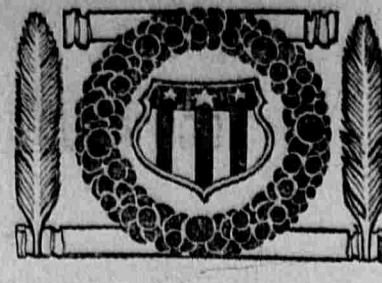


SOME OF THOSE WHO HELPED TO MAKE THE GLORIOUS TRIUMPH



A CYNICAL philosopher has said, "There is a woman at the bottom of everything." At a time when we are celebrating the Declaration of Independence it is a good thing to consider the part that women played in bringing it about. If there ever was a woman's war it was the War of the Revolution. The tax on tea and the stamp act that affected the prices of domestic commodities in a country where living was hard were such influences as would most readily arouse the indignation of housekeepers. "The spirit of the women was shown in their pledge not to use the tea and the readiness with which they assumed all manner of hardships in resenting tyranny. During the war great ladies reduced their establishments to the most rigid economy, and women everywhere tilted farms and did the work of men that husbands, sons and brothers might serve their country."

Of the illustrious company of men who signed the Declaration almost every one of them was backed by some petticoated patriot eloquently urging him to action.

"If I were of the opinion that it was best for a general rule that the fair sex should be excused from the cares of war and state, I should certainly think that Mercy (Mrs. Warren) and Mrs. Adams ought to be exceptions because I have ever ascribed to these ladies a large part in the conduct of our American affairs."

Thus spoke the husband of Mercy Warren to John Adams, and a little study of the biographies of that period will suggest that probably never in the history of this country have women had so much to do with the shaping of public affairs. There was in Massachusetts, the seat of sedition, Dorothy Hancock, wife of John Hancock, so ardent a little rebel that she slipped off and married him when he was in hiding in Connecticut with a price on his head as a result of his defiance of the royal government. When Massachusetts elected Hancock to the second Continental congress his wife insisted on accompanying him to Philadelphia, although far from strong and with a young infant to care for. Her husband's wealth enabled her to play the Lady Bountiful not only to the suffering soldiers during the war, but to the struggling and bereaved families.

A more intellectual and no less independent woman was Abigail, wife of John Adams, another signer from Massachusetts. John Adams was then a poor lawyer, eking a scanty living out of a farm at Braintree, and he could not afford to take his wife with him to Philadelphia. Although the main support of the family and the care of the farm fell upon her shoulders, she sent him from her with a smiling face and a brave heart. It was seven years before she joined him in France, and although the insolent and savage British soldiery harassed the country all about her and the booming of the guns at Bunker Hill and Charlestown filled her with forebodings, she could sit down

and write, urging her husband to stand out staunchly for the freedom of the colonies. Those sparkling letters, which are still considered models of the epistolary art, were proudly read to his friends by John Adams, for many in that brilliant circle of statesmen were known to her. While the Declaration of Independence was being debated Mrs. Adams wrote to her husband:

"I long to hear that you have declared independence, and in the new code of laws, which I suppose will be necessary for you to make, I desire that you should remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable than your ancestors. Do not put unlimited power in the hands of the husband. Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention are not paid to the ladies we are determined to foment a rebellion and will not hold ourselves bound by laws in which we have no voice or representation."

Mercy Warren, friend of John and Abigail Adams, was an Otis, the sister of that James Otis whose speech in the old Boston state house in resistance of the right of search maintained by the king's officers was one of the influences that helped to bring about the revolution. Mr. Otis had been advocate general of the colony, but resigned it to act as counsel for the merchants.

John Adams, who listened to the fiery orator's speech, said:

"On that day the child independence was born!" Most of the arguments used by Mr. Otis were those afterward advanced for the separation of the colonies from the mother country, and Mercy Warren, poetess, dramatist and essayist—the Aspasia of her time—was the confident and adviser of her brother. Her writings show how far the women of that day dared go when conscience moved them. She coolly satirized the colonial governor and the Tories in her drama, "The Group," and lauded the Boston tea party in the "Scumble of the Sea Nymphs." Thomas Jefferson, John and Samuel Adams, Elbridge Gerry, Alexander Hamilton, Henry Knox and even the great Washington himself were numbered among her friends. Her correspondents included the most distinguished men and women of the time. She was zealous in behalf of independence, and when war was declared she had her home at Plymouth, the headquarters for many movements for the relief of want and suffering.

Mrs. Samuel Adams was a woman of less brilliant mental caliber than Mrs. John Adams. She was the daughter of an English merchant, and if her sympathies were with the royal cause she put nothing in the way of her husband following his own convictions. She cheerfully gave up her beloved tea when Boston housewives decided to boycott this favored beverage. Once by mistake Elbridge Gerry conveyed to her from Philadelphia while the congress was deliberating on the Declaration a pound of tea intended for his



A COLONIAL BELLE.

wife by John Adams. She innocently entertained Mrs. Abigail with a cup of her own beverage to the great amusement of that lady when the mistake was discovered.

Martha Skellon, the lovely and accomplished wife of Thomas Jefferson, was a no less staunch patriot than the intellectual Abigail Adams, although

her influence was less obvious in public affairs. It is notable that while congress was discussing the advisability of declaring independence Thomas Jefferson went home to Virginia for a week or more. He had been in a doubtful frame of mind when he left Philadelphia, but his return found him confirmed in faith and ready to draw

up that series of brilliant articles which made the colonies free and respected in the eyes of the civilized world. All honor to Martha Skellon for this and for the admirable manner in which she could administer the affairs of Monticello when her country needed her husband!

Probably the most notable of New

York and New Jersey women patriots were the ladies of the Livingston family, from which Philip Livingston of New York was numbered among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Philip was the brother of Governor Livingston of New Jersey, whose home at Elizabethtown was named Liberty Hall. The Livingston women were famous for beauty, wit and hospitality. One of the governor's daughters became Mrs. John Jay, while his sister was Mrs. William Alexander, wife of that Lord Alexander who threw away an English earldom to fight for the colonies. His daughters, Lady Kitty Duer and Lady Mary Watt, are well known in the history of Washington's time.

Lewis Morris of Morrisania was still unmarried when he signed the Declaration, but his heart was already enchained by a lovely daughter of South Carolina, Miss Ann Elliott, known to an admiring British soldiery as "the beautiful rebel." When the king's troops held Charleston she went abroad flaunting thirteen plumes in her bonnet and her opinions were freely expressed to the enamored officers who wore the king's uniform and haunted her father's house. One of these, the son of an English peer, laid his heart and fortune at her feet in vain. Once when Morris came to visit her she saved his life by the stinging rebuke she gave to the English officer who came seeking him.

"Go look for him in the American army if you dare!" she cried, and the redcoats slunk away abashed before the spectacle of indignant beauty.

The wife of Carter Braxton, signer for Virginia, was the daughter of the king's receiver general of customs, and when Lord Dunmore, the governor of Virginia, seized a quantity of powder belonging to the turbulent colony, through the intervention of her father, the British government was made to see the wisdom of recompensing the colonists for this loss. Dunmore did not forget this slighting of his authority, and his revenge was the burning of Norfolk.

Mrs. Richard Stockton, wife of one of the signers from New Jersey, was another patriotic bluestocking. Her verses were much admired, and even General Washington himself thanked her for those she wrote in honor of the surrender of Cornwallis. She was the writer of the triumphal hymn, "Welcome, Mighty Chief Once More," sung as he passed through Trenton on his way to his inauguration. Mrs. Stockton was the sister of Dr. Elias Boudinot, a well known figure in colonial history, and her daughter Julia was the wife of Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers for Pennsylvania. Mrs. Stockton was a woman of such elegance and dignity that she was playfully called "the duchess." Her husband's wealth and her own talent gave her great influence in the affairs of the time.

Mrs. Robert Morris, friend of Martha Washington and wife of the financier

of the Revolution, was one of the most brilliant and beautiful women of her time. She was a sister of Bishop White and celebrated for her cleverness, charity and patriotism. She was one of the leaders in all plans for helping the families of those who were fighting for their country, and she organized many movements for relieving the distress of the ill fed, half clothed and barefooted soldiers of Washington's army.

Benjamin Franklin was seventy years of age and a widower when he signed the Declaration, his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Baché, caring for her lively father in his old age. She was an abolitionist, and with her family was compelled to leave Philadelphia when it was occupied by the British. Her sentiments were so aggressively democratic that she is said to have repudiated the head of a school who undertook to make some distinction in regard to classes of society, saying that the Misses Baché should be shown no further favors.

"For," said Franklin's daughter, "there is in this country no rank but rank mutton."

Everywhere, among all classes, this spirit of independence animated the women. Is it any wonder that their men could write and sign the Declaration? The heroes of '76 were inspired by the heroines of '76.

BETTY RODGERS.

AN ARISTOCRATIC FRUIT BOTTLER.

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, sometimes known as the best dressed woman in England, has announced her intention of establishing a fruit bottling industry at Broughton, Oxfordshire. She has discovered that the demand for preserved and bottled fruits is increasing enormously. In 1900 and 1901 the value of bottled fruits imported into England amounted to \$9,000,000, and since then it had gone on increasing. In her opinion England should secure the benefits arising from such a demand. The fruit industry had been carried on with great advantage in Essex, Cambridgeshire and elsewhere, and Oxfordshire seems particularly adapted for the industry. She strongly advocates the teaching of fruit culture in the elementary schools and thinks that the country council might lend their assistance in this direction.

To encourage fruit growing in the Banbury district Lady Algernon proposes to establish a fruit bottling "plant" on her own account and is in negotiation with a Maldstone firm in regard to the subject.

FADED UPHOLSTERY.

To restore faded upholstery beat the dust out, then brush. Apply a strong lather of castile soap with a hard brush, wash off with clear water, then wash with alum water. On becoming dry the colors will look as well as ever. When colors are faded beyond recovery they may be touched up with a pencil dipped in water colors of suitable shades mixed with gum water.

Topics That Concern Womankind Exclusively; Kate Clyde Points Out Some Faults and Follies

WE live and we learn! Sad, but true! If you have made an error in the selection of your spring costume cheer up and reflect that you have learned something that will last you for a lifetime. What other mistakes you may be guilty of in future days, you will never commit that particular one again.

If you look at things this way you will become decidedly cheerful instead of thinking of suicide as a friend told me she did when her new suit came home!

I learned this point of view myself from a very cheerful woman. No amount of mistakes ever seemed to appall her. She bobbed up serenely after the worst catastrophes.

She told me she had read so many hard luck stories of really great people and the many stupid things they had done in their youth and even middle age that she felt quite indulgent toward her own self when she slipped up. The only times she ever got angry with herself, she went on to say, were when she made the same mistake twice.

And there's something in that. **Worth Considering.**

I wonder if there's a man who doesn't like to see his wife well dressed and who doesn't sit up and take notice when that lady wears a new gown or a novel hair arrangement, although he may pretend that he doesn't care two raps.

In view of this marked leaning of the male sex toward novelty and change will you please tell me why some women fly in the face of Providence and their own happiness by never caring how they look in the bosom of their families?

A woman will scrimp and save (even extracting pennies from the household accounts) in order that she may have a handsome gown to wear to church or to the woman's club, but as for house wear, why, her three year old chaffie with the tight sleeves and narrow skirt is plenty good enough for, I am sorry to say, a faded dressing jacket and a passe and short skirt isn't a petticoat? Is considered quite good form for breakfast wear.

Can you blame a man for retiring behind his paper when he has that sort of a vision to gaze upon? Or, indeed, for getting out of the house as soon as possible?

On the way down to the office, by the way, he sees in the car pretty, well dressed women, and he compares them with the frumpy personage he has just left among the ruins of the breakfast table—much to the latter's disadvantage.

There is no sense in wearing old things around the house. Some women

will never give away their old gowns, but feel that must wear them in succession and "get a change." But as a friend remarks, "It's a poor change that makes you look homelier."

Give me a plain shirt waist with a neat collar and tie. You may have all the fixed over finery you want. Don't keep old dresses. They never look like anything. They clutter up the closet and add to the worries of life.



I believe in simple, appropriate clothes with few attachments, or what I call "doo dads."

One of the most stunning dresses I have seen lately was a perfectly plain navy blue shirt waist dress with a plain collar and a big blue sailor hat to match. The whole thing couldn't have cost more than \$15, and it looked smart.

It's funny, but you will invariably notice that the people who can afford to be extravagant have the most practical clothes, while the woman who can only afford two dresses a year will have these made in bright colors and of a style likely to pass away before afternoon.

An Unprofitable Habit.

More friendships are broken from borrowing and lending things than from any other cause.

Lending money is fatal. If you ever expect to get it back promptly, or, sometimes, at all.

Lending clothes is almost as bad, while as for lending a hat or leaving them to be cared for that remains in the hands of the friend who left her darling parcel in the care of an intimate friend for a couple of months, and on her return, behold the friend, having become the owner of the hat, doesn't stand to give it up! There's no telling what sort of a thing will come upon the loving relations of years when she sees the friend who has been so kind as to lend her the hat, and she says, "The hat came between me and my husband."

And her plaint becomes a byword in that parish.

It is always well not to expect too much of any friendship, not to have friendship not to tempt it with parrots or anything else and, above all, not to make wealthy confidences to it.

Oh, the miseries that have arisen from confidences between intimate friends! You make a call, say on a



The gorgeous gown with filmy laces
On other days may aid her graces;
Today she is more fitly dressed,
For freedom's flag becomes her best.

rainy day. You are blue, and there is nothing to talk about, so you open up your heart and tell things you never should, things which you would give your soul to recall when you have been out of the house only half an hour.

But it is too late. Your secrets are no longer your own. They may be the property of a dozen people tomorrow or on the next rainy day when your friend in her turn goes visiting and becomes confidential. From a lack of ordinary conversational matter.

Of course I leave out the possibility that you and she may quarrel some day or have a slight coolness. It's a wonderful woman who does not tell all she knows under those circumstances.

I don't say there are not women who wouldn't keep silent, mind you, but the percentage is smaller than you think. So better not risk things! If you have secrets keep them to yourself, then you are sure they are safe.

A Dangerous Question.

Speaking of women, one of the meanest questions they can ask is (confidentially), "My dear, what do you think of Mrs. So-and-not?"

I always answer that I think she is perfectly lovely. No matter what my real opinion is.

And why?

Because I have been guilty several times of the absurdity of telling the truth I have been confronted with my own remarks—after many moons—to my intense embarrassment.

No, indeed, I'm wise now, and every woman is just too sweet for anything while everything she does is just right. Others I know are wise from the same experiences.

I begin to think it is only foolish women who say right out what they think.

Strictly Noncommittal.

Have you ever noticed a peculiar type of woman, I wonder? She never admits that she does not know everything. If you took her into the palace of the emperor of China she would not give you the satisfaction of a single "Ah." Neither would she ask a single question if she died for it. She might commit the most fearful social breaks, but she would cover them up in some

way and give an excuse, and she would rather elude than ask what was the proper thing to do in time to avoid those mistakes.

You see this type of American woman abroad quite often. I am sorry to say, and she drives you wild!

It reminds me of the story of the schoolgirl from a little country town who came to see New York. She was as blue as a girl of eighteen can be, and when her hostess asked her what she thought of the city she said that some parts of it were quite nice, Fifth Avenue and Riverside drive, for instance, which reminded her of home!

Can you beat that for provincialism? For that matter, that sort of an one is provincial in my estimation who can go through life never admitting the superiority of any one or anything and never showing either surprise or admiration at new sights, cities or customs.

Give me the people to travel with who are never afraid of asking plenty of questions or of looking interested.

Really Worth While.

And while I am on the subject let me branch off just a tiny bit and say

A wonderful woman who does not tell all.



right here that if there is any woman I am enthusiastic over it's the one who can own up she has made a mistake.

The other day a woman boasted that she had paid \$5 a yard for a certain beautiful piece of lace I admired greatly. Soon afterward I met her on the street, and she said, "My dear, I don't want to leave you with a false impression. I made a mistake about the price of that lace, it only cost me \$2.50."

Now my opinion of her went up 50 per cent. There are so many bluffers in this world one learns to value sincere and plain spoken women who are not ashamed to appear just what they really are.

Kate Clyde
New York.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Every girl has an awful time trying to decide which is the worse—to live to be an old maid or an old married woman.

Through the energetic efforts of Miss Brisson, a university for women has been opened at Paris in which a course in housekeeping is to hold the place of honor in the curriculum. There will be other courses in dressmaking, millinery,

shortland, hygiene, history and literature. The idea is to attend to the practical matters of life first, but not to neglect the ornamental.

Early has seven free eating houses expressly for poor mothers. Last year they furnished 57,000 meals. The restaurants are small, but scrupulously clean. Over the door is the sign, the translation of which is, "Free Restaurant For Mothers." Nothing is charged for at any of these cozy places.

An elderly woman on being examined before the magistrates as to her place of legal settlement was asked what reasons she had for supposing that the deceased husband's settlement was at St. Andrews. The old lady looked earnestly at the bench and said, "He was born there he was married there, and they buried him there, and if that

isn't settling him there, I'd like to know what is!"

Some men are so conscientious that they would not flirt with any woman who is old or ugly or who wouldn't flirt with them.

Mrs. Betty Green is said to make an annual income of little less than \$5,000 by her clever dealings in stocks and shares.

Mrs. E. P. Buckingham of California, who started with twenty-five acres, has

now 140 acres covered with trees and vines. She markets 600 tons of fruit annually. Mrs. M. D. Sherman owns one of the finest ranches in the state. She has 200 fancy bred cows which yield her an average profit of \$52 a year each, besides 300 acres of wine and raisin grapes, almonds and orchard fruits.

Courtesy: Waldessee, widow of the late Field Marshal Count Waldessee, and a daughter of David Lee of New York, is the only American woman so

far to have been decorated with the First Class of the Prussian Order of Louise, founded about a hundred years ago by King Frederick William III, in remembrance of the heroic part taken by his consort, the beautiful Queen Louise, in Germany's war against Napoleon. The insignia is somewhat like the famous Iron Cross in form and is fastened to the left shoulder by a white and black ribbon.

That brilliant circle in London, of

which Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter and Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu were members, is scarcely more than a memory, but an attempt has recently been made to rescue the name of Mrs. Montagu from oblivion in a biography written by her niece and now another volume of memoirs has appeared.

Women have better memories, read more rapidly, bear pain better, recover faster from wounds and serious illness, and live longer than men.