Through a Woman's Eyes

IX—"CARRYING ON."

By MAY CHRISTIE, M. A.

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In a tiny village in the heart of England there is a quaint old inn. It is called "The Brindled Cow." Nearby is a wide and pleasant wood, its mossy carpet starred with flowers. And beside the inn is the village green, where all the old men meet together of an evening and talk incessantly. There is a duck pond there, too, and the quacking of the ducks mingles with the voices of the old men.

In this village there are, apparently, no young men. Nor are there any girls. Where have they gone to? Let us find out.

Rays of sunlight lit up the diamond-paned windows of "The Brindled Cow" as I knocked on its heavy oaken door and asked to see the landlord. A very ancient handmaid ushered me into the kitchen of the inn, and then disappeared. It was a curious place. Around the fire were black oak settles, and the floor was sanded. Great logs blazed cheerfully in the grate, and drew a strong, pungent odor from hams that were swinging from the oaken rafters up above. It was a place of exceeding peacefulness and comfort. Fate had surely been kind to this quiet haven—and war was very far away.

Then the door opened, and the landlord walked in. He was very old. His face was seamed with wrinkles, yet ruddy and healthy looking. Yes, he would gladly accommodate me. But would I mind being in the kitchen, as the sitting-room was closed? There were no other guests in the inn.

He sat down by the fire, and, as I watched him, there was a strange mixture of expressions on his face. It was impossible to decipher them. And then he spoke.

"You're thinkin' that war maybe hasn't reached this village?" he asked.

I nodded. "It certainly looks peaceful and happy enough."

The old man slowly lit his pipe, and after puffing away for a few moments spoke again. "We keeps our feelin's hid from strangers," he said. "I'm not much good at speech, but there's them as could be tellin' tales."

There was a long pause. Then: "I've worked in this inn, man and boy, for nigh on seventy year, same as my father and grandfather did before me. 'Tis cruel hard to have to leave it now. But times is bad, and prices high, and what with people settin' their faces agin holidays, and posters everywhere on 'Wartime Economy,' 'tis been the ruination of me. I'm givin' up next week."

The old man gazed into the fire, then spoke again abruptly: "'Tis not givin' up in my heart that I am, but always 'Carryin' On,' as the military calls it. I'm lookin' for work in a munition factory. The country needs every man they can get. I've given my son and grandson, and now I'm just givin' myself—if they'll take me. I kept the old inn goin', to be handed down to my boy. And when he fell at Loos, though 'twas a terrible blow, there was his son to think of, such a fine handsome lad, and only seventeen. A rare landlord he'd have made. He'd a way with him that fair wheedled the birds off the tree, let alone good customers. But he was killed soon after his father. 'Twas the asphyxiatin' gas the Germans pumped agin his regiment as finished him, poor lad."

There was tragedy in the old man's face. He had lost his only son, and a much-loved grandson. His business was ruined. He was old and worn with work. At eighty years of age, he was leaving the home of his fathers, and setting out alone "to do his bit for his country"—if that country would have him. But there was resignation in his look and more than a hint of high courage. He was a hero.

Close to "The Brindled Cow" there was a little lane filled with thatched cottages. And in the window of every cottage there was a printed card. Those cards explained the absence of the young men. They set forth a glowing declaration that from each house a man had gone to fight for his king and country. Sometimes the little windows were just filled with cards. There were five leaning up against the cracked panes of one very shabby cottage.

And the girls? What of them? They were nowhere to be seen.

A sudden clattering in the village street, and a motor bus curved its throbbing way past the inn. Standing on the little platform at the back was a young girl in a smart uniform, the very shortest of short skirts, long, military-looking boots and epaulets piped with scarlet. Her cap was worn at a jaunty angle, and in every line of her trim figure the word "capable" was written. Here was one of the village maidens who had responded to the call, and hurried to fill the place of a sweetheart gone to the war. She stood as an embodiment of the New Order of Things—this gallant little conductorette, who was "carrying on" so faithfully. Her long day was over now, and she was welcomed into one of the little cottages by a very proud mother.

But where were the other village maidens? I was soon to find out. Not very far from the inn stood a big green gate, with the mystic letters "O. H. M. S." painted on it—"On His Majesty's Service." The gate suddenly opened, and there stood a beautiful young girl, dressed as an ordinary groom, skirtless, in mannish coat, riding breeches and stock tie. Behind her were a dozen others, arrayed in the same fashion, and exceedingly busy. Some were giving a last brush to the glossy coats of the horses, and uttering the curious hissing noises which have been the traditional accompaniment from time immemorial to such a process. Others were cleaning the stables, arranging fodder, and everything was being done in the quietest, most businesslike fashion.

"This is an army remount depot," said the pretty girl by the gate. "Stand back to let the others in."

Down the long road came a string of maidens, each astride one horse and leading another, a whirl of dust behind them. They were dressed exactly as a groom dresses, very practically and with an eye to the strict necessities of the case. "It would be absurd to wear skrits at this sort of job, wouldn't it?" cried the last rider, as she deftly steered her two steeds in at the gate, then leaped lightly from the saddle.

Fifteen of these girl grooms hailed from the little village nearby. They were doing splendid work, and, curiously enough, they had not lost one whit of charm by their discarding of feminine attire. I have seldom seen prettier women. There was character in their faces, too, and enthusiasm. One could see that they enjoyed their work immensely.

Farther along the country road there was a big brown field. A slender girl was ploughing a straight furrow behind her team. And beyond that there was a farm, and in its courtyard another girl was cleaning out a pigstye.

Then I turned back by a different route toward the little village, and at the end of a winding lane saw a big sign over a shed. "Blacksmith," said the sign. By the open door stood a tall girl of about twenty years of age, with a leather cap on her curly head, big leather cuffs on her wrists, and her pretty figure enveloped in a huge leather apron.

She had shod five horses that day, she said, at half a crown a shoe, and she was now waiting for more "customers." "My home's in the little village back there," she declared, pointing toward the place I had come from. "Perhaps you saw our cottage, with the five cards in the window? My father and four brothers are at the war. So I'm just 'carying on' in their absence, and keeping the business going. I'm trying to take the place of the whole five, and the work's pretty hard—but I'm glad to be able to do something."

A team of horses paused in front of the open door. They were led by the plow girl, who had been plowing her straight furrow in the neighboring field. "Two shoes wanted," she said laconically, and drove the team into the shed.

The pretty girl blacksmith followed her. She lifted a pair of bellows and started the fire, then dropped a piece of iron in it till it glowed red hot. Next, she dexterously tweaked the iron out with a pair of clippers, and hammered it into shape. It was now dropped into a pail of water to cool.

The horses stood by patiently. Quickly the deft little blacksmith removed the old shoes, trimmed the horses' hoofs, then nailed the new shoes into place. It was all done most expeditiously, and with no fuss. Nor could a man have accomplished the task more thoroughly. I was amazed at the capability of the girl.

When evening fell on the little village, the old men were still chatting on the green. But no longer was that little green an Eveless Eden. For the village maidens had returned homeward, leaving their war occupations behind them and their daily task complete. They had left their munition factories, their plowshares, their army remount depot, their horses, their forges, and, like the proverbial blacksmith, felt that a night's repose had indeed been satisfactorily earned.

It was that very night that the little village was raided by Zeppelins. Under a very blue sky lay the thatched cottages, their inmates fast asleep. But at the very first "Crash-h-!" of a falling bomb it seemed as though every soul were up and out at the doors. Mothers with babies in their arms, little children in their nightgowns, girls in very scanty costumes, old women in dressing jackets, old men in a strange medley of odd garments, filled the road. It was like an absurd fancy-dress carnival, lit by the lurid gleams of searchlights which swept the sky for miles around.

And no one was in the least afraid. Rather did the inhabitants look upon the raid as some gigantic spectacle that had been purposely arranged for their entertainment and edification. When one particularly inquisitive searchlight fastened its piercing beams on a dark, ominous, cigar-shaped object a few thousand feet in the air and right above their heads, the children jumped and clapped their hands excitedly. I have seen children act in much the same way when taken to a Christmas pantomime, and some wonderful performance was enacted on the stage for their benefit.

Then a terrible sound of firing broke out. The anti-aircraft guns in the neighborhood roared like wild beasts of the jungle let loose, and hurled balls of fire into the blue heavens. Shrapnel was in the air. Pieces of it pattered on the roofs with a sound like rain. But the children danced on, and clapped their hands with glee, and even the older folk were not afraid. "It's better than a benefit performance at the theater!" said one old lady cheerfully, who, like Joseph, was clad in the proverbial garment of many colors and capped in a white frilly arrangement that made her round, smooth face look like a cheese.

"I wouldn't have missed this for worlds!" cried one of the valiant she grooms of the army depot. "There hasn't been such an entertainment ever before!"

A deafening crash of artillery drowned the rest of her words. The Zeppelin was fired at from many different points. Apparently it disliked the publicity of those penetrating beams, for suddenly the big, cigar-shaped object darted off into obscurity. Searchlights swept the sky in all directions, until the Zeppelin was again located in a blaze of light. Two big explosions from the anti-aircraft guns rent the air. The shells were flying up every few seconds with remarkably fine aim.

It was then that the airship turned and ignominiously fled. It dropped one parting bomb into a neighboring field. The bomb exploded quite harmlessly, boring a hole some eight feet deep. And though the villagers were standing not very far from the spot, and saw the bomb fall, not one of them showed the least fear.

It strikes me that the Germans do not understand the psychologoy of the English mind—certainly not of the rustic mind. That forlorn hope of terrorizing the countryside is quite fallacious. The countryside refuses to be terrorized. More, it does not even understand the meaning of the expression "Zeppelin terror." The villagers merely look on a Zeppelin raid as a remarkably interesting "free show." They crowd to their doors, in no whit alarmed, but wholly interested. I have even seen babies held aloft to witness proceedings. Fear has never entered their mothers' hearts.

On the morning following the air raid, the little village presented much the same appearance as on the day preceding it. The old men chatted on the village green with a shade more garrulity than before. Away at the end of the lane where the farm girl had been working, a pigstye was in ruins. But the old pig snored tranquilly on in her ruined home, quite unharmed, her little one still playing about her.

Farther along, a merry group of children were searching the roads for souvenirs in the form of shrapnel and shell. The big hole made by the bomb in the neighboring field was a delight to them. They played in it and round it all day long.

Once more the village was an Eveless Eden, so far as the young girls were concerned. But the army remount depot was ringing to the sound of their youthful voices, and the pretty girl blacksmith at the end of the winding lane was singing to herself a cheerful song as she shod the feet of many horses. The long straight furrow where a bomb had fallen was being plowed anew by the hardworking maiden of yesterday. And really the Zeppelins had done very little damage.

As I listened to the sound of these young workers' cheery voices, it struck me that this war is not being fought enrtiely by the soldiers on the field of battle. It is being fought as surely and as steadily on the working fields of home. It is being carried on by the steadfast women who work untiringly, by the older folk who, too, are giving of their very best. For the strength of England lies not merely in her soldiers' weapons—but in those equally potent weapons of faithfulness to home duties, and that immensely fine spirit of the English worker which is clearly expressed in the two far-reaching words, "Carrying On."

WIFE OF SLAIN DUELIST ADMITS REVENGE PLOT

Kinder, La., June 11.—Mrs. Will Knouse, whose husband was killed in a pistol duel with Dr. Henry Buck in front of the Buck home, has been taken to jail at Oberlin. The woman admits, officials declare, that she and her husband planned revenge for an alleged slanderous remark made in an anonymous letter to her husband more than three years ago. Dr. Buck denies knowledge of the letter.

Mr. and Mrs. Krouse motored from their home near Lake Charles to Kinder, nearly forty miles, to Dr. Buck's home. The woman was dressed in man's clothing and both she and her husband wore false mustaches, officials say. They told Dr. Buck they had come to take him to attend a sick person. He recognized them, returned to his home ostensibly to get his medicine case, and obtained a pistol.

STURDY BABY BOY IS BORN WITH 8 TEETH

Pittsburgh, Pa., June 11.—A baby boy born with eight teeth and Samsonian locks is claiming the attention of all Undercliffe. The baby, who has been named Ivan Le Roy King, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy King.

When the baby—a whopper—opened his mouth for his first lusty yell the nurse was startled to see four teeth each in the upper and lower jaws. The child's head was covered with heavy black hair. Ever since the birth of the prodigy, a few days ago, the King home has been a Mecca of mothers, fathers and children, calling to see the baby.

Woman, Said to Be 120, Dies.

Princeton, Ind., June 11.—Mrs. Cassie, colored, believed to be 120 years old, is dead here. She was born in Virginia and had no definite knowledge of her age, although she asserted she had two "good-sized" children at the outbreak of the war of 1812. Those who have conversed with her are convinced that she was about 120 years old.

$1.00 Lingerie---324 New Styles

NOTE

Gowns, 115 styles.
Skirts, 40 styles.
Drawers, 15 styles.
Envelope Chemises, 80 styles.
Combinations, 30 styles.
New Underbodices, 15 styles.
Princess Slips, 4 styles.
Corset Covers, 25 styles.

The Palais Royal $1.00 Lingerie has long been famous—but the $1.00 garments of this June Sale of 1916 will be remembered as the best of a quarter century.

The June Sale Opens with Very Special Prices

Silk Bodices Very Special at **69c**
Crepe de Chine Bodices, with dainty lace tops and elastic waist belts. All sizes in pink, flesh and white. Street Floor.

Silk Chemise New Envelope Style. **$2.00**
Silk Crepe de Chine Envelope Chemises, some with lace butterfly medallion and lace edge. Pink, flesh and white. Third Floor.

Silk Gowns Very Special at **$3.98**
Silk Crepe de Chine and Society Satin, empire style; lace and ribbon trimmed. Others with shirring and hemstitching. Third Floor.

Sample Corsets

Values to $12.50 **$3.49**

All sizes in one style or another, at $3.49 for choice. Look for Regaliste, Bien Jolie, Parisette and La Premiere Corsets. Go to Third Floor.

$2.99 for samples of $3.50 to $5.50 Corsets, best of quick-selling styles.

$1.29 for Corsets, not one of which was made to retail at less than $2.00. All sizes to be found.

89c for choice of a miscellaneous lot, among which are Thomson's Glove-fitting Corsets.

39c for 50c and 75c Brassieres, all sizes in one style or another.

On Sale This Morning—On Street Floor Tables—Near the Elevators.

The Palais Royal G St.

ELOPERS WED IN MIDST OF BALL AT COURTHOUSE

Clarksville, Tenn., June 11.—Robert Baker and Miss Effie Powers, who eloped from Hailey's Mills, Ky., to this city, encountered an unusual experience. They arrived in the night while the local Knights Templar commandery was in the midst of a ball in the courthouse. The court clerk, a member of the commandery, was sought from the dancing throng to issue a license, and was accompanied by another member of the fraternity to act as a witness. To the latter it occurred that it would be a feature worth while, both to the Templars and their guests and to the couple, to have the ceremony performed in the ballroom. The proposal was accepted, the couple led to the center of the ballroom and a clergyman from the ranks of the Templars united the young people.

After the ceremony Grand Prelate de Ovies took the chapeau of a knight, suggested that the couple be given a wedding present, and a collection brought a nice sum.

WIFE MUST ACCOMPANY HUSBAND IN STREET

San Jose, Cal., June 11.—The most novel sentence ever given in a court of justice here was meted out to Joseph Cirincoini, a barber, who was found guilty of insulting women on the streets.

In passing sentence upon Cirincoini, Police Judge Dougherty withheld commitment to the county jail upon the promise of the defendant that he would never appear upon the streets of San Jose again except in the company of his wife. It will be necessary, under the order of the court, for Mrs. Cirincoini to accompany her husband to and from work.

EVERY HOME NEEDS A BOOK LIKE "HEART THROBS"

No book ever published has so accurately mirrored the real sentiment of the American people. The seven hundred selections contributed by more than fifty thousand of our fellow countrymen and women show as nothing else in this wide world could do—their aspirations, their ambitions, their daily lives hidden from the public gaze. And it is a matter of congratulation for all of us that the standard as shown in "Heart Throbs" is of such a lofty and meritorious standard. The fifty thousand contributions sent in to the publishers contained not one ignoble thought or vulgar sentiment. Not one selection that did not make for the improvement of the individual and the elevation of his fellow man. Truly, this is something to be proud of. And it has resulted in two volumes that should be in every home in this broad land for the moral and eductional effect upon the younger generation. They will augment the education of the school, go hand-in-hand with the moral training of the church, and be an adjunct to the home culture that will be inestimable in its effect on the future life of the children. We know of nothing that will add more to home enjoyment and furnish happy memories of the past than "Heart Throbs." We therefore had a feeling of genuine pleasure when we were able to procure these invaluable books for the sole benefit of our readers. Our coupon, with its generous offer, will appear daily in this paper for the next few days.

Gets Rid of Bride, Who, He Says, Has Another Husband Living

New York, June 11.—Harold Mott, only son of Samuel S. Guy, the Far Rockaway dentist, who served a term in Sing Sing for the murder of his wife in 1907, appeared in the Supreme Court at Mineola, L. I., yesterday and secured an annulment of his marriage to his bride of less than five months.

He testified they had been married ninety days when Mrs. Mott brought to her home a child which called her mamma. When he asked for an explanation, he said, she confessed she was the wife of Leon Johnston, of New Orleans.

William Pettit, of Far Rockaway, who appeared for the plaintiff, told the court that after a great deal of questioning Mrs. Mott admitted to him she had another husband.

"I asked her what her name was before she married Mott," the lawyer went on, "and she declared she was the long missing Dorothy Arnold. Later she confessed deception and said her mind must have been wandering."

When she was married to Mott in Brooklyn she gave the name of Dorothy Tyler Watson, of 30 Flushing avenue, Jamaica, a piece of city property.

Mrs. Mott did not put in an appearance in court and her husband's application was quickly granted. The young man—he is 22—declared he did not know where she was, but understood she was living in Brooklyn.

Mott had his name changed shortly after his father's release from Sing Sing last January. He said at the time he never wanted to see his father again and gave him $9,000 to leave the State forever. Guy is said to be in Los Angeles.

JUDGE BURKE, VICTIM OF JEAN CRONES, DIES

Chicago, June 11.—Judge Richard E. Burke, of the Superior Court, one of the guests made ill at the banquet of Archbishop Mundelein, when Jean Crones, the chef, placed poison in the soup, died today.

Physicians said his death was superinduced by the poisoning.

Denmark has more than 6,300 motorcyclists.

TRIPLE MURDER AND SUICIDE IN STEERAGE

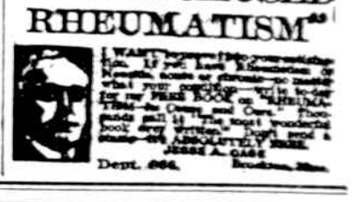
Victoria, British Columbia, June 11.—A triple murder and suicide on June 3 among steerage passengers on the Japanese liner Chicago Maru was reported today by officers of the vessel.

T. Yanagi, jealous, it was said, of K. Kato's attentions to Mrs. Yanagi, shot and killed her and Kato and Mrs. Kato as they slept and then killed himself.

To Evacuate Lemberg.

London, June 11.—A Central News Dispatch from Bucharest states that the governor of Lemberg, Galicia, has been ordered by the Austro-Hungarian military authorities to prepare to evacuate the city.

"URIC ACID NEVER CAUSED RHEUMATISM"



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