

THE POLITICIAN DE LUXE



Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, President of the Women's National Union and National League.

She is a Recruit From the Most Fashionable Circles of Society, and There Are Plenty of Her in All Parties

FOR a quarter of a century, and more, Englishwomen of title and position, chagrined over the brilliant successes won by American newcomers in their social strongholds, have rejoiced in one reproach which they never failed to hurl at fascinating intruders when all other defenses failed:

"Oh, yes; very clever, no doubt. But they are mere fribbles; they have no depth in thought. They can't understand politics; and all they can do when their husbands are fighting for political existence is be so many talkative parrots. Englishwomen go right into political struggles and are their husbands' best allies on the platform and in the elections."

If any of these feminine politicians, who have delighted in bestowing condescending smiles on the farmers they haughtily nodded to between campaigns, would come to the United States for this national election, they would comprehend that the day of their distinction is passed, and they could very profitably take positions as students of political economy and tactics under the instructive guidance of dozens and scores of American women who have flung themselves into the campaign, for one national party or another.

Politicians de luxe, women of elegance and culture, fighting side by side with the men leaders of the various parties, are no longer confined to England. They are here, now, and working like so many Trojans; and their culture, in politics and purposes, is about as much broader as this land is broader than Britain, while their practical politics compares with the British woman dilettante's about as a triphammer does with a finger tap.

WHEN the typical Englishwoman of prominent place in her social world defined herself as her husband's helpmate in politics, she told the truth about herself, and she paid herself a very limited compliment. She was just that; nothing more.

The sudden interjection of the feminine element in the current national campaign, commonplace as it has seemed to Americans, would be repulsive with surprise for the typical Englishwoman. Some of the new personalities have been actuated, perhaps, by marital loyalty, family pride and that species of exalted selfishness in vicarious ambitions which the Englishwoman dignifies by the name of patriotism. But the list of the active women campaigners here includes countless workers whose efforts previously were devoted to endeavors for the betterment of conditions applying to women and children; to suffrage for their sex; to reforms in politics, great and small; to very sincere and often very effective labors for the improvement of morals in their own communities.

ALL WOMANLY WOMEN

About them there has been little that was manly, although plenty that appeared virile in its energy and courage. They are all real women, not men in skirts; mostly insistent but tactful campaigners, not noisy viragoes; dainty, comfort-loving, elegant girls and women all of them, and not a few possessed of large fortunes which afford them luxuries such as few men politicians can enjoy or, indeed, appreciate.

It is hard to tell what will be the extent of their influence on the elections, for they number workers affiliated with every party. But they will surely, in the main, strengthen those factors in all parties which influence the best and most unselfish among the men voters. There is yet to appear the woman politician, the politician de luxe of this campaign, who has descended to the tricks, the subterfuges, the doubtful ruses which have so often been introduced by the "practical politicians" among men in the past. They aim to be as practical as the men; but they have remembered, thus far, that they are ladies.

All these women have taken to their campaigning with the plain and unadorned purpose of winning the fight for their respective candidates. They may come to their headquarters in autos that radiate luxury and elegance; but they buckle down to the hard work of direction, organizing, argument, telephoning and cash-raising with precisely the same directness and matter-of-factness that characterize men in similar positions. They seem to have the power of making themselves understood, and of having their orders carried out, without the smallest need for wrath and flots. That may come of their long habit of command, as their finer strategies may be the outgrowth of their delicately engineered social campaigns.

Take a woman like Mrs. J. Borden Harriman,



Mrs. J. Van Vechten O'Connell, of New York, Mrs. O'Connell's Republican supporter.



Mrs. J. L. Anderson, of Cincinnati, Mrs. Anderson's Progressive Party supporter.



Mrs. Mary Dreier, of New York, a leading worker in the Progressive Party.

whose residence at Mount Kisco is one of the famous show places among country estates in New York. Socially, she is one of the leaders of the sacrosanct 400. She was the founder and first president of the Colony Club for Women; she is a leading spirit in many movements for improvement of the conditions under which working women live. And now she is president of the Women's National Union and Marshall League, working harder than any of her assistants for the success of her chosen candidates,



Mrs. Helen Varick Boswell, president of the National Woman's Republican Association.



Mrs. Frances Keller, head of the feminine forces of the Progressive Party.

with her voice always ready to urge on other women the need of their participation in politics, if not for their own sake, then for the sake of the nation of which they form a part.

"Women should add their influence," she says, "to those who are struggling to bring politics into the open, to make it the business of the whole people; for how else can the common interests be protected? It can best be done by a partnership, irrespective of former party affiliations, of all women in the United States interested in the enforcement of measures for the benefit of children, women and the home."

WHERE WOMAN MUST HOLD HER TONGUE

WHEN she begins, crescendo, to tell you what she thinks of you, out of the limitless wealth of her acquaintance with your character during the term of your married life, you know what is coming. You either light a cigar, like a sensible husband, and do a marathon; or you sit there, munchance, until you simply can't stand it any longer, and explode into something which, as she expressly informs you, is more than sufficient ground for divorce, with an alimony that'll put a crimp into any more galling to lunch with handsome blonde customers.

No real man ever does anything else. Those imitation breeds that rear up and bandy words with their heart's delight during these moments—or hours, as their pitiful case may be—of hectic animation aren't men; they're women in disguise and pants, who are liable to pull hair and scratch when they become real mad. Peace be to them, although they'll neither deserve it nor get it. Their finish is the coop and henpecking.

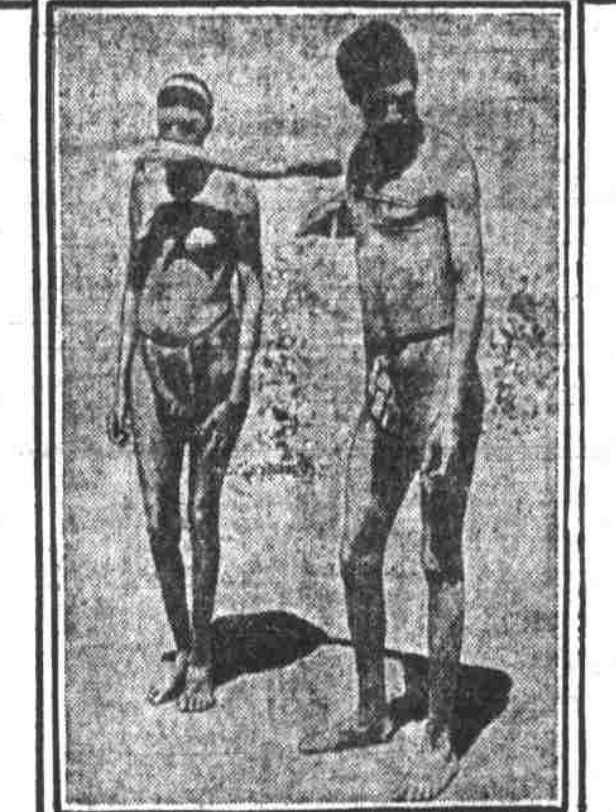
But something ought to be done for the other poor devils, who take their medicine like little men, whether they deserve it or not—but, of course, they do. No wife ever made the mistake of jawing a well beloved unless it was coming to him, either for something he has done to her or for something she's done to him.

Science has tried to find the remedy, and failed; religion has done its best, and failed; the old iron bridle, for women scolds; did its worst, and failed.

Is there no hope? Men, there is. Where all others failed, explorers of the wilds of far Australia have brought back joyful news.

A little co-operation, a mere tribal rule, and you can make a woman hold her tongue until the warmest depth of the warmest place you so loyally keep from wishing her in is frozen over and fit for skating.

WARRAMUNGAI
Warramungai—say it trippingly, just like that, with the roll of a kettledrum on the inspiring R's.
It's the name of the place in the middle of Australia.



Removing the Ban of Silence From a Warramungai, Native of Australia.

where a man had to do is to say to his wife, in the Warramungai—doesn't it sound fine?—language: "Shut up!"

That's all. He doesn't have to bat her over her oratorical head with a club; he needn't appeal to the sympathetic mother-in-law of reality, who is the refuge and comfort of persecuted husbands more often than the humbug let us surmise. He simply says, "Shut up!" and she shuts.

There were two of them, Englishmen, named Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen, and they made a journey across Australia in the doubtful expectation of coming across some discovery or other which would let them lay claim to the immortal fame that goes to persons who beat Marco Polo and Munchausen, and can prove it.

When Messrs. Spencer and Gillen encountered the Warramungai, in Australia's innermost wilds, and found half the women acting as if they were stricken dumb, they suspected they were in the presence of some marvel. They hastened to get the Warramungai population with the goods, by photographing the women, not only in the act of silence, but also at the instant when they were released from the horrible ban. The joyous emancipation came when her husband placed his right hand before her mouth, and, with a peculiar gesture, moved it to show that she was once more free to speak.

SILENCE SELDOM INVOKED

Those ignorant savages, in their simple, innocent way, had eliminated the source of a marital misery—if the testimony of the ages and the sage counts—with neatness and dispatch. Yet they were marvellous withal. Not lightly did they put on the ban. While it was employed for the more exasperating occasions of domestic life in dire extremity, as when Oscar J. Warramungai refused to stand for his Annabelle's kicks on the subject of rabbit for three meals a day, the formal occasion for its enforcement was when death came into the tribe. If four men, one in every class into which the tribe was divided, happened to die within a short time, the men put the silence ban on every woman in their district. And not until the formal release was gestured did a single woman in the lot dare utter a syllable.

Thus, in Warramungai, the eternal problem has been solved. Thus, too, is man provided food for thought during that vacuous period of the curtain lecture, when he wishes his wife were somewhere, but remains too thoughtful of her comfort to be specific as the locality he may have in mind. Well, after this discovery has been bruited about generally, the woman who, while she jaws, is tortured with the doubt that he is wishing she were elsewhere, and feels sure in her own soul that she knows exactly where, can take heart in the thought that it may not be as bad as she surmises. He may only be wishing her in Warramungai.

By the way, the two travelers noticed that, while the women of Warramungai didn't dare open their mouths so long as the ban lasted, they did the finest lot of talking ever seen with their fingers.

gressives, went as a delegate to the convention at Chicago; the two were congenial workers, for, back of their faith in their national party, they are in accord in the endeavor to help all those who toil. It was Miss Dreier who founded the Woman's Trade Union League. With Miss Alice Carpenter, of Brookline, Mass., who was a social worker for years before she realized that woman's hope of emancipation from industrial oppression lay in the ballot, they form a triumvirate qualified to give practical account of themselves in any political campaign, whatever the lines on which it is conducted.

Among the most picturesque figures at the Democratic convention was Mrs. Mary Arkwright Hutton, of Spokane, Wash. She came to fight for Clark; but she stays in the Coeur d'Alene district, and she is worth \$2,000,000, the "richest woman in the west," as they call her, who is aiding the Democratic cause. She is a suffragist. She made her money herself; she owns a mine in the Coeur d'Alene district, and she took out her first gold with her own hands.

She, too, has at heart the welfare of her sex in their labor, and she believes in the suffrage largely for that potent reason. She is the type of the woman in politics who has proved, in her own experience, her ability to manage men and conquer fortune. She is the type of the ardent suffragist who, dealing with politics from the national viewpoint, will let the suffrage wait on her candidate; after her work for the Democracy is over, she intends going back to Ohio, her native state, for a renewal of the suffrage battle there.

ALL CLASSES, ALL LOCALITIES

The practical politics of 1912 has drawn into the arena women of all localities and all classes. The Republican party has the energetic help, in New York, of Mrs. J. Van Vechten O'Connell, whose husband is the well-known lawyer elected to congress some years ago. She might be taken as an American parallel for the woman who aids her husband in politics abroad, but her practice is like others of her sex, wholly American and very direct. She has among her fellow-workers Mr. Taft, the clever and charming Mr. L. A. Anderson, who has been in the investigation of the so-called milk trust cases; and the women's part in raising funds for Colonel Roosevelt's campaign has been largely in the capable hands of Mrs. Amos Pinchot, of the national finance committee of the Progressive party.

Rare honor, of course, for Mrs. Pinchot; yet not more deserving of respect than the appointment of Mrs. Nelson H. Henry to the post of honor that she occupies on the new Taft national advisory board. Nor is it a more unusual distinction, perhaps, than that which has fallen to the lot of Miss Alberta Hill, previously esteemed the bride pretty mascot of the Democratic convention, now the official scorekeeper at Democratic headquarters of the progress Mr. Wilson's campaign is making throughout the country.

Some Curious Facts

THE cool, calm cucumber may owe its phlegmatic disposition to early associations, for it was introduced into England 400 years ago by the Dutch. Persians and Russians eat it as fruit, and find it improves the complexion.

In the Seychelles islands they maintain parks for the rearing of tortoises, whose shells are by no means vanished from the lists of commerce. London and Paris took a ton of them from the Seychelles last year and paid the neat sum of \$14,000 for the crop—\$7 a pound in the rough.

Frederick the Great had his grenadiers, but the London police force is going him a little better in the matter of size. The recruits taken on average 5 feet 11 inch in height, with 37 1/2 inch chest measurement. They start the bride pretty mascot of the Democratic convention, now the official scorekeeper at Democratic headquarters of the progress Mr. Wilson's campaign is making throughout the country.

The Chinese can lay claim to the invention of the treadmill; they used it first for raising water. Ireland isn't doing so badly in the live stock business, her acres carrying 4,500,000 head of cattle. Diamonds worth more than \$5,000,000 represent the exportation of a single month from Capetown, S. A.; and at that, nobody felt the diamond mines were doing a rushing business.

The threshing machine has now lightened the farmer's labor for a period of 180 years. Michael Menzies, in Edinburgh, in 1732, became disgusted with the fall and decided that men's muscles could be employed to better advantage; the threshing machine was his answer to the problem.

It has taken nature, according to some careful scientific estimates, about 3,000,000 years to make the coast that will be burned this winter; it has taken man about a century to burn so much of it that he's beginning to worry over what he'll cook and warm up with when it's all gone.

London, for all its wealth, population and familiar night life, has only just awakened to the convenience of the all-night bank. It's going to have a night banking system now.