

ONLY WOMAN WHO EVER RAN FOR PRESIDENCY

Victoria Woodhull's Career is Series of
Dramatic Headlights Which
Shocked New York

MADE ALMOST MILLION
AS BROKER IN SIX WEEKS

Owned and Edited One of Most Sensa-
tional Weeklies—Still Living
on English Estate

WHAT would happen if a woman ran for the presidency of the United States? Mrs. Victoria Claflin Woodhull, in 1872, as the nominee of the Equal Rights party, made a spectacular dash for the White House. That she subsequently tripped and landed in jail just about the time the country decided upon Ulysses S. Grant for its chief executive only adds interest to the picturesque story of one of the most daring women who ever shocked New York.

Her career is a series of dramatic high lights. She was the first woman broker in Wall Street, and she made \$750,000 in six weeks. She owned and edited one of the most sensational weekly journals of her day, and was jailed eight times for printing details of the Beecher-Tilton scandal. She preached radical free love doctrines throughout the country to thousands who mingled hisses with cheers and applause. She repeatedly defied Congress, Tammany Hall and the New York police department. And today, after one of the most tempestuous careers in the history of the woman's movement, she lives quietly somewhere in England, the aged mistress of a large country estate.

The history of this remarkable person began in Homer, Ohio, in 1838. Later her family moved to Brooklyn. At fourteen she married a Colonel Woodhull. Soon after the birth of her second child, a daughter, she divorced her husband, and with her younger sister, Tennie C. Claflin, began studying law in her father's office.

Bewitching Brokers Make Fortune
By the time she was thirty-two she had acquired another husband named Blood and a firm conviction that existing social and political institutions were all wrong. But she was not merely an iconoclast. If she disapproved of the world as it was, she had a pattern of her own for its remodeling.

She announced her intention to become president in 1870. To get money to finance her campaign, she set up a brokerage office at 44 Broad street, in partnership with Tennie. The announcement of the new firm was the sensation of the month. All New York was agog with the news that two novices, and women at that, had had the brazen presumption to imagine that they could survive more than a week in the competitive maelstrom of Wall Street. It was unthinkable, ridiculous, not quite nice.

Contemporary newspaper estimates of the number of visitors at the new brokerage office on the opening day vary from 4,000 to 10,000. Within six weeks the new firm had made \$750,000. To the practised speculators this was an unpeakable insult to their masculine vanity. And the newspapers only made things worse by printing cartoons of the triumphant Victoria and Tennie driving a chariot to which were hitched four of the most prominent operators of the Street.

"Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly" came out in May, 1870, and, like its two proprietors, it was immediately a sensation. Its circulation jumped to 50,000 copies during the first month.

In the spring of 1872 came Victoria Claflin Woodhull's great triumph, the high point in her political career. On the 11th and 12th of May at Apollo Hall in New York she was nominated for the presidency of the United States on the Equal Rights ticket by a convention of 500 delegates representing twenty-six states and four territories. Her acceptance speech was a model of eloquence and brilliancy. The crowd of cheering and waving flags, threw hats and handkerchiefs into the air and all but carried the presidential candidate from the platform on their shoulders.

Arrested at Election Time

A NEW era was about to dawn. Woman had come into her own. She was going to the White House. It was glorious, inspiring, tremendous!

And then quite suddenly and strangely this movement launched with such a loud fanfare of cheers and trumpets fell with a dull thud. Victoria Woodhull dropped from the political limelight completely. The enthusiasm which had carried her to the front and had placed her in the race for the presidency was dissipated apparently by internal party strife and dissension.

When election time came the dauntless Victoria and her sister were in the Ludlow street jail pending the raising of \$20,000 bail, while infuriated enemies threatened to poison them or burn them alive in their prison. The charge against them was that of using the mails for the circulation of questionable literature.

When they were finally brought to trial the case against them was dismissed when it was proved that they had not written the articles in question.

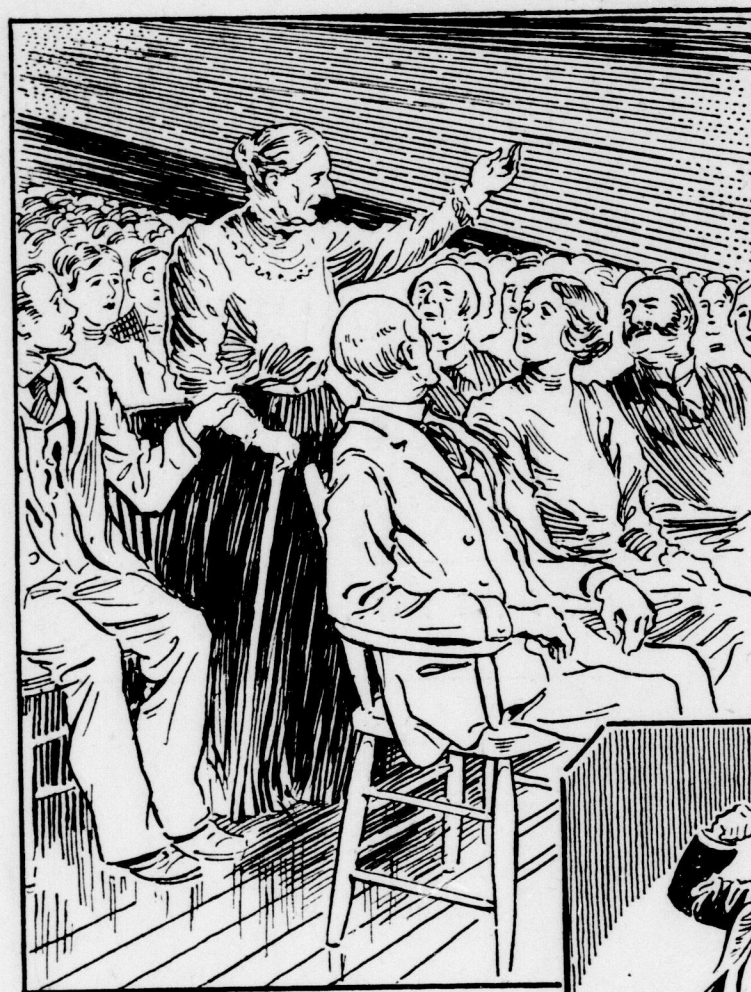
In the years that followed she went from one end of the country to the other preaching what she conceived as the basis of all social progress—freedom to love without the legal restriction of civil marriage.

The country was shocked and horrified—and interested—very interested. Her ill-timed dash for the White House was forgotten, submerged by the more spectacular, iconoclastic social doctrines which she preached. Crowds thronged her lectures. Police threatened to break them up. Often she was forced to resort to strategy to gain entrance to the halls in which she was to speak. Ministers and social workers reviled her and brought unspeakable accusations against her.

And through it all she went her bold, adventurous way with her head held high, charming with the force of her brilliancy and eloquence even where she failed to convince. In 1875 she divorced her second husband, Colonel Blood, and with her sister went to England. There both of them married, Tennie becoming Lady Cook and Victoria, Mrs. John Biddulph Martin.

Lady Cook died in the summer of 1923, but the indomitable Victoria still lives. Although more than forty years have passed since she first took the public platform, the world hasn't yet caught up to the ideas with which she scandalized the seventies.—New York World.

Canadian's Record of a Thousand Lectures Boosting Dominion to Folks of Every Color



An ancient dame asserted that she was the real Victoria and the palaces her property from which she had been evicted.

**Frank Yeigh Has Had Unique
Experience With a Thou-
sand Audiences and Chair-
men or Chairwomen, All
Different**

There is a Canadian who has probably a unique record in the world of records—that of having given over a thousand lectures! He is Frank Yeigh of Toronto, who, during a respectable long span of years, has delivered ten hundred talks and lectures, mostly of the travelogue type, and in many countries and places—in Canada, the United States, Great Britain and in mid-ocean.

The audiences have ranged from a handful of folks who braved a winter storm to a Masses Hall crowd on an open-air throng. The lectures have been given in country, town and city; in the open under summer skies, and in every variety of roof-covered edifice, around camp fires and in convention halls and before all kinds of societies and clubs, at all sorts of hours.

Mr. Yeigh has been a constant advertiser of Canada through the eye, at home and abroad, and never tires of boosting his native land by picture or word of mouth, as well as with the pen. But he has been an inveterate traveler as well, and so brings to people at home the attractions and wonders of other lands.

By FRANK YEIGH
WHAT about a thousand chairmen?

Well, there are chairmen and chairmen and chairwomen, too, and together they represent an odd assortment of humanity. Chairmen can be sorted into definite classes: for there is the chairman silent (blessed be his memory!) and the chairman loquacious (not so blessed his memory!). There is the chairman tidy and the chairman sloppy; the dignified type and the reverse; the careless and the meticulous.

How one warns to the platform leader who pays the audience the compliment of brushing his coat, and his hair—where he has it; who takes his duties seriously, which may rightly include a joke or two, and who is crisp, alert and apparently interested. Save me from the chairman who gets your name mixed up and your lecture title all muddled up.

Yes, there are assorted sizes and types of chairmen. One, the chairman of the school board, seized opportunity by the throat—if that is the right way of seizing that elusive creature—and roundly scolded the audience for nearly an hour for their lack of interest in local education. One can imagine the ideal atmosphere it produced for the unfortunate one who followed.

There's the Sunday school superintendent who has not yet learned how to take boys; who opens his remarks from the platform with an admonition to the youngsters that if any misbehave they will be forcibly assisted to leave. No self-respecting lads will disappoint a man in failing to live up to his expectations. Small wonder, then, if one night they took advantage of the darkened room to pelt the head of the innocent lecturer with whatever weapons could be commandeered on the spot. Talk about the power of suggestion, auto or any other kind! Expect a boy to betray boy cussedness by telling him of it, and it will sometimes be produced on the spot.

Some chairmen should be killed before they have a chance to inflict themselves on another audience, especially the one who steals the lecturer's thunder and delivers a stirring address on the greatness of Canada, the richness of her natural resources, the glory of Old England or the historic background of Old Scotland. And all the while the victim sits in his platform chair thinking evil thoughts and planning murder.

Lady chairmen, what of them? Bless their palpitating hearts, they're not half bad. Barring an inability to throw their voices beyond the middle row of benches, they rarely err on the side of verbosity; they usually preside with charm and grace, and always adorn the stage. They generally get one's name right and they wisely refrain from giving their hearers the



Especially the one who steals the lecturer's thunder and delivers a stirring address.

thrilling family and public history of the celebrity.

Chairmen Who Invite Murder

WHICH brings one to the contemplation of yet another type of president, always of the male sex, who offends by a fulsome introduction and makes the speaker of the evening feel and look like an obscure atom. When one hears of five continents that he is well-known in the building of the nation, that his eloquence exceeds that of a Laurier or a Lloyd George, and when he gasps thrown in for good measure, with Premier King as he hears other fairy tales of like tenor—it is only the fear of the law that prevents a mussy massacre right there and then. And the sufferer has a lurking idea that he hears derisive giggles from the back benches, and no wonder! Some fools lack either a sense of reserve or of language.

When the ideal chairman sits in the seat of the mighty, right behind the water jug and the flowering plant, transacts his chairing business in clear tones and a "few well-chosen words" (rare as hen's teeth or legislators who refuse an indemnity), the orator for the occasion would fain bring down heaven's choicest blessings on his semi-bald head.

What about a thousand audiences? They resolve themselves into half-a-dozen classes or types, which is another way of making the tabloid remark that folks differ. The speaker experiences all degrees of atmosphere, from the frigid to the tropical, literally and metaphorically. In a certain small town in Ontario, the town hall is perched on the only hill in the main street. It is a below-zero night, very much below. Two broken windows, facing north, admit the frozen air of the Arctic to the back of the paid talker. First he slips into his overcoat, without dropping so much as a syllable in his flow of eloquence; then his fur gauntlets, next his cap and muffler. Thus attired, the coronation Gulf, half light like Stefansson on, Coronation Gulf, and feels like an iceberg, with limited reasoning powers, who is slowly being frozen to the planks beneath his iceberg feet.

What of the poor audience? They—it does not take many to warrant a "they"—gradually huddle closer and closer to the one stove, doing its damndest to radiate warmth. The flow of English is arrested ever and anon by the red-headed caretaker firing up, his aburn hair contributing to the heat element. So the exciting evening progresses as the congealed audiences are swept along with entrancing oratory and doubled up with irresistible humor. One's best stories go the best in a zero room.

The show ends. The audience depart to their homes, which they were blithering idiots to leave. The gloomy hall is left to the red-headed caretaker and the saddened and chastened entertainer. Not a soul had spoken a word of praise or blame. It was quieter than any funeral ever held in the vicinity, and sadder than any local tragedy. It was the lecturer's turn to hug the stove, for the lack of anything else to embrace. The poor devil of a sexton, passing rich on ten dollars a year, said the one kind word as a Christian and a brother and with a hand-grip that made him wince, he was accepted as a blood brother.

Cold—and heat. Lord, what a lot of hot air a small hall can hold and not burst into flame! I mean the physical hot air that emanates from an overworked furnace and an extravagant combustion of coal. The air is stifling, the reserved seat sitters are slowly being drugged into subconsciousness and the gods at the rear—on the last four benches without backs—only manage to keep alive by starting on a fresh bag of peanuts. Some speakers do their best to the sound of slowed-down music from piano or orchestra,

but give me the pleasant sound of cracking peanut shells and the echoes of jaws working on somebody's gum.

Sufferings of Audiences

HUMANS suffer more from ill-ventilation or the lack of it than from strabismus or mental aberrations or digestive entanglements. Fresh air becomes a meaningless term, stuffiness that leads to chokings usually prevails, and passing wonderful is the sight of dear mothers and girls, sitting through two hours of a program, clad in fur coats or wraps, with the temperature at high and one's vitality at low.

Yes, audiences differ. That intangible element called atmosphere—not the physical kind—can never be anticipated or explained. But it exists. At one time it will settle like a heavy cloud on speaker and hearers, at another time it will act as a tonic. Folks applaud on the slightest provocation, the oldest Garden of Eden jokes go, and rounds of applause greet the conclusion of the great effort, although the man on the platform is never quite sure whether the hand-clapping may not be a jubilation over the end of the whole sad affair rather than a tribute of esteem or an expression of favor.

There are audiences whose and audiences responsive. The bored listener is the most awful sight a speaker can face; he prefers the whispereed confidences of a love-making couple or the gossip of two cronies who have not met for a month. The unexpected laugh, strident and arresting—often a solitary expression of sound—comes as an electric shock to the drowning orator. He who on the other hand succeeds in gaining the attention of a single pair of eyes and a face turned full to him, full of sympathy and responsiveness, may consider himself fortunate and happy. Let him talk to that face and those eyes and let the others go to either Jerusalem or Jericho, whichever they prefer.

One must needs pay a tribute to the United States audience. Suppose Canada is the subject. The whole-hearted and good-natured reception of the story and the films makes life worth living to the speaker. Applause is more than generous, in fact, one's criticism would be that our American cousins are so good-natured as listeners to the tale of their national neighbor as to be undiscriminating. Everything goes with them. Kind words are showered upon the lecturer in public and private. Praise, no matter how undeserved, sounds sweet, for the rescue and until one's second sense comes to the rescue and tells you plainly what a dub you really are.

This brings one to a consideration of votes of thanks. They are not to be despised or lightly thrown into the discard. Some of them are real gems of comments on the country or the subject treated; others throw valuable light on the topic; still others—had better have been left unspoken. But where it gives two local celebrities an opportunity of speech, as a welcome relief from the sing-song of the visitor, it, or they, rather, have their place. But where the show is brought to a quick end by singing the national anthem—rarely well—the tired talker thanks heaven for the finish as he dreams of a snack of supper and a bed, and shuts out the spectre of an early train of the morrow.

Give me a hall full of youngsters, in a school, for real stimulation. Quick as a trigger, restless as a horde of young animals, chock full of mischief as a Tom Sawyer, utterly unimpressed by the highly-colored bills announcing the speaker, then and there is when the man on the platform must make good—or leave town. Once in a while he dares to ask questions, and then is sorry he dared. Disconcerting answers may come from the tow-headed miniature of a man on your right, or a derisive comment from the saucy youth on your left. Kiddies are no respecters of persons, but gain their good will and attention, and they are the most generous of mortals, giving volumes of applause that threaten to loosen the plaster on the walls.

"Friend, You're a Liar"

SOME audiences are long remembered. Over in Philadelphia is a club of international students in the University of Pennsylvania, representing thirty nationalities. To face a hall

CARVE A HUGE MONUMENT OUT OF A MOUNTAINSIDE

Huge Memorial to Confederate Soldiers to
Be Cut on Face of Stone
Mountain, Georgia

THE GREATEST WORK OF
SCULPTURE IN HISTORY

The Great Sphinx of Giza Would Sink
Out of Sight Behind Gen-
eral Lee's Head

WHAT follows is the story of the largest piece of sculpture ever attempted in ancient or modern times. The work is known as the "Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial," and it is located in the State of Georgia, 16 miles from Atlanta. Before describing this unique work in any of its details, let us answer the question: What is Stone Mountain? and, what is this vast work which is being cut deeply into its face as a memorial for endless ages to come?

Stone Mountain is a vast block of cliff of pure granite, one and one-half miles in length, which rises from the valley to a height, throughout its central portion, of 867 feet above the ground. For several hundred feet this imposing and absolutely solid wall rises perpendicularly, and then for the few hundred feet remaining, curves over backward gradually to its highest point. For the reason that the memorial is intended not merely for a present but for a future tribute to the men who fought in the southern confederacy, the first step was to determine the quality of the granite and whether it possessed sufficient durability to make certain that it would stand in all its clear-cut outline for centuries to come.

The Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial has grown to its present magnificent proportions from a comparatively modest beginning. If you ask Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, he will tell you that a momentary flash of inspiration was responsible for a work which will take eight years to complete. It seems that several years ago, the United Daughters of the Confederacy inaugurated a movement for a memorial to Robert Lee as the representative of the South. Their plan was for a bas-relief head of Lee to be cut in the base of Stone Mountain. Borglum pointed out that such a work would be without distinction or dignity, since it would be utterly dwarfed by the mountain. He likened the plan to pasting a postage stamp on a barn door. He said that they should grave something of heroic size deeply across the face of the mountain.

"As I stood there in the sunset, I could almost see Lee and his army moving, as if alive, across the face of the mountain." The design was at once adopted and the southern women threw themselves into the work of securing the necessary funds.

Cost Will Be \$4,000,000

BORGUM's design shows the Confederate army on the march, with a central group consisting of Lee, Davis, Jackson, Johnston, Forrest and Stewart. All branches of the service are in that long line, which stretches 200 feet in depth and between 1,200 and 1,300 feet in length across the vertical face of the mountain at a little above its mid-height. There will be a full quarter of a mile of marching figures.

The original estimate for the cost of the memorial, as made in 1916, was \$2,000,000, but due to the increased cost of labor and materials it will probably reach \$4,000,000. The expense is to be borne by private subscriptions; by the city of Atlanta, Fulton County, and a contribution from the State of Georgia.

The best way to sense the immensity of this memorial is by comparison with other large sculptural and structural works of ancient and modern times. Thus the great sphinx of Giza would sink out of sight behind General Lee's head; the far-famed Colossi of Memnon at Thebes would scarcely reach to his stirrup; and if the base of a 16-story skyscraper stood at the level of the hoofs of General Lee's horse, its top-most cornice would just reach the top of his hat; for Lee and his horse occupy over 200 feet of the vertical face of the mountain. The marching host will stretch across the mountain's face from southwest to northeast, and in the whole group there will be about 1000 figures whose average height will be 140 feet. The work will be cut in half relief on the average, but there are places where it will be in full relief. The most important part of the frieze will, of course, be the central group of General Lee and his officers.

Painting in the Outlines
THE first step was to send workmen down over the curved upper face of the rock in slings; from which they drilled holes and fixed iron bars firmly in place. Upon these a wooden stairway was constructed over the out-curved upper face of the mountain, and from this point downward the making of the drawing upon the rock and the subsequent sculpturing were done by men who were lowered in specially constructed steel chairs (bosun chairs they would be called aboard ship) suspended from above by half-inch steel cables, as shown in one of our illustrations.

In carrying out the work, problems came quick and fast, and the first of these was to get the outline of these huge figures correctly drawn upon the face of the mountain. For this purpose a large projector was built and housed in an operating shed. Then Mr. Borglum made a slide of the central group of generals and on the first dark clear night projected the slide upon the mountain. As viewed from the valley below, it stood out with wonderful clarity or definition, and men were sent down in their chairs to paint in the picture thus represented.

The cutting out of the rock will be no small task; for it will be understood that blasting is out of the question, because of the danger of shattering the rock and breaking away needed material. The work is being done by drilling holes in rows which are about six inches apart; the holes being four inches from centre to centre in each line. After drilling, the holes are connected with a cutting tool and the stone is wedged out. The quantity of excavation runs to great figures. Thus in the main central group which is 330 feet long it will be necessary to take out some 300,000 cubic feet of rock. The sculpturing is done from the top, down.—Scientific American.

Gasoline

"SPLENDID!" said the youth in the smoking-room, as he put down the newspaper. "I see that the price of gasoline is coming down."
"Yes," rejoined one of the other members, "but I'd no idea you had a car."
"I haven't; but I've got a gasoline lamp."

A Low, Lying Country

LITTLE ELLA: I'm never going to Holland when I grow up.
Governess: Why not?
LITTLE ELLA: Because our geography says it's a low, lying country.