

By DORRENCE KEENE

CASUALLY something happens, and it usually happens in some forsaken portion of our United States or territories there of, where civilization is not and sudden death are most plentiful. Accordingly, the fact that something happens to somebody in Washington says nothing and somebody else does things— and behold, there spring up from somewhere sundry profane soldiers who carry civilization in their cartridges and progress at the point of the bayonet. For, in moments of stress, the viewpoint of the army is charmingly crude. Following is a hysterical epistle of a soldier's epistle. Also, sometimes, a congressional investigation, or perhaps a grand jury and honors and whatnot. It depends upon the circumstances—that is, the political circumstances.

To the men of the army the garlands and tributes are accepted with childlike delight. Some are known to him, drilled and clearly heart there is the consciousness of having done a big thing well, and being most intensely human, he gives his ear to the praise of his fellow elite.

And then again, garlands are few, while congressional committees are prolific. The army knows that it is impossible to explain to the gentleman from Long Island or Poughkeepsie, N. Y., that a little brown brother, hopping in and out of the brush, fanatically desiring of clearing up an American citizen with a poisoned bullet, has little regard for the federal statutes at large. And, of course, neither has Sammy, Jr., the uncommercial gentleman who has enlisted for reasons best known to himself and whose duty it is to catch the forehead Moro, and generally clear the path for those that follow after Private Sammy does that which follows after it according to circumstances, which are essentially nonpolitical. Therefore it happens on occasions that the forehead Moro is sent juggling into eternity and Sammy Jr. regards himself with a pleased grin. Also, circumstances force him to other untoward steps. Once there was a famous soldier, Mulvaney by name, who took the town of Lungtuppen, "na-kid as Vanus," and who, prior thereto, helped the department of information of the British empire, with the judicious administration of his bleeding red. Which goes to show that between Private Sammy and the crown of the highly Anglo-Saxon understanding—particularly as regards the treatment of black and brown brothers.

All this is merely preamble, but when the Moro has been carted away and the congressional committee has committed itself and the garlands are forgotten Private Sammy goes back to his own life, which to him is a highly interesting affair. Somewhere, somehow, there remains in his brain an impression that he is allowed the pursuit of happiness which he pursues. It is his own way and in his own place in the bullet holes of Juan de Puka, which race by the sanctified heights of Fort Worden, have heard his raucous choruses, the water-gates dotting the desolation of Fort Riley know his foot print. On a Florida sandpit, in the snows of Alaska, in the heat of the islands, he pursues it—and catches what little is left of it.

The world which praises and abuses him knows him not, nor his life. The point of view is entirely different. A ponderous civilian at the window of the paying hotel at a local bank observed an officer in uniform standing behind him.

"Well, I guess the country is safe," observed the rotund one, gazing superciliously at the uniform.

"Thank you, sir," said the officer, saluting.

This officer was a boy lieutenant, and his sarcasm was natural. For within his short space of years he had played with the fangs of death and made snooks at the powers of darkness. A short time previously, at Luzon, he was ordered to find the bodies of two soldiers that had been murdered. The orders were to find the bodies, so of course they were dead.

A surgeon and a surgeon he pursued his way through jungle scrub and cholera infested lands, without food, dressed with rain, sleeping in swamps. They found them, and were tied alive over a red-hot nail, after being slapped with a bolo, and the other had been knifed and gagged with a portion of his own intestines. The supercilious circumferential gentleman did not know of such things and this is what stings—there seem to be so many citizens of the country whose ideas of the work of the army is equally limited. Unfortunately, the men who do big things cannot talk about them.

It follows that what the man of the army has to undergo, so must the woman of the army. The outside world knows the work of the army, but not it. It sees in her life a succession of anxiety events and realizations and the horrible other side. Here is an illustration.

Some years ago, in "the days of the empires," a little army woman went as a bride with her doc-

tor husband to Manila. They were ordered at once to a native village up the valley, where a company of infantry was stationed to guard the water supply for Manila. The natives, you see, had a habit of spreading the bodies of victims of cholera into the rivers and wells, thereby making it impossible to drink the water. It was pleasant for those whitey things who had to drink. Such things are not mentioned in the glossy reports of the press.

Of course the wife could have remained behind, but she did not. She was possessed with the archaic belief common to the army that

Her husband came in for dinner and rushed away again. Whereupon little Mrs. Army Woman went to her trunk and for the first time unpacked all the finery of the days that had been.

"I found a dress which I had worn at a dance at the Presidio the last time," she said, "and I cried and I cried."

Before leaving, the husband had completed a chest against the door, locking her in completely, this being deemed the safest plan. Therefore on leaving he had to crawl through the window, and as he hung on the window sill she bent forward and splash into the disease infested pools. Altogether it was as nice a spot for the pursuit of happiness as could be found in the loneliness and the dark and the centipedes and cried. The wind whipped the banana palms against the house, the rain slashed down, she heard the birds scolding against the door, looking her in fear and wonder. She was called "tuck-coo" so that she jumped up in fear and alarm waiting and wondering.

All through the night she lived the horrors

THEY FOUND THEM

the place of the wife's by her husband. So with him she plunged through the jungle to the camp. She was the first white woman in the place and the only other one of her kind was 20 miles away. The situation was decidedly pleasant. The house was like an inverted waste-paper basket, a three-roomed bamboo shack set up on bamboo poles. One room was dubbed the centipede dormitory because—well, because every time the bride went in it she found centipedes and other things. There were other advantages. There was no stove and the cooking had to be done over hot coals. Also the water had to be boiled and purified, not alone the water for drinking purposes, but also for washing.

"There was so much cholera," she explained.

The meals were served with wire nettings over the tables and above and about them and around them was the one thought—cholera. There were other delights. The roads were out. A sentry had been booled. The roads were knee deep in mud and the rain poured down in torrents.

There came a night when the very sky was tried to its uttermost. The rain had fallen ceaselessly. Pools were under the house and cholera was in the air. Now as she gazed at the canned milk, the canned butter and the canned meats she wondered if she could eat all they can. Somehow or other the steaming thought of the girlhood days made her choke. The rain and the storm and the centipedes and things which got on her nerves.

"I HAD NO DRESS WHICH I HAD WORN AT A DANCE AT THE PRESIDIO"

The storm passed and there followed the silences, weird, unromantic, of dripping water, of moving things underfoot. Ultimately she heard the splash of kindly American boots, and looking outside saw a wet specimen of Private Sammy, marching philosophically up and down on sentry go. She called to him, half hysterical, and he answered her in cheerful words. Reassured, she waited for her husband's appearance, wrapped in an army blanket, chilled to the heart. Later, when her husband and daylight had come, she learned that the last evening opposite a window with a lighted candle by her, offering a splendid mark for the prowling Filipino sharpshooters.

This was an experience and one which the fat gentleman to the bank had never imagined. To the army this ignorance and narrowness is incomprehensible. The acrony and bloody sweat of hiding death has gripped an officer that outside says Sam cannot understand why the gentleman who employ him for this class of work do not realize that there are particular horrors connected with it. But the officer does not speak of them, but his gorge rises within him when fat gentlemen sneer at the uniform which he has made respected.

But he remembers the pursuit of happiness and the day comes when he is ordered home. Then it is that the army and its women, gathered aft, watch the walls of Manila fade from their vision. The crowd of thought and things, horror, horrible and happy, of cholera and poisoned bolo, of the perfume of the Chiang-shiang and the first night of the war, the cantabulary band played songs of home, around the Luneta, San Francisco Call.

THEY FOUND THEM

THEY are enough to almost make those gay velvet blossoms that maddo and matrons are wearing on their millinery. Big, fat poppies, giant wild roses, the climatic and poinsettias and some blossoms that must have sprung from the brain of the flower-maker, are blooming in rich, bright colors, that will show brighter still against a background of snow.

Besides these, there are the little roses made of silk and metal tissues that are the quaintest and prettiest things the cunning of artists have done. The bright green foliage is made of satin. The tightly folded blossoms and buds are set in prim groups about crowns or in single clusters at some point on the hat. They are used on all kinds of hats, but seem at their best on those of fur. One of the handsomest turbans has a drooping brim of sealskin, a tall scented puff of crown of silver tissue and

Models of Some of the Best Ideas That Have Developed During the Season.

For this costume black and white material is employed. The skirt is one of those that is not more than 2 1/2 yards round foot. The panel front is of black taffetas, continued in a deep band at foot; the edge is just finished by a row of mar-

ribbon, white wings, and a white lace veil.

Materials required for the costume: 5 yards 44 inches checked material, 2 yards double width taffetas, 4 yards silk 22 inches wide for lining jacket, 2 buttons.

To make a milliner's fold

The Cutting of the Material is the Only Thing to Be Kept in Mind.

To make a milliner's or French fold, cut the material three times the width that you wish to be when it is finished. Then fold a third of this width back on the wrong side, and fold down the middle of the fold when finished. Place the raw edge of the material on the wrong side, and place the raw edge of the material on the wrong side, and place the raw edge of the material on the wrong side.

Chic Hat for a Child.

Among the new display of fashions for the little ones was a fine French felt hat, trimmed with a soft, fluffy mushroom shape. The trimming was a soft ribbon passed around the crown and held down with trim little bows, one on each side. The hat was a soft, fluffy mushroom shape.

Dancing Frocks.

Dancing frocks for the smart girl are of chiffon, tulle or embroidered; with marcelle, some other light, sheer fabric. All of these are made over things of satin, mesaline or silk. Nearly all silk frocks are veiled to soften the effect.



When the Liver is Out of Tune

The whole system is off the key—stomach upset, bowels sluggish, head heavy, skin sallow and the eyes dull. You cannot be bright again until the cause of the trouble is removed. Correct the flow of bile, and gently stimulate the liver to healthful action by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

The bile remedy that is safe to use and convenient to take. A dose or two will relieve the most chronic constipation, operate the bowels, carry new life to the blood, clear the head and improve the digestion.

These old family pills are the natural remedy for all bile complaints and quickly help the liver to

Strike the Key-note of Health

Small bouquets of these silk and tulle blossoms set about the hat. They are as vivid and rich as jewels.

Milliners use satin or ribbon, panne velvet and gold or silver cloth to make them. A sudden fancy for them has sprung up and everywhere, on fine hats, they delight the admirer of real millinery art. They are expensive because they take time, and not because they consume much material. That used, however, is of the best grade in order to get best results in color.

A hat covered with white satin draped with black chiffon is shown here. Popples of velvet in white and bright red are set about half the brim and against the crown at the left side. A bow of velvet ribbon is pierced at the right side. This is a very handsome model and might be attempted with every change of success, by the home milliner.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

REMEMBER

PISO'S

for COUGHS & COLDS

Thompson's Eye Water

HOT STUFF



When It's "What for Breakfast?"

Try Post Toasties

Serve with cream or milk and every member of the family will say "Post Toasties" good. And don't be surprised if they want a second helping.

"The Memory Lingers"

Post Toasties Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

A RECEPTACLE FOR TWINE

Easily Made Contrivance That Will Be Found Useful and Convenient.

Cut out two lengths of Art linen, 13 inches long by 3/4 inches wide. Fold the upper edge of each piece in to form a band of taffetas. Turn in the outer edge of each piece. Sew the two pieces together with narrow satin ribbon of the same or contrasting shade. Through the front point make a eyelet and overhead the three lower sides, so as to form a bag for the string ball. Now pass the string end through the eyelet, and simply pull off as required. If the outer edge is to be embroidered or hand-painted with some appropriate design, flowers, or pictorial designs or suggested by an apron or other article, it is a good idea to use a different color of thread, the string being comparable to the web she spins.

A Workbasket Hint.

Keep your workbasket several garments safety pins, and use these

Mills' Opinion of Marriage

Among the letters written by the illustrious abolitionist, and statesman, John Stuart Mill, recently published, is the following document, dated March 5, 1851, upon the occasion of his marriage to Mrs. Taylor, with whom he had lived since long before the event of her widowhood.

"Being asked, if I was as happy as to be in her content, in entering into the marriage relation with the only woman

I have ever known with whom I would have entered into that state, and the whole character of the married relation as constituted by law being such as both she and I entirely and conscientiously disapprove, for this, among other reasons, that it confers upon one of the parties to the contract legal power and control over the person and property and freedom of the other party, independent of her own wishes and will. I, having no means of legally divesting myself of these obvious powers (as I must assuredly do) on the engagement to marry her, and feeling it my duty to do so on record a formal protest against the existing law of marriage, in so far as it confers such powers and a woman, promise never in any case or under any circumstances to use them.

"And in the event of marriage being dissolved, by the legal act of divorce, I will be my will and intention to aban-