

Bravery of Boer Women in War

The bravery of the Boer men is characteristic as well of the Boer women, and the wives of the dauntless soldiers of South Africa are playing an important part in the war as did the famous female defenders of Aix-la-Chapelle in the middle ages. They die in the trenches beside their husbands, rifle in hand, or fight on when the men have fallen. In the storm and stress of battle the men have dominated it, almost to the exclusion of a thought of the women, except collectively, which is not the way to think of women, while the individual men of the Boer army have, by the very force of circumstances, stood conspicuously out. Yet the womanhood of all nations, vibrating emotionally in sympathy, can attune itself in sympathetic thought with those sturdy Dutch dames who are making such a struggle for their country.

First of the Boer women, by position no less than by the interest which surrounds her, is the wife of the president of the Transvaal republic. She is the first woman of the country, but there is little to distinguish her from the wives of any of the

instinct of an innate gift for war—a genius not unfeminine, for was not Bellona as much the goddess as was Mars the god of war? If in her warlike attitude and in the slightness of her figure the antipode of Mrs. Kruger, Mme. Joubert is at least her equal in the possession of the domestic virtues. When she could not serve her husband by advice and help in the field she saw to it that nothing that he needed was lacking and with her own hands would peel the potatoes for his dinner with as much nonchalance as if she were the cook of the canteen, all unconscious of the fact that her husband was commander-in-chief of the Boer army. During the last native war, undeterred by the heat and the fever, she joined him.

As a glory departed must one write of Mrs. Steyn, who, had the plans of the "late president of the Orange Free State"—as Lord Roberts called him in his dispatch—and President Kruger not emulated those best-laid plans of mice and men and gone aglay, would in due course have been the wife of the second president of that great South African Republic reaching from the Zambesi to the Cape. Here is the romance of the chief Boer women, though her life has not been all prettiness, for she has helped her husband as much as it was possible for her to do in the early days of his career, and there are, it is said, hundreds of documents in the archives of the supreme court at Bloemfontein which are in her writing. Mrs. Steyn suggests the fratricidal nature of the war, for Scotch blood flows in her veins, her father having been at one time a minister of the north of Scotland.

What obtains with the three likewise obtains with the wife of the supposedly invincible Cronje, who, Napoleonlike, fell before the modern Wellington of the British army. The epitome of her life is found in the request of her husband, who in the moment of his defeat asked first that his wife might not be separated from him. When the history of the war comes to be written the names of these four women will not appear, but if the history of these four women were to be written the world might then read the real history of the war.

Living Fashion Models

This week we print the photograph of a long outing coat for driving and general sporting wear during summer travels. It is of light weight covert cloth, cut to fit the figure gracefully and is of the popular beige color with velvet collar and cuffs.

To those who are looking for the latest in hats we reproduce another of the yellow pastel straw toques that lead in popularity just at present. The straw is crushed into a decorative shape and its only trimming is a knot of dull green velvet and two long black quills.

The third design is a dress hat for a young girl of cream chip with bow of claret colored velvet mounted on the crown, while the brim is elaborately dressed with black satin violets and ox-eyed daisies.

Told Out of Court

This is so true that it is interesting—very much so, reports the Lewiston (Me.) Journal. A well known Maine attorney is especially noted for his keenness in looking out for the best end of every bargain—and for his ability in getting hold of that end. It has made him unpopular in some circles—has that trait of his!

One deal not long ago he was in with a couple of friends—men of wealth and standing. Business was good the first year. There was a generous division of profits. But the lawyer wasn't satisfied with what was coming to him, share and share alike with the others. After receiving his proper whack

as a partner he exacted \$500 more for "counsel fees." He said that as a lawyer he was worth that much more to the deal. This was a new way of looking at the matter, but the bill was resignedly allowed by the friends.

They were pretty good business men, understand. In a little while they saw that the venture wasn't panning out very well. So the shrewd men of affairs quietly unloaded without saying anything to their partner. Then a little later came the crash.

The lawyer hurried around to hold a consolation meeting with the other two. "Gracious, isn't this too bad," moaned he. "I lost so-and-so. How much did you fellows drop? You must have been hit pretty hard."

"You're wrong, old boy," came the cheerful duet. "We never lost a dollar; no, we never lost a cent. Tra la."

"What-t-t!" "Never lost a dollar! We saw it coming two months ago. Had a tip. Unloaded. All out!"

"Well, then, why in the name of all that's square and above board, didn't you tell me?" "Well, we could have, had you allowed us \$500 counsel fees when you took yours. See?"

Once upon a time, relates the Detroit Journal, a trust, desiring to do business in Missouri, hired a lawyer for \$50,000 a year.

The lawyer deemed it best to be perfectly frank with the authorities.

"You tolerate robbers," he ventured.

"Yes," replied the authorities.

"Well, we are robbers," the lawyer observed, quietly exulting in his logical clinch.

"But all robbers are not incorporated under the laws of New Jersey!" thundered the authorities, with a terrible look.

Has an Abstainer

"President Hayes was a total abstainer at home. Scoffers said he drank only the 'O. P. brands.' His state dinners, otherwise very elegant and costly, were served without wines. The only concession to conviviality was Roman punch flavored with Jamaica rum. Everts was accustomed to allude to this course as 'the life-saving station.'"

"Rising to address informally the guests at a Thanksgiving dinner, he began: 'You have been giving your attention to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to consider a sage stuffed with turkey.'"

"When he was secretary of state in the cabinet of President Hayes the struggle for places in the diplomatic service was very active. As he was leaving the elevator at the close of a very busy day he said the conductor since noon had 'taken up a very large collection for foreign missions;' and when asked what had been done, he replied: 'Many called, but few chosen.'"



MINUET CLUB OF OMAHA—Photo by Rinehart.

Chicago Woman Outwits Prime Minister

Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, who is without question the leading woman journalist of America, says Harper's Bazar, was the first woman editor to be recognized abroad. In view of the fact that many women will be among the reporters of the present exposition in Paris, the following story of Mrs. Sullivan's experience at the opening of the last exposition is interesting:

At the request of the general manager of the Associated Press, William Henry Smith, the Chicago Tribune gave three months' leave of absence to a member of its editorial staff, Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, to serve as special cable correspondent of the Associated Press at the previous exposition at Paris. Mrs. Sullivan's instructions were to proceed in time to make a thorough preliminary study of the entire subject, with a view to rendering her cablegrams of practical benefit to the American people. Her first dispatch of 5,000 words was to analyze the exhibition as a whole and to describe the opening ceremonial, certain to be picturesque and impressive. This was to appear in the American daily papers the morning after the opening. Four subsequent cablegrams of 3,000 words each, to appear consecutive Sundays, were to be devoted to respectively the department of fine arts, the industrial arts, education and manufactures. Mrs. Sullivan was the unanimous choice of the directors of the Associated Press, among whom then were Charles A. Dana, Joseph Medill, Whitelaw Reid and Henry Watterson. They were of opinion that Mrs. Sullivan's exceptional education, her capacity as editorial writer for leading journals and magazines and her previous visits to Paris especially qualified her for this duty.

Mrs. Sullivan reached Paris a month in advance of the opening of the exhibition. The American commissioner informed her that there were already 3,000 applications for place at the opening ceremonial, which was to be held under the dome of the fine arts building, where there were only 1,500 seats, and that it would be impossible to secure admission there for any press representative. Our minister, Allen McLane, unsuccessfully endeavored to induce the exhibition authorities to make an exception in favor of the cable writer of the Associated Press, which then, in fact, represented the entire press of the nation. The final argument against the application was that the special cable representative was a woman, and no woman would be admitted to the ceremonial, which was to be exclusively official. Seats would be provided, however, for Mrs. Sullivan and her traveling companion in a gallery above the

dome, with Mme. Carnet and other distinguished persons. Finding that from the gallery it would be impossible to see the scene below or hear a word of the proceedings Mrs. Sullivan declined to go there and her credentials were laid before Prime Minister Tirard, who had the exhibition in charge. The minister received Mrs. Sullivan cordially, but as to admitting her to the opening ceremony—"Mais, Mme. Sullivan est une dame," it was impossible—Mrs. Sullivan was a lady. Mrs. Sullivan modestly assented and won the minister at once by archly adding, "and is confident of finding the first minister of France a gentleman."

"Mais," the government of the republic of France had never given official recognition to a lady. "Mais, mais," courteously said Mrs. Sullivan, "it is time for the government of the French republic to make a precedent." The precedent was made forthwith. A reallocation of diplomatic seats was ordered and a chair assigned to Mrs. Sullivan—three chairs from Minister Tirard, four from the president of France, M. Carnet—and one near by was reserved for her traveling companion. An official order further inserted Mrs. Sullivan's name in the officially recognized category and commanded for her unlimited opportunity to discharge the laborious duties for which she had been sent to Paris, the first woman of any country bearing so responsible a trust abroad.

While pleading with Mrs. Sullivan to be content with a gallery place at the opening ceremonial Minister Tirard said: "Will it not be enough to report the ceremonial a day later?" "Monsieur Minister," said Mrs. Sullivan, "there is no 'day later' in American journalism."

This was made the precedent of the official recognition of woman by the French republic and the first woman so recognized was Margaret F. Sullivan.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Lapland is probably the cats' paradise.

Warm weather is about the best substitute for coal.

The lazy man's motto: "Work not, that you be not worked."

The owner of the winning horse is entitled to the gait receipts.

A hat is used by some men to talk through instead of a telephone.

The biggest thing on ice this summer will probably be the price of it.

Lend a man a quarter today and he's apt to strike you for a dollar tomorrow.

Many a man's unpopularity is due to his winning ways—in a quiet little game.

The young man who embraces his best girl shows his love in a roundabout way.

When a woman cuts a man on the street he attributes it to her sharp features.

No one ever saw it rain cats and dogs, but hailing street cars is a daily occurrence.

It's wrong to talk about a man behind his back; talk about him in front of his back.

If a man doesn't know when he is beaten the chances are some fool friend will inform him.

There is a yellow streak in every man that lives, but some of them manage to keep it under cover.

The poet was evidently broke when he said to his best girl: "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

The only reason why some people marry is because the woman wants a home and the man wants a servant.

A man learns a good many things from his children until they get old enough to know as little as he does.

The man who is as honest as the day is long never gets up at 4 o'clock in the morning to be led into temptation.

Some men live and learn, while others devote their time to talking about things of which they know absolutely nothing.

No man is without fault—but it's impossible to convince the girl who is about to be married to the man of her choice that such is the case.

To the individual worth \$250,000 one little 25-cent piece is a quarter of a million. If you do not see the point immediately, think it over—it's there.



LONG OUTING COAT FOR DRIVING.

burghers, for she is a simple hausfrau. Domesticity finds in her its quintessence and the popular imagination, in so far as it knows anything of her, pictures to itself a woman, old and obese, who devotes her time to darning the household socks and stockings and making huge pots of coffee for the consumption of Oom Paul and herself. Yet this same woman, unprepossessing though she is, is descended from the great Du Plessis family, which gave to France one of the princes of its church and state, in the person of the wily yet brave and strong Cardinal Richelieu, who, in his youth, could wield a sword as well as in age a pen.

The Kruger household is run on patriarchal lines, and the Bible dominates it. Perhaps this is the reason why Mrs. Kruger, who is Oom Paul's second wife, has given heed to the precept, "Be fruitful and multiply," for she has had sixteen children—a large family even for South Africa—and their immediate descendants number over 100. One great characteristic she possesses is that of the golden gift of silence. She never speaks of state affairs and she never interferes in matters political—in public. She is so shrewd a woman, however, that, although it is not acknowledged, there are reasons for believing that her husband takes counsel with her in matters of moment, as is the wont of husbands—even those who are heard to speak loudest of "the weaker vessel."

"Tante Kruger," as the people commonly call her, is a martyr to rheumatism, due no doubt, as the most modern medical science teaches, to the over-consumption of the coffee in whose preparation she is so skilled. Mme. Joubert, relict of the lion of the republic, is not a native Boer and by common consent a French and not a Dutch title is accorded to her. She is the warrior woman first, the woman of the household second. She can shoot like the Boer man, who shoots with unerring aim to kill, for from her earliest childhood she has been accustomed to the use of firearms. In the early days of the Kaffir wars she never failed to accompany her husband to "the front" and all during the campaign its plans were discussed with her. More than once as the result of this discussion the execution of these was changed, in accordance with her brilliant ideas of strategy and the imaginative



DRESS HAT FOR A YOUNG GIRL.



YELLOW PASTEL STRAW TOQUES.