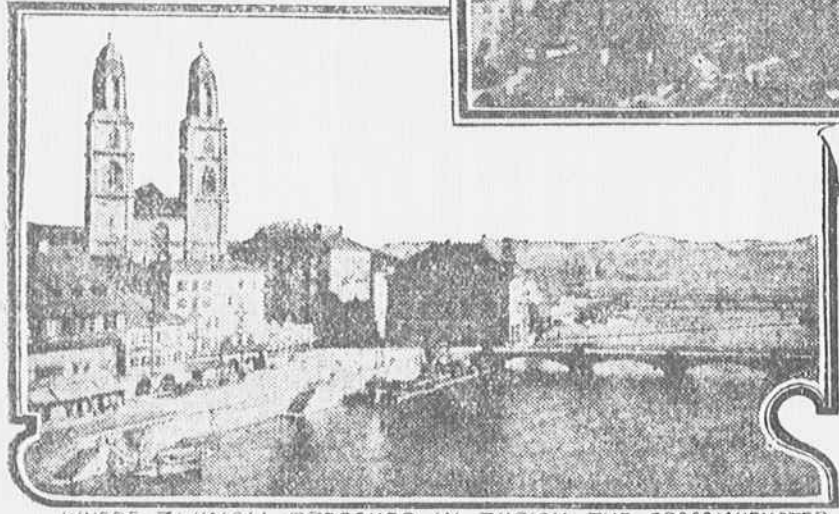


Storm-Center of Swiss Reformation

By ELIZABETH ANGELA HENRY

ONE thousand Zurich women have declared for universal suffrage. It is a recent movement there, though other Swiss cities have been interested for some time in the much mooted question. Altogether the little country has 17,000 advocates for giving women the ballot. Recently the women of Zurich canton petitioned the state for the right to act as jurors on a case in which a woman was the defendant. Their request was refused. Later, with characteristic Swiss bravery, they sent in another petition to the legislature asking the right to sit in judgment on special courts, such as are held in France for adjusting differences between mistress and maid, and other cases where differences arise between a woman employer and a woman employee. While this, too, was denied, Parliament admitted the sex's eligibility to such an office.

"We are not talking much about it," said the vice president of the Zurich Woman's Suffrage society, Fraulein Honneger, "lest publicity frighten the state into retarding the concession. It is not much of a gain, but," she added with true suffrage optimism, "it is a step forward. If we had made that demand ten years ago, when to speak of our having the ballot was to be laughed at as a dreamer, our petition would



WHERE ZWINGLI PREACHED IN ZURICH: THE GROSSMUESTER.

not have got past the porter's desk. But a city that was the first in Europe to open its university to women will not finally deny us our citizens' rights."

Switzerland has no women's clubs. But while the suffragists are engaged along one line, another body of women is working for philanthropy. A group of young women representing the foremost Zurich families has organized this year a practical training school where members study the needs of poor children and thereby help to better their unfortunate lot.

"We are endeavoring to interest our young girls of leisure and education in this work," said one of the promoters, Fraulein Pertz, herself a beautiful, earnest, and cultured young woman. The medical inspector of schools is assisted by this guild. Children of the poor receive two full meals gratis in Swiss schools, and if the mothers of these children be employed at outside work until a late hour the guild takes charge of the little ones.

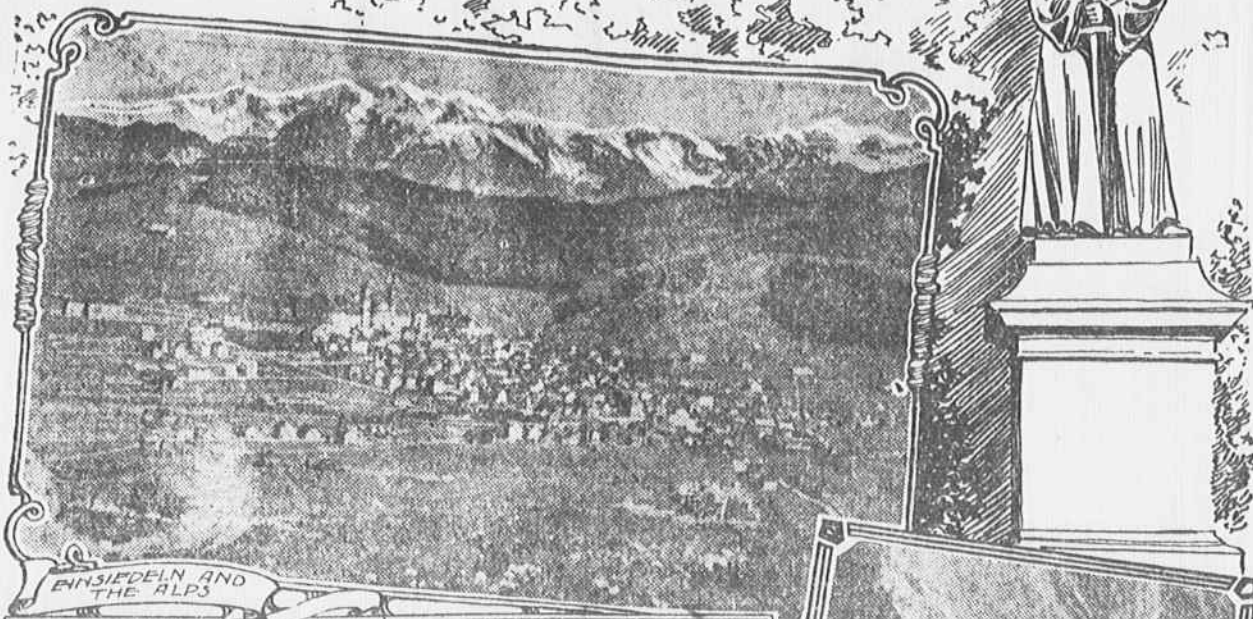
Through the influence of this guild a law was passed last year by which a guardian is appointed for illegitimate children and this guardian can compel the father of a deserted child to contribute to its support. If the mother be under age also she, too, becomes a ward of this guardian. A similar organization to the Zurich guild exists in German cities, and, by a similar state law, the absconder of moral obligations is traced easily and extradited. To women is due the large number of temperance restaurants existing in Switzerland. Frau Professor Orrell of Zurich is the originator of this movement.

Socialism is spreading in Switzerland, though how a country governed by the referendum system can be possibly more democratic passes understanding. Made up of three races, German, French and Italian, socialists of these kindred nations have entered Switzerland and scattered broadcast seeds of discontent in the brave, beautiful little republic.

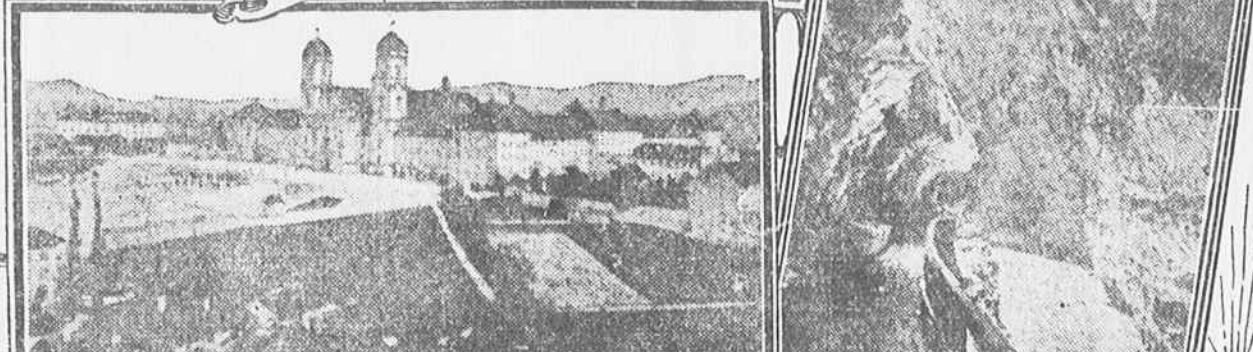
Zurich has led in every movement of its history. It was the storm center of the Protestant Reformation period in Switzerland. Zwingli's home is here. In the Grossmuenster, whose tall towers have dominated the town for eight centuries, he preached the Protestant crusade and was the church's last Catholic pastor and its first Protestant one. High up in one of the towers is a quaint, seated figure of Charlemagne, the legendary founder of Grossmuenster chapter. Back of the cathedral are the cloisters which now form part of a girls' seminary.

In an old chapel across the road is an interesting collection of articles relating to the Reformation, including letters written by Calvin, Luther and Zwingli, each remarkably distinct. There is also one by Lady Jane Grey; her penmanship is legible as print and she wrote the letter in Latin. Back of this little chapel, called the Water church, is a splendid bronze statue of Zwingli.

Zurich is the capital of the canton of Zurich and is situated at the north end of Lake Zurich. It is the largest city in Switzerland. The old, traditional town, with its narrow, steep streets and its high, dark houses, lies on both banks of the Limmat. The rest of the city has spacious thoroughfares and splendid buildings. The lake quays in the Kluge Stadt are very attractive. Near their northern end is the fine Tonhalle, a popular modern concert building and pleasure palace. In the vicinity of their southern end is the beautiful Bellevue park. Near the Tonhalle, the stately main street of the city—the Bahnhofstrasse—leads from the lake north to the railway station. The bridges are striking. Adjacent to the fine Munster bridge is the Wasserkirche, on the right bank, containing the city library with 130,000 volumes and over 5,000 manuscripts. It preserves more valuable objects, including the Codex Vaticanus. The Grossmuenster is Romanesque with Gothic features. Further north is the Ruden,



EINSEIDELN AND THE ALPS



THE ABBEY OF EINSEIDELN



IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF EINSEIDELN

with the national educational exhibit and the Pestalozzi cabinet. The modern Catholic Church of Our Lady is a magnificent basilica. The Church of St. Peter holds the tomb of Lavator, who was its pastor. The town hall, in the German Renaissance, dates from 1694. The university and the famous federal polytechnic with their numerous institutions, laboratories and clinics are in the northern part of Grosse Stadt.

Switzerland is the most mountainous country of Europe, three-fourths of its area being covered with mountains. The grandeur of the scenery has been pictured and described innumerable times. With the exception of certain portions of America, there is nothing in the world to equal it in beauty. The central and southern parts are occupied by the Swiss Alps, which spread over nearly three-fifths of the entire area. The Jura Mountains cover the northwestern portions of the country.

Far up in the mountains is the beautiful little town of Einsiedeln. I was fortunate enough to be present during a week-end musical fête, in which singing societies from the country and from neighboring Bavarian towns were present in numbers exceeding 2,000. Switzerland, having only the summer time for holidaying, has organized a mobile saengerfest by which each town and city gets its share of gay song and jolly visitors. All the cantons were represented at Einsiedeln and every house was decorated with Swiss colors, scarlet and white.

Early in the afternoon the open air concert began. It was held in the vast, sloping square in front of the Benediktine abbey. The assembling of the singers was picturesque. Each canton carried a banner, individual societies carried great horns filled with flowers and the women singers wore white gowns and crimson sashes. As the quiet, well-behaved little place has but one policeman, the fire brigade turned out to give a semblance of civic authority, also to serve as a guard of honor. And while the marchers were massing around the conductor's box a cannon was kept firing a vigorous welcome. The bright Swiss decorations on the quaint, gabled houses, the gay Sunday dress of the women, the encircling mountains—the nearby ones dark green, the distant peaks snow-tipped, edelweiss-decked—made a splendid, old world picture.

And the definite note was the ancient abbey of Einsiedeln, which called the town into being, and which is one of the celebrated shrines of Europe. The abbey church, known as Notre Dame des Ermites, is a grand basilica, the edifice flanked on either side with monastery buildings. Since the year 934 the abbey of Einsiedeln has

preserved an unbroken line from the first prince-abbot, Eberhard, Duke of Franconia, to the present head, Abbe Colomban I. It is the only Catholic church in the world not dedicated by human hands; the legend is that Christ himself performed the act.

Einsiedeln and vicinity were known as the Somber Forest away back in the eighth century, when a holy hermit, Meltrad, the son of Prince Berthold of Hohenzollern, built for himself a cell in which he lived many years. He was murdered by brigands to whom he had offered hospitality and who had hoped to find concealed treasures; all they got was a challenge and some books. Ravens, whose evil characteristics had been disarmed by the gentle hermit and had become his companions, pursued the assassins to Zurich, screaming and picking at the villains' heads. The strange actions of the frate birds attracted the townspeople's attention and they questioned the murderers, who, terrified, acknowledged their crime. In the Einsiedeln Abbey coat-of-arms are two ravens.

When the noble edifice was erected over the hermit's cell the walls of the cell were enclosed in black marble and made into a chapel. It stands in the nave of the church and, while plain in style, the richness of the material and the simplicity of design make it impressive. On the altar stands the renowned statue of the Black Madonna, bronze and many hundreds of years old. The chapel is known as the Holy Chapel, because of the remarkable legend regarding its dedication.

This is the story. On September 14, 948, Saint Conrad, Bishop of Constance, came at the invitation of Abbot Eberhard to consecrate the new church. He was attended by the Emperor Otho, the Empress Adelaide and a large retinue of clergy and courtiers. As they knelt preparatory to beginning the ceremony suddenly the chapel became illuminated with a celestial brilliancy and before the altar stood the Savior performing the office of dedication, assisted by the four evangelists.

At the right and left of the divine celebrant angels swung censers which emitted a thousand sweet perfumes, the apostle, Saint Peter, and the Pope, Saint Gregory the Great, held the vestments of the heavenly pontiff, and Saint Stephen and Saint Lawrence, who were the first deacons of the church to be martyred, acted as deacon and sub-deacon. An angelic choir, conducted by the archangel Saint Michael, sang glorious music and before the altar knelt the beautiful virgin mother of the Son of God. A still earlier legend has it that when Conrad began the office of dedication he was stopped by a voice that cried out three times distinctly: "Cease! brother, this chapel has been consecrated by God himself."

The journey from Zurich to Einsiedeln is charming. First comes a sail on a lake which is the loveliest piece of water in Switzerland, then a railroad ride through pine woods, among mountains, over gorges and past valleys that now are covered with fragrant, new-mown hay.

Housekeeping in Hankow

Among our many wanderings our housekeeping in Hankow was an experience I never had before—nor after, writes Florence Gilbert in the New Idea Woman's Magazine. We have five or six servants. That sounds fine, but before passing judgment you should have experience with them! The peace of mind of the mistress depends largely on her "number one boy," the head servant, who, if efficient, is likely to have come from Ningpo. He is a tall, impressive personage who wears a blue cotton coat fastening on the side and reaching to his ankles, without which he must never appear in his employer's presence. To do this is only second as a mark of disrespect to having the cue in any other position than hanging decorously down the back.

The house coolie at work may sometimes twist his cue around his head, but the boy never. Through the boy the orders are usually issued to the rest of the household staff, translated from the pidgin English of the mistress. There are the "No. 2 boy," the house coolie, who is the only one with enough work to do to keep him moderately busy; the cook and the second cook, who is learning his trade at the expense of his em-

ployer's digestion. The cook's chief business is going to market and presenting his account for his purchases.

It is a strange collection often in that market basket, which a wise housekeeper always sees. Goat flesh, perhaps, politely called mutton; or beef that has been exposed in a fly-filled shop; a live chicken or two, game of various sorts—pheasant, teal, snipe and perhaps a fish, more appetizing than one would expect who has soon and smelled the Yangtse water.

The vegetables are all of the sort that need cooking, for no intelligent person will run the risks involved in eating raw Chinese vegetables and fruits.

In addition to the supplies which can be purchased in the Chinese market every day one's diet may include fresh butter from Australia and all sorts of canned goods shipped from the United States, Great Britain, France and Germany. These are sold in shops in the concessions kept by Europeans, Japanese, Parsees—those keen merchants from India—or even Chinese. While expensive, they are not quite such prohibitive luxuries as to inspire the remark of the English missionary's little girl in central India, who said: "Mother, I suppose the king has tinned things to eat every day."

The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

The Wedding



A satin gown came rustling down
To where a dress suit waited—
The gown was sprayed and overlaid
With lace uncalculated;
And, flung frail, a precious veil,
Whose shimmering was sunny,
Was looped and draped, while all who
Were gasping: "That means money."

The gown was ruffled and also puffed
From trail tip clear to collar;
Each inch of thread, the papers said,
Cost something like a dollar;
And all this while adown the aisle
Six other gowns came sweeping,
While in the rear of all this gear
Six more dress suits were creeping.

The first gown turned and then we
Learned
The front of it was studded
With jewels rare, as though right there
Rosa rubies burst or budded.
It flared and flashed, until abashed,
Each of us knit his brows and
Essayed to count the full amount
Of thousand upon thousand.

The six gowns came—they were aflame
With jewels, too. Then was it
The channel took the dazzling look
Of some great safe deposit
Where diamonds and stocks and bonds
And gold and silver glitter.
Then murmurs, such as "O, how much?"
Arose from every sitter.

How beautiful it seemed to us!
The light was dim, religious;
Soft words were said, and thus were wed
The fortunes so prodigious.
They soon were gone—the gown upon
The dress suit's arm was clinging,
While dollar notes came from the throats
Of those who did the singing.

Good Intentions.

"That was a fellow down heah,"
says our friend Col. Bluddangoah of
Tennessee, "That was a fellow down
heah last summer, suh, who was the
most remarkable instance of good
intentions gone wrong, such that I eveh
saw, suh."

"Yes," we murmur, merely to give
him time to gather breath.
"Yes, suh. He was one of these
pussons who are foheveh afraid that
they will fall in some small paiticulah,
suh, of the customs and manehs of
whateveh part of the country they
may be in. A congenial party was
assembled in one of ouah clubs, and
some pusson proposed drinks, and
what does this strange do but study
foh a moment in the effort to think of
some drink that would be peculiarly
appropriate to this neighbo'hood."
"Couldst think of a julep?" we
asked.
"Wuss'n that, suh. The nachul
boh'n foot 'lowed he'd take a cotton
gin!"

The Fitness of Things.



"Don't do that, James," says the
proprietor of the soda fountain.
"Don't do what, sir?" asks the at-
tendant.
"Don't put that straw in that glass
of lemon phosphate."

"But why not? We always do."
"After you've been in the business
awhile you'll learn a few of the im-
portant don'ts. The lady who is to
have that phosphate is a grass
widow."

A paradox? Here let me state
At that I do not need to guess:
It is a girl who's up-to-date
Because she wears old-fashioned dress.

He Knew.

Mr. Blumms, are you one of those
men who think woman never has a
thought of anything more than
dresses?
"No, indeed, Miss Glizzer. They al-
so think of hats."

Uni!

"Don't you find t a beastly bore to
talk to some people?"
"Yes; or to listen to others."

Michael Nesbit

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her

Knoxville, Iowa.—"I suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am glad to say that your medicines and kind letters of directions have done more for me than anything else and I had the best physicians here. I can do my work and rest well at night. I believe there is nothing like the Pinkham remedies."—Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D., No. 3, Knoxville, Iowa.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

Red Cross Christmas Seals.

Arrangements for the sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals for 1910 have been announced by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and American Red Cross. "A Million Tuberculars" will be the slogan of the 1910 campaign. Two features of the sale this year are unique and will bring considerable capital to the tuberculosis fighters. The American National Red Cross is to issue the stamps as in former years, but this organization will work in close co-operation with the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, which body will share in the proceeds of the sales. The charge to local associations for the use of the national stamps has been reduced also from 20 per cent. to 12½ per cent., which will mean at least \$50,000 more for tuberculosis work in all parts of the United States. The stamps are to be designated as "Red Cross Seals" this year and are to be placed on the back of letters instead of on the front.

Does Engineering Work.

Miss Bandurin is superintendent of an engineering firm in Russia. She was graduated from the Women's Technological Institute in St. Petersburg, and has had practical experience in engineering. She built a steel warehouse for an army co-operative society, has been assistant engineer in building a bridge across the Neva and has done other important work.

Remarkable Young Lady.

From a feuilleton: "Her voice was low and soft; but once again, as Janet Fenn withdrew from the room and closed the door after her, the finch-like gleam came into her odorless eyes."
"If we hear any more of Janet we will let you know."—Punch.

Social Debts.

"She telephones me every day."
"What is the reason of that?"
"I owe her a call and she is determined to collect it."

The only certainty is principle; as new as today, and as old as the universe.—Horatio Stebbens.

The more worthy any soul is, the larger its compassion.—John Bright.

Brings Cheer to the breakfast table—

Post Toasties

with cream.

Crisp, golden-brown "crinkly" bits, made from white corn.

A most appetizing, convenient, pleasurable breakfast.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.