

# 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 three 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 door 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 deck a 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 an 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 us 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 switched along the corridor, curls flicked or rustled faintly into the modest basket, and the skirts switched away again, the calling duty conscientiously performed, and the social, and presumptively sociable, Archonides sat behind the door, with never a friendly nod added to compensate for the doubt 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 comprehend 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 have many a time wished they'd never been given the chance to learn by the songs 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 election to congress invests in them—and they can gratefully regard back home the thousands of voters who, at the polls, virtually elected them into their club and Washington society.

It was early in March that Mrs. James Brock 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 have passed the first actual stages of Washington society. And it happened—simply happened, of course—that almost every woman who received her invitation was likewise elect.

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 treat 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 renowned nowadays to rail 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 there 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 stultified 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. Julia Kahn, of California, as temporary secretary. Mrs. James S. Sherman, of New York, invited the members of the Naacvt club to be her guests at one of the big reception rooms of the New Willard, two weeks later, the secretaries, meanwhile, to invite the wives of all senators and representatives to be present.

There were 130 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. Sloat 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 chapter 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 her 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 \$300 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 E. Williams, asked to her home at Grand street some close friends, among them Miss Besse Lamb, of Virginia; Miss Marian Chapman, of Illinois; Miss Blanche Stephens, and Miss Willie Cooper, of Texas; Miss Caroline Hubbard, of Maine; Miss Hill, of Iowa, and Miss Broadhead, of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. 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. Grand 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 useless ways when she might be forging some genuine intimacies.

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 \$6 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 Congressmen." But Mrs. Tillman knew a professor of Greek, over in Georgetown University, who thought long and deeply and finally

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**WIFE SHOULD KNOW OF HUSBAND'S FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.**  
A wife who is ignorant of her husband's financial affairs occupies a difficult position, says a writer. She never knows if she is justified in any expense, even for her home. If her husband has not begun his new life by placing her above the humiliation of asking for money for her needs she is bound to wear herself out in dread of refusal of such requests. Each passing year increases the discomfort of her position, and if hard times descend upon them it will find her unequal to the struggle. It is not so hard in the least to discuss money matters before marriage. Money is as much a necessity as food, since it is needed for the purchase of that and every other thing we need.

**LONDON'S NEW FOOD FAD.**  
Penguins' Eggs Imported From South Africa.  
The very latest thing imported for the purpose of putting an edge on the Londoner's proverbially jaded breakfast appetite is the penguin's egg, which in taste and smell must be a close relative to the plover's egg. It is being imported from South Africa in large quantities and when boiled and served cold in salad with shrimps

ally evolved the positively lovely title, "The Archonides" which the club hastened to adopt. Mrs. Williams was so learned and so jealous, when she heard the Archonides was to be the name, that he translated it on the spot, and grumbled:

"The 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 since any April evening in its springtime.

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 pupils, 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 regulations that neither can speak to the other and both can only mutter, "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.



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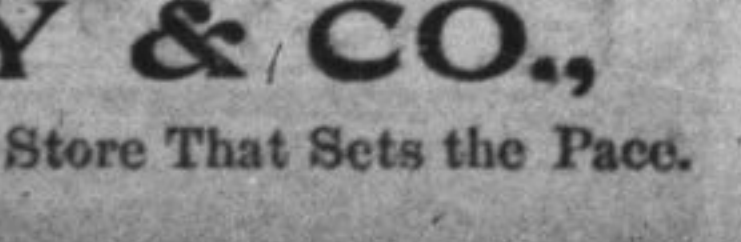
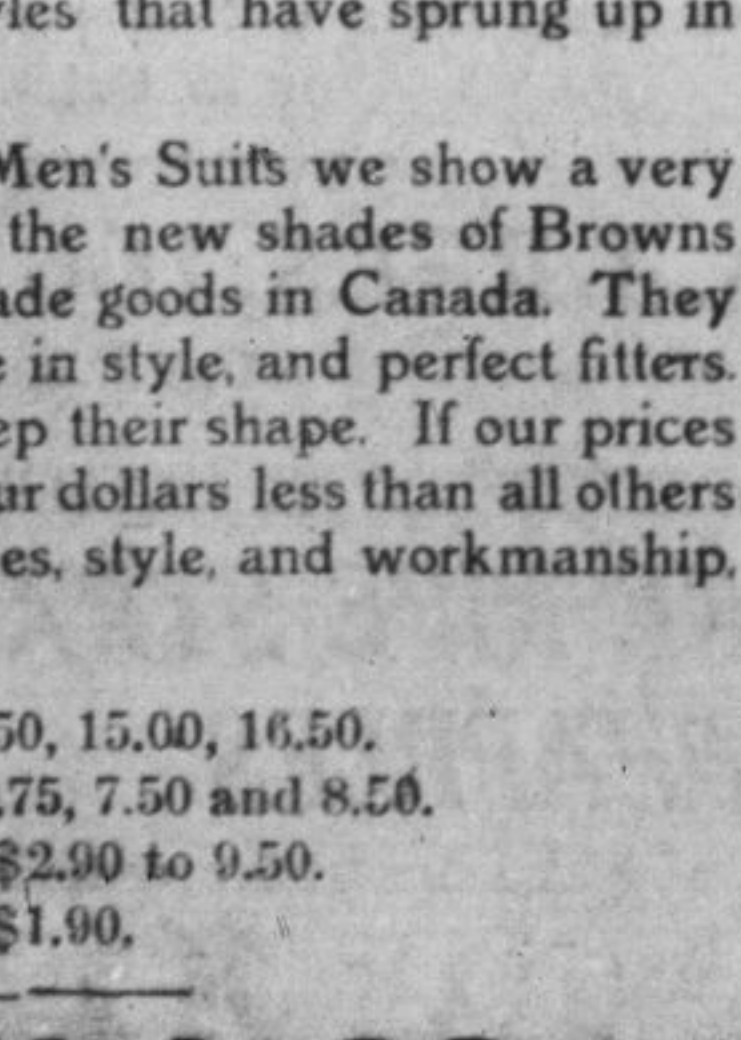
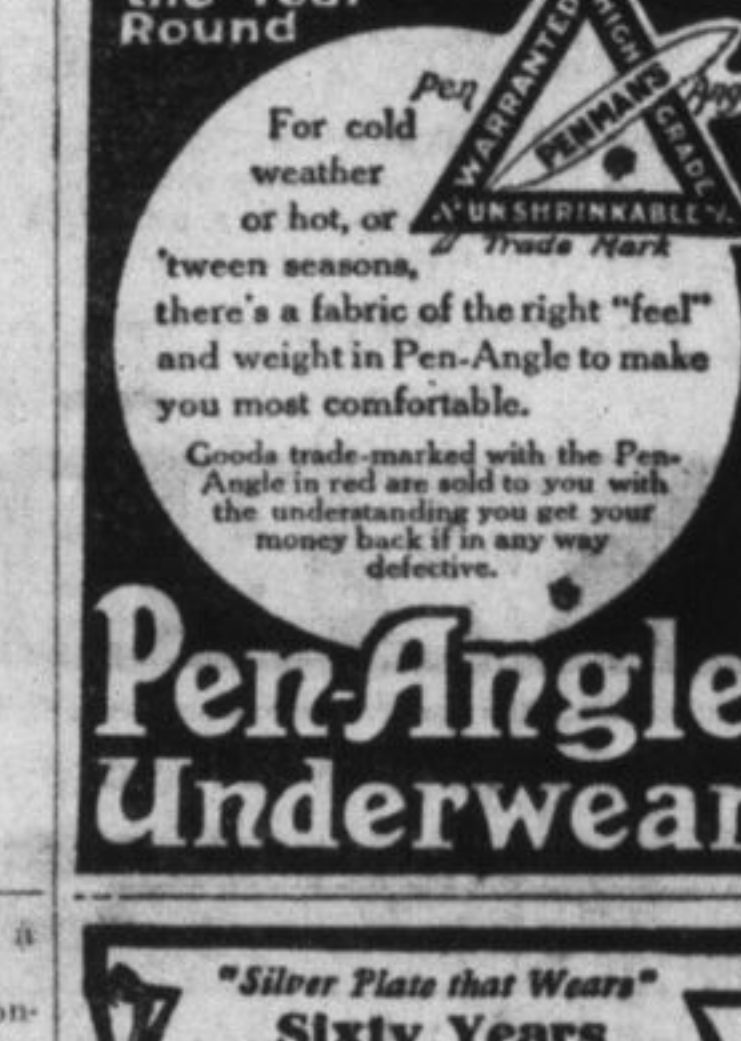
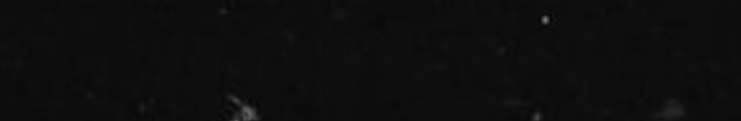
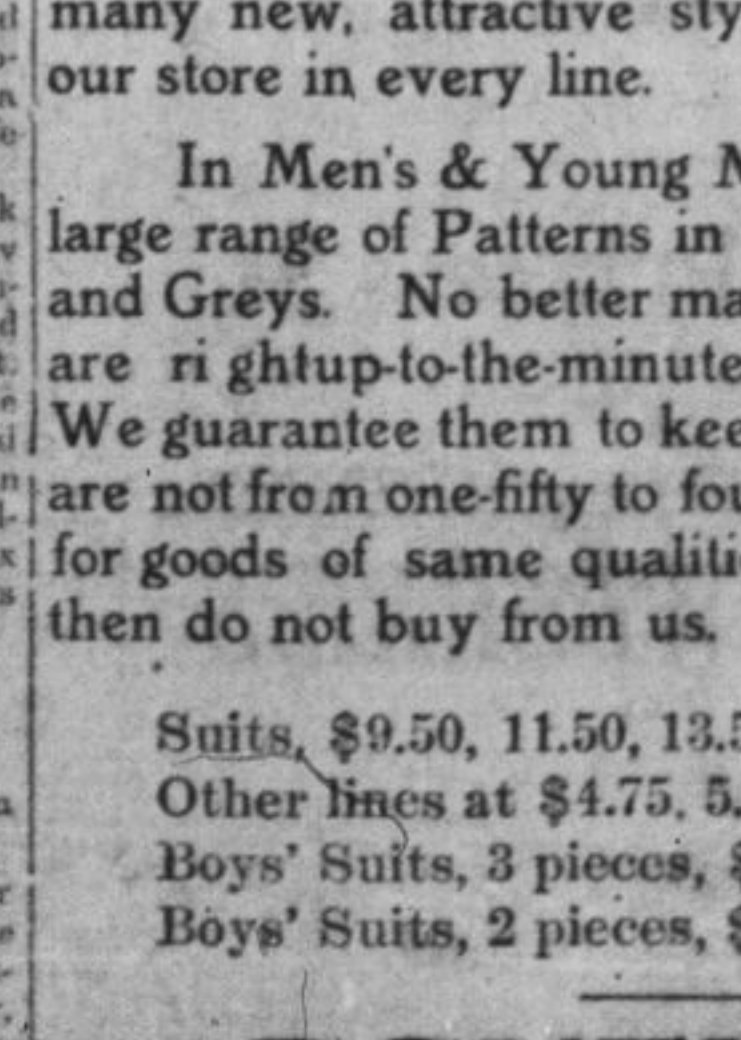
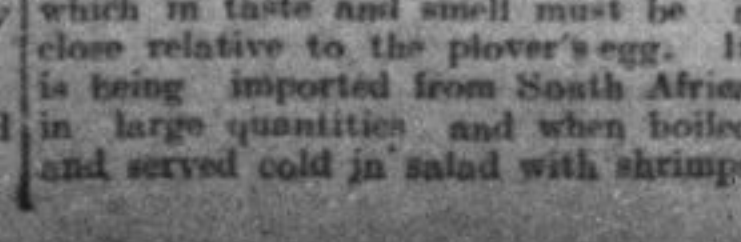
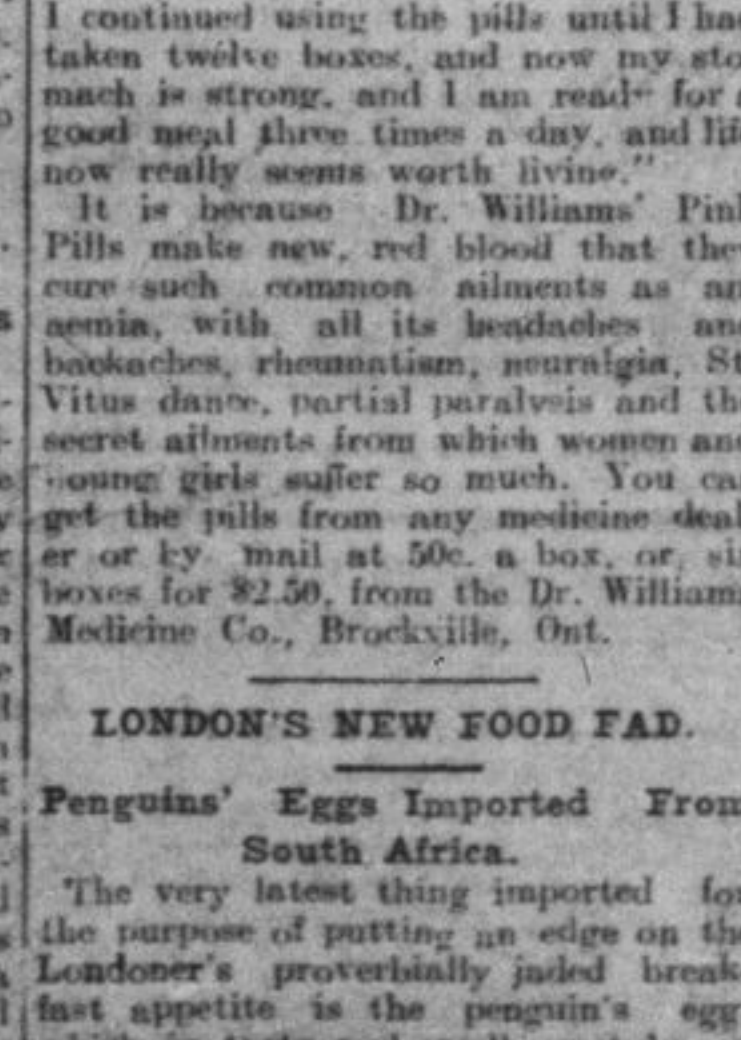
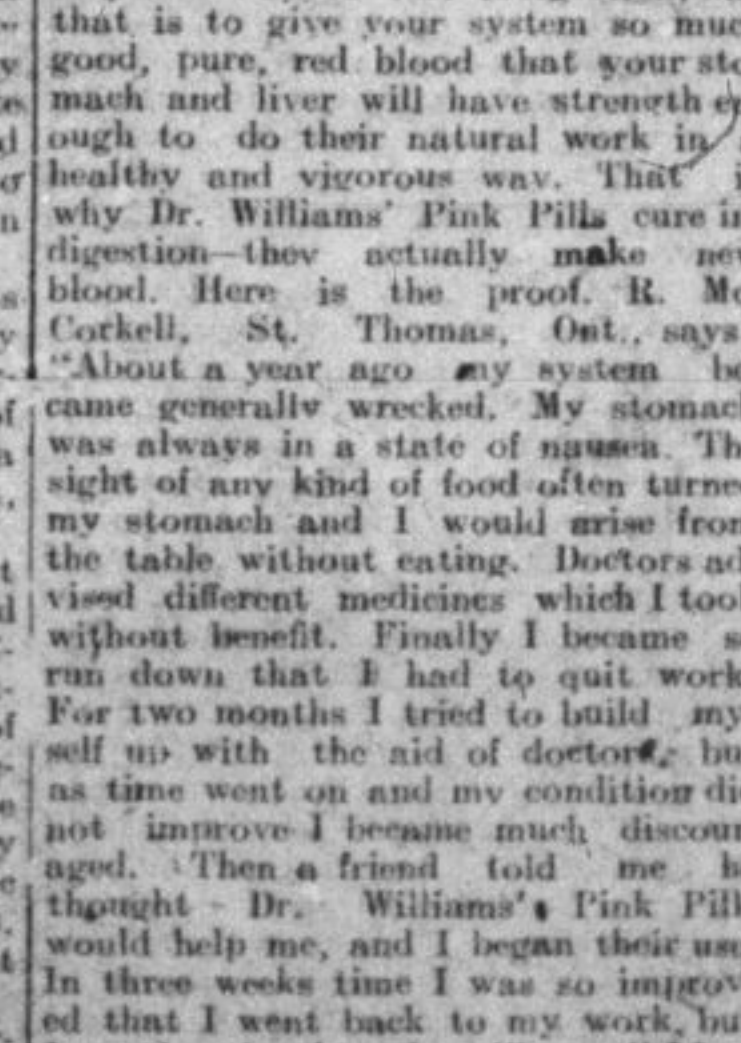
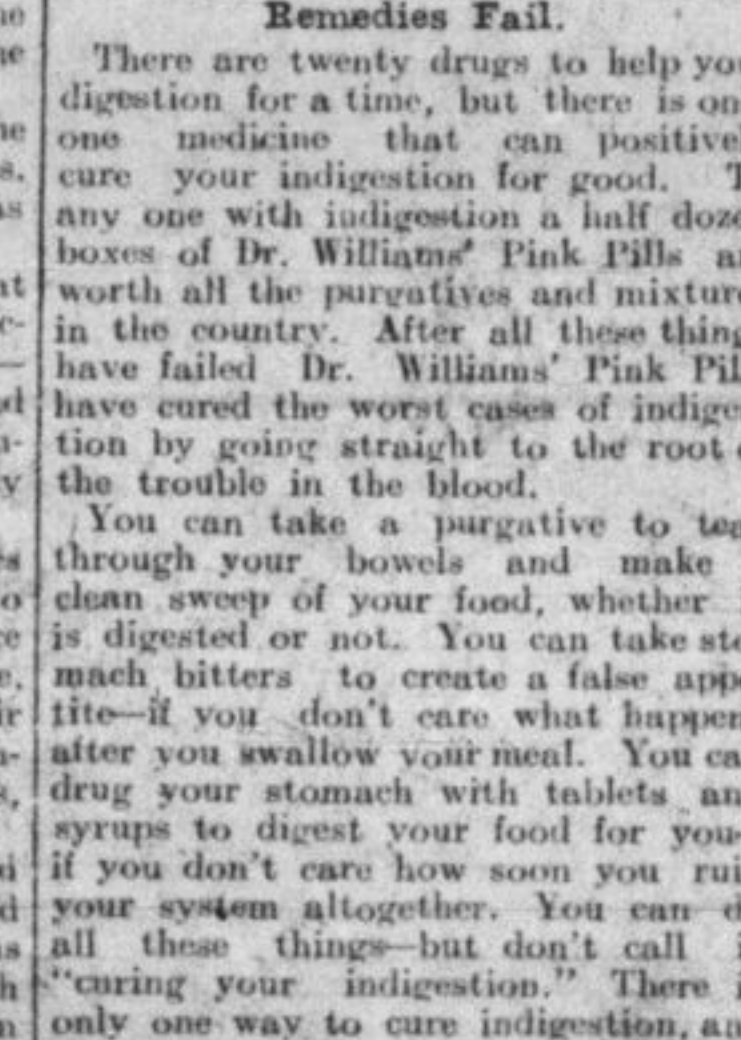
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