

Woman's Work in the World

The Easter Children

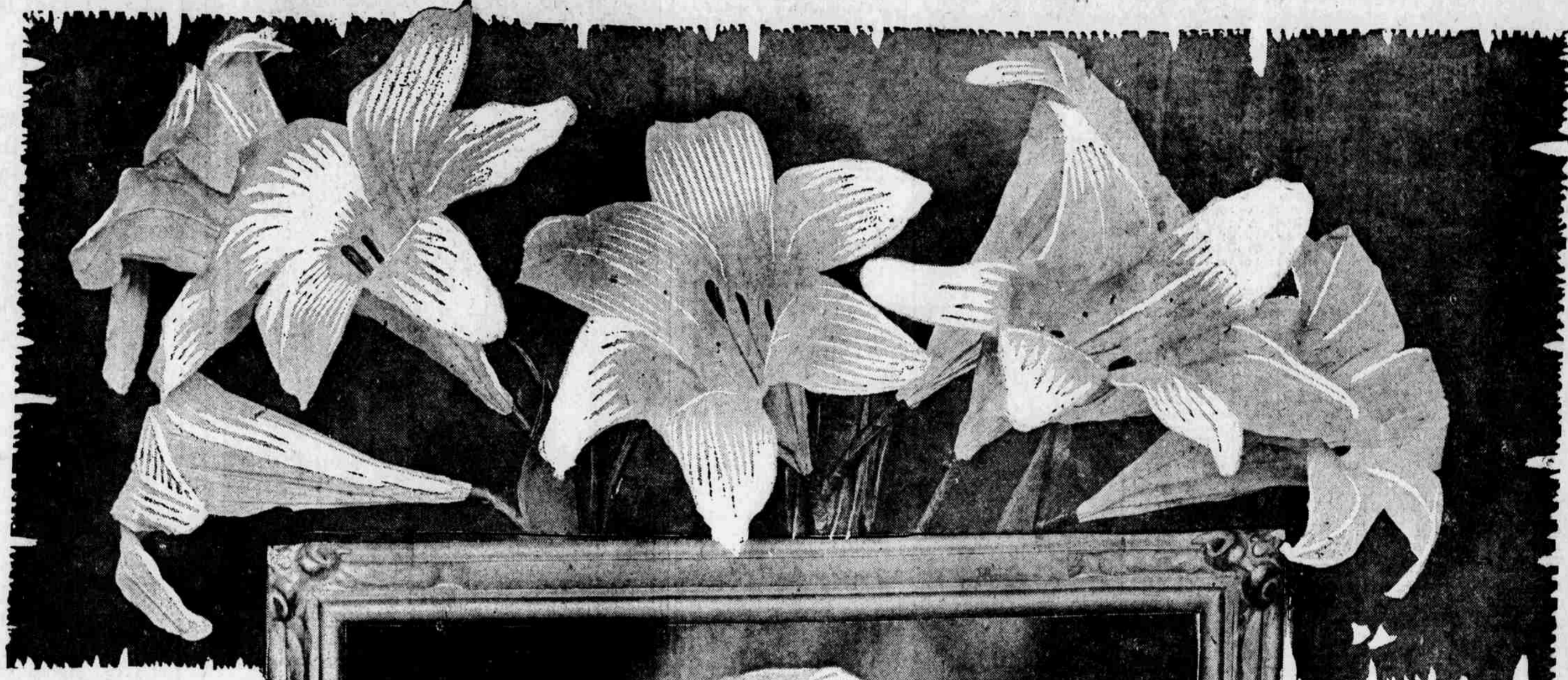
Christ the Lord is risen,
Chant the Easter children,
Their love-moulded faces
Luminous with gladness
And their costly raiment
Gleaming like lilies.

But last night I wandered
Where Christ had not risen,
Where love knows no gladness,
Where the Lord of Hunger
Leaves no room for childhood.

And today I wonder
Whether I am dreaming,
For above the swelling
Of their Easter music
I can hear the murmur,
"Suffer all children."

Nay, the world is dreaming,
And my seeing spirit
Trembles for its waking
When their Savior rises
To restore lilies
To outcast children.

—Elsa Barker.



A Great Soul Has Passed On To The Land of Eternal Lilies

Little Children From Coast to Coast Must Spend Their First Easter Without the Gifts of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst.

As a lover of humanity and little children, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst was worshiped from coast to coast. Each year thousands were made glad by her beautiful Easter remembrances. To the adult world she gave happiness and lilies—to the children she gave "Easter Egg Hunts" and "Bunny Parties." Just one week before Easter, this year, the soul of a great woman was called to the valley of eternal lilies. The world will be deprived of her Easter tribute—let the world pay tribute to Mrs. Hearst's memory. Nothing more beautiful and nothing more true can be said of this beloved woman than the following article from the heart and pen of Winifred Black, who knew her well.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Phoebe Apperson Hearst, the greatest woman California has ever known, is gone.

She had been ill for some time, but she never gave up the zest of living until the very last.

Always and always she awoke with the sunshine of trust in her heart, and it was only the day before her death (Saturday) that those about her realized that she could not make the fight much longer—the brave fight, the strong fight of a brave and gallant nature.

The end came to her as she had lived—quietly, simply and with a noble tranquility.

With the smile in her clear, blue eyes as bright as it ever could have been when she was 16, she turned upon her pillow side and fell asleep, like a tired child, at peace with all the world.

And while she slept her great soul stretched its wings and fled.

All over the world hundreds of people wept when they heard that she had gone, for she was the friend of all the world, loved from sun to sun, as it is the fortune of few women to be.

Old friends still mourn for her, and new ones, too, for she was one of those who made new friends every day and held them close to her heart, as if she had known them always.

Some women would have been old at her age.

She was 76 years young.

Her life was crowded hour by hour and minute by minute with a thousand infinitesimal details of all kinds of work—yet she was never tired, never discouraged, never for one moment disheartened.

Those who knew her well heard her say a thousand times that life grew sweeter and broader and deeper for her every hour she lived.

Her house was always full of friends and her heart was full of solicitude for them, their comfort and their happiness, but she was never too busy to stop everything and talk with some homesick boy come over from the university to tell her his troubles, or too occupied to give an hour or so of her crowded life to some happy girl who came smiling to tell some happy secret to one she knew would rejoice with her.

You didn't need any great pile of letters of introduction to get to meet Mrs. Phoebe Hearst—no matter how poor you were or how little known, or how dull or how unimportant—if you had a true story to tell, a real hope to voice, an honest trouble to be relieved, you could always get to her somehow.

Every child who ever looked into those blue eyes of hers loved her at the first glance, and not all the splendor of her magnificent home could put awe into the heart of the little children she gathered around her, as a fairy godmother the children in the old fairy tale.

I know a little boy who heard a woman telling once about a splendid

party Mrs. Hearst had given for the Daughters of the Revolution. The woman who told the story expatiated on the magnificent place and the splendid silver, the luxury of every detail, and the little boy's eyes grew round with anxiety.

When the visitor who told the tale had gone the little boy sat down at a pretty desk Mrs. Hearst had given him and wrote her a letter, telling her that he wished she would not spend so much money on company for if she kept on doing it he was afraid she would go to the bank some day and find all her money gone.

The little boy's handwriting was not very good—he was only 7 years old or so—but his letter reached Mrs. Hearst and she read it aloud to her great dinner parties again and again and laughed—but there were tears in her kind eyes when she laughed and she always said in her sweet voice, that had somehow a lilt in it, like the burden of an old song:

"You see I am not without a good practical friend to advise me."

He is gone too, the little boy, who wrote the letter to Mrs. Phoebe Hearst because he loved her and was afraid she was doing something that would make trouble for her—I wonder if he was waiting on the other side of the dark river to slip his chubby hand in hers and tell her how glad he was to see her again.

How many there must be who crowded to the bank of that mysterious stream we, none of us have seen, but all must cross some day, to meet and greet her with deep love and joyous welcome.

Boys and girls, old men, a little tired of living, women whose hearts have not beat in youthful joy for many years, students of the university, teachers of all kinds, all up and down this broad state of ours, rich and poor, the great and the humble—they are all sad today for their dear friend has gone.

Her charities were as broad as the sea and as silent as the quiet night.

She gave and gave and gave and with every gift, no matter how humble, went a loving thought.

She didn't talk much about religion—her whole life was a prayer and a thanksgiving and a blessing.

Endowed with a brilliant mind and a broad vision that was almost prophetic, acquainted as she was with the world and the great and mighty of the earth she yet was as simple in all her ways as any simple woman.

With nothing to think of but her home and her children.

She never forgot that she was not always a rich woman and she was just as eagerly interested in the trousseau of a little school teacher somewhere in the country as she was in the splendid wardrobe of some gay-hearted young debutante.

She would shop all day to find exactly the right dress for the little

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Mary Claire Matthews

Rinehart-Marsden Photo

And Still Gabby Gabs

Hither and Thither She Picks Up a Bit of Jolly Gossip for Friends

By GABBY DETAYLS.

COMMON sense, stable, durable, non-frillable, sturdy wearable shoes. All these adjectives are whizzing over fashion's wireless from the east to the west—from the national headquarters of the Y. W. C. A. right to the eyes, ears—but perhaps not to the taste of Omaha women.

And this right after American girls and women are tired of sturdy uniforms, weary of army boots, and just ready and glad to blossom out into unsensible pretty things—just when women smile at the sight of bows on slippers, and welcome, even occasionally, an ornamental if not useful French heel!

But Harriet Wild, head of the physical education of the national board of the Y. W. C. A., who is authoress of all these sturdy adjectives says "No" for American women. She says unto them: "Take thou these common-sense shoes," shoes which are guaranteed to make one walk with a spring at 65; to protect one from corns, bunions, calluses; to make one's feet beautiful, health perfect and disposition happy and cheerful.

And she sets out to spread her spirit of "shoe bolshevism" unto the uttermost parts of the States.

"Can't the American people get away from following fads," says Miss Wild, "and be directed by common sense and comfort? The Chinese are the only people I can think of who believe that the foot, to be beautiful, should be small, pinched up and deformed. I have seen women in this country whose feet nearly resembled those of a Chinese woman's which had been bound—all the result of high heels and long, pointed toes. One can't call that type of shoe barbaric or heathenish because neither barbarians nor heathens would wear them. But to allow people to continue wearing that sort of thing means torture, so that when they are middle-aged they have to hobble along, instead of getting comfort out of walking."

"The human foot is beautiful," says Miss Wild, "therefore why not wear a shoe which fits the outlines of the foot?"

But even though it may be true, it's such a gloriously delicious feeling after the strain and the wear of the past years of suppressed, sensible feelings that monopolized us all to forget it—to go on an unsensible spree that includes high heels, pointed toes, wide bows, n'everything.

That's all the women ask—they have all nobly worn the low, stylish, heeled walking shoe and gloried in it, but when they hear Miss Wild's words, "Why not a common sense evening shoe?"—then they ponder, pause and put a bit.

'Tis true that they might possibly abhor, then countenance and at length embrace—but judging from the streak of unsensible that's found in us all, it's a question whether Miss Wild's revolution in shoes will "revolve" many times before it dies, and disappears.

I isn't Yankee, neither is it French, it's positively not "German" and far be it from being Chinese—but it's the grand "Duke's mixture" of every kind of expression that fits, that these Yankee soldiers are bringing back with them. No wonder fond mother looks

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Easter Greetings

Where did you come from, Baby dear?
Out of the Easter skies into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

And what more beautiful Easter greeting could be given the public than a picture of this little fairy, Mary Claire Matthews, whom God sent to Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. Matthews just three years ago. Her beauty is haunting, sweet. It is these divine gifts that keep men from becoming hearts and turn the whole world toward Heaven.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you and so I'm here.