

5,000 WOMEN IN WAR AGAINST 7,000 SALOONS



A GROUP OF CHICAGO WOMEN WHO CARRY REFERENDUM PETITIONS AND A CONSPICUOUS SIGN.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 4.—When 5,000 women, the older ones with grim, determined looks, the younger ones with smiles, start out to do something it's fair to presume they'll do it.

So far the year of grace 1911 sees Chicago without a saloon, without a policeman in sight, without a single redlight dance hall—

Yes, it is a pretty big job, but these 5,000 women are working night and day to accomplish it. They want to make Chicago a desert for the thirsty a drouthy spot in a state that's been a oasis for many years. They want the lid to be clamped down and copper-pertivated on this big city.

The organization of the W. C. T. U. here is engaged in a death struggle with the saloon forces. On every street corner, in every "L" station in the downtown district, little detachments of the army of 5000 women are on guard, armed with referendum petitions—and smiles. Their petitions must be filed in a very few days

and they must have 61,000 voters' names signed to them.

There are 7000 saloons in this city, and against the women is marshaled the force of every saloonkeeper. There is more than one saloon for every woman who is fighting in the ranks in this big battle. But the women say they will win.

It's hard to refuse the women. Of course, the men can vote "yes" or "no" just as they please, but under several searching pairs of mothers' eyes some of the most blubious have a little impulse that whispers to them each time they dodge that W. C. T. U. army's sentinels.

The liquor interests knew the women would get results if let alone, so they had a lot of buttons printed, reading: "I don't want to be a camel." These appeared on hundreds of overcoat lapels. Still, the scowlers have that uncomfortable feeling every time they meet the women with the petitions.

Mrs. Emily Hill and Mrs. W. C. H. Keough, the latter a former school



PANTRY TALKS

I am the Queen of the Flour Bin, the lady-in-chief of the Royal Pantry, the oracle of the Royal Household.

I want the attention of Big Folks and Little Folks, of Experienced housewives and Inexperienced—of Rich housewives and Poor—Young housewives and Old.

For I have stories to tell.

Secrets—flour secrets—to unfold.

And these secrets have come by Experience—by actual knowledge of flour, actual study of different grades of flour.

So I will ask your close and careful attention to my little stories about flour and bread and cakes and pies and things.

And I will promise you Profit as well as Pleasure from them.

If I can tell you the secret of making better Bread and Cakes and Pies and Pastry, that will be profitable to you.

And if I can tell you why one flour is more economical as well as more wholesome than another, that, too, will be profitable.

For I mean to go into the flour question deeply, giving Whys and Wherefores, Facts and Figures.

I hope to instruct and edify at the same time. So if you follow my little stories from time to time, as they appear, you will learn lots of things about flour that nobody has told you before. These Pantry Talks of mine will be chiefly about

Royal Household Flour

so named because it was the flour selected for use in the Royal Household of Great Britain. It is the one flour in Canada which stands out head and shoulders above all the rest. It is made in Canada by the largest millers in the British Empire—The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Limited, Montreal, and, because of its high quality and absolute uniformity, has given the greatest satisfaction both for Bread and for Pastry.



IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS

"Cumann Olein" is the name of a new Gaelic literary society just founded in Dublin. Its aim is the development of modern Irish literature.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has finished a new novel which is soon to be produced under the title of "The Thief of Virtue."

"Changes in the Feminine Ideal" is the title of the paper in which Mrs. Deland, the novelist, has set down her latest observations of her sex. This discussion of a highly interesting subject will appear in the March number of "The Atlantic."

Many of the letters in the forthcoming volumes of John Stuart Mill's correspondence were addressed to some of the most distinguished personages of his time. As for his early letters to Carlyle, to John Sterling and to Bulwer Lytton, they are said to display his character in a wholly new and unexpected light.

A literary trifle which is worth in the market more than its own weight in gold is a copy of the first edition of Gray's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College." For this Mr. Quaritch paid the other day the sum of \$352. It consists of four leaves, folio, is unbound, is somewhat soiled, but apparently uncut. It measures 13 inches by 8 1/2 inches. It was published anonymously at the desire of Horace Walpole, Dodsley being the printer. This is the first time a copy of this edition has appeared in the auction room since 1887.

One of the most eminent of living archaeologists is Mr. D. G. Hogarth, author of that delightful book, "The Wandering Scholar in the Levant," and the keeper of the Ashmolean Museum. Mr. Hogarth is about to publish a new book, whose title, "Accidents of an Antiquary's Life," promises much entertainment.

That agreeable villain, Don Q., has again come forth. Mr. Hesketh Pritchard and his mother having combined to tell the Spaniard's heart romance, "Don Q.'s Love Story" is not a short tale, as with the other chronicles of his adventures. It is a novel which reveals the fact that it was love and an unjust accusation of murder which originally sent him out into the wilds as a bandit.

The lady who not long ago published an entertaining book on the Turkish harem has collaborated with her husband in writing a novel, "The Duke's Price," by Kenneth and Debra Brown, is the story of an interesting marriage. The book, which is mentioned as being full of surprises, is coming out next month.

A London street, in the neighborhood of Hampstead, has been renamed by the County Council in honor of a large poet, "Keats Grove" is the new name. The house in which Keats lived for a few months when he was the poet, is now a museum. It is just a few miles from the city, and he wrote most of "Hyperion," "The Eve of St. Martin," and other poems which the poet walked while scribbling on scraps of paper the lines of

the "Ode to a Nightingale," is still attached to the house.

Immortality. The question of immortality, recently declared by Henry James to be the most interesting problem in the world, is to be presented in a new book by a number of eminent persons, including Mr. James. Its chapters have been appearing serially in "Harper's Bazar," and among those who will tell the world what they will believe will follow this life are Mr. Howells, Mr. James, Mr. Alden, John Bigelow, Julia Ward Howe and Colonel Thomas W. Higginson. "In After Days" is the title chosen.

Why does the cult of Verlaine grow in France? The London "Times" sets forth the reasons justly enough. Apropos of the statement that a monument to the poet is to be unveiled this year it says in an editorial: "It is a poor kind of gratitude, we shall be told, which leaves a man in the gutter while he lives and then makes an idol of him when he is dead. But there are some men of genius, who give priceless to the world who live in the gutter because they prefer it, and for whom the world can do nothing because they have a sense of the unworldliness which regards of law and order as if he were in the wild woods. Civilization could give him nothing but poison, drink and a safe to drink them in. But for his genius he would have been the very type of what we call a wastrel, of the man who cannot keep the agreements upon which society is based, and with whom, therefore society can do nothing. Such men pay very dearly for their misdeeds and for that reason society always has an uneasy feeling about them. It knows that it punishes them too heavily compared with many prosperous evildoers whom it does not punish at all. It knows that it presses heavily on the publicans and the sinners and lets the Pharisees go free. So when one of these sinners turns out to be a man of genius and ministers to the everlasting delight of the world, it makes much of him when he is dead, just because it could do nothing for him when he was alive."

An interesting question. It is always an interesting question—interesting largely because it is a measure unanswerable—what is going to be assigned by a later generation to any one of our contemporary novelists? asks Frederick Cooper in "The Bookman" for February. As regards Mr. Chambers, there are just a few predictions which may be made without hesitation. As a writer of short stories he has produced at least half a dozen that deserve to rank among the very best that American writers have produced, and any future collection of representative short stories cannot claim to be complete if it should happen to neglect his name. As a novelist, he has to face the handicap that must accompany too great an adaptability. With rare exceptions, the

great names in fiction are of those writers whose work throughout has been fairly homogeneous—writers who have known from the beginning precisely what sort of books they wanted to write, and whose volumes have differed in degree and not in kind. Mr. Chambers has veered, and apparently with intention, in accordance with the breeze of popular demand. In this last field, it would seem as though Mr. Chambers had, at length, found himself; and the fact that the last of the four books is the best and most sustained and most honest piece of work he has yet done affords solid ground for the belief that he has still better and maturer volumes yet to come. There is no valid reason why Mr. Chambers should not ultimately be remembered.

Rudyard Kipling's latest literary effort is at hand. It comes from the Swiss winter resort Engelberg, where after ten days continuous frost and sunshine, which a sweet skiing, tobogganing and other sports to perfection, the visitors last Saturday morning woke to find a severe thaw accompanied by heavy rain.

Among the five hundred visitors are Rudyard Kipling, Jerome K. Jerome and E. W. Hornung. The first named was observed in the act of affixing the following notice to the hotel notice board:

Engelberg Water Carnival.

1. Water polo (mixed teams). Tubs may be procured at the laundry, 1 franc.
2. Duck hunting (fancy costumes) 1 franc.
3. Mackintosh and golosh race (weight for age).
4. Children's race (all children under 10), twice around the rink.
5. High dive from the band stand.
6. Shooting the chute at the late ice rink and other seasonal sports.
7. Marathon swimming race from Engelberg to Obermatt (side stroke barred).

Entries to be made at the water's edge.

R. K. for the committee.

ad as the novelist who left behind him a comprehensive Human Comedy of New York.

Miss Montgomery. The next story by L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," will be called "Kilmeny of the Orchard," and will be a romantic tale of Prince Edward Island and its people. This is the author's description of her heroine: "Her loveliness was so perfect that his breath almost went from him in his first delight of it. Her face was oval, marked in every camoelike line and feature with that expression of absolute flawless purity found in the angels and Madonnas of old paintings—a purity that held in it no faintest stain of earthliness. Her head was bare, and her thick, jet-black hair was parted over her forehead and hung in two heavy lustrous braids over her shoulders. Her eyes were of such a blue as Eric had never seen before—the tint of the sea in the still, calm light that

follows after a fine sunset; they were as luminous as the stars that came out over Lindsay harbor in the after-glow, and were fringed about with very long, soot-black lashes, and arched over by most delicately pencilled dark eyebrows. Her skin was as fine and purely tinted as the heart of a white rose. The collarless dress of pale blue print she wore revealed her smooth, slender throat; her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and the hand which guided the bow of the violin was perhaps the most beautiful thing about her—perfect in shape and texture, firm and white, with ivory-nailed taper fingers. One long drooping plume of lilac blossom lightly touched her forehead, and she had a shadow over her forehead like a flower-like face beneath it. There was something very childlike about her, and yet at least eighteen sweet years must have gone to the making of her." Those who have read and liked Miss Montgomery's previous stories will have no misgivings as to her ability to keep her heroine up to this high level.

Sir Gilbert Parker. With reference to the somewhat unusual experience which befel Sir Gilbert Parker in seeing a work of his become a political issue during his life to retain his seat at Gravesend, "The Star," a radical evening paper, printed an article based on a paper read before the Historical Society of Dauphin county, Pennsylvania, by Benjamin M. Nead, demonstrating that Sir Gilbert in his novel had "presented historical facts not accessible to the general reader in such a way as to leave the impression that most of the persons he describes and the incidents he narrates originated in his own imagination," whereas they were taken by him from the "Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo of the Virginia Regiment" published in 1854 at Pittsburg by Neville B. Craig.

The Star critic reprinted, after Mr. Nead's analysis, thirty headings of parallel passages common to Sir Gilbert's hero, Moray, and to Stobo, and argued that such free use of material without acknowledgement was taking beyond customary license and that the novelist had been guilty of taking credit for another man's work.

Sir Gilbert defended himself in a speech before his constituency. He said he had taken two or three incidents from Stobo's life which had suggested to him a big romance. When it was published serially in the Atlantic Monthly there was a note after the title saying "Being the Memoirs of Capt. Robert Stobo, some time officer in the King's Regiment and afterward of Amherst's Regiment." When it was coming out in book form he thought that it was not quite fair to saddle that poor fellow and his descendants with all that he put in the book, so he struck out the name Stobo and inserted Moray.

The Star critic was not satisfied with Sir Gilbert's defence and in a second article maintained that while the author was justified in changing his hero's name he ought to have acknowledged in his preface that he had borrowed from Stobo. The constituency was not moved by this charge against Sir Gilbert and again returned him as Unionist member, although his majority dropped from 1,589 in 1908 to 574.

"The Life and Memoirs of Comte Regis de Frobland" prepared by Mrs. Charles A. Post, has just been published by Dutton. There are still New Yorkers who remember General de Frobland and they as well as the new generation which does not will be entertained by these reminiscences of the past.

Three Billion Dollars of Food in Storage



If All the Food in Cold Storage Today Were Released, This Picture Shows the Quantities That Would Drop Into Each American Family's Market Basket.

Amazing Figures Show That Packers Have Enough Meat and Other Foods in Warehouses to Fill the Market Baskets of All America's 20,000,000 Families for Months.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 4.—While the American people are engaged in a mighty meat strike to force down the increased cost of living, there is locked up in the beef trust's cold storage plants enough food to feed every man, woman and child in the United States for months.

This tremendous food hoard is valued at \$5,000,000,000. Tons of meat and other necessities have been accumulating in the strongholds of the robber food barons for two, sometimes three years.

The Chicago packing trust and its affiliated trusts in every corner of the country have amassed this frozen mountain of food in order that the people may pay increased tribute to

foodstuffs now in cold storage, constitute the only needed proof to show the cause of the higher cost of living. They show the beef trust and its affiliates to be protected in their misery course by the knowledge that the tariff will not permit the foreign producer to come to the United States and undersell them. Under lock and key the food hoard is being held until the day comes when prices are raised still higher. But here are the astounding figures: There are 14,000,000 cattle carcasses in cold storage. Other stored meat in these great cold warehouses, the country over, includes 5,000,000 calves, 25,000,000 sheep and lambs, and 50,000,000 hogs, not counting the human ones engaged in the packing industry.

In 78 fish freezing plants there are fish valued at \$25,000,000. They will be liberated on the market at Lent. In other cold storage plants controlled by the beef barons, there are held 1,500,000,000 eggs, 120,000,000 pounds of poultry and fruits, and miscellaneous articles of perishable food worth \$50,000,000.

There are millions of pounds of potatoes, turtles, eels, cases of canned goods and milk, butter and cheese. This last item alone is being hoarded to the extent of \$100,000,000.

There are 90,000,000 people in the United States, counting in the farmers who will never demand any of this frozen food. This makes 20,000,000 families or less, whose market baskets must be filled every day or two with food to replenish the larder. The cost of this food that the market basketer pays is \$150, and for each person is nearly as great as the average wealth of the country per capita, which is \$38.

And the figures used in division are for all the families in the country. Many families raise all their own meat and vegetables. So, it is the dweller in the cities, the wage earner, who is going to pay the price that the robber barons want before they will unlock the doors of these storage warehouses. The doors have not been unlocked yet.

When will prices be high enough to please the barons, so they will flood the country with their frozen food and make millions of the woman with the market basket?