

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

FEMINE GRACES THE RESULT OF SERVITUDE.

By Helen Armstrong.



Marie Dow in her role of an Oriental captive maid pictured the whole history of feminine psychology. It was by trying to please her lord and master. It was by exercising every beguiling grace and charming wile that she overcame him. Without the gentle power of her silence and the soft suasion of her winsomeness the little prisoner would have been powerless. Every woman has been a captive maid. Her fortunes have depended upon the will of lord and master. And the more primitive the man the more need she had for every personal appeal, for every fascination. For the man had the less sympathy. He had to be pleased to be good and kind.

Women may mold the world according to their own ideas instead of being molded by it contrary to their natures. They may put into the office some of the coziness and charm they give to a home. They may do away with the grimace that consorts so ill with their dainty frocks. They may put an end to street noises. They may even instill some of their sympathy and goodness into business deals and political campaigns. But even if women should not do much to soften the big world, somehow, it is softening anyhow. It is growing gentler. It is refining. It is civilizing.

EAST PURPLE SPOT IN COLORLESS WORLD.

By Lord Killanin.



It is well for the Western, greedy, ambitious, jealous, noisy, sordid, vulgar, busy, practical, aggressive, mundane Western to visit the East, where the sole wish is to escape from a world of desire and action, of possessions and distinction. We came from the West, complacently absorbed in the innumerable affairs and details of our elaborate society and governance of public life and we find a people to whom our civilization, all our social, and political, and economical, and commercial, and scientific development is foolish and contemptible, and who cannot condescend to give it any thought or attention, while the mystery of life, the nature and destiny of the soul confronts us.

And of course the Eastern view is essentially right. For with all our modern devices and inducements and arguments we cannot hoodwink ourselves into a denial and oblivion of the great spiritual problems of life. However denuded, and ensnared, and overloaded by the pomposity, and trappings, and luxuries of a rich external life we may be, however occupied with chattels, trade, professions, undertakings, the mysteries are there all the same and appertain to each human soul. And as long as that is so it can never seem reasonable to shirk or ignore them.

We know that the wise men came from the East. Here life is simple. Commercial values and social interests and differences begin to wane. At last our spiritual apprehension can grow and expand at its ease, and

everything about us does not jar with our new ecstasy. Life is a mystery everywhere, but in the East you are allowed to think so openly, and to attend to and occupy yourself with the same. In the West it is difficult if not impossible for a man to save his soul.

A PARADISE FOR HUSBANDS.

By F. M. Colby.



England is the happy hunting-ground of husbands, the land where on moderate incomes the men have valets and the women hardly any clothes. For the great capacity to rule, to conquer and to colonize can, he thinks, be traced directly to the male ascendancy in the English home. Groomed, well-fed, exercised, never thwarted, and with the wife always in her proper place, the English husband is, like the fire engine horse, always in the pink of condition, and ready at an instant's moral alarm to rush forth to the most distant part of the world and kill a colored man. This explains the British Empire, and, per contra, I may add, it explains the imperial shortcomings of the United States, for here having once provided for the wife in that station of life to which it has pleased her to call him, and having served without offense as handy man about the house, the American husband has not the time left, still less the spirit, to be off shooting Matabeles. Thus the question of empire is fought out in the home, and you often meet a husband, now utterly domesticated, whose abilities might, if his wife would only set them loose, make him a colonial Governor. We have the manhood, could it but be disengaged.—Bookman.

FACTS THE SAME HOWEVER EXPRESSED.

By Ada May Krecker.



It is the fashion nowadays to require scientific formulas for nearly all our thoughts. That is because we are developing our scientific consciousness. We are thinking in scientific terms, talking in scientific language. But this scientific habit and mannerism of ours does not invalidate truths that are not scientifically stated. It does not affect the accuracy of our poetic idea. It does not affect the verity of our ideals, of our unproved hopes, of our undemonstrated secret yearnings, of our unclassified experiences.

Our minds are filled with sweet dreamings, with lovely idealities, with wonderful yearnings and hopes. Science has said nothing about them. But this silence of science in nowise discredits them. It does not render them untrue or unbelievable. George Eliot wondered whether it were possible for us poor earthworms to think, to conceive of anything which the illimitable universe wherein we dwell could not furnish out into reality.

Is it not remarkable as well as delightful to suppose that the big universe has far more than the earthworms and earthwormlets can guess?

THE POET'S FAITH.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pang of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.
—Tennyson, "In Memoriam."

His Needless Worry

Sam Bradley looked up from his books and cast a furtive glance toward the telephone booth. All he could see was a mass of puffs bobbing about fetchingly, a small pink ear, against which the receiver was held, and a nervous-looking little back that seemed never to be still for a second, but instinctively Bradley knew that the occupant of the booth was Miss Burton and he felt a sudden jealous pang.

"I wonder if she's talking to that fellow of hers?" There was a decided tinge of bitterness in Bradley's thought. "I bet he's a lazy skate. Seems like he don't have nothin' to do but lallygag half the time." He strained his ears and was rewarded by hearing the soft voice raised slightly.

"All right. I'll be there at five after 5. Good-by." The speaker hung up the receiver and came out of the telephone booth, her little high heels click-click-clicking across the uncarpeted floor. She waved a gay little hand in Bradley's direction and called "Hello, there," with apparently no more definite intention than to evidence the fact that there was no hard

feeling. Then she clicked back to her desk and presently her hands were flashing over the keyboard, her rings giving back a joyous twinkle in response to the friendly advances of the electric light.

Bradley raised his head again and refreshed himself with a long look at her. To him the sight of her variegated plumage was an unmitigated pleasure. Others might scoff at her weird combination of blues and greens and purples, or even more terrifying things, but to him they were as satisfying as the gorgeous coloring of a flower or of a tropical bird. He revelled in them as he would have revelled in the vividness of an old-fashioned flower garden and was cheered and invigorated thereby.

When she had been a member of the office force a month, although he had exchanged probably no more than a dozen sentences, with her, Bradley's hitherto untouched heart was hers.

And here is where the tragedy began, for Miss Burton already had a "fellow." Every day about luncheon time he called her up, and while their conversations were short, apparently merely to make an appointment for



BESIDE HER SAT THE HATED "CANDY KID."

luncheon, or to meet and go home together, there was a peculiarly intimate tone to them that made Bradley's heart leap and his pulses quicken sickeningly when he heard the sharp tap, tap, tap of the little heels as she trotted over to the telephone booth.

Bradley met them on the street one day, the young man with his hand tucked under her elbow and leaning over the blonde curls with a most devoted air, the girl's face wearing a pleased, rather absent smile. She bowed cheerfully to the somber Bradley.

"Reg'lar candy kid," thought Bradley, as he turned half around to look after the couple. "How can a nice girl like her stand for a fellow that looks as if he didn't do nothin' but comb his hair and manieure his finger nails?"

For several days afterward he went through a mental struggle, trying to persuade himself that a girl who could be content with the affection of a "sissy" was not worth thinking of, and during that time he failed to note any conversations between the two. However, about the third day, happening to pass the telephone booth, he heard her say: "Well, we gotta start early. I want to be there when the curtain goes up."

It may have been a desire to drown his sorrows in ragtime or, perhaps, the chance of spending the evening in moody contemplation of another's happiness, that caused Bradley to go forth and purchase for himself a gallery ticket to the most popular "show" in town. If Miss Burton and her swain had chosen this particular performance he might, perchance, gaze down upon their heads from his lofty but humble haunt. Almost with a shudder Bradley admitted to himself that he was deliberately "tagging."

Fortune favors almost anybody if given sufficient opportunity, so it was quite to be expected that upon his first casual glance over the house Bradley should see the bobbing puffs of Miss Burton. She was sitting almost directly opposite Bradley, and for wonderful raiment she would have had Solomon in all his glory beaten, while beside her sat the hated "candy kid."

Bradley grew chill with disgust. How could any one be so destitute of proper feeling as to ask that beautiful vision to sit in the gallery? He looked hastily away, almost overcome with shame for the one who had done this thing. Then suddenly a wave of satisfaction swept over him.

"Cheap skate," he gloated. "Takin' a lady like her up in the gallery!" During the remainder of the evening he kept his eyes turned resolutely away from the couple, and at the end of the play he seized his coat and hat and fled for the stairs. Surely she should not be humiliated by the knowledge that he had seen her.

The next morning, greatly to his surprise, Miss Burton came tripping over to Bradley's desk.

"My goodness, ain't you the frost!"

she gurgled. "I pretty near killed myself tryin' to ketch your eye last night. There was an empty seat next to me and I thought it would be a pile of fun if you'd come over and sit with us. But no, it was you for guggin' the snow-man act and never lookin' at a person the whole evening. I bet you were afraid I'd ask you to come."

Bradley blushed. "I didn't want to butt in," he said. "Besides, you looked like you was havin' a pretty good time without no third party."

Miss Burton laughed. "Sure we was havin' a good time. Me an' Fred always do. He's an awful nice kid, if he is my brother, but I thought I'd kinda like to have you and him get acquainted."

Bradley's pen dropped from his hand and he stared at her without a word for a moment. "Say," he said finally, "seein' that we missed connection last night, won't you and he make a date and eat lunch with me some day soon? I'd be tickled to death to get acquainted with him. He's just the kind of lookin' chap I like."—Chicago Daily News.

PUNCTUALITY.

It Has Its Disagreeable Side Just as Everything Else Has.

So much is said about the virtue of punctuality that people who go in for it to any great extent are exceedingly upplish and disagreeable. Punctuality has its bad side, just as everything else has. People should remember this. If they are on time they only serve to throw into embarrassing relief the poor souls who come hurrying up ten minutes late. It is smug to be precisely punctual. It is raising yourself above the rest of mankind, refusing to partake in its frailties. The ideal thing from the point of view of courtesy to others and decent humility about your own attainments is to be always ten minutes late, or at least to appear so.

If you are to meet at the package office in the Grand Central station at 4 o'clock, sit quietly in the middle of the hall until 12 minutes after 4; then when you have seen the other person dash up, followed by panting, porters and fairly dripping with explanations, wait until the arrival has had a second in which to recover self-respect and stroll up with a remark on Timbuctoo or the best way to cultivate carrots. This will insure your popularity and show you to be a person of kindness and forethought. At any rate, it is better than a pitiless standing at the place where you said you would be, your superiority increasing every minute, and confronting, upbraiding silently, the person who promised to meet you because you appeared a rather likable sort, but who finds you in your panoply of punctuality the very reverse of likable.

For be it remembered that just as some people cannot be on time, others cannot, to save their skins, be late. So that they deserve not a whit of credit for it and should, in fact, be reprimanded when they do it ostentatiously and in public.

The theaters have formed a charming habit of sending up the curtain just fifteen minutes after the time stated, which by punctual members of the audience is considered shocking, for it permits the late arrivals to settle comfortably in their seats and say to the members of their family, who fumed and fussed and had a silly idea that the time to get to the theater was at the hour suggested in the papers, "Now, you see, here we are in perfect time; couldn't be better," which arouses the worse nature of the punctual persons and divides families against themselves.—New York Evening Sun.

Sure Enough.

Mrs. Bacon—I read here that the veins on the back of the hand are every bit as useful for the identification of criminals as thumb prints.

Mr. Bacon (looking at his hand)—Is that a fact?

"Now, what are you looking at the back of your hand for? You're not a criminal, are you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Upward Slant.

"Yes," said the worker in the slums, "I have immense hopes of Luigi."

"But he is so ignorant," urged some one.

"Yes," admitted the worker, "but he shows the infallible sign of advancement—he is no longer discontented with his condition; he is discontented with his character."

An Improving Affliction.

"Does your wife give you Christmas neckties?"

"Invariably. Half a dozen of 'em."

"Pretty hard lot, I suppose?"

"I won't go so far as to say that. You see my wife is color blind and about half the lot isn't so bad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There should also be some understanding about these heavenly harps; are they to be played at all hours with the windows open?

It isn't always easy to find a friend after losing your job.

HE SLENDER HAND

UNROMANTIC ROMANCE OF A LONELY YOUNG BOOKKEEPER.

Illustrating What Cruel Jeats Fate Will Sometimes Play—Hunt for the Hand That Fed the Pigeons.

Every day as he sat at his desk he noticed the slender white hand that stole out of the window across the alleyway to throw crumbs to the pigeons.

It was an inconsequential act, that of throwing crumbs to the pigeons but it appealed to the young bookkeeper. Any girl that would bring bread to the office—or perhaps it was part of her meager noonday lunch—just to feed the pigeons that hovered about her window sill, must be a girl of amiable disposition, the sort one could tell one's troubles to with the assurance of finding a ready sympathy. It made him think of the picture on the back of a plush album at home showing a woman standing at the back steps of a farmhouse throwing crumbs to the English sparrows. The album had also contained many family portraits, and the recollection heightened the sentiment that the bookkeeper felt when he saw the slender hand across the court.

He found himself wondering about the appearance of the owner of the hand. She was not pretty, perhaps, but he was certain that she wore clinging, becoming gowns, and a sweet girlish expression, no matter how trying might be the day's work in the office; and that she had a complexion as soft and smooth as the goods in a high-priced dress suit.

Day after day he regretted that the windows were at such an angle that he could see only the slender, soft white hand. Just a glimpse of the face, with its indubitable expression of tenderness, would have brightened each day like the sight of the sunrise over a distant mountain peak.

The bookkeeper wondered, too, if the young woman of the slender white hand would not find joy and gladness in knowing of the sentiment she had stirred in the bosom of an entire stranger by her simple act of kindness in feeding the birds each day.

The other afternoon the bookkeeper made up his mind to make the acquaintance of the young creature.

It was not a difficult matter to calculate where the young woman's window would be. She would be on the floor corresponding to that on which he worked in the other building. By entering one or two office suites on that floor and looking across the court he got his bearings and soon found himself in the rooms where she must be employed.

An office boy with thick, round glasses sat at a small table just outside the door—HER door.

"I want to see the—I wish to see the people in that room," said the bookkeeper, pointing to the door with his thumb.

"Well, gwan in," the office boy told him.

He looked about him. The sole occupant of the room was an underdressed, anemic, sour-faced-looking man of perhaps 35 years, with watery blue eyes and a scrambled, ready-tied necktie. He had long, thin wrists, in consequence of taking little exercise—which lack of exercise had made him a dyspeptic and given him an irritable, crabbed disposition.

"Who is it that feeds the pigeons there at the window every noon?" asked the visitor.

"I do," replied the dyspeptic. "I can't eat much myself, so I try to give the pigeons a good time. Got any objections?"

The bookkeeper said he had none whatever and made a hurried exit.

"Wonder what that guy's name was anyhow?" muttered the dyspeptic to himself after his caller had escaped.

Didn't Need a Wife.

Down in the south part of the state there lives one of our modern intensive farmers, who in the course of his life on the farm became fairly well off in worldly goods. He is also modern in educational ideas and his several daughters have all had the advantages of college education.

One of the girls, particularly well gifted, became the object of devotion of a young swain on an adjoining farm. She treated him nicely, though not as one in love with him. The young fellow thought he would like to marry her, but was a trifle bashful and too modest to propose to her. As a last resort he took heart and wrote the following letter to her father: "Dere sur: I luv your dater Millie and wud lik her hand. She luv me to, I gess, and I think I nede a wif."

His reply was as follows:

"Dear Sir: You don't need a wife. You need a school teacher."

And He Resigned.

"Who was it who said: 'You may fire when you are ready?'" "Somebody who knew he was going to get discharged, anyway."