

# Women's Antagonism To the Suffrage

By Mr. Humphrey Ward.



AFTER sixty years' agitation—for the movement is generally dated in America from the meeting held in New York in July, 1848—the woman-suffrage demand, which during the second third of the nineteenth century was active throughout the States and succeeded in forcing a constitutional amendment in favor of the women's vote in four of the sparsely peopled States of the West, is now in process of defeat and extinction—and that not at the hands of the men, but at the hands of women themselves.

Since 1896, indeed, in five States the suffrage constitutional amendments have been defeated at the polls, and in 1903 the Legislatures of thirteen States rejected woman-suffrage bills of one type or another. School suffrage has been secured for women in twenty-five States, but the striking thing is that the suffrage agitation and the "unwise pressure brought to bear on Legislatures and public officials" have hindered the natural progress of women in this field of work so well suited to them. In two States—Connecticut and Ohio—the abolition of the school suffrage has actually been discussed. School-suffrage votes have been defeated in five States in the last three years, and a bill "requiring that at least one-third of the members of boards of education appointed by mayors should be women" was defeated in New York in 1899. This melancholy result—from an English point of view—seems to be mainly due to the general disapproval and opposition which the woman-suffrage movement has excited; so that we have even the untoward fact that at the present moment there is no woman upon either the New York or the Boston Board of Education. The movement has not only failed; it has checked the legitimate development of women's influence in the spheres which most truly belong to them.

By quiet, resolute and slowly strengthening opposition the women of America, then, have defeated the woman-suffrage movement. The same result has now to be achieved in England, and can be achieved if only the women of this country will rouse themselves to the danger before us.—London Times.

# Go West, Young Man

By A. P. Anderson.



WHEN "Ambitious" asked the question, "How can a young man without money obtain a college education in the West?" he voiced the inquiry of hundreds of young men who aim to meet the requirements of the age for trained minds.

The colleges, particularly of the West, are answering the question to the satisfaction of scores of their graduates every year. They are inviting others to "come and see." And the young men and women, on the upward climb to success, whose struggles are made easier by the training which these institutions of learning have offered, are loud in their praises of their Alma Mater.

The two qualities which the West demands of its young men and women are perseverance and capacity for work. The colleges of the West are no exception. If "Ambitious" is seeking a royal road to learning, let him spare himself the trouble of crossing the Jersey meadows. If he has pluck and a genuine desire to get his B. A., let him save money enough to pay his fare to some college town of the Middle West—the rest is a matter of time.

One of the smaller colleges should be chosen. Their instruction is excellent, their courses are varied and complete, and the opportunities for personal acquaintance with the instructors are advantageous both intellectually and socially. Their endowment funds enable them to reduce the cost of tuition to a minimum, and many have a special fund from which they loan to needy students, without interest, such amounts as may in the judgment of the Faculty be deserved by applicants. Board may be had at about \$2.50 a week, and an excellent room at 75 cents more. Boarding clubs are established by the men to reduce the cost of living. The writer lived in such a club for a year at a weekly expense of not more than \$1.50.

The Western measure of a man is based upon what he is, not what he has. The cad or dude has no place among the undergraduates of the West—he comes East.—New York Times.

# The Proper Treatment of Wives

By the Rev. J. L. Scudder.

First Congregational Church, Jersey City.



SELFISHNESS is the rock upon which domestic bliss generally goes to pieces. A model husband never plays the tyrant. He treats his wife as an equal, not as a subordinate or slave. Some women are married to bears. Some are caged birds, too sad to sing. Others have that word "obey" eternally thrown at them. Another quality in a good husband is his determination to cultivate cheerfulness and scatter sunshine in his home. He will make himself handy around the house and not expect everything to be done for him.

When his wife asks him to mend the sewing-machine, or put new wire on the screen door, he will not pout and say, "That was not down in the marriage contract." He removes burdens wherever he can, and moves around the house like a bearded angel, blessing everything he touches. He overlooks any little weaknesses his wife may possess, instead of calling her a "cross-patch," and then becoming ten times as cross and ugly himself. He sympathizes rather than irritates. He is not always insisting that he is right and his wife is wrong. He is jovial and lenient, and lets the little woman have her own way in many things, always allowing her to have the last word. A good husband also keeps up his courting as long as he lives. He never forgets to tell his wife how much he thinks of her. He speaks words of praise while she is living, and doesn't wait until the funeral to deliver sentiments she cannot hear.

# The Cost of Convention ∴ Badges ∴

By H. L. Beach.



THE badge of the chairman of the national committee is usually a thing by itself. It frequently is of such gorgeous appearance as might make imperial Caesar groan at the sight of magnificence unattained. Then come the decorations of the members of the committee, and usually there is little modesty about these. This year the Republican national committee have decided to distinguish themselves by badges which will each contain two-thirds of an ounce of solid gold. This matter is evidently intended by them as a

pleasant surprise to the rank and file of delegates, for they have made especial effort to keep the matter quiet. "Solid gold" means anything between eight carats and twenty-four carats fine. The quality generally used in the construction of badges is ten carats fine, which sells in the commercial world for about \$9 per ounce. Assuming that the badges of the committee are of this degree of fineness, the members of the national committee will wear upon their chests \$6 worth of gold voted by themselves to themselves for reasons which they themselves best understand.—The World To-day.

# CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



## BOBBY'S EXCHANGES.

I wish I owned a motor-car—a slashing big red-dragon, I'd swap it in a minute for a handsome horse and wagon.

And then I'd take that horse and cart, de-laying not a minute, And swap 'em for a new canoe with nice soft cushions in it.

And then I'd take that new canoe—I wouldn't wait a minute, And swap it for a puppy dog with manners fine and sniffy.

And then I'd take that sniffy dog for fear that I'd be bitten, And swap it off with someone who preferred it to a kitten.

And then I'd take that kitty-cat and sell it for a quarter, The which I'd swap for one big pail of fizzy soda water.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in The House-keeper.

## REAL BABES IN THE WOODS.

They had not lived in the country long, the Browns had not. They had just moved into the pretty farmhouse a few days before the things told of in this story happened. There were Papa Brown, Mamma Brown, Bulger Brown (a little boy) and Sissy Brown (a little girl).

Now, before I go any farther, I must tell you that Bulger's real, sure-enough name was not Bulger; it was Franklyn James. And Sissy Brown's real sure-enough name was not Sissy, but was Stella May. But as Papa and Mamma Brown always called them Bulger and Sissy it is better for me to do the same. So, let them be known in this story—which is a very short one—as Bulger and Sissy.

Well, on the third day after the Browns had moved into their new country home Bulger and Sissy went out into the big yard to play. And after they had explored every inch of the yard they decided to investigate the barnyard. And it was such loads of fun to chase the big rooster about the barnyard, and to hear the hens cackle as if they were quarreling with them for their mischief. Then they visited the pig pen. And such a funny lot of little piggies there were in it, too, trotting about—tails twisted into knots over their backs—after a very fat mother had grunted, grunted, every minute, and who looked toward Bulger and Sissy with a distrustful glance.

Then there was nothing new for Bulger and Sissy about the house, yard and barnyard. And they stood looking at each other, wondering where they should go.

Bulger, being five years old, spoke first. "Let's go down yonder." And he pointed to a line of timber about a quarter of a mile from the house.

Sissy, being four years old, trusted to her big brother's judgment and said: "All right, buver."

Then away the two totlings went, hand in hand, toward the dark woods.

"It's very big an' dang'rous," explained Bulger, pointing to the line of timber. "Maybe bears are there."

Sissy held tighter to Bulger's hand, not fearing even bears while safely guarded by him. "But no bears will bover us—for I won't let 'em," went on Bulger.

And then they reached a few of the outside, straggling trees. "Oh, it isn't so very big an' dark, is it?" asked Bulger.

"No, it's just buff-ful," said Sissy. But still she clung tightly to Bulger's hand.

And so they walked about and about, going a little deeper and a little deeper into the woods. And then it became a little darker and they could not see so far about them, and Bulger decided they would better return to their home. "I'd best better do home, Bulver," said Sissy, seeing the uncertainty in her brother's face.

"Yes, it's mos' dinner time," said Bulger, not wishing Sissy to know that he was getting a bit afraid of the lonely woods.

And so they started out to go home, but, having forgotten just which way they had come, they went in the wrong direction. And so they walked and walked, growing so tired at last that Bulger said that he would have to sit down and rest a bit.

And all the while they had been walking both Bulger and Sissy had been afraid, but neither owned it to the other.

While they sat on the mossy bank of a little brooklet Sissy fell asleep, her head in Bulger's lap. Then Bulger's blue eyes grew heavy, and he, too, fell into slumber, forgetting where he was and that there might be bears in the woods.

And there is no knowing how long the two little Browns might have slept in the woods or whether or not they might have come to harm, or have been forever lost, or whether at night the birds might have felt pity for them and covered them with leaves; but about half an hour after they had fallen asleep their own dear mother found them, and, lifting Sissy in her arms and calling gently to Bulger to wake, she kissed each and said: "Thank God, I found my dear little babes safe in the wood." And Bulger and Sissy were thankful to be found, too, and promised never to go away from home again without their mamma's consent.—Washington Star.

## NELSON AND THE COXSWIN.

Just before the battle of Trafalgar a mail was sent from the English fleet, and word was passed that it might be the last chance to write before the expected engagement. The letters had been collected from the ships, the letter bags were on the vessel which was to take them, and she had gone some distance on her way, under full sail, when Lord Nelson saw a midshipman approach and speak to Pasco, the signal officer. Then Nelson showed the side of his nature which so often won the sailors' hearts.

Pasco uttered an exclamation of disgust and stamped his foot in evident vexation. The Admiral called him and asked him what was the matter.

"Nothing which need trouble your lordship," was the reply.

"You are not the man to lose your temper for nothing," rejoined Nelson. "What was it?"

"Well, if you must know, my lord, I will tell you. You see that coxswain?" pointing to one of the most active of the petty officers. "We have not a better man on the Victory, and the message which put me out was this: I was told that he was so busy receiving and getting off his mail bags that he forgot to put his own letter to his wife into one of them, and he has just discovered it in his pocket."

"Hoist a signal to bring her back!" was Nelson's instant command. "Who knows that he may not fall in action to-morrow? His letter shall go with the rest."

That was Nelson all over.—Washington Star.

## SMART GIRLS.

The boys of this country must not get the idea that they are the only smart things in it. There is a girl in Mississippi who lost both hands three years ago, but has learned to do good typewriting with her toes. There is a girl in Ohio with a wooden foot who plays football and runs races and beats all the boys.

In Wisconsin a girl of twelve years of age swam a horse across a river and saved a passenger train from disaster. Michigan has a girl of fourteen who can do any sum in mathematics you give her and not be over ten seconds about it. Pennsylvania has one of eleven years who can learn and repeat any chapter in the Bible in twenty minutes.

Delaware has a miss, now sixteen years old, who went into the grocery business when she was only ten, and at the present date she is making \$2000 a year, and Connecticut has one of fifteen who has traded horses and got the best of it over forty times.

The American boy is pretty cute, but the American girl isn't going to be left very far behind in the race.—New Haven Register.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S FEAT.

Little Miss Evelyn Albee, of Alna Centre, may deservedly be called a heroine. A few days ago, while playing near an open well, she accidentally stepped in. The well was eighteen feet deep, with six feet of water. Her playmate heard the splash, but was too frightened to call for assistance. Miss Evelyn, who is not six years old yet, was equal to the occasion and clambered to the top, unaided and unharmed. "How did she do it?" is the general question asked, but no one but the lady herself knows, and she wishes to forget it. That she wasn't hurt in some way was truly remarkable.—Kennebec Journal.

## A NEW GAME.

The youngsters of Harlem evolved recently a game that is enjoying great popularity among them. A coin is placed on a crack in the sidewalk and the two players stand opposite each other and at an equal distance from the crack, usually upon the next one. A rubber ball is then aimed and thrown at the coin and caught on the bounce by the opposing player. The coin, or its equivalent, becomes the possession of the player hitting it. It is a gambling game, of course, but that is probably what gives it the vogue it enjoys.—New York Sun.

## THE COMPOSITION OF A ROCKET.

The ordinary skyrocket is made of various compositions packed in tubes round a cylindrical core. The match by which the rocket is exploded is placed in a cavity at the bottom. The movement of the rocket would be irregular if it were not for the guide stick, which is made very light, so that it does not retard the flight of the rocket when the gases come out and hit the ground with all their might and send the rocket up into the air for all that it is worth.—American Press.

In the sandy deserts of Arabia, whirling winds sometimes excavate pits 200 feet in depth and extending down to the harder stratum on which the bed rests.

The British salmon is \$11 to be worth \$550 a ton.

# WOMEN; THEIR FADS.



THEIR FASHIONS.  
THEIR WORK.  
THEIR ART.

## TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.

Whether she works for a living, for her own cultivation, or for the betterment of social conditions, the modern woman is in earnest and wishes to be taken seriously. She is willing to be criticised, disapproved, disliked, even hindered, rather than have her labor treated as a piece of pretty play acting, or be branded with the loathsome label of "amateur."—From the By-stander.

## NEW BANK PRESIDENTS.

Mrs. Phoebe Rideout, of California, is the latest recruit to the ranks of the woman bank presidents. Mrs. Rideout has just been elected to succeed her late husband as the president of the bank at Oroville, Cal., and also as president of the banks at Marysville and Gridley. The aggregate capital of the three institutions is said to be more than \$3,000,000. Mrs. William Langdon, wife of the city attorney of San Francisco, has been re-elected president of the Union Savings Bank at Modesto.—New York Sun.

## CAN MARRY ORIENTALS.

Anglo-Saxon women cannot be deterred, it seems, from marrying Orientals. Even the unspeakable Turk is not excluded from the possibility of winning an Occidental bride. A woman writing to a London paper tells of having been stopped in the streets of Constantinople by a closely veiled woman, dressed entirely in black. She bent down her head a moment to whisper that she was an English woman married to a Turkish merchant, and begged the stranger to save other of her countrywomen from a like fate.—New York Tribune.

## KING EDWARD'S ADVICE.

The Tatler tells an amusing little story about some advice given to the Queen of Spain by her uncle, King Edward. Her majesty wished to have

Our Cut-out Recipe.  
Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Georgia Split Peas.—Pare and boil three large Irish potatoes until very soft. While still hot mash them finely; add a cup of blended lard and butter, two eggs, beaten separately, and a yeast cake dissolved in a pint of warm milk; finally add enough flour to make a stiff sponge. When this is light add a heaping tablespoon of salt and another of sugar, then work in flour to make a smooth and satiny dough. After letting this rise again, roll it out on a bread board to the thickness of half an inch. Cut into biscuits; butter each one over the top and place it over another biscuit. Crowd them slightly in the pan to keep them from spreading and brush the tops with a piece of melted butter. They will make their last rising very quickly, and should be baked as any other roll would be.—Washington Star.

some friends who were not of royal blood stay with her, but, finding that this was considered absolutely out of the question in the Spanish court, she wrote to the King and asked what she should do. The reply of that astute monarch is said to have been: "Do not make enemies and respect other people's stupidity—when necessary. In time, if you are wise, you will get everything your own way."—New York Tribune.

## CARE IN DRESSING.

A woman who is well groomed can not afford to be careless of her appearance. She must dress so as to bring out her good points. To do this takes time. At least half an hour is required for dressing in order that she may present that perfectly prepared appearance which is the indescribable charm of the well-groomed woman. Particular attention must be paid to the finishing touches. Each hook and button must be as neatly adjusted; her hair must be as neat as possible, with no straggling, ill-kempt locks flying about, and her hands must defy criticism.—Indianapolis News.

## ONE FUR COAT INSUFFICIENT.

There was a time when one fur coat was all a woman needed, and she wore it unhesitatingly with all her frocks whenever the weather really called for fur. Now one must be a plutocrat to wear furs properly. Seal-skin demands a gray or mole colored frock, and sable calls aloud for black satin, ermine is charming with beige and clay color, and silver fox happily has an affinity for many different colors and textures. It is, therefore, pleasant to be told that a new variety of silver fox will be put on the market this winter. It is achieved by dyeing the fibrous unsalable red fox, and the imitation is said to deceive all but the elect.—New York Tribune.

## HER STAINED FINGERS.

In an interior city which prides itself upon the respectability of its smart set and its superiority to those who indulge in fashionable fads one of the society leaders is a woman who is always criticizing her neighbor's actions. Whether it is a brainstorm that, a sheath gown or a petticoat overlaid to her taste, she never fails to express her opinion of the wearer, usually an opinion spiced with spite. The other day she was calling upon a young matron, and as she condescendingly accepted a cup of tea she began to carp as was her wont. The young matron stood the caustic remarks until the tears rose in her eyes and she felt she must rebel. With a glance at

once haughty and piercing, she said, indicating her visitor's shapely right hand: "What is the matter with your fingers? What makes them so yellow?" The other woman, with a hasty look at her hand, where unmistakably was written the saffron sign of the cigarette smoker, blushed deep red. Her tone lost its acidity in her subsequent sentences as she hastily gulped down her peko and bade her guest a honeyed adieu.—San Francisco Call.

## LIGHTENING CLOTHES BURDEN.

The burden of clothes has evidently grown too great for the modern woman, for she seems to be trying this year to divest herself of as many garments as possible. Her gown is commonly all in one piece, while the undergarments have been reduced to two combination garments. There are also various other economies, as Miss Elizabeth A. C. White told the Dressmakers' Protective Association at the Masonic Temple.

"What kind of a blouse did you wear with it?" some one asked after Miss White had exhibited her traveling skirt.

"None at all," answered the oracle of fashion. "I did like the French women—wore a little white sleeveless slip waist, with a lace jabot, and kept my coat on. I wasn't going to pay \$60 for a blouse."

"You don't wear any blouse under the new Directoire coats," continued Miss White. "You keep it on when you make calls or go to afternoon teas, and under it you wear one of these little slip waists, with a handsome collar and jabot. Or, if you like, you can drape a piece of this wide figured ribbon across the front and fasten it with handsome buttons."

"At other times the French woman doesn't wear any coat at all. She has the new coat gown, made of any heavy material and worn with furs."

"This is proper for any occasion calling for a street costume," said

Miss White, "church, calls and teas."

Along with this lessening of the number of garments worn goes a lessening of the quantity of material. Skirts are both scantier and shorter than ever before.

"Even long skirts are not very long," said Miss White, "and Paquin is showing short tailor makes this season for the first time. How short should they be? That depends on the style of the gown and the style of the woman. A young girl of medium size who wants to show her pretty boots may wear a skirt three inches off the ground, and if she is small she may have it shorter. Even six inches isn't too much for a trotteur costume to be worn in bad weather. A large woman who is not young, and wants her dress for the promenade, should have it from one and a half to two inches off the ground."—New York Tribune.



Pretty Things to Wear.

New swagger leather bags have an inside frame with outside pockets.

Fancy chiffon cloth waists are trimmed with braid and silk bands.

White bodice vests of Italian silk for transparent gimpes are stylish.

A colored chiffon waist made over white or ecru silk has a latticed braid yoke and long shirred sleeves.

A vanity case with chain handle is made of gold plated German silver and contains powder puff, mirror and card receptacle.

A Brussels net waist trimmed elaborately with taffeta bands has long sleeves made up of alternate silk bands and tucks.

Shell comb sets comprising back and side combs have ornamental encrusted rhinestone tops in bowknot, loop and Mercury wing design.

A black broadcloth suit of Directoire inspiration has a clinging skirt which is modified by pleats let in at the sides and back below the knees.

A new Irish crochet stock inset with Irish crochet and hand embroidered has turn-over points at top and a short Ascot scarf around the bottom of the collar.

One of the wide new neck ruffs of ostrich and morabou is just long enough to go around the neck, is high about the throat and flutes around the lower part of the neck.

Among the neckwear there is a new finish for the front of a waist in the shape of a handsome band of hand embroidery and Irish crochet lace with a full wide ruche of the same kind on one side.

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