WOMAN'S WAYS AND WOMAN'S WORK

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE OF HEARTS.

How the Desired Political Consummation Is Being Hastened by the Machinations of That Sly Little God, Cupid.

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The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's advocacy of an Anglo-American alliance is scarcely a matter of surprise to those who know the distinguished statesman. The influence of his young and beautiful wife, who was an American girl of the most strongly patriotic mold, is well known in London. She is an Indianapolis daughter of ex-Secretary of War William C. Endicott and a descendant of Mary and Governor John Endicott of Puritan New England days. It is a family that in spite of the turns of fortune's wheel has always managed to retain wealth and social consequence. Mrs. Chamberlain has a large fortune invested in this country, and Mr. Chamberlain is also said to have purchased valuable interests both at the time of his visit to America when he met his wife, in 1887, and later when he came here in regard to the Venezuela affair.

No American woman residing on Tyburn soil is more devoted to her native land than is the wife of the great English statesman. With his avowedly democratic views Mr. Chamberlain has always been an admirer of this great republic. The cordial reception given him by the press and public on these occasions when he has visited this country could not increase his cordiality toward the American people.

His own career is strikingly similar to that of many American men. He is by birth a man of the people, for, as he himself says, his grandfather was a Wiltshire laborer who worked for 5 shillings a week. His father was a manufacturer of wooden screws, and to his business the son succeeded. At 38 he retired an independently wealthy man and devoted himself to gratifying his ambition for political power. He entered politics when about 22 years of age and as one of the officials of his native city, Birmingham, placed it on the road to becoming one of the richest municipalities in the world. He has always proclaimed himself the friend of the poor man and the workingman. He was a friend of and pronounced the funeral oration of the great commoner, the Hon. John Bright, also of Birmingham.

Once the friend of Mr. Gladstone and one of the leaders of the Liberals, he left the party with his adherents at the time home rule was taken up by it. From the most radical of Liberalists he became the most pronounced of Tories, so much so that Queen Victoria and the royal family regard him as one of the bulwarks of imperialism. He is on the most friendly terms with the queen, and he and his wife are often asked to dine at Windsor castle, an honor conceded by none of the realm.

If he were prime minister of England, and it is acknowledged that the premiership is the object of his ambitions, it is probable the queen would be greatly pleased. Under Lord Salisbury's government Mr. Chamberlain holds the position of secretary of state for the colonies. His stated object is the consolidation of the bonds of Britain's dependencies, the extension of colonial trade and commercial alliances and the demonstration of the statement that "blood is thicker than water." In line with this policy is his speech in favor of a union of the two great sections of Anglo-Saxon origin. No man in England probably exercises as great an influence on English politics as does Mrs. Chamberlain through the distinguishability of her famous husband.

London society is now said to be largely in the hands of American women of wealth who have married into the oldest and noblest families of England. To select from among these beautiful and titled women the ones who have or may have made or do with relations about as alliance between Engand and America would be a very difficult matter.

The daughter of Mr. W. E. Vanderbilt of New York probably represents the most conspicuous title in England. She is the present Duchess of Marlborough, the first holder of that title herself been the famous Sarah Jennings, noted for her beauty, her wit and her bad temper. Sarah Jennings was one of the cleverest women of her time and was probably the idol of England through Queen Anne, as she was—if her bit, handsome, good natured husband, John Churchill, who won the battle of Blenheim.

Since the days of John Churchill and Sarah Jennings there have not been one Marlborough who succeeded in much, and the presentation of Blenheim castle to the family by the English government as a mark of its appreciation of Churchill's victories proved to be a very Dead Sea fruit. For the fortunes of the Marlboroughs have been dissipated in keeping up this magnificent establishment, which is scarcely surpassed even of the royal castles of England. The last Duke of Marlborough, who was divorced from his first wife, Lady Blanche, daughter of the Duke of Abercorn and a very estimable lady, while on a visit to America married Miss Hamlin, a rich widow, who knew pretty well how to take care of her money.

This lady took considerable interest in the historic castle, but while Duchess of Marlborough she had little cause to shine in English society, as the queen, owing to her friendship for Lady Blandford, refused to receive her at court. The wife of the present Duke of Marlborough is young, beautiful and a great favorite in London, she has taken a great interest in English politics, but has never forgotten to remain to follow the affairs of her native land. If the millions which her father, the head of Chicago, her husband, recently accumulated in a city of trade and which her mother Jessie Bright originally contributed to speculating in wheat, will be called on in Anglo-American alliance, it is certain Mrs. Cecil is sure of it and needs a good deal of her 5 cents for that is something are statesmen of England to her.

Lady Terence Blackwood was a Miss Davis of California before she allied herself with the house of the great Marquis of Dufferin. Her husband bears the courtesy title of Lord Terence St. George, the younger brother, the Earl of Ava, is the heir to the title. The Blackwoods have always been noted for brave men, and Lady Terence, although a Blackwood by marriage, is sure to go her share toward upholding the family record. The Dufferins have a reputation of the old school and served alike as lord lieutenants of Ireland and later as governor general of Canada. As an advocate of an Anglo-American alliance his influence would be great.

There are scores of other American girls married to Englishmen who are anxious to cement the bonds of friendship between their adopted country and the land of their adoption. The present Countess of Craven is a daughter of Mrs. Bradley Martin of New York, while the Countess of Essex, Miss Adele Grant, was one of the belles of New York and Newport. Besides these are Lady Grey-Egerton, the London society belle, who was Miss Cyrene; Lady Naylor-Leyland and Lady Hesketh.

Nor must the Duchess of Manchester be forgotten, although her part in London society has been a small one owing to the frequent illness of her family, she is a southern woman, a daughter of Senor Tenaga of Havanna, La. The eldest son of the duchess has lost an heiress, a daughter of the rich English ship builder and owner, Lady Listerdale and Mrs. Jack Fowler are her sisters.

ADÈLE DE HERLIT.

AMERICAN WIVES OF FAMOUS ENGLISHMEN.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Bab Hears the Tender Missive Read and Is Thereupon Moved to Comment Upon the Serious Side of Life.

(Copyright, 1898.)

I was sitting all alone when the letter came, and the minute I saw the handwriting on the envelope I began to tremble. You know how some handwritings announce that they are nice just so plainly on the address as they do on the inside, and that they bring good tidings. Some others write where meet about their businesses, and once in awhile a clear businessy scrawl seems to say, "Hurry, Mr. Postman, as we are expecting you," and that means a late letter. There is a sweet feel to be discovered in handwriting, but I know what this was even before I read it. It was a note from Molly asking me to come to luncheon to hear a story from her boy. Said boy will come in to assimilate the Boston, the Philadelphia and the Chicago he was meeting the daughts of Florida water, and to confessed that time hung heavy on his hands. Though he was very much in love, consequently very loose and positively certain that no standard could ever get the better of him-self, he is tested his pedigree back to the grandfather of Christopher Columbus.

We had a good luncheon. Women nowadays are educated up to good food. Then Molly read us extracts from Jack's letter. She skipped whole paragraphs, when she blushed and said something about "politics that would not interest you, poor old maid," and we all looked at morning as people do who have gone through the same thing themselves and wish they could do so again.

Jack wrote among other things:

"You would hardly be surprised at the fancy stuffs for the encouragement of the swallowing of food, but now—well, now I can eat hoss that the average New Yorker would scorn, and drink coffee that nearly tastes as if it were the plasters out of a cup that had held coffee. But when you feel that you are serving your country you don't care about such little things as navarin and chicken a la comode or Champagne cooled to the proper temperature. You forget all about those things and, my dear Molly, you would be almost startled to see what a wonderful cook Tom Crawley has got to be. You remember him—the little fellow whose clothes were always so immaculate that they almost made your teeth ache? Well, he can cook eggs not only half them, but fry and do other things to them in a way that would cause a Turk to come upon the face of the best chef in New York, and as for some of his sauces made up of nothing and such stuff, really the boys will do us and we like it so will receive a crust of the next. What a gift that would be—the ability to cook. I guess I shall always remember my mother for not having taught me. Think how much use I might be to my country, whereas, now, when we are waiting around for something to happen, I can only enjoy the delights of another man's ability. When I say cooking, I do not mean just ordinary cooking, but to make coffee so pretty girls are dotty at that. Though a lot of them coke to a good thing—but I mean the qualities of life, sans motion, sans coffee without sans in them and lots of it. What kind of coffee that is, Molly? Well, I don't know. I don't think I ever saw it, but I know it is delicious and serves to stick to your bone and enumerate your aspects."

Here we did laugh.

Then we read the epaulette. Jack the elegant, Jack the pride of the most fashionable clubs, finding delight in boiled eggs and a soup that he describes as "thickish." Oh, ah! After a little more laugh and a little more cordial Molly read on:

"You ask me what we do. Every day we are hoping to sail, but another and then and after that the week of the 15th. Dear and everything is cleared up and, by the way, I might tell you as a fact to your ear that there is nothing which we need from home. Tell your mother, when I can get it, I will use it on the barracks, and, against with a considerable amount of chicken wings, it helped to sell an ever which had gone so brilliant as your dark eyes we just war around and talk and talk. Women have not the monopoly of talking in this world though probably they do the most. Men are hoping for it. We talk politics, discuss important questions and then come down to children. By the bye, have you heard the last? Here can you make one guess a thousand and other bid Spaniards? In this way, of course:

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"Is that a chestnut? If it is, for me for any poor boy you are running now. I suppose you girls are getting up things to send to the Cuban ladies. I hope you dropped your money on scarlet threads. Billy Montgomery got a box from home the other day, and in it were a large wax angel and a little girl in a dress made of fine things belonging to a dark mounted in silver; three pounds of candy that had melted to about the thickness of ink, a box of cigarettes, a pair of slippers and two bottles of the finest perfume. My dear, it is a dreadful thing, but I assure you that William of the Moulinet stacks up boxes and packs in and fixed things around in a way that was absolutely childish, but not a bit black. What we really want are those rooms, those sweeping balls, those lawns, a boating pen and one of those tiny little machine cases that hold a few bottles of ardea, which hand, etc., as mentioned, and a pretty girl and something to read. Billy got one of the latest new novels among his gifts, but it was bound in glose of satin and for that reason entirely useless. We want a lot of paper books and magazines that can be handed around among our friends and if necessary left behind for the enemy without there being a single regret at the loss.

"I have taken rather a fancy to one fellow here. He is an elderly chap—that is, he seems elderly to me—but as he was not in the regular service and was in the Confederate army he cannot be what you call aged. He told us a good story the other night while we were all sitting on the porch, for women or little or anything that is sweet. He said that while the men of his family were all away and it was announced that the Yankees were coming there, they hunted and came into the city they hid the silver family silver. Of this they had a great quantity. Some of it had been given to the family in the Carey family (his name) in Charles City, or before the Revolution by some of the Lees and Careys on the other side of the water. While many came from friends in the colonies. The women had buried it but a little hole to hide from us, and he could not dig a very deep hole. They were in a hurry to get away and did the best they could in the way of burying their treasures. When peace was declared, they came back and looked for the silver, but, alas and alack, it had disappeared! A few days after Miss Carey was sitting on the veranda one afternoon when up drove an express wagon in which was a big box. The express man asked, "Does this belong to the Carey family that lived in this house on the Jackson road during the war?" She said she did. But she was Mrs. Carey. He handed her a receipt and told her to sign, but a receipt that demanded her signature so that a well known jeweler might know it had reached its destination. Jack there was no to carry that box into the house and when it was opened there stood a magnificent chest in which was every piece of the silver burnished and made to look as if it were just from new. With it was a letter which said that the silver had been taken by a great deal by the Union army who at the time supplied it as the spoils of war. It never entered the head that somebody of such feeling would think of returning it, but it was therefore a little stranger until he got a letter from his heart at her feet, and she was determined to pick it up. His great fad was to be married. He had to be married when the wedding day came. He was, my dear, a lover. I have a present for you that I am sure you will love—beautiful work of refined silver, fine piece of modern silver. Now, guess what it is, you never saw. I must tell you how I got it, and tomorrow you can go to the store with me, look at it and decide whether the end justifies which he takes off the new one put on."

"After she heard the story her friendship changed a temper that her sweet, smart had never shown, and she pouted, and then and then she called him a thief, and then and there she announced that until that silver was returned to the owner she would not believe and would never marry him. The consequence was that he hunted the lady would write her a note announcing the arrival of the silver, saying that every piece was there, and, humble man, he had the honesty to tell her that it would not have been had up so. Only if he had not succeeded to give it to a sweet-heart.

"We all laughed over the story, and now, Molly, you marry before this part, but it's true. A tall, fine son of Vermont drawled out, 'Do you belong to the Carrys?' and my friend modest his head, and the Vermonter said, 'I knew the Carrys well. I had a cousin married one of the Carrys and he married one of the Carrys and that ever were born in Virginia.' It is funny how war brings out romance.

"The gentleman from Vermont was on to say that when he started he felt the sentiment from the week years ago his mother gave him a little to which was written on the first cap his name in 1861. Well, I guess, I will tell you a little incident happened to the Union army, it was late in a hurry, as as well as I can remember, he said, there were no caps. So he tore a leaf out of his little sanctimonious book and put it in his cap. At Gettysburg, he said, he was hit in the head by a bullet and he felt the leaf. Once