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## ROYAL PRINCESS COMING HERE.



Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York, Crown Princess of England, accompanied by her princely spouse, the Duke of Cornwall, heir-apparent to the British throne, will shortly visit this country. The royal couple are making a tour of the British colonies, and after a brief stay in Canada will stop at New York and possibly Washington on their way home.

## THE MANNISH WOMAN.

The mannish woman—the woman who stoves to emulate her brothers and sweethearts by poaching on their wardrobes and infringing their habits is a creature of the past.

Her swagger was repulsive and her "makeup" unsexed her. Brothers swore at her and sweethearts gave her a wide berth until in her despair and loneliness she gladly took refuge behind the lace and frills that accentuate her charms and fascinate her admirers.

The girl in a boiled shirt was a monstrosity—a sort of hybrid—and the original shirt-waist girl, in her starched stiffness, if she were at all pretty, lost all her lovable curves through her masculine assumptions, while a homely one emphasized every offensive angle.

And what man could make love to a girl who seemed a counterpart of himself? It savored of love-making to another man. The derby hat, too, save for equestrian exercise, would disfigure the loveliest girl face.

This fact is becoming so patent that the comfortable sailor hat with its stiff brim is fast becoming an antique, and the few that appear in the shops are well covered with dotted scarfs and muffs, or are so heavily furnished with flowers that one hardly sees the hat proper.

The pretty white duck hats seen in the best stores are trimmed with heavy braids and muffs and are dainty and becoming. Even the yachting costumes are losing the sailor severity, and the lawn shirt waist worn under the blouse with a trimmed hat is a survival of the fittest.

It cannot be denied that dress exerts a pronounced influence over the manners and disposition of a woman. Baited her in mannish togs and her whole personnel will bristle with a certain swagger and boldness of action, but array her in soft muffs and laces and the femininity, with all its pretty coquettishness, will assert itself. A girl in heavy boots and a golf skirt and fedora hat may be a "chummy" companion for noon hour jaunts, but it is the girl in the flimsy loveliness of a ball gown that a man remembers with a dreamy light in his eyes as he puffs his cheroot before retiring—and builds air castles in the vague of smoke that circle above his head. A man may find the mannish girl a good fellow and enjoy the camaraderie and have "no end of fun" with her, but when it comes to playing his hand in the game it is to the truly feminine girl he turns in the hope of winning her love and whom he honors with the offer of his hand.

The evolution—or the emancipation of woman, as many might term it—has created a woman with a bizarre spirit of woman's suffrage.

Washington was the Mecca of these aberrations, who burst forth later as brilliant stars of an unsatisfied social condition, and those who remember their advent into the capital city, with their personal wills bristling with a certain swagger and boldness of action, but array her in soft muffs and laces and the femininity, with all its pretty coquettishness, will assert itself. A girl in heavy boots and a golf skirt and fedora hat may be a "chummy" companion for noon hour jaunts, but it is the girl in the flimsy loveliness of a ball gown that a man remembers with a dreamy light in his eyes as he puffs his cheroot before retiring—and builds air castles in the vague of smoke that circle above his head. A man may find the mannish girl a good fellow and enjoy the camaraderie and have "no end of fun" with her, but when it comes to playing his hand in the game it is to the truly feminine girl he turns in the hope of winning her love and whom he honors with the offer of his hand.

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No. A man in seeking a wife weighs well the fact that he is also selecting a mother for his children. Consequently he chooses a woman who has been "chummy" and leaves her for some other fellow while he himself seeks the girl whose winning ways and womanly tact challenge his love and esteem.

There is a very noticeable toning down of these turbulent spirits, and it is well. A woman who espouses certain causes exhausts herself by her own hysterical energy. She does not stop to reason, but rushes headlong "where angels fear to tread."—Kate Tyson Marr in Chicago Chronicle.

## THE WOMANLY WOMAN.

How pleasant and homelike it was to again stumble across our old friend, a discussion on the "Womanly Woman."

Adam started this quite a while ago. You remember, positively refused to wash up any more dishes that after-

noon. Adam, with the air of a man owning property, said, "Very well, my dear!" A little later on, when it came to tea time there was no clean cups and saucers. Adam coughed. This proving of small avail he gave Eve clear instructions that it was positively her duty as a woman to see to all the

housework. Ergo, he wished to imply Eve was an unwomanly woman.

Eve then took up the argument. She stated her side of the question and began proving to Adam just exactly what a womanly woman was.

And she has not finished yet.

The "womanly woman" problem had its inception, appropriately enough, in the beginning. It surged through dark ages, it went into the ark, it followed Bible history, it crossed up as strong as Camembert cheese in Ethiopia, Babylon, Assyria and many other ancient countries I might mention if I had a geographical dictionary. It betwixt the ancient Romans, who introduced it, along with a new obsolete religion called Christianity, to the savagery of ancient Britain. Here it thrived amazingly, its prosperous career culminating perhaps a few years ago in the worrying old "womanly woman and bloomer" question.

Life's great, inevitable problems have this way of outliving the ages. They are insistent, and constantly tax the best intellect of man. This is notably the case in regard to rapid transit riding. The great seat problem, closely allied to the one under discussion, is irreparably and inseparably bound to every 5-cent fare purchased.

This theorem gives a street car, A, with its complement of mixed passengers, too. But the horrible doubt that vacillates, that thrills his inmost being, is whether he, the individual B, should offer his seat (paid for by him, B, in legal tender) to C? It is very difficult indeed; but it has been found that the problem is simplified by the introduction of a very charming and attractive C. From which it may be inferred that man is, after all, but a vulgar fraction.

I must insist, however, that present day civilization shows an immeasurably higher standard of genuine gallantry than any preceding period. The twentieth century gentleman—indeed, the polite person in his every act, is to be truly womanly. How touching, too, the fond attention and the thousand and one little signs of feeling affection manifested by the new century maiden for her aged bachelor uncle, with Bright's disease and \$400,000 in gilt-edge securities. It shows a spirit of true self-sacrifice, which I fear in a main-tain was never approached by the rough, sordid spirit of darker ages.

The discussion referred to at the head of this contemplation of unsexed utterances appeared in a responsible journal. It was in continuation of Eve's original exposition of what exactly constituted a "womanly woman." Serene in beatific neutrality, I much enjoyed this Corallian article. But it was disappointing that the writer did not ap-

## HELEN GOULD IMPROVING.



Miss Helen Gould, whose arduous labors in the philanthropic field have caused her to succumb to an attack of nervous prostration, is reported as slowly improving in health.

gers, those of the male persuasion, B, usually politely referred to as "clear hogs." It is required to be demonstrated that B is fast relapsing to his former state of boorish barbarism. There enters A at the next stop a womanly woman, C, carrying in small packages a hundred weight or so of dry goods. The effect is electrical. B becomes immensely interested in his reading matter. But, nevertheless, the breast of each base, brutal, guilty B is torn from a horrible doubt and conflicting emotions without number. To each individual B it is as clear as mock turtle that strap hanging is a pleasant pastime and that someone ought to practice it in place of C, who stares around the car and evidently thinks

ply her theory to personalities. Does she, for instance, consider Mrs. Nation a "womanly woman?"

Mrs. Nation, I understand, is to conduct a town for a year. It will be a beautiful town—to live out of. There will be no drinking. God forbid, you see, when he made us thirsty, it was all a mistake. That, thanks to Nation, is all going to be made straight again. The streets will be clean, for the children to play in; so that in Carriestown they will not need to go into the horrid green fields and the nasty, dirty woods. Oh! it will be such a lovely place!

Only, the worry will be when the inhabitants die. Where will they go then? Heaven will not be of much use, clearly.—St. Louis Republic.

## JAUNTS IN THE BALEARIC ISLANDS

Curious Things in a Remarkable Archipelago—The Customs of Acadia—Courtship Done in Platoons—Primitive Amusements.

## Special Correspondence.

Iveza, Balearic Islands, April 18.—None of our party can tell why we have taken a greater fancy to Iveza—one of the smallest and poorest of the Balearic group—than to any of the richer and more populous islands; but the fact remains that we unanimously turned to this dirty, poverty-stricken little speck in the Mediterranean as our chosen headquarters while investigating the rest of the archipelago. We find that all the few travelers who come to these forgotten islands seem possessed of the same inexplicable fancy. Probably it is because one's eye for the picturesque is so completely satisfied here with varied and beautiful scenery, and because the comparatively uncivilized island, making no attempt to imitate modern progress, offers such wide contrast to accustomed things; and the chief delight in wandering over the world, you know, lies in seeing what does not exist at home. Iveza is only about twenty-five miles long, by thirteen wide, and is covered with steep mountains, enclosing tiny valleys—the latter inconceivably fertile, because the torrents rushing everywhere down the hillsides. It contains but one town, its port and capital, which is also named Iveza, but generally known hereabouts as La Ciudad. "The City." Its medieval walls and quaint fortifications cling to a steep hillside, overlooking a deep, commodious bay.

The ancient Romans, who long possessed it, called the place Ebusus. In course of centuries and under other masters, it became Ibiza; and on most European maps is today written Iveza. Its population is probably about seven thousand; while that of the whole island—and which is really one continuous, straggling village, being divided into many parishes, each with its church and cluster of houses—does not exceed thirty thousand. It is strange that

Iveza should be so rarely visited as to have passed almost out of

THE MEMORY OF MAN, lying, as it does, only sixty miles from the coast of Spain and not much more from Algiers—almost on the main highway of the sea between the Strait of Gibraltar and the Suez canal, directly in the track of thousands of steamers, that never call. Perhaps its reputation for insalubrious has something to do with this extraordinary avoidance. There is no denying that Iveza town is one of the dirtiest on earth, and a very hot bed of sickness. While all the rest of the archipelago is as a sanitarium for healthfulness, the towns surpassing even Holland for immunities of disease, Iveza alone is haunted the whole year through by diphtheria, scarletina, measles, typhoid, smallpox, yellow fever—indeed every disease peculiar to childhood and to the tropics. The cause is purely—or should we say impurely—local, directly traceable to abounding filth and absence of municipal regulations. All stops and refuse are thrown into the streets and the gutters reek with filth of every variety. Mediterranean tides are very slight, and as a natural consequence, the beautiful harbor—choke with decaying garbage, dead animals and all manner of abominations—is more offensive than was the water-front of Havana in the palest days of the Spanish methods. The town has always been in this condition and the mortality, especially among children, enormous, but the people attribute it to the disposition of Providence, to be induced with patience until the chastening hand is lifted, and go on in the same old way of criminal neglect. Another practice in Iveza tends to still further disseminate disease. When a death occurs, no matter from what cause, it is customary for all the friends of the family to assemble in the

## HOUSE OF MOURNING

to give farewell kisses to the face of the dead; and then they wonder why new cases of smallpox, diphtheria, or what not, appear in other neighbor-

hoods. The proverbial untidiness of Iveza women is the more unaccountable because in all other islands, cleanliness and healthfulness go hand in hand. In Majorca and Minorca, only a few miles away, housewives outside the Dutch in their perpetual scrubbing.

In Palma it is a funny sight in the early morning to see every housewife busy at the same task. With a bucket of lime-water and a chimney-sweep's brush, each goes forth before the lark is stirring. Standing in the middle of the narrow streets, they go all over the outside of their houses with the brush dipped in the solution of lime, wash the roofs and chimneys, and finally the sidewalks; keeping up, meanwhile such a babel of conversation that to sleep anywhere is impossible and one might as well come forth and enjoy the fun. Thus no village in the world is more delightfully clean. Seen from afar, their snow-white walls against a dark background of chestnut or olive green, they look like fairy abodes of purest marble; and they are not like the "whited sepulchres" of old, being treated merely on the outside, but the interiors are equally immaculate. Speaking of the women's chatter—the language of the Balearics is a linguist's mosaic resembling no language on the globe. While the scant "upper class" common dialect is a marvel to philologists, composed of words from the Gothic, Greek, Arabic, Latin, Phoenician and Italian sandwiched in, perhaps all in the same sentence, together with idioms whose origin no philologist has yet been able to determine. This is not so much wonder remembering what a mongrel population it is, the islands having been conquered and settled at various periods by all the nations of the earth each of which left descendants to mix the island race still more.

Especially in Iveza, the inhabitants cling to the old-time native costumes, and are in character.

## ALMOST A COUNTERPART

of their near neighbors, the Arabs—jealous and turbulent among themselves, given to eternal feuds, like the Corsicans, but governed by Arab laws of hospitality as laid down in the Koran: "Whoso bread I have eaten, he is henceforth my brother. He who tastes my salt is sacred; neither I nor my household shall attack him. Bring corn, wine and fruit for the passing stranger. Give the one who departs from thy tents the fattest horse. Let him who would go from thee take the fleet dromedary; reserve the lame one for thyself."

Therefore, being the favored "stranger," you may journey unattended throughout the length and breadth of the islands, in perfect safety so far as the people are concerned; whereas, if to the minor born you might often be in deadly peril of the robber's sling or the murderous vendetta. Even little Iveza has its good roads, for mule-back travel. There are few wheeled vehicles in these Acadia islands, and no heavy tires to cut up the roads. The unshod hoofs of the little donkeys, and the bare feet of men and women, make no impression upon Roman pavements of basalt, porphyry and granite.

There are other ruins, much older than the Roman structures—so old, in fact, that nobody knows their origin. Most of them are in the form of round towers, similar to those of Ireland, Tullioles and Megalithic enclosures—a subject too lengthy to touch upon at this time. Coming

nearest the east, the first gentleman crosses the room, hits down beside the girl with his back to the rest of the company, and for ten minutes talks to her very rapidly, in tones audible to her alone. Of course he does his best to make as favorable an impression as possible. In the short time allowed him. If the over-stays his limit, or endeavors to occupy an undue share of the young woman's attention, the others remind him of it by boisterous coughing and scraping their feet upon the floor. Should he persist in the error of his ways, he is more than likely to be presently seized by the coat-collar and trousers-strap, and pitched out of doors. Incidents are common of authors who would not heed the warning, being murdered by enraged competitors.

The amusements of the rustic population are crude enough. The favorite fun is known as "El Joch del Gall," and is similar to "El Gallino" of Mexico. A dead rooster is suspended from the branch of a tree by a cord tied around his legs. Competitors in the game are blindfolded, led some distance from the tree, turned around several times and then ordered to advance upon the cock with a sword, being enticed to some sort of a prize. Of course, after the turning, the blindfolded youth is utterly bewildered as to directions; and his antics—slashing the air yards away from the cock—are as ludicrous as the attempts to "pin on the tail" which we used to see when donkey parties were fashionable. Scattered all over these islands are most interesting Roman remains. Nearly all the roads and bridges now in use were built by the Romans, two thousand years ago; and after twenty centuries are as solid as ever. The Romans held every strategic point by means of a fort, and their castles were placed, with infallible judgment, in situations where they

## COMMANDED THE ENTRANCE

to passes, the vital points of every road. The ponderous bridges constructed with enormous stones, and cement, seem as inviolable to time as the everlasting hills. One of these ancient roads, probably constructed about the time that Christ was born, leads through the main gateway to the country; and all day long it is crowded with water-peddlers and their donkeys, who, as in most of old Spain, supply the Balearic villages with water. Happily, there are few wheeled vehicles in these Acadia islands, and no heavy tires to cut up the roads. The unshod hoofs of the little donkeys, and the bare feet of men and women, make no impression upon Roman pavements of basalt, porphyry and granite.

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## TO BE QUEEN OF THE P. W. LEAGUE.



The league that numbers among its members so many stars of the dramatic stage, so many lights of literature and so many women noted in other branches of art, will henceforth have as its presiding officer Mrs. Edwin Knowles. She was installed as successor to Mrs. A. M. Palmer to the accompaniment of floods of tears, caldrons of tea and a profusion of flowers.

## CLODEST ATTENTION

to all that goes on. The girl sits on a sofa at one side of the room, and in a corner, the authors dispose themselves, as uncomfortably as may be imagined. Each has his turn, with utmost fairness. Beginning at the end of the line,

## TO LIVE ON GOLD SHE DUG.



Mrs. Hattie E. Strouse gave up her place as saleswoman in a Brooklyn department store to become a gold-seeker in the Klondike. Six months saw her in possession of a mine that promises to give her several hundred thousand dollars. She will devote herself to enjoying her riches and educating her young son.

down to later times, but in an age preceding our own, are many fortlike churches, which tell of a day when even sanctuaries were not safe from deploping noblemen and greedy brigades. Each ancient church is surrounded by thick, high walls, pierced at intervals with narrow slits, through which the archers and later the musketeers could aim; and occasionally larger portholes are seen, indicating that sometimes cannon was necessary to protect the monks and their property.

The most important natural feature of Majorca, the largest island, are the famous Dragon Caves, which are probably the most extensive in the world. They have never been fully explored, the passages being intricate and all most untraceable. In some of them have been followed for twenty miles or more, without coming to the end. The Balearics are undoubtedly of volcanic origin, though the subterranean fires burned out ages ago and lime stone strata, penetrated everywhere by caverns, overlies the volcanic rock in the Dragon Caves are dark, swift

## UNDERGROUND RIVERS.

Lakes of unknown depth and extent and lofty roofs which for miles are masses of glittering stalactites, in exploring one of them, we passed a low, craggy stalactite, called El Fraile "the friar," because of its resemblance to a cowed monk; crossed a strange section known as El Carbonera, "the coal mines," where the walls blacken the hands like coal; walked beneath the "chandeliers," "the chandeliers"—in dense clusters of stalactites hanging from the roof like clustered candles; and emerged upon a promontory, jutting out, in precarious, unfenced fashion, upon a large subterranean lake. At this point the guide left us, taking his torch with him and leaving us in total darkness—only for a moment, but quite long enough for human nerves. Having clambered over some rocks into the next cavern, he held his light aloft the opposite wall, and the "chandeliers" with wonderful effect. Below us stretched the still transparent sheet of water, reflecting upon its mysterious surface the fantastic columns and flagstone work surrounding us. The most impressive of the caverns yet discovered is named "El Negro." A lake of motionless water, whose extent is lost in obscurity and whose sounding cavernous stalactites have been able to make it surrounded by huge columns, black as ink; while slender columns hang from above, almost to the surface of the lake. It is a gruesome place, far below the surface of the earth, and is not less except for the feeble torch of the guide which might be extinguished at any moment; and by what intricate passages we reached it, past what unknown perils, we dared not imagine. The stalactites are every shape and size. In one place they form a perfect feudal castle, with turrets and battlements all complete.

FANNIE B. WARD.

## PHOTO CONVERTED HIM.

A young government employe of this town who is passing through that deluded period of life which induces him to believe that there's no possibility of his even approximating the real thing unless he trains with the swift elague, reached his room in pretty bad shape the other night. He was too weary to remove his clothing before turning in, but stretched himself out on the couch. He wasn't exactly an edifying specimen when one of his chums, living in the same house, entered the room along toward 8 o'clock the next morning to arouse the stretched-out youth to the fact that he had a job to hold down, and that it was time for him to be assembling himself. In truth, the young chap presented so typical a picture of that next-morning disreputability that the youth, who had slipped into his own room, got out his camera and took a snapshot of the slumbering rooster. Then he aroused the young fellow and got him to fix himself up in shape for going to office. A couple of days on the chum handed to the rapid youth a print from the negative he had taken, without any further comment than that contained in an expressive smile. The youth looked sheepishly at the picture, tucked it into his pocket, and then broke out:

"It's all off," holding out the photograph at arm's length. "I'm going to enlist."

"Enlist?" inquired the chum, wonderingly. "Enlist in what?"

"Mrs. Nation's brigade of saloon wreckers," replied the youth, who had been going the pace. "I think she's dead right. If not in person, then I'm her recruit in spirit from this minute. She's got the right end of it."

The young man has tackled the picture right over his mantel and taken the pledge, and every time he feels tempted to go out and incarnate the town, he recalls that he's going to look at the photograph.—Washington Post.