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Once upon a time a very fair and beautiful mansion was build-  
ed, the building of it covered many years and the laborers on  
it were legion.

First there came those who cleared away the stones and the  
thorn bushes, and drained away the unhealthy waters on the  
site, and laid the foundation. They labored mightily and with  
no encouragement, because all who came by ridiculed them and  
jeered at them for wasting time on a building which could  
not stand even if they succeeded in clearing the ground for  
it; mostly those who jeered passed on but here and there one  
remained to watch and later to help.

These laborers, one by one, went to their long reward with  
nothing save their vision of the finished structure to cheer  
them. Then came others and builded the walls, and laid off the  
rooms, and many more stopped to help them as the building as-  
sumed shape and beauty, but these too mostly were gathered to  
their fathers before the building was complete, having given  
much of their lives to the work.

A new generation took up the work, but these laborers, and  
there were many thousands of them, spent only a few years of  
their youth in crowning the foundation and walls with a roof.

One day the people passing saw that a beautiful structure  
was nearing completion and it was a fair and stately mansion  
indeed. And they acclaimed the leader of the builders with  
mighty shouts of joy and congratulations, saying, "You have in-  
deed builded wisely and well and many will call your name  
blessed who shall rest in this house hereafter".

But the builder was an honest workman and knew in his  
heart that to the vision of those who had cleared the rough  
ground and laid the foundation, and perished amid the ridi-  
cule of the unseeing public, the honor and thanks and bless-  
ings were due, and that he had but followed humbly and teach-  
able in the footsteps of those great ones who had seen by the  
light of the spirit only, what it had been given him to see  
in actual form and color.

And this is my story of the Suffrage Victory that we  
have won. Not by the leadership of a few but by the labor  
of many, and it is to these early builders who labored without  
reward, I bring the Laurel Wreath of Victory to day and lay  
it at their feet with a heart overflowing with gratitude  
to them for what they have meant to me.

For every honest workman among us must know that  
their task was a million times harder than ours, no matter  
how hard we have worked, for the tide of Public Sentiment  
was set dead against them and theirs was the task of  
turning it so that today it is almost a flood tide in our  
favor."



Telegram to Mrs. M. F. C.

"San Antonio wants your story of the Suffrage Victory."

and my reply.

Once upon a time a very fair and beautiful mansion was builded,  
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waters on the site, and laid the foundation. They labored mightily  
and with no encouragement, because all who came by ridiculed them and  
jeered at them for wasting their time ~~for~~<sup>on</sup> a building which could not  
stand even if they succeeded in clearing the ground for it; and mostly  
those who jeered passed on, but here and there one remained ~~and~~  
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structure to cheer them. Then came others and builded the walls,  
and laid off the rooms; and many more stopped to help them as the build-  
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ing ~~took~~ shape and beauty, but these, too, ~~were~~ mostly were gathered  
to their fathers before the building was complete, having given much  
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these laborers spent only,  
and spent a few years of their youth in crowning the foundation and  
the walls with a roof, and there were many thousands of them  
And one day the people passing saw that the  
beautiful structure was nearing completion and it was fair ~~and~~<sup>a</sup> ~~to see~~  
beautiful, ~~a~~<sup>a</sup> stately mansion indeed. And they acclaimed the roof  
builder, with mighty shouts of joy and congratulation, saying you have  
indeed builded wisely and well, and many will call your name blessed,  
who shall rest within this house hereafter. But the builder was an  
honest workman, and he knew in his heart that ~~the~~<sup>to the</sup> vision of those who  
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