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DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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PART TWO

SATURDAY DECEMBER 1 1906 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR

Saturday News Special Service From Lands Across the Sea

HISTORIC JEWELS FOR MRS. BELMONT

Among Other Gems, Rich American Woman Gets the Famous "Josephine" Diamond.

WAS A GIFT FROM NAPOLEON.

Queen Victoria Wished to Purchase it But Regarded Cost Too Much for Her Queenly Purse.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, Nov. 21.—Any woman with money enough can bedeck herself with gems in these days. And those who cannot afford genuine gems can purchase ones that make just as good a show. For these reasons, perhaps, Mrs. Perry Belmont is not content with precious stones whose genuineness and costliness constitute their only claims to distinction. She wants jewels with a past—jewels that are associated with thrones and magic changes of dynasties, and the fate of the mighty. The mines cannot supply them and dealers cannot duplicate them, and other women can only envy them. In France Mrs. Belmont has succeeded in acquiring several rare historic jewels.

"JOSEPHINE" DIAMOND.

Among them is the renowned "Josephine" diamond which Queen Victoria was so keen on obtaining, though when she had the chance she balked at the price and finally concluded that it was more than she could afford. That, of course, makes its possession by an American woman an additional triumph. Queen Victoria wanted it for her smaller crown which was her personal property, and which she bequeathed to Queen Alexandra. It is said that the "Josephine" diamond was bought by Napoleon for his first wife. It originally belonged to Catherine of Russia, who also owned the wonderful "Regent" diamond, which in time also found its way to France. It is said the gems were in imperial necklaces when they were stolen from the Winter Palace, every gem being detached in the hope of defying detection. In time they fell into the hands of Napoleon, who gave them to Josephine, with whom they were just then greatly in love. Mrs. Perry Belmont has satisfied herself that the history of the "Josephine" diamond is authentic. She is a first rate judge of diamonds, having made for years a study of precious stones, so it would be quite futile for anyone to attempt to deceive her as far as quality is concerned.

SENSATION IN FROCKS.

The frocks which Lady Cunard is taking with her to America will probably cause a greater sensation there than Mrs. Perry Belmont's jewels. Her wardrobe has been especially designed by artists from Doucet's and Worth's, who recently spent a week at Nevill Hall, her beautiful place in the country. Both men received ample assistance from Lady Cunard herself, who has admirable taste and is somewhat "previous" in her fancies, some of the styles she favors not being worn by even chic English women for months later. She has a great preference for empire gowns, which suit her admirably. A tea gown copied from a picture of Madame du Barry is worthy of a poem. Of sea green brocade it has a yoke and loose sleeves of limerick lace. At the waist is a belt of emeralds.

It is not true, as reported, that Lady Cunard will be accompanied by her little daughter. The latter will stay at Nevill Hall with her father and will



Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, A Notable "Suffragette"

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, A Valuable Recruit to the Women's Suffrage Movement in England

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, The Twenty Five Year Old Founder and Chief Organizer of The English Suffragette Movement, at Her Desk at Clement's Inn

Woman's Crusade Has Stirred All England

It Has a Pretty Girl For Commander-in-Chief and Her Name is Christabel Pankhurst, Who Besides Being Young and Popular is Also Rich and Influential—Called The "British Joan of Arc."

TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA—

Sisters—We the women of England, who are fighting for political freedom, salute you. In some of your younger States you are already free, but the great mass of American women are, like English women, still outlaws in their ownland. In England today women are in prison for protesting in the British House of Commons against the long-continued refusal of a Parliament of men to remove the degrading disability of sex which excludes women from all share in making the laws they are compelled to obey. In England, as in America, women have to toil early and late for starvation wages; they are the helpless victims of a system of society created by men. Only by legislation can industrial and social oppression be ended. Let all women combine in a worldwide sisterhood and demand with one-minded voice their political emancipation. Women need the vote and must have it to work out their own salvation.

CHRISTABEL H. PANKHURST.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 22.—In spite of all that has been published about the now famous English female suffragists—or "suffragettes," as the London newspapers call them—the most striking thing of all in connection with their crusade has yet to be told of in print. It has not been stated before—in fact, it is hardly known to any but the suffragists' executive committee—that the founder and chief organizer of what, whether it succeeds or not, must be described as one of the most extraordinary movements of recent times, is a girl of 25. A pretty, "fuffy" girl, moreover, is Christabel Pankhurst, to whom W. T. Stead—one of the few people who know the full story of her achievements—referred the other day as "the English Joan of Arc, and around whose standard of 'Votes for Women' some of the most famous and influential folk of both sexes in this country have lately ranged themselves.

As American readers probably have heard, the avowed adherents to the female suffrage cause in this country now include George Meredith, Lady Frances Balfour, the sister-in-law of the late prime minister, Bernard Shaw, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Beatrice Lasker, and that gifted writer, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, whose husband until lately was British colonial secretary—not to mention that a daughter of Richard Cobden has recently been imprisoned as a willing martyr to the cause of the much-bemoaned "Suffragettes." It may be said, too, that of late there has been a marked change in the attitude of the English press toward the women who fight for the suffrage has attracted so much attention, and with Premier Campbell-Bannerman himself an avowed sympathizer it would be unsafe indeed to affirm that the whole agitation is bound to come to naught.

WORLD WIDE ATTENTION.

Bitterly as the "Suffragettes" have been denounced on account of their turbulent methods, it is nowhere denied that their crusade has compelled world wide attention in an incredibly short time. So it is all the more astonishing that the genius of the movement should be a girl who looks hardly out of her teens, and who, when not on the platform, or defying policemen, or directing her fellow workers for the "Cause," would be taken for a placid, unambitious dame of the domestic and home loving type. Incidentally Christabel Pankhurst is rich, her father, the late Dr. Pankhurst of Manchester, having been extremely wealthy. He was unusually gifted, too, as an orator and a writer, and both of these talents are inherited in a large measure by his pretty daughter.

Miss Pankhurst is of medium height and is quite delightfully plump. A wealth of curly brown hair straggles around a high, broad forehead. Her eyes are large and deep and gray. Her complexion is decidedly of the pink and white order, in repose her mouth is the ideal Cupid's bow. But it is hardly ever in repose. For Miss Pankhurst, though in deadly earnest in her inspired work, seems to be rushing through life to the accompaniment of glee and jest and merry laughter.

Ordinarily her round face, with its velvety youthfulness, is a baby face; the gray eyes have a baby stare. But watch the transformation when she is animated, when, for instance, she is addressing a vast assemblage of mingled sympathizers and opponents, as I saw her recently. Then her beauty becomes defined. Her eyes sparkle. Her mouth curves into a smile. Her nostrils dilate with the joy of a leader at the onset of battle.

BOTH SOUL AND BRAIN.

Then and then only can one realize that this girl is what she is acknowledged to be—the heart and brain of the crusade that has startled all England. Undoubtedly Christabel Pankhurst has a lot of brains. The records prove that. She wanted to be, like her father, a barrister. So, none, she faced the august benches of Lincoln's

Inn some two years ago, and demanded to be enrolled as a law student. Nothing daunted by the stern refusal she secured entrance to the Law School of the Victoria University at Manchester. When the final examination came the name of Christabel Pankhurst headed the long list of the successful bachelors of laws. More, for she secured honors and the gold medal. Yet when she asked to be called to the bar, the Benchers of the Temple and the Inns of Law denied her application with more forcefulness than courtesy. The action of the big-wigs had its direct result in the present female suffrage agitation in this country, for it was practically just after Christabel Pankhurst's rejection by the Benchers of the Temple that the now famous Women's Social and Political Union was founded. This was scarcely a year ago. Its birthplace was Manchester, and the original founders of the union were Christabel Pankhurst and her mother and two sisters. "Votes for women" was its demand, and immediately enrollments poured in from the surrounding country. Labor and Socialistic organizations welcomed the union. Christabel Pankhurst became the chief organizer. She toured the North Country and the Midlands. Branches were established in a score of towns. Politics were then swirling through England. The elections were at the door. Miss Pankhurst and her mother came to London. She attended the hall and appeared with her banner, "Votes for Women," at the psychological moment.

HOWLED DOWN.

At several of the big political meetings Miss Pankhurst and her most valuable coworker, Miss Annie Kenney, tried to secure a hearing. But they were refused a place on the platform and whenever they tried to speak from the floor they were howled down. The doorknobs were finally ordered to resist the admittance of these disturbers. Christabel rose to the occasion. At one most important meeting she coolly climbed up a ladder, crawled through a window into the gallery of the hall and appeared with her banner, "Votes for Women," at the psychological moment.

MARTYRS TO CAUSE.

She served the time and was thus the first of the women who claim to be martyrs for the cause who went to jail. Christabel, although the leader, the commanding figure, the one who, by her calmness, has always managed to escape arrest. She believes she can do more for the cause by not going to jail. After the general election Miss Pankhurst came to London. She established a branch here. With her came several Lancashire girls, Scotch women orators and leaders in the women's labor union. At first London absolutely ignored them. Then, as they continued holding outdoor meetings, petitioning parliament and asking cabinet ministers to receive deputations, attention was attracted. London laughed at their antics. The newspapers ridiculed them. Some of the women were arrested for raising a disturbance outside the house of the chancellor of the exchequer, H. H. Asquith. The women were nicknamed "Pankhursts" or "The Shrieking Sisterhood." They were illustrated as bespectacled, elderly frumps. Christabel Pankhurst calmly went on with her work throughout this storm. She laughed with the world, at the ridicule, at the absurd cartoons. She laughed and joked at her meetings on her canvassing trips. And all the time she worked quietly, secretly, perhaps,

being counted into the coffers, typewriters were working for dear life at their machines and there were men typewriters, mind you, as well as female.

I asked for the queen-bee. A tapering, well-mannered forefinger, pointed to the ceiling. "Upstairs," the finger's owner said. I went upstairs and into the council chamber.

A subdued light was pouring into the octagonal, oak-paneled library, through the oriel windows. Across the green sward of the lawn I could just see the stately towers of the courts of justice. At a flat-top desk in the central bow window sat Christabel Pankhurst. At the round oak table of the council sat her secretary, a young girl, busy with her typewriter. And Christabel was busy, too. My 10-minute interview lasted, perforce an hour. For every other minute the private telephone called or a clerk or official with a sheaf of paper rushed in and seized the minutes.

"Love? Romance?"

Miss Pankhurst wheeled quickly round in her chair toward me and laughed. It was a merry, boyish healthy laugh. She didn't blush at the question—just laughed. But she answered it.

NO LIFE ROMANCE.

"There is no romance in my life. By that I don't mean that I am in the rut of old maidship or that there is no room in my life for it. But I am an extremely busy business woman. At present my heart is in my work and our cause. I have not now and have not had time for love.

"But about the Women's Social and Political Union? Oh yes, I will tell you a secret about its organization. I am not violating any confidences, although the meeting was a private one. It was Mr. Balfour, the former prime minister. My mother and I called on him in the interest of woman's suffrage. He was most courteous. We asked him to introduce a government measure. He said, 'I will speak frankly. I cannot do it. The question of woman's suffrage is not practical politics. If it was, my answer would be different.'

"I asked him if we could make the question one of practical politics? He answered 'Yes.'

"I asked him how? And this is what he said: 'Work hard. Work up a

but—as results has proved, very thoroughly.

AROUND THE BANNER.

Around the banner of the Women's Union there began to assemble notable women—women who have made a name for themselves in politics, in philanthropy, in art letters and work among the lost legions of the underworld. And these women brought their followers into the fold.

So then the headquarters of the movement was brought from Manchester and established here. Christabel was joined by her mother and her sisters. Branches all over the country were organized on tours made the last few months. These branches last month were called upon for their best speakers and organizers and a crusade of a gigantic scale was planned for London.

A NEW VIEW.

The happenings of last month at the house of parliament and the recent events at Holloway prison are of course still fresh in the minds of readers. It is these happenings which have brought to the support of the union and the movement additional numbers of the men and women who count. These happenings have caused the press to interview the women leaders of their headquarters and photograph them and the interviews and photographs have made a deal of difference. For the "Shrieking Sisterhood" and the "Pankhursts" were found in a wonderful minority. The interviewers discovered that the leaders of the union were gentlewomen, well-bred, highly educated, well groomed, fashionably dressed; in many cases wealthy and of high social standing. The "trumps" of the imagination gave way to good-looking girls and stately matrons.

The women keep on "sawing wood." They are organizing and working, morning, noon and night. Every dinner hour, rain or shine, speakers—some quite young girls—hold meetings in the streets outside the gates of the big factories and mills where women are employed. At night meetings are held in halls in many different sections of London and the enrollment of members continues.

The union will not tell its membership. That is its own secret. The leaders want to surprise England very shortly by announcing a gigantic figure—a million perhaps.

From Finland, where women have the franchise, a deputation of leading women voters and orators is coming. As volunteers to address the women of England, New Zealand and the Straits, where women also have the franchise, have already sent their delegation of orators. A great tour is to be organized throughout Great Britain, when these women who are well told all about it to those women who want to be.

The union is now looking with long eyes to the United States. It wants American women voters from Colorado and the other states possessing the full franchise who will volunteer as "spelling-binders" in the English campaign. The headquarters of the union is in Clement's Inn, a fine pile of buildings overlooking Aldwych and the Strand. The offices are on the second floor. Overhead is a 14-room flat, artistically furnished, belonging to Mrs. Patrick Lawrence, the author, who is the union's treasurer. She has given over her library, a beautiful corner room, to the union for a council chamber.

OFFICES A VERITABLE BEEHIVE.

I found the offices a beehive. Reporters were being given news, photographers were getting their instructions, organizers their schedules, new members were being enrolled, money was coming in and

SLANDERER IS KICKED FROM CLUB

Defamer of Women Booted Down Stairs by Twenty Gallant Bachelors.

LADY MARY'S RACY GOSSIP.

Consuelo Duchess of Manchester Knits A Waistcoat as a Birthday Gift For King Edward.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 21.—A club scandal which has taken place at the "Bachelors" is just now being talked about everywhere. This is the most aristocratic institution of its kind in London and most of its members are rich men. For some time past a certain member has been noted for the viciousness of his conversation about young matrons and even young girls. Neither youth, beauty nor innocence have been sacred from his calumnies.

Possessed of a lively imagination this arch defamer told his stories with such circumstantiality that even men who were most charitably inclined were disposed to give credence to them. He told, among other things, how the daughters of an elderly peer had continually cheated at bridge—women by the way who would not be guilty of doing a dishonorable action for all the money in England. He related a story about an elderly duchess whose husband has been abroad on business for some time, and had it reached the duke's ears might have wrecked his domestic happiness. Popular actresses came in for special attention from him. He knew all about who paid for their flats, their gowns, etc., etc.

A SOCIAL SCAVENGER.

This social scavenger went on for a long time blasting the reputations of women, many of whom had incurred his malice by snubbing him, for woman with her intuition is usually quicker to find out this type of man than his own sex. But at length the suspicions of some of the most reputable of the club members were aroused, and they began to do a little investigating to ascertain what foundations in fact there were for some of the most piquant tales told by the club story-teller. They discovered that they had been regaled with tissues of lies. He was there and then asked to resign and knowing that discretion was the better part of valor he did so. He had been living in the club for some time and hoping that he might take his departure without being observed he selected midnight for the purpose. But this leaked out and 20 of his former friends in the club watched for him. When he appeared on the top of the stairs Lord D—y exclaimed: "We are forming a guard of honor to see you off the premises."

As he approached them each of the 20 assisted in kicking him down the steps with his baggage after him.

He will probably tell no more stories of good women or even bad ones for the remainder of his days.

SISTERS OF THE POOR.

It is rumored that Miss Van Wart, who for years was one of the best known and most popular American hostesses in London, is about to join the Little Sisters of the Poor, a most self-



QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN.

SPAIN'S EXPECTANT QUEEN.
For the first time since their marriage the King and Queen of Spain are expected to be the heart and brain of the crusade that has startled all England. Undoubtedly Christabel Pankhurst has a lot of brains. The records prove that. She wanted to be, like her father, a barrister. So, none, she faced the august benches of Lincoln's



MRS. ELLA OUGMAN.

WOMAN TO DASH FOR THE POLE.

"Somebody has got to find the North Pole. The men who have searching for it have failed. I'm going to try and I think I shall succeed." This is the confident assertion of Mrs. Ella Ougman, explorer and anthropologist, who is making ready at Nome, Alaska, for an expedition "farthest north." Mrs. Ougman is well known in scientific circles for her determined exploits in Alaska and other parts of the northwest, where she has for several years been studying the habits of the Eskimos. She expects to start within a month and believes she will return to Nome inside of two years.