The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

Virginia Society of Dames to Mark University Site

On Wednesday, May 31, the site of the University of Henricus, or Henricopolis, founded at Dutch Gap, on James River, in 1618, will be memorialized by the Virginia Society of Colonial Dames, who will on that date unveil a shaft erected by them.

Mrs. Julius Springle, a member of the North Carolina Dames, will come to Richmond as the guest of Mrs. William Ruffin Cox, and attend the unveiling ceremonial with her. The occasion will be one of great interest and will mark another step in historic work, achieved throughout the State by a patriotic woman's organization.

The city of Henricus, marking the site of the first university established in the New World by the English, was founded by Sir Thomas Dale, High Marshal of Virginia, in the year 1616, on a plateau within Dutch Gap, nearly surrounded by James River, above City Point, and in the midst of a picturesque domain, still called Varina.

John Esten Cooke described the city as having three streets, storehouses, a church and regular watchhouses. Across the stream, said Cooke, on the south bank, a large inclosure was shut in by stout palisades and defended by Forts Charity, Patience and others. Among the outlying dependencies of the city of Henricus was Coxendale. Pocahontas and John Rolfe lived at Varina, and the Indian emperor, Powhatan, visited his daughter there.

Sir Thomas Dale had his official residence in the town on the plateau, and across the river was Rock Hall, the home of Alexander Whitaker, known throughout the colony as the apostle of Virginia.

Fifteen thousand acres of land was set aside for the future uses and necus of the great university that was to be established near the town called Henricus, or Henricopolis, in honor of Prince Henry, son of James I. of England.

George Thorpe, living at Berkeley, on James River, and George Sandys, the poet, who came to Virginia with Governor Wyatt in 1621, joined with Alexander Whitaker in arousing great interest in England, regarding the founding and carrying forward of the earliest Virginia university movement.

But George Thorpe perished in the Indian massacre of 1622, and Alexander Whitaker was accidentally drowned in James River. The death of these eminent and pious men and the agony of the 1622 massacre, with its long drawn out results, put Virginia colonial educational interests in abeyance, not to be revived until 1691, in Williamsburg, when William and Mary College, the venerable alma mater of many great Americans and the second Virginia university, arose to centre in itself the patronage and purpose that had belonged to its predecessor at Henricus.

Smiles and Frowns.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open I know for me.

Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play;
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would try to gather them every one,
From nursery, school and street.

Then, folding and folding, I'd pack them in,
And turn the monster key;
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.
—Selected.

A Smile Club.

The story is told that two young Brooklyn women recently undertook to band together in a smile club. The conditions of club membership required every one, every where, to pledge as many smiles as possible to make life happier generally.

Here are some of the things required of members: "Radiate! Smile! shine like a little sun! Begin each day anew, and begin it by smiling until you are in a good humor. Think only of the things you wish to possess, or of what you desire to become, for thoughts are things.

"Have faith and your wishes will come true. Smile! and keep on smiling, and you will find that the happiness you have always been seeking is within yourself. Express this happiness."

Surely no objection can be offered to the organizing of clubs of this sort, though no one need necessarily join to acquire the smiling art and practice it. It may be said, however, of smile clubs and smiles, the more the merrier.

Probably a popular post card doctrine embodys the philosophy of the matter in these words: "Smile awhile, and while you smile, another smiles, and soon there are miles and miles of smiles, because you smile."

Pessimists could not exist if every one was smiling. The smile habit is worth the trouble of trying, just to see how well it works.

The Queen's Chair.

The following story of how Queen Victoria is held in remembrance is told by a Scotch preacher:

He said that he was going through the highlands of Scotland when a storm came on. He stepped out of his carriage and went up to a little Scotch hut. He was invited to enter by the woman whose home it was.

In one corner of the room stood an old rocking chair. He was just going to sit down in it when the Scotchwoman stopped him.

She said, "No, no, do not sit there." And the preacher asked why. "Look," she said. And round about the chair was wrapped a scarlet cord.

The woman explained: "It was a year ago this week, sir, when our good lady, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, was driving along this road and a storm came on. She came in, and we gave her this chair. And when the Queen went away we put a scarlet thread around it. And nobody else shall ever sit in it. It is the Queen's chair."

The Evangel of Love.

A legend setting forth the power of touch, caught in the amber of old Greek pages, is told by N. D. Hillis.

From Olympus the old Grecian gods looked down on barren fields. At last they sent Ceres down, clothing her with the power of touch.

She touched the sand plain, and it became a clover field. She touched the bog, and it became the spring that widened into a river. She touched the fallen log, and it was clothed with moss and snowdrops. She touched a thorn bush, and it became an olive, and the brier ripened figs.

TAILORED SUITS FOR SERGE, SATIN AND LINEN. L'Art de la Mode.

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

The Slim and Stout Women. As to Details, Separate Blouses, Summer Coats and Wraps and Low-Cut Waists.

Madame Tetazzini is an authority on what women of fashion look well in, slim women and stout women alike. Madame is stout, but she, writing to women in Harper's Bazaar, eschws the hereditary belief that amplitude of figure should be necessarily conjoined to plain, close-fitting garments. She frankly asserts her belief that she looks best in chiffons and all soft, gauzy materials that drape softly, and fall in long, trailing folds. She compares a stout woman in a tailored gown to an hour-glass, and believes that a semi-fitting costume, or, better still, a semi-fitting coat, looks best for her out-of-door wear. Her waist line, says Tetrazzini, should be carried high, never pushed down; empire gowns falling from the bust line and sweeping behind into long trains should be important features of her indoor toilets.

And for the slim woman, Tetrazzini recommends the short packets, flounced skirts and long shoulder seams. They may becomingly affect the band of fur, heavy satin or velvet around the bottom of the skirt; the overskirt and tunic and the broad bodice. A decided waist line is prettiest for the slender woman as extreme empire effects add to her appearance of height.

Elaborate White Waists.

The whim of the hour has determined a preference for waists to match the skirt in color, if not in material. But comfort is a supreme consideration with many women, who refuse to consider that shirt waists are out of fashion and continue a practice which renders an elaborate white waist always smart and becoming.

Coats are cut with the shortened waist.

The new coats are invariably cut with the shortened waist-line in the back only, says Harper's Bazaar. The fronts are cut on straight, narrow lines. This empire effect is emphasized in a number of ways, either by a belt of the material, wide bands of satin braid, or soutache motifs, applied across the back at the highest waistline.

The narrow silhouette is still very fashionable, and coats are built to emphasize this. However, plenty of room is allowed to insure perfect freedom in walking, especially if the coat be designed for general utility.

Evening wraps are unusually novel this season, the great vogue for sheer materials finding a happy expression in these more elaborate garments. Marquistee wraps are the latest novelties, and while exorbitant prices are asked for them in the smart shops, there is no reason why any woman could not fashion one herself, or at least plan one and have it made at very little expense.

The Low-Cut Waist.

The same fashion periodical is authority for the statement that the low-cut waist is far more universally popular since the wearing of evening dress at the theatre has become fashionable. To-day, although there is no necessity for a really delicate gown, the waist that is open at the throat is correct in style and incidentally is far more comfortable and suitable than the one made of heavy material and with high boned collar.

Theatre dress is quite important nowadays, and is practically the same as the simple dinner dress. The difference between it and the ball gown is evident to any one initiated into the mysteries of dress. It may be every whit as costly as the ball gown, but it must look less expensive, and it must be cut not so low and have, as a rule, longer sleeves.

This year there are many materials that would seem to have been woven especially for this use. Among them are the fascinating voile de soie, drape de soie, marquisette, and always the old favorite chiffon and liberty satin. The satin-finished crepe-de chine and lace, also, must not be forgotten.

At the Telephone.

In a small Southern town a telephone system was recently installed, much to the bewilderment of the servants.

The mistress of a house, going out one afternoon, instructed her maid to answer if the 'phone should ring, and say that no one was in.

On the mistress's return the 'phone rang, and, being interested to see how her maid would reply, she waited without making her presence known. In a few moments she heard the girl say loudly, "'Taint nobody here!"

Mrs Harrison's Recollections

Mrs. Burton Harrison, of New York, formerly beautiful Miss Constance Cary, of Virginia, is writing her Richmond recollections of Confederate war times in Scribner's Magazine. She has the following to say about the first day of the Federal occupation in Richmond, one of the saddest in the history of the city:

"The ending of the first day of occupation was truly horrible. Some poor negroes of the lowest grade, their heads turned by the prospect of wealth and equality, together with a mob of miserable poor whites, drank themselves mad with liquor scooped from the gutters. Reinforced, it was said, by convicts escaped from the penitentiary, they tore through the streets, carrying loot from the burned district. For days after even the kitchens and cabins of the better class of darkies displayed handsome oil paintings and mirrors, rolls of stuff, rare books and barrels of sugar and whiskey.

Hoping Against Hope.

"Through all this strain of anguish ran, like a gleam of gold, the mad, vain hope that Lee would yet make a stand somewhere—that Lee's dear soldiers would give us back our liberty.

"Dr. Minnegerode, of St. Paul's, has been allowed to continue his daily services, and I never knew anything more painful and touching than that of this morning, when the litany was sobbed out by the whole congregation.

Service at Monumental.

"A service we went to the same evening at the old Monumental I never shall forget. When the rector prayed for 'the sick and wounded solders and all in distress of mind or body,' there was a brief pause, filled with a sound of weeping all over the church. He then gave out the hymn, 'When Gathering Clouds Around I View.' There was no organ, and a voice that started the hymn broke down in tears. Another took it up, and failed likewise. I then, with a tremendous struggle for self-control, stood up in the corner of the pew and sang alone. At the words, 'Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,' there was again a great burst of crying and sobbing all over the church. I wanted to break down dreadfully, but I held on and carried the hymn to the end."

LIVIA THE WIFE OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR

The Model of Her Sex and Day in Rome.

Guglielmo Ferrero has written an article on "The Women of the Caesars" for the June Century, and women of to-day may be interested in knowing something about what Livia's occupations, interests and surroundings were as consort of one of the greatest Emperors and rulers of imperial Rome.

Ferrero says that the house built by Augustus on the Palatine Hill was small and not at all luxurious. The furniture of the house was so simple that after the Augustan period it was shown as a curiosity.

Simplicity in Entertaining.

Dignitaries of state and heads of great Roman families were entertained by Augustus and Livia with great simplicity, state dinners being distinguished from the customary service of three courses by an innovation of six. The togas worn by Augustus were all woven under Livia's direction by her freedwomen. Livia not only directed the work of the weaving room, but she parceled out the wool to the weavers and frequently sat among them while they were at work.

Interested in Politics.

Livia occupied herself with politics as well as weaving togas, and attended to her husband's clothes, as well as giving him aid in governing the empire. She played a conspicuous part in the policy of restoring the Roman aristocracy, in pursuance of which Augustus proposed laws constraining members of the aristocracy to contract marriage, to re-establish family order and virtue and to restrain extravagance.

Her Husband Praised Her.

In one of his speeches to the Roman Senate Augustus cited Livia as a model Roman woman. He praised her household administration, her moderation, and held her up as a living exemplar of the virtues most cherished by the Romans, as being a beloved wife and heeded counselor to the state, who was serenely fulfilling her mission amid the admiration of her world.

Paid in His Own Coin.

Mrs. Brown, telephoning to a friend one morning, happened to say:

"I have such a bad sore throat I'm afraid I cannot go to that dinner party to-morrow night."

Just then something went wrong with the conection, and she heard a strange voice break in:

"Gargle your throat with cooking soda, and I think you will be able to go to your dinner."

"Who is this speaking?" asked Mrs. Brown, startled.

"Oh, that you will never know," answered the voice.

Mrs. Brown was greatly amused and decided to try the remedy. Her throat improved, and she went to the party. During dinner she chanced to overhear the gentleman opposite say to his neighbor:

"I had an amusing experience the other morning. I was telephoning, and the wires became crossed. I suddenly heard a lady's voice say: 'I have such a bad throat I shan't be able to go to that dinner party.' Just for fun I broke in and said: 'Gargle your throat with cooking soda and you'll be all right.' The lady's voice in reply sounded rather surprised. I wonder if she took my advice."

Mrs. Brown was greatly tempted to reveal her identity as the heroine of the episode, but she decided she could get more fun another way. She made careful inquiry of her hostess as to the gentleman's full name and address, and next morning called him up. When he answered she said:

"I just wanted you to know that I took your advice, gargled my throat with cooking soda, and was able to go to the dinner."

"Who—who is this speaking?" came an astonished voice from the other end of the wire.

"Oh, that you will never know," answered Mrs. Brown, laughing, and rang off. —Edith Child.

Why She Wept.

Marshall P. Wilder, in Smiling Round the World, speaks of a Japanese mother who had given her three sons to war.

The first was reported slain. She smiled and said, "It is well; I am happy."

The second lay dead upon the field. She smiled again and said: "I am still happy."

The third gave his life, and they said to her: "At last you weep!"

"Yes," she answered, "but it is because I have no more sons to give to my beloved country."

Love Gave Patience for Father's Sake

Ellen sat mutinously at the piano. Thump, thump went her hands on the keys. "Tick, tock, tick tock," said the wise old clock, watching her from the corner. "I am pretty exact, my dear. Just half-past 10! You should not dream of stopping."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Ellen. "A whole thirty minutes more. I believe that clock swings back and forth more slowly than ever just to aggravate me. How I do hate practice hours. I just wish that no one had ever invented a piano. I am sure I am sorry that one was ever bought."

"My dear little daughter," exclaimed Ellen's mother, who had come softly into the room without Ellen's perceiving her. "Just a year ago you were entreating your father to give you a piano. Now that he has answered your wish, are you going to be unappreciative and so whimsical as to have grown tired of your instrument and the work you have to do in learning how to manage it?"

The color rose in Ellen's face. "But, mama," she answered, "I never dreamed that learning to play could be such hard work. Here I am in the house for a whole hour just going over and over with these exercises. If I could play pretty tunes I think I shouldn't mind the hard work"

"And that is just where you have to be patient, Ellen," said her mother. "The exercises are the training your fingers need to enable them to play the pretty places that will come after awhile. Just think how delightful it will be for you to entertain your father when he comes home from the office weary and discouraged. You know he delights in music. So I hope my little daughter will keep up her courage for father's sake."

The loving words touched a responsive chord in the child's heart. "For father's sake," she whispered to herself as her eyes brightened and her lips smiled —"for father's sake." And when the time seemed long afterward she comforted herself with this thought. So love brought her patience.

SOLE DAUGHTER OF HIS HOUSE AND HEART

Close beside the body of the poet, George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron, lies his daughter, Ada, referred to by him in one of the cantos of "Childe Harold" as "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart."

Ada became Countess Lovelace by marriage, but died in 1852, and was little known to the world at large. When the vault was opened to admit her burial casket many people gathered around to catch a glimpse of Byron's coffin, which was noticed to be of lead.

On one occasion, says Frank Leslie's Magazine, a small girl was persuaded to go down the narrow staircase and into the vault, which is at Newstead Abbey. When she returned she bore in her hand a little strip of faded velvet gathered by her as a trophy from the hangings of the poet's coffin.

Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and exile, was in the group who awaited the child's coming out. He it was who persuaded her to give him the piece of velvet she had gotten in exchange for a piece of gold. Perhaps Kossuth remembered that Byron gave up his life fighting for Grecian freedom, as he had devoted his own to a vain attempt for the breaking loose of the thrall of Hungary.

Justifiable Robbery.

Judge Gemmell, of the Chicago Municipal Court, is quoted as rendering a decision against Gustave de Kolkley, who had had his wife arrested for picking his pockets.

"My wife robbed me in my own home," declared De Kolkley. "She got a boarder and her brother to help hold me. Then she went through my pockets and got $11."

Mrs. de Kolkley was conducted in front of the court's desk at this juncture.

"Did you rob him?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, I did," she said. "There was no other way to get money out of him. He hasn't given me a cent for over a year. So I decided to rob him. I called my brother and we held him and I got what was in his pockets."

"This is a plain case of robbery," decided the judge, "but it was perfectly justifiable under the circumstances. The defendant is discharged. A wife has the right to hold up her husband when he squanders his wages and does not give her enough for her support.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING FOR THE WORLD'S BETTERMENT

Mrs. Cyrus Hall McCormick, Jr., has guaranteed a large sum of money to have a replica in Chicago of the Child Welfare exhibit, recently held in New York. The Chicago exhibit covers 72,000 square feet of floor space and is the most complete exhibition for the benefit of children that has ever been held.

In the Margaret Morrison Carnegie School for Women, Pittsburg, Pa., there is a six-room model apartment, says Martha L. Root, in the World To-Day, where, in the senior year, each girl in turn gives a breakfast, a luncheon, a dinner and a reception. Aside from looking over the menu and the general plan submitted by the student, neither dean or teachers give any suggestions or assistance.

The same author in the same article tells of a girl who came from Cincinnati to the Margaret Morrison School the first year it was opened. She had heard in Cleveland that 100,000 Slavs were eating sour heavy bread because they did not like the American loaf. She took their yeast and other materials into a laboratory and after six weeks' experimenting, she evolved a bread that tasted the same as theirs, yet was made with light healthful yeast. The Slavs were pleased, and this young woman wrote a cook book which has been translated into ten foreign languages.

Miss Gratia Countryman, librarian of the Minneapolis Public Library, has established a department called the useful arts department, especially to help workingmen. A large reading room in the main library contains books which are studied by the agriculturist, engineer, carpenter and road builder. In the few months of its existence this room has been so well patronized that it will have to be enlarged.