

# WOMEN'S CLUB Through the BALLOT BOX



## Membership in Washington's Newest Organizations Depends on Men's Votes

THE new congressman's wife, at half-past 3 o'clock of a wintry Tuesday afternoon, took up the little wicker basket and hung it on the knob of the door of her apartments in Q street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

All through the building the sound of doors opening and shutting gave notice, by dull thuds, that the two dozen other congressmen's wives who lived there were doing the same thing.

"Oh, mamma!" pleaded the new congressman's daughter, attired in the very prettiest afternoon costume with which the East could bedeck rosy youth from the Middle West, "won't you—won't you please—let me tie this little bit of violet ribbon to it?"

"No, my dear"; and her mother closed the door with the emphasis of unwilling resignation. "We've just got to stick it out, without risking a single, solitary innovation until the Congressional Club—"

"And the Archonides—"

"Yes, of course, dear—and the Archonides, bring as some relief." For two hours hospitable mother and pretty daughter sat out the wearying misery of their regular afternoon "at home" in Washington, while, at intervals, skirts swished along the corridor, cards flicked or rustled faintly into the modest basket, and the skirts swished away again, the calling duty conscientiously performed; and the social, and presumptively sociable, Arachnes sat beyond the door, with never a friendship added to compensate for the dour privilege of the wicker basket acquaintance.

But it was this year, not last; and now there is hope, instead of blank despair. For, to vary the metaphor and yet to keep it elegantly classic, have not a couple of Perseuses, the Congressional Club and the Archonides, made bold to rescue these wretched Andromedas from the clutches of that awful modern Minotaur, Washington society?

NO WOMAN who has not been a new congressman's wife or daughter, or otherwise officially ranking female relative, can compete in what it means to find one's place in Washington society. So there are a good many million women who are in ignorance, while in and out of Washington there are still a good many dozen who have many a time wished they'd never been given the chance to learn by the sons and husbands of those envious millions outside.

For, after everything is said and done, the fathers, the sons and the husbands, on whom the constitution of the United States confers the ballot, are the ultimate arbiters of Washington society. If papa is elected, you go to Washington as the daughter of a representative—maybe as the daughter of that august creature of the vicarious franchise, a senator. If papa isn't well, you just stay home.

And now, with the Congressional Club and the Archonides, organized to fulfill their noble office of being first aid to the elected, the new congressman's wife and daughter, together with his otherwise officially ranking female relatives, behold themselves eligible to the proper one of the two new clubs, by the right which his electorate regard back home the thousands of voters who, at the polls, virtually elected them into their club and Washington society.

### SUCCESS FROM THE START

It was early in March that Mrs. James Breck Perkins, wife of the representative from the Thirty-second District of New York, invited quite a large number of ladies to meet at her home on New Hampshire avenue. She had something she wanted to talk over with them.

Now, it happened that Mrs. Perkins is one of those wives of congressmen who has passed the first awful stages of Washington society. And it happened—simply happened, of course—that almost every woman who received her invitation was likewise blest.

Even if they did live in hotels or apartment houses, they had so far overpassed the heart-breaking wicker-basket stage that real friends called on their at-home days, and actually came in, and sat down, and talked.

It happened, too, that among Mrs. Perkins' guests was Mrs. John Sharp Williams—one of the most experienced women, socially, in Washington—who seemed remarkably quick to appreciate the trend of her friend, Mrs. Perkins' remarks.

To some of the others, the proposal of Mrs. Perkins that they consider the advisability of organizing a club to be composed of the wives of members of Congress, for the purpose of ameliorating the notoriously painful conditions of capital society, came as

something of a surprise; and to the others it came as something that seemed to have been in the air of Washington ever since Congress began its current session.

Indeed, there were those among the twenty-five guests whose memories, ranging afar to the prehistoric era of the Spanish difficulty—Washington is ashamed nowadays to call it a war—recalled that an organization of the kind had been long ago enthusiastically projected, and as enthusiastically squelched.

So, while they felt convinced it would be a good thing, they wondered whether it could ever be made successful.

Mrs. Perkins, who has not achieved her position in Washington society by any very noticeable paucity of tact, refrained from commenting upon the causes of the previous failure. But she did point out that the ladies then and there assembled were the very ones who, if they were all agreed upon the necessity for the organization, had it in their power to make it a reality.

Besides, if they should be studious to attempt nothing more ambitious than the formation of a club which would enable women in the higher official life to meet and to know one another socially, the object must surely be so innocuous that no one could disapprove of it. All they had need of was to be unanimous.

Unanimous they became, even to the election of Mrs. Williams as temporary chairman and of Mrs. Julius Kahn, of California, as temporary secretary. Mrs. James S. Sherman, of New York, invited the members of the nascent club to be her guests at one of the big reception rooms of the New Willard, two weeks later, the secretary, meanwhile, to invite the wives of all senators and representatives to be present.

There were 120 women in attendance at the New Willard, and the Congressional Club, then definitely launched, has gone forward to organization, with officers, a constitution and by-laws—drawn up by a



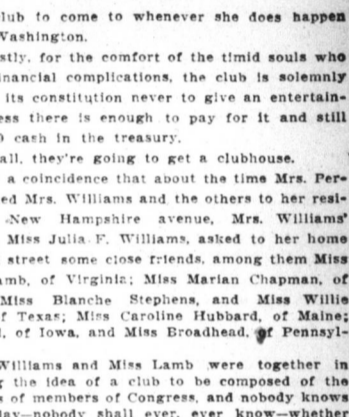
committee of which Mrs. Perkins was chairman—and all the other appurtenances of a full-grown club, except a clubhouse.

Mrs. Perkins has been elected president. Her fellow-officers are Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, first vice president; Mrs. Williams, second vice president; Mrs. Champ Clark, of Missouri, third vice president; Mrs. Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana, fourth vice president; and Mrs. Kahn, fifth vice president. Mrs. J. Stout Fassett, of New York, is recording secretary, and Miss Wood, sister of Representative Wood, of New Jersey, treasurer.

If a woman's husband has ever been senator or representative, whether his wife became a charter member or refrained from joining until years after his retirement from the post of national lawmaker, she is always eligible to membership in the Congressional Club.

In addition to the wives of congressmen, the constitution provides for the admission of the immediate family of a congressman, and of 100 women from among the immediate families of the government—members of the cabinet, assistant secretaries, justices of the Supreme Court and heads of bureaus. The wife of the President and of the Vice President are honorary members.

The women who are the heads of their respective families must pay initiation fees of \$10 each and annual dues of \$25. The yearly dues of other relatives are \$5. If a woman, by one of those oversights of voters which often happen with regard to congressmen, isn't re-elected to Washington, she still wears the glory of her former greatness, so far as the club is concerned; and she saves money, for, as a member non-resident, her annual dues are only \$5, and she



has her club to come to whenever she does happen to be in Washington.

And lastly, for the comfort of the timid souls who dreaded financial complications, the club is solemnly bound by its constitution never to give an entertainment unless there is enough to pay for it and still leave \$500 cash in the treasury.

Next fall, they're going to get a clubhouse.

It was a coincidence that about the time Mrs. Perkins invited Mrs. Williams and the others to her residence on New Hampshire avenue, Mrs. Williams' daughter, Miss Julia F. Williams, asked to her home on Girard street some close friends, among them Miss Beale Lamb, of Virginia; Miss Marian Chapman, of Illinois; Miss Blanche Stephens, and Miss Willis Cooper, of Texas; Miss Caroline Hubbard, of Maine; Miss Hull, of Iowa, and Miss Broadhead, of Pennsylvania.

Miss Williams and Miss Lamb were together in broaching the idea of a club to be composed of the daughters of members of Congress, and nobody knows to this day—nobody shall ever know—whether it was Miss Williams or Miss Lamb who first thought of it.

But the minute they thought of it they could see it was a good thing. Why, Washington was simply filled with the loveliest girls, who sat back of apartment doors with their mothers, waiting helplessly for other lovely girls to drop cards in the wicker baskets and run away again, in the desperate effort to keep up with the senatorial at-homes on Thursdays, and the congressional at-homes on Tuesdays, and the Supreme Court at-homes on Mondays, with the cabinet at-homes turning up on Wednesdays to take up a poor girl's time in odd weeks when she might be forming some genuine intimacies.

### A CLASSICAL TITLE

There were reports that the daughters were going to start an opposition to their mothers' club, and other nonsensical stories which received a speedy quietus when the unanimity of the daughters resulted in permanent organization, with Miss Lamb as president, Miss Williams as first vice president, Miss Lona Tillman, of South Carolina, second vice president; Miss Mabel Madden, of Illinois, third vice president; Miss May Gregg, of Texas, fourth vice president; Miss Chapman, recording secretary; Miss Foster, of Vermont, corresponding secretary; Miss Stephens, treasurer, and Miss Helen Cannon, honorary president.

Every one was to pay \$5 initiation fee and \$12 yearly dues, and there was to be a dance at the Arlington, as soon as they could christen themselves, which should be an extremely swell dance indeed—with an orchestra of six pieces from the Marine Band, no less, at \$5 a man.

Well, they consulted their fathers and all the other men they knew, about the christening; and they had you can't imagine how many names urged upon them. Miss Williams' papa, John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, who is a most learned man, couldn't think of anything better than "The Junior Congressionals." But Miss Tillman knew a professor of Greek, over in Georgetown University, who thought long and deeply and finally evolved the positively lovely title, "The Archonides," which the club has agreed to adopt. Mr. Williams was so learned, and so jealous, when he heard the Archonides was to be the name, that he translated it on the spot, and grumbled:

"Archonides"—offspring of the Archons, the old Grecian lawmakers. Huh! might mean the sons just as well as the daughters. However, a little thing like that could not worry the Archonides—accent on the second syllable, please—and they went right ahead, and had the loveliest dance Washington has enjoyed on any April evening in any springtime.

### SOME POSSIBILITIES

And next fall, if the Archonides cannot, like their mothers, afford to build or buy a clubhouse, they are surely going to be able to rent one, where they can have a home for their very own and learn to love one another as their papas, in Congress, sometimes don't. And perhaps, when two such old and tried friends as Speaker Cannon and Democratic House Leader Williams find themselves so filled with wrath over rules and tactics that neither can speak to the other and both can only think, "I hope you choke," while they turn the hateful back, the intimate friendship of Miss Julia Williams and Miss Helen Cannon may suffice to bring about again that peace between them which passeth understanding.

There cannot fail to be other effects upon Washington life, in the purely social evolution that is going forward, now that so many men of wealth are looking to the capital as a place of prolonged, if not permanent, residence.

It may be that the ladies who first saw in the Congressional Club—and the Archonides—the means of mitigating the crowded loneliness of the season, discerned also the possibilities of two factors which must necessarily determine the congressional circle as the one dominant in Washington society for all future time, to the emphatic subordination of all other classes, however wealthy and however regnant in their respective places of origin.

But that is something which no charter member, and, least of all, Mrs. Perkins, president of the Congressional Club, will so much as consent to discuss.

## COSTLY DOGS FOR FASHIONS PETS.



A Chow of High Degree.



A bulldog valued at \$5000.



Scotch Scepter, a \$3500 Collie.

AN ENGLISH proverb says a dog is worth what it costs. Some dog dealer probably originated the saying, since many owners of petted canines would not part with their possessions for much more than the cost, although that cost may have been hundreds, even thousands, of dollars.

Men and women of former generations loved

dogs, no doubt, as well as do those of today, but they would have been astounded at the prices now paid for animals of high degree and aristocratic lineage.

A bulldog valued at \$5000, a St. Bernard costing \$6000, a collie for which \$3500 is held to be a reasonable figure—such prices no longer excite surprise. In fact, they would be held as bargains

in some cases. But they would have astonished our fathers.

The constantly increasing favor which pet and high-class dogs have found with women, of recent years, has had much to do with soaring prices. Women, as well as men, now pay immense sums for aristocratic animals, and members of the fair sex are among the most enthusiastic exhibitors at bench shows.

At one time St. Bernards were all the rage and brought immense sums. Pinnaccon, a splendid specimen, cost Emmet, the actor, \$5000. Sir Belvidere was disposed of for \$4500, and Lady Mignon changed owners at a cost of \$5000.

Champion Frandley Stepany, from the kennels that produced Lady Mignon, brought \$4000, and the short-haired Hampstead Chief was sold at \$2000. These were European dogs; on this side the splendid St. Bernards of George J. Gould have attracted great attention because of their great price and lordly manner of living.

Later the collie came into favor and to a long series

of triumphs. One of the high-water mark prices paid for this class was \$5000 for Champion Perfection; Southport Sculptor brought \$3500. And only twenty-five years ago tremendous excitement was caused in England by G. R. Krehl paying \$500 for Eclipse.

American's first notable attempt at record-breaking was Mitchell Harrison's \$4500 for Champion Christopher. Fox terriers on several occasions have realized as high as \$2000. The short-haired Vice Regal sold for \$2250; \$1000 and \$1200 have become common prices.

Miss De Goot, of New York, has captured not a few blue ribbons at bench shows with her famous bulldog Mahomet, worth \$5000. Across the water, Baronet Heath brought \$2000, and Fashion's price was \$2250.

Two years ago greyhounds were popular, and brought good prices. At one notable sale prices ranged from \$75 to \$1750.

Lapdogs most in vogue are miniature Pomeranians. They are weakly and subject to many troubles. The smallest specimens are those most valued. A breed once in favor was the Chinese spaniel, now supplanted after a fierce contest by the Japanese spaniel. Pointers and setters are said to be losing value as pets. They are harder to keep, to lodge, and commercially, are said to be less attractive and promising in the handling.

