

# A Case of Woman's Rights

## Involving a Case in the Courts

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Margaret Elwood was a new woman in every sense of that term. She believed in the ability of woman to do anything that a man can do, but admitted that since woman had been kept in a subordinate position from time immemorial she needed time and opportunity to develop any particular faculty. "A muscle," she argued, "becomes flabby and weak from disuse. Exercise it and it becomes hard and strong."

But Miss Elwood believed in the home and the family. She recognized that it was woman's mission to bear children, but she denied that this was all of woman's mission. Edmund Blair was equally liberal minded. He was a fine man and if he married would require a fine woman for his wife. What he meant by a fine woman was not a showy woman, but one with a head on her shoulders, one who could think out a problem in everyday life and execute it. He had no use for what is commonly called a "smart" woman.

These two met and were mutually pleased with each other. Miss Elwood admired Mr. Blair's reasonable way of looking upon subjects. He was a lawyer by profession and used to establishing his points before insisting upon them. He knew the difference between a proved fact and a dictum. He was the first man Miss Elwood had ever met who acceded, thoroughly with her views of the proper sphere for woman. They became engaged.

So far as reason, judgment and foresight go, never did a couple become engaged with better prospects for happiness. Nevertheless, that they might take a proper precaution against making a mistake, they agreed to put off their marriage for one year.

Everybody, as soon as the engagement was announced, remarked that it was an excellent match. Persons who were noted for caution and forethought said that if marriages were always made up in that way there would be no divorce. There was but one person who predicted that the match would be a failure. That was the lady's father. He had been at the head of a large manufacturing plant for thirty years and during his incumbency had been a one man power. He declared that his daughter and her fiancé were each quite capable of leading in any enterprise. He saw nothing more feasible in two heads to a family than two heads to his business.

It was not to be expected that a man whose judgment had for three successive decades been warped by ruling a small army of employees would take an unbiased view of circumstances arising from a union of hearts. Mr. Elwood simply gave his opinion. He did not attempt to enforce it. When an old friend twisted him by reminding him that democratic principles cannot find favor in a despot, he replied, "If I am a despot, my daughter is quite likely to be on through heredity."

One day Miss Elwood called at the office of her fiancé and, being admitted to his consulting room, said to him: "Here are the papers in the case of the Mercy hospital of which I am managing director against the city." "I thought you told me it was a case of the city against the hospital." "It doesn't make any difference. There's a suit to be tried, and I wish you to act for us. The city ordered us to put down a sidewalk surrounding our buildings, which occupy a whole block, at a cost of over \$3,000. The matter has been in dispute between the city and the hospital for several years, and I am perfectly familiar with all that has transpired. Consequently I am the one to present the points at issue and indicate the position it is desirable that you should take. The city engineer told me repeatedly that: "I beg pardon, Margaret, for interrupting you, but when our firm takes a case we make the necessary investigations and decide upon the course to pursue ourselves."

In my ability to handle your case I would prefer that you should not employ me." "It is not a matter of confidence," replied the lady, evidently troubled that she could not make him understand her; "it is simply that at present you know nothing about this case and I know everything. It stands to reason that I should bring your knowledge of it up to mine; that?" "Pardon me. Experience has taught me that I can get the situation much easier in another way."

"And I, who have been intrusted with the management of the matter, am to step aside and leave it all to you?" "Only as your legal adviser." She thought a few minutes in silence, then, rising, said: "We are wasting our time. I haven't your knowledge of courts and all that, but one thing I know—I'm not going to transfer a responsibility that I have accepted from others to you or any other man."

Margaret! She walked out of his presence, conscious of having done her duty in her official position, though the duty was a painful one. That evening Mr. Blair thought he would call on his fiancée, but before doing so he had better think-out some method by which he could set himself right with her. But the more he considered the problem the greater seemed the difficulties in the way. A subsidiary matter occurred to him. If he yielded the point with her and consented to listen patiently to all she had to say about the case he would be expected thereafter to continue to do so and to adopt measures she would enforce upon him that might lead to still greater trouble.

And this led to another subsidiary matter, though of far greater importance. Would Miss Elwood when she became Mrs. Blair adopt the same method of enforcing her opinions on subjects which she was not as competent to pronounce upon as himself? That there would arise matters in which she would be far more competent to lead than he did not doubt, and if he did not yield to her in such he would be in error. They might be forehand make a list of matters included in the wife's prerogatives and those included in the husband's. This was only a suggestion that popped into his head and was discarded at once. His law firm's name was Blair & Carlisle. Mr. Carlisle being the junior partner. When their views clashed in the handling of a law case Carlisle gave way. The marriage firm's name would not be Blair & Elwood or Elwood & Blair. It would be Mr. and Mrs. Blair.

The lawyer did not call upon his fiancée that evening because he did not know what he could say to her to improve the situation. There must be an outcome somewhere. Many couples, each composed of an intellectually strong man and an equally intellectual woman, had lived contentedly together, and they must have found some way of doing it. He thought that if he could pass the matrimonial rate the problem would work itself out independently of him or his wife. This led him back a step. He was nearly forty years old, and his fiancée had turned thirty. Wouldn't it have been better if he had married when he was young?

Mr. Blair, not being able to solve the problem of what he should say to Miss Elwood, kept putting off going to see her. Then he saw in a newspaper the name of Sommers & Sommers attached to a legal notice in a case of the city against the Mercy hospital and knew that his fiancée had given it to another firm. He winced. He was to marry a woman who it had been demonstrated couldn't get on with him in a matter of business. How would they live harmoniously as man and wife?

The call Mr. Blair was always intending to make was never made. Months elapsed and the couple remained apart. Then one day he saw a notice that the case of the city against the Mercy hospital had been decided against the hospital with costs, the whole amounting to double the original claim. The next day Miss Elwood called at Mr. Blair's office. "I wish you to appeal the hospital case," she said. "In your way or mine?" "Yours."

"Has it been handled thus far by your plans—or those of your attorneys?" "Mine."

"They charged a good fee, I suppose?" "A thousand dollars." "Expensive, wasn't it?" "I should think so. Father will pay it."

"Very well; leave the papers in the case. I'll look into it, and when I make up my mind with regard to it I'll let you know. Will you be at home this evening?" "Yes." She arose and departed. She had called on business, and business had been attended to. In the evening, when Mr. Blair saw her, there was an affair of another kind to settle, an affair that had been settled already in the main by an expensive experience. "I don't give up my ideas of woman's sphere," said Miss Elwood. "Nor I mine," was the reply. "I shall always permit you to have your way in everything." "Not at such a cost as in the present case."

### Saga in English.

A English artist who has so thoroughly mastered the English language that all its subtleties are as familiar to him as are those of the language of the car was telling a few friends about the difficulties he encountered. "You have so many superfluous letters," he said, "that when I began to think I was becoming a master of your language I succeeded in having myself laughed at a dozen times a day. I began to learn English in Boston, its American fortress. One day while walking with a friend I saw a street sign. 'Oh, I said, 'what a funny name for a street! Kneeland street!' I pronounced the K. 'You're wrong,' said my friend. 'You pronounce it "Nee-land" street. The K is silent.' I took the lesson to heart. The next day I went into a restaurant. I looked over the bill of fare. 'Give me some "id-neys,"' I said. The waiter looked at me aghast. Finally in desperation I pointed to the record of what I wanted. 'Oh! Kidneys,' he said. 'Excuse me,' I rejoined haughtily, 'the K is silent.'"

### Gladstone on Disraeli.

G. A. Storey, A. R. A., recorded a touching incident he witnessed at the academy banquet of 1881 when a portrait for which Beaconsfield had sat to Millais shortly before his death was among the exhibits. "This unfinished work, pale and even ghastly, was in one of the side galleries. Gladstone, catching sight of the picture, went and stood long in front of it. . . . No one disturbed him. At the end of the feast Gladstone rose and in the finest and most feeling tone delivered a panegyric on the great man who had passed away. In a voice clear and sympathetic and full of emotion he told us of his admiration for the sterling qualities of the man who, though opposed to him in politics, was in no other sense an opponent. He spoke as only one generous in heart and of a broad and great mind could speak of another great man who had passed away. The speech surpassed anything I ever heard."—London Chronicle.

### A Pack of Glaciers.

Glacier National park is situated in northern Montana, 200 miles northwest of Yellowstone park in an air line and 447 miles by railroad. It is under the control and supervision of the secretary of the interior, who is represented in the actual administration of the park by a superintendent, assisted by a number of park rangers who patrol the reservation. The park is bounded on the north by the Canadian line, on the east by the Blackfoot reservation and on the west and south by the Flathead river. It has an area of about 915,000 acres and derives its name from many glaciers which are scattered throughout its area. There are eighty glaciers between five square miles and a few acres in area. The park is a rugged mountainous region and contains over 250 lakes, which are surrounded by steep and beautifully wooded mountains.

### Time in Teheran.

"Time is a difficult problem in Teheran," says the Baroness d'Hermalle in "Peeps Into Persia." "At approximately midday a cannon is fired on the Gowsack parade ground, but the approximation depends entirely on the soldier who fires it. We all think he fires it when he feels hungry, as it is very erratic. Anyhow, when invited out to dinner we always inquire of our host whether he keeps legation or gun time. Sometimes there is half an hour's difference. Neither of these times is ordinarily correct. Correct time, not a commodity in request in Teheran, is kept by the Indo-European telegraph, for whom it is telegraphed from London every morning at daybreak, when the line is clear, so that connection is practically instantaneous."

### "Shouting" in Australia.

"Shouting" is a form of hospitality that is perhaps more common in Australia than anywhere else. There it is known as "shouting." It is a legacy from the "bush times" of the gold fields—the "roaring fifties"—when to refuse to drink with a lucky digger meant running a risk of being shot on the spot. A writer says: "To shout means to insist on everybody present, friends and strangers alike, drinking at the shooter's expense, and as no one will allow himself to be outdone in this reckless sort of hospitality each one shouts in succession with too frequently deplorable consequences."

### The Incentive.

"I have struck a new line of writing," said Scribbler. "I write articles from the point of view of a multimillionaire." "Indeed! How do you manage to get in the right spirit?" "Oh, that's easy. I write on the afternoon of pay days."—Exchange.

### An Old Game.

"Has your wife found a house that suits her?" "Yes; but don't say anything about it. Just now she's in blinding the landlord that she won't take it unless he redecorates the parlor and three bedrooms."—Detroit Free Press.

### Strange Truth.

They say that love will go where it is sent. It appears to be always sent after the girl with a rich father. Why is it thuswise?—New Orleans Picayune.

### The Principal's Jest.

Schoolteacher—This new little boy who's crying so hard says his name is Mose. Principal—Evidently an abbreviation of lechrymose.—Judge.

By being happy we now know the benefits upon the world.

### Not His Death Warrant.

A police magistrate in Paris had a queer experience not long ago which began with an interview with an hysterical woman. She rushed into his office, put the attendant and, interrupting a conversation, threw a crumpled letter on the officer's desk and with pathetic gesture wailed: "Save him! Save him!"

The official thought he had an insane person before him, but picked up the paper, which looked like a letter. It began in letters larger than the body of the document: "You must die! Nothing will save you! You must die!" "He has always been a good man, and the little we owe we can pay at any time," the woman said between sobs, "and now there is a conspiracy against him."

While she was protesting the magistrate read the letter and, handing it back, said: "Go home to your family—read the rest of this letter. It is a life insurance advertisement."

The woman then told the magistrate she could not read, that a neighbor had read for her, and so many people were being killed, and she was so happy.

### Glass Cutting.

The layman who is introduced to the mysteries of cutting glass for the first time is amazed at the amount of work that the workman does entirely by his eye. The first stage of the bowl which is to be cut finds it in a perfectly plain condition, not a scratch upon it and only a half dozen or more marks in red chalk, which mean absolutely nothing to the unpracticed eye. But to the workman they mean the whole pattern. Perhaps the disk is a salad bowl. The marks in chalk will run from the edge, five intervals apart, down to the center of the bowl at the bottom. In one of the divisions of the bowl thus marked there may be a little further marking in the shape perhaps of a diamond. This indicates the pattern into which the bowl is to be cut, and it will be repeated in each of the five divisions. All the intricacies of the design the workman has in his head, and they develop on the glass in a way which seems to the looker on absolutely marvelous.—New York Times.

### A Fair Compromise.

A partner in one of the theatrical producing firms of the city of New York had occasion to hire an actor to play a small part in a drama he was putting out. A rather well known actor, who values himself and his art with a proper appreciation, applied for the place. "You play a full blood Sioux Indian," explained the manager. "The salary is \$50 a week." "My dear boy," said the actor in a pained tone, "I've never worked for less than \$100. A hundred dollars is my regular price."

"Fifty dollars!" said the manager calmly. "Take it or leave it." The actor thought it over a minute. "I'll take it," he said, "but I can't play a full blood Indian for \$50. I'll play him as a half breed."—Saturday Evening Post.

### Find Something New.

In 1644 the possibilities of the submarine were first propounded, while from the very earliest times men have conceived the idea of flying with wings like birds. There is no reason whatever to doubt the fact that Archytas of Tarentum, about 384 years before the Christian era, constructed an automaton pigeon that would fly. Turning to other latter day inventions, as they are generally regarded, it might be mentioned that switchback railways were constructed more than a hundred years ago, and looping the loop was a sensation in Paris in 1838, while roller skating, which came up as a new invention about forty years ago, was being indulged in by our forefathers as far back as 1829.

### The Yolk of an Egg.

After the fact of Lent medieval custom insisted that an egg should be eaten on Easter day. According to the London Lancet, this rule was based on sound medical principles, for the only substance in the yolk is lecithin, and lecithin is a favorite drug with doctors who have patients suffering from nervous disorders. The quantity of the drug administered at a time corresponds almost exactly with the quantity found in a normal new laid egg.

### Very Particular.

"Pat," said a gentleman who was watching an Irish gardener at work, "why are you digging out that hole in the ground?" "I'm not digging out a hole," replied Pat. "I'm digging out the earth and I'm leaving a hole."—London Telegraph.

### What She Wanted to Know.

"You are going to marry a rich widow who has three children," said the fortune teller. "Oh, I know that," replied the beautiful girl, "but I'd like to find out what we are going to do with the children, for, as he says, they certainly need a mother's care."—St. Louis Republic.

### A Rebuttal.

"I told father I loved you more than any girl I've ever met." "And what did father say?" "He said to try and meet some more girls."—Cornell Widow.

### Prepared.

Never write on a subject without first having read yourself full of it, and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.—Richter.

It is no use to make hay while the sun shines unless you get it under cover before it rains.—Exchange.

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