

# A DOUBLE VOTE

By MARY BLAKE STONE

"My dear," said John Hollister, "this being election day I shall be a little late for dinner. I shall be too busy at the office to vote during business hours. I will do so just before the polls close at 7 o'clock."

"At what time am I to vote?"

"Who are you going to vote for?"

"Let me see. Who are the candidates?"

"Fuller and Wells."

"It's for mayor isn't it?"

"No; for governor."

"Oh, I see."

"Are you going to vote for Fuller or for Wells?"

"Is Mr. Fuller a nice man?"

"Very."

"I think I'll vote for him. Who are you going to vote for?"

"I'm going to vote for Wells."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose I'll have to vote for him too."

"Are you going to vote for a man simply because your husband votes for him?"

There was some pointing on the part of the wife. She didn't like that view of it at all.

"All right," she said presently, "I'll vote for Mr. Wells."

"In that case it won't be necessary for us to vote at all."

"What do you mean?"

"If I vote for Fuller and you vote for Wells it's a standoff, isn't it?"

"Well, then, instead of voting I'll come home at the usual time and we'll take a short walk together before dinner."

She considered. She had many friends who had been active in the campaign of votes for women and had seen one occasion marched in a procession and carried a banner herself. And now after a splendid victory had been attained, which she had helped to celebrate, the fruition of the effort was reduced to a pair of buttons for her husband. She didn't like it.

"No," she said; "I'm going to do my duty by the state and leave you to do yours."

"Well, then, you'll have to go to the polls during my absence. Since you have no maid I suppose you can wheel Tottie in her carriage there. Some of the men or the women standing around electioneering will doubtless mind the carriage while you get in line and work your way up to the voting table."

"Huh! Do you think I'd trust my child to one of those people?"

"Those people? They are American citizens interested in the adoption of the principles they stand for, working for those principles."

"It doesn't make any difference to me what they stand for. I won't trust them with my Tottie."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Why, I think you'd better come home at noon and let me go and vote. You can vote as you said, just before the polls close."

"Impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"Goodby, dear. If I stand here all day talking politics with you we'll starve. If you think of any practical solution of the matter during the day telephone me. I'll help you out of it if I can."

With that he gave her the conventional kiss and started for business. She watched him till he reached the corner, where, according to his invariable custom, he turned and pantomime kisses were exchanged.

During the afternoon he was called to the telephone.

"Is that you, dear?" asked a feminine voice he assumed to be his wife's.

"Yes; Mrs. Charles. You are Ethel?"

"Yes. I've been thinking about the election. I am sorry it came today, because it's almost impossible for me to get away from home, even if you were here. I forgot that I had an appointment with the dressmaker this afternoon."

"No bad! If the state authorities had known that doubtless they would have put off the election till another day."

"Don't be silly!"

"Well, are you going to give up voting?"

"I've decided to pair with you."

"Oh!"

"Yes; that's the best I can do."

"I think one of the family should vote. Now, how would it do for me to vote for us both?"

"Can you do that?"

"Certainly! I can vote both for Fuller and Wells."

"I never knew one could vote for two candidates."

"That's because you're not up in such things."

"Well, I'll have to leave it to you this time."

"Ta, ta!"

When he came home for dinner she told him that he had been humbugging her about voting for both candidates.

"He did it all the same," he replied.

"How did you manage it?"

"I voted for Fuller for governor for myself and for Wells for lieutenant governor for you. Wasn't that all right?"

"She didn't hear him. A lovely light came into her eyes, and a sweet smile broke over her face."

"Dear," she said, "what do you think happened today?"

"What?"

"Tottie cut a tooth."

# FOR THE CHILDREN

### Roll Ball.

A row of holes large enough to contain the ball is made, one for each boy. The player to whom is allotted the last hole takes the ball, stands off and rolls it in such a way as to stop in one of the holes. The boy into whose place the ball has rolled seizes it, while the rest scatter, and throws it at some one of the group. If he succeeds in hitting him a stone is placed in the hole of that boy; if not, the thrower must put a stone in his own. The rolling of the ball is then repeated. When five stones are lodged in any hole that boy is out of the game.

Hat ball is the same as roll ball, played with hats instead of holes. The ball is tossed into the hat of the player who is to begin. The first to get five stones in his hat loses and must undergo the punishment of being "padded," passing under the legs of the row of players for that purpose.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Bird Catcher—A Jolly Game.

To play this game you must first decide which one of you is to be bird catcher. The other players then each choose the name of a bird, but no one must choose the owl, as it is forbidden. All the players then sit in a circle with their hands on their knees except the bird catcher, who stands in the center, and tells a tale about birds, taking care especially to mention the ones he knows have been chosen by the company. As each bird's name is called the owner must imitate its note as well as he can, but when the owl is named all hands must be put behind the chairs and remain there until the next bird's name is mentioned. When the bird catcher cries "All the birds!" the players must together give their various imitations of birds. Should any player fail to give the cry when his bird is named or forget to put his hands behind his chair he has to change places with the bird catcher.

### Game of Noted Men.

The hostess begins the game by choosing some noted man, say Coleridge. She then says to the players "Name a line of his name." The first part of his name is very black, and the last is an elevation."

Whoever guesses correctly has the right to give a name herself. Suppose she chose Shakespeare, for instance. Then she could say "Here is the name of a well known poet. The first part of his name is something people do when they are cold, and the last is a weapon."

When giving the name the man's profession should be told, whether poet, soldier, author or statesman, but nothing else must be revealed concerning him.

The following are some good names to give: Wordsworth, Washington, Fillmore, Longfellow, Dickens, Cooper and Gladstone.

### Beliefs About Sneezes.

There is a quaint old rhyme about sneezing which runs as follows:

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger.  
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger.  
Sneeze on Wednesday, have a letter.  
Sneeze on Thursday, something better.  
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for joy.  
Sneeze on Saturday, see true love tomorrow.

A sneeze on Sunday meant a visit from the parson the next day, and the good old English housewife set every thing in order against his coming.

The sneeze has certain unfailing traditions attached to it, especially among the earlier English peasants, and handed down to our day, they have become superstitions.

### Conundrums.

When is a silver cup most likely to run? When it is chased.

What is the only pain of which every one makes light? Window pane.

Part of a foot with judgment transposed, and the answer you'll find just under your nose. Inch—chin.

Why is avarice like a bad memory? Because it is always for-getting.

Why is it vulgar to sing and play by yourself? Because it is so low.

What is that which touches one but unites two? A wedding ring.

Why is an opera singer like a confessor? Because she deals in high screams (see creams).

### Nothing is Lost.

Thousands of years ago a leaf fell on the soft clay and seemed to be lost. But one summer a geologist in his rambling broke off a piece of rock with his hammer, and there lay the image of the leaf, with every line and every vein and all the delicate tracery preserved in the stone through those centuries. So the words we speak and the things we do today may seem to be lost, but in the great final revealing the smallest of them will all appear.—James Russell Lowell.

### A Hold-his-tongue Here.

Hold it back tie it down;  
Bind it fast and tight  
Set your lips together close,  
Which will win the fight.

Let it go wild and free,  
Running reckless riot,  
Surely that will quickly be  
An end of peace and quiet.

Strongest men of all you know,  
Find it hard to do  
If you try your very best,  
Victory for you.

Try it hard; bring to it  
Firm determination,  
If you rule it well and good,  
You can rule a nation.

To all the heroes that have been  
Tried and told and sung  
Let us add the sturdy boy  
Who can hold his tongue.  
—Chicago News.

# A Compromise

By MRS. RACHEL L. OLMSTEAD

My husband is an excellent, good pure, noble man. He has but one fault—he is very unreasonable. This defect in his character is especially noticeable in the choice of a place to spend our summer vacation.

Last year Frank and I discussed for two months this question as to where we should go for some secluded spot in the mountains where he could take a rest. He works very hard, and fourteen days is all the recreation he gets during the whole year. That being the case, I couldn't see why he should want to go to a poky place where he wouldn't meet any one, with nothing to see and nothing to do all day long. I am shut up at home all winter with no maid and a couple of little children, and I can't get out at all in the evening because they must not be left alone. The consequence is that all the nice dresses and things I buy are for summer. That's the only season I can wear them. Now, isn't it provoking that when the summer comes I must go to some out of the way place where a calico gown would do me as well as a silk one?

Last spring when it came time to engage board for our outing, after discussing for two months where we should go, Frank maintained that since he must have his rest in his own way he would better go to different places. He would get rid of the continued clatter the children make and the annoyance of having to correct them every time they misbehaved. I could go to a seashore resort, where, as he put it, I could show my fine clothes. That's all the sympathy a wife gets from her husband—just as if there was any use to buy nice things for no one to see.

Well, Frank went off to a one horse town in the mountains, stopping at a hotel near by. I went to a large seaside city where there were thousands of people coming and going every day. It was very nice to be in the midst of people, but unfortunately I struck a spell of bad weather. For three days there was nothing but rain and fog. Then a chill northeast wind sprang up, and I thought I should freeze. The children, who had anticipated so much pleasure playing in the sand and running in bare legs in the foam, couldn't go out at all, and I was obliged to devote myself to them all the while. I couldn't play nurse and wear good clothes; besides, the weather was too cold for my thin dresses.

So there I was.

I had been on the coast for three days when I received a letter from Frank saying that he was doing splendidly in the mountains. The weather there was fine, the air was bracing, and it seemed as if he drew in strength with every breath. He supposed I and the children sat all day on the beach with the warm sun pouring down on us (when it wasn't too hot) watching the beautiful blue waves roll in. He could almost hear the children laughing and shouting as they ran about in the sunshine. And he could fancy me dressed in those clothes I had been all winter preparing for the occasion looking as pretty as a peach mingling with well dressed people.

Wasn't it aggravating?

I just made up my mind that I'd wait till the first week was up and if the weather didn't mend I'd pack up and join Frank. There wasn't any use in my staying where I was on account of my clothes when I couldn't wear them, and if I were with Frank he could relieve me of the children. He would have had a week's absence from them and would now doubtless be glad to take them out walking and driving, and boating.

Well, the weather didn't improve—that is, it cleared up for one day, then the clouds came again and it was worse than ever. Every day I studied the weather reports, and when on the sixth day there was a prediction that another storm was collecting in some out of the way place in northwestern Canada I telegraphed Frank that I was coming and took the next train.

We reached his place of rest in the evening and drove to his hotel in beautiful moonlight. But the next morning we awoke with the rain coming down worse than anything I had seen at the seashore. And what do you think Frank said? He accused me of bringing the bad weather with me.

Well, here I was with my costumes that I'd had so much trouble to procure still in my trunk. The only comfort in this was that even if the weather had been fine nobody would have seen them, and it would have been out of place. Tom did help me with the children playing games with them, and when ever there was a temporary let up between the showers he would take them out for walks. The boats were too wet for rowing and the roads too muddy for driving. What were my feelings when I read in the papers that it had cleared up the day after I left and the gale was booming!

One day before we went home we had sunshine, and this was all the pleasure I got on my outing. We agreed that we would not try the separation plan again. So this year we decided we should go together. We departed over it the same as last year. I wishing to try the seashore again, Frank wishing to get his rest in the mountains. Finally we concluded to compromise. We went to the seashore.

# SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLES

Albert B. Fall, U. S. Senator From New Mexico.




Photo by American Press Association.

Albert B. Fall, one of New Mexico's representatives in the United States senate, bears the distinction of being the first man chosen to guard the interests of the new commonwealth in the upper house of congress. His colleague, Senator Capron, was elected at the same session of the legislature, but not until Senator Fall had been invested with the right to wear the toga. He was elected as a Republican.

The new senator is a native of Kentucky, fifty-one years old and has lived in New Mexico for more than thirty years. When he first went to the territory he worked as a miner. Later he started a newspaper, but abandoned editorial work for the law. In which he was eminently successful. He has twice been attorney general of New Mexico and has served in both branches of the territorial legislature. Senator Fall was a Democrat until after the Spanish war, in which he served as a captain of volunteers. He is president of the Alamo (Texas) National bank.

### Advocate of Good Roads.

Governor Oswald West of Oregon, who has planned to ride on horseback from Salem, Ore., to Boise, Ida., a distance of 500 miles, next fall, is in many respects a remarkable man. Although still on the sunny side of forty, he has made an indelible impression on the democracy of the Pacific slope. He started life as a butcher boy, later becoming paying teller in a bank. He is in all things a democrat. His mansion is a plain six roomed cottage, probably the most remarkable governor's home in the United States.

His horseback trip is taken for the purpose of attending a meeting of the

# THE DOWNFALL OF A CHAMPION

His Reward Came Later From the Girl He Fought For.

Georgia Trent was the most unattractive child in the school. Pale, freckled, weazened, nothing but skin and bone, her clothes hung upon her as if she had been a skeleton doll. Her homeliness always showed most in contrast when she stood beside her cousin, Clara Doolittle, a plump, rosy girl, with robin egg eyes and yellow hair. Clara was the belle of the school. All the boys who were girls' boys were in love with her. I was a boys' boy myself, but this did not prevent my having a secret admiration for her. As for Georgia, I thought no more of her than of a starved kitten.

It so happened, however, that Georgia became connected with an episode in my school life. Jim Atherton was the bully of the school, while I was vice-bully. Jim could thrash me, and I could thrash all the other boys. I was not satisfied to be second best, and one vacation I pounded sand bags, pulled weights and ran long distances in order to be able to tackle Jim next term.

When we got back to school in September I looked for a pretext for a fight. Jim was an overbearing fellow, with no mind for the rights of others, and was not long in giving me an opportunity. One recess I went out on the playground to see him holding up Georgia Trent, who was screaming vociferously, by the ears, while Clara Doolittle stood by laughing. Here was my chance—not that I sympathized especially with Georgia, for children are not sympathetic as a rule. If there was any other motive than the one I have mentioned—it was to try my strength and skill before Clara. I demanded the release of Georgia, whereupon followed the expected scolding. Despite my preparation, I got the worst of it, and as I limped off the field I had the mortification to see Clara make a face at me.

Ten years passed. I had been separated from these two girls, forgetting Georgia entirely, but treasuring a schoolboy longing for her cousin. Before entering upon the practice of my profession I determined to take a summer vacation and spend it at my old home. I learned that the cousins had been left alone in the world and were living together. Both were in mourning, and saw little or no company. I went to the house and sent up a card, or, rather, two cards, for I had grown conventional, and though I did not care to see Georgia, I was not so unfeeling as to leave her out entirely.

I was obliged to wait some time, which only added to my expectancy, when a woman, graceful, refined, dignified, walked into the room and came forward with extended hand.

"Is it possible," she said, "that you are George Putnam?" I would never have known you.

"I would have known you if I had met you among a thousand and had no inkling as to whom you were."

"Haven't I improved?" she asked.

"There was no room for improvement. I see the same rosy cheek and bright eye that I used to admire when we were schoolfellows. Of course you have developed from a child to a woman, and your features gaining immensely by the change, but they are the same features."

She looked at me curiously, as if she doubted my sincerity, whereupon, half in earnest, half jestingly, I told her that I had been her ardent admirer while at school and had treasured her image in my heart ever since. After I left her it occurred to me that I had forgotten to ask after her cousin.

The next time I called my first words were: "And where is your cousin Georgia?"

"Georgia?" she replied, opening her eyes. "Oh, Georgia doesn't see any callers. She is the same pale, freckled skin and bones she was when you acted as her champion at school."

"Her champion? How was that?"

"Don't you remember when Jimmie Atherton held her up by the ears and you fought a battle for her?"

"So I did. I had forgotten it."

"She hasn't, and," lowering her voice into a confidential tone, "she has had a weak spot in her heart for you ever since."

"Don't say that," I replied.

"Why not?"

"Because the weak spot is my heart has been and is for you."

I endeavored to press the matter, but she would not listen to me, and after several attempts to restore a cordial feeling in none of which I succeeded, I left the house.

When I called again I was informed that Miss Doolittle had not yet returned from abroad, but Miss Trent would come down and receive me.

"Clara gone abroad? And must I face her cousin, knowing her feeling for me, a feeling I cannot reciprocate? I see it all. The noble Clara has gone away to leave me free for her cousin."

I was kept waiting a long while, which added to my discontent. Then the girl who had twice received me entered the room.

"Why, I thought you had gone abroad."

"Clara is abroad. She has been in Germany for a year."

"And you are?"

"Georgia."

After many months I was forgiven. Why? Because I had fought for her. True, she had been only a pretext, but this she did not know, and I was not so stupid as to enlighten her.

### Through Thick and Thin.

If monarchs have often permitted themselves the indulgence of making puns the fact has not been recorded in the pages of history. One pun, however, is assigned to King Frederick William IV. of Prussia. It is said that on the occasion of a court ball he was standing near the middle of the dance hall in conversation with an exceedingly thin ambassador. In the haste and excitement of a fiery gallop a lieutenant of the hussars danced with his partner between the monarch and the person whom he was addressing, and then, seeing what he had done, he began to stammer abject apologies and explanations.

"Oh, that was nothing," replied the king, with a hearty laugh. "A hussar must go without fear through thick and thin."

### A Whimsical Glance from his own portly figure to that of the slender ambassador accompanied this answer, and the hussar felt himself not only pardoned, but invited to share in the king's laugh.

### Hired Relatives.

In Bukharest, the capital of Roumania, flourishes the noble profession of "hired relatives," which undertakes to furnish to everybody in want of parents, brothers, sisters, aunts, etc., the necessary persons to represent them. Persons who desire to get married, for instance, and have no paraders to figure in their respective weddings or who are in possession of such who decline to give their consent to the marriage of their sons and daughters need do nothing more than station themselves near the entrance to the marriage license bureau. There they will soon find themselves accosted by some "gentleman" or "lady," who for a moderate sum of money is willing to take the place of the absent parent. For 20 lei (\$4) quite a respectable looking father can be hired. Fifteen lei is paid for a brother, and a fashionably dressed mother costs the same amount. Investigation has disclosed the fact that some of these professional mothers have figured at weddings fifty times a year.

### The Drum of the Ear.

The reason deaf people cannot hear is that the drum of the ear is imperfect or has been destroyed. Sound is nothing but the vibrations of the air acting on the drum of the ear. When people are quite deaf it is because the eardrum will not respond to these vibrations, but they can still feel these vibrations even if they cannot hear them. When a number of deaf mutes are sitting in a room together and one wishes to attract the attention of another he strikes his heel on the floor, and every one in the room feels the vibration and looks around to see who called. In the large asylums for the deaf and dumb the doors are hung very loosely, so that if you shake them it sets up a vibration like stamping on the floor, and that is the way they wake up deaf people that sleep too late in the morning.

### A Lesson in Gunnery.

For two solid hours the ginnery instructor endeavored to instill some faint idea of the subject down for discussion, but his stock of patience was ebbing.

"Now," he bellowed, "are there any of you budding Nelsons who don't know the difference between firing by electricity and firing by percussion?"

"One at least still needed further instruction on that point, and he said so."

"Then, like a clap of thunder, the instructor explained.

"If you got struck dead by lightning that would be electricity, and see? But if I came over to you and gave you a clout over your fat head that, my son, would be percussion. Trig?"

"The other saw and said so—London Tit-Bits."

### Automatic Cooking Boxes.

"Automatic" cooking boxes were in general use among the Hebrews nearly 2,000 years ago. The Greek and Roman writers frequently refer to them in his edition of "Juvenile," for example. Friedlander cites a commentator who refers to "the Jews who a day before the Sabbath put their hands hot into the cooking boxes, the pots being covered with napkins and wrapped about with hay, so that they may have warm food on the Sabbath."

### Pernicious Literature.

"Did you see that stout woman push that little man off the sidewalk?"

"Yes."

"What did she do it for?"

"Why, she's been reading somewhere that women are displacing men in all the walks of life."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Staking a Play.

"We'll have to give her a prominent part in the new play."

"But she can't act."

"That's all right. We'll fix her up with seven gowns. That will keep her busy in the dressing room most of the time."—St. Louis Times.

### Advantages of Travel.

All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries he may learn to improve his own, and if fortune carries him to worse he may learn to enjoy his own.—Johnson.

### How it is Done.

Cook—Why didn't you come last Monday for your dinner? Beggar—Why, I heard that you were washing and your mistress was doing the cooking.—File gende Blatter.

### As He Saw It.

Miss Riche—I lost my heart last night, pa. I accepted Mr. Poore. Mr. Riche—Hm! You didn't lose your heart—you must have lost your head.