Where Petticoat Politics Rages and Boils.—

Woman Engaged In Aggressive Campaigns and Interest Runs High at National Capitol.

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Mrs. William A. Cullop, President of the Women's National Democratic League.

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Dr. Alice Paul, President Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage.

Mrs. Medill McCormick, Chairman Woman Suffrage Congressional Committee.

Mrs. Arthur Murray Dodge, President of the Anti-Suffragists.

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Mrs. Josephus Daniels, Cabinet Wife Who is Pro-Suffrage

Mrs. David Houston, A Suffragist of the Cabinet Circle

NEVER Such rustling petticoat politics as this has your National Capital before feasted eyes upon. Three separate Amazon armies, come for the first time to level their biggest guns at the two wings of the Capitol, are already encamped within the shadow of the big iron thimble. Two are fighting for a woman suffrage amendment to the Federal Constitution. One is fighting against it. Heretofore the pro and anti-suffrage legions have trained their heaviest artillery upon state Legislatures. Now they have adopted the shrewd move of trying to kill all of the enemy with one load of shot.

The Democratic party—that which rules you today—has recruited an Amazon army and established its camp within this mother city of our cities.

Such is the recognized power of woman. The ruling party has enlisted her services to help keep it in power!

And through the vista of these rustling, hustling phalanxes you see, over yonder, across the Mall, busy preparations for another bitter fray—the national election of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

It is the centenary year of the invasion of Washington and the burning of the Capitol and White House by the British, and the future is pregnant with possibilities. But these fair fighters are not upon pillage and rapine bent, nor will they resort to the sword, the bullet or the firebrand. Their smother bombs exhale the sweet perfumes of Araby the blessed and their powder is of the smokeless variety that comes in flesh, pearl and brunette shades. The texture of their mail is a fine weave of silver, and it protects their powder and their treasure rather than their vitals.

Mark Hanna's Daughter in Command.

"Blood will tell," some wiseacre has averred. That is why the daughter of that past master of American politics, Mark Hanna, has forged her way to the command of the army sent hitherward by the National American Woman Suffrage Association. As Miss Ruth Hanna she was a social favorite in Washington salons during the days when her father was the man behind the Administration gun. Ten years ago she was led to the altar by Joseph Medill McCormick, who has since dropped the Joseph. He is the grandson of William, one of the founders of the powerful harvester firm, and the son of Robert S., our former Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, Russia and France. He is also the grandson of Lincoln's friend, Chicago's great Civil War editor, Joseph Medill, of whose paper he is today the publisher.

To head the lobby that is to work for the Federal Constitutional amendment Mrs. McCormick was chosen by the association and sent to Washington. To your correspondent she chatted of her proposed work on the day she arrived at her new quarters in a downtown office building. She is a tall, lithe young woman, who looks as though she could drive a golf ball 250 yards, enjoy a 10-mile hike across country or ride a relay of thoroughbreds on a century run. Her svelt figure bespeaks the athletic, the woman of health and of action.

Knows People Worth Knowing.

The advantage of knowing people worth knowing is hers. As her father's daughter, she knew Washington society like a book in the days of McKinley, and at the courts of St. Petersburg and Paris, during the missions of her father-in-law, she met the great of the Old World.

Having spent her life in the homes of clever politicians, diplomats and editors, she knows all of the ins and outs of the game, at whose board history is made. This board is one of mahogany, covered with white linen, rather than green baize. And as dinner hostess or guest Mrs. McCormick excels. At the Washington home of her mother, Mrs. Mark Hanna, she can pull social wires leading to Capitol Hill. She seems to be the right woman in the right place. The old-fashioned suffragist leader, with hair whacked back over ears and done into a French pea on top, does good work among women already converted to the cause, but when it comes to Senators and representatives who have to be "shown" it is the lobbyist with the savoir faire who makes history.

The "Congressional committee," of which Mrs. McCormick is chairman, will have another important function besides that of lobbying for the Federal amendment. It will reach out into every Congressional district, and during the coming Autumn campaign for Congress will raise acre after acre of gooseflesh upon the hides of pre-convention candidates not outspoken in favor of the suffrage cause. Its work will be non-partisan. It will work among all parties—especially those likeliest to win—for Congressional candidates favoring woman suffrage generally and the Federal amendment in particular.

A Little Fighting Quaker.

Fighting shoulder to shoulder with Mrs. McCormick's army is the allied force generaled by Dr. Alice Paul, the New Jersey Quaker who once served in a London prison because she waved a banner during a militant demonstration. This little lady's battle standard bears the legend, "Congressional Union of Woman Suffrage." It is an organization indepedent of the National association and boasting of a war chest more plethoric.

A petite brunette, with dark, thoughtful eyes, is Dr. Paul. After graduating at Swarthmore, the Quaker college, she got her degree as a doctor of philosophy at Pennsylvania and then took post-graduate courses at the New York School of Philanthropy and the universities of London and Birmingham, England. Then she plunged into social work. She lived at the Rivington-Street College settlement, New York, and afterward while connected with various social settlements in England became allied with the woman suffragist organizers there. It was she who arranged the great suffrage parade held in Washington the day before the last inauguration.

Her chief of staff in the present crusade is Miss Lucy Burns, of Brooklyn, who also has been in a London prison for participation in a suffragist demonstration. She is vice-chairman of the Congressional Union, and, like Dr. Paul, has gone in for all sorts of higher education, having taken degrees at Vassar, Yale, the University of Berlin and the University of Bonn. She joined the Women's Social and Political Union of London five years ago, and worked as organizer for Edinburgh and the east of Scotland. She is tall, Titian-haired and most feminine in her bearing.

So, there you have the generals of the pro-suffrage armies. Now let us take a foot or two of film of the amazons fighting under them in the ranks.

Despite the fact that Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Thomas F. Marshall, the first and second ladies of the land, are reported to be anti-suffrage in their sympathies, the Wilson Cabinet is represented in the pro-suffrage ranks by Mrs. Burleson, the wife of the Postmaster-General, Mrs. Houston, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture; Mrs. Lane, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, and Mrs. Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy.

Officialdom's Suffragettes.

The Supreme Court circle is represented by Mrs. Justice Lamar and Mrs. Justice Pitney, and the Senate by Mrs. Warren of Wyoming, Mrs. Townsend of Michigan, Mrs. Sutherland of Utah, Mrs. Borah of Idaho, Mrs. Poindexter of Washington, Mrs. Chamberlain of Oregon and Mrs. La Follette of Wisconsin.

Led by the Speaker's wife, Mrs. Champ Clark, the House of Representatives' division includes Mrs. Stone, of Illinois, Mrs. Kahn, Mrs. Kent and Mrs. Raker, of California, Mrs. Mott and Mrs. George, of New York, and Mrs. Taylor, of Colorado.

The White House ladies, it is rumored, are divided in this way on the suffrage question: Mrs. Wilson, with Miss Eleanor, against, and Miss Margaret, with Mrs. Sayre, for votes for women.

Some surprises are in store for war correspondents who will look over the prisoners of war taken by the suffragists. There, for example, is that ultra-conservative, Senator Boise Penrose, chained and shackled by these sirens, and deuced glad that they have his scalp. With him is the equally conservative Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire. Other Senators who have declared for the Federal amendment are: Perkins of California, Warren and Clark of Wyoming, Newlands, of Nevada, Smoot and Sutherland, of Utah, Clapp, of Minnesota, and LaFollette, of Wisconsin.

None other than the great Oscar Underwood, chairman of the ways and means committee, and floor leader of the Democratic party, is seen among the captives taken from the House of Representatives. While favoring state laws granting woman suffrage, he does not favor a federal amendment.

Whenever a Southerner is taken to the pro-suffrage side great enthusiasm results, for the states of the old Confederate zone are looked upon as the least promising.

Southern Women Being Converted.

Thus there was a great hurrah and throwing up of bonnets when the greater number of the pro-suffrage wives of our highest officials were found to be Southern women. Thus Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, is from North Carolina; Mrs. Albert Sidney Burleson, wife of the Postmaster-General, and Mrs. David F. Houston, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, are both from Texas, and Mrs. Lamar, wife of Justice Lamar, is from West Virginia.

The grim cohorts of the anti-suffragists stand, armed cap-a-pie, in opposition to the legions of Mrs. McCormick and Dr. Paul. The commander-in-chief of the "antis" is Mrs. Arthur Murray Dodge, widow of a wealthy New Yorker and a leader in many New York welfare organizations, including the Federation of Day Nurseries, of which she is president, and the Legal Aid Society, of which she is vice-president. She has been president of the Needlework Guild, chairman of the philanthropy commission and an officer of the Public Educational Association and the Child Welfare League. She is president of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage.

One of her generals is Mrs. Elihu Root, wife of the famous New York Senator, who is the possessor of a large fortune independent of that of her husband and who is one of the most exclusive leaders of Washington society. She is a former vice-president of the District of Columbia society of the "antis," whose president now is the noted Massachusetts Senator, Henry Cabot Lodge's, daughter, Mrs. Augustus Peabody Gardner, wife of the Bay State Republican Representative who joined the insurgent movement against "Cannonism," but who later failed to get aboard the Roosevelt band wagon.

Some Official "Antis."

Official circles are represented in the "anti" camp also by the vice-president of the District of Columbia Society, who is the wife of Senator John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts, and a member of the executive committee, Mrs. Swager Sherley, wife of the Kentucky representative. The wife of Vice-President Marshall and Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge are also opposed to woman suffrage, as are Miss Mabel Boardman, head of the Red Cross, and Mrs. Mollie Elliott Seawell, the novelist.

In the war camp of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who have their own white marble capitol in Washington, the Scott and Story factions are already pulling wires to elect 11 vice-presidents-general at their National election during the Spring. Their president-general will not be elected until next year.

And now we come to women waging a warfare of real party politics in Washington—those of the Woman's National Democratic League, the only National society of women that is auxiliary to a political party. It was organized just two years ago, and its avowed function is to promote the principles of Democracy and assist in the election of the party candidates. It is organized in every state of the Union, and during the last campaign aided vitally in the election of President Wilson. It has its National headquarters in Washington.

Its National head is Mrs. William A. Cullop, wife of the Democratic Representative from Vincennes, Ind. She is a native of Texas and a descendant of Richard Henry Lee, signer of the Declaration. Her father, Napoleon B. Brooks, was an officer in the Mexican War and of the Confederate Army.

Like all of these other women who have forged their way to the front in politics, Mrs. Cullop has gained her training in numerous societies. She is the Indiana vice-regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a member of the advisory board of the Congressional Club—an organization of Senators' and Representatives' wives; a member of the Southern, Indiana and Fine Arts Societies of Washington, and of the Woman's Welfare League.

Practically all of the wives of Democratic Senators and Representatives are members of the Woman's National Democratic League, among whose other officers are Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, Mrs. Champ Clark and the wives of Representative Taylor, of Colorado; Senator Fletcher, of Florida; Representative Baker, of California, and Representative Keating, of Colorado.

As woman suffrage spreads and as women find more and more offices open to them, these politicians of the fairer sex will enjoy a political advantage over their sisters who have kept out of these partisan frays. Their organizations are training schools wherein they gain honor and standing only by acquiring those powers of tact and self-control which must endow the successful politician of the male persuasion.

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PROFESSIONAL ADVICE

by WILLIAM H. HILLYER.

MY desk telephone is forever in the way. It seems as if it takes up several cubic feet of space.

When I try to write my elbow collides with it; when I try to find an important paper I have to hold up the phone with one hand and rummage with the other.

Then it has a habit of ringing at the most inopportune times. Only yesterday while I was hammering for dear life on a bill of exceptions in the Trayer case, there was that wretched little buzzing sound and I had to drop everything and answer the summons.

To my rather crisp "Hello!" a woman's voice answered, "Hello!" Is that Mr. Burton?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, this is Mrs. Merriam. Could I—see you a few minutes tomorrow?"

Now I had a case in the courthouse at that time. So I said:

"Won't tomorrow afternoon do just as well, Mrs. Merriam. Say 5 o'clock."

"Couldn't you make it 4? I'm going to a tea at 5."

Now I had an engagement at 4 with another client.

"How about half past three, Mrs. Merriam?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I don't see how I can manage it. I'm just obliged to be at the Woman's Club from 3 till 4."

"You couldn't postpone it until day after tomorrow?"

"No, not possibly. It's very important. Er—you couldn't see me at 2 o'clock, could you, Mr. Burton?"

Now 2 o'clock is my lunch hour. To interfere with that is against my most iron-clad rule.

"Why, I don't know, Mrs. Merriam—" I began; then, on a sudden inspiration, "I'll tell you, I might see you at lunch. Suppose I meet you at the Chelsea at 2 o'clock?"

"Oh, I'd be so glad if I could see you then. But won't that put you to some inconvenience, Mr. Burton?"

"Not in the least. It's a pleasure, I assure you."

I did not tell her that I was breaking another iron-clad rule of mine, which is, never talk to clients at lunch. And I never do—ordinarily.

That was how it happened that I lunched today with Mrs. Merriam. The business she wished to consult me about was not very complicated—a matter of some investments—and I gave her the best advice I could and promised to look further into the affair and render a more detailed opinion in a few days.

I have been Mrs. Merriam's lawyer for some time, but have never had any extended conversation with her until today. Jack Merriam and I had been intimate friends ever since we were college boys and I was his lawyer up to the time of his death. Jack went out to Colorado in 1896 on account of his lungs. Three years later he came back, radiant with regained health and successful mining stocks.

He brought with him his young bride and her maiden aunt, who was her nearest relative. I took dinner with him several times at his home in Brooklyn, but Jack and I did most of the talking.

After Jack's death—that was two years ago—Mrs. Merriam stayed in Brooklyn, where she and her aunt kept house. I saw her two or three times while the estate was being settled—I was naturally looked upon as her legal adviser—but Jack had been sensible to sell out his mining interests at a good profit and invest the money in gilt-edged securities, so there was not a great deal to do in the way of legal contriving.

I had never seen much of Mrs. Merriam. I had but one definite impression concerning her. It is a mental habit of mine to classify every woman I see, according to her looks, in one of three grades: A, B and C. I had classified Mrs. Merriam as "A"—that was all.

Today, after we had finished with business matters, we talked about things in general for a while.

She is really quite sensible. I must say I enjoyed myself.

She is a rather slender person of medium height. Her hair—I think you would call it dark brown, but I am under the impression that it has a reddish tinge. I don't remember what color her eyes are.

She is not at all reserved, yet somehow remarkably dignified. I insisted on paying the bill—over her solemn protest. I trust I did the correct thing.

* * *

I'm in a quandary. Mrs. Merriam came to my office yesterday to learn the result of my investigations, and requested me to present a bill for services.

Now I never dreamed of charging her anything. It had been no trouble, and I told her so. She said, "Very well, I shall have to pay you what I think the advice is worth, if you decline to fix a price," and this froze me to the bone.

"Do you think fifty dollars—" she began, but I roused myself and cut her short with, "Oh, never mind, Mrs. Merriam. I'll send you a bill at the end of the month, if you desire it. It's not customary to pay before then. We can settle on a price at that time, I've no doubt."

The fact is, I wanted a chance to think. Fifty dollars! She evidently believes that lawyers are highwaymen.

The whole affair has not taken up more than an hour of my time. I don't count the half hour spent at the Chelsea. That was recreation and amusement.

I think I will send in a bill for 100 cents and make a joke of it. But she might not like that. Yes, she can take a joke. I know she can. But here—wouldn't it be a bit rude—rather too presuming?

She seems to have taken the ground that our friendship should be a purely business one. Now, to be bombarding her with humorous bills would put me in the position of insisting on a certain social feature to our relations.

Yet, why not? Jack Merriam was one of my best friends. I have been to their home and all that.

But somehow this argument is defective. That word "friend" means a good many things. In the case of a young and attractive widow the word "gentleman friend," viewed from a social standpoint, has a meaning that perhaps she does not care for.

At least, so far as I am concerned.

I am glad. I don't have to decide the question of the bill at this time. I'll see what I can do at the end of the month.

* * *

I have been working very hard lately. The Thayer case has gone through the mill again, and our side gained it; but the other side made a Federal question of the thing and sued out a writ of error in the Supreme Court of the United States.

The case is now locked up before the august tribunal. The evidence fills 200 pages.

In addition to this and five or six other cases up for trial, I have had a good deal of business to transact for Mrs. Merriam.

Right here I must say that my conscience is not unclouded. To be sure, I have stirred up no lawsuits, nor am I guilty of the crimes of maintenance and champerty. But I am forced to confess that I have rendered her business more complicated than it might have been.

To put it plainly, I have made professional conferences necessary where, by a little management, they might have been avoided. I have advised her to ask advice. I intwined her business with red tape. Yet I have not mismanaged her affairs. I have made money for her, and she knows it.

At the end of the first month I sent in my bill. "To professional services rendered, one hundred cents."

And do you know, she refused to pay it. She sent it back, with a note claiming that the charge was exorbitant, and she thought thirty cents was a fair compensation for my services.

Yes, she has a sense of humor, all right!

"Well, I tore up the bill and wrote another, putting thirty in the place of one hundred, and the return mail brought her check on the Manhattan Trust Company for 30 cents. Since which I have rendered her no more bills.

* * *

Yesterday afternoon, while I was dictating a letter to my stenographer, the office boy looked in from the main room and remarked:

"Mrs. Merriam's outside."

A few minutes later I had sent the stenographer to his machine and she was following me into my private office.

"I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting," I said. "But that letter just had to be finished. Have this chair, Mrs. Merriam. Now what can I do for you?"

She seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Mr. Burton—" she began.

Then she stopped. I waited.

"You've been my lawyer for some time, and I've learned to respect your judgment. There is something about which I would like your professional advice."

Her manner had become quite businesslike.

"Certainly, Mrs. Merriam," I said. "I'll take pleasure in giving you whatever aid I can."

Then she told, in a calm, straightforward way, how a certain wealthy widower had offered himself in marriage and how she had the matter under consideration.

"Do you love him?" I asked as professionally as I could.

"No," she replied, after a moment's hestitation. "I do not. But I rather like him. He is a perfect gentleman."

"Do you think he loves you."

"He says he does."

"But do you know it?"

"No. I can't say that I do."

"Mrs. Merriam," I said, "it is very difficult to give advice in a case like this."

Here I paused. I was thinking hard and fast.

"Yes, I know it is—" she was beginning, but I interrupted her.

"You have asked my advice," I said, measuring my words, "and I shall give you my best judgment. The question is a difficult one. You say this man is a widower of long standing. That is, of course, a disadvantage. But without going into details," I went on, my excitement getting the better of me, "here is my advice: Do not marry the widower. Marry me instead."

She stared at me in amazement. Then the color rushed to her cheeks and her eyes fell."

"I saw my opportunity. I changed my role from counselor to advocate.

"Rose! I cried.

I said a great deal more; but it would be out of place here, because it was entirely unprofessional. But when, after a while, she asked me what she must say to the wealthy widower, I advised her to tell him, as gently as possible, that his suit had been nol-prossed.

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Variable and New Stars.

(St. Nicholas.)

"There are many stars in the sky which vary in brightness in a remarkable manner. Every star is a great hot sun, millions of times larger than our little earth, and some of the stars which look to us to be single stars are really two suns so close together that they look to us like one. Sometimes one of these stars is very bright, and revolving around this bright star there is another which is less bright. And sometimes the darker star passes regularly between the bright one and us and so hides the bright star partly from us. In the northern sky there is such a system called Algol, or the Demon Star, Every two days and 20 hours the darker companion hides the bright sun partly from our view, and so cuts off five-sixths of the light of the bright star. We see the star growing dimmer and dimmer for about three hours; at the end of this time the center of the darker star is directly in front of the center of the bright one. Then the darker one moves steadily past the star, and in time the star that has been dimmed shines out in full brightness. A little less than three days afterward we see the same thing happen again. But none of these stars shine so bright as first-magnitude stars, nor are they made so faint by the darker star as to be wholly invisible to the eye.

"Sometimes a 'new' star blazes out in the heavens. Perhaps, when this happens, a dark star has 'plowed' through one of the nebulous clouds in space, and its surface is thus heated by friction from a dark crust to a brilliant vaporous mass. Or perhaps when we see such a new star it means that two stars have run into each other or passed very near each other. Exactly what happens when one of these new stars shines out, we do not yet know."

J: 109.2