primitive life into which she had been thrust in infancy, she could not adapt herself

to the ways of her kindred. She died early.

That girl was my mother's first cousin, and in childhood I found myself often pondering over what had happened to her in that wild frontier.

North Georgia was just emerging from such perils when I was a girl. I was only three years old when the Cherokees were driven out of the state. And yet I can remember it distinctly.

There were many Indian depredations in the early days, and yet I have a deep sympathy for these harrassed people. They were driven from the forests and streams they had hunted over for centuries. They fought the white man as they had been taught to fight.

The Georgia Indians were started on a migration to the Indian Territory in 1838. It is reported that out of the 14,000 who began the march, 4,000 died on the way. It took them five months to make the journey of some 700 miles. They had to fight off hostile tribes.

Forty years ago, in Washington, I met Elias Boudinot, direct descendant of the Cherokee chief. Elias Boudinot, who was assassinated on the migration from Georgia. I talked to him about his ancestor and the early Cherokees.

My grandmother and others of the older generation told me, in my childhood, many thrilling episodes of the pioneer day, when the settlers of Georgia were pushing their frontier ever northward, toward the Blue Ridge and westward toward the Mississippi.

All honor to the heroic women who shared with their menfolk the perils of those times!

A Golden Era

CHAPTER V.

THE life of a woman on a Georgia plantation toward the middle of the last century had much of tranquil charm about it.

It was, of course, a restricted life.

It was unheard of in those days for a woman to go into a business or profession or to dabble in politics.

Such harsh pursuits were for men alone.

Georgia was largely rural then—there were no big cities—and a woman's place as the presiding genius of a plantation was quite as important, in its way, as the more dominant role of her husband.

Hospitality was boundless. It was nothing for friends to stop casually and stay two or three weeks. The latch-string always was handy. The stranger passing through was welcomed and urged to stay several days if he could.

The more prosperous plantations were like feudal estates. Food was dispensed lavishly and in endless variety.

Social gatherings were frequent and elaborate.

The matron of those times was much occupied with directing the household and looking after the children. Yet she usually found time for one or more artistic pursuits. Many of these women were highly accomplished. Most of them were musical, and often they painted and wrote charmingly.

It was a life of culture. The women were well educated.

Yet books, especially novels, were scarce, and when one appeared it was seized on avidly. There was no railroad, in my girlhood, and it was hard to get such articles. I remember reading

eagerly the early novels of the Georgia writer, Augusta Evans Wilson, the author of "St. Elmo."

My earliest recollections cluster around my maternal grandmother, Mrs. Lucy Talbot Swift. I was often at her home, which she inherited from her father. As a young child I took note of her methods of housekeeping, and admired her abounding hospitality.

She was the mother of 11 children. All but two lived to reach maturity. It was a splendid example of a Southern planter's family in ante-bellum times.

Grandfather had a plantation, a grain mill and a sawmill.

I used to trot around after my grandmother, following her from the house to the garden, and then to the dairy, the poultry house, the loom house, and the big meat house, where rations were issued once a day. There were always more than enough supplies for the family and the negroes.

There were no mattresses in those days, and the women made "bed-ticks" out of goose feathers. Quilt-making went on all the time, winter and summer. My mother made with her own fingers 50 fine quilts the first 10 years of her married life.

Our home was a regular stopping place for travelers driving between Savannah and the South and Nashville and the North. Extra beds were needed for these

guests, who often were detained overnight.

There were stage coaches passing over this region, but they charged 10 cents a mile, and to avoid this heavy expense most of the people traveled in carriages, carts or gigs, or rode horseback. There was no railroad in Georgia.

Mules, horses and hogs were driven in from Kentucky and Tennessee to the markets in South-eastern Georgia.

When my grandmother began housekeeping, wool and flax were used for clothing. It was prepared on spinning wheels and homemade looms.

Silk dresses were scarce, to be worn only on great occasions, such as weddings.

A "leghorn bonnet" would last a woman a lifetime.

Kid slippers were the fashionable footwear.

The shoe problem was a serious one in those days. "Store shoes" were seen rarely. The planters used to tan hides in dugout troughs, stretch, dress and dry them at home. An itinerant shoemaker would make his rounds occasionally. One pair of shoes a year was considered a liberal provision for adults. The children used to go barefooted most of the time.

I well remember the thrill I got the first time the family shoemaker measured me for a pair. I stood on a white pine board while he marked the outline of my feet with a big horn-handled knife. And when the new shoes arrived I triumphantly cast aside my red Morocco baby shoes.

The country child of that period went to school in a log cabin and

wore coarse, homemade clothes, spun and woven in looms.

The same slow process was used to make towels, tablecloths and shirts, even in the "best-fixed" families. Men's clothing also was woven at home. The wool for their coats and pants was grown on the plantations. The cockleburrs were picked out of it by hand, and then it was spun and woven just as cotton and flax were fashioned. The women knitted their men's socks out of woolen thread. The men generally went sockless in summer.

Grandfather Swift had a blue camlet cloak with a cape on it. It was a family treasure. Grandmother owned a woolen shawl, made up North. Womenfolk of the neighborhood used to borrow it when they had to go on a journey.

The homespun clothes were rough, but warm, and wore well. Homemade sun-bonnets were worn a great deal.

A pretty white complexion was considered a necessity. And the women, as busy as they were, took fine care of their skin. They wore gloves when washing dishes or clothes.

The belles of Ante-Bellum Georgia had beautiful complexions. They laced very tightly. It was fashionable to faint on occasions.

Weddings were sumptuous affairs. Often they were preceded by several days of festivity. "In-fairs" were popular. This meant that the wedding spreads were transferred to the bridegroom's home. Everything possible to eat and drink was arranged in bountiful and tempting array.

Ah, but those were brave days!

Ante-Bellum Women

CHAPTER VI.

NEARLY every woman rode horseback in the country life of Georgia before the war.

I began to ride when I was six years old, and rode horses until I was 70. It was a thrilling day of my childhood when my father decided he could trust me alone on my pony and dropped the bridle into my hands.

The women used to wear home-woven riding skirts, with belts, but open to the hem.

The young people often had riding parties. In some old books that I read with delight in the long ago, it was told how the young swain would hold out his hand, the beautiful girl would place her left foot in it, and he would swing her up to the saddle with his strength and skill. But that was not the custom in Georgia. More in accord with the modesty of the girls and the timidity of the boys, there were horse-blocks at home, at church and at the country stores to mount from.

In the DeKalb County of 75 years ago we had singing schools. As soon as I was old enough to ride, I trotted away to meet other youngsters at the Macedonia meeting house, where the whole neighborhood used to meet for educational instruction. The program always closed with a singing bee. We used to ride along leafy roads that crept through giant forests, crossing clear branches.

The popular conception of life on an old Southern plantation as depicted in stories and in the movies, shows the owner seated on the veranda languidly sipping a julip, and his wife, nearby, fanning herself daintily, with a host of servants hovering about solicitously.

That's far from the picture I remember. Plantation owners used

to work hard. The men rode about supervising everything, and the women had innumerable duties to occupy them—so many that I don't see how they ever got through.

My grandmother used to make her own starch, sometimes from whole wheat, oftener from wheat bran. Her seven girls, big and little, delighted in dainty white muslin frocks, and laundry work for a family of 13 was going on all the time. Domestic soap was made out of meat scraps and bones, cooked with lye and drained in ash-hoppers.

The Georgia planters of that day raised everything required for human comfort except iron, sugar and coffee. Coffee was scarce and high—sometimes a luxury for a Sunday morning. Brown sugar generally was used, although sometimes fine loaf sugar was brought in from the north.

My grandmother's home was a two-story frame building, with a brick basement, which was largely above ground. There were three spacious rooms in this basement, the largest used for a dining room. There was a loom room, and the family loom was kept going from Monday morning until Saturday night. The third basement room was the kitchen, with its wide

hearth and cranes in the chimney for hanging pots and kettles.

I never saw a cook stove until I was grown. Nor did I see a sewing machine until I was 21.

My grandmother used to place her easy chair where she could supervise the cooking and sewing. She directed the colored women and helped them with their work. The slave families, as well as the white people, were clothed from that busy loom room.

Her daughters were taught to spin and weave and knit and sew and cook and manage the dairy and to know the other activities of a plantation.

My father had a country store, where he sold pins and needles, lute string ribbon and pronella shoes, black molasses and kit mackerel.

A thrilling episode in my childhood was the time my Uncle John returned from Charleston with a wax doll for me. I had never played with anything but rag dolls, and I thought I had never seen such a beautiful creation. I was 4 years old. I wouldn't let the doll out of my sight, and I slept with it. But, alas, once I placed it too close to a roaring log fire and the heat melted its head! That, indeed, was a tragedy.

The social gatherings were delightful. The people were very neighborly, whether they lived acres or miles apart, and a festivity or a bereavement drew them together to celebrate or sympathize. Large families were the rule in those days.

When my mother was a small girl, she became expert with a needle, and she remembered going with grandmother to Governor Wilson Lumpkin's home to a "family sewing." She sat in a

high chair and "backstitched" a pair of men's breeches. Marthasville, an early appellation for Atlanta, was named in honor of a daughter of Governor Lumpkin.

Special church meetings and like occasions always drew crowds of visitors to our plantation. Then there were the wedding feasts and the corn shuckings.

The corn shuckings were festive times. The ripened corn would be hauled to the barn lot and heaped on the ground outside the crib. The farmers from all around came with their negro help. The women prepared a tremendous supper. The corn was shucked during the night. The fiddlers struck up their rollicking melodies, and everybody had a big time.

Then there were the quilting bees. The women vied in serving as hostesses for these affairs. The guests would arrive in the morning, each with a thimble and probably a needle or two—needles were scarce and high. Around midday the husbands would begin to drop in. After a little, there would be one of those huge dinners, with everything imaginable to eat. Then the farmers would return to their fields and the women would finish their quilting.

I don't believe any people ever were better fed than Georgia planters in ante-bellum days. And it was all due to their industry and thrift. There was home-grown wheat, home-raised meats, home-pressed lard, poultry, fresh eggs and milk in abundance, fruits, vegetables—everything the palate could crave—all produced on one's own place.

Later came the railroads and the growth of towns and a gradual change in conditions.

The Railroad

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN I was a small girl, and first began to take notice of things, the site of Atlanta was a rugged wilderness, and the Cherokee Indians were just being driven out of Georgia.

My father's plantation was 20 miles from Covington and 10 miles from Decatur, on the main highway between Nashville, Tenn., and Augusta, and the stage coaches passed our place regularly.

There was great excitement when the first railroad was started up from Augusta. The Legislature authorized construction of another railroad to the Tennessee line, and it was to connect with the first line at Terminus, later Marthasville, still later Atlanta—the strategic spot which an engineer's transit destined for the greatest city in the state.

When the state railroad had laid rails from Marthasville to Marietta, it was necessary to haul the engine, freight car and passenger coach from Madison by mules. This wonderful new equipment was halted in the big road in front of my home, and I trotted out to see it—a marveling little girl of 7. That was in 1842.

The opening of the state road was celebrated by an excursion from Marthasville to Marietta. My parents were invited, and I was taken along. Every detail of that journey in the long ago still is etched in my memory. I seemed to realize that it was an epochal occasion—that ride on the first train to leave the future metropolis of Atlanta.

The city-to-be then had one building—the rough plank depot, with a shed room, where a fire burned brightly and all sorts of good liquor could be bought.

It was a wintry day. My parents took me to Thompson's Hotel in Decatur, where the excursionists assembled for a fine dinner. We drove in our barouche the six miles to Marthasville, and had as our guest, Maria Gertrude Kyle, well known in Georgia as an authoress and poetess.

After the exciting rail trip, a supper was served at Marietta, followed by a ball. I was put to sleep on a bed a foot deep with shawls, capes and bonnets. The people danced all night. Relays of fiddlers kept the music going.

Historians seem to agree that the first child born in the settlement that became Atlanta was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Carlisle, a courageous young couple who moved from Marietta to Terminus in 1841. The girl was born in 1842.

Typical of the hardships so many pioneer women have had to undergo was the experience of the young expectant mother, herself a girl of 17, when she and her husband emigrated to the new community. At first, all they could find for shelter was a shanty in which cattle had taken refuge. They searched about and found a somewhat better shack, but it was bare and crudely built. Yet they settled down and made a home of

it cheerfully until they could do better.

Many years later, Mrs. Carlisle wrote of their lonely life on the site of the future capital of Georgia:

"The stage between Decatur and Marietta passed every other day. This event was an oasis in the desert of our lives, for it was the only thing that broke the terrible monotony."

When the land was surveyed and lots were offered for sale, the Carlises bought the second that was sold, which was in the block now running from Pryor and Decatur Street back to Edgewood Avenue. They put up a small building and opened the first grocery store.

I seemed to have come along about the time that railroads and good schoolhouses were first agitated in this part of the country.

Our neighbors were progressive, and when it was decided to put up a fine school close to us, my father, Charles Latimer, gave the site and the community erected the building. My first teacher was the Rev. F. M. Haygood, uncle of Bishop A. G. Haygood.

We children brought goose quills from home to fashion into pens. Ink was scarce, but you could make red ink out of the oak balls that fall so plentifully. I remember a romance that bore fruition at the close of one term when the teacher, Mr. Haygood, married the handsomest grownup girl among his pupils.

I was only 8 years old when I was sent to school at Oxford, 20 miles away, to board and attend Miss Hayes' school, because of the musical course it offered. I developed a great interest in the piano, and played at a school concert at the close of the year.

Later, when my parents moved to Decatur, I entered Dr. John S. Wilson's academy. He was a famous teacher of the period and founded the first Presbyterian church in Atlanta. I remained his pupil for five years, and received

from him a thorough foundation in the fundamentals of education.

At a time when educational opportunities for women in this part of the country were extremely limited, Dr. Wilson did much for them. Decatur then was one of the best towns in upper Georgia, and girls came from a distance to attend his academy. They were eager for culture.

When I was 15, I went to the Madison (Ga.) Female College, and was graduated there at 17, in 1852. Colleges for women were exciting great interest in the public mind at that time. There were 12 girls in my class, and great crowds gathered for the commencement.

At that time the teachers generally were men. It was a new era in Georgia when Northern women began coming South as teachers and governesses.

No Southern woman of means ever considered the possibility of working outside her home. When she left school, she began making quilts and learning other household duties, with a view of early matrimony.

It was nothing uncommon for a girl to marry at 14 or 15. An unmarried woman of 30 was rated an old maid. One of the most beautiful women I remember in my childhood was a bride at 12 and a mother at 13. She had reared a family of fine sons and daughters before she had reached middle age and still was handsome.

The women of that day, of course, were expected to maintain a modest silence in public.

I never can forget the shock it gave me the first time I heard a woman pray in meeting. She had been whispering to a bench of "mourners," and suddenly she gave utterance to her pleadings. It was the talk of the town for a good while. Most of the brethren seemed to think no good could come of it.

But strange seeds were being sown in the minds of women, even in those conservative days.

Women in the War

CHAPTER VIII.

IN my long lifetime, I have stood and watched the men march away to four wars.

In the spring of 1846, as a child of 11, I saw the Georgia volunteers march away to the Mexican War.

I was a young matron when the War Between the States burst upon the land.

Then, more than 30 years later, the young men went away again—to the Spanish War.

And then, in the evening of my life, they marched away again—companies, regiments, whole divisions, a countless procession—for France.

It has seemed as if war were a periodic thing, to be expected every 20 or 30 years, as inevitable as an occasional earthquake or epidemic. It is hard to believe that men will forsake the folly of war, but I am hopeful that some day they will learn. The increasing voice of women in national and international affairs will help.

Women stay at home and view war calmly, stripped of its glamor. They stay behind, and study the casualty lists, and sew and nurse, and wait, and pray.

It was a smiling land that the strife of the '60's scourged.

Georgia was a happy and prosperous state—overwhelmingly agricultural, with no very large cities. The planters, large and small, raised nearly everything they needed. They lived well. Their hospitality was proverbial.

When young people were married, they were settled off with land and negroes. More negroes to cultivate more land, then more land to raise up more negroes to work it.

I had felt for years that our economic machinery was becoming unwieldy, that the institution of slavery, aside from its rightness or wrongness, was increasingly difficult to manage. But I was only a woman, and nobody asked me for an opinion.

The storm of war swept dreadfully and unexpectedly over the women. Their husbands and sons and fathers marched away with songs on their lips, hoping to drive away the invaders in a single battle.

The anxious months crept by. Gradually we all realized that this was to be no mere display of arms, no gaudy tournament, but a grim, deadly struggle, to go on indefinitely.

The idyllic ante-bellum life of Georgia was gone never to return. Homes were shattered. Poverty clutched the people with an ever-tightening grip. Privation came to plantations that had known only luxury. It is difficult to imagine what the war did to that peaceful and tranquil land. It was as if a pestilence had struck it.

The Southern states were not prepared to equip an army. The clothing problem was difficult.

The women sent their blankets to the Army and cut up woolen carpets to sleep under.

We scraped lint from the linen of worn towels and table cloths, and stripped the sheets into bandages. We knitted incessantly—socks, caps, mittens. We sent the

soldiers all our little delicacies, like jellies and preserves.

I had two serviceable dresses of fine wool, with five or six whole widths in the skirt, according to the style. I fashioned them into fatigue shirts for the boys at the front, and wore cotton homespun frocks at home.

When the war closed, I had a silk dress, but not a woolen one to my name. For more than two years after the war, my best street attire was a homespun and home-woven linsy frock. The wool for it had been clipped from a few sheep that we had brought back from a refugee home. I paid for the weaving out of my meager earnings as a school teacher. I knitted my own stockings, and shoes made by a country shoemaker carried me through two hard winters.

The North soon made the blockade effective, and the South was thrown entirely on its own resources.

A salt famine was threatened. I remember that we obtained some salt by scraping the floors of our meat houses, where 60 or 70 fat hogs were slaughtered annually to provide pork and bacon for a large slave family. The dirt was thrown into big hoppers and water was passed through the salty dirt into long troughs. We skimmed and boiled and reskimmed and then evaporated the water, obtaining quantities of gray salt that could be used to cure meat. I experimented and finally produced a little salt that could be used for butter.

After General Grant captured Vicksburg, there was a scarcity of sugar. But Georgia grew a great deal of sugar cane. Sorghum was used everywhere to provide "long sweetening." It helped us through a hard period of the Confederacy.

Coffee gave out completely in the farm house. We devised all sorts of substitutes — parched wheat, parched rye, sweet potatoes cut in small cubes, dried in an oven. But okra-seed was our best bet. We used raspberry leaves and sassafras roots for tea.

Sweet potatoes filled an immense place in the war. They were roasted in the fireplace, baked in the ovens, fried in the skillets, boiled in the dinner pots, made into puddings with long-sweetening added.

Wheat flour was scarce. We had every sort of corn cake that could be contrived, from the 'ash cake' of the cabin to the 'Dixie cake' of the big house, where it was made to look like pound cake.

From the time the roasting ears could be prepared for the table until the lye-hominy was plentiful in frosty weather, we had corn bread every day in the Southern homes. Lee's soldiers were well satisfied when they could get plenty of boiled corn in the trenches, and the folks at home made no complaint if the boys at the front were fed.

As the war went on, the problem of food and supplies became more and more acute.

Tides of Battle

CHAPTER IX.

AS the Northern armies advanced and made the blockade more complete, privation clutched Georgia homes with a firmer grip.

At the time of the Stoneman raid from Atlanta toward Macon, in July, 1864, I knew a family who had nothing whatever to eat, unless they chewed bushes or dug up roots.

After the raiders had passed, they gathered up the scattered corn left by the cavalry horses, washed it and boiled it into hominy. They kept going cheerfully until their needs were made known to less destitute neighbors.

I had married Dr. William H. Felton in 1853 and moved from my native DeKalb County to his plantation in Bartow County, near Cartersville. He was a physician, as well as a minister of the Gospel, and he was needed constantly in the hospitals that were improvised hastily as the wounded began to come in from the battle-fronts.

The tides of war swirled about us. Cartersville was on the railroad running into Tennessee—one of the main arteries of Confederate traffic and vital as a means of supplying the army of the West.

One morning, in the spring of 1862, an engine and two box cars dashed wildly through Cartersville. There was great excitement in the town, and soon word spread that Federal raiders had gone through, bent on destroying this line of communication. James L. Andrews and his daring party had boarded the train at Marietta and seized it when the crew stopped at a station called Big Shanty for breakfast.

Weeks later the raiders returned over the railroad—this time heavi-

ly guarded and bound for Atlanta, where most of them were hanged as spies. It was a tragic episode, but those were cruel days.

There were troops coming and going constantly. A steadily increasing stream of wounded trickled in from Tennessee. And there were boxes bearing Confederate dead.

We women were constantly preparing such food and delicacies as we could scrape together to take out to the wounded who were brought by on the trains. We helped to nurse them. We found clothing and blankets for them. Soldiers and refugees were stopping at our homes continuously.

It was a feverish existence, filled with excitement and uncertainty.

No schools were running in this part of the South. I had two small sons—I lost them both before the end of the war—and I taught them their letters in the evenings, when I had a few moments to spare.

Not all of the women played the part of stay-at-homes.

Early in 1862, I had to go from Atlanta to Chattanooga on business. On the train I noticed a striking looking young woman, clad in a Confederate cape. We brushed up an acquaintance, and I learned that she was Belle Boyd, the famous Confederate spy. She looked no more than a girl. Within our lines, she was wearing a

Confederate uniform. I supposed she doffed it at the border, and started on another of her dangerous missions. She didn't tell me.

Many generous deeds were told of Belle Boyd.

Once, while watching a review of some troops near Winchester, Va., she noticed a soldier, a mere boy, hobbling along with bare feet. She took off her own shoes—fine cloth gaiters, laced at the side, and trimmed with patent leather—and made him put them on. Somebody remonstrated—the shoes wouldn't last the boy long enough to justify her sacrifice.

"If they rest his feet just a little while, I'm repaid," she said. "He never should have left his mother, anyway—he's a child."

She was a Federal prisoner in Washington at one time, but got out of that scrape somehow. She was an extremely clever girl, cool and adroit.

There were, of course, other daring girls who elected to serve the Confederacy as spies.

And there were women who risked their lives and their liberty to run the blockade, usually to see loved ones or to go on errands for them.

Then there were women in the South who had dear ones fighting on the other side, whose sympathies, perforce, lingered with the invading army. Often there were cases of divided loyalties—women who sympathized with the Confederacy but had members of their families fighting for the Union. It was doubly hard for these women.

Oh, the long, dreary winter nights! Weeks of waiting, when we knew a battle had been fought, and no word came from our menfolk.

The newspapers were full of casualties, and we studied the lists incessantly, with that stabbing anxiety women know.

While paying tribute to the courage and hardihood of these women of the Confederacy, I want also to speak a word for the memory of another class of women in the South—the colored women who stuck staunchly to the plantations and served their mistresses bravely under chaotic conditions.

Had not the negroes, men and women, remained faithful to their white families, I don't know what would have become of the South.

We faced economic ruin the latter part of the war. All silver money had disappeared. We had bushels of Confederate paper, worth little more than its value as pulp.

I have, among my relics, a primer that was printed for children of the Confederacy by the biggest publishing house in Richmond in 1863. It was printed on wall paper. That was the best they could do. One of my little boys used the primer.

There were many, including my husband, who thought the South would triumph. But I doubted it from the first. As time went on, I became convinced that we must lose. The economic factor was sure to counter-balance our military successes. The North had the resources; we had not.

Even after the victory at Chickamauga, when everyone was elated, I felt that the invasion of Georgia could not be long delayed.

And so I persuaded Dr. Felton to let us take the children and leave the plantation near Cartersville and take a refugee farm near Macon, with the hope of raising a crop. Some of the negroes went with us. We left 15 others behind, to take charge of our home.

It was not long before Sherman swept through Georgia. The end of the Confederacy was in sight.

Price of Peace

CHAPTER X.

WE were on our refugee farm, four miles from Macon, when Sherman started his march to the sea.

General Stoneman made his raid on Macon, hoping to reach Andersonville and release the Federal prisoners. We were in the line of his approach.

The raiders' horses were tethered in our lots after midnight. When daylight came, blue cavalry was everywhere. They failed to capture Macon, but our place was inside their lines all day.

They took whatever we had that they wanted, and trampled down our crops.

One of the troopers, rummaging through my bedroom, started to run his bayonet through an old pocketbook which I had given to a little boy now dead. It contained his primer and his Barlow knife.

"Don't touch that," I said, holding my hand in front of his bayonet. "There's nothing there you want. I'll show you what's in it."

I did, and he moved away, touching his cap awkwardly.

They started to take our few saddle horses. I walked up to the officer in charge.

"Listen." I said, "you've gathered up stray horses all along the way—more than you can feed—more than you know what to do with. A lot of them will die on your hands. Why take our few horses, which we value?"

He puzzled over it a moment. "I guess you're right," he said, and ordered our horses released.

Later the raiders were captured by General Iverson.

But April of 1865 came. General Lee surrendered in Virginia, General Johnston in North Carolina, and the Confederate sol-

diers in Georgia laid down their arms. General Wilson captured Macon.

A trooper named Dowling, a youth from Cincinnati, was billeted in my house. He used to read to my boy. They became chums. I treated the Yankee soldier like one of the family. There were stragglers and camp followers roaming the country, and he left a loaded musket for my protection when he was not around. My husband had to be away nearly all the time on his medical duties.

I'll never forget the night after Lincoln was assassinated. Mobs of disorganized and drunken Federal soldiers and their sympathizers roamed the countryside, vowing vengeance on the whole South.

We crouched in darkness in the little farmhouse, not daring to show a light, fearing each minute the door would be crashed in. But we were not molested.

Then, a few weeks later, came the excitement of the arrest of Jefferson Davis in Georgia and his return to Macon under heavy guard.

When the war was over and the slow, bitter work of rebuilding and mending began, it was

then the women tasted the dregs of the ruin and desolation that had been wrought for four years. The adventure and the thrill were gone, and there remained only the patient striving that women know so well—the effort to forget and go on.

I always recall, as typical of the spirit of those women, a dearly and refined home. Her husband went away with the army to Virginia. She was driven from home by Sherman's march. When I saw her, at the close of the war, she was more than 200 miles from home. She and her several children had started back, with a small wagon, a horse and a colored driver. The driver walked beside the horse, the children rode, and their mother walked most of the way. But her husband had come back, after a footsore journey.

"I'm so happy over his return," she said, "I'm so happy we're reunited again, and so happy over peace, that I feel I have everything in life to be thankful for."

We got back to our home in Bartow County, in the summer of 1865, to find desolation and destruction everywhere—grinding poverty.

When I reached the gate, I picked up the springs that had been part of my lost child's fine baby carriage. Next I came across the arm of a mahogany chair. These discoveries were symbolic of the condition of our property. The torch had been used freely.

We had no crops, our home was in ruins, and we faced destitution. Our plight was that of nearly everyone else.

My husband and I both must become wage-earners. Many other women were going to work for wages. It was a radical change in their lives. In ante-bellum

times it was almost unheard of for a woman of any means at all to go out and work by the day or by the hour. But necessity spoke now. And I think the change stirred something in them—perhaps a murmur of the independence that was to echo down the corridors of future decades.

I taught in the school we established at Cartersville. I had been diligent at college, and I was prepared to teach higher mathematics, as well as music. We had 80 pupils, and I came to enjoy the work very much. Salaries were almost non-existent. Food was poor and scanty. But we got along somehow.

Within two years we were able once more to raise our bread and meat at home, and I went back to the life of a farmer's wife. It took the most rigid economy to make ends meet. The old bountiful South was gone, and a new South struggled grimly out of its ashes and poverty.

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Columbus, a war widow, suggested the beautiful custom of placing flowers on the graves of soldier dead once a year.

She and her little daughter used to take flowers to her husband's grave, and one day the child asked her mother to let her scatter some of the blossoms over the graves of other soldiers. The idea impressed the mother, and she wrote to *The Columbus Times*:

"We cannot raise monumental shafts and inscribe thereon their many deeds of heroism, but we can keep alive the memory of the debt we owe them by dedicating at least one day in each year to embellishing their humble graves with flowers."

Thus April 26 was adopted in Georgia and generally throughout the South as Memorial Day.

We Enter Politics

CHAPTER XI.

THE destitute people in Georgia at the close of the war between the North and the South numbered many thousands.

There were widows without the means to eke out a living; there were helpless orphans, soldiers broken by wounds or illness and unable to support their families.

Georgia had lost three-fourths of its wealth. The value of its lands had decreased a half. The state debt had grown to more than \$20,000,000.

A horse cost several thousand dollars. Flour sold for \$400 a barrel, a pair of good shoes for about \$800. Food, medicine and clothing were hard to get.

Poverty-stricken people roamed the state, unable to find work, searching for bread.

Such were the bitter years of Reconstruction the women faced as they sought to build again homes shattered by the war.

There was the period of Federal occupation—months when Georgia had only a military government. It was a trying time, and yet the Union soldiers did many acts of kindness. Rations were issued to the needy. Horses and supplies surrendered by the Confederate authorities were distributed. General Wofford was particularly active in providing relief.

Out of poverty and chaotic conditions came gradually, among other evolutions, the emancipation of women from their old status as household chattels.

What we called chivalry had found no expression on the statute books. It was exploited in court-ing days—in bows and curtsies, in high-flown words. A woman's name was protected, with threat of duel if the code were ignored.

Nevertheless, the law of Georgia permitted a man to beat his wife.

As late as 1869, a Supreme Court justice in North Carolina reiterated the old rule of law that a man might whip his wife if the rod were no bigger around than his thumb. Otherwise, the learned judge held, if a man were not allowed to make his wife behave herself, it would "engender insubordination."

Before the war, a married woman in Georgia could not even own her clothes. When she took a husband and went to her new home, she might carry a fortune in lands and slaves, but title to all these assets was transferred to the man. Often a woman lost everything she had to pay for her husband's debts.

The constitutional convention of 1868 has been abused without mercy as a radical body controlled by scalawags and carpet-baggers. Yet it was the first lawmaking body in Georgia to obtain property rights for married women.

The measure was said to have been inspired by selfish motives. A vast majority of the men were hopelessly in debt when the war closed, and if their wives could claim their property it could not

be foreclosed, and the homes and land would remain.

Yet it proved to be a popular law, with men as well as women. They both found protection in it. A husband could save potential levies on his property by transferring it to his wife, and he could not take what she owned away from her if she chose to make a fuss about it.

In ante-bellum Georgia a woman could teach school as a genteel profession—if she was well educated. The school teacher usually married some man with slaves to wait on her.

The illiterate woman could weave and sew, if her rich neighbors gave her such work. Or she had to go into the kitchen and corn field, like the slave woman of the big plantations. There was little chance for her to become educated, to better her lot and generally she married a man as ignorant as herself.

Better opportunities for a woman to gain an education and have a career came slowly, but steadily and inevitably.

Despite the law protecting a married woman's separate property, it was 1897 before she had clear title to any wages she might earn outside her home. W. H. Fleming introduced the bill that gave her this right. Before that time, her "man" legally could demand her wages from her employer, under pain of compelling him to pay twice.

The Legislature authorized a North Georgia Agricultural College at Dahlonega, as a branch of the University of Georgia, and this institution was opened in 1873. The first A. B. degree ever awarded a woman by a state in-

stitution in Georgia was conferred by the college in 1878.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, but none the less steadily, women in Georgia began to invade the various fields of business and to aspire to the professions.

Sectional prejudice retarded the movement. It was hard to down the old ante-bellum idea that it was not "ladylike" to emulate our more aggressive sisters in the North and win independence from the economic system.

My first contact with politics came in 1874. There was opposition to the Democratic nominee for Congress, and Dr. Felton, in June, announced his candidacy as an independent.

I found myself suddenly in the thick of a campaign. I did not stop to think what a radical change this was for a young woman reared on an old-fashioned Southern plantation, where a woman was viewed only as an ornament and a household mistress. It seemed perfectly natural that I should take an active part in my husband's campaign.

From June until the election in November I was in the thick of it. We had no daily paper in the district, and only two little weeklies. Working night and day, I wrote hundreds of letters and sent them all over 14 counties. For two months before the close of the campaign, I kept a man and a horse at the door to go three miles and catch all the mail trains.

I made Dr. Felton's speaking appointments, planned other speakers for him, answered newspaper attacks—in short, did everything a campaign manager does. When it was over, I was a physical wreck.

The result was in doubt for three days. Finally my husband was declared elected by 82 votes.

Women Advance

CHAPTER XII.

ALTHOUGH the so-called woman's rights movement in the North dates back to the middle of the last century, I think its first impulse of any consequence in Georgia and in the South came with the organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Up to that time, in Georgia, women's organizations had been confined to missionary societies and sewing societies. Naturally these societies did not venture to dabble in "politics" and their members seldom discussed national affairs.

Yet the seed was there, ready to grow when favorable soil was prepared.

It is true that the W. C. T. U. was formed for a specific purpose. But it gave women a chance to do something they had wanted to do for a long time—to take a more active part in the world about them. Thus there was, in Georgia, at least, something symbolic about this organization, its missions and its destiny. It foreshadowed a new role for women. It was followed by other organizations that exerted influence in public affairs. Women no longer were content to remain passive. The change, of course, was gradual, but it soon came to be felt.

The W. C. T. U. was organized by Frances Willard and her associates at Cleveland in 1874. It was the outcome of a crusade against liquor in the Middle West from 1870 to 1873. Miss Willard became the corresponding secretary. In 1879 she was made president, and held the office until her death in 1898.

It was some time before the movement gained much headway in Georgia, but in the early 80's it began to be a real force.

I joined the organization in 1886 and attended the state con-

vention in Macon, which proved to be a momentous meeting.

Miss Willard visited Georgia about that time, and with her stirring lectures inspired enthusiasm for the movement. I met this gifted woman a number of times after that. Gentleness and firmness were combined happily in her character. A consecrated and unswerving yet kindly zeal moved her on to her purposes. She had a great influence on the America of her era, and that influence is felt yet.

The fight of women against liquor in the South dated from the birth of industrialism, after the War Between the States.

It seems to me that in the Old South there was not much of a liquor problem. There were no large cities, and the grog shop or tavern was a negligible factor. Of course, men drank to excess, but in nothing like the proportions this evil assumed when the modern saloon spread as the towns grew and the New South began to glow in factory furnaces and whirl in machinery.

In my girlhood, on my father's plantation, and on all the other plantations, decanturs of whisky and bottles of wine always stood on the sideboard. But they were used in moderation. The men

drank like gentlemen, the women not at all, unless they sipped a little wine or frappe. Drunkenness was a sign of ill-breeding. No one thought of using liquor except as a refreshment and a relish—no one, I mean, of the people among whom we moved. And elsewhere the drunkard was an uncommon sight.

After Reconstruction, there was an exodus into the towns. They grew rapidly. Saloons sprang up everywhere. Youth was corrupted. Drinking became a horrid evil. The distillers and brewers exerted an increasing political influence, and efforts to regulate them were blocked. We came to feel that here was an enemy that struck at our hearthstones. And we fought back.

But it was not only the liquor problem that was discussed at that state convention of the W. C. T. U. in 1886. There were other causes of public welfare that we espoused.

I made my first public speech at that meeting, and I suspect that a good many other women made their maiden oratorical efforts at that time. I arose with some trepidation, but I decided, as I gained courage, that when one had something to say, words to express it would come.

I took the floor to introduce a resolution looking to a reform in the convict leasing system of Georgia. I read them the legislative report in 1879, which gave forth the astounding fact that 25 little children, under three years of age, then were in camps along with their convict mothers—helpless little innocents, born into the lowest depths of human degradation. The report also showed that convict guards were the fathers of these children.

The convention authorized me to write and present to the next legislature a memorial petition ex-

plaining the horror of the leasing system, particularly the herding of women convicts along with male prisoners.

Dr. Felton, who had been a member of Congress from 1875 to 1881, was persuaded by the people of Bartow County to represent them in the Legislature, and he was there when by memorial was presented. He fathered the movement in the General Assembly, and together we opened up a war on convict leasing.

But the lessees were so firmly entrenched, their tentacles so interwoven in the political structure of the state, that it was 20 years before we succeeded. Yet eventually the system was abolished, and the reform initiated by the women of the W. C. T. U. bore fruit.

A corollary memorial which the organization directed me to present to the legislature advocated a reformatory for juveniles. That, too, came to pass in time, and meanwhile it caused a more complete investigation of the infamous convict leasing system, which was described, even in far-away London, England, as "a cancer sore on the war-stricken South."

I was called a "petticoat reformer" and subjected to plenty of ridicule, in public and private. Such was the lot of a woman who dared to enter public affairs in the 80's.

Probably I was the first woman in Georgia to "electioneer" in county prohibition contests. By that, I do not mean lectures at meetings but public appeals on the eve of elections—talks on the street or anywhere I could collect a few voters.

At such a crisis, it is a waste of time to address people who think as you do. To be effective, you must reach the foe.

Emancipation

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE can be no doubt that the good women of the W. C. T. U. had a predominant part in the eventual establishment of state-wide prohibition as a permanent policy.

The movement that started hesitantly in the late '70s and early '80s gathered force steadily.

Various experiments in liquor legislation were tried out before absolute prohibition was voted to stay early in the new century.

We had local option, and a great many counties of Georgia were dry, but that failed to solve the problem. Liquor was too easy of access, and prohibition soon became our slogan.

Under commission of the Temperance Union, I addressed a joint committee of the Senate and House in 1895.

"We come before you," I told them, "to present the appeal of the mothers of Georgia, who are praying every day that the bar-room may be removed from their midst and their children delivered from this temptation to destruction."

And in that speech I predicted: "Fifty years from today, perhaps sooner, public opinion will look back with scorn and contempt upon a generation which deliberately sold the lives and fortunes of the people for license money."

In the years that followed I found myself taking part in campaign after campaign, traveling from one end of the state to the other as a pioneer in the cause of temperance. Southern society still looked askance at a woman who dared to take the public

rostrum and plead for the safety of the people.

How many taunts and slanders, how many covert insinuations, were thrust at me, eternity alone can discover! But the women of the state were aroused at last, and they rallied to the support of us who went out on the firing line, and more and more took their places beside us.

Prohibition was passed and then repealed. But finally the law of 1907 was enacted, and it ushered in a new movement for state-wide prohibition that spread all over the country.

A few states, like Maine and Kansas, had been dry for many decades, but in many of the other states the movement teetered back and forth, with the dries in control one year and the wets the next.

From 1907 on, however, states moved steadily into the prohibition column. By 1918 more than half of the states were dry, and thus was the way paved for the national prohibition that came in 1919.

The success of the W. C. T. U. in Georgia and elsewhere had a great influence on the attitude of women in general.

Even those who were indifferent to the temperance movement and the other aims of the organization opened their eyes to the fact that their lowly and sheltered sex was beginning to accomplish things all alone—to step into the public arena and raise a voice.

Although the suffrage movement in Georgia was slower to get under way than in many other states, because of our Southern conservatism, nevertheless in the 80's and 90's it was gaining momentum constantly.

It took women nearly a century to get the ballot in this country.

The first Woman's Rights Convention was held in connection with a Friends' Yearly Meeting in Western New York in 1848. Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony were the pioneers.

When the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution were adopted, women were excluded from the rights defined in them.

In 1869 at New York City the National Woman Suffrage Association was formed, and it held a convention annually for 50 years thereafter. And every year its delegates made their vain pilgrimages to Washington to plead their cause before committees of Congress.

In later years, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who had succeeded to the mantle of leadership in the movement, found that more effective results could be obtained by carrying on separate campaigns in every state. This was done, and by a process of attrition the proposition to votes for women gradually was worn away.

National speakers came to Georgia, and I found myself at times involved in the campaigns to persuade the Legislature of this state to enfranchise women, but we never were able to do that.

Yet, two Southern States, Arkansas and Texas, were pioneers in dispensing sex equality. They gave women the right to vote at primaries, which, as things were constituted, was the equivalent of full suffrage.

New York, in 1917, passed a constitutional amendment granting complete suffrage to women. By 1918, there were 15 states in the woman suffrage column.

Meanwhile, there were organizations and individuals working hard for the submission of a federal amendment. The Southern Women's Conferences were among them.

The nineteenth amendment was submitted in 1919, as everyone knows, and on August 26, 1920, the Secretary of State was able to certify that 36 Legislatures had ratified it, and hence it was the law of the land. And the women of Georgia, along with their sisters in all the other states, were made citizens.

The emancipation of women has been a long struggle.

Savage tribes used physical force to manage their women. The club and the lash were their only arguments. Athenian law allowed a man to sell his wife or sister under certain conditions. Feudal law permitted men to imprison their sisters in convents—while they used the property that rightfully belonged to these sisters. Moslem fanatics went a step further. They said women had no souls.

English law, in the time of Herbert Spencer, allowed a man to beat his wife, and he could lock her in any room in his house until he had subdued her will. This English law was copied by the American colonies. Many years had to pass before it was broken down.

It has been a slow process of evolution. But today our women face the most hopeful era in the history of women.

Washington Days

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE last chapter I told how the temperance movement in Georgia, under the guidance of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, resulted in state-wide prohibition for Georgia, and was a distinctive part of the movement for national suffrage which triumphed only 10 years ago.

I go back now to 1874, when Dr. Felton was elected to Congress, after a whirlwind campaign which I managed.

In those days a Congressman had no appropriation for clerical help, and I became Dr. Felton's secretary.

I found the new life in Washington fascinating. I formed the interest in politics which remains with me to this day.

I learned how to draft my husband's bills, and I kept track of the House calendars, the committees and all legislation in which he was particularly interested. And then there were the letters to be written and requests of constituents pressed before the various governmental departments. It was a busy life.

Because of my interest in women's rights, I felt that in a sense I was representing the women of Georgia, and I did all I could to advance whatever I thought might be of help to them, especially since Dr. Felton was thoroughly in sympathy with these aims.

Many women from Georgia called at our office and talked over home affairs.

I became well acquainted with Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony and the other pioneers in the suffrage movement, and in later years I knew their successors, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. They were deeply interesting women, who left an impress on their times.

Frequently I sat in the gallery of the House of Representatives

that fateful winter of 1876-77, when debate was furious over whether Hayes or Tilden had been elected President.

Mr. Hayes could get in by one vote if several Southern States were not investigated, and Mr. Tilden would certainly be President by a handsome majority if election returns in either South Carolina, Louisiana or Florida were overhauled. There had been no such crisis in the republic since the guns were fired at Fort Sumter.

When the excitement was at fever heat, and Mr. Beebe, of New York, mounted his desk to thunder against usurpation and fraudulent counts, Chief Justice Morrison Waite sat behind me in the gallery, watching the proceedings. His face was tense, his features hard-set in absorption. I understood very well that the Supreme Court would decide the issue if the Electoral Commission failed.

It was all solemn and momentous at the time, but it seems amusing now to recall the way Mr. Beebe kept leaping over the tops of desks, and Mr. Springer chased up and down the aisles, a bouquet in his button hole, breathing fire and slaughter.

Henry Watterson was talking

about his 100,000 unarmed Democrats who would silence the "raging waves and cry out, "Peace--be still!" Speaker Randall was hammering away futilely with his gavel.

The scene is etched in my mind as if it were yesterday.

Another afternoon I chanced to be sitting in the gallery when the green baize doors parted and Mr. Hoar came in. As the Electoral Commission was in secret session and Mr. Hoar was a member, I knew something was up. Florida was the first disputed state in alphabetical order, and whatever was done with Florida would indicate the trend of affairs.

Instantly members began to gather about him. The news flew over the building that the commission, by a vote of 8 to 7, had refused to go behind the returns in Florida, and it would not be counted for Mr. Tilden. The Democrats were stifling with suppressed indignation, but the deed was virtually done, and the rest of the count was easy enough.

The Democrats fastened the manacles on their own hands by the commission. They could not repudiate a machine manufactured in a Democratic House by a Democratic majority. Some malcontents raised a racket in the House and in the newspapers, but Mr. Tilden had dropped his candy when he accepted the commission idea, and Mr. Hayes' lieutenants, backed by General Grant's threat to call out the military, won hands down.

I came to know every President from General Grant on, except President Arthur.

Among the interesting women I met in Washington was Mrs. Myra Clarke Gaines, whose life would

make a romantic novel. At that time she was suing the City of New Orleans for \$35,000,000. And eventually the city was forced to settle with her for a huge sum.

She had been born in New Orleans in 1805. She was the widow of General Gaines. Her father, Daniel Clarke, had been United States consul when Louisiana was under French rule. When he died, he left a vast estate to his mother, Mary Clarke. Later it was discovered that he had been married to a French woman, who left two daughters. The youngest, Myra, was adopted by a General Davis, and, in ignorance of her paternity, she was educated in Philadelphia. In 1832, she married for the first time, a Mr. Whitney, who in some way learned the facts of her birth. A will was discovered in which Clarke acknowledged Myra as his legitimate child.

A fierce legal battle followed, and in 1867 the will was sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, and her right was established to property valued at \$35,000,000. Then she had to institute a new suit to dispossess the people who had purchased the property. She won most of the property. In all, the litigation for her birthright lasted 50 years. I had the story of her eventful life from her own lips, and Justice Clifford, of the Supreme Court, whom I came to know very well, filled me in on the legal details. She married General Gaines in 1839, and died in 1885, at the age of 80.

When I knew her she was past 70—a small woman, active and vigorous, with snapping black eyes. She had indomitable pluck. She never doubted that she would win out in the end.

Exposition Memories

CHAPTER XV.

Among the political events that I recall during the six years my husband was a member of Congress from the Seventh Georgia District (1875-1881) was the impeachment hearing against Secretary Belknap.

I sat for several days in the Senate chamber listening to the proceedings.

There was no more popular woman in Washington than the Secretary's handsome wife.

A notable social occasion that sticks in my memory was a grand reception at the British Embassy. The British Ambassador, Sir Edward Thornton, and his charming wife and daughters were delightful in their hospitality. This was the event of the season, for guests came from New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere.

Diamonds, point lace and silk velvet prevailed, with style and ceremony in everything. English servants in livery met your carriage, and English maids attended you until you were presented to the host and hostess.

A full-length portrait of Queen Victoria in royal robes faced the entrance from the first landing on the grand staircase. Tea, served continuously, was poured from ancestral silver tea kettles by maids in caps. Costly crimson hangings lined the walls of the large drawing room. A full band played for the dancing. It was a fairy scene.

Like the many other guests, I left my card as I departed. I was surprised, a few days later, to have Lady Thornton and her daughters make me a formal visit at my hotel. But they were the souls of thoughtful consideration.

The increasingly important place women were being conceded in the affairs of the country

was brought home to me forcefully when I was given a position on the Board of Lady Managers at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. Subsequently I served in official capacities at the world's fairs in Atlanta and St. Louis.

Congress had designated Chicago as the place of a national exposition to commemorate the discovery of America by Columbus, and had decided to allow the women of the nation to arrange exhibitions of woman's work and to share in the duty of selecting juries to award the medals and certificates of merit. Two women were chosen from each state.

General Lafayette McLaws, the gallant Confederate veteran, was exposition commissioner for Georgia, and he appointed on the Board of Lady Managers Mrs. C. H. Olmstead, of Savannah, and myself.

We first assembled in Chicago November 19, 1890. Less than 15 minutes before the meeting was to convene at Kinsley's Hall I was informed, to my amazement—and consternation—that I had been selected as temporary chairman, and must preside until a President was chosen by ballot. I protested that I had never presided over a large meeting and was uncertain of parliamentary tactics, and had no time to collect my thoughts. I was over-

ruled and voted into the position quickly.

While I was waiting to call the session formally to order, I scribbled down a few words of welcome. I still have them. It may be of interest to recall that a Georgia woman said to that national assembly of women, 39 years ago:

"I know no South, no North, no East, no West. We are all dear sisters engaged in a work of loyalty and patriotism, under the grand old flag, in the home of our fathers . . .

"It is the first time in the history of the republic that the female sex has been recognized as competent to attend to any sort of public business for the national government. It is the very first recognition of woman's services as a citizen and a taxpayer by Congress."

It was not until noon the next day that we elected Mrs. Potter Palmer president and Miss Phoebe Cousins secretary.

I was chairman of the committee authorized to assign space in the Woman's Building. More than sixty women's organizations were allotted space. Few of these organizations had representation in the South, for the woman's movement had not yet taken hold of Southern women in force, and Southern men still were prejudiced against it.

There was not a woman's club in Georgia at that time. One was organized during the Cotton States and International Exposition in 1895.

The Chicago Exposition was such a tremendous success that it inspired other world's fairs. Mrs. Palmer had appointed me historian of the Woman's Building, and I was finishing up my story in the summer of 1894 when I was notified that I had been selected as one of five women to initiate a similar woman's board at the Atlanta exposition.

We organized a board of 50 women. As chairman of the executive committee, I found my hands full—my strength taxed by the demands—but I never saw a more loyal or enthusiastic crowd of Southern women, and we put over the project with a bang. We built a woman's building that contained a faithful and representative exhibition of women's work in the South from the earliest times.

Notables from the Chicago fair visited us, including President Higgenbotham and Mrs. Palmer, and they praised our exhibits. The Cotton States and International Exposition of 1895 was a notable success, and women had no small part in it.

Outside of the W. C. T. U., there had not been a single active woman's organization in the state up to that time. But the exposition gave a definite impetus to associations of women that never has slackened, and from that year on women wielded an ever-increasing influence in Georgia.

We found the Atlanta spirit equal to that occasion, as it always had risen to every demand and always has since. The exposition ushered in an era of industrial and commercial prosperity in Georgia and in the cotton states.

I was an official visitor at Nashville in 1897 when the Tennessee Centennial was celebrated. The Confederate veterans were in reunion in the Woman's Building. I made an address urging Southern women to devote their energies to the education of the illiterate children and grandchildren of dead Confederate soldiers.

The St. Louis Exposition of 1904 found me a juror, with a place on the general committee of agriculture. We awarded prizes for every sort of farm product, machine, device and appliance.

This, too, was a great experience.

Women Organize

CHAPTER XVI.

WOMEN'S organizations began spreading over Georgia in the final years of the last century.

From then on their growth in numbers and influence was steady.

With the organization of the first woman's club in the state during the Cotton States and International Exposition held in Atlanta in 1895, the movement toward women's participation in welfare work and other public affairs grew apace.

Up to that time the clubwoman was almost an unknown species in Georgia.

The patriotic organizations of women also got under way in the 90's and did a great good.

I have told, in earlier chapters, how the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was a pioneer in women's work in Georgia, as in many other states; how it worked unceasingly for the stringent liquor laws Georgia now has.

Many people are not aware that the W. C. T. U. fought for and has accomplished many other reforms besides prohibition. Among the achievements which the national organization considers the most important were laws which it had passed requiring the study of physiology and hygiene in the public schools.

The women's clubs, with chapters in every town, have done a fine work for Georgia in the last 30 years.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs, the national organization, now composed of considerably more than 14,000 member clubs, was organized April 24, 1890. It is non-political in character.

These are among the causes

which the General Federation has espoused:

Greater educational opportunities; scholarship loan fund for girls; home economics teaching; home demonstration agents; public libraries; greater appreciation of music, painting and sculpture; eradication of illiteracy; citizenship; Americanization of aliens; better working conditions for women; abolition of child labor; prison reform; pure food laws; recognition by the United States Census of home-making as an occupation; better home equipment; conservation of natural resources; creation of new national parks; prohibition; peace; better understanding of international relations.

The national federation has worked faithfully for these reforms, but it has depended for its most effective effort on the individual clubs, which are closest to the life of their communities.

The federated clubs have meant much in advancing the interests of women, as well as of the people in general.

With the advent of these clubs, Georgia women found themselves taking an active part in public affairs. The old passive attitude

of Southern women had gone. They were awakening to the fact that the duty of improving their community, their state and their nation devolved as much on them as on their husbands.

The patriotic organizations came into force about the same time.

The Daughters of the American Revolution was organized in Washington October 11, 1890. Membership was open to descendants of ancestors any of whom "with unflinching loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of independence as a recognized patriot, as soldier or sailor or as a civil officer in one of the several colonies or states."

The organization, which always has been very active in Georgia, has helped to keep alive the memory of the patriots who established American independence. It has done a valuable historic work, and it also has advanced every patriotic and civic interest of today.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized at Nashville, September 10, 1894. It is an association of widows, wives, mothers, sisters and lineal descendants of men who served the Confederate cause.

The U. D. C. now has around 100,000 members. It has preserved with markers and monuments the historic battlegrounds of the heroic struggle of the 60s. More than any other force, it has served to enshrine the high courage and patriotic purpose of the Gray Army and its supporters at home.

It is not a narrow, sectional purpose to keep these memories fresh for remote generations. We are all one united country, and have been for many decades, and sectionalism should be forgotten. But the dauntless struggle of the Confederacy is a lesson in unselfish valor, which will be an inspiration to generations yet to come.

It has been my privilege to have been actively associated with

the U. D. C. from its inception, and I have a great admiration for its women.

The Colonial Dames of America was formed May 19, 1892. Its membership is limited to descendants of ancestors who were residents of America before 1750, and who rendered valuable services to the colonies.

This organization has preserved many shrines of Colonial and Revolutionary days. The Colonial Dames also did important work in the Spanish-American and World Wars.

Through many years of membership in both the D. A. R. and the Colonial Dames, I have formed associations which have brightened the evening of my life.

The Daughters of 1812 and other patriotic organizations also have provided women with the means of instilling love of country in succeeding generations.

Among the practical organizations of today, I doubt that any has done a more helpful specialized work than the Parent-Teacher Associations.

These associations have brought parents and teachers into intimate contact, the two classes of women who have a common purpose—the education of the children. Many of the perplexing little problems that arise in the course of everyday school work have been solved in this way without the necessity of official intervention.

We have, in Georgia, the League of Women Voters, which aims to keep the newly enfranchised class abreast of the current problems they are called on to solve at the polls.

There are today many other influential organizations of women—fraternal, social, civic and political—that do valuable work. They are too numerous to mention in detail.

I feel sure that women's organizations will continue to grow in power and usefulness as women become more keenly aware of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

Notable Women

CHAPTER XVII.

WHATEVER distinction women enjoy as citizens, office-holders, artists or business executives, we must not lose sight of the fact that the greatest destiny of womanhood still is motherhood.

It is glorious that this is so, for a woman, no matter how narrow or restricted fate may have decreed her own life, can look forward to great achievements in her children.

There have been many women, and their number will increase, who have found time for both motherhood and a career.

But, after all, the women who have been content to dedicate their lives to making homes and rearing good, God-fearing children, have been the very sinews of Georgia, as of every other civilized community.

We never can give too much credit to the mothers of great men. Modern science is realizing more and more how vital the first few years of life are, how directly they influence later years. It is trite to say how great a share a mother has in moulding her son's character, but we are prone to forget.

There are innumerable examples of Georgia mothers who reared sons destined to achieve fame. One had a son who became President of the United States.

President Theodore Roosevelt's mother was born Martha Bulloch. She was a native Georgian. Her father, Major James Stephen Bulloch, was a grandson of Archibald Bulloch, a renowned soldier of the Revolutionary War.

She was married at the old Bulloch homestead at Roswell in 1853. The old place still stands, one of the historic spots of North Georgia—an excellent example of Colonial architecture. It bears a distinct

resemblance to Mount Vernon, the home of Washington.

The Bulloch family was eminent in Georgia from early Colonial times and figured prominently in the War Between the States.

Who can doubt the important role Martha Bulloch Roosevelt played in the building of her son's strong character—his granite integrity, his indomitable will, his great ability?

President Roosevelt always felt a peculiar affection for Georgia, because of his mother.

It is but another truism to remind you that a woman also can inspire as a wife.

The annals of Georgia, from Oglethorpe's time to the present day, are filled with examples of the devotion, sacrifice, heroism, patient labor and intelligent help of wives.

There was one Georgia woman whose husband went to the White House.

Ellen Louise Axon was born in South Carolina, just across the river from Augusta. She spent her girlhood and a good part of her later life in Georgia. In June of 1885 she was married to Woodrow Wilson at the home of her grandfather, the Rev. Dr. I. S. K. Axon, in Savannah.

In his youth, Mr. Wilson practiced law in Atlanta, and he is

even more closely identified with Georgia than President Roosevelt. Mrs. Wilson was a woman of rare charm, who was a great help to her husband in that upward struggle for a career which did not end until he reached the Presidency.

She made a gracious and delightful First Lady of the Land. Her life was cut tragically short, and she died in the White House in August, 1914. She left three daughters, and all of them turned out to be highly talented and capable women.

There have been so many notable women in the history of Georgia that to pay tribute to them would require an encyclopedia. I mention a few as typical of Georgia womanhood. Most of these women I have known personally.

Catherine Elizabeth Brewer Benson was a descendant of Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, who commanded the fort at Sewell's Point during the Revolution. She was born at Augusta in 1822.

Her parents, married at Brookline, Mass., in 1820, made the trip to Georgia by stage coach on their honeymoon. Later the family settled in Macon, and there the daughter received her elementary education. Her father and mother wanted her to have a higher education, and they planned to send her to Boston.

Then they discovered that a new institution for the higher education of women was about to be opened in Macon—the Georgia Female College, now the Wesleyan College.

Catherine Brewer entered this college, and in 1840 she was the first member of the first graduating class to receive a diploma. This is said to have been the first A. B. degree ever conferred on a woman anywhere. The framed diploma is a treasured relic at Wes-

leyan today. It was 12 years later that I was graduated from the Madison Female College.

Catherine Brewer married Richard Aaron Benson. She and her husband did much, in later years, for the Georgia Female College.

They had 10 children. One of them became Admiral W. S. Benson, who was ranking American naval officer during the World War. Mrs. Benson died in 1908.

Wesleyan Female College, as it came to be called, had a great friend and supporter in Mary Culter Cobb, who was born at Perry, Ga., in 1840.

She married the Rev. J. R. Leak, president of Andrew College, in 1862. He died five months later. In 1870 she married John R. Cobb, of Macon.

She had graduated from Wesleyan at the age of 15, second in her class, and she studied a year at the LaGrange Female College and was one of the first Southern women to complete the Chautauqua course and receive that diploma. She was a member of the Adelphean Society, the first college sorority in the world.

She was a teacher at Wesleyan College from 1863 to 1904. She became head of the English department, and in 1892 she was made lady principal. In this capacity she was an inspiration to the Wesleyan girls.

She aided in founding the first "Daughter Chautauqua" in the South. She was very active in women's clubs and patriotic orders.

In 1904, Mrs. Cobb was elected associate secretary of the woman's board of foreign missions of the Methodist Church, and she visited missions in Japan, China and Mexico. The closing work of her life was the preparation of books describing the great work of these missionaries.

Women of Fame

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMONG the illustrious women whom Georgia has produced, a number have attained wide distinction in literature.

Southern women were slow to take up writing as a career. They were absorbed in ante-bellum days with the care of plantations, and there was a sectional prejudice against breaking into print.

When Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," its unpopularity in the South was reflected, illogically and absurdly enough, in a bitter feeling against feminine authors in general.

It took years to break down this prejudice, just as it took time to bring Southern women out of their shells and into the political, business and professional world about them.

But the New South, with its ever-changing conditions, stirred literary aspirations.

One of the earliest women writers of Georgia to attain national fame was Augusta Evans Wilson, best known as the author of "St. Elmo."

She was born the same year I was—1835—in Columbus. In childhood, she was tutored largely by her mother, since she was a delicate girl and unable to attend school regularly. She devoured all the books she could get hold of.

Her father moved to Texas in 1845, and for four years the family lived in San Antonio. The old town was stirred with scenes of the Mexican War, and the thrilling events made a vivid impression on Augusta Evans. The family moved to Mobile, Ala., in 1849, and she was inspired to write her first novel, "Inez: a Tale of the Alamo." She was only 15 when it was completed. It was published by Harper & Brothers in 1855.

After four years, her second novel, "Beulah," came out, and then, out of the tragic days of the War Between the States, "Margarita, or, Altars of Sacrifice." "St. Elmo," her best known and most successful book, appeared in 1866. Other novels followed in later years—"Vashti," "Infelice," and "At the Mercy of Tiberius."

She was married in 1868 to Colonel L. M. Wilson, of Mobile. She died in Mobile in 1909.

I remember reading and enjoying her books as they came out. New novels were not as plentiful in the early days as they are now.

But it remained for a contemporary writer to spread the literary fame of Georgia more widely over the earth. Corra Harris is one of the best known writers in the United States today.

It has been my privilege to know her intimately for many years, and her country place is but a few miles from my home in Cartersville.

I was proud to discover, some years ago, that she had made me the prototype of her book, "Co-Citizens," of which the heroine is a woman leader—a New Woman of the new century, who has thrown off the shackles of tradition and stepped into the political arena.

Corra White Harris was born at Farm Hill Plantation in Georgia,

the daughter of Tinsley Rucker White and Mary Elizabeth White. She once described her father as "an honest man and a brave soldier" and her mother as "a very great lady, unknown to fame." Her ancestry has been traced back to Sir David Mathews, who lived in England in the fifteenth century and was a direct descendant of Louis VI of France.

She was married in 1887 to the Rev. Lundy Howard Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He died in 1910.

Mrs. Harris began attracting literary attention in the late '90's. She wrote the "Brasstown Valley" stories for the American Magazine, and they gained nation-wide notice.

Her real fame began with the serial publication of "A Circuit Rider's Wife" in The Saturday Evening Post. This book was followed by others equally successful—"Eve's Second Husband," "The Recording Angel," "In Search of a Husband," "Co-Citizens," "Making Her His Wife," "Happily Married," "My Son," "Daughter of Adam," "The House of Helen" and "My Own Book and Heart." The latter work is largely autobiographical.

Mrs. Harris had a stirring adventure during the World War. She went to France as a war correspondent, and achieved her usual distinction in this new role.

Outside of her writing, Mrs. Harris is interested in farming, and she is an expert in that line. She also is active in the Methodist Conference.

Only one other Georgian has attained equal literary eminence, and that author happened to have the same surname, though there was no kinship. I refer to Joel Chandler Harris.

The degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred on Mrs. Harris by Oglethorpe University recently.

There have been numerous other women of our state who have embarked upon successful literary careers.

Isa Glenn is one of the newer writers, and she has won high regard from the critics, who predict that her work will continue to grow in power.

She was born in Atlanta. She writes under her maiden name. She is Mrs. S. J. Bayard Schindel, widow of Brigadier General Schindel. Her first novel was "Heat," a story of the tropics. It was followed by "Little Pitchers" and "Southern Charm" and, this year, by "Transport."

Mrs. Schindel lives in New York now, but she frequently visits her native Georgia.

Mary Brent Whiteside, who was born at Shelbyville, Tenn., but moved to Atlanta in early childhood, has attained a well-deserved renown for her poetry.

She won an international poetry prize, offered by the Poetry Review of London in 1925, with "A Ballad of Tiberius." In 1927, she was awarded the sonnet prize of the Poetry Society of Virginia. Some of her verses have been collected under the title of "The Eternal Quest."

Miss Whiteside was educated at Lucy Cobb Institute in Athens and took a post-graduate course at Columbia. She has lectured extensively. Oglethorpe University has conferred on her, too, the degree Doctor of Literature.

Roselle Mercier Montgomery (Mrs. John Seymour Montgomery), a native of Crawfordsville, Ga., has won wide fame for her poetry and other writings. She also has attained distinction on the lecture platform and in other fields of civic and patriotic endeavor. She, too, has been honored by Oglethorpe University with the degree Doctor of Letters.

Agnes Kendrick Gray is another promising poet of the younger generation. There are others.

Critics predicted a brilliant future for the late Frances Newman.

I feel sure that Georgia's women of letters will grow in number and influence as the years go on.

Women as Educators

CHAPTER XIX.

IN the last chapter, I spoke of Georgia women who had distinguished themselves in literature.

There have been, too, outstanding examples of women who have succeeded in the allied profession of journalism.

One calls to mind such women as the late Ismay Dooly. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin H. Dooly, pioneer citizens of Atlanta.

She was graduated from the Sacred Heart Academy in New York. She was one of the earliest members of the Atlanta Woman's Club and of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. From 1895 to 1921 she was in charge of the woman's department of The Atlanta Constitution, and through this medium she did a great work for the women of Georgia.

Miss Dooly had a leading part in the organization and expansion of the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs and was made a life director in the organization. She was tireless in promoting the betterment of women and children and in encouraging the arts.

During the World War she was chairman of the press for the woman's committee of the Council of National Defense, and contributed valuable publicity for the Liberty Loan and Red Cross drives.

She will long be remembered gratefully by the women of Georgia.

There are many other women connected with Georgia newspapers: today, some of them in the capacity of editor.

A conspicuous example is Miss Emily Woodward, who recently served two terms as president of the Georgia Press Association—first woman in the state to attain that distinction. She was vice president of the organization for

six years before she was elevated to the presidency.

Miss Woodward is owner and publisher of The Vienna News, which, under her direction, has become one of the most successful weekly papers in the state.

While she was president of the Georgia Press Association she organized the Georgia Press Institute, which was an immediate success and has become a permanent feature of the association's activities. The institute enables editors from all the state to exchange views and to receive helpful advice from journalists of national prominence.

Georgia will continue to produce outstanding woman journalists. College girls are entering the profession in increasing numbers.

When you turn to educational work you consider a field in which women have had a conspicuous place for 50 years—a field which they dominate today.

The patient devotion to their work which the hundreds of public school teachers show has no adequate reward except in their hope that they are doing good, that they are taking a vital role in the development of a new generation. Certainly the meager salaries they receive could prove no incentive, nor do they obtain the appreciation they deserve.

In the realm of higher educa-

tion, Georgia's women have been doing great things in recent decades.

One of the finest women Georgia has produced was the late Mildred Lewis Rutherford, whom it was my privilege to know intimately and to see frequently.

Nearly everybody in the state knew and loved "Miss Milly." She was born in Athens, and was a descendant of John Rutherford, a hero of the Revolutionary War. She was a niece of General Thomas R. R. Cobb, the brilliant Georgia lawyer who was killed in the Confederate service at the battle of Fredericksburg. Her father, William Rutherford, was professor of mathematics at the University of Georgia for nearly 30 years.

Miss Rutherford graduated at the Lucy Cobb Institute in Athens. And then, for 22 years, she served the school as teacher, principal, president and director. At the time of her death, August 15, 1928, she was president and director. She was in the midst of a campaign to raise \$500,000 as a permanent endowment fund for the institution she loved so well and served so brilliantly.

"Miss Milly" became one of the most distinguished historians in the South.

She was state historian for the U. D. C. for life, and historian-general of the Confederate Memorial Association. She was recognized nationally as an authority on Southern history, particularly on phases touching the struggle of the Confederacy. The University of Georgia made her a doctor of letters in 1923.

She wrote several outstanding educational books, among them "English Authors," "American Authors," "French Authors," "The Bible Question Book" and "The South in History and Literature."

Miss Rutherford made the Lucy Cobb Institute one of the best institutions of higher learning for

women in the South. The school will stand in future years as a living memorial to her strength and wisdom.

No woman has made a greater contribution to the cause of education in Georgia than Martha McChesney Berry, founder of the Martha Berry Schools for mountain boys and girls at Mount Berry, near Rome.

She has done and is continuing to do an educational and philanthropic work of inestimable value.

When she went into that mountain region there were no educational opportunities for the children. Nearly all were illiterate. And today, because of her, nearly every child in that part of the state can read and write, and many of them are on their way to the higher reaches of education.

She established the first Martha Berry School in 1902 in a log cabin. There were two pupils—a boy and a girl. Today it is a great institution, embracing two accredited high schools and a secondary college.

It was difficult for the poor children of the mountains to go where they could get an education. She brought the education to them.

President Roosevelt said of the Berry School: "This is one of the greatest practical works for American citizenship that has been done within this decade."

Miss Berry was educated at the Edgeworth School in Baltimore, and afterward traveled extensively in Europe. She returned to North Georgia to fulfill her great mission.

The University of Georgia made her an honorary Ph. D., and, in 1924, the Legislature by resolution conferred distinguished citizenship upon her. In 1925 she was awarded the Roosevelt medal for outstanding service to the nation.

Miss Berry has lectured and written frequently about her work, which has attracted international attention.

Outstanding Careers

CHAPTER XX.

WOMEN of Georgia have carried on such manifold activities in the last 30 years that it is difficult even to enumerate them.

When you stop to consider the personalities in these various fields of endeavor, you find that the mere number of outstanding women precludes mentioning more than a small fraction in a brief survey.

Every city and community in the state has had its public-spirited women, who have rendered service in the causes of education, charity, welfare, politics or the fine arts.

I refer to but a few whom I have known as illustrative and typical.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, of Atlanta, has been a pioneer in women's work.

She organized the first city Young Woman's Christian Association in the South. She served as president of the Florence Crittendon Home, building it into a splendid institution. She has been president of the Atlanta Woman's Club, of the Atlanta Federation of Women's Clubs and of the Atlanta Chapter of the U. D. C. She now is president general of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and an official in various other civic and patriotic organizations.

Since 1910, Mrs. Wilson has been life president of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association, and in that capacity she has performed a valuable and enduring service to the state.

Another Atlanta woman, Mrs. Joseph Madison High, has done a wonderful work for her city and state.

She was the one person who

made it possible for the splendid statue of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, to adorn Statuary Hall in Washington.

She organized the Georgia Society of the Daughters of the Founders and Patriots of America and is its honorary life president. She always has been active, too, in the Colonial Dames, the D. A. R. and the U. D. C.

Mrs. High's interest in art led her to give the City of Atlanta her beautiful home on Peachtree Street for an art museum, and the Atlanta Art Association, under the impulse of this generous gift, has grown to be one of the best institutions of its kind in the South.

The late Mrs. William Lawson Peel also had a great interest in the arts, and she and her husband had a major part in the organization and success of the Atlanta Music Festival Association, which every year brings the Metropolitan Opera Company to the city.

A natural leader, Mrs. Peel took an active part in every movement for civic betterment. She founded the Joseph Habersham Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was instrumental in establishing Grady Hospital. She originated the Georgia products dinners, and

she was interested in developing the Dixie Highway, with its many historic associations.

Mrs. J. H. Redding, a native of Savannah, but a resident of Waycross since girlhood, was a pioneer in women's work in that part of the state.

In her youth she organized a literary society and a W. C. T. U. in Waycross. She was president of the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs for 22 years, and still is an active member. She also has been prominent in various religious organizations.

The beautiful custom of Poppy Day, when the flower symbolic of the battlefields of France is worn everywhere for the benefit of disabled veterans, was originated by a Georgia woman—Miss Moira Michael. She is principal of the Georgia State Normal School and long has been active in patriotic work.

Numerous Georgia women have had successful careers in the arts.

Gladys Hanson (Gladys Snook), born in Atlanta and a graduate of Washington Seminary, has made a conspicuous success on the stage. She has starred in Shakespearean productions and in important modern plays.

Nan Bagby Stephens has had an important career as a composer and a playwright. She, too, is a native of Atlanta.

Miss Stephens has written songs that have been sung in concert all over the country. She composed two ballet divertissements which were staged by Rosina Galli and Anna Pavlowa. "Roseanne," her play of negro life in Georgia, was produced successfully in New York.

She was educated at the Atlanta Girls' High School and at Agnes Scott College. She studied music in Vienna. One of her

teachers was the musical authority, Leschetitzky.

Miss Stephens founded the Atlanta Fine Arts Club. She is a past president of the South Atlantic District of the National Federation of Music Clubs. Her "Georgia Federation Hymn" is an official song. She was chairman of program at the great musical pageant in Asheville in 1922. She is chairman of music for the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance and a member of the American Dramatists.

In the development of the Georgia Federation of Music Clubs, four women stand out as pioneers—Mrs. Armand Carroll and Miss Evelyn Jackson, both of Atlanta; Mrs. Frederic Vaissiere, of Rome, and the late Mrs. W. P. Bailey, of Savannah.

One of the first women to be admitted to the bar in Georgia was Miss Stella Akin, of Savannah. She was admitted to practice in 1917, and since then has had a highly successful career as a lawyer. She also was the first secretary of the Georgia League of Women Voters, and has been active in several political campaigns.

There are more than a score of women lawyers in Atlanta today, and numerous feminine members of the profession in other towns and communities of the state.

Georgia even has produced a woman golf champion—Alexa Stirling, who won the national title three times and shared the spotlight of the links with Bobby Jones. This Atlanta girl now is Mrs. Wilbert Grieve Fraser, of Ottawa, Ontario.

I have but touched the surface in these last three chapters.

It would take several volumes to name the distinguished women of Georgia and detail their achievements.

Senator Felton

CHAPTER XXI.

ONE fall day seven years ago I was at my home in Cartersville, and the telephone rang.

I answered it.

Thus far the incident was routine and commonplace, but soon after I took down the receiver I realized that it was a day I always would remember, and I noted that the date was October 3.

The voice at the other end was speaking for Governor Thomas W. Hardwick. The Governor wanted to know whether I would accept an interim appointment as United States Senator.

I said I would. I added that I was grateful for the honor.

The conversation was over, and I was left to ponder the significance of it.

It meant that a woman reared in the sheltered security of an antebellum plantation was to be the first of her sex to sit in the United States Senate. It was hard to realize. I thought back through the years and decades, and remembered the first time a woman had lifted her voice in public at our little country church in my girlhood. What a stir that had caused! Who in that day would have had the hardihood to predict that the time would come when Georgia women would hold public office?

The death of Senator Thomas E. Watson had left a vacancy. Walter F. George was elected to the office, but there was an interim while the election was being arranged and he was qualifying for office, and Governor Hardwick, by tendering me the temporary appointment, honored the women of Georgia and of the whole country. It was a gesture of recogni-

tion to the thousands of women who had worked so faithfully for the advancement of womankind and for the betterment of their communities and their nation.

Later on, Governor Hardwick came in person to Cartersville to bring me my commission. Mrs. Corra Harris and other celebrities gathered with us and made it quite an occasion. The newsreel and newspaper photographers moved in like an invading army. Telegrams, letters and phone calls began to come from all over the United States, particularly from women's organizations.

Although I actually sat in a session of the Senate only two days, I really was a Senator for 51 days. I was carried on the payroll for that period.

Senator George had been elected before I went to Washington, but he graciously refrained from presenting his credentials until after I had presented mine and taken my seat as a full-fledged Senator.

I arrived in Washington on November 20, 1922, and I sat in the Senate November 21 and 22.

I established headquarters at the Lafayette Hotel, and it was one

continuous reception for three days.

Some of the Old Guard in the Senate didn't know just what to make of it—the notion of a woman entering those protected precincts—but there was no opposition expressed on the floor.

Senator Walsh, of Montana, appeared as my champion. He told the Senators that he realized this was an innovation, but that I was a citizen of the United States, and as such entitled to all the privileges of citizenship, including the right to hold public office, and he thought the women of America were entitled to this honor.

I hunted up Senator Cummings, the president pro tem., who was presiding in the absence of Mr. Coolidge, then Vice President. I explained to Senator Cummings that I thought I should speak a few words in the Senate; that I would not detain them long, and that I then would retire, and Mr. George could take his seat. Senator Cummings said he would be glad to recognize me the first thing the next day.

The next day, November 22, I was on hand early, and Senator Cummings was with me. As soon as the chaplain and pronounced the invocation, Mr. Cummings said:

"I am happy to introduce the junior Senator from Georgia."

I had a seat next to the door, and I moved forward to make my little speech. The galleries were packed. There were delegations from every woman's organization with headquarters in Washington. I felt as I stood there, not that it was a personal triumph, but a well-deserved tribute to the women of Georgia and of the nation. I was merely the instrument.

"The women of the country have

reason to rejoice," I said. "This day a door has been opened to them that never was opened before."

I spoke but a few minutes. Then I left the Senate chamber and went to the Colonial Hotel, which is a woman's hotel exclusively. It was crowded that day with women from suffrage organizations and the federated clubs and patriotic orders. The Woman's Party was heavily represented. We held open house there until late in the day.

There will be other women Senators, some of them duly elected for full terms. The number of women members of the House of Representatives is increasing gradually. There have been two women governors. No doubt there will be others.

And yet I do not predict any great rush of women into public office during this century.

The tendency of lawmaking bodies is for a smaller membership. The larger bodies are cumbersome and unwieldy. As legislatures and congresses form more compact organizations, as I believe they will, membership will be more strictly on merit. There will be little discrimination between men and women candidates except on the basis of ability. Women will be neither elected nor defeated because they are women. They will come to stand on their capabilities as individuals, which is all women should want.

We have one woman member of the Georgia Legislature, Miss Bessie Kempton, of Atlanta, who has served efficiently for several terms. There will be others.

Equal political rights have been granted. That is the main thing. The actual number of women who hold public office is less important.

A Summing Up

CHAPTER XXII.

GEORGIA'S women have moved steadily toward a greater destiny.

They have today the opportunity for economic independence, for wider usefulness, richer lives, better education, bigger careers and more interesting contacts than ever before.

Their future is in their hands. They can make of it what they will.

The women of the United States have won equal rights, after more than half a century of struggle, and now it is up to them to make the best use of their long-awaited citizenship.

The transition in a conservative old state like Georgia, as I have watched it for nearly a century, has been more startling than in the new West or the industrial East and North.

When I recall that in my girlhood Georgia women were frail, sheltered plants, kept carefully under the glass of parental protection until marriage, and then but adornments for their husbands, it is hard to realize the changes I have seen in my 94½ years.

The woman of today has invaded every business and profession. She holds public office. She speaks her mind at meetings. She is consulted and given a prominent part in every civic and patriotic movement.

In brief, she shares with man the problems of her community and nation.

Which is as it should be. This emancipation of the womanhood was greatly to be desired. And yet it has brought its problems.

The home still is the basis of our civilization. I think it always will be. I believe that if it ever goes under, our civilization will sink, too.

Modern life, with its dizzy pace of commerce and its dizzy whirl of distractions, has menaced home-

life as never before. That is the most dangerous phase of our era.

There is nothing finer than a good, old-fashioned home. In that respect we had more comfort and security on our old Southern plantations of ante-bellum days than people have today. The family circle was more firmly welded in that remote time. There were not the constant distractions pulling the young people away from their homes. The home was a unit in itself—a fortress against the rigors of the outer world.

The modern flapper is the inevitable product of a modern home. Not that I am condemning her. I merely pause to point out that she is apt to miss the fundamental truths of life by grasping at the superficial allurements that reach out for her.

The evasion of parental responsibility is the worst fault of the average home of 1929. The birdlings must be taught to fly before they leave the nest. If they don't fly away, they'll fall.

Since 1913 I have served on the board of directors of the State Training School for Girls, where delinquent girls in their 'teens are sent and an effort made to rehabilitate them. In practically every instance that we have investigated, we have found that these girls did not have the proper home environment.

In fully 50 per cent of the cases we have been able to fit these girls to be good wives or useful

employees. We teach them cooking, sewing, all the household arts, and the rudiments of gardening and agriculture.

The impulse to make a home is as old as the race. We need that natural privacy, that relaxation from the cares of the world. We must protect our homes, and punish whatever interrupts or destroys them.

I don't know anything nicer than to go into a happy family, whose members are harmonious and good-humored. It makes life seem worthwhile.

The laxity of religious beliefs has contributed to the instability of the modern home. The give and take of family life, the sacrifices that it calls for, need consecration.

There is, too, a roving spirit today that drives families from place to place. The old days when homes were planted deep in the soil, and families spread out as roots in the community, have gone.

The economic question also is involved heavily in these changed conditions. In my childhood most Georgians owned land and raised their food, and even their clothing, in abundance. It was easy to make a living. There was more than enough for everybody. Today the cost of living has advanced tremendously—the mere struggle for existence is fierce. Smaller families are the tendency, from economic necessity, and more people live in tiny apartments than in commodious houses.

All these are problems that can not be solved with a gesture. But I have the faith to believe that the people will adjust themselves gradually to these changed conditions. Women will do their part.

Modern girls, for all their flapperish ways, have an undercurrent of seriousness. They are ambitious and hard-working. They go into offices, stick more faithfully than the male employees and do their tasks efficiently. The more able of them work their way up to executive positions.

I do not believe, however, that the quest for a career will elimi-

nate home-makers. There will always be plenty of women to cook and sew for men.

The emancipation of women has at last eliminated from the home the idea that the boys have more sense than the girls. It also has removed the stigma of becoming an old maid. There are so many things a woman may do nowadays besides getting married that she need not worry. Nor need she feel that she must grasp the first matrimonial opportunity.

Now that women have found out what they might have discovered long ago had they tried—that, after all, they are not much different from men, and can do pretty much anything a man can in the arts or sciences or in commerce—they will go far.

But their duty as mothers to heredity, to the generations to come, never must be forgotten.

Many years ago I was one of two Southern women invited by the accomplished and philanthropic Californian, Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst, the mother of William Randolph Hearst, to attend a Mothers' Congress in Washington. I was unable to go, and Mrs. Hearst asked me if I would not contribute something to a book of the proceedings which she was preparing. I wrote a paper on "Heredity," which duly was incorporated in the book.

In that article I said:

"The protection of motherhood is the highest obligation of the human race. There should be active, living responsibility. The courts should shield it as they protect no other party or principle. The pulpit should thunder in the ears of the indifferent or careless. Fathers and husbands should resolve that whatever else may deserve protection, the mother and her infant deserve first mention and most extraordinary care."

The star of Georgia is ascendant. The Empire State of the South moves toward a great and glowing future.

With the shadows of a century lengthening about me, I salute the women of Georgia, and wish them well.

Georgia's Women Go Marching On . . .

The Romantic Story of Georgia's Women goes on . . . illimitable as time and space . . . unmeasured by the span of a day or a decade.

Emancipated from the barriers of ancient prejudice, modern woman is facing the problems of today with the same courage and steadfast resolution as in the pioneer days when every Georgia village was a walled and garrisoned frontier outpost.

In this progressive march, The Daily Georgian and Sunday American are keeping pace, interpreting the needs of the modern woman, her home, her city and state.

The Daily Georgian and Sunday American are newspapers of particular appeal to women. The American's Society and Club section, Parent-Teacher, school and garden pages are recognized Southern standards of newspaper perfection.

Outstanding women writers, serving Atlanta, Georgia and Southern women, include Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Polly Peachtree and her staff, Mildred Seydell, Pauline Branyon, Ruth Hinman Carter, the Parish Twins, Mrs. Anne C. Norton, Winifred Black, Adele Garrison, Helen Rowland and many others.

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