

Duchess of Marlboro' Set Pace in War Aid Activities For American-English Girls

And No Other Woman, Aside From Queen Mary Herself, Has Done More to Encourage and Promote Interests of Women During War, a Subject Which She Discusses in This Interview by an Evening World Correspondent.

By Helen H. Hoffman

LONDON—"No, I have no desire or intention of asking for a seat in Parliament at the present time. War conditions have helped to break down so many sex prejudices and have in the natural course of events opened up so many opportunities to us that I think we women shall find plenty to do if we utilize the machinery we now have at hand."

Such was the frank reply made to my question put to Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough.

War has indeed changed conditions for the rich as well as for the poor in England, and for the members of the American colony there as well as for the English-bred woman and tireless war worker.

American girls who had married into the old English nobility before the war have been no steps behind their English-born sisters in ardent support of the war and great personal sacrifice since the very beginning of that dark hour in 1914.

Sunderland House, the home of the Marlboroughs for years and one of the largest and most interesting dwellings in fashionable Curzon Street, some months ago was generously turned over to the Government by the Duchess for war purposes.

Her Grace, as every one refers to her—it seems such a dignified and solemn title for a slightly built, almost delicate looking young woman, who hasn't changed much in appearance since as the daughter of W. K. Vanderbilt she became the Duchess of Marlborough. And this in spite of the fact that she has two grown sons, the eldest of whom has been in France for some time with the British Army.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who was recently made a member of the London County Council, laid aside some reports on educational matters, to receive me.

"I am attending a meeting of the Council to-night," she said. "I have asked to be put on the Educational

Committee. I hope that I may serve on this committee, for I am tremendously interested in this subject.

"As the result of much thought, some experience and investigation, which has covered a considerable length of time, I should like to see established a large number of trade schools, many more than we have now. I believe this is one of the things that the Government will give consideration to at this time."

Perhaps no other woman, aside from Queen Mary herself, has done more to encourage and promote the interests of women during the last four years' struggle than the Duchess of Marlborough.

At the beginning of the war, when it was seen what tremendous call would be made on physicians and surgeons, the Duchess of Marlborough raised a large sum of money to increase the educational work of young women who desired to become physicians.

Her great belief in women's political equality, and her faith in their ability and efficiency, which announced itself in many definite ways before the war, increased the efforts of the Duchess of Marlborough in their behalf when the war was declared and their services were needed at every turn.

In the maternity hospital which the Duchess of Marlborough has maintained herself since almost the beginning of the war, and where more than 700 little lives have first seen the light of day in this dark period of history, the entire staff, from surgeon to orderly, is composed of women.

I asked the Duchess of Marlborough if she thought the war work which women had been doing, thousands of them, for the first time outside the home had developed them along broader lines, so that it could be said they would be better wives and mothers for having this bigger experience, which placed them in close touch with the sufferings and sorrows, little joys or disappointments of humanity.

"They were good enough wives and mothers before the war," she said. "The war has merely furnished the opportunity to show the world what they could do. The war also no doubt helped to gain them more speedy political recognition.

Like her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the Duchess of Marlborough

has always been an ardent advocate of the vote for women.

By speeches and continuous work with members of the House of Lords, Her Grace contributed largely to the successful suffrage issue.

Already, she said, the effects of woman's possession of the vote could be seen. "It has given woman a new and dignified place in society," she said. "When you go to a Member of Parliament with some matter of proposed legislation one is received and listened to with serious consideration. And Members of Parliament tell me that when a woman's name is suggested for some important work on some committee interested in the prosecution of the war or local civilian interest, that there is no squabbling over it. In every instance the suggestion has been favorably acted on.

"Yes, I have heard many gloomy predictions about the future of women in the reconstruction period," said the Duchess, in answer to my question, "but I believe there is no cause for alarm.

"The English women are fond of their homes. We do not live so much in hotels and apartments as you do in the States, and so there are thousands of women to-day employed in war work that will hail with joy the day when their husbands or brothers or fathers return home and they will feel free again to take up the home life.

"For the very efficient women, and there is a large number of them, who would no doubt wish to remain in business, I believe there will be plenty of opportunity for them to do so.

"I do not believe there will be any so-called sex war when the army is demobilized. We have all suffered together, and we have a tremendous respect for one another. Rich and poor alike have made great personal sacrifices."

"The men know that we have done everything to keep the home fires burning, and I think the men will regard their women folk more as partners than ever before. The men know that we hesitated at nothing to support them at the front. We have given everything—our sons, our money, our strength. Rich and poor alike have made great personal sacrifices."

"(To do you justice, you sometimes spin your tales from your own misfortunes, as the spider weaves his web from his own body.)

I have seen such happy couples with my own eyes, broken bread at their tables, subjected their felicity to cold analysis and microscopic scrutiny, and I know, for the best of all reasons, that their happiness is real.

When I was a very small girl in a convent school a debate of unending interest among the youngest of us waged about the following problem: "If you had a bad piece of candy and a good piece of candy, which would you eat first?"

There were juvenile philosophers who favored immediate consumption of the "bad piece" that the taste and recollection of it might be lost in the subsequent delights of the luscious morsel. But there were others—and to this school I adhered—who thought the delectable dainty should be eaten before the other, with the idea that the mere memory of it would sweeten and glorify the lesser experience.

Ever since then I have eaten the good piece of candy first. To be consistent, therefore, I offer it to the reader. So let us consider to-day the Happy Couple.

Why are they happy? Because they love each other? That cannot be the only reason, because many persons who love each other are most unhappy. W. L. George, my favorite among living writers of English, says in an article in Harper's Magazine this month that physical love thrives best on mental hatred. From the feminine point of view, this is an absurdity; but, of course, Mr. George

knows more than I do about the motions of men.

The fulfillment of a perfect love, which is just another phrase for a happy marriage, must be three-fold. It must carry with it mental, physical and spiritual satisfaction. Such a marriage is rare but not entirely mythical. Many marriages begin and end with the least permanent of these satisfactions, and when the sweep of years has lessened the unstable foundations of infatuation there is nothing left but a bog of boredom. On the other hand, marriages between supposedly sophisticated persons who exalt mental companionship beyond its deserts and profess a cool detachment from less tenuous and earthlier ties rarely weather the first ten years.

Between mental companionship and infatuation lies the territory which for want of a better word I shall call spiritual. A woman may love a man partly because he deals uprightly with his fellows, scorns to rise by stepping on another man's neck, shows himself great in all the little things in which great men are frequently so little. A man may love a woman because she proves herself generous and fine in ways in which his previous experience with women has not led him to look for generosity and fineness.

His perception of these qualities may be heightened by the curl of an eyelash or the shimmer of burnished hair. For mental and spiritual excellences are certainly shown most effectively against a background of physical beauty. They show where no beauty exists, to be sure, but they have to be twice as powerful. Sometimes a man and woman marry with only spiritual appreciation of each other, and if neither encounters another being with the faculty of triple attraction they may manage well enough.

If we were only born with one eye we would never know that it is a superior advantage to be able to see with two. And many among the married never realize that they possess only one or at most two of the three ingredients of perfect happiness.

The Happy Couple is not by any means the couple that has never had a quarrel. I doubt very much

Tough on Abdullah ben Ali.

(By Edith Free.)

LONDON (by mail).—A curious case of a grievance, religion and revenge has been decided by a military tribunal in France.

In one of the labor battalions was an Arab soldier, by name Abdullah ben Ali, who had lent another soldier 5 francs—and failed to get it back. He became resigned to the loss and decided that Kismet had decreed he was not to have the money, but was to seek revenge.

He decided then to kill the debtor. As, however, it was the month of Ramadan, when it is unlawful to kill, he asked the authorities to put him in prison till the month was over, fearing that the force of his desire might lead him to transgress the sacred law.

The authorities refused this request, and Abdullah was more than ever convinced that the gods had ordained that he should kill—which he accordingly did.

After hearing the evidence as to the points of religion involved, the Court sentenced the man to five years' penal servitude.

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Husbands and Wives We Know

The Happy Couple

First of a New Series of Articles by Nixola Greeley-Smith

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

THE first human being who ventured to deny that the earth was flat was put in a dungeon. And we know that many thousands who dared to disbelieve in Jonah and the whale and similar matters paid the penalty of their heterodoxy on the gallows or at the stake.

I don't know what is going to happen to me for publishing boldly the declaration that here and there among the married a happy couple exists. If this be treason, make the most of it, all you professional cynics and leeches on the misfortunes of your fellow-men.

(To do you justice, you sometimes spin your tales from your own misfortunes, as the spider weaves his web from his own body.)

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whether oysters and clams ever disagree, but I doubt also whether they know ecstasy. The Happy Couple is formed by and of two persons who love each other in the three dimensions we have discussed—and who will love each other in the fourth dimension whenever we find out what it is.

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While Peace Joy-Bells Rang They Tolloed in Some Hearts In Grief for Their Fallen

Great Good News That Set a Whole World Aflame With Happiness Raced With Another Messenger, Whose Sober Tidings Were Borne to Here and There a House Where, in a Mother's Heart, a Wife's, a Sister's, They Left Room for Little Else—The Death List of the Latest Fallen Heroes.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

THERE are women, there are men in New York who, listening with their ears to the joyous chimes of peace, hear in their hearts the dirge of sorrow. In our hour of elation we should not, I think, forget the tribute of special sympathy to those who received at almost the same moment the news of the end of the war and tragic tidings of their own soldier. There is a bitter solitariness of grief, a sacrifice into which the element of irony bites deep, a peace literally of the grave. For the mother to whom the same day brought announcement of the signing of the armistice and announcement of the death of her son in France, there can be only one more poignant occasion—the return of the living American soldiers.

Such a mother is Mrs. James Martin of No. 431 Bainbridge Street, Brooklyn. Her son Harold, a nineteen-year-old boy, fought with the 11th Machine Gun Battalion. While horns, bells, rattles and other primitive expressions of joy resounded in the street outside her window, she sat in her house of mourning and told how her son fell in action. His "last full measure of devotion" was reported to her while there rang in her ears the superficial exuberance of the shouters who all along have been safe. What wonder that she said pitifully, "It hurts more than ever because it comes at such a time!"

In the first sunlit, laughter-filled hours of exultation that the Great Suffering had ended, a young woman, Mrs. Holland Riggs of Rutherford, N. J., dismissed her class and went home—more quietly but more thrillingly happy than her boy and girl charges. For a year ago she had married the Principal of the East Rutherford High School, and he had gone to France as a Captain of the 107th Infantry. For two hours, perhaps, the gray fear which had accompanied his young wife since his departure left her, and she dreamed of quiet, serene, safe days of work and love together. Then the postman brought a letter from the wife of a Capt. Allen, who said that Capt. Rutherford had been killed in action in October. In the ears of another woman the cry was peace, peace, when there was no peace.

In one sense peace comes too late for every American who wears a gold star, who holds in his or her heart a golden memory of brother or son, husband or sweetheart, now become a figure in the black price of war. The period of splendid American effectiveness on the firing line has been so brief that upon not many of those who loved dead heroes has Time laid his healing finger. Nevertheless, peace is an ordeal, if not a mockery, to all to whom the knowledge of their bereavement came yesterday or the day before, comes to-day or will come to-morrow.

Nevertheless, I think that we might step more softly, we fortunate folk to whom peace does not bring a wincing memory of the old peace and happiness which can never return. For through the laughter and shouting of our peace, sobbing, and the dance of our rejoicing is over graves.

stop in time to spare my boy? Was his death needed to crush the German terror? Wouldn't everything have been just the same if he had not given his life—the life that means everything in the world to me?"

One wise and great American has answered all these suffering hearts, these rebellious wonderings if, after all, the ultimate sacrifice was essential—was even useful. It was Emerson who said, once and for all: "When for the truth he ought to die."

In that spirit America entered the war. In that spirit—even if formulated in far less classic phrase or unformulated altogether—our men went to France. In that spirit we who mourn must accept our burden of suffering. And ours is no ignoble share of the pain of the world. Quantitatively the grief of Europe may be greater. But the American mother whose son has died for freedom gives all she has. She can give no more.

Even if her tears must fall in this hour when the rest of her world laughs for joy, she holds intact her pride, her sense of rightness. No shadow of fault should rest on her contribution to peace. Not one American in France or Flanders has died in vain, not one American equality but has helped directly to win the war, indirectly to prove that courage, self-sacrifice, devotion to an ideal, have not perished from the earth.

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"If only the war had ended a little earlier!" those mothers and fathers, wives and sweethearts, are thinking with heartbroken iteration. "Just a few days sooner—and he would come back to me! The fighting was going to stop anyway. Why couldn't it

Dr. Tseo, Bellevue's New Chinese Woman M. D., Has Learned Ideals of American Womanhood

By Willis Brooks.

BROTHER JASPER was right. The sun do move. A Chinese woman ambulance surgeon on the staff of Bellevue Hospital is

and a very important thing, I shall bring to my people the true spirit of democracy. To be sure, they have had republican form of Government for some years now, but the people are in a transition period. They are about equally divided between the old order of things and the new. We have so many centuries of traditions behind us it is hard to make inroads on them; but some of them no longer fit in with the modern scheme of things and they must go. It shall be my endeavor to point out to our conservative element the best that I have found in the new thought and new practices of the West. Many things in our old civilization should be perpetuated. Some of them are more fitting and more to be desired, I think, than newer ideas that have been adopted by the Occident.

"What influence have American women had on you?" I asked.

"They have taught me some very valuable practical lessons," Dr. Tseo answered. "Our women until very recently have been content to study the politer arts, such as music, poetry, philosophy and letters. Now, as a result of closer relations with the West, especially with our best friend in the West, the United States, they have taken up engineering, architecture, scientific agriculture, dentistry and many other things into which American women have gone. These are the practical things your women have taught and are teaching ours. I hope to encourage the growth of such teachings when I return to my home land."

"Could you not have acquired as good a knowledge of medicine in your own country?" I asked.

"We have good schools of medicine there," she answered. "The Rockefeller Foundation and large appropriations by our Government for the purpose have done much in that direction. But it is not merely a medical education that I am to take back with me. I shall carry home much more than that. For one thing,

novelty enough to make your dear old great-grandmother turn in her grave. The little doctor herself is not much interested in the novelty of it. To her there is deep significance in the fact that the oldest civilization of earth has clasped hands with the youngest. Her fondest hope is that the best of the one will be preserved and the best of the other adopted.

Dr. Fung Yuen Tseo, daughter of Dr. Fung Yuen Ling Han of Non-chang, China, has, as you see, West-ernized her name for use in America. Tseo is the family name, and in her native land it comes before the given name. She was one of the first class



COMMITTEE. I hope that I may serve on this committee, for I am tremendously interested in this subject.

What Do You Think; Does This Man Look Like Pres. Wilson?



JAMES J. McCABE

THE above photograph is of James J. McCabe of No. 614 St. Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn, who several times Monday, in the midst of the peace celebration, was surrounded by hundreds who, mistaking him for President Wilson, tried to shake his hand. Looking at the picture, what do you say? Would you have made the same complimentary error?