

THE WIDOW IN ARMS.

[Town Topics War Correspondent.]

Down in Tampa there is a parrot that says "What t'ell!" He says it on occasion, and without occasion. He says it softly, he says it loudly. It is accompanied with a laugh—the laugh first, and then the resigned: "What t'ell." You can hear it when regiments are passing to camp, in parade, or with dirge and as escort to a funeral. You can hear it as you stand on the corner waiting the prescribed southern wait for a street car. You can hear it when the parrot itself has been forgotten and wants food or water. You can hear it all the time—on occasion and without occasion.

Not a soldier of infantry or cavalry passes along the six-inch deep sand road cognizant of the suffering in this Inferno of America who does not turn his head to see whence comes the laugh and the words which create, in his own heart, an answering echo.

As I listened to the diabolical bird from day to day, I came to think of him as a philosopher, and so, Major Whittle, as I hear you are to demand an investigation relative to the Seventy-first New York, I think again of that parrot and his resigned: "What t'ell!"

You see, it was wafted on a sweeping wind that the Seventy-first were cowards. The wind goes on and you can not clear up all of its track. You can defend it until doomsday, and then defend it again. The dear, dear public will remember this first sensational surprise, and will not care so much for honest vindications. Still, I am going to tell a story I heard about one brave major and his men of the Seventy-first, though it does not reflect upon other parts of the regiment. The story was told me by an officer in the regular army, who came the way of the Seventy-first with his own company during the battle of Santiago. This officer is a member of the Twenty-second infantry. I saw him at Fortress Monroe, a victim of the fever that came after the battle and the three days in the trenches. He was gaunt and hollow-eyed, but as full of fire and fight as he was of fever and disgust. Among many things he said:

"Some of that Seventy-first fought like tigers—some of them are running yet. That all of them did not fight alike is not the fault of the men nor of the junior officers. The men became demoralized through bad leadership and confusing orders. Finally a major stepped forward and asked for volunteers, and his call was responded to with vim. With these few hundred men he pitched into the fighting and saved the regiment from becoming the laughing stock of the army. I think this major was a junior major. I did not learn his name, but he and these men did mighty fine work—none could have done better."

Who was that major?

You are right, Major Whittle, to demand an investigation. The whole regiment should not suffer because some one or more flunked in the leadership. In the navy there may be "enough glory for all," but in the army we want the halos to encircle the brows of those who have really earned them.

By the way, speaking of halos, the real heroes of the navy in our waters, to the junior officers, ensigns, "Ladies" and "jackies," are not Sampson, Schley or even Hobson. These men are heroes certainly. They did their duty. They did it grandly. And they had an opportunity. Hobson's act was heroic. There were four thousand men who wanted to do what he did. Sampson and Schley were successful. They were told by the president and

the secretary of the navy to destroy the Spanish fleet. When Cervera came out of the bottle and gave them the opportunity they did as they were told to do. There was no plan of campaign, no diplomacy—simply a chase and a smash, and orders obeyed. The men who are really worshipped for bravery and great work are Lieutenant Cameron M. Winslow and Lieutenant Victor Blue. Lieutenant Winslow worked under a storm of shells and bullets to cut the cable off Cienfuegos on May 11, and still worked on after he was badly wounded—unmindful of pain or danger. Lieutenant Blue took greater risk, with one exception, in invading the enemy's country than has been taken since the war commenced. These two men are the idols of the "under-dogs" of the navy.

Captain James G. Blaine's, Jr.'s, last exploit—cutting a helpless Chinaman's queue—reminds me of something Barry Buckley said. Everybody in Washington knows Barry Buckley. They know him for his father's sake—he is a prominent physician—and they know him a good bit for his own sake. Somebody asked Barry why he did not go to war.

"Go to war?" asked Barry.

"Yes; you love things military, and between your friends and your enemies you would make a name as a soldier that you would be proud of."

"No," said Barry, "I would be court-martialed and shot before I could ever get to the front."

"Why; how's that?"

"Well, I will tell you. It would be just my luck to get into Captain Jimmie Blaine's company, and I would lick the stuffing out of him if he dared to speak to me."

Barry has gone to the Blue Mountain house to get the stuffing out of his pocketbook.

One of the wonders of the war, to me, is whether or no Clara Barton in another war would again get the consent of the government to go to the front. Another wonder is the blind faith of certain newspapers in New York who play cat's paws to Clara's chestnuts in her statements which so sorely reflect against the humanity in our departments at Washington. Surely, Clara, our government has done a little something, has it not? In your "personal letter" to Stephen Barton, published in the New York Sun, August 20—of course we all know you would not, any more than the Red Cross society, say anything for publication—you say, in speaking of the "beautiful ice," which you kindly supplied the transports, "All the sick and wounded will have all the ice they want. They all know it is our gift to them, and all are grateful." Really now, Clara, dear, how are the sick and wounded to tell your ice from the government ice? I happen to know that the government has forwarded ice for this very purpose of which you speak, and you know, Clara, these little things do—so—well, sort of look as if you did not love this glorious country of ours—at the centre.

And then a little further on in your "personal" letter you say the Red Cross nurses are doing "beautiful work," and that "three or four of General Sternberg's nurses have strayed in here; one has been discharged by the physicians as being highly improper; another, I believe, is under discussion, but I have never come in contact with them at all."

Clara, this last is rather shocking, you know. I am quite glad you have never come in contact with these "improper nurses" of whom you speak; but does not the "improper" woman

need your angel work, as well as the awfully improper man? And really, Clara, it seems recklessly unkind of you to call them General Sternberg's nurses—well, I will not discuss it with you. Maiden ladies are not supposed to know as much of the world as widows, nor to be able to make the same deductions. Still, Clara, there are some things I would leave unsaid. Government and even cats-paws, in the end, may rebel.

That the Red Cross society is asking for funds is not surprising, but that it asks of the public in the name of the sick and wounded soldiers is surprising. The government furnishes through the commissary general, a commutation fund that provides luxuriantly for delicacies for every sick or wounded soldier. At Moutauk is allowed 60 cents a day. If only 1,000 soldiers are sick this fund for delicacies would amount to \$600 a day, and nearly or quite \$18,000 a month. If incompetent "cracker-box" captains, or Red Cross nurses themselves, are not capable of drawing these extra supplies for the hospitals, then the public should look into this matter first, before adding to the fund of the Red Cross society, for the charity it designates.

WOMAN'S VOICE IN SPEECH.

ENUNCIATION—VOICE—PROPULSION.

There is a nice distinction between articulation and enunciation: the former describing any uttered sound or syllabic part or parts of a word, the latter comprehending primarily the vocal formation of entire words, and even sentences. One leads to the other and blended perfectly they form the polish of speech which many seek, and not so many find.

It is a noteworthy fact that persons displaying eccentricities of vocal pitch seldom, if ever, are found to have an admirable enunciation. Words here and there will be uttered which are correctly given, but these come rarely, and the vocal eccentricity will be found to be as marked in the formation of the words as in the tone upon which they are spoken.

A slipshod or careless enunciation indicates vocal inertia, or a lack of energy, which quality must enter into vital tone-making. The indisposition to carefully articulate, or to correctly enunciate, is naturally accompanied by a disinclination to exercise the muscles involved in the production of sound and careless, imperfect utterance is but the result of half hearted service on their part. The person who is averse to using energy in walking usually shambles, and the speaker who fails to will all the vocal parts into action in speech cannot hope to attain grace or perfection of utterance. Our English language demands rather less of vigilance in its correct use than do many other tongues—notably the German, with its oft-recurring and important compound vowel sounds, which demand absolute sensibility and flexibility of the tongue.

A knowledge of the significant character of individual letters will simplify the work of the seeker after musical and polished speech, their classes and qualities being as well defined as are the triune characteristics of the human being. The labial and lingual consonant represents the intellectual or mental quality in a word, and should, as the most important letter wherever it occurs, be given most careful and correct pronunciation. The vowel, being emotional or passionate, enters next into importance, and more often receives its meed of attention, than does the consonant just described; but the guttural and palatal letters which are essentially physical and

vital, receive less consideration than any, and this because of the expenditure of actual energy necessary to utter them perfectly or of weak action of the breath in the glottis.

As has been said, the breath finds its fullest power when acting throughout the entire body. A very simple proof of how the breath, in its going and coming, subjugates every portion of the body, has been given by a well known sculptor, who has observed movements (following the act of breathing) even in the toes of his models. When, therefore, the life charged lower back muscles are strengthened and encouraged into activity by the dorsal muscle exercises described in former papers, the breathing function will animate and engage the entire physical being, and the vocal inertia which follows closely upon sagging back muscles and limited breathing capacity will gradually disappear, and the voice assume qualities of vitality hitherto lacking. Not until this activity is fully established, however, can the intending public speaker be certain of easily and surely propelling the voice to meet the requirements of even a moderate-sized audience hall.

Having established a vitality in the voice in order to successfully control it during extended use, he student must learn next how to store the new power. The keen, clean voice which the vital glottic voice has induced, and which rings out with unexpected clearness and resonance, may degenerate into merely explosive sound unless the breath is economically discharged and withheld as is the steam in an engine. A given quantity of breath only is necessary for the perfect utterance of a given tone. When more escapes, force, clearness, and carrying power are lost.

There are two excellent methods by which control of the breath may be gained, and both are simple. The first is to take a deep, full breath, holding it a second, then allow a portion of it to slowly escape, check the flow, and alternately hold and release the breath in this manner until the deep supply taken in the beginning has been exhausted. When this can be successfully accomplished the voice may be added, alternately reading a few words and again holding back the breath, silently as before. Woeed in this way, the willing breath soon enters into obedient servitude.

The second method, which lends visible as well as audible evidence to mark its progress is equally as simple. Place a lighted candle on a table or mantle-piece and stepping a yard or more away, take a deep breath, standing with hips well vitalized and chest out. Slowly and steadily blow the breath out, aiming directly for the flame. Practice this exercise at a gradually increasing distance from the candle, and always bearing in mind the necessity for slow, steady breathing. Not infrequently the experimenter will soon find herself possessed of sufficient breath to blow out a candle twelve feet away.

No merely explosive outbreathing will bring returns in breath control. To surely secure this power, the student must be content to "make haste slowly."

A word of caution as to silent breathing exercises. They should be taken intelligently, regularly, persistently, but with the utmost gentleness. Should a slight fullness of the head be felt after any experiment with the breath the student must rest at once, since such a sensation is an indication that the exercise has been practised as long as it may safely be at one time.

The direction of the silent breath