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### Where Did the Flowers Come In?

By ELSIE B. MATTESON

Bob Garwood, aged thirty, had buried his father, then his mother. He and his sister had kept up the family home till the sister died and Bob found himself alone. He was at a loss what to do. He had been born in the house and had never lived anywhere else, the thought of leaving it and going to a hotel, a boarding house or bachelor apartments was repulsive to him. He determined to stay where he was.

He stood the loneliness of living in a house all by himself for several months, then gave it up. He preferred to take his meals elsewhere so that it seemed useless to keep a servant. The consequence was that everything grew dingy. He could not see through the window panes since they were covered with dirt; he considered it useless to make his bed since there was no one to see it except himself, and he didn't care. Dust and cobwebs began to appear. He wrote on a card, "This house to let. Inquire within 8 to 9 a. m., 5 to 6 p. m." and tacked it on the front door.

Returning from business at 5 o'clock, he sat down in his accustomed seat by the window, opened his evening paper, sighed and listlessly read the news. About half past 5 there came a ring of the door bell. Garwood slowly rose from his chair and answered the summons. There stood a lady between twenty-five and thirty with a little girl. On her face was a melancholy look. The child might have been four years old and was the only one of the three who was not somber.

"I see this house is to let," said the lady. "May I look at it?"

"Certainly! Come in."

Garwood showed her through the rooms, told her what rent he expected to get and that possession could be given at any time.

"I'm afraid," she said, "I'd better not take it. I should have to make the rent by letting rooms, and if I couldn't find roomers I should be in trouble. I'm not much of a business woman. I wasn't brought up to it. My husband died only a year after we were married and left me some money, but I didn't know how to take care of it, and it is all gone. I haven't \$50 left."

"I might take a room with you myself," said Bob.

"Would you?" said the widow, with a faint show of hope.

"If I were to keep one room at, say, \$25 a month that would leave the rent out but \$25."

The lady caught at this, and to help the matter out Garwood told her she could see what she could do in renting the other rooms, and he would not let the house till he heard from her. She departed quite comforted, and as soon as she was out of sight he went out and took down the notice.

Garwood waited a week for word from the widow, when he received a note from her stating that she had been able to find but one person who would agree to take a room with her, so she feared she would have to give up the plan of taking the house. Garwood called to see her and said he thought he would like to keep two adjoining rooms, for which he would pay \$35 a month, leaving the rental but \$15. The widow seemed encouraged and said that if he could give her more time she thought she could make arrangements that would warrant her taking the house. Garwood told her not to hurry.

Not hearing from her for some time, he called on her to learn what progress she was making. She apologized for keeping him waiting, explaining the delay by saying that two different persons whom she hoped to secure as roomers had been undecided. However, presuming from his having called that he was getting impatient she would not keep him waiting any longer, but give up the idea of taking his house. He assured her that he was not impatient and begged her to proceed in her efforts. The next day he mailed her a proposition to keep the rooms and a bath, for which he would pay \$50 a month, and this would leave her no rent to pay.

To this the lady replied, acknowledging the liberality of his terms, but unless other roomers were in the house with them she would not like to face the opinion of the world by living alone in the same house with a man.

Garwood had proceeded as far as he could in the matter and deemed the lady right in the position she had taken. Indeed, he felt it incumbent upon him to call and apologize for having made a proposition that looked, to say the least, out of place. So he went to see the lady again and explained that he had supposed she would bring some relative or other person who would be glad of a home without paying room rent. The widow told him that she was alone in the world and very lonely. To this Garwood sympathetically replied that he was in the same position. He left assuring her that he would not give up the plan; he would think it over and see if he could not find some way out of the matter.

The only way out of the matter was to rent his house to the widow without rent and pay all the bills. This would not do at all without marriage, so he mailed her a proposal, which was accepted.

When her acceptance had been notified the widow gathered up a number of withered flowers that had been coming from time to time during the negotiations and burned them.

### A SOCIAL EPISODE

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

A young Englishman visiting America appeared at that club which is the exponent of New York's Four Hundred and presented an introduction card from Legrand Pulsifer, one whose position had been at the apex of the social Manhattan pyramid for several generations. The name on the card was Ralph Maltravers, and he who bore it was a good looking young man with the Anglo-Saxon light hair, blue eyes and rosy complexion. Having got through with the formalities, he lit a pipe and sat down to a newspaper.

Half a dozen men, smelling the odor of pipe tobacco, lifted up their heads, made wry faces and scowled. A few minutes later one of the club's lackeys informed the gentleman that only cigars or cigarettes were permitted in the club. The stranger immediately put out his pipe and apologized on the ground that he was unaware of the rule.

Had it not been for this infringement the stranger might have been suffered to remain unnoticed; but, having thus attracted attention, the members present began to ask who had introduced a man who didn't know any more than to smoke a pipe in the club. Pulsifer came in and, seeing the Englishman sitting alone, sat down with him, and they had a long chat. When Pulsifer left his friend several men gathered round him and asked who had introduced that cad to the club. Pulsifer admitted that he had done so himself and explained that he had met Maltravers in England and found him rather a good fellow in his way. He had therefore chosen to show him some attention. This being a faint backing, the protesters thereafter took pains to sit with their backs to the newcomer whenever they happened to be in the same room with him.

A New York club is no place to make acquaintances, and Mr. Maltravers would not have been welcome even had he not followed the universal London custom of pipe smoking. But it so happened that several of the gentlemen present when the Englishman had appeared at the club afterward met him at a social gathering given by a Mrs. Ten Eyck, a sister of Legrand Pulsifer, and there found it easier to show their disapproval of him.

Not that they were by any means impolite. Far from it. They were excessively polite, while to each other they were extremely unceremonious. In other words, they indicated as only a swell can indicate that the stranger was not and could not be one of them.

"Who is the fellow, Legrand, any way?" asked one of them.

Pulsifer shrugged his shoulders and said: "My dear boy, he did me a favor when I was in London. What would you have me do when he comes to America? However, I wish to be frank in justice to Mr. Maltravers that he has no desire to be socially received. What I have done for him is that way has not been at his request."

All agreed that because a man had done another a favor it was no reason why the recipient should inflict it on his friends. There were other ways of paying obligations than socially, and some surprise was expressed that Pulsifer, who was himself barrier to applicants for admission in the charmed circle should have introduced this man socially. His path the Englishman up at his club was quite enough. But Pulsifer said that all he had done in the matter was to admit the stranger to his club and be responsible for him at his sister's.

The women, though they showed respect for Mr. Maltravers, admired him. One of them to whom he was introduced said that he was one of the most interesting men, considered that he seldom opened his mouth, and had ever met. But she was very prof of her conversational powers, and being pleased her better than to find good listener. Even the men who considered Maltravers inadmissible declared that he never said anything stupid, for he never said anything at all.

One evening when Pulsifer went to the Four Hundred club half a dozen men ran toward him from as many different directions and opened fire on him.

"What did you mean by introducing Lord Pennington inco?"

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did. You introduced it as Ralph Maltravers."

"That's his name."

"That's pretty thin. You had business to introduce him as a nob when you knew very well that any one would have been glad to show the attention his position calls for. It's putting New York society in a light."

"What I did was of his own request. He came here to look at America. If it had been for my sake a necessity and not to do duty and one of the biggest in London in England he would have been New York society instead of who did see me last night. Besides, and the idea that we fellows ever are an assembly of wealthy men and would not be able to see us. Letting me tell he expressed great interest for the American people."

"That man Pulsifer," said one of the distinguished parties, "thinks that since his family has always been