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Woman's World
LOVE OF HUMANITY

Two Young Women Will Go to Nurse the Lepers.

A NIECE OF JOHN WANAMAKEY

A Sister of Mrs. Howard Gould Will Also Go to the Leper Colony.

In "The Naulakha, a Story of the East and West," Kipling's heroine gives up the free, joyous life of the western mountains to devote herself to India's plague-stricken millions. In real life, now, stranger acts of womanly self-devotion are to be enacted. Two American young women have volunteered to go as nurses to the lepers in our new Pacific colonies.

Mrs. Laura Schwichtenberg, a beautiful and wealthy young widow, a favorite in Washington society, is going to the island of Cebu, among the Philippines, the home of the largest leper colony in the world. Miss Ella May Clemmons of San Francisco, sister of Mrs. Howard Gould of New York, will devote her life to the same work.

Mrs. Schwichtenberg is a niece of the multi-millionaire merchant, statesman and philanthropist, John Wanamaker of Philadelphia. She is a brunette, with clear olive complexion, large dark brown eyes and wavy hair, an oval face, beautiful form and graceful carriage. For the past few seasons there was no more brilliant, accomplished nor popular young woman in senatorial, military, diplomatic, musical or artistic circles in Washington.

With the gratification of every wish at her command, social prestige, and a woman's far-reaching political influence, she sought but one thing she asked to be appointed as a government inspector of hospitals in the Philippines.

Her friends were surprised. Why should she go in quest of the most heart-breaking scenes that war produces? But Laura Schwichtenberg clung to her purpose. She got the appointment.

She prepared herself for this work by a special course in a trained nurse. In the performance of her official duties she spent months in the Philippines, accompanied by her secretary, Miss Hartley, of Nebraska. She inspected everything but the anatomy, which connect the great mass of cathedrals, monasteries and convents of a dozen different Roman Catholic and Jesuit orders throughout the islands.

Mrs. Schwichtenberg now admits that the government passport, with its big seal, was put to a different use from what it was at first intended. With it she demanded admittance to the leper colony of Cebu, the "City of the Living Dead."

"But there is no hospital there to be inspected," objected the army officer in charge of the district. He looked in amazement at the pretty young woman who wished to enter the woful city.

"Is not the whole colony a vast hospital?" she asked with an appealing tone of womanly pity. Reluctantly the official consented to what seemed like going to certain death.

Imagine a city of 20,000 souls, with every one in it marked for death with the most loathsome disease that man is heir to, city cut off from the world and shunned as a plague spot, where pestilence lurks in every house and is borne on every tropical breeze that sweeps the deserted streets. It is a city over which hangs a perpetual funeral pall, whose inhabitants sink into dark corners to hide from all eyes but their own their fearful malady.

The island of Cebu is one of the Visayan Archipelago, upon which Major Guy L. Edie reported to General MacArthur in a recent government review of civil affairs of the Philippines during the fiscal year that, according to the estimates of the Franciscan Fathers, there are no less than 20,000 lepers. Leprosy was introduced there in 1822, when the Emperor of Japan sent a ship of 150 lepers to the Philippines as a present to be cared for by the Catholic priests. No practical methods were ever adopted to eradicate the disease or prevent its spread.

When Mrs. Schwichtenberg made her visit to the leper colony she took every sanitary precaution possible. She now tells what she saw there:

"Although I did not enter their huts I went to the doors and looked in. They were all uncleanly, and the sickly odor of disease and filth was almost insupportable.

"It was the children who appealed to me the most. I did not see a single happy-faced child there. All were sad. Not a single toy was ever to be seen, nor any attempt to play. They seemed to spend what energy they had, if energy it might be called, in crying, as if in pain. Always that wailing cry. It haunts me still!

"It was such a change from Japan, where not only the children, but the grown people seem to play most of the time. Even men fly kites, and everybody happy, laughing, merry!"

"There is every facility given to the disease to spread. Nothing is being done either to stop it or to ameliorate their condition, and lepers multiply rapidly. The children of leper parents do not always show signs of the disease at first, and might by isolation from the leper colony never have it, though they should never be allowed to associate with those who are not born of leperous parents.

"If the children were separated from the adults many of them might be saved from taking the disease.

"The men and women should be separated and not allowed to associate. The disease would then die out. But I found large families of children of all ages growing up to spread leprosy by association and heredity.

"There are no sanitary precautions taken whatever, although they could bring great relief to these unfortunate people. Cleanliness and antiseptics would make the worst lepers more comfortable, so that their last days might be days of peace.

"I believe that they might even be nursed under proper conditions and the death of the lepers be made less tragic."

Nothing could be more mournful, according to Mrs. Schwichtenberg's description, than the leper's funeral.

In the chapel is a coffin-room filled with a variety of coffins. These are used only for the funeral services; the body being transferred to a plain pine affair covered with bright blue or rose pink calico, no lining, and the body wrapped only in a grass mat. This is buried in a shallow grave, and they have no instruments for digging, and covered only with handfuls of earth, perhaps

a foot and a half to two feet deep, so the work is soon over.

"There is no danger of the soldiers taking leprosy," she says, "although there has been some fear of it. They have only to stay clear of the island. No man in his sober senses would go near them without preparing himself to resist any and all diseases, and never touch the lepers.

"But I found, to my horror, a soldier in his blue uniform sitting within one of these leper huts with lepers. He sprang away into a dark corner when he saw me, and hung his head when I spoke to him, but finally admitted that he got drunk, and in that condition went there.

"When he awoke from his drunken sleep and discovered his surroundings he was filled with despair and did not dare to leave. I urged him to do so, and he partially promised. He did finally escape and was punished according to military rules, but his life is filled with the horror which can be the only result, sooner or later, of his awful recklessness."

"All these scenes," she adds, "of the leper colony still haunt me. The memory of their sadness and misery is such that I long to return to them and bring a little sunshine into their sad lives."

Mrs. Schwichtenberg was a recent guest of Dr. Albert S. Ashmead, a leper expert, of New York, who invited other doctors interested in the study of this disease to meet and learn her opinions of leprosy among the colony in Cebu.

It is the opinion of these doctors that Mrs. Schwichtenberg is doomed to become a leper within six years at any event, whether she goes back there or not, from the very fact that she walked along the streets whose dust is filled with leprosy scales, breathed the air which is full of the finer particles of the same atoms, and brushed against many lepers.

But the brave young woman does not share this fear. She has great faith in the extraordinary antiseptic precautions which she took at the time, and which she believes would protect her, even if she went there to nurse the lepers.

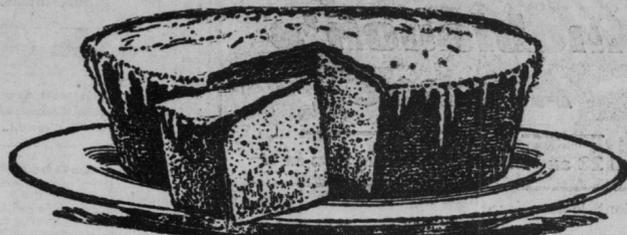
While Mrs. Howard Gould is engaged in the gayeties and luxuries of New York social life, her sister, Ella May Clemmons, in San Francisco, is about to start for the leper colony across the Pacific.

Less than two years ago Miss Clemmons became a convert to the Catholic church. She then decided to give up social life and devote her whole time to the faith she had adopted.

There was no Catholic mission in San Francisco, and she determined to establish one. She worked among the Chinese for a year, studying their language and nursing their sick women. Then the plague appeared among them. Miss Clemmons would not desert them in that extremity. She has been the solitary white woman passing to and fro in the plague-stricken streets of San Francisco at the most dangerous times, and work the impulse came to her to go to the Filipino leper colony.

Father Conrady, a priest of that settlement, spoke to her about it, and finally agreed to take her back with him.

Unlike many who imagine they want to devote their lives to foreign missions, Miss Clemmons and Mrs. Schwichtenberg are well aware of what their future life and labors will be. They know all the horrors and dangers, and yet they are anxious to go for the sake of their religion and love of humanity.



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CO-EDS GIVE AN EXHIBITION.
Special to The Journal.

Iowa, April 5.—The women of Grinnell, Iowa, gave a public exhibition in the Rand gymnasium last evening. This is the only time that the men of the institution are permitted to gaze upon the most interesting athletic exercises of their sister co-eds and the attendance, confined to the members of the senior and junior classes, with some outside guests, was large. The exhibition consisted of an elaborate drill by the co-eds, followed by a fiercely contested basket ball game.

THE RELATION OF DRESS TO CHARACTER

BY MRS. LES LIE CARTER.

Do I consider that dress is an important factor in the making of a play? My answer is yes and no.

Should the question be put in this way: Would a woman dressed badly (that is, inappropriately) be likely to create a part as conspicuously thus garbed as she would if time, money and thought had been laid out upon her toilette, I should reply she would not.

To the artistic, environment means so much. I myself, for example, love brightness, color, light and all things beautiful. I delight in flowers, and my keenest pleasure is in outdoor pursuits, and especially in the freedom and absolute independence of cross-country riding. I cannot bear to live caged, cribbed, confined. My favorite house is one with windows that look like a garden, not a house in a terrace; and I want a garden, too. I want to be able to command every point of view. To a woman of my temperament, therefore, it would be a positive hurt if I were inappropriately dressed for any stage part I had to play.

Then, again, I am very sure that dress helps the audience to gauge an actress's meaning; it elucidates her reading of the part she is impersonating. Even men, who, if they are to be believed, never receive a detailed picture of the gowns they see worn by women, absorb an impression from them. It, for example, would astonish and shock the most unobservant husband if his gentle, refined wife were suddenly to deck herself out in a costume remarkable for its flamboyance. Yes, most decidedly dress does reveal character, and is, therefore, a remarkably potent item in the proper formation of a theatrical part.

I am acting now Zaza, and Zaza illustrates very prominently my realization of the importance of stage dresses.

Such a miserably illiterate person would dress, I imagine, as I dress myself for the part. I go traveling in white; a flimsy, perishable white tulle toque is brought me at my request, trimmed with a pure white ostrich feather. What lamentably bad form for a railway journey! But then I know it suits me; I am only desirous of looking well. I care nothing for what is appropriate, because I am centuries removed from the refinement of the subject of chiffons, the very art of dress, which teaches the tenet of suitability to be of more importance than any other in securing a beautiful effect.

In the morning for breakfast I put on another gown that is equally out of place, because I want to look my very best. The skirt of this costume is brilliantly red, with great handsome sequined patterns over it, and the bodice white, also richly

THE MEAN MAN AGAIN.
Chicago Times-Herald.
"At our literary club this afternoon," said Mrs. Northshore, "we had quite a discussion on Thackeray. Mrs. Edgerton said she didn't like him at all, and thought that he wasn't to be compared with Dickens. She is without a doubt the most ridiculous woman I ever saw. It seems to me that she positively goes out of her way just to disagree with people. Now, what do you think of a woman who will get up and make such an argument as that with everybody else opposed to her?"

"Well, I dunno," said her husband. "Perhaps it was foolish of her to take the stand she did. Still, I cannot help having more respect for your club now than I had before."

"More respect for it? What do you mean?"

"It is evident that you have one member who has read Thackeray."

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THE ENGAGED MAN'S GIFTS.
There is nothing that pleases the engaged man more than to shower gifts upon the woman he hopes to marry, but very often it happens that he spends a great deal of money and anxious thoughts over the purchase, and often fails to get what is most suitable of wished for. The engagement ring proper is one of these innocent pitfalls, and it would be far wiser to get a little instruction on that momentous subject before buying it; if not from his fiancée herself, why then from some obliging sister or cousin or aunt in her confidence, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. How disappointing, when one has set one's heart upon—rings, says an eastern commentator, to find he has chosen pearls or amethysts (so becoming to the hand that is white and shapely), and behold a hoop of opals, with their mystic fire and changing hues; and, of course, you have to say you are delighted and you are not.

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It needs a night in water

The California Prune

The prune grown in California, cured in the California way, and packed in the California way, should be cooked in the California way. In California they are given a night in a dish of water and then stewed. That's the reason you hear many people say, "Prunes taste so differently and are such a favorite fruit in California." Try the California way with the California prune, and you can get the California result anywhere.

There is only one prune on the market carefully grown, packed and inspected. The proof that you are getting this prune is the brand of the California Cured Fruit Association, as displayed above, which is now placed on all of the Association's goods. It makes no difference what the name of the prune is, if it is on a box on which you find this brand it is safe. But if you do not buy by the box, be sure that you get from a box on which you see this brand.

Try this recipe for Spiced Prunes, which won second prize in California Prize Prune Cooking Contest a few weeks ago:

"Wash and soak over night a pint of prunes in water enough to cover well. Stew until the skins are soft, then pour off the water and add a cupful of good cider vinegar, two cups of sugar, cloves and cinnamon to suit the taste."

Be sure and send for book containing 100 recipes for preparing prunes in every way, which were obtained in a prize contest participated in by the very best cooks and chefs of California. This book, together with a "Prune Primer," which will delight the little folks, will be sent free on request. Address, CALIFORNIA CURED FRUIT ASSOCIATION San Jose, Cal.