

THE
Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

EDITED BY

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IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

Woman Suffrage.

Some very novel ideas on this subject were advanced at the recent "Hearing before the United States Senate Committee on Woman Suffrage." The speaker from Nebraska, Mrs. Clara Bewick Colby, gives an exhaustive account of the good woman suffrage is doing in Wyoming. Much badly-needed reform has been there worked out. A good system of protection to women and care of the safe-guard of the state, the home, has been inaugurated and the government thus supported by women-voters has a motherly care over even the minor matters. We learn that Wyoming cares more about the marriage of its daughters than any other western state, and requires parental consent for the marriage of any girl under twenty-one, and further this astonishing statement is made: "In 1880 there were no idiots in Wyoming, an astonishing fact considering that at that time there were 29,049 idiots in the United States, of whom it may be casually mentioned 62 per cent. were male idiots, and only 38 per cent. female idiots. There were 189,503 insane in the United States but there were but three insane persons in Wyoming in 1880, all men. The preponderance of insanity among married women is usually attributed to the monotony of their lives, and since this is much relieved by their participation in politics, we should expect to find as a physical effect a decreased proportion of insane women where Woman Suffrage prevailed. Wyoming being the only western state in which no insane women were to be found in 1880 justifies our expectation. We are also informed that the rate of divorce has increased in the United States 794 per cent., three times the ratio of the increase of population, and in the group of western states, omitting Wyoming, it has increased 436.7 per cent., almost four times the average increase of population, while in Wyoming the increase in divorce is less than 50 per cent. that of the population. The same speaker ends up with these conclusions that the twenty-two years of woman suffrage have been satisfactory to the citizens of Wyoming; that they have conducted to good order in the elections and to the purity of politics; that the educational system is improved, and that teachers are paid without regard to sex; that Wyoming stands alone in showing a decreased proportion of crime and divorce; and that it has elevated the personal character of both sexes, what possible good is there left to speak of as coming to the State from suffrage save its position as the van guard of progress and human freedom. Many eloquent speakers addressed the Senate on this subject and one of them, Mrs. Lide Merriweather of Tennessee, said with deep emotion: "Year after year we have journeyed to the Mecca of the petitioner, the Legislative hall. There we have asked protection for our boys from the temptation of the open saloon; we have asked that around our baby girls, the wall of protection might be raised, at least a little higher than ten years; we have asked for reform schools for young boys, where they should not be thrown in daily contact with old and hardened criminals. Year after year we have plead for better conditions for the children, to whom we have given the might of our love, the strength and labor of our lives; and in not one instance has prayer been granted." Another member of the delegation was Mrs. Greenleaf of New York, whose pathetic appeal will echo in every woman's heart. She speaks of her first sight of Washington. She says: "There rose Washington's Monument, so simple, yet so grand, and I recalled the facts that in its composition it fitly represented the Union of the States, and that the pause in its construction but made possible a more perfect completion on a sounder basis. My heart swelled, and my

eyes overflowed as I thought of the grand idea embodied in this Government, the possibilities of this country's future. The lines of "My country, 'tis of thee," rose to my lips, but they died there.

Whence came my right to speak those words? True, I was born here; true, I was taught from my earliest youth to repeat the glorious words of Thomas Jefferson, Roger Sherman, and other patriots. But when I grew to womanhood I had to learn the bitter lesson that these words applied only to men; that I simply counted but as one in the population; that I must submit to be governed by laws in the selection of whose makers I had no choice; that my consent to be governed would never be asked; that for my taxation there would be no representation; that so far as my right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" was concerned, others must judge for me; that I had no voice for myself; that I was a woman without a country, and only on the plane of political equality with the insane, the idiot, pauper, Indians not taxed, the criminal, and the unnaturalized foreigner." We should like to cast more of their words abroad and we are glad to know that the movement is everywhere awakening such continuous and enthusiastic interest.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

I fell asleep in a lady's boudoir the other evening. I was not the only visitor staying in the house. Two of the girls, and great friends, also enjoying its hospitality, came in, and not noticing me at first, began to talk. When they did they remarked carelessly: "Oh, it's only the Bear," and proceeded with their conversation.

I was much interested, and spent the rest of the night writing out what they had said. I give it here as a small one-act drama. I have their permission to do so as both were sure, with wide open eyes and mouths, that they had said nothing they would mind seeing in print. I think they forget some of it.

BEFORE THE GRATE.

(*Laura and Mabel in dressing-gowns and bedroom slippers lounging on a rug in front of a grate fire.*)

Mabel—"Now let's have a nice cosy talk before we go to bed."

Laura—"Yes, let's. Have a pillow?" (*Gives a big cushion to Mabel and puts another at her own back.*) "We never get a chance during the day."

Mabel: "My dear girl, you do nothing else but talk."

Laura: "But I mean seriously, you know, about great questions and theories; not about people as most girls do."

Mabel: "Yes, isn't it disgusting the way some girls go on. They cannot talk of anything but the last ball and their young men."

Laura: Horrid! Now we'll be different. Let us do this every evening—sit before the fire just before we go to bed and have a nice intellectual talk!"

Mabel: "Yes, let's. Now you begin to-night. What shall we talk about?"

Laura: "Something deep like science or religion or—"

Mabel: "The flounce on my new gown. It's deep enough I'm sure, and I told Madame—"

Laura: "Don't be silly. Oh, I'll tell you. Suppose we talk about Evolution? I know lots about that."

Mabel: "So do I. Just the thing." (*Settles herself back on her cushion.*) "What do you think about it, anyway?"

Laura: "Well, of course it's all absurd, only it's all the rage. But we couldn't be descended from monkeys, you know. Why, they are not in the least bit like us. They live out in the woods, and don't wear any clothes or anything. Why, it's ridiculous!"

Mabel: "Yes, isn't it? Besides, I know all about my grandfathers away back ever so far."

Laura: "So do I. And besides, we have no tails and they have."

Mabel: "Who? Our grandfathers?"

Laura: "No, you silly, the monkeys. Although I'd just as soon have a monkey for a grandfather as have none at all. Jack says that half the people in our set have none to speak of."

Mabel: "Yes, and you know, Laura, that some people do look like monkeys; look at—"

Laura (*excitedly*): Little Ponsonby, for instance. Why, last night I had a waltz with him and—it was absurd, I know—but really during the whole time the band was playing I kept expecting him to go up the wall after pennies."

Mabel: "Did you dance with him? Why, I wouldn't for anything. He is so short and ugly."

Laura: "I couldn't help myself. He asked me before mamma, and she is so funny; she won't let me refuse unless I am really engaged to someone else—so old-fashioned, you know."

Mabel: "Gracious! I'm glad mother doesn't go out. Tom Beemer never notices what I do. Why, last night I danced three dances in succession with Arthur Clarkson and sat out two others. Oh, isn't he sweet?"

Laura: "I like Tom better."

Mabel: "Tom has awfully nice manners, but he's not so—so blase, I suppose; and unless a man is that he is nowhere."

Laura: "They say that Tom is engaged to that Miss Chisholm we met last year at the Thousand Islands."

Mabel: "Really? I remember how oddly she dressed. Poor Tom!"

Laura: "She didn't dress at all."

Mabel: "My dear Laura!"

Laura: "Don't be vulgar; you know what I mean. Why, fancy, she wore a high-necked gown to the Edgar's and had roses in her hair!"

Mabel: "Did she really? Awfully bad form!—but some girls have such luck. I can not see what Tom sees in her."

Laura: "One never can, you know. Harry Foster said to me last night—Oh, Mabel, did you ever see such eyes as his? When he looks at me I just feel as if I couldn't bear it."

Mabel: "Oh, I don't know! He is so different from the rest, so quiet and yet so strong, outwardly hard but inwardly—"

Laura: Soft; like a crab, eh, Laura?"

Laura: "Ugh, you wretch! You have no feeling."

Mabel: "Oh yes I have, and I feel that it is getting late. Come on to bed."

Laura (*yawning*): "I am sleepy; but what a nice talk we have had! Let's do this every night. It's so improving."

Mabel: "Yes, but I say, Laura, keep it dark. I don't want to be called a blue stocking. People make such fun of girls who are intellectual. Good night, dear. (*They kiss each other.*)"

Laura (*sleepily*): "Good night."

I see lying on the Sanctum desk the proof sheets of what promises to be a very charming volume of verse by John Allister Currie. It is called "A Quartette of Lovers," and is being published by Williamson's. The author has a true poetic touch, and there is an impassioned note in his poems that reaches the heart. The style is both dainty and strong; but more of it hereafter when the book appears.

I sent Flips to interview a learned Professor the other day. I was very busy, and she was unusually obliging, so she went. This is her report of the interview as the Sanctum heard it on her return:

"Well, I am back alive," she said, sinking into my chair and taking up a box of candies which had been sent in for review, "and of all hateful creatures you're the hatefulest. What do you mean by sending me to see that man when you knew I didn't know anything about the subject. Why didn't you tell me what was in that fool of a letter of introduction? Ugh, you wretch, you! But I got even with you."

My heart sank.

"What ever did you do, Flips?"

"Do! Good gracious, what was there to do? He read the letter and said he would be happy to do what you wished, and I said thank you and he said I was welcome, and then I sat there. I didn't know what to say next, and there I sat looking like a fool. I didn't want to come away without finding out something about him after all you said, and he didn't seem to want to tell me anything about himself. So I finally picked myself together and said:

"Have you been at the Grand this week, Professor ———?"

"And then I remembered that he was a Professor of theology and I just died on the spot."

I groaned in utter despair and hopelessness.

"And if I am here now apparently alive," Flips went on, "it is not I, it is my ghost, for I died, as I say, simply curled up and died when I reflected what my embarrassment had led me into saying. He did not answer for a moment, and then he suggested that his time was much occupied with other matters. So I rushed wildly on:

"You do a great deal of writing, do you not?"

"And he admitted that he did a little, and I said that was very nice for him."

"Oh, Flips!" I groaned.

"And then he asked me whether I had followed the recent newspaper controversy in regard to certain theological questions in which he was deeply interested—you know what he meant, I don't—and I said heartily:

"Well, rather."

"Then he looked meditatively at the ceiling and said:

"Rather—let me see—I have lived so long in the country that some phrases bewilder me—I seem to lose their significance—rather—do you mean—?"

"By this time I was simply squirming, and concluding rapidly that a trap-door would be neither large enough nor sudden enough, when he went on:

"And you are a graduate from the University?"

"I was so wretched that before I thought I said 'Yes.' And then a happy thought struck me, and I remarked that the University was a dreadfully slangy place, and he said:

"Indeed? You surprise me!"

"The most violent desire I now had was for an earthquake, and then he wanted to know what year I graduated in, and I stammered around and named somewhere about ten years back. He looked politely surprised and said:

"Then if I should say you were rather a graduate would I be right?"

"And I am happy to tell you that at this juncture, goaded as I was to despair, I plucked up courage and informed the Professor that I was Scotch, Presbyterian and a Reformer. Then he gave up the unequal contest and retired from the field. Then I was able to gather together my scattered remnants of self-respect and leave by the ordinary modes of egress."

"You tell a story well, Flips," I remarked, "what an invaluable old diner-out of a bachelor you would have made!"

"Every word of that is true," she snapped at me.

"No doubt," I said ironically.

"Well, of all the ingratitudes I ever heard! You miserable specimen, you!" And she flounced off in a rage, still holding my box of Ford's, however. Coming back she stuck her head in the door. "I forgot to tell you that as I was leaving the Professor's house I left your card on the table. He! he!" and pursued by both dogs she flew down the stairs.

Madge Robertson