

Nobody's Magazine but Ours

The Voice

of

Phi Sigma

1914

Editorial Staff

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Editorial

Mrs. Arthur M. Cormin

A Happy New Year to all Phi Sigmaites and to the editor of the "Voice" for 1915. May they be especially blessed.

At our last meeting you will recall a request was made by Mrs. Allen, that any member of Phi Sigma who would like to contribute to the 1914 issue of the "Voice" could so do. Alas! what a frightful conditions of things befell the editors.

Picture to yourselves dear members! the manuscripts pouring in upon us, by parcels post, express, special delivery, night telegrams and even wireless. Never in history! did any committee have such a task.

Can you not see us? sitting up into the wee sma hours reading, selecting and discarding! Lowering the pile only to have it heaped high again with the arrival of the early mornings mail. At no time did your editors dream that so many of Phi Sigma were eager to appear in print. We had hoped to have been the recipients of a few clever thoughts, sufficient to help out the editors and minimize their work.

But that the response should have become such a deluge was never anticipated. That we are here tonight with all our faculties and on speaking terms with most of those present is still a matter for congratulation.

First and foremost the discussion as to who should write the editorial had to be quelled, Mr. Allen insisting that he being the only man on the force, the honor should be his, and even his gentle little wife imploring that we concede to him that right. But your editoress has not decended from Johnny Bull for naught.

And who would have surmised that our most recent essayists who so charmed us with their papers on Keats and Lowell, would present themselves again before the limelight.

And our friend Parks the versatile, how did we know how many lectures and poems abounded with him!

Stories and plays by Ford Automobile full rolled in from the Fitch's generous stock.

And our president who has plead ill health as a reason for postponing his literary responsibilities, Did you know that he and his wife had written the biographys of all the members of Phi Sigma? In rhyme at that? We the editors did not.

Would you have thought the modest Arnolds not content with waiting to distinguish themselves in May, would have sent in with the

cheerful sailors a generous ship load, and the conundrums and dialogues that came from the pens of Mrs. Wilcox and Miss Bishop nearly swamped us. And still they came, but unceasing diligence on the part of your editors eventually separated the good from the bad, and these latter were returned with the usual pleasant rejection slips. And as Christmas Day drew near it looked as though "Peace on earth, Good Will toward men" was really to be. A late ring on Christmas eve summoned the editor in chief to the door, and with much excitement she beheld an express man roll in to the hall a huge barrel, plainly marked for your editoress, Also it bore the label "Fragile, handle with care". With what trembling hands she pried out the head of that barrel, expecting to find therein a precious set of Limoges China, nothing less. Depict if you can her sentiments on unearthing a full barrel of Dr. Nerrell's old sermons. Do any of you know what a "printers devil" is? Well! She felt like one or some other kind.

But there was some compensation in the episode, since the fire of that barrel of oratory has done much to lower the family coal bills.

To show that the editorial staff bears no hard feelings we open the real program, with sincere Seasonal greetings from our poet lariat Dr. Corwin.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

**WHAT HO! Another holiday,
The New Year's Opening!
To set the pace of happiness
For all the other days that crowd the calendar,
The New Year's Day was made;
For when in blackest Night with rule of Death,
Unlicensed chaos reigned,
And hope of Life was but a germless thing,
The Earth a formless void;
The Great God touched the rim of Space,
And formed that wondrous famous Day,
The First, the Day of Light;---
And straightway Life and Love and Joy
Came trooping on with Man.**

**As, when the world had learned to speak,
In memory of that, the first illustrious Day,
It called aloud to celebrate in happiness
The dawn of each year, new,---
So now, We say,
A Happy New Year may this be to You!**

---ARTHUR M. CORWIN

Some Impressions on Clothes

I beg of the audience most patient attention, for I did not choose, this role of being in the limelight, but was pushed roughly forward by the editor, out of whose dragon clutches we can never hope to escape. Not being a writer by trade, with clever quips and quirks, which invariably accompany the practiced essay, I shall have to fall back upon a stumbling brain, groping in the dark for something worthy to present. I have tried in vain to concentrate upon some wise, and timely theme but as the season approaches when a “livelier Iris tints the plumage of the door”, I find my interest also points towards the ever fascinating subject of adornment. If one poses one evening of the whole year, as a bright and well informed person, and then the rest of the time slides along easily on the toboggan of circumstance, never making any mental effort except to jot down the market supplies, or the latest panniers or sleeves, how, but it is so far to go back, and see how this sentence started, that I find myself in a hypothetical construction, which I can not complete and will refer to lawyer members. So you see when we dullards start to write papers we hopelessly flounder.

But back there a ways, there was a real good sentence, you may remember, so I'll continue from there. Shall I write about my real thoughts, scrambled in led pencil, rapidly on the corner of the kitchen table, while the biscuits bake, or shall I sit at my Sheraton desk, in elegance and ease, and dip a fine and conservative pen into the ink of proper ideas, and so make a smooth running high brow essay, appropriate for this learned company? I can't quite decide which style to adopt, and while I am wondering, time runs on, and comes no more, and Tuesday is rapidly approaching. Little blue devils prod me with their forks, saying, what if you were humorous in your own eyes and your audience didn't think so? Or what if you wrote something really worth hearing, and they should burst into loud laughter, and think it funny? There is all the difference between being laughed at, and being laughed with.

Can a woman ever be anything but scatterbrained, with the many petty tasks, that are thrust upon her? She is expected to write about anyone from Milton to Bernard Shaw, with the same hand that stirs the soup. She converses with intelligent friends on the all absorbing topic of prevailing fashions. She rips them up, and down with a biting sarcastic tongue. Then goes home and in the dead of night cuts a French slit in her skirt, just to give her a feeling of somehow being in things. Or as a

cheaper wit might say being out of things. Which brings me, anfin, (I don't mean infant, tho' it sounds like it) to the subject of my paper. Clothes. Keep your seats, I don't mean to close, but just clothes. I don't mean to close this article here on clothes, but rather to open on clothes. If you fail to get me, please raise your right hand. (Note: audience laughs loudly here, gaining time for server.) My vantage. Another laugh by audience half page ahead! Go slow here. The party to whom I rehearsed this said, so far your article is all frosting, you must get down to the cake pretty soon. All this up to now, is Induction, as Bernard Shaw would say. And now for the meat.

The subject of proper apparel has always been given much thought, even by those who are commonly supposed not to have much time for such things. Indeed the further back we go, the more elaborate and costly seems to be the habit of raiment. We have ample proof of the love of dignity, of form, of state, which dominated even in the 1st struggling days; we can see the governor of Virginia when he landed, turning out his entire force in most formal attire and with full company of forty halberdiers in scarlet cloaks, to attend in imposing procession the church services in the poor little church Edifice—this when the settlement at Jamestown was scarce more than an encampment. Winthrop the governor of Mass. recounts his mortification at the undignified condition of affairs when the governor of the French province, the courtly LaTour, landed unexpectedly in Boston and caught the governor picknicking peacefully with his family on an island in the harbor, with no attendants, no soldiers, no dignitaries. Winthrop was so embarrassed at his own personal appearance, that afterwards throughout the French governor's stay, he had an imposing guard of soldiers at every step he took. Ordering them to wear their fullest stuffed doublets and shiniest armor, while he displayed his best black velvet suit.

All the colonists, so says an old writer, "Studied after nyce array, and made greet cost in clothing". Clothing in those days, no matter what its cut was worn as long as it lasted, doing service frequently through 3 generations. Certain flowered satin gowns and mantas have been traced through four wills. The Boston gentlewoman of 1660 would not have been badly dressed, or out of fashion in the dress worn by her grandmother when she landed in 1625. Little details were altered such as caps, bands, scarfs, ruffles etc. but for many years the general fashion did not change. Men's dress was unaltered for a long time, except in neckwear and hair dressing, both being very important.

Many of the extremes preached in Elizabeth's day had disappeared before New England was settled. About this time the Cavalier style of dress prevailed in England. We find this description of Cromwell's personal appearance written by Sir Philip Warwick – "The first time I ever took notice of him, was in the beginning of parliament, November 1640. I came into the house one morning, well-clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinary appareled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain, and not very clean and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his band which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat band; his stature was of good size; his sword stuck close to his side." Afterwards when he became a power, his dress was very rich, and history tells of the splendid purple velvet suit, in which he lay majestic in death. But at this time, he was quite simple in his costume compared with those about him.

The years when Salem, and Boston were settled were under the reign of Chas. I – and the rich and beautiful dress of this King was being imitated and followed. Charles I and his queen Henrietta Maria had excellent taste in dress, and she especially succeeded in making women's dress wholly beautiful at this time. And many of the absurdities of Elizabeth's reign were fast disappearing. Much of the beauty was attributable to the painter Van Dyck, for he not only had great taste as to dress, but he made the dress picturesque and appropriate to the wearer. Many elegant modes at this time were termed Van Dyck costumes. The Van Dyck dress was very rich and more suited to court life than everyday wear – Chas. I was a great patron of art, and the portrait painters of his time were much encouraged in their work, and many beautiful pictures were painted correct in every detail of costume, from which we get a complete idea of the dress at this period.

An amusing note says that not all the jewels in these portraits were real. The painter often received 10 shilling extra for placing a gold and pearl necklace upon his complaisant subject. Lady Sussex thus writes "I am glad you have prevailed with Sir Vandyke to make my picture leaner, for truly it was too fat. If he made it fairer, it will be to my credit. I am glad you have made Sir Vandyke mind my dress. I am glad you have got home my picture, but I doubt he has made it leaner or fairer, but too rich in jewels I am sure; but 'tis no great matter for another age to think me richer than I was. I wish it could be mended in

the face for sure 'tis very ugly. The picture is very ill-favored, makes me quite out of love with myself, the face is so big and fat it pleases me not at all. It looks like one of the Winds puffing – (But truly I think it is like the original.)” It seems, there has never been an age when woman was not willing and anxious to allow a counterfeit presentment of herself to descend to posterity.

Old letters and old garments bring us in close touch with the past. The very substance of these garments, spun and woven before cheating makeshifts were known, seems true and good. The fashions of today are railed against by public and press, and never has there been a louder outcry against the absurdities of style. But looking back over the pages of history, we find fashions quite as foolish as many of ours - such as low necks in mid winter, clothing that binds uncomfortably, not giving the modern woman enough stepping room.

I will cite one instance showing in what trivial manner a style often starts. A very skimpy pinched garment was invented by Lord Spencer in England. He made a bet with Sir Edward Chetwynd that he could set a fashion which would be adopted as a ruling mode within six months. And it should be a form of dress wholly meaningless and unnecessary. He called for shears, cut off the entire tails of the long coat he was wearing, put on the unhemmed, unfinished garment, and went out for a stroll. He was a handsome, dashing man. And in three days several young men were seen wearing similar “spencers”. In two weeks all London was wearing the garment, and in two months all England, men women and children – and soon in America, “Spencers” became the rage.

The climax of interest in American life in the year 1824 was the visit of Lafayette in his old age to the scene of his career of sentiment and love of liberty in early life. All Americans held him as a hero, and preserved a romantic affection for him. The clothes he wore on this occasion, are typical of the garments worn by the men of the time. Blue coat, with brass buttons, and rather wide nankeen trousers. This was worn at the laying of the corner stone of B. Hill monument, when Daniel Webster delivered the address. An interesting item is Mrs. Webster’s dress on that day. Pearl gray silk hat and gown. Rich and elegant and in the full height of the French and American fashions.

The history of dress tells many an interesting tale both sad and gay. But time does not permit of more than a passing glimpse. Old clothes are full of Romance. Rich brocades, bits of cherished lace all tell their own story. There still clings to the firm all wool-stuff, unfaded

hand stamped calico, the lustrous, homespun linen, something of the vitality of the enduring women who raised the wool, the cotton, the flax, and even the silk. Who prepared each for the wheel, by many exhausting labors, who spun the yarn and thread, and wove the warp and woof. Who bleached and dyed, who cut and sewed these ancient garments. All these honest stuffs with their quaint fashionings render them a true expression of old time life and their impalpable and fine beauty, through sentiment, puts us truly in touch with the life of our forbears----

Mrs. Kathryn Hamill

THREE EVENING IN FOR LAKE.

The announcement of a lecture by Alfred Noyes, the English poet, should attract an attentive and cultured audience anywhere and in a suburb whose principal reasons for existence are educational institutions and beautiful scenery, the subject of the FUTURE OF POETRY as discussed by an authority, becomes of absorbing interest.

Indeed the frosty air of a mild winter's night, the dark shadows of oaks and evergreens interspersed with the twinkling lights of college and homes afforded a fitting setting for a brilliant discourse. Mr. Noyes is an optimist of the purest and highest kind. He does not understand that term to mean the covering of bad conditions with a pleasing gloss, but seeks by studying the underlying principles of world development to "think God's thoughts after Him", and find the true relation of the finite with the infinite. Thus he defines the poet as one who can take the simplest things of life, perchance even commonplace inanimate objects or trifles in themselves, either of mind or matter, and by connecting them with the great outside world with principles and purposes universal, bring them into a glow and brightness never thought possible to those who look only at the dull material fact of the thing itself. So he holds that true art and true poetry can have no place in a bad or unclean environment; no dismal portrayal of wickedness however correct or lifelike can be art or poetry; writers who mistake murder and theft for dramatic values and lust for love or who dig up all the debris of restless luxury or misery to find and display some fragment sufficiently decayed to appear to shine with evil lure, in short the realistic pessimists of literature or painting are not artists in any sense. Out from the intense materialism of our age the first dawn of a new and better period is being hailed with an outburst of song from poets like Noyes, who look through nature and man up to the Creator of all and who sing with the pure joy of finding the facts of life even the simplest, shining bright with their use as instruments for divine accomplishment. The poetry of the future according to Mr. Noyes will be the poetry of optimism, hope and joy and radiant with divine light. His address was illumined with his reading some of his own verse, among such being "Lilac Time in London", and the "Landlord's Daughter". He purposely rendered his lines with no elocutionary effects for he said the elocutionist always destroyed the two delights of poetry, namely rhythm and metre.

The poem entitled "Lilac Time in London", he said, was really a part of what might be termed a London Symphony, in which he depicted the healthful beauties of even a great city like the world metropolis; his inspiration was merely an organ grinder playing lively tunes and a flower girl selling lilacs on the crowded streets and from these simple everyday types MR. NOYES weaves a perfect web of happiness and creates flowing streams of joy, rippling and sparkling with springtime gladness. The other poem "The Landlord's Daughter" is a tragic story, yet having its lesson and its moral worth. The poet rapidly sketches the ruddy happy maid at the inn making tryst with her lover, who happens to be (although perhaps not realized or known by the girl) a highwayman; he sets the following night for meeting her by the light of the moon about midnight, saying he has something to attend to earlier in the evening, and hence cannot keep his usual hour with her. But in the shadow of the lovers stands the sinister "hostler Tim" who himself has dared to love the landlord's daughter and jealously hates the dashing highwayman turning off into the road on a gallant steed.

As the retreating sounds of the horse's hoofs recall the hostler to his senses there comes a resolve into his mind, not told by the poet, but understood by his listeners, for the hostler Tim down in the shadows, out of the moonlight, has heard the lovers talk. The next night comes and at the time usually kept by the highwayman at the inn, there comes a squad of red coated soldiers, who bind the maid at the inn, hand and foot, to a stack of their muskets, which they place in a corner, and put a gag in her mouth and then sit down to wait and watch.

As midnight approaches the maiden in despair listens intently for sounds of her lover's horse galloping up the road; the moonlight glints all the trees and makes the highway a track of silver; faintly in the distance she hears the gallop, gallop of a horse; she shudders at the fate she knows is his when her lover, the highwayman, reaches her side; her brave heart beats for him and him alone; what reck she so he is safe!

Leaning closer against a musket, she reaches for the trigger with one of her fingers which she has worked slightly loose, tightly presses the cold steel of the barrel against her neck and as the gallop, gallop, comes louder and louder and closer and closer she hesitates no longer but crash sounds the gun and brings warning to her lover while the girl ebbs out her life blood. Away flies the highwayman, the red-coats are balked. But in the morning

the highwayman learns the truth and how his sweetheart died for him and hastening back to the inn he seizes his sword and on the body of his beloved mingles his life blood with hers. In the poem the inspiration of self-sacrifice is clearly shown without any of the hideous details of crime, thus being in sharp contrast to the realistic literature of the day, that constitutes the best sellers in carload lots; indeed, as the audience passed out, every one saw a new vision of literary pleasure and felt a longing for purer and brighter subjects and cleaner treatment, and all welcomed heartily this early harbinger of newer songs and reviver of the sweet and pure and wholesome and moral in literature.

The following evening the school girls at Ferry Hall were to hear JOHN KENDRICK BANGS on "MORE SALUBRITIES I HAVE MET", a subject that would worry anyone to understand, for what indeed is a salubrity? JOHN K. explained it in this way: He was announced to speak in a small but supposedly cultured town in Washington State and on arriving he had a handbill given him on which it appeared that he was to speak on "Salubrities I have met". He at once telephoned the manager to state that he had never given consent to lecture on a salubrity; and in fact did not know what the word meant. He was told that the printer, with that devil's customary license, had twisted the word CELEBRITIES into SALUBRITIES and it was too late to correct the error; the manager further more added that his audience would likely be one that insisted on having precisely what had been advertised, or would make trouble for the lecturer and therefore begged MR. BANGS to do his best to speak on the SALUBRITIES he had met and say nothing about the mistake.

This accordingly MR. BANGS tried to do and by thinking a little he managed to derive a variety of salubrities out of the many celebrities he had known and talked with and classed some as healthful but not famous and others as famous and not healthful, in other words he found salubrities among his celebrities and celebrities among his salubrities and some that were both, and of all of whom MR. BANGS managed to tell some very interesting stories. The most important of the stories perhaps were the following: When MR. BANGS was editor of that old institution called the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Monthly Magazine, a tall slim innocent looking, big eyed young man appeared in his sanctum and asked for the editor of the magazine; Mr. Bangs politely told him that Col. Harvey was just then engaged but would see him presently if he would wait, and asked

him to be seated, which he did and after waiting some little time said to Mr. Bangs that perhaps if he was also an editor he could answer the questions which the visitor had in mind.

Mr. Bangs said he would try and then the visitor told him that he desired to know whether or not a more human statement of American history dealing with the intimate relations and familiar habits of the principal characters of history would not command attention and sale, if such a work was carefully performed, and suggested that he, the visitor, would like to undertake such a task, if it would be published.

Mr. Bangs reminded the visitor that a gentlemen called Bancroft had in a fairly good manner developed American history and that only lately in addition to several other good writers McMasters had published twelve good sized volumes of the same purport and finally after going over the situation pretty well, remarked to his visitor, "Instead of writing history, WHY DO YOU NOT GO OUT AND MAKE HISTORY?"

With that his visitor concluded he would not wait for Col. Harvey and went out. Mr. Bangs never received any thanks for his excellent advice but many years afterwards when Wm. J. BRYAN was talked of for a seat in the cabinet of the president of the United States, Mr. Bangs felt again impelled to give some advice and composed a brief quatrain which he called in his lecture a "limerick" and sent it to the president in which he gently reminded that official that the American people had elected him personally and not the whole democratic party to office as perhaps he might have erroneously supposed and that the people wanted "WILSON-THAT'S ALL". His reply came only in the calling of the man against whom he had advised and thus, for a second time, most excellent advice of Mr. Bangs to Woodrow Wilson was apparently unappreciated, although the first advice seems to have been followed with the startling effect and success.

The other story claiming prominence in the memory of this evening with John Kendrick Bangs was of what Mr. Bangs saw himself while attending a reception to the ambassador to Germany on his going back to Berlin after coming to America to attend the funeral of former president McKinley. Mr. Bangs says he was sitting near the successor of McKinley as he was addressing MR. WHITE the ambassador and heard him say with that peculiar articulation identified as that of our huntsman president, "It gives me great pleasure, Mr. White, to have you continue in the office to

which you were appointed by my predecessor and to represent this nation at the court of the Kaiser and I wish you would say to His Majesty when you see him that the president of the United States sends him greetings and wishes that he could clasp his hand, but being unable to do so at this time, he expresses the hope that in the future wherever we may meet whether in the hunting field or on the field of battle, I shall give a good account of myself."

It is needless to say that Mr. White's subsequent narration, in a book, of what took place on his return to Berlin, shows the message of President Roosevelt to the German emperor was not delivered "in haec verba"; a simple cordial salutation was diplomatically substituted by the skilful envoy. Mr. Bangs characterized Mr. Roosevelt as a comparatively young man who had attained the highest pinnacle of American success while still in his early prime, and in the years following has never had sufficient to engross his attention or command his best energies and thus he has engaged in lengthy speeches and preachments on any and every subject imaginable fired indiscriminately in all directions.

Among the celebrities whom Mr. Bangs called "salubrities" was MARK TWAIN (Samuel L. Clemens) to whom the lecturer gave a most touching tribute of regard and sympathy; and still another man, rough, unkempt, ill clad and unprepossessing whom Mr. Bangs met on a train in the west and engaged in conversation, in response to a question asked of him by the man, which developed into a long discussion of the classics by both, but especially the stranger, whom Mr. Bangs called not a celebrity but a salubrity, and told how, when they parted, as the man went off the train at his destination, the stranger said to Mr. Bangs:-"I am one of those unfortunates who started life with such high intellectual endowments that I could move in only one direction and that was – downward."

And when the lecture closed the audience was satisfied that they had listened to one who was not only a celebrity himself but could also for his wit, and healthful refreshing stories and genial humor, be classed in his own list of "salubrities".

But the climax of three evenings in For Lake came on Saturday evening when "sounds of revelry by night" came from the Club where a Neighborhood dance was going on for the benefit of the young people and those of doubtful age, who untouched by rheumatism, wished to prove it.

Yes—a hundred yards and more away from the club building one could hear the clicking of dancing slippers and measured music, and clapping of hands by the dancers expressing their desire for more music.

It seems to the hearer that more than ordinary noise was made and that the music was of a kind not remembered by one who posed as a wall-flower in years gone by. But let us enter and get a seat out of the drafts of open windows and see if we can just what shape the dancing takes. There are brilliant colorings everywhere and fresh bright happy faces, not a crowd, and certainly not a miscellaneous company, for all seemed to know one another and there was a hearty, laughing pleasantness that made the place one of joy and forgetfulness of all care and trouble.

But such whirling, slipping, sliding, twisting, backward and forward, up and down and across, together and around each other and back the other way, interlocking directorate gowns with suit-cases full of mere man; white kid gloves forced to find the waist line for lack of anything definite above and exemplification of the good rule laid down in dancing school directions, that dancing slippers should be of a kind that can be securely fastened to the feet, not that any came off however. And O, the music! How ponderous, such constant hammering, piano and drum and cymbals and triangle, marking time with great effect on the ear drums. O for a touch of the old time waltz, the graceful forms of the minuet, the Virginia reel, the old square dance and the lancers or some other antique! Where O where are they indeed!

Scarcely can the toilers on the platform set a few minutes rest so insistent is that company of dancers for the “music” so called, to continue, so their racing and jumping and tacking and backing and filling and jerking can go on; there goes the dip—the Boston kind—down goes the lady nearly to the floor, back again she comes—yes she’s all right, no bones broken and ready and anxious to have it again. Ah! It takes a strong man these days to dance the modern dances!

But now comes a welcome relief—gracefully the couples are swinging and turning and the music seems of a better and milder sort—round and round the couples whirl, and as they go, ever and anon they seem to hesitate and consider whether they shall go backward or forward—but finally just as the patient onlooker thinks they have decided to back up, they gather

headway, the lady takes a reef in her skirt and they sail away to dreamland to the tune "Too much Mustard".

The humorous side of the onlooker worked out a name for the whole proceedings which he summed up in PIANO-BANGO-TANGO, but the serious side responded to the remark of another onlooker, a man of thought and responsibilities, who expressed the idea that these dances were the outward and visible, public manifestations of the general restlessness of the age, an expression, in the very forms of the ages pleasures and recreations, of an abandonment of old and regular rules and forms and outbreaks to wild independence, and irreverent self-will. But, as he said, these manifestations are even now passing away and there will be a sure and quick return to the safe, sane and reverent forms of long ago, when grace and dignity and strict regard for form and appearance and accuracy of step made dancing not only a recreation but a beautiful and uplifting art. But the writer has too long claimed your minds for his triple evenings in his home suburb and wishes as he wanders homeward in the midnight hour that all the dreams of dreamers and all the works of workers in this year 1914 may bring better days of joy and happiness to his fellow men.

Mr. Newcomb

Henry and I

In the late fall Henry was obliged to spend one whole day out of town. He was very important over the circumstance and packed his bag two days before, which alone proved his advancing years, formerly his aim seemed to be to complete his packing, eat a hurried breakfast about five minutes before time for the train to pull out from the station. Now he gave himself an hour to get to the train for fear something might happen to detain him.

"Yes that alone would prove that we are seventy" I said sadly as I stood before the window watching him go slowly down the street.

Yet, if ever a good fairy grants you one wish, I advise you wishing that when you are seventy, your heart and some one else's will be as heavy over one day's separation as were ours.

"Henry" I said to him that morning "I wish that every one in the world could love some one as much as I love you".

And Henry had answered seriously "Remember that every one in the world who is worth anything either loves as we do or else is unhappy because he doesn't". "Not everyone" said I. "Every one." Repeated Henry firmly.

I wondered about that after he had gone away. Not every one surely. There was one exception Nicolina, our old servant. She was worth a great deal, but she loved nobody – not even us – and I am sure she prided herself upon it. And there were ever so many others whom I could name at once who never even thought of love. I could not argue with Henry just as he was going on a journey but I would take the matter up on his return.

I was desperately lonely when he was gone. I was sitting by the fire thinking about what he would be doing at this time when the telephone bell rang. We are so seldom wanted that the mere ringing of the bell is an event, even if, as usually happens, we are called by mistake. This time, however, old Nicolina announced that I was wanted by Miss Tillie Baker.

I hurried excitedly to the phone because when Miss Tillie Baker calls she usually has some interesting news.

She is almost seventy as well as I. As a girl she was not very interesting yet I think that she has improved with age until now she is delightful.

"Susan" said Miss Tillie "will you and Henry come over for tea this afternoon. I am alone and I have a lame arm".

"I'll come" said I readily "but Henry is away".

"Oh" said Miss Tillie with proper regret "Henry is away." For a moment she thought then said "Susan lets lunch down town and then go to a matinee."

I could hardly believe my ears. "We two?" I answered.

"Certainly" she cried "I'll come in a taxi at noon".

I made a faint show of resistance. "What about your lame arm" I wanted to know.

"Pooh" said Miss Tillie "That'll be all right in a little while and I don't know whether it is lame or not."

The next moment she had left the phone and I had promised.

I went up stairs in a flutter of excitement. I was not at all intimate with the ways of the matinee. It had been twenty years since I had been to one.

Afternoon theater going seemed very frivolous to me.

I had taken my lace waist from the box and was making it fresh with a bit of ribbon and rushing when our old servant entered.

"Nicolina" said I quietly "I am going to a matinee and you'll need get no lunch" I hastened to add "because I am going to lunch in town with Miss Baker".

"Yah" said Nicolina "going to a matinee?". "You'll have no lunch to get" I reminded her. "Tsk. I'd rather get up a lunch for a family of six than to have you lose your immortal soul at this late day."

She went back to the kitchen and I was almost ready to take off my lace waist and stay at home but my religion was not of that kind.

At noon Miss Baker arrived and Nicolina came in to help me with my wrap.

"I've telephoned for the tickets" said Miss Tillie. "We are going to see 'The end of the World' I know you haven't seen it Susan."

"Is it a religious play" old Nicolina hopefully inquired.

"I dare say Nicolina" replied Miss Tillie kindly.

We hurried down the step into the auto and soon arrived at a pretty little café.

We ordered tea, and chicken broth, and a salad and a sweet although we had both been forbidden to eat sweet. But who would know anything about it.

We talked about old days when we were young – this is no sign of old age but rather of a good memory – and presently I was reminded of what Henry had said in the morning about love.

"Where did you go to school" asked Miss Tillie.

"At Miss Burdett's" I answered "and I have just been thinking that it was while I was there that I received my first note from Henry. I slept with it under my pillow and forgot it and in the morning the maid carried it to Miss Burdett. I impudently told her that it was more important than her entire curriculum and she sent me home in disgrace.

And then Miss Tillie told how when she was at school, she had gone into the chapel one cold night to get a book that she had left there and she found her teacher kneeling with a man's photograph in her hand.

How strange seem these instances of loving some one yet I was sure that Miss Tillie and old Nicolina never had been in love with anyone and I intended to use those two cases to argue with Henry when he should come home.

At last we left the pleasant table and after giving a coin to the lady who had so daintily served us, we hurried on so that we might enter the theater at the proper time. We wanted to arrive while the orchestra was still playing for we did not want to look too absurd.

"The end of the World" proved to be a delightful play about a man and woman who loved each other very much.

In the third act the woman of the play, at the height of her ambition that her daughter should marry a man of wealth as she had done, opened an old desk and came upon a photograph of the lover of her youth whom she had not married. She had truly loved this boy and he had died true to that love. "When I die" said the woman "I hope I may go back and be with him".

Personally I had little patience with her and besides I think better of heaven than to believe any such nonsense.

Hardly had the curtain fallen when Miss Tillie suddenly leaned forward and said "Susan do you believe that the people who truly love each other here are going to know each other when they die?"

"Certainly" I said.

"No matter how long after" she said wistfully.

"Not a bit of difference" said I positively.

"You and Henry can be surer than most" said Miss Tillie "but suppose one of you had died thirty years ago. Would you be so sure then?"

"Why of course" said I.

"Susan I mean this when I was twenty" she went on very rapidly "I met a young man a little older than I and I had known him only a few months when he went away to work. Before he went he told me that he loved me and I know that I loved him. Soon after he was killed – and I wonder – and wonder – you see that was fifty years ago – but I wonder –

I sat up straight hardly daring to look at her but said – “Since he died loving you and you have loved him all these years never tell me that you will not be each other’s afterward.”

At least no one need dispute me who cannot prove the contrary.

“But where – where” cried Miss Tillie echoing the cry of everyone in the world.

“I don’t know where or how” I said helplessly but believe it and you’ll see”.

My mind was full of the argument that I was to have with Henry when he came home. Miss Tillie had gone to his side of the case outright but there was still Nicolina – if all the world fell in love she would still be scowling upon everybody.

I fancy that neither Miss Tillie nor I heard very much of the last act. But one picture I carried away with me and the sound of one voice. They were those of a beautiful young girl waiting in the door of a cottage. “Dear” she said to her sweetheart “if we had never met, if we had never seen each other, it seems as if the love I bear you would yet have followed you, without my knowing. Maybe some day you would have heard it knocking at your heart – and you would have called it a wish or a dream.”

Afterwards I recalled that I was saying those words as we went slowly down the aisle.

We found our taxi and soon we were at my door.

“Good-night” said Miss Tillie and she gave my hand a squeeze. I know why dear starved heart – she had longed for years to talk about that dear boy.

The drawing room was not lighted and no preparations for dinner seemed to be going on so I hurried into the kitchen just in time to see Nicolina taking off her best hat and coat. Seeing her embarrassment I said gently –

“I’m glad you’ve been out it is such a beautiful day.”

“Who said I’d been out” she said without looking at me.

“Why I saw you -” I began.

“Where was I?” demanded Nicolina.

“I saw you with your hat on” said I with dignity as I went upstairs.

Soon I was called to a lonely dinner for it was terrible to think of eating when Henry was away.

As Nicolina was putting on the dessert she spoke and if the stove had spoken I would not have been more surprised.

"Everyone took their part very well this afternoon I thought" she said stiffly. I looked at her blankly then slowly it dawned upon me – the best hat and coat – the late dinner – she had been to the matinee.

"Nicolina" I said "were you – "

"Certainly" she said "I want to see what they do as well as you."

"Did you like it" I asked.

"Yes I did" she replied "but do you believe all of it?"

"Believe that it really happened?" I asked.

"No" she said nervously catching up the corner of the tablecloth in her big fingers. "believe what she said in the door there?"

It all came to me dimly but before I could tell or even remember she said "That about 'If we hadn't never met it sorter seems as though my love would a followed you up, even if I didn't know nothing about it – an' mebbe you'd a heard it somewheres an' a' thought it was a wish or a dream' that part" said Nicolina.

And then I understood that she too had been dreaming.

"Nicolina" I said "Yes! I believe it with all my heart! I know it is so!"

She looked at me wistfully.

"But wishes may be just wishes" she said "an' when you dream nights it may be just dreamin' nights – "

"Never" I said positively "Most of the time they are the voices of the people who would love us, if they were alive."

I was so used to her old face, with its straight black hair and little sparkling eyes that seldom changed expression except to get angry – that it did not surprise me to see her look at me now with terror.

"Heaven over us" she cried "the silly folks who dream. I've never dreamed a thing in my whole life. Do you want some more coffee?"

"No" I said gently. I was not deceived. I knew what she had meant. The poor old woman whose life had been cast upon us, who had lived always in a household not her own – she also had welcomed the belief that the love which she never had inspired was some way about her all the time.

All the evening I sat quietly by the fire. There was no need for books for I was thinking where my side of the argument had gone – but I was glad to see it go.

When at last I heard the door open and close it seemed to me that I must welcome my dear Henry for Miss Tillie – old Nicolina and myself.

This one day's experiences has certainly proved that everyone either loves someone or else is unhappy because he don't.

Story by Mrs. Rundell

Demurrer Sustained!

He who sups with the Devil needs a long spoon – and he who muckrakes, must need have a fine comb – or rather a fine rake. For he must gather what other men miss – what other men overlook – what other men can not see. He is a spinalist – an expert – a gleaner! A Goethals! He must know – and must know he knows. He must be bold – for he must be truthful and proclaim the truth – not the truth he hope for – but the truth he finds! Fools, children and drunkards tell the truth – which is he?

Fame or exile – renown or ostracism! Aristides or Newton – stand pat or progress! The dream of yesterday is the reality of today – the hope of today is the fulfillment of tomorrow. None is so blind as he who is most vitally interested! No man's wife ever talked on the corner, after dark, with an affinity – but all the town knew it except him – which brings me to my first Windmill Assault – the Illinois Central Railroad!

For years the railroads ran on the surface and killed their thousands. I say it regretfully – not with songs and dances as the women did, before David and Saul! Finally public sentiment of those who were left, forced gates and watchmen at crossings and lo! the slaughter was cut in two and the damage and claim department worked half time - and the stockholders dividend was safer! Ah vulnerable spot!

Then the crossing slaughter drew attention to itself by its bloody work – and we demanded elevation of the tracks! The roads threw up their hands in dismay! The Presidents stated under oath that the roads would be ruined! The company would be bankrupt! And he stockholder assessed! They were four-flushers – falcifiers – and pervericators! Today the roads are elevated and more prosperous than ever. The decrease in death losses alone is a magnificent return on the investment! Now we demand electrification of all terminals and in fact – all the tracks in wire(?!). They again plead poverty and imminent bankruptcy. I say that if the right man held the reins of city government today and had eyes to see and ears to hear – we could electrify all roads, inside the city, in ninety days! What is more simple – or more crude – than an overhead wire and a motor engine?

Who is more ready and more able, to furnish electric power – than the Commonwealth-Edison Co.? Why every street car and every elevated car is an

electric engine! Why do we put up with soot – coal dust, smoke, cinders and murky atmosphere? In London alone, one thousand tons of soot fall monthly in her 118 square miles of territory. Judging from my collar and cuffs, twice that much falls in Chicago daily.

O Tempora – O Moves – O Laundrys! It is not possible to estimate the damage done to clothing – furniture, rugs, draperies – building – paintings – faces. Hands – v-shaped chests – dispositions and souls! The cleaning of building and windows alone would soon wipe out our national debt. How long, oh Illinois Central will you abuse our patience? Do you think we will forever continue this crude, inefficient, antedeluvian method of making heat, light and power? Not at all! Soon the coal will be mined and burnt at the mine and over miles of bright copper wire will be carried millions of horse power, to cities, villages and farms! Both heat and cold will be generated by the push of a button – light and power turned on by the shifting of a switch! No coal to haul to the city – no ashes to carry from the city! No freight in – no tariff out!

No heavy load of fuel to generate power. No cumbersome tank of water to turn to steam. A wire overhead and a slender arm from car to trolley wire! Coal will be in the museum in 25 years! for power will be drawn from each stream – each wave – and the tides – from the sun each day will be stored enough energy to run the best machinery of human invention and turn darkness into light.

This delay is absurd. If this R.R. were farsighted it would electrify at once! It would depress and cover all its tracks along the Lake Shore! No smoke – no noise – no cinders would call attention to their right of way! No public discussion would fill the papers – no abuse – no indignation meetings. The last thing a big corporation wishes is publicity – no grabber wants investigation – no thief seeks a policeman – no special privilege wants light. Perspicacity should urge this R.R. to rush to the City Hall to ask the privilege of electrification – to beg the opportunity of stopping smoke – deaden noise – and cover from sight the unbecoming tracks, cars and switches that made of a beautiful park a pandemonium! Aye more – it would pay in sordid dollars alone, should it give to the people its entire lake frontage and join some other corporation in a grand building already erected or now in contemplation!

This, you say, is optimism! But even in business optimism pays. The people move slowly – but when roused – they do move. The man who buried his talent in a napkin – was not the only fellow who lost his capital! The Ogden Cutoff was the stroke of a genius!

In spite of that vast mass of inertia labeled – “Exhibit A” - C. H. Harrison – by the grace of God and the intelligent voting of Hinky Dinkism – five times mayor of Chicago – we do progress! We have a Park System rivaling Paris – a Municipal Govt. far ahead of a J. P. Shop! A Funkhouser in office and above a Mayor’s removal - though he still stacks the cards on the members of the Board of Education – we all know the chief of police is not the chief – the head of the Fire Department is not the Head! And when a delegation of deluded ladies and indignant clergymen call at the City Hall and show the Mayor places where the law is being violated and the red lights burn bright, we all know he is receiving news of a vivid character and information of startling novelty! To elect such a Mayor is as brilliant a piece of civic patriotism as building another Halsted Street lift bridge would be an engineering feat of epoc breaking significant!

This second windmill, “Exhibit A” heretofore mentioned – formerly turning biannually in the Democratic winds – now revolving quadrannually – is an obtuse unimaginative biped! A man at whose door opportunity not only knocked – but has pitched her tent and set up her tepee! And daily hammers at his portals! With half awakened faculties he could have been governor! Had he seized one chance each term, for fame – out of the many offered – he could have been President. But he has neither gubernatorial nor presidential timber about him – not enough to make a parlor match! To quote a Kansas editor –

(clipping from a newspaper) “Progressive candidate...we are on to that man...and without wishing to speak disrespectfully of a fellow townsman, who, so far as we know, may be at least outwardly decent in the simpler relations of life – perhaps he pays his debts when it is convenient, and he may be kind to his family, though that’s not to his credit, for who wouldn’t be? – and he may have kept out of jail, one way or another, for some time – without, as we say, desiring to speak disrespectfully of this man we know that he is not the man either to run for governor or, if such a grotesque thing could be imagined, to serve as governor...He is a four flusher...and a grandstander. He makes a big noise. He yips and kioodles around a good deal, but he is everlastingly and preeminently N. G. as gubernatorial timber – full of knots, warts, woodpecker holes, and rotten spots...Men and women would be trampled to death at 7 o’clock election morning trying to get to the polls to cast the first vote against him, and at night perfectly good citizens, kind fathers and indulgent husbands, would risk a jail sentence to get in at least ten votes against him as repeaters.”

Is it Fortune or Justice who has the bandage over her eyes? Certainly fortune stacks the cards in a marvelous way, her wonders to perform. Five times

she has shuffled the deck and this joker showed up on top! She has the habit – she can't stop – she pays no attention to signs, signals nor warnings! She runs by all block systems! A red light means nothing to her – nor to him! She rushes right by! A torpedo on the rail makes no impression! A semaphore with horizontal arm and red lantern calls nothing to her mind! She will neither stop – look nor listen! Titania is infatuated with Bottom the Weaver and sees not the ears nor hears not the braying.

This man is a fatalist. The dice are loaded and Fortune turns for him her sixes! He prepared in no way for high office or position! No unusual learning – no superior excellence in any line. He is not a student of civics or civic reform or civic government. He is not a specialist in Political Economy nor even in Sewage! In engineering nor garbage disposal! In science, art nor literature! In the rise and fall of nations – peoples or cities! Nor the whys nor wherefores! The causes nor the effects! Why Poland was partitioned – who did it and why she remains in sections is probably a sealed book to him – as it is to me! Who laid the foundation of Prussia – whether Bismark or Fred Erick the Great – would puzzle him – as it would you!

Who repelled the Saracens and when – and in what part of the world – would be a poser! Who was William the Conqueror – whom did he conquer? Who was his father and was his mother the daughter of a common tanner and was she out in the creek washing when Bill's father first saw her and was conquered – and was that the Norman Conquest? And was it 1066 or 1610 that William landed and what did he land on? would probably be a quietus to his literary pretensions! “Upon what meat doth, this our Caesar feed that he is grown so great! And we petty men walk under his huge legs and peep about to find ourselves dishonorable graves”!

He leads no advance – but drags at the rear of every progression! He is like a caboose on a long freight train – every car is in motion and advancing before he starts! He is a drag – a clog – an anchor – an obstruction – a hindrance – an incumbrance – an impedimenta – an obstacle – a resistance – a retardation – what the physician would call a stricture – a strangulated hernia! What the lawyer would call a plea in bar! The engineer would call – a dam!

He leads no advance – he proclaims no new truth – he heralds no dawn – he advocates no theory – he sheds no light – no flash – no flame – no ray of luminarity! No gleam, glimmer nor glint of genius! No sheen, shimmer, spark or streak of excellence! All is shade and shadow! Obscuration! Obfuscation!

Noctivigation! All is night – an eclipse – an umbra! He never crossed the Rubicon! He never climbed the Pyrenees – nor does he know that beyond the Alps lies Italy!

H. Hamill

License No. 41144 is still in good order – and we are working under it. Without such special privilege – the poet would not be safe. No Voice is quite complete without a poem from 41144 – we are licensed – therefore we write!

WHEN YOU’R AWAY!

It seems to me the Roses fade
 When you’r away!
And all the singing birds grow still:
And e’en the ripple of the rill
Has silent grown: no murmurs thrill-
The Fairies sadly roam the glade
 When you’r away!

It seems to me the stars grow pale
 When you’r away.
The light that floods the azure blue
Is not so bright or warm or new:
And dim is all the rainbow’s hue
The moon no longer lights the dale
 When you’r away!

It seems to me my heart lies dead
 When you’r away!
My Spirit seeks no more the stars:
My cag’ed soul doth beat its bars
With wings that bear both bruise and scars!
Alas! the joys of life are fled
 When you’r away!

H. Hamill

The Suffragette
By Arthur M. Corwin

That man who yesterday said "Suffragette"
And smiled, with finger tip to brow
And winked a knowing eye,
As if to say, "Don't fret
About this female freak,
This half-unsexed and ranting
Mannish think in skirts:
Just let her rave,
She's so absurd
Her word will never count in politics
This side the grave;"

I say, that man, today,
Instead of sneering at these advocates
Of Freedom's larger cause,
And winking out of view
Their ever-widening cry for right,
Their ever-growing strength to fight,
Had better waken from his sleep
And do some sober thinking:
For surely he has overlooked a count
Of passing years,
Or else been drinking.

Yrs. drinking deep, for drunk is he
With wine of power, misused,
Which long-established man made right to rule
The rule of might, has given,
In darkest ages born
When brain and heart gave place to brawn
And woman was a chattel
Amongst the house hold gear,
Inferior to lowly beasts of draught
And ordinary cattle.

The Suffragette!
A daughter she of servitude.
In ancient days when rounded
Female charm was prize of war,
A ravishment to him whose arm
Was strongest in the fight,
His steed the swiftest in its wanton flight,
There, woman's youthful loveliness
Was bauble bright of fickle passion's court.
When tarnished old and but the object she
Of kick and cuff-anathema:
Except to do the drudgeries of slaves.

Her lot, the mother of the suffragette,
For centuries was this,
To carry burdens, mail and toil and sweat
And multiply the tribe:-
While man, whose useful rib she seemed,
By virtue (rather vice) of this his ownership.
(As proved by osseous argument)
Has chosen what he would
To have, to hold, to give, to take, to buy, to sell
And woman had what ever else was left.
But 'mongst this stuff she never found a vote.
A thing too precious that for man to overlook,
T'would bring a price in gold.

What wonder, then, "the worm has turned"!
Wake up: oh man. Take off your hat to her
The mother of the race with whom you mate
Yet still refuse an equal place.
Your house she's set in order well:
Your children, many bless her loveliness:-
And yet thro' all her labors manifold & difficult & fine
She's kept her faith and loyalty
And won her day of fearless speech
And brought the issue home.

“To woman equal rights with man
A vote for each,”
Of progress this the issue is.
By peaceful means, if possible, it comes;
By war, if men prefer, as England’s men appear;
But come it shall:
And when, not if, it comes
Mere man will play a better part, perforce
For women, cleaner, honester, more ardent too
In what they do and what they think,
Will then be “on the job” for good
And politics will have,
Its morals washed.

Mostly Nonsense

An Irishman, asked to describe a parrot and not knowing its name, said it was a big green bird that looked like a Jew-duck.

A rumor which has become quite current and been disquieting to a great many of his friends to the effect that our genial Secretary Samuel Shaw Parks was about to embark in the Chinese Restaurant business is we are happy to report entirely without foundation and our Samuel is saved to Phi Sigma, the Womens Southern Society and the Law.

Recent disturbances to the surface of the earth in and about Salt Lake City and supposed to have been occasioned by earthquakes are no conceded to have been caused by the departed saints of the Mormon Church turning over in their graves at the thought of the injustice done them through the failure of the government to pass an income tax law in their day.

The ordinary man gets an allowance of \$4000 per year if he is able to live happily with one wife.

Think what the government would have owed Brigham Young.
No wonder they kick.

Mr. Masslich has made a profound study of the income tax law and as is his habit with regard to matters of current interest, recently explained to the boys and girls of his school what "income" meant and when sure that the lesson had been assimilated asked for volunteers to write a sentence on the board with the work "income" in it.

There was no stampede but finally little Johnny marched up with a smile of triumph on his face and wrote, "in come a cat."

Dr. Newell tells a good joke on himself occasionally.

He officiated as a vacation supply in a suburban church.

One Sunday after church an old lady spoke to him. "I want to tell you, sir", she said, "how much I enjoy going to church on the days that you preach".

"Dr. Newell was much gratified and beamed his satisfaction.

"Oh, sir" she said, "I get such a good seat then".

Mr. Arnold was recently asked to talk to the children of the Oak Park Baptist Sunday School on the subject of temperance.

He is very earnest in the course and wears a bit of blue ribbon as a badge of his principles. Rising before the school he pointed to his bit of blue ribbon and said "Now can any of you children give me a reason why I am not a drinker".

There was no reply for a moment, then a childish little voice from the rear of the room piped out "'Cause this is a prohibition town."

Mr. Hamill gives this interesting bit of personal reminiscence.

He had just graduated from law school and was looking about for the most likely place to hang out his shingle when he bethought him of an old friend of his father who had located some years before in Texas. He wrote this gentleman as to the outlook in his town stating among other qualifications that he was a young unmarried man, an honest lawyer and a Republican.

His friend extolling the virtues of his adopted city and State replied further "if you are a young man your needs will be modest, if you are an honest lawyer there will be no competition and if you are a Republican, the game laws will protect you."

The following was handed us by Mr. Frank who said it was a true story.

"Pa" said Johnny, "what is a law giver?"

"There isn't any such thing Johnny" replied papa who had been involved in considerable litigation in his time.

"But this book says that somebody was a great law giver" persisted the boy.

"Then it's a mistake" replied the father cynically. "Law is never given. It is retailed in very small quantities at very high figures."

Mrs. Kenworthy had been separated from her husband for a whole week and going to the post office asked eagerly if there were any letters for her.

"Your name madam" asked the clerk.

"Don't get fresh young man" she said "though I suppose I can't keep you from finding it out when you see the envelope."

It had been a hard day at the polls.

The addition of over a thousand women's votes had made the counting difficult. "Well, James," said Mrs. Brown as her husband returned from his labors as a teller "how did the vote go".

"902 votes for Smith, 813 for Jones, 8 recipes for tomato catsup, 4 wash lists and a milliners bill" said Brown.

Pat was standing near the car track when he noticed an automobile coming up the street and to be safe he stepped back a little.

The automobile went past, and just as it was passing the driver had occasion to turn off the track.

When he did the automobile skidded on the track causing the back end of it to swing around striking Pat and knocking him down.

Pat was seen to get up, look after the car and say "Now phat do ye think o' that? Whin ye stand in front of them they run over ye and whin ye get out of their way to let thim pass they turn round and kick ye."

Straight Talk Department

A Voice From Home

Setting ----- Interior of a through route No. 7, State and Madison car.

Pa and Ma had just come from Indianapolis to visit their daughter Maria and her husband. The men were on the platform. Ma has the floor "So this is State Street? Is there anything special going on? I thought that there would be a crowd here but laws sakes alive we wouldn't have that many people out on Parade Day at Cobb's Corner. You don't mean to tell me that that there is one store? Why goodness gracious! They must have as many as fifty clerks in there."

"You know that ma is having a dreadful hard time this winter. I reckon that she doesn't have enough to eat some of the time. Of course Sein(?) ought to help her but you know he is mad at her because she didn't go to see him when he came back after he was out hunting and shot himself. She says that I am going to have the house when she gets through with it. I couldn't go away and come to Chicago for a visit and enjoy myself without seeing that she had something in the house to eat. I got her \$1.19 worth of groceries and sent her. I got two pounds of lard and two pounds of coffee. Do you know I only had to pay fifteen cents a pound for the coffee as they were having a sale at Garrity's that day? My, if there isn't a Second Hand Store! I just dote on them I sure want to go in there and look for bargains while I am here."

"You know Mirandy? Well, she and I had a falling out. It's a long story. How much further have we got to go?" The daughter replied that it would be a good half hour before they would get off so ma proceeded: "You see Mirandy came to see us when you pa was a painting the kitchen. Well, now, you know how your pa is when he's painting or hanging wall paper. There ain't another woman living that would be fool enough to stick by him as I have with his laziness and drinking."

"It was Sunday and it was hot and Mirandy staid quite a spell. Finally she went and your pa says to me: 'Why don't you have Mirandy come and live with you?'"

"I said: 'Now look a here pa. I ain't going to have any more good for nothings around here eating me out of house and home and wearing myself out cooking for.' I know that I wouldn't get a cent of board from her and then your pa would think that he could go down to Makey's Corners every night and leave me to talk to Mirandy prim old maid that she is. See that square table with leaves! I been wanting one of them all my life. Do you think that you could find that place again?"

"I looked up as I heard a noise and there stood Mirandy. She left her umbrella and must have heard every word that I said to your pa."

"The next day I met her on the street and I said: 'Come over here by the curb I want to talk to you. You heard what I said to pa yesterday didn't you?' and she said: 'No.' The idea! I know that she had heard every word so I said – 'Well if you didn't hear it I'll tell you just what I said and loud enough so you will hear it.' I thought that would end her coming to live with us."

"You know that her ma was run over by an automobile and hurt something awful. They said that every stitch was torn off of her even her corsets. They took her to the hospital and I went to see her. I was late and the nurse told me that I would have to come again. I thought to myself 'You bet your life I won't after taking all the trouble of getting on my good clothes and walking way up there.' I wasn't going home without seeing Settie. So I asked for Dr. Kenneth and while she went to get him I went upstairs and looked in the different rooms until I found Settie."

"You don't mean to tell me that, that there is just nothing but a grocery store? Why! If there ain't another right next store to it? I sure wan't to come and get a look at them. I guess I'll come out here and take a walk before dinner. I may walk all the way to town."

"Say Mother Hullette is mad at me. You see at the time of the flood things were terrible with us and Mother Hullette got hit pretty bad. She had to take up all her carpets. One day we were all over on Eunice's step and Mother Hullette said that she would just as soon live without carpets. It was cleaner and it looked all right. I told Nancy Pollard and Mother Hullette said that I was nothing but an old gossip, and that I'd find plenty to do if I'd keep my house clean without telling other people how to run theirs. I guess if she had to live with your worthless lazy good for nothing fault finding pa she'd be glad to get out and say he soul is her own once in a while."

"You recollect Fanny Corbrey? I saw her the other day and she said that she was going to make you a visit soon. Well I know you wouldn't ever git rid of her as she'd live on you until Kingdom come so I said that Maria's husband was a very peculiar man and wouldn't have any of her relatives visiting her."

"I got the ten dollars you sent me. I suppose that you want the two dollar back?" Maria asked 'What two dollars?' 'Why you said in your letter that the fare was \$7.88 and you sent me ten dollars.' Maria said that the two dollars was for her and Ma said, 'I thought it was funny for you to send ten dollars and expect me to return the change.' Maria said, 'It was like this. First I thought that I would send eight dollars but that meant that I would have to put in a five dollar bill a one and a two dollar bill. I thought that it would be easier just to send two five dollar bills. So I did.'"

“Sally Jones’ baby is quite a boy now. You know they’re the religious kind. One Sunday he was playing with some tin soldiers and Sally says, ‘Why David, you pa wouldn’t want you to play with soldiers on Sunday’ and David said, ‘O yes he would cause these are Christian soldiers.’” Just then the car stopped and Ma and Maria got off. Ma was still talking as far as we could hear her.

Mrs. Clinton

To the above blank space. By the Editoress.

What's this! A half page without anything on it.
Not even a quatrain, yet room for a sonnet.

How came it that such space failed to be writ on
By James A. Clinton, or Miss Mary Eaton.

A rather small space to exhibit much art in.
Then why not reserve it for Arthur M. Corwin.

Or if it were thought they could put but a chunk in
Then why not be generous and let Mr. and Mrs. Funk in.

Now where was the agent of that family of Queens
The Masslichs, Kenworthy, and Treens.

Yes somebody blundered, so careless, so reckless!
To let any one of Phi Sigma go checkless.

But thank you dear friends, for this brief space is
In magazine verseland, a charming oasis.

For fairer than latter day lyric or sonnet,
Is this virgin half page with out a thing on it.