

Activities and Views of Progressive Women Folks

The New Woman in Turkey.
 IN THE recent rejoicing at the proclamation of a constitution in Turkey many Turkish women took part, and for the first time in history appeared in public without their veils. They have appealed to the Turk party to abolish the harem system and with it the compulsory veiling of women. The word harem is generally misunderstood. Harem is Arabic for anything forbidden or not to be touched, and as against the rules of the Koran. Games of chance, witchcraft and portrait making are "harem." In practice the word is used by Europeans to designate that portion of a polygamist's house which is devoted to the exclusive occupancy of his wives and their attendants. Thence it comes to refer to the female portion of his household, while the word may be used by westerners to designate the system of plurality of wives.

In Turkey, a well informed correspondent observes, the system has been maintained not only as a part of the Moslem religion, but as an integral part of Mohammedan polity, of which the sultan is the chief spiritual head, to whom all orthodox Muslims look up, and to whom, as the appointer of Sheikh-ul-Islam, all religious questions may be finally referred.

Whether the sultans will follow the lead of their subjects in this matter is very doubtful. The harem system is an interwoven with the court life and government of a Mohammedan ruler that it would take a strong man to break through the rule, even if he desired to do so.

The etiquette of the harem of the sultan of Turkey, like that of most Moslem polities, is very strict and is strictly carried out. Each wife has her own suite of apartments, her own bathroom and garden, and her own body of servants, male and female. The wives are not called by their names, but are distinguished as kadin (or lady) No. 1, and so on.

The title of sultana is given only to the mother, sister or daughter of a sultan, consequently it is the kadin who first gives birth to an heir to the throne who can have this distinction. Should an odalisque, or female slave of the harem, become the mother of her lord's first born son, then she becomes the reigning sultana. Even then she has little influence, this being wielded alone by the sultan's mother, the Sultana Valide, who controls the harem and exercises considerable influence in all court and many governmental matters.

Do We Care for Titles?

We don't care anything for titles in this country.

Surely not. Aren't we the proud, many young race, freed from a toady-like kneeling to titles and the blazonry of hereditary. The honest workman in his brawny bare arms in this great, free land of ours is the peer of the ducal gazizans in other lands. Sure!

Grown old sentiment, isn't it? Never trips at the edges or comes home from the wash with the buttons looking like the entrance to the Union depot. It is as good as Kosh Hoshannah as it is on the Fourth of July.

Just think this instance, related by the New York Telegraph: A short time ago little Ray Beveridge, the Baroness Von Wrede, broke past the remote barriers and got into the outer office of Lee Shubert. You know who Ray Beveridge is, of course; sister of Kuhue Beveridge, the sculptor, and herself an actress of real talent. She has won all the preliminary honors on the stage in New York and shouldn't need any notes of introduction to managers. But she was not called into the inner office during the half hour she waited after sending in that card engraved simply "Ray Beveridge."

As she grew impatient, she flicked her handkerchief from her case and handed it to the small, impertinent boy, who is tyler of the outer gate in the Shubert's office. "Take that to Mr. Shubert and tell him I am waiting," said Miss Beveridge. "With the cold, calm air he has gained by months of experience in crushing actors, the office boy dropped his black eyes upon the card. Then he spurted for the inner office."

An instant later Lee Shubert jumped through the door, welcomed Miss Beveridge effusively, escorted her into his office and gave an imitation of a man anxious to please. It was rather difficult to comprehend and at first Miss Beveridge was off guard and guessing. Then she caught a flash of her card lying on Shubert's desk and her popularity was no longer a mystery. It read:

"The Baroness Von Wrede."

It is the card Miss Beveridge uses only socially. It had been handed to the boy by mistake, but it had acted like a dose of hashish on Mr. Shubert.

Martyr Husbands.

Not all of the matrimonial saints and martyrs wear petticoats. There are also domestic angels in trousers and derby hats. The world is full of lamentations of wives whose husbands have fallen in their every duty toward them, writes Dorothy Dix in the St. Louis Times, but let it not be forgotten that there are likewise a number of men whose hearts turn to lead in their homes as they put on their hats and turn their faces toward the jails they call home and the jailers they call wives.

It does not take the courage to face the cannon's mouth that does to face the mouth of a woman with a tongue that is as sharp as a two-edged sword.

It does not take the bravery to risk a quick death that it does to endure the long drawn out agony of a misfit marriage. It does not take the high and sublime sense of duty to stand at your post for a minute in some great crisis that it does to stay year after year, because one's honor will not let one shirk the responsibility he has undertaken.

When we build monuments to the undaunted brave, let us erect a sky-piercing shaft to the man who simply goes back home to a high-tempered wife, instead of

ducking and running as he must be tempted to do every day of his life!

Yet this unsung hero is one of the commonest figures in life. You know him, and I know him, by the score.

He is nearly always a warm-hearted and affectionate man, who married because he wanted a home and children, and he petted and made much of by some woman. He was one of the men who has always the vision before his eyes of little faces against the window pane, and of loving hands drawing him tenderly across the threshold. He goes home. There are no children's faces at the window, because children have shrewd enough to learn to escape from an uncomfortable home while they are still mere babies; but down the street there are two or three frowny, ill-mannered, ill-taken care of little creatures playing on the sidewalk with undesirable companions, whom the man recognizes with a sick heart as his own.

He puts his key into the lock of his door, and enters. An acid voice demands to know why he is so late? Why he forgot to order the groceries? Why he didn't do this and why he did that? And then the floodgates of reproach and recrimination are turned on and the bitter, black waters sweep over him.

He has done what he could. He is faithful, patient, kind. He has given the woman a good home. He provides her with good clothes. His whole life is one perpetual sacrifice for her. And yet she treats him as if in some way, unknowable and unguessable, he had done her a wrong by marrying her.

To hear her you would suppose that she had made some terrible sacrifice to marry him; yet yet she would be standing behind a counter trying to support herself instead of being comfortably taken care of.

What can the man do who is tied to a shrewish wife? God only knows. The more of a gentleman he is, the less he is fitted to deal with the subject.

But you may be sure of this—that the men who have stood fretting, whining, complaining wives, in the face of the opportunities there are for wife desertion, will have jewels in their crowns that will make the Kohinoor diamond look like a flyspeck.

Chinese Women Advance.

Twelve years ago a Chinese woman returned from this country to Poo Chow and became resident physician in the chief hospital, relates the New York Press. Miss Hu King Eng, the young woman in question, at that time was the first native physician in China who understood modern medicine, and as a result of her pioneer work she not only enlightened the Celestial empire on the advantages and necessity of medicine and surgery, but opened a new profession for her Chinese sisters. News of Miss Eng's work was received in this country only the other day in a letter to one of her old classmates in the Women's Medical college in Philadelphia. Miss Eng was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan university in 1891 and from the Women's

Medical college in 1896. For a year she was a physician in a Philadelphia hospital. Then she went back to Poo Chow to take up a work which has been revolutionary in its every aspect, and which, in its general good to humanity, reflects credit upon this country. It was by her observations of the liberties of women here that Miss Eng was inspired to take up the study of medicine. She believed that the introduction of medicine and surgery in China would work powerfully to uplift Chinese women and to free them of the shackles of centuries, and having succeeded beyond her hopes in this direction she now is leveling a campaign against the Chinese dentist.

This practitioner measures his skill by the strength of the muscles in his fingers and wrist. He is qualified to practice when he is strong enough to pull the most stubborn tooth with his bare fingers, and with a chair on a corner for patients he is ready for business. Miss Eng has said that this strong armed dentist must go, and as she now wields great influence, it is likely she will meet similar success in her thoroughly organized campaign to introduce modern dental methods. In a sense, Miss Eng is as assertive and strong-willed a woman as her masterful old empress, and both mark new eras for women in China.

Homeless Factory Girls in Berlin.

There are in Berlin at present no fewer than 50,000 factory girls and women who have no homes, no rooms they can call their own, but who sleep in what are called Schlafstellen, which they occupy at night only, as the rooms are otherwise disposed of in the daytime. A more forlorn, dreary sequel to a day of drudgery can not be imagined, and the consequences are what might be expected. In case of illness, the plight of these homeless women is pitiable in the extreme. An attempt has been made to mitigate their lot by the establishment of Arbeiterinnenheime. Three of these are now open, and they harbor from 100 to 150 applicants each daily. For a month a worker can in these homes get a room and a simple breakfast, and if two or three room together the cost is reduced considerably. There is also a summer home, but this is less frequented, for the reason that very few factories grant their workers even a week's vacation, and hardly any with a continuance of wages. The city contributes \$200 a year toward the support of the three homes.

Etiquette of Wedding Cards.

The autumn bride is not always quite sure about the etiquette of invitations. They must be gotten ready in the summer weather during September days.

She is in a thrill of terror that she may omit her father's most intimate friends or forget the people who were very nice to her the year she came out.

To prevent this she should make out a book in a systematic way. It does take a good deal of time, but it will last, with alterations for the rest of her life.

She wants a book that is large, easy to write on and heavily indexed. It must have enough space to use up in the years

to come when other friends are added to her present list.

All society women have such a book, which is handed over to a secretary or a member of the family whenever invitations are to be sent out for every affair. But it should not be confined to women who lead a social life, every family who goes out to entertain or receives guests should have such a book.

Therefore the first task is to make up such a book if the family haven't got one. Take each street and remember the families who live there, as you know and wish to include in invitations.

Put the name and address in the space designated by the letter of the alphabet, and put the address opposite. If there are growing sons and daughters, write down each one's name fully under the house name.

It is wise to have two books. One should be kept for out-of-town friends. These are the ones who are only needed when invitations of any kind are sent out. After the books are made up, one person alone should do the work. When two or more combine in the work the result is a jumble. One's best friends gets left out. For two or three years afterward you are always met by a hurt look and the remark that it was very strange that invitations were not received for your wedding.

It is usual now to have two sets of invitations: one for the ceremony and reception and one for announcements after the wedding. The latter go to acquaintances, the former to family and intimate friends.

The envelopes for the larger invitations should be kept in a series of long boxes entirely separate from the others. Serious mistakes are made by letting them remain together. An intimate friend gets an announcement, and a stranger gets an invitation to the wedding breakfast.

Address the envelopes for the wedding invitations first. Both envelopes must bear names. The outer one carries the names of the parents, and the inner one to these the names of the sons and daughters.

It is correct to group the daughters as the Misses Brown and the sons as the Messrs. Brown. It is not necessary to send separate invitations.

The envelopes for the announcements are addressed after those for the invitations have been sealed, stamped and shut up in a box ready for the mail.

They are sent out by members of the family on the day after the wedding. The announcements are sent out three weeks before the date.

Leaves from Fashion's Notebook.

It looks as though all the garments of the season will fasten in front instead of the back. From shirtwaists to ball gowns one sees the same method fastening.

One of the prettiest of the new house gowns are lined from the edge of yoke to waist, front or back, with wide ribbons of velvet satin, finished with deep silk tassels.

Some new models of embroidered linen

course, leave the front of the throat exposed.

Are made chiefly of marabou, and in these models as in many others fluffy marabou is mixed with other downy feathers more resembling the ordinary breast feathers.

One set of wide collar and huge muff is composed of soft brown and gray marabou and soft little feathers shading through grayish browns up to soft yellow and yellowish white—a delightful coloring, with but little of the yellow to break the soft neutrality of the gray and brown.

Boas of short coupe feathers are no novelty, but they take on novelty this fall because of the unusual color combinations affected in them. Often two colors and several shades of each will be introduced, but there must be no vivid contrasts, the colors used blending harmoniously into each other so that at a distance the effect is almost that of one tone.

Of fur collars it is almost too soon to speak, no genuine novelties having yet been shown. The close collar already mentioned in connection with feathers and tulle is sure to be worn in fur and condemned by physicians.

Society Dames at Poker

The young society matron who held a straight flush at a quiet poker party at the summer home of a prominent New York business man at Freeport, L. I., and forthwith attempted to have the limit raised from 25 cents to \$10, started the trouble.

The others players refused to raise the limit until after the hand had been played, but then the limit began to climb until the game had to be broken up to allow the players to get to their homes in time for dinner, and it was found that several had won large sums and that others had lost more than they could well afford.

Discovery of the high play by the women members of their families was made by the men through the checks given at the close of the game and the demands of some of the losers for money to take up "I. O. U.s." in which the women confessed that the money was needed to meet "debts of honor."

To frighten their wives and prevent them from indulging in high play again some of the husbands declared that District Attorney Franklin A. Coles had been informed about the game and was making an investigation with a view to taking action against the players under the new anti-gambling laws.

The women players were thrown into such a state of excitement that they met at the homes of the players and sent friends to Mr. Coles to intercede in their behalf, the husbands vowing they would take no such steps and that their wives and daughters must bear the consequences of their high play.

In this way the story of the game leaked out, and society at Freeport is both shocked and amused over the game and the excitement of the women players when they believed their names would be exposed.

It appears that the women who have been meeting at the different homes of New York business men during the summer for the diversion of cards had become tired of playing bridge whist for penny points, and that one woman who was to be hostess at a large party won the hearts of her guests by suggesting a little poker game as a change from bridge whist.

As it started the game was a modest quarter limit, all J. A. kept, and so proceeded until one of the players was dealt a straight flush, pat.

"I think this is a little poky," she suggested, with an attempt to conceal her agitation. "Let's make it \$10 limit, beginning right now. I'll bet \$10."

The other players gaped, and as none of them had very high hands, protested against the raise of the limit. With the next deal, however, the limit was jumped to \$1. Later it became \$2, and at the end the women were playing practically a table stakes game—New York American.

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