

# PATRIOTISM OF SERBIAN WOMEN, COUNTRY'S STAUNCH FOUNDATION

## SPARTAN MOTHERS KEEP ALIVE OLD IDEA

How They Give Their Sons to Servian Service  
and Do Not Lament Aloud When Sons Are  
Laid Low by Turkish Bullets—Their  
Patriotism Motive Power That Sent Them to  
Stricken Field.



The Man of The House



A Spartan  
Type of  
Servian Mother.  
From the  
cradle itself,  
she consecrates  
her son to the  
service of  
his country.



Servian Woman in National  
Costume

BELGRADE, Nov. 29.—(Special correspondence).—The mettle of the Servian woman is akin to that of the Spartan. At this moment of national stress and anxiety her moral courage is being tried to the utmost, and it has compared favorably with the physical courage displayed by the men in the field. Naturally proud, and patriotic to the core, she would scorn to betray

her vocation as the encourager and help-mate of combatants. For it is the women of Servia who have, even more than the men, kept the old religion, the old traditions, the old ideals. They have been the motive power and the great incentive which have inspired the men to war; they have whetted their appetites for battle. While the man will fight to protect wife and

home, the woman, without thought of individual home, sends him forth, to death maybe, for country only. No thought of self enters into the almost incredibly disinterested attitude towards her country, unless it is that she so identifies herself with it, that it becomes a part of herself. Here it is the better part, for no sacrifice demanded is considered sufficiently great.

Like most of her sex, the Servian

woman knows how to wait. Her life is divided into periods of waiting marked off by great days. The day of her marriage is the first of real happiness, but she takes it in a matter-of-fact way. Up to a very short time ago, marriage was the inevitable goal, not to say fate, of every girl, and came as a matter of course. There is never any doubt as to the possibility of getting married. There are plenty of men to pick from, and a dowry and trousseau have been continually increasing since her babyhood. None of the initial obstacles that may obtain in other lands exist for her.

A really great day comes when she finds herself the mother of a God-sent "junak," a hero, a man-child, for her to rear as a soldier. A baby girl is held to be of little account in comparison. When a mother bends over her little sleeping son, her thoughts are all of the latent combatant, the fighter of her country's wrongs, the deliverer of her oppressed brethren. It is her mission to train him in the path of patriotic love and duty, it is his to justify that training. Her lullabies are

the long Servian epics of almost world-wide fame that she learnt off by heart at school, and she sings them to the weid and melancholy melodies that the village "guslars" croon on their two-stringed instrument.

When a little boy is old enough, he is invested with the picturesque attire shown in the photograph. The peasant's main shirt and short ducks are most appropriate, and with his brightly-colored belt into which is stuck a toy revolver, he looks very martial. Fourteen is the usual age for discarding childish toys, and adopting serious political opinions. The public school and the nursery of statesmen, though at heart everybody is primarily a soldier.

**Soldier's Career Sought.**  
When her son attains his 18th Summer, another great day comes to the mother, for he now assumes the uniform of the military cadet, or of a simple recruit entering upon his two years' of service. This is the ambition of every boy to do so soon as he is old enough. It is only the phy-

sically unfit who are precluded from this honor. Moreover, there are comparatively few healthy boys who are not ambitious to adopt altogether a soldiering career. When they choose medicine or law or science instead, it causes distress to their dearest relatives, and they do it with a certain amount of apology.

But the greatest day of all, is the day when the "halka," as the mother is called by the son who idolizes her even more than he does his wife—bids him adieu and with swelling heart and unmoistened eyes, blesses him "Idi sine, nek te sam Bog tohuva." "Go, my son, God himself protect thee!" That is her day of crowning glory, the day when her mission of motherhood is indeed completed, when her hopes are realized, when she gives her dearest—her country, must after all be dearer—her country. This day has dawned for many a Servian woman. A day longed for, and dreaded, a day of gratified pride and supreme agony.

And for many a mother the last great day of her conscious existence has come. After this, though her country has taken what she desired to give, with (should it be called "usual") feminine inconsistency, all life becomes a blank, for she has gazed on the face of her dead son, brought home to her with a Turkish bullet through the body, once so small and frail, which she reared for no other purpose. In peace-time wakes are held and kneeling still practiced, but where a hero lies in death, the night is passed in silence, and laments would be unseemly. What would he have said if he knew that he would have graced his valor? And how could the mother face her countrymen, again, if it were known she had shed a tear? And all the time mothers' hearts are breaking for each "junak" lying on the field, but while victory is on their side, Servian

women acknowledge no cause for weeping.

**Women Help in Bulgaria.**  
As regards the Bulgarian woman, much that has been said of the Servian applies equally to her. She, too, is a devoted mother and patriot. In the Balkan crisis she is bearing bravely and patiently the inevitable strokes that fate deals to her through her sons. The cause is paramount, the cost must not be shirked.

Less lucky than her sisters of Montenegro, she cannot follow her men to battle, or lead their guns or cook their meals, or have even the sad privilege of seeing them die. With the training that Balkan women have had, reared as daughters and sisters of soldiers, endowed with every faculty that makes an Amazon, their enforced impotence is almost pitiful, and it would seem unnecessary. They have, however, been active, despite obstacles, though not in a way directly affecting the enemy.

In Bulgaria, as well as in Servia, women have in many cases entirely taken over the management of post and telegraph offices. They have run tram-cars, beaten up volunteers for the army, and have not neglected the essentially feminine sphere of hospital work, preparing for emergencies, long before hostilities broke out.

At the first rumor of war, first aid courses were started. The women doctors, of whom there are a considerable number possessing diplomas won at the foreign universities, threw themselves instantly into the breach and worked with great fervor until they turned out a good equipment of activity peculiarly suited to the Bulgarian woman, who, less highly strung than the women of the neighboring countries, are more solidly balanced where nerves are concerned, makes a soothing, capable and tender nurse.

JANIE CHRISTITCH.

## TEN MINUTES WITH THE FUNNY MEN

SOME of the QUIPS and JESTS FROM PENS of the NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.

### Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

**THE COLLEGE SPIRIT.**  
The prosperous-looking citizen came swinging down the street, his face radiant with satisfaction, his chest swelled up with the fresh morning air, says the Popular Magazine. He was happily disposed toward the world and all mankind. At the corner he saw a miserable object which had once been a real man. The poor fellow, clad in rags, was shivering, and hunger had emaciated his form and put dark valleys in his cheeks.

"My good friend," said the prosperous one, "apparently you have not been as fortunate as I have. I feel the impulse to help you."

He took the tramp to a clothing store and fitted him out in new toggery from head to foot. When they emerged from that establishment the tramp looked like the reincarnation of Beau Brummel with bells on. The next stop was at a restaurant, where the starving man got away with about \$5 worth of food. His eyes were soft with the light of gratitude, and he dearly loved his rescuer.

"Now," said the rich man, "I am going to the Yale—Princeton football game. I am a Yale man, and I know Yale will win."

They argued it for half an hour, and at the end of that time the tramp, fully invigorated by his meal, caught the rich man by the collar, blacked both his eyes, wiped up the pavement with him and then threw him into the gutter.

All of which shows that college spirit is still alive in the land.

**NO OPENING.**  
A man had been absent from home for some time and during his absence had raised a luxuriant beard and mustache. Shortly after his return he

mean by putting the eggs in a cut-glass honey dish after they were fried? If I ever in my life—And what have you been wiping the dishes on? My best embroidered tray cloth! And you have been using one of my choicest embroidered initial napkins for a dishcloth! Look at it! As black as my shoe! And what have you been trying to cook in my chafing dish? Beefsteak? The idea of frying beefsteak in a silver chafing dish! Why didn't you use the solid-silver bread tray? Looks as if you had put the beefsteak in that after you had fried it! And here is my handsome cut-glass chafing dish full of cold and greasy fried potatoes! And what is this on the dining-room rug? A grease spot as big as a meat platter! You let a plate full of hot steak fall on it? My soul! And don't you know any better than to tie a \$20 lace curtain into a knot like that? Sometimes tie the tail of a horse! Nice way to use a curtain! And couldn't you do a little simple cooking without getting ashes strewn six feet around the range? Well, if this is what you call getting along "fine and dandy," I wonder how things would have looked if you hadn't gotten along very well!"—Judge's Library.

**GENTLY DISSOLVED.**  
"So you've broken off your engagement with Miss Smarte?" asked the inquisitive friend, according to London Answers.  
His victim shook his head.  
"No," he replied, "I didn't break it off."  
"No, then she broke it off?"  
"No," answered the young man, enjoying his friend's growing wonder.  
"But it is broken off, isn't it?" persisted the curious one.  
"Oh, yes," explained the young man gently. "She told me what her dress-maker's yearly bill was, and I told her what my income was. Then our engagement gently dissolved."

### Quips and Flings

Percy (Just introduced).—Ah! So you're the chap who makes mud heads? Sculptor—Not all of them.—London Opinion.

The only cook that will stay in the kitchen can't cook.—New York Press.

"My father said you were a human tank."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Mr. Guzzitt, have you any rivets in your sides?"  
"No, Bobby. Why do you ask me such a question?"  
"My father said you were a human tank."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Don't you find your short arms a disadvantage in life?"  
"He isn't; but he lives in Harlem now, and it is the only way he can get a seat in the elevated trains."—Puck.

"What has become of your hypochondriac friend, Mr. Wombat-Wombat?"  
"He is ill of beri-beri in Walla Walla."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Isn't that Sibley, there, with the crutches, I didn't know he was lame."  
"He isn't; but he lives in Harlem now, and it is the only way he can get a seat in the elevated trains."—Puck.

Our notion of fact is keeping a friend after said friend has purchased an automobile.—Punch.

Stella—I thought he wanted to marry Mabel.  
Bella—Well, he forgot to register.—New York Sun.

"What does it mean?" asked Penniless Percival, "where the song says, 'Drink to me only with your eyes'?"  
"It means," answered Wise Wilfred,

"dat the loidy kin read de wine-list but that's as far as it goes."—Baltimore American.

Howell—Why don't you run for office?  
Powell—If I did I would have to walk back.—Washington Times.

She—Don't you think my new dress shows up well?  
He—Yes, I can see three inches of silk stockings.—The Courier.

He—I am a millionaire. Haven't I money enough for both of us?  
She—Yes, if you are moderate in your tastes.—New York Sun.

"I think a woman ought to make her clothes match her means."  
"Dear me! Are your means as narrow as that?"—Baltimore American.

Latin Teacher—Now you may give me an example of the dative.  
High School Girl (with her mind elsewhere)—I will meet you at 8 o'clock.—Puck.

"Pa, what's a genius?"  
"Ask your mother, she married one."  
"Why, I didn't know ma had been married twice."—Houston Post.

"How sweet to have a friend whom you can trust!"  
"Yes, especially if he doesn't ask you to trust him."—Sacred Heart Review.

"What do you think of Fielding?" she asked young Mr. Ashby.  
"Oh, it's important, of course, but it won't avail anything without good batting."—Exchange.

"Think of the money you could save by not smoking."  
"Yes, but time is money. Think of the time you could save by not giving me advice."

### Among the Poets of the Daily Press

**GILT-EDGED.**  
Seven per cent! How goodly!  
And cumulative, too!  
Preferred, full paid, and goodly!  
Just offered to a few  
Not selling on the market:  
A rare commodity!  
And common stock for bonus!  
Gilt-edged security!  
A little pile of savings  
Laid up for rainy days,  
And drawing four per centum,  
In good old-fashioned way,  
Within the safe deposit,  
But think of that and this!  
Gilt-edged! preferred! and seven!  
Too good, by far, to miss!

The little safe deposit  
Account drawn out of full;  
A happy, hopeful lambkin,  
In good old-fashioned full;  
A dividend in money,  
Or two, or three, at best;  
And then a gay receiver  
To gobble up the rest!

Gilt-edged? Of course, and printed  
In green, and red, and gold.  
A charming little picture  
For one to have and hold;  
All signed and sealed, and legal,  
According to the rule,  
A picture of the paring—  
"His money, and a fool!"  
—Christian Herald.

**THE HATS.**  
See the latest style in hats,  
Awful hats!  
Every freakish brand of bonnet  
That was ever made to sell,  
Each with something spiky on it,  
That will make you when you don it  
Fit to fill a padded cell.

Twisted up and dented down,  
Shrunken brim and swollen crown,  
Made of felt and silk and velvet, and  
The fur of dogs and cats.  
Oh, the kinky little, dinky little hats.  
Watch the passing show of hats,  
Brazen hats,  
Every one enough to stagger  
Even Hottentots or Turks  
Aiming to be smart and swagger,  
With a hatpin like a dagger,  
And a lot of quills like dirks,  
Color crazy, red and blue,  
Yellow, green, and purple, too,  
Combinations and creations that would  
clear a house of rats.  
Oh, the hats, hats, hats, hats,  
Oh, the mad, chaotic, idiotic hats.  
—Minna Irving, in New York Sun.

**REQUISCAT.**  
Johnny, in his restless roving,  
Found a pot of liquid glue;  
John, the maple syrup loving,  
Thought the glue was syrup, too,  
J, no longer now is roving,  
He is stuck upon the glue.  
—Life.

**NO CHANCE TO QUARREL.**  
A speed-maddened motorist took for a mate  
A militant young suffragette;  
When he is in jail she's out—such is fate!  
So they're happily married—as yet!  
—Town Topics.

**BEER.**  
They speak of beer as "liquid bread,"  
And we may say for fun,  
With "dough" you can procure enough  
o make a good-sized "bun."  
—Boston Transcript.