



WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE FOR THE SALVATION ARMY

ONE of the most admirable things about the aged commander in chief of the Salvation Army, whom staid and exclusive Oxford has just honored with the degree of D. C. L., is his liberal attitude toward women. In the Salvation Army there are no unfair distinctions made between the sexes. A woman is entitled to hold any office or do any work for which she is fitted. It is one of the best organizations of men and women in which this is true. It is a notable fact that men usually gauge their estimate of women by those of their own family. The women of the Booth family have all been wonderfully gifted and capable. The general's wife, the late Catherine Booth, was a woman of exceptional spiritual and intellectual insight. His five daughters grew up to be talented women, and each of his three sons has married a woman of superior mental equipment.

Five Gifted Salvation Lasses.

Of his daughters Catherine, Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, who first saw the light in 1858, is the eldest. She has been especially identified with the Salvation Army in France and Switzerland. Emma, the late Mrs. Booth-Tucker, was born two years later. The invalid daughter Marian came in 1864, and Evangeline, the present head of the army in the United States, was born in 1865. The youngest daughter is Lucy, Mrs. Booth-Telberg. All of those now living, with the exception of the invalid, are holding responsible posts in the army. William Bramwell Booth was the first of the sons to marry. His bride was Miss Florence Soper, the daughter of a Welsh physician. Ballington, the favorite son, wedded the beautiful Miss Maud Charlesworth, daughter of an English clergyman, while Herbert, the youngest, was united to Miss Schock, daughter of a distinguished old Dutch family. All these young women were active workers in the army at the time of their marriage. From the worldly standpoint all of the Booth men have made good matches.

The Army Abroad.

The social standing of the army in England has always been higher than in the United States in spite of our reputation for unconventionality. Some of the oldest names in Great Britain's peerage have been enrolled on its register. One of these is that of Colonel Mildred Duff, cousin of the Duke of Fife, the husband of England's princess royal. Colonel Duff is a brilliant woman, the editor of the Young Soldier in England and also of the International Sunday School Lessons. She is one of the most valuable assistants of Mrs. Bramwell Booth, whose husband is the working head of the army in Great Britain. She goes about dressed in her uniform, doing an immense lot of good for the poor out of her private means, which are ample, and living as simply as the humblest soldier of the army. Commissioner Adelaide Cox, Miss Maitland and Miss Saps-



1, Germany; 2, Japan; 3, Alaska; 4, Japan; 5, Canada; 6, Denmark; 7, Belgium; 8, American Indian; 9, Zulu; 10, Sweden; 11, Belgium; 12, Bermuda; 13, Japan; 14, Mexico; 15, Canada; 16, Africa.

GENERAL BOOTH AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SALVATION ARMY FROM ALL PARTS OF THE EARTH.

worth are well known Englishwomen of good family who are active Salvationists. The Countess of Tankerville, although not now associated with the army, is still interested in its work. The dowager Duchess of Newcastle, who is engaged in charitable work in the poorer section of London, is another of its warm friends.

The Work in America.

The late lamented Emma Booth, wife of Frederick Latour Tucker, recently in charge of the army in the United States, did much to adjust the difficulties

caused by the defection of her brother and his popular wife, Maud Ballington Booth. Her tragic death in a railroad accident at Dean Lake, Mo., on Oct. 28, 1903, was a lamentable affair and the recall of Mr. Booth-Tucker—as he is called—was not altogether unexpected, as it seems to be the policy of the officers to keep on the right front members of his own family or those intimately connected with it. Miss Evangeline Booth, then commander of the army in Canada, was appointed in his place, and the wisdom

of the choice has been shown by the rapidly increasing popularity of the organization, the grace and beauty of the young leader proving powers for good in chivalrous America.

Some Promising Women Soldiers.

Not every member of the Salvation Army may be appointed to an office. Indeed the officers are almost never selected save from among the graduates of its training schools. As she has been most intimately connected with the English workers it is natural that many of Miss Booth's most trust-

ed associates should be Englishwomen. One of these is her secretary, Mrs. Major Stanton, who is officially known as "slum secretary." Mrs. Stanton was Miss Carrie Pease, an English schoolteacher in the town of Norwich, when she made the acquaintance of a woman visitor to the town, an officer in the Salvation Army. She went to spend one of her vacations with this new friend and soon donned the uniform herself. She has been secretary for Mrs. Lucy Booth-Telberg, an instructor in the London training school, and when Miss Booth was appointed to

Canada went with her and eventually accompanied her to New York city, where she has headquarters in the big building on West Fourteenth street. Another leading worker in the American army is Mrs. Margaret Bovill, widow of a former army officer. She is the general superintendent of all the rescue work east of Chicago and is also in charge of the work relating to waifs and children. A native of Lancashire, England, she came to this country with her husband many years ago, taking up his work in the army after his death five years ago under the

late Mrs. Booth-Tucker. She was continued in her post by Mrs. Booth when she came to the United States. Mrs. Bovill has children of her own and naturally her interest in little ones is very great. Her enthusiasm no less than her gracious and businesslike words has helped to erect new buildings and keep the pot boiling for her young charges. Of these she has a large and growing family, as children received at any of the army centers in other parts of the country are forwarded to central homes. The eastern home for children is located at Spring Valley, N. Y., and it is a busy week when Mrs. Bovill does not find time to make it a visit. Besides this she looks after her own household at Arlington, N. J., lectures for churches or other organizations and yet is never too busy for a word with those who call to see her at her office in the New York headquarters.

In New York City.

Brigadier Emma Bown, the beautiful English girl who is in charge of rescue work in New York city, is one of the most gifted and picturesque figures in the American army. She has spent much time in the training of officers and began her work in the New York slums when it was unsafe for a woman of good character to go there. She has charge of the New York city rescue home for women, where all sorts of wrecks of humanity come under her influence, and it is said that of these she has been able to set at least 80 per cent upon the road to permanent reform.

Mrs. Commissioner Kilbey, with her husband, is in charge of the western work, with headquarters at Chicago.

Mrs. Colonel French looks after army affairs along the coast, including in her territory San Francisco, which, with its large and irresponsible Mongolian quarter, may be looked upon as one of the posts of danger. In Canada Mrs. Combs, wife of the provincial commander, has taken up the threads of the work dropped by Miss Booth when she came to the United States.

On the European Continent.

France has always been a difficult field for the Salvationist. Even Mrs. Booth-Clibborn never wholly conquered it, and Mrs. Cosendry, wife of the present army commander, has her hands full. Recently the army had moved into a convenient new building near the Avenue de l'Opera, in Paris.

In the Kaiser's capital the Oliphants have charge of the army stronghold. Commissioner Oliphant was originally a Church of England clergyman of the famous Oliphant stock. His wife is the daughter of General Schock, a wealthy and highborn Dutchman, who is now a colonel in the Salvation Army. Mrs. Oliphant is a clever organizer and a born leader. She is related to Mrs. Herbert Booth.

In Italy the good work for women is in the hands of Mme. Peyron, whose husband, Brigadier Peyron, is a Frenchman. BETTY ROGERS.

Some Notes on Men In Search of Bargains; And Things That Concern the Feminine Conscience

MEN have two or three jokes at the expense of women, and they harp on them all the time. The bargain sale is perhaps the principal one.

Of course it's very funny to think of a woman breaking her neck and ruining a forty dollar suit to buy for 29 cents what she could get at the counter for 30.

Ha, ha!

But, my friends, have you ever attended a man's bargain sale?

I have.

It was the other morning—a very hot one, by the way—and I was vending my peaceful little way toward the elevator of one of the big dry goods stores situated on Fifth avenue.

Suddenly my attention was attracted by a mob of howling maniacs around a counter.

Male maniacs at that!

What in thunder can they be doing here? I wondered.

The mad idea occurred to me that order to attract trade the firm must have established a branch station of the curb market.

It certainly looked that way. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer, and I left the elevator man staring at me, and, stooping gently over to the counter, I peered over the shoulder of a red faced gentleman who was violently excited, and this is the sign I read:

Shirts marked down from \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$6 to \$1.75.

No wonder they scuffled! Shirts with imported marks inside of them, embroidered shirts, plain shirts, pink ones and spotted ones—a perfect riot of all the shades of the rainbow were heaped up there.

A man held a pale gray shirt in his hand for five minutes, and I know (don't tell me, I just know!) he was wondering whether or not it would go with his complexion. One man put his elbow right into another one's solar plexus because he saw him reaching out for a fifteen and a half purple creation, and he both were fifteen and a half himself and coveted that particular shade and pattern.

Ha, got it while the victim stopped to rub himself.

Half a dozen men had their best straw hats knocked off, and one portly old gentleman's eyeglasses were rammed down on his nose most cruelly.

Couldn't Miss the Chance.

On the outskirts of this interesting group hovered two or three women. I found I knew one of them.

"Such a nice place to get a shirt for Harry!" she gasped as she made a dive and emerged, holding fast to a pea green plaided front marked thirteen.

"Oh, heavens, this is too small!" she cried. "Haven't you that pattern in size sixteen? No? Isn't that too bad. Oh!"

This last exclamation was caused by the sight of the very shirt she was in the hands of a polite looking man at her right.

She hesitated one moment, and, then, to my horror, she gently but firmly plucked it from his hand. The next moment she was smiling adorably up into his surprised face. "I beg pardon, but that wasn't your shirt, was it?" she lisped.

He gulped, and after a moment's hesitation answered, "No, indeed!"

I afterward saw him digging patiently through the pile trying to find the twin brother of that shirt, so I fancy he knew what he wanted all right, poor chap!

At the next counter, perhaps you won't believe me, but they were slaughtering ties.

Most of the people around that counter were buying them by the dozen, but one unfortunate woman stood rapt in agony. She held a couple of ties, one in each hand. The right held a modest pin spotted affair of an apologetic shade of dark blue. The left clutched firmly a four in hand of sootiest black. She was trying to decide which tie (at 29 cents) she would take and feared evidently lest her choice should appear too loud.

Ten! It's funny to see a woman picking out ties for her husband?

Yes, and pathetic too!

It's an odd fact and one illustrating the meanness of woman that the more costly her own raiment the stingier she is when it comes to paying the price for ties or socks for her husband.

A woman cannot see where the value comes in a tie. It is only a strip of

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TWO INTERESTING MEMBERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

These pretty women are two English ladies of culture and education who hold high rank in the American branch of the Salvation Army. Mrs. Margaret Bovill—at the left of the picture—is known for her successful administration of the eastern department, devoted to rescue work for women and the care of waifs and children. Mrs. Bovill is a widow and resides at Arlington, N. J. The other is Miss Emma Bown, who is in charge of the rescue work in New York city. She is a young woman of great charm of person, and she is endowed richly with the mighty influence known as personal magnetism.

your wash water three or four times a week. Do not use soap at all for the face. A little oatmeal damped with water is quite as cleansing.

After washing the hands the nails should be carefully wiped and the skin around pressed down with the towel. This will help to prevent the skin growing over the nail and developing into hangnails.

Always soak a new toothbrush in cold water for some time before using it.

Powdered charcoal makes an excellent tooth powder. It also helps to sweeten the breath.

If you have dark circles under the

eyes take a salt water bath every morning, drink three or four pints of water every day, get to bed early, and bathe under the eyes with diluted witch hazel.

Ammonia and borax have a tendency to dry the skin, but if used in very small quantities they are excellent for making hard water soft.

If a purple or holl will not come to a head, apply cloths that have been dipped in hot water.

If there is trouble of any kind with

the eyes, a wash of either cold tea or new milk is good.

A few drops of camphor taken on a lump of sugar at the first intimation of a cold will often break it up.

Accustom children to drink only after the meal, not in the middle of it. This is very much better for their digestion; also cold water, when brought in contact with the teeth previously heated, often occasions cracks in the enamel.

In removing the lines between the eyes a piece of moderately stiff court

plaster will prove valuable. First massage with cream, rubbing across the lines, wash in warm water, as the plaster will not adhere if placed over the cream. Cut the plaster in little strips, and moisten well, applying lengthwise across the wrinkles. Stretch the skin slightly so no wrinkles will be left beneath the plaster.

A baked apple, sweetened with brown sugar, also stewed prunes or figs, given on an empty stomach, are often most beneficial to children.

Even the Inspector, mere man though he was, looked a little at such untidiness in a woman and soon left us.

I afterward saw him leading away a stunning woman whose beautifully packed clothes were tied up in lavender and white ribbons. They fined her good and plenty, I hear.

At last we took a cab, and just as we were getting in my friend roared at an official who pasted a tiny stamp on a leather dressing bag she carried.

"The idea," she cried, "of spoiling the leather in that way!"

When we were fairly on our way home she began to chuckle. Opening the bag in question, she revealed rows of solid silver bottles with English hall marks on them; under an elaborate nightgown inlaid with real lace from Paris she further revealed three bottles of expensive perfume; also in the can

I felt a little box slipped into my hand.

of tooth powder were three fine lace collars.

"Well, you have your nerve with you," I gasped. "And then to object to his marking it!"

When she reached her apartment we had a lively time. The maid was kept busy pressing and ironing all the afternoon, and crumpled rags were transformed into the most bewildering Parisian costumes. Spots disappeared as if by magic, and labels were produced from hidden places and sewed on.

In effect it was a transformation scene.

I forgot to say that as soon as we arrived she divested herself of two sets of underwear and a bunch of laces fastened to her corset.

Then I discovered that she had not really gained any superfluous flesh as I supposed.

"Well, I should say not!" she remarked as I voiced my opinion. "Running around as much as I did."

And, indeed, she must have scurried around a bit to secure all that wardrobe and to bring it through.

Hate Clyde

New York.