

VOTES FOR WOMEN

BY A SUFFRAGETTE

"VOTES for women." The peer who could have been apprehended uttering those words 100 years ago in England would have been ostracized by society—by men and women alike. But scan the situation to-day and you will find that we suffragettes have nearly won our battle. Perhaps it seems far from victory to Americans who have been following the struggle which we have been conducting in our own way, but let me say right here that "votes for women" is in my mind a certainty within a decade.

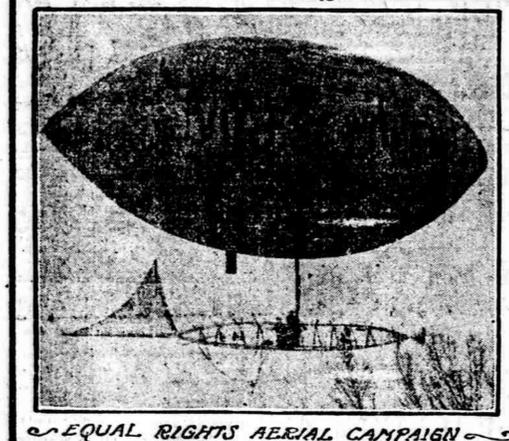
The idea has been driven home among the men who are the ruling powers of Great Britain and they cannot help but see the beauty of our arguments. This opening of a vista of light in the stubborn minds of the men who construct English law is to the suffragettes a certain indication that if the fight is carried on in the next few years with the same vigorous measures which have marked the pursuit of votes by the feminine British of the past few years, our cause is won.

It is an enlightened age. The woman who spins the thought of participating in the political activities of her country has not yet reached a plateau, according to my belief, where she can possibly appreciate the benefits to be derived from the little ballot. Why do woman dislike politics? I answer simply because they believe the political side of a country's life is the degraded one. They connect politics and votes with drinking, graft and other evils, which, I may say, beset the safety of political government to-day.

And let me ask the woman who does not believe that she should vote: Would not the introduction of the feminine into government affairs serve to cleanse them of the stigma which

asserted their rights verbally in front of the house of commons in February, were dragged into the worst excuse for a court of justice and sentenced to one month in the workhouse because they had nerve enough to tell the people of London their ideas on rights of men and women.

The mental agonies which we women were compelled to undergo were compensated in the good which was



is too often attached? To my mind that would be the result.

I have said that I would deal impartially in this article and so I am giving "the other hand" of the question. Men have opposed equal rights because they say that the influence which a woman of evil intentions could throw into a political fight would disrupt organization. I answer: There is now much evil in the manner in which our male citizens are carrying out their policies and it is a certainty that the purifying influence of woman would be felt in national questions.

"But woman has not the training for a political career," some of my skeptical friends may declare. True, she has not had the training which has been accorded to the men, but just now she is not looking for political office for she is after her primary right—the ballot. Then after that is won the political training will naturally follow with the interest which the woman must take in the affairs of the country, which she will necessarily help in deciding.

I do not suppose that enlightened readers will want me to again go over that well-worn motto, which arises to the uppermost part of the brain of man whenever he is arguing against equal rights, viz. that "woman's place is in her home."

Of course woman's place is in her home. So is a man's, but that does not prevent either from participating in the decision of who shall govern the rights upon which that home is built. Think it over. Does it?

It befell me to be a member of the little band of women who, when they

done the cause, for we were the martyrs of our division of the great band of women which is fighting for the ballot in England.

True, the magistrate was good enough to give us places in "jail" which were better than those to which the ordinary drunkard of the dens of Cheapside is sentenced, but the care which we received was not such that our lives in the confinement of the "jail" was by any means comfortable. One of our number was a member of the British nobility and the grievous wrong which we believe was inflicted upon her station will not be forgotten by our suffrage band for many years. Yet we refused to allow ourselves freedom.

Men have laughed at our methods of going about the acquisition of our right to the ballot.

A male friend of mine said to me: "Why do not you women go after the suffrage right peaceably without the attempt at making your point felt by the use of brute strength?"

Think of it, sisters and brothers—"brute strength." He called our efforts the utilization of "brute strength." I laughed outright when he chose to term our fight under that caption.

Perhaps he gained his idea from the fact that our vigorous prosecution of the fight has been styled "riotous" by the sensational press. But in my mind it cannot be called that for to my knowledge none of the women came to blows with their enemies in this fight. It seems to me that what "brute strength" has been used was on the other side.

Brains have been used to a greater

extent than you Americans may imagine. It was a cunning mind among our leaders who thought out the plan to talk to the members of parliament by having two of the women chain them selves to the guard in the balcony. Just that little incident gave England the idea that the fight was a determined one.

Modern advertising methods were used to circulate general knowledge of the March demonstration and certainly if we believed that the power of brawn is needed to win this struggle we would not have gone about it in that manner. We could have hired hoodlums to make a far more startling argument in line with the use of brute strength.

Another manner of unique advertising was the alms episode, which unfortunately ended disastrously. The craft, upon the side of which was pinned a great banner bearing the slogan, "VOTES FOR WOMEN," traveled in the direction opposite to that for which it had been steered, but the moral effect upon the public was good.

Though it is not generally known there are great minds behind this campaign and through them eventual success is sure. Every day new moves are planned and the members of parliament who are opposed to our creed little know where to look next for an outcropping of the emblem which bears our little legend: "equal suffrage."

Male members of British nobility are to be figured upon if the selfish would defeat us, and that is why I say I believe I have good reason to argue that within a decade our fight will be won.

Are there not in England among the male population minds of far lesser caliber than those of the women who believe they should vote? There is no doubt of it. Yet we who have selves to the guard in the balcony. Just that little incident gave England the idea that the fight was a determined one.

From reading the cable news from America in the daily newspaper here in London I learn that several states of our former colonies have bestowed upon their women the right to cast ballots in rendering decisions as to state and city officers. If the offspring of England shall have so far progressed as to recognize that the feminine branch of the human race deserves a "say" in the affairs of men, is it not time for the mother country to cast from her back the black cloak of unequal suffrage?

There is a suffrage lesson in America and well may England profit by it.

The thought that voting is unwomanly is as obsolete as the old stage-coach system, to my mind, and some day the eyes of our country will be opened to that fact. We women have simply formed ourselves into a band of leaders and we hope soon to see our way clear to the voting booth.

Our struggle commenced in humble little mass meetings on the street. The success of these resolved itself into the desire to do greater things and to-day you Americans who read the newspapers are viewing a fight which is nearing the mountain top of victory.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Prince Victor Duleep Singh's Ghost Story and Its Confirmation.

"On Saturday, October 21, 1893, I was in Berlin with Lord Carnarvon. We went to the theater together and returned at midnight," quotes a writer in the Strand Magazine. "I went to bed at once, leaving, as I always do, a bright light burning in the room (electric light). As I lay in bed, I found myself gazing at an oleograph which hung on the wall opposite my bed. I saw distinctly the face of my father, the Maharajah of Duleep Singh, looking at me, as it were, out of the picture; not like a portrait of him, but his real head. The head about filled the picture frame. I continued looking and still saw my father gazing at me with an intent expression. Though not in the least alarmed, I was so puzzled that I got out of bed to see what the picture really was. It was an

oleograph of a girl holding a rose and leaning out of a balcony, an arch forming the background. The girl's face was quite small, whereas my father's head was the size of life, and filled the frame.

Prince Duleep Singh adds that his father had long been out of health, but not alarmingly so. On the next morning (Sunday) he told Lord Carnarvon. In the evening Lord Carnarvon handed him two telegrams. The Prince at once said: "My father is dead." It was so.

He had an apoplectic seizure on the previous Saturday evening at about nine, and never recovered. He had often said he would try and appear to his son at death if they were apart. Prince Duleep Singh is not subject to hallucinations, and had only one similar experience—as a school boy.

Lord Carnarvon confirms the account. The Maharajah died on Sunday, October 22, 1892.

FOR SAFETY IN THE SCHOOLS

European Schemes Intended to Guard Against Disaster.

How to guard against disaster in schools in case of fire is a subject which is receiving much attention in the large cities of Europe. Some of the preventive measures suggested by correspondents of a Vienna paper make interesting reading for Americans. One man writes that in one of

the small towns in Bohemia the school sessions are held in two old buildings which were once residences. By an iron door one may go from one building to the other, and in case of fire in one house the children have but to go to this door and find safety in the building in which there is no fire. This plan should be adopted, he says, for all the city schools. "They usually stand among dwelling houses,

and from each there should be an exit to the house next door. That would make the schools safe and prevent fires." Another man writes that the expense of placing new doors on the schools to prevent a catastrophe would cost too much. "All danger could be obviated," he says, "by leaving the doors to the street wide open while the schools are in session." No correspondent suggested fire escapes.

Visiting the Son's Sine. The Trifiski Listok (Tiflis Leaflet)

publishes a very remarkable order published by the commandant of the place in connection with the military school. The terms are as follows: "In case of any act of disobedience on the part of a pupil toward one of his masters, whatever may have been the conduct of the latter, the governor will expel from the limitations of the place not only the pupil, but also his parents; for parents possessing a son who dares to disobey his master constitute a pernicious element."—From La Correspondence Russe.

FOR THE HOSTESS

Ideas as to Entertainments, and Other Interesting Subjects, by a Recognized Authority, Madame Merri.

Eggs and Easter.

The eggs has from time immemorial been connected with this season of the year. In Africa they even worship it, and no altar decoration is considered finished without a circle of eggs, while each private family boasts at least one sacred egg.

The custom of using eggs is supposed to have originated with the ancient Greeks and Romans, who colored them to use in their pagan festival. Marvelous stories may be found of bewitched eggs, said to be able to fly straight toward the sun, and one famous variety was said to have been laid by a rabbit.

So even in those remote times the Easter "bunny" had a place. In Germany he has been known these many years. The children of the fatherland watch eagerly for the hare who hides his eggs so carefully for their finding on Easter morning.

Russia is really the paradise of the Easter egg. Every one carries one on the street and presents to his friends, saying "Christ is risen," the recipient responding: "He is risen, indeed."

In practical bustling America this season is becoming a much-looked-for occasion. We are beginning to live up to many of the beautiful traditions of the past, of which the legends concerning Easter are the most beautiful of all.

Have the ice cream in egg-shaped forms resting in nests of straw-colored spun sugar; or it may be served in cases made to represent lilies. Use white candles in glass holders, white flowers, shade the light with lily shades and cover the floor with white canvas. This makes a dining room befitting the occasion.

Of course use green vines and ferns for background with the white flowers.

For an Easter Wedding.

The week following Easter has always been a favorite time for weddings, so these few suggestions for girls who are preparing for this momentous event are timely. White flowers should be used exclusively, giving lilies the preference, but carnations, roses, tulips, hyacinth and narcissus are all effective.

A pretty conceit is to confine one flower to a room, massing in bowls and using flower holders wherever it is possible.

A canopy under which the couple will stand may be made of wire, winding with greenery, then studding with white flowers. Form the aisle of broad white satin ribbon or tulle, and use tall white candles in every available place. Wind the stair banisters with green, tying a large bunch of white flowers to the newel post, from which there should be a tall cathedral candle. It is a pretty idea to have one or two little flower girls with baskets filled with white roses and petals to scatter in the pathway of the bride.

At a wedding of this kind, the attendants should be gowned in white, and the refreshments may be served out almost entirely in white.

A Lily Luncheon.

For this affair it goes without saying that the decorations are all white and gold. The cloth should be of snowy white, with center piece over yellow, or the always pleasing polished board with dollies. Easter lilies, the flower chosen for this pretty function, should stand tall and regal in their purity in the center of the table. White tissue paper lilies may be made at home or purchased to hold salted nuts, and the yellow candles should be shaded with white lilies, the holders being of glass or brass. Plain white china with gold decorations is the proper thing. For place cards have one lily in a small yellow jardiniere (doll size) at each plate, to which are tied lily-shaped cards bearing the name in gold ink. Serve this menu: Cream of celery soup, over which the grated yolk of hard-boiled egg is sprinkled; broast sticks, boiled fresh cod, with egg sauce; chicken breast fried, creamed potatoes in yellow ramekins, egg salad in nests of water-cress, cheese wafers, New York ice cream, egg shaped in spun sugar nests; sponge cakes.

An Egg Race.

This is a purely German sport called "eier laufen," or egg race. It is always a feature of the Easter Monday parties, and, by the way, it is a custom in the country for the grandparents to entertain their children and grandchildren on the day after Easter. The young people participate in all the traditional games, of which the one described is a great favorite.

A course is laid out around the room, which takes the child over chairs, stools, under the table and finally through a big barrel. Six hard-boiled, colored eggs are placed on the floor at the starting point, and each child is given a shallow wooden spoon, in which the eggs are to be carried separately over this course and deposited in a basket at the goal. The one who makes the transfer in the shortest space of time and with the fewest drops is awarded a fancy egg-shaped receptacle filled with candy eggs.

(MADAME MERRI.)

PREDESTINED TO THE BAR.

Goldfield Youngster Had Early Learned the Value of Quibble.

Doctor Norris of Goldfield, Nev., called his eight-year-old son into the library after breakfast the other morning, and regarded him with a sad frown.

"Harry," he said, "why are you so often late at school?"

"I'm never late, father," Harry responded promptly.

"Careful, son," said the doctor. "Try to remember. Haven't you been late at school in the last few days?"

"No, sir."

"Then why has your teacher written me this letter, saying you were late three times last week?"

"Oh, I'll tell you, father," said Harry, reassuringly. "I don't know what kind of a clock they have at our school, but I'm always on time. Of course, they start school sometimes before I get there, but that isn't my fault—is it?"—Harper's Weekly.

WITH MOTHER A CLOSE SECOND.

"Hi, you, Willie! Wat's de matter?" "Nuthin'. I'm trainin' for a Marathon!"

Fate of the Dutchman.

Patrick arrived home much the worse for wear. One eye was closed, his nose was broken and his face looked as though it had been stung by bees.

"Glory be!" exclaimed his wife.

"That Dutchman Schwartzheimer—'twas him," explained Patrick.

"Shame on ye!" exploded his wife without sympathy. "A big shalpeen the likes of you to get bate up by a little omdomhoun of a Dutchman the size of him! Why?"

"Whist, Nora," said Patrick, "don't spake disrespectfully of the dead!"

The Modern Sereader.

"Dash my guns!" roared the gouty old squire as he rushed through the cold hallways in his pajamas. "What is that noise down below—log horn?"

"Oh, pa, pa!" gasped his pretty daughter. "That is only Mr. Sereacher cultivating his voice."

The old squire rushed for a sprinkling can.

"What are you going to do with that, pa?"

"Why—er—I'm going to irrigate his voice. That will aid in the cultivation."

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Pretty Sachet



THE design which is worked on this sachet is decidedly uncommon, and most effective. Satin, in a delicate shade of blue, is used for the cover, and white for the lining; it measures about ten inches in width, and 14 deep, which, when folded, gives seven inches in depth. On one side the design shown is worked, the other being left plain. The oak leaves are an applique of green silk; the acorns are worked in satin stitch in green and brown; the scroll pattern round is worked in cording stitch with brown silk; the space between the two rows is dotted with short, single stitches worked in gold; the circles are in satin stitch outlined with cording.

The white satin lining is formed into a pocket each side. After the embroidered satin is worked it must be stretched, then placed over a layer of well-scented wadding, the edges are turned in, then the lining is put in and the two edges are slip-stitched together, a cord composed of blue, green and gold finishes the edge; the two sides may be fastened together by a silk loop and button, or by a ribbon sewn on each side and tied.



Touces of color are everywhere. There is still a rage for bead work. Dyed laces are still in great favor. Stripes are to be unusually popular. A new high linen collar buttons at the back.

The one-piece princess dress is popular. Velvets in narrow, shaded stripes find favor.

The new spring suits continue to have buttons.

Washable tulle predominates for the summer blouse.

Long sleeves will be worn on all the tailored suits.

Soft, puffy afternoon frocks may have elbow sleeves.

Tulle and linen jabots are as popular as ever in Paris.

Teal straw is the finest material for the brimless hat.

Lemon Shampoo.

Here is a recipe for a simple shampoo made of lemon: Pour the juice of three lemons upon two ounces of salts of tartar, add about two quarts of warm water and use as an ordinary shampoo. This will make the hair soft and fluffy and is an excellent cleanser. If one has sufficient time at her disposal it is a good idea to boil the juice, boiling the skins with it. This makes a stronger solution of the lemon. A few drops of perfume, or attar of roses added, will leave a faint scent upon the hair. The mixture of salts of tartar should never be allowed to stand. It should be mixed fresh for every shampoo.—The Delineator.

New Muff Purse.

The muff purse is one of the season's novelties. This novelty is a dainty little leather affair fastened on to a strap of similar leather which is long enough to go around the neck and through the muff. Attached in this way to the strap the purse can be tucked in the muff with a delightful sense of security, and, relieved of the necessity of holding it, the hands are left most agreeably free.

Pampered Prisoners.

The Floyd county commissioners, it is reported, "have ordered ten dozen suits of pajamas for the county's convicts." Is there another county in Georgia or another penal institution in the United States that provides its prisoners with the fashionable "nighties?" Who wouldn't rather be a pampered prisoner in that Floyd county chain-gang than a no night-shirt freeman on the plains of windy Kansas?—Savannah News.

The Alternative.

"If the window had been eight feet from the ground," panted "the young wife, "instead of eight stories, I'd have thrown myself out when you quarreled with me. Then you'd have had to be sewed to me when you pickled me up. A lot of wives attempt to do this, just to be petted when they come to."

"Yes," said he, "but sometimes they don't come to, remember."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

The Idealist.

The Bride—I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle.

The Butcher—Madam, I think you'd better have an egg.—Harper's Weekly.

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