









Margaret Stands by 'The Cause'

By JANE OSBORNE

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A man who has any imagination regarding feminine psychology must always look with some concern toward the first meeting of his mother and his wife—or the woman whom he intends to make his wife.

So when Blackstone Loomis' mother wrote to her son that she was coming to New York from her home in a middle West-ern metropolis for a short stay at a hotel of national fame, he was not at all together sanguine in his anticipation of the meeting of these two women so important in his life.

How would the housewifely and farm-bred mother regard the city and office-bred daughter? At heart Blackstone knew them to be much the same sort of women. He consoled himself in thinking that had his mother's experience and training been identical with those of Margaret she, too, would have wanted the ball.

But he felt even more depressed when he took Margaret home that night after they had seen the mother go to her downtown hotel.

"Blackstone, I'm sorry," Margaret said when they had reached the shelter of her apartment.

"Then if it were a question of suffrage or me, I suppose you would take suffrage," she said. "I simply asked you to use a little tact in order to prevent my mother being unhappy, and you don't care enough about me or her to do it. I'm sorry, Margaret, but it is better for us to find it out now than later."

"Decidedly," replied Margaret, who could be just as quick to jump at conclusions as her fiancé. And when, a few minutes later, Blackstone was out of Margaret's apartment in the street it was with the terrible feeling that Margaret was lost to him forever.

"What ever else happens," he told the girl on the eve of his mother's expected arrival, "don't let the mother know that you are a feminist."

Blackstone had planned to make this request at the outset of his call on Margaret in her little uptown apartment, where she kept quarters with two other young women who were employed in downtown offices.

Margaret was outspoken and she did not mince matters at all now. Counsel from his mother that she was a suffragist, a "feminist," as he calls it—why, he was asking her to be a traitor.

"Then came the masculine appeal for rationality. 'Don't be silly, Margaret,' he said. 'No one has asked you to act a lie. You don't have to say that you are an anti- or anything like that; but you just needn't say anything about it at all.'"

"But doesn't your mother know that you are a suffragist?" queried Margaret.

"I can't say that I have ever told her—no." Blackstone had to go cautiously here, for he was well aware of the fact that his conversion to "the cause" had been one of the prerequisites of their engagement.

"What makes you think she could be?" he asked in a way not altogether worthy of one who claimed to be a convert. "Just because she works in an office and hasn't had the advantages of having been brought up in the seclusion of her own home is no reason why she shouldn't be just as homey as—as you are."

"Then he continued: 'But of course you won't discuss that sort of thing with Margaret, just for my sake.' He wanted at least to make it easy for Margaret to maintain her noncommittal point of view, for Margaret had agreed on silence on the subject only so long as the mother did not introduce it."

Although Margaret had protested against agreeing to silence of this sort she was really not especially eager to impart to the lady who was to be her mother-in-law the fact that she was leader and president of the stenographer's suffrage organization in a large downtown district, or that she had firmly made up her mind that after her marriage she should call herself "Mrs. Margaret Loomis," and by no means Mrs. Blackstone Loomis, and that she realized as well as did Blackstone that the circumstances in which she and his mother had been reared had very much altered cases, and she was no more anxious to hurt or shock the elder woman than was he to have her do so.

That night at dinner first impressions were as favorable as first impressions auspiciously may be, and in order to prevent the conversation from taking a personal turn Blackstone monopolized it to an unusual extent. He had made up his mind not to leave

the two women alone and not let them guide the conversation. So he went into needless details regarding his latest law case, explained the meaning of professional terms that were quite beyond the ken or interest of either of the women, and gave a resume of a brief in which he had been recently engrossed.

For a week things went on thus, and the only times that Blackstone feared an open expression of opinion was one night when his mother and Margaret chanced to meet for dinner before he could get on the scene. But apparently nothing disconcerting occurred, and immediately after dinner Margaret excused herself for an important engagement that Blackstone knew to be a meeting of her suffrage club. The next night Margaret had another suffrage engagement, and Blackstone's mother claimed an engagement, too, so it was not until three nights later that the three again met at dinner after Margaret and Blackstone had closed their office desks.

Following dinner came a play, and in spite of the fact that Blackstone had taken his mother and his fiancée to an especially diverting dining place, and in spite of the fact that the play was uncommonly good that night, the evening hours passed slowly and Blackstone felt the effect of the depressed spirits of the two usually high-spirited women.

But he felt even more depressed when he took Margaret home that night after they had seen the mother go to her downtown hotel. "Blackstone, I'm sorry," Margaret said when they had reached the shelter of her apartment. "I'm sorry, but I can't keep my feelings to myself any longer. I feel like a traitor. The meeting night before last made me feel what a culprit I have been, and then last night at the mass meeting, when I looked around at those women from all over the world working together for each other, I wondered how I had been so despicable as to promise to conceal my interest in the cause from anyone. You don't know how a meeting like that fires and thrills one."

The fact that Blackstone's spirits had already been depressed made him especially susceptible to take offense. "Then if it were a question of suffrage or me, I suppose you would take suffrage," she said. "I simply asked you to use a little tact in order to prevent my mother being unhappy, and you don't care enough about me or her to do it. I'm sorry, Margaret, but it is better for us to find it out now than later."

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The Gentleman From Cupidville

By ALAN HINSDALE

One spring morning when the buds were opening Howard Lane, a young New Yorker, left his room on Central Park West and, entering the park, strolled along the mall smoking a cigarette. Presently he looked up at a man passing him and saw that he was the very counterpart of himself. Each stopped and stared at the other.

"Upon my word!" "By Jove!" "You're myself, only better looking," said Lane.

"Permit me to return the compliment." "You must be a near blood relation of mine. What is your name?" "Spencer—Raymond Spencer. And yours?"

"Howard Lane. Come; let us sit down on one of the benches and compare notes. I don't remember any Spencer connections." "Nor any Lanes."

The two passed an hour together, each now and again looking up at the other in wonder, almost fancying he had a mirror before him; but, while they were identical in face and figure, they soon noticed that they were very unlike in disposition. Lane was philosophical, analytical, critical, cynical—indeed, everything that ends in "ly"—but he was a man of intellectual vigor. Spencer was an optimist and very shallow. He was on his way from San Francisco to Europe.

"I have an idea," said Lane. "How does it feel?" "You are a stranger to me, but you are a gentleman. I'm going to take you into my confidence. I'm in love." "For fellow? Is it more bother than having an idea?"

"I have been unsuccessful with the lady. She likes me, but says I'm too 'dead and alive' for a life companion." "Why not turn her over to me?" "That's just what I'm thinking of."

A bargain was made, and when the two left the park they went to Lane's rooms, where Spencer was put in temporary possession of the owner's wardrobe. That evening Mr. Spencer appeared at the residence of Miss Margaret Thorne and sent up Mr. Lane's card. Miss Thorne came down with a settled purpose. That purpose was to give her lover his final quietus.

"I have been thinking over the matter between us," she said, "and have come to the conclusion that I am wrong in permitting you to hope. A man who has reasoned himself into the belief that life is but an empty dream I could not be happy with. I will never be yours."

The man grasped the back of a chair for support and brushed back his hair dramatically. "Too late!" he exclaimed in the tone of one for whom the bottom had dropped out of his life.

"Have you a cold?" asked Miss Thorne, surprised, especially at the tone of his voice, which was deeper than usual. She was still more surprised when her lover rushed toward her and, seizing her hand, poured forth an impassioned appeal.

"Until our last meeting," he said, "I did not realize that you were right and I was wrong. Life is not an empty dream, and you have made me see it. Life is real, life is earnest. I had resolved to throw off the depressing philosophy by which I have been bewitched. I had set a goal—under your inspiration—determined to do or die. We need one gentleman in political affairs. I had resolved to enter upon a career which, beginning with the state legislature, might end in the White House. But, alas, without you I am powerless! Nevertheless I shall go abroad and sink away into a degenerate globe trotter."

"What has come over you?" she asked. "Your influence." It has had its effect at last. "Mr. Lane—Howard, I cannot understand this sudden change. Do you mean all you say?" "I swear it."

Looking up, he saw a puzzled, undecided look on her face. Rising, he clasped her in his arms, and, while she turned away her face, she did not struggle to be released. In three minutes—ten since he entered—she had promised to be his wife.

The next morning the two counterparts sat in Lane's room. Spencer was smoking; Lane was reading a note from Miss Thorne. It was to say that a previous engagement prevented her seeing him till the next evening. "I cannot realize my happiness," she added. "In the love of a man of your ability inspired by that love for me, I predict a great career for you."

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LEGAL. IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY. To Elinor H. Jordan, Margaret T. Watt and Elizabeth F. Timan. By virtue of the order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in a cause wherein May F. Jackson is complainant and you and others are defendants, you are required to appear, plead, answer or demur to the bill of said complaint on or before the 15th day of December next, or that in default thereof the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Estate of Smith E. Johnson, deceased. Pursuant to the order of Daniel H. V. Bell, Surrogate of the County of Atlantic, this day made on the application of the undersigned, Executor of the said decedent, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the said decedent to exhibit to the undersigned, under oath or affirmation, their claims and demands against the estate of the said decedent, within nine months from the date of this notice, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the estate.

Among long staircases the world over none, it is safe to say, is so long or difficult of ascent as "Jacob's ladder." This remarkable flight contains more than 700 steps, all rising with the same lift in the same direction. The steps rise at an angle of exactly forty-five degrees. "Jacob's ladder" ascends a particularly steep hill at St. Helena. The steps are naturally the most direct route to the summit of the hill and despite their great length are traversed daily by hundreds of wayfarers. There are said to be many persons who from long practice are able to ascend the steep stairway at a rapid pace without once stopping for breath.

The Czech language is the richest and most developed, but at the same time the hardest and strongest (owing to its abounding in consonants) of the Slavonic tongues. It differs from most European languages in the use of quantity instead of accent in its poetry, as in Greek and Latin, and hence it can copy accurately the different meters of those tongues. Indeed, it is doubtful if there is another modern language into which the ancient classics can be so faithfully and forcibly translated. Unfortunately its grammar is complicated and consequently exceedingly difficult to master.—London Chronicle.

Aroused His Curiosity. "John," exclaimed the nervous woman, "there's a burglar in the house!" "Do you mean to tell me that after I tried every door and window in my effort to get into my own home, just because I happened to mislay my latchkey, a burglar comes along and wakes you up at the first rattle of the door-knob? I'm going down to see him."

Glacier Ice. Glacier ice is not like the solid blue ice on the surface of the water, but consists of granules joined together by an intricate network of capillary water filled fissures. In exposed sections and upon the surface of the ice can be observed "veined" or "banded" structure—veins of a denser blue color alternating with those of a lighter shade containing air bubbles. The cause of this peculiar structure has been the subject of much theorizing among investigators, but the greatest authorities consider that the explanation is yet wanting.

Played With Fire. "She talked to him just to let him know she wasn't afraid of old bachelors." "Yes." "And he talked to her just to let her know that he wasn't afraid of widows." "Well?" "Oh, they are married now."—Boston Transcript.

It is estimated that the annual loss to agriculture in this country from the depredations of insects and rodents is \$10,000,000,000—about \$1 a month for every man, woman and child in the United States. From the seeds of the castor oil plant a German chemist has extracted what is said to be the most powerful poison known.

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Schedule of Election Proceedings. August 31—Petitions for nomination for members of assembly and county officers must be filed with the County Clerk on or before this date.

Sept. 4—Boards of registry and election meet for organization. Sept. 5—Petitions endorsing candidates to be voted for at the primary election must be filed with the municipal clerk.

Sept. 6—Boards make house-to-house canvass to register voters. Sept. 14—County Board sits to revise and correct primary election registry lists.

Sept. 15—Registry lists posted for inspection. Sept. 16—Sample primary election ballots to be mailed by election boards to every registered voter.

Sept. 20—Primary election day, also second registry day. Those not registered on this date do so on this date in order to vote at the general election.

Sept. 20—Corrected registry lists to be posted. Sept. 20—Annual meeting of county committee. Oct. 2nd—State convention.

Oct. 30—Final meeting of boards for revision and correction of registry lists. Oct. 30—Sample ballots of general election to be mailed.

Nov. 1—Copies of registry lists to be delivered to county board. Nov. 1 and 3—County Board to sit to revise and correct registry lists.

Nov. 5—County Judge sits to revise and correct registry lists. Nov. 6—Election Day. Nov. 7—Train leave for Salt Creek.

Fish and Game Seasons. Quail, rabbit, squirrel, male English ring-necked pheasant, ruffed grouse, prairie chicken and Hungarian partridge—November 10 to December 15.

Wild turkey closed season until March 15, 1918. Female English ring-necked pheasant—closed season until April 15, 1918.

Send in News Items. Our subscribers are requested to send in any news items of visitors, social events or other happenings of interest. All contributions must be signed as evidence of good faith. Call at office and get a supply of news envelopes.

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