

In all religions the heavenly world is pictured as a reflection of our own. It may not be true that the goddesses were women in the sense that each one had been some noted person or holy saint on earth. Arachne was not a skillful young woman who was believed to have been turned into a spider. But the spider is a spinner, and Arachne is the composite deification of spinning women. She is the tribal or racial type of all women when they are engaged in that occupation. And so the sky people, by the tricks of human imagination, come to typify the terrestrial life. As in some placid mountain lake the woods and rocky cliffs and floating clouds are mirrored, so that one in gazing downward may behold the same pictures as though he were looking upward, so in all folklores and mythologies serenely lie the shadows of past civilizations and religions.

If women now sit on thrones, if the most beautiful painting in the world is of a mother and her child, if the image of a woman crowns the dome of the American Capitol, if in allegory and metaphor and painting and sculpture the highest ideals are women, it is because they have a right to be there. By all their drudgery and patience, by all their suffering and kindness, they have earned their right to be there.

In the World's Columbian Exposition the place of honour was occupied by the colossal statue of a young woman represented in burnished gold. In one hand she held the world, in the other the cap of emancipation or liberty. Upon her right hand stood the building devoted to manufactures and liberal arts, upon her left hand the temple of agriculture. In the distance the dairy, the leather, and the horticultural buildings. In the anthropological building, at the extreme south of the grounds, was an exhibit from the cemetery of Ancon, in Peru. One figure was of especial interest in this connection—the