

thus far escaped the pen of the reporters, and if I, who was an eye and ear witness and am able and willing to speak, do not recall it, I am afraid a valuable fact will be lost to history and the "source method" of which Mrs. Ricketts spoke so fluently at the Biennial meeting.

While we were in the park listening to the speeches made by our charming entertainers, Mrs. Breed was called on to respond for the delegates. As she passed to the platform she leaned towards our little group and selecting one of our number, smiled most charmingly and asked her to hold her checkered silk umbrella while she talked. The smile, though only a smile, was most winsome and the friends near by whispered "Mrs. Breed has won a vote from our delegation," (it will be remembered that we were unanimous thus far for Mrs. Lowe) but ladies, truth obliges me to state that on the following Monday our little delegate did not change her vote but it went to the southern woman whom we all thought for many reasons deserved it. This, I am sure, argues well for the future should women ever have an opportunity to vote on serious subjects.

And now of the beauties of this canyon. You are all no doubt familiar with the picture. Mountains of hanging rocks of every hue, piled apparently to the sky (for we cannot see the tops from our car window) and covered with flowers, moss and foliage. Then the glorious mountain stream, a roaring cascade, clashing down the glen at a far faster rate than we are able to climb it, now on one side of the road and now on the other, for our train crosses it eighteen times, we are told, in making the ascent, and so we see it from every point of view. As our train enters the foot hills and this astonishing scene of beauty bursts upon our view for the first time our merry party is silenced and a look of awe and reverence is on every face. It is said that nothing will stop a woman from talking, but a couple of hundred of us know better now. I do not say that absolute silence reigned all day (one must not expect the impossible) but I do say that I never spent a day with a more subdued party of merry makers, and now I am tempted to make a comparison, for I have been constantly reminded of three other spots of great beauty I have seen in this country. The first is the renowned Marshall pass and Black Canyon of the Rocky mountains. The second is the glorious trip from Monterey to San Jose, through the Santa Cruz mountains, made famous by the big trees of California, and the third is the never to be forgotten trip through the mountains of Mexico in the mining region of Zacatecas and Guadalupe, where the engineering skill is not surpassed in the world and yet these three beautiful spots, clinging ever to memory, do not, in my opinion, surpass in grandeur the noted Clear Creek canyon of Colorado. It stands without a rival as do the noble women of Denver and Idaho Springs.

Boulder, by Mrs. Nellie M. Richardson: There were several diversions offered the delegates and visitors in the form of trolley rides and excursions which were a delightful change from the wearisome, although interesting, meetings of the convention.

One of these, planned more especially for the visitors, although many of the delegates availed themselves of the privilege, was the excursion to Boulder on Thursday, June 30.

Colorado is noted for her special "days" when in addition to the ever present feasts for the eye she gives lavishly of the treasures of the field. Many of you doubtless have enjoyed

"watermelon day" at Rocky Ford, when your eyes were feasted upon the marvelous mountain of one thousand five hundred watermelons, and where, before the day was done, you decidedly announced that you "did not care for watermelon" and had some misgivings about the sight of one in the future.

And there is "peach day" at Grand Junction when thousands of people come to eat the large luscious peaches which are in such lavish abundance and grow to perfection in that climate and now Boulder has "strawberry day."

Boulder is twenty-nine miles from Denver, with somewhat higher altitude, and has a population of six thousand five hundred. It is a popular summer resort.

Here is the Colorado state university and on one of the most beautiful sites imaginable, just back of the university grounds the noted Texas Chautauqua is located. This is situated just at the junction of the foothills and the plains and enjoys the cool breezes of the mountains while below lies the lovely town and the fertile fields of Boulder valley.

The charming morning ride from Denver ended, the excursionists were given tickets which admitted them eight hundred at a time to the park and the strawberries. These were served in large saucers with sugar and in portly pitchers an abundance of thick cream and with cake. There was an address of welcome by the mayor, and trolley rides about the beautiful little city and to all points of interest in the near vicinity, and then more strawberries.

It has been the privilege of many of us to enjoy these excursions in beautiful Colorado at different times, for they are constantly occurring, but so hospitable, cordial and suave are the citizens of the silver state that you are constantly impressed with the conviction that your excursion is the one that they most desired to see, and that it gave them the greatest pleasure to greet. Enjoyable as were all these side trips to points of interest during and following the convention, perhaps the most enduring phase will be the memory of the many pleasant acquaintances formed with the delegates and visitors of other states—for this was a rare opportunity for visiting as the meetings of the convention were almost continuous—and lasting friendships in clubdom were doubtless inaugurated which will provoke happy anticipations of coming conventions.

Mrs. H. H. Wilson said:

It is most interesting to compare the social features of large gatherings of men and women. Men invariably give expression to the social instincts by giving a banquet with elaborate menu and interminable after dinner speaking. The imaginations of men never mounts higher than a banquet. Women, to whom are rightly entrusted the social features of life, never commit themselves to anything stereotyped and we may always expect originality, variety and artistic thought and finish in social functions that are planned by women. But if woman can be said to prefer one social function more than another, we think it is safe to say that she is partial to the reception with its background of beauty and its artistic setting. One of the most distinctive features of the Denver Biennial was the social atmosphere that pervaded the entire meeting. The warmth and generosity of the hospitality of the Colorado women has left a warm feeling around our hearts that time can never chill. It was one of the greatest and most notable gatherings of cultured and intelligent women that this country

has ever known, but all the learning, wit and eloquence were as nothing compared to the outpouring of human sympathy and love. The Woman's club of Denver kept open house during the entire convention and here one was received by her somely gowned women who looked after your comfort and pleasures with all the accompaniments of an elegant afternoon reception in a private home. Then each day had its own particular reception or garden party or luncheon. The private luncheons and dinners given in honor of the distinguished guests were most elegant and enjoyable affairs and Denver seemed to take pride in revealing to the east the changes that had taken place in western society since the days of "Poverty Flat" or the "Assembly Hall." Thursday was given over to private receptions to the delegates and magnificent homes were thrown open all over the city where gracious hostesses and charming young ladies welcomed their guests from all the states of the union. The Association of Collegiate Alumnae, the W. R. C., the Sufferer association, the D. A. R., the Colonial Dames, each gave receptions to the delegates. The Northside Woman's club gave a garden party at Elitch's garden for all delegates. The members of the press were tendered an elegant garden party on beautiful grounds, the delight of which were known to common people only by report. But it was left to the forty women at Idaho Springs, who provided luncheon for the thousand women who went up on the excursion to Silver Plume to give the final and magnificent touches to the social features of the Denver Biennial. For them was reserved the greatest honor and glory. Their fame has spread from ocean to ocean, from the lakes to the gulf.

Mrs. W. J. Bryan said: I may say at the outset that I have nothing but praise for the work of the Denver women. The task was difficult and they performed it well. Each branch of entertainment was carefully subdivided and one hundred and seventy-six women were at work on the different committees during Biennial week.

The small postoffice at the main entrance to the theatre, where one could obtain postals and stamps, mail letters and receive mail, was a great convenience. The bureau of information was an excellent idea, too. Here articles found were left, and articles lost were sought, the addresses of friends learned and any sort of question answered.

The only fault I have to find is with the long suffering program committee. However excellent a speech may be, if it cannot be heard it is worse than lost, for nothing exasperates an audience more than to know something good is being missed because of poor voice. A voice qualification is most necessary and should be insisted upon before the next Biennial. If we could have had fewer speakers and each had been given more time, the result would have been better. Few speakers had opportunity to present their subjects fully. Aside from these two or three criticisms, the Biennial was to me thoroughly successful. It is a delight to even know there are so many capable, earnest women who are trying to use time to the best advantage.

Miss Harris said: The morning devoted to the press was one of the most interesting sessions of the convention. The speakers were Mrs. Anna Kalfus Sporo of California, Miss Helen M. Winslow of Massachusetts, editor of the Club Woman, Miss Knobe, representing the Associated Press, Mrs. Towner, of the Midland Monthly, and

Miss Agnes Replier, whose occupation it is unnecessary to mention. The opportunity afforded the reporters and editors to express their views of the relations of the clubs to the press and of the press to the clubs was very grateful to the newspaper women and they used it to explain their position between the blue pencil of the city editor who "kills" what he does not think necessary, and the club woman, whose "paper" is the result of six months' study. On the whole the morning strengthened the good understanding which exists between club women and press women.

Mrs. C. H. Gere characterized Mrs. Lowe, the new president of the federation, as a brilliant, warmhearted, capable woman, fully equal to the position to which she has been elected.

The following letter was received from Mrs. Breed concerning the Biennial election at Denver:

My Dear Miss Harris:—Kindly mail me two copies of your Courier for July 9th.

If you knew me you never could have written the article in the above number.

It seems such a pity to write an article from facts (?) gathered from one's enemies. You know we do not amount to anything unless we have a few enemies, and all of my life I have suffered from the envy and jealousies of women, but there are also few women who can command more genuine love and respect from good women than I have been able to do.

Then, too, it is always well to remember that there are always two sides to every story, and it is not broad-minded for anyone to condemn a stranger on account of prejudice. The malicious falsehoods printed in a certain Denver paper by a woman who never knew me, and who, when asked if she would like to be introduced to me (unbeknown to me), replied, "No! thanks, I don't care to meet her, I am fighting Mrs. Breed," is hardly an index of a womanly character. Although she had written me in the winter beseeching me for a picture and some data concerning my work, etc., and assuring me that any favor she could do me she would gladly do, and I went to Denver and received nothing but abuse at her hands.

Silence is a power, and although the best paper in Denver, the cleanest, was placed at my disposal by the city editor, we decided to endure and to leave Denver with our self-respect unimpaired. I should be mortified to have Boston hold a convention and have our guests subjected to such treatment as some people accorded us at Denver. Neither the Massachusetts women nor I have even thought of seceding from the general federation.

I, for one, have too good sense to think that because a few women are unscrupulous, that all are.

Personally, I have been all along in favor of seeing the ten cents per capita tax tried, because I have been on the board and know well how much we are in need of funds.

It was a great disappointment to me that the majority of the Massachusetts women voted against inviting the Biennial of 1900 to meet in Boston.

I said at the time, "If I am defeated do you know what the malicious ones will say? That we are angry and won't have the Biennial!" Exactly what happened. The new woman said, "Massachusetts, return evil for evil," which seemed to state that evil had been done us.

Mrs. Lowe is a friend of mine. Mrs. Henry Grady of Atlanta, Ga., gave me a beautiful luncheon three years ago during the exposition there. Mrs. Lowe sat at my right and after the luncheon we repaired to Mrs. Lowe's, where the preliminary steps were taken towards forming the first woman's club in Atlanta.

I have written Mrs. Lowe that no matter what she hear, Massachusetts women will stand by her and the federation.

If any Massachusetts clubs should leave the federation it will be because they feel that they cannot pay the increased tax.

The rich women of Massachusetts are not in our clubs. I have served the federation faithfully for many years and as my life is happy and full of resources, I shall enjoy having more leisure for my music and other interests. The defeat does not keep me awake nights, but the injustice shown at Denver does irritate. These are a few facts, I could state many more. Pardon the length of my request. Yours sincerely,

ALICE I. BREED.