THE WORLD OF WOMAN

THE DUTIES OF OUR SOLDIERS.

Bab Moralizes on the Lessons Taught by the Anxiety of Men to Serve Their Country on the Battlefield.

[Copyright, 1898.]

I confess that we were all crying, and yet we were trying to look cheerful. The regiment marched along and the bands played, and Millie, standing on the pavement, waved her coarse, big handkerchief, and Millicent, standing beside me, waved her tiny lace trimmed one, and each one moaned, "Good bye, you wherever you go and bring you back to us well and triumphant!"

But, as I said before, we were all crying, and yet we were watching through our tears for one man, knowing that as he passed where we stood the heart of one woman would be made happy if only for one minute. Every now and then one of us ran into the house and up stairs and gave her a kiss and a hug and laughed about the boys coming back and told her to watch out, that they would soon be along, and then down wherever it was trotted, and soon again some other one went to her and admonished that the company was not in sight yet.

Did you ever think that in this war, where there are lives of many men engaged, for every man there is some woman's heart is aching? But Marion was trying to be braver than she had ever been in all her life. When she was a tiny girl, she used to declare that she intended to marry a soldier boy, that she wanted to be a soldier's wife, so that she might cave him off to war and welcome him back with wreaths of laurel and sounds of fine music.

Then there came a day when Marion, looking like an angel in white satin and tulle, vowed to love, honor and obey that dignified, quiet lawyer who had apparently none of the ability of the soldier boy and who was an absolute contrast to this merry, dainty little maiden. No one ever went into their home, the home made by these two that were one, without finding it in a special jar. It seemed as if a real, true love was over it all and that even a stranger visiting it appeared as does a devotee who, when kneeling in a cathedral, becomes intoxicated with the odor of the incense, only this stranger knew the influence of a real love. You know how short a time it has been since that day when it was demanded that for our country's honor our men must go out and fight that hateful, deceitful nation willing to kill in the dark and with the weapons of cowards our brave sailor lads.

Soon after that day Marion's husband came home, and, leaning over her, kissing her on the brow, he whispered, "I must go," and she, repeating to his avail, answered, "Yes, dear, you must go." These two did not need to explain all that was meant, for they loved so well that they could read each other's hearts. And yet just now they had been looking forward to such happiness! But now the master must go to the war—the cruel, dreadful war. Marion straightened herself up and thought of those men whose death must be avenged, and she grew braver than ever. The days went by and one night the door flew down the stairs and in put a tiny son into Marion's arms. There are labors that are expressionless. There are dimpled babies and grave babies, fine babies and queer babies, but this baby from the time he appeared suggested to those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance that he was a brave baby. It seemed as if all the instincts that his mother had had to wed a soldier boy had got into his blood and that even now he was ready to fight. And his father was going away—going away to more the world to bend as deadly and the little one only 10 days old!

Do you wonder that we were all crying? For up at the window, hushed in shawls and with the glass between her and the outside world, was Marion, with her baby in her arms, waiting to see her husband go by on his way to fight the enemy. A maid near her said something about "Miss Marion waiting to see the last of him," and for the first time the tears came to her eyes and she rocked them back, grave, brave again, kissed and held the baby up in the air while she whispered to him and made him understand, as mothers can make babes understand, that some day he was to be a great man, a great general.

Directly the company marched along. We all stopped crying, waved our handkerchiefs and three cheers and clapped our hands, while a small toy in the street scrooched out in very venture, "There's a baby up at the window waving a flag!" And, sure enough, in the tightly closed little hand of Marion's baby there had been put a small flag, and some loving hand, managing the arm, made the father, who knew where to look for those he loved, see his son's patriotism. On they went away, young and old, each hoping to win glory and each one of the happy home coming. Forty-eight hours afterward there flashed over the telegraph a message to a quiet, silent man. The words told that Marion, because of the excitement of the day before, had developed what the doctors said was a most dangerous fever, and could be home at once! It was impossible for him to leave. With his company he was waiting for orders to go on board ship, and even to great death he could not bear to be a coward. Back sooner than we could believe it, Marion was sleeping the sleep which knows no awakening here. The little baby cried as babies do cry for the arms of the mother. No nurse can fill her place. No nurse could teach her little body so gentle and so lovingly, for so brave was her spirit. So the next day we joined her, for it seemed as if he knew that she yearned for him. They laid them away in the quiet country churchyard, where the spring blossoms looked bright and gay and birds were singing out the story of everlasting love and peace. When I looked at Marion's face, she had died while earth gone, with her baby in her arms. I thought that if she had been beautiful on her wedding day she looked like a child now.

But what of the soldier so far away? One of the many women who loved them took wrote him a tender letter telling him the news and inclosing in it a little locket that Marion had always worn about her throat and in which was a picture of him taken just after they were married. He laid it near his own heart. In thought of the happy days that had been, and almost with remorse for daring to grieve he said: "Thank God, I have lived and loved! Thank God for my seventh, since because of the wife and the baby boy that were mine I can fight the better for those women and children who suffer so much every day that they pray for death! God help me to fight well for the dear dead!" Then he was quiet for a little while, and afterward people who did not know wondered at his interest in his work and made the usual foolish remarks about men forgetting soon, as if the men who remembered had their hearts bare for every gaudy to bear to gaping.

And yet that day as the regiment passed some of us laughed. A pretty girl standing close to the curb threw a white rose to a young man who seemed to have nobody to notice him, and after he caught it white they halted to wildness something on a card and aimed it at the rose that it fell at the feet. Somebody one near to heard her say to herself: "I will write him an encouraging letter. It is the duty of every American woman to encourage our brave soldier boys." And I laughed once too. Here came a gay lad wearing what used to be the latest style in dress or in fashion, who had more attention to polishing his finger nails than his brains, but who had certainly grown into being a real man, as sure as a human boy. He had forgotten all about his dainty hands since he had learned how to care for his wife and all his dependents. He used to come in afternoons too that there were only certain kinds of clothes out of which he could take the rip which chews, but now, from his heart, he drinks coffee out of a tin cup, and when I said "coffee" in this connection it is quite proper to have it followed by an interrogation mark, for every coffee lacks the flavor of that which comes direct from home.

Then I cried again, for close to the curb was a pretty girl with eyes full of tears. On one side of her was her mother sympathizing with her and on the other a mannerly lad holding a flag which he was instructed to wave and a lock that looked as if it might have sandwiches in it, a flask that certainly did not hold water and a bunch of roses. It is not often that a man carries any will carry such a lot of things, but when it is for a soldier I do believe he would make an exception and carry.

And after. She had been married the day before yesterday, and she was standing out in the cold and rain that she might wave goodby to her bridegroom. When he came the sunshine ray was shoved into the recess, and, notwithstanding they tried to push him out, with the beautiful persistence of his kind he managed to deliver everything except the flowers.

And they had a note in them!

But my little lady plucked up her courage, took the note out, stuck it in her pocket, took her bouquet apart and began to throw her flowers at whoever passed. Suddenly a flower hit the face of a man who turned and looked. Who knows what passed between the two? But the man put the flower in his button hole and walked on with a smile on his face. No nurse could teach her little body so gentle and so lovingly, for so brave was her spirit. So the next day we joined her, for it seemed as if he knew that she yearned for him. They laid them away in the quiet country churchyard, where the spring blossoms looked bright and gay and birds were singing out the story of everlasting love and peace. When I looked at Marion's face, she had died while earth gone, with her baby in her arms. I thought that if she had been beautiful on her wedding day she looked like a child now.

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MISS OLIVE F. SAMPSON.

All Americans are interested in the gallant and distinguished Admiral W. T. Sampson and are therefore eager to learn anything in regard to that brave sailor's family. Miss Olive Partridge Sampson, the second daughter of the admiral, has just announced her engagement to Mr. Henry Harrison Rust, a brilliant young customer man of San Francisco. The young gentleman is in charge of California's largest wine company. Miss Sampson and Mr. Rust expect to be married in November, this of course, depending upon the generosity of the admiral home sale is to be home for the wedding at the time.

Summer Novelties In Shoes.

Summer novelties in shoes are such as correspond with the light and airy character of summer attire for women. Low shoes will be worn generally and are lighter and more elegant than ever before. Glazed kid, Russia leather and patent calf are favorite materials for low shoes. Pointed toes and high heels of a variety copied from paintings of the time of Louis XV are very popular. The shoes which are to be worn with house dresses and evening costumes are highly decorated, the ornaments being of jet, cut steel, paste and beads. Silver shoes and white canvas shoes may be popular, but scarcely as much so as in past seasons.

For the white summer shoes antelope skin is one of the most comfortable materials and is a great favorite with those ladies to whom corns and bunions are a consideration. A lovely in new walking shoes has the vamp, sides and back cut in one piece, with the patent leather pointed toe let in, so that there is no seam to press across the toes. Embroideries as extravagant as the purse can afford are fashionable, an entire vamp of silver embroidery being perhaps the extreme of the modesty, shoes with red or silver bows and red shoes with silver or white bows are not uncommon.

OUR MINERVAS IN SESSION.

The Biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs to Be Held In Denver, June 22-27.

[Copyright, 1898.]

Possibly such an array of feminine opinions has never been heard as will occur at the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs to be held in Denver June 22 to 27. All the leading clubwomen of the country will be present or at least are expected to be in attendance before the convention adjourns, and as no delegate expects to go home without having a chance to say her little say, even if it is only the seconding of a motion, the amount of talk that the convention may expect will be something appalling to those who are not impressed by the spirit of earnestness that underlies it all.

Mrs. Jennie June Croly, the veteran journalist and clubwoman, will be one of the leading lights and will tell how every fifteen years a quarter of a century ago Sorosis was organized at her suggestion, the pioneer club for women. Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, a stately, gracious and intellectual woman, wife of a leading New York physician and the late president of Sorosis, is expected. Mrs. Mary Home Hall, the present president, very modest and if so will tell of the aims and condition of the famous woman's organization.

The meetings will be presided over by Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, wife of a well known Chicago editor and one of the best known women of brains in the Windy City. Mrs. Henrotin is likely to make an address of half hour over the letter which she sent to President McKinley before the opening of the war indorsing his "masterly policy of inactivity," as a large number of the federated women are Daughters of the Revolution, Women of the G. A. R., colonial Dames, Women of the Confederacy and Daughters of the Confederacy and are therefore not in sympathy with peace societies. There are pretty certain to inquire as to the right of any individual officer to publicity and without authorization or provide for personal opinion as that of the association. It is to be hoped and is probable that Mrs. Henrotin will be able to satisfactorily explain her action.

Next Sunday several Denver pulpits will be filled by feminine divines and it is safe to predict that there will be no lack of attendants. Mrs. Lyman Abbott will occupy the pulpit of the largest Methodist church in Denver and will speak earnest words on the entertaining of the home. In the afternoon about noon and gifted Jane Addams of Hull House will address a meeting. Jane Addams is the woman who has turned into resources of civilization some of the toughest wards in South Chicago and, because she has the power of one of its ward heelers, a man who boasted that he carried one of the largest sections of Chicago in his vest pocket. It is a meeting intended for children, but in Miss Addams audience there will surely be hundreds of children of a larger growth. At 5 o'clock there will be a service and an address by a clubwoman, on the study of the Bible in women's clubs. Again at the great mass meeting to be held in the evening Jane Addams will talk on "The Spiritual Significance of Organization."

What does all this go to show? It shows the statement that the modern woman of ideas, brains and education is a cynic and a scoffer. Perhaps there may be a few among the advanced sisterhood who are conservative in their religion and raisers at their club, but women's advancement along different lines which the last 25 years have seen, has largely, if indirectly, to the club movement, has made women not atheists, but more liberal and more earnest in their seeking after the great truths of religion. The church is much stronger than it ever was when one of their institutes to do otherwise women were compelled to follow Paul's advice to "keep silent" in the sanctuary.

For the other days of the convention interesting papers will be read by the best women in the federation. A great deal of interest is to be felt in the federation in the movement to obtain government assistance and aid in preserving those relics of a vanished race. Mrs. Gilbert McClurg, who has made a special study of the cliff dwellers, has already been appointed chairman of this committee.

Many interesting meetings will be held in the evening in order that Colorado men may have a chance after business hours to enjoy these gatherings of wit and wisdom and beauty. In return the western men are really appreciated, for the western men have learned what his eastern brothers have been slower in grasping—that a woman may be skilled in all the lore of the students and moderns and still know how to look extraordinarily lovely in a Paris gown and bonnet.

Mrs. Edward Rathbone is to give a party of the clubwomen up to her beautiful castle in the heart of the San Juan to spend a day with her. Mrs. Rathbone is one of the wealthiest women of Colorado, and her private car will be placed at the disposal of the indisposed. Beautiful and gifted Mrs. Ellich, who lives in almost feudal splendor on her estate near Denver, will also entertain the ladies one day. Mrs. Ellich is the only woman in the world who has a private botanical garden. Mrs. Alva Adams, wife of Colorado's governor, and Mrs. L. E. Campbell, a niece of Mrs. U. S. Grant, are among other hostesses.

Denver has one of the largest and most prosperous women's press clubs in the country, and during the convention it will keep open house for women writers. A guidebook and excursion souvenir has been prepared by the club, and a trip will be presented to each delegate. Open house will also be kept by the Denver Daughters of the Revolution, the Suffrage association and the Denver Women's club.

Most of the officers of the federation are eastern women—that is, women who live east of the Mississippi river. Western ladies have always been entitled to offices, but hitherto the choice of office have been carried off by the residents of the east or the middle east. The next series of officers to be elected at this convention for two years will more than likely comprise ladies of the great and forceful west. These officers may be said to be the "immortals" of America's brainy womanhood.

The present officers of the club federation are: President, Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin; vice president, Mrs. Alice Ives Bond of Massachusetts, a possible candidate for the presidency; recording secretary, Mrs. C. P. Barnes of Kentucky; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Philip N. Moore of Missouri; treasurer, Mrs. Frank Trumbull of Colorado; auditor, Miss Annie Laws of Ohio. The board of directors includes Mrs. Erla H. Osgood of Maine, Mrs. Laura E. Blount of Washington, Miss Sophia B. Wright of New Orleans, Mrs. Emmons of San Francisco, Mrs. Esther Allen Johns of Spokane, Wash., Mrs. George W. Townsend of Buffalo, Mrs. Frances H. Ford of Omaha, Mrs. Edward Longstreth of Philadelphia and Miss Clara Conway of Chicago.

An Airy Creation

By F. K. M. DONOVITRICK

As red as the lily that blows
And vividly trembles and glows
On the moorland all day
To the halcyon's lay
And the surge of the wild undertows.

As blue as the billow that leaps,
As white as the sea foam that creeps
In the teeth of the gale,
And as white as the sail
That glimmers and gleams on the deeps.

Fashioned so airily,
Sculptured so fairly,
Light as the light zephyr lulled to repose:
Sweet as the papery
Of a dream drapery,
Sweet as the night zephyr kissing the rose.

Lissom and willowy,
Breezy and billowy,
Witching, mysterious, dainty, divine:
Languorous fluffiness,
Wind dimpled puffiness—
What an imperious beauty is thine!

Flimsy, diaphanous, light as the snow;
Darkling and sparkling, with life all aglow—
Such is the witchery lent by the cute
Summer girl unto her new bathing suit.
When she slides into it,
When she glides into it,
Then shine the charms of her blue bathing suit.

WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

The Hon. Mrs. Henniker, who has written so many successful stories, will shortly publish a new book, called "Sent but the Said." This novel depicts life among the upper and middle classes.

The Countess de Casa Valencia, wife of the ex-Spanish ambassador, has instituted in the queen regent of Spain to be used as her majesty may direct.

Miss Honor Morton has succeeded in obtaining the appointment of a woman medical officer of the London school board at a salary not exceeding £150 per annum. Her duty will be to examine children alleged to be defective and also any women applicants who may desire to be examined by her.

Mrs. Livingstone has been appointed by the Canadian department of the interior to superintend the emigration of the superior class of domestic servants from Great Britain. For this purpose Mrs. Livingstone will go to England to meet and bring out the girls.

Dr. Anna Shalmoff has been elected president of the club for women, recently established in St. Petersburg, which is called the Russian Women's Mutual Help society. The club already numbers over 1,000 members, among whom are doctors of medicine and professors, etc. Until recently the Russian law did not allow of women's clubs, but after numerous appeals to the imperial authors, etc. Until recently the Russian law did not allow of women's clubs, but after numerous appeals to the imperial authors the prohibition was removed.

Princess Louise has promised to execute a statuette of the queen, to be placed over the western porch of Manchester cathedral, representing her majesty as a schoolgirl. In 1851 she also visited Manchester in connection with the art treasures exhibition.

The queen of Roumania is at present learning to play the flute and practices diligently several hours a day. Her majesty, who is very fond of music, often plays the harmonium in the Protestant church of the Abbaye on Sundays.

Mrs. Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock), the novelist, who has been considered a follower of Mr. Howells and Mr. James, has a new novel ready, called "The Juggler," which promises to be as interesting as her previous works.