

SUFFRAGIST CASTLE

How It Was Taken by Officers of the Law

By MARY G. ARNOLD

A party of young men were tramping through a wood in October with guns on their shoulders, and from the season and the guns it is evident that they were sportsmen. Presently they emerged from among the trees and stood on the bank of a lake. A peninsula at high water an island-juried out in front of them. In its center was a large dwelling house inclosed within a high wall. On the roof was a cupola, and above the cupola floated a banner on which were embrodered the words, "Votes For Women."

"What the dickens do you suppose follows," said Ned Bixby, "that the suffragists are doing housed in that fashion, with a high wall all around them?"

"It's some kind of a headquarters," suggested Tom Singleton.

"But the suffragists don't put themselves away off from anywhere. There's no hiding of their light under a bushel. They sound the loud trumpet and advertise their cause."

"My opinion is," rejoined Bixby, "that there is some plotting going on under that flag."

"What kind of plotting?"

"I've heard through a sister of mine who is a suffragist that the English militant tactics are about to be inaugurated in this state, and I'll bet the women come together here to lay down a program. You see, in that case they wouldn't want cops and detectives swooping around to head them off."

"I move," said Singleton, "that we storm the citadel."

"Not by force," quoried Bixby. "Oh, no! Nobody wants to storm a feminine citadel by force. One must use persuasion."

The huntmen resolved themselves into a committee of the whole to consider how to effect an entrance into the citadel, and, influenced by Bixby's suggestion that the women were plotting to set fire to or blow up something, it was finally agreed that the men make themselves up for tonight and offer their services for the work. Owen Wagstaff, the hottest man in the party, was selected to make a wedge of himself and open the way for the others.

That same afternoon Wagstaff, who had a four days' growth of stubble beard on his face and had reddened his nose and torn his clothes, took advantage of a supply wagon entering the suffragist grounds to get in as a deliveryman and, going to the front door, rang the bell. The summons was answered by a young lady with a "Votes For Women" badge on her bosom, and Wagstaff told her that he would like to see the principal of the establishment. A handsome woman, aged about thirty, appeared, and Bixby after telling her how hard up he was asked if the lady couldn't give him something to do by which he could turn an honest penny. The lady told him to remain where he was and went out. Presently she returned with two others, one of whom Wagstaff considered pretty enough to kiss. Then the principal told him that they had work enough of a peculiar kind to give employment to a dozen men, whereupon Wagstaff said he was captain of a gang of half a dozen, all of whom had been in jail the principal part of their lives and were ready to blow up or set fire to anything. One of the ladies asked where his men were, and he said he had them handy.

Two of the committee were in favor of dealing only through Wagstaff, but the other said they should not employ men without having seen them. The single member carried the day, and Wagstaff was directed to bring his men into Suffragist castle the next morning, when quite likely a proposition would be made to the gang. That was all he wanted, and he took himself away.

That night the huntmen went into camp a few hundred yards from the castle and in order to produce a favorable impression during the evening set up howls such as men would in a cave in who were carousing and getting among themselves. Their yells were bloodcurdling and were intensified by the firing of guns. It did not seem to the ladies in the inclosure that enough men would be there the next morning to form a corporal's guard.

However, when day came there was no evidence of any one having been killed during the night, and after breakfast the toughs were seen moving in a body toward the castle. They had made themselves look as disagreeable as possible, but most of them were small and found it difficult not to behave as such. They were inspected, and the women, influenced by the dreadful sounds sent up the night before, were inclined to think them fitted for any job, including murder. The principal addressed them as follows:

"We propose to begin to set fire to and blow up small buildings at first, and if we do not by this means secure our rights we will destroy property of greater value. We will pay you well for your services, and if any of you are caught while doing our work we will furnish you with money and counsel for your defense. As to your pay,

that will depend on the damage you do. Whenever you destroy anything we shall expect you to attach suffragist posters we shall give you to the ruins, to let it be known that we suffragists are responsible."

"What do yer say, pals? Are yer in it?" asked Captain Wagstaff.

"Yes, fer swag," Bixby responded for the rest.

"Any loot in it for us besides the wages?" asked Singleton.

The lady looked at Wagstaff for an explanation.

"The blokes wants to know," he said, "how much each man is to get for a job and if there'll be any plunder for 'em in the places they do."

"Oh, well, for setting fire to a house we are prepared to pay the incendiary \$10."

"And ball and all that besides?"

"Yes."

"That's all right," Wagstaff assented. "Tell us where and when to begin and we'll do any job you say."

Captain Wagstaff was handed a list of buildings to be fired and was some what taken aback to see on it the Hunt club, from which the party hailed. Besides these, there were the buildings on polo grounds, golf links and other houses of similar character.

While these instructions were being given the gang were noting the prettiest suffragists, who were coming and going with an air of having very important business on hand. Finally the men were loaded down with the posters to go on the ruins, and they started out ready to commit any crime.

When they were out of sight and hearing, after giving vent to their enjoyment of the situation for awhile, like Satan in the poem, they bethought themselves "what next to do."

It was thought expedient to build a bonfire where the light could be seen at Suffragist castle, that the ladies might feel assured their work was being done. The party scattered, and after awhile not only one but several lurid lights blazed in different directions.

One of them being on an eminence beside the Hunt clubhouse. These lights were seen by the ladies and rejoiced them greatly. If they had had any suspicions of the honest intentions of the gang they were now dispelled.

At the Hunt clubhouse they found a dozen fellows who were ready to take a hand in the lark. Their number were now about twenty men, and it was believed that about an equal number were housed in Suffragist castle. It was proposed that these men march in a body to the castle, per sonate plain clothes men, arrest the suffragists and take them on a straw ride. Since it was but 10 o'clock there was still time for any such scheme, but wagons for the ride were not to be had, and it was decided to lead the club team with eatables and drinkables from the club larder and, after having scared the suffragists, turn the affair into a dance and supper.

It was 11 o'clock when a loud rap was heard at the gate of Suffragist castle. Some of the inmates were in bed, and some were about to go to bed. The principal went out to the gate and asked who was there.

"Blokes to report damages and get paid for the jobs," Wagstaff replied.

"Can't you come in the morning?" Wagstaff replied in an angry tone that that wasn't the way they did business, and the rest set up such a clamor that the woman was frightened and opened the gate. In walked the Hunt club men, George Fleetwood, whom the suffragists had never seen in the lead, and said:

"In the name of the law I arrest all in here and take possession of these premises."

By this time every suffragist was listening at a door or window, and when they heard this those who had disrobed got into their clothes as speedily as possible. The men pushed their way into the house, and Fleetwood, as high constable, ordered every suffragist into the dining room. There he lined them up and accused them of hiring malicious men to commit arson and other crimes. The gang stood forth as accusers, much to the confusion of the accused.

The leaders were then told that they would be suffered to remain all night in the castle before being taken to the city, but the constables expected to be entertained. The suffragists, making a virtue of necessity, set out what eatables they had, but the men expressed dissatisfaction and sent out for the refreshments they had brought. Then the "blokes" were ordered to clear the room of furniture, and the constables suggested that if the suffragists would give them a dance they might be persuaded to give the leaders a chance to escape.

The offer was accepted, a piano was wheeled into the room, one of the suffragists sat before it, and Fleetwood called out:

"Take partners for the tango!"

What astonished the ladies was how a lot of constables and jailbirds should be able to dance like fine gentlemen. The "blokes," respectable as was their appearance, were as light on their feet and as graceful in their movements as the rest. They talked all things so far as they knew how to do it, but in other respects behaved themselves quite respectably.

At 1 in the morning there was a cessation for supper, which, having come from a club larder, consisted of boned turkey, salads, old cheeses, pate-de-fol-gras and other such dainties, with plenty of wine. At 4 the men with drew, and the ladies declared that they had never been given a better time.

After so much enjoyment they were quite willing to go to jail in the morning.

But in the morning the bailiffs did not appear, and during the day and the many successive days the banner "Votes For Women" still floated proudly over Suffragist castle.

House of Retired Wives. One of the most interesting houses we saw in Algiers was the "House of the Retired Wives."

It stands directly opposite the Catholic cathedral, which was once the palace of the bey; and the House of the Retired Wives is now occupied by the archbishop.

When the bey was supreme in Algiers, before the intervention of France, the palace contained several hundred wives. And as new ones were frequently added, old ones had to be retired. So as a wife became superfluous or undesired, for any reason, she was sent across the street, where she had much more freedom than in the bey's palace; for there she was supposed to keep to her own apartments and not wander about at will. In the House of the Retired Wives she could move about at will.

She left all jewels and valuable presents which the bey had bestowed upon her in the palace for her successors, but she was fed and clothed until she died in her new home.—National Magazine.

Whirlpool Suggested Silencer. Mr. Maxin had been working on the development of automobile engine mufflers for some time before he thought of a silencer in connection with a gun. In addition to this was the inventor's desire to enjoy target practice without creating a disturbance. Experiment ensued, covering a couple of years and all kinds of valves, vents, bypasses, expansion chambers, etc., but without success. One morning after his bath the inventor noticed the small whirlpool over the drain-hole, the action of which retards the egress of the water. It does not silence it (as this phenomenon is usually accompanied by a more or less pronounced sucking sound), but in a gun the noise of firing is caused by the sudden egress of the gases, and if these could in the same way be slowed down the noise would in proportion be decreased. Acting on this suggestion, a little tube was then made, constructed so as to induce a whirlpool in the escaping gases from the gun. This, when tried, was a success.—American Machinist.

An Unworthy Peer. In "The Memoirs of William Hickey, 1749 to 1775," we read that Lord Littleton was a professed gamester and the nearest wretch to existence. "I was attending an appeal in the house of lords," says the author, "when Lord Littleton, passing through the lobby, paid to the head doorkeeper, 'Can you lead me a canker handkerchief? My rascal has neglected to put one in my pocket.' The man abruptly refused and added, in the strong language of the day, 'I'll be— if your lordship shall rob me of any more, you have had two already.' Another time Lord Littleton grossly abused his coachman for being ten minutes late with the carriage. 'You scoundrel,' said he, after a volley of oaths, 'did I not order you to be at the Savoir Vivre a quarter before?'—Yes, my lord, said the man, 'and I was not ten minutes after to my duty.' 'Blank—blank—blank—blank, you rascal. In those ten minutes I lost 2,000 guineas!'"

A Fine Flow of Speech. A native lawyer was defending a lady client in one of the Madras courts. The lady was accused of assault, but the man of law endeavored to show that she herself had been assaulted and had suffered damage on the most conspicuous feature of her countenance.

"My learned friend," he said, "with mere wind from a teapot thinks to browbeat me from my legs. He runs amuck upon the sheet anchors of my case. My poor client has been deprived of some of her valuable leather (skin), the leather of her nose. Until we are told what became of my client's leather nose the witness cannot be believed. He cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon a bush."—London Mail.

Highbrows. Will Irwin, the magazine writer, is credited with the invention of the word "highbrow." It was coined to express a blend of "snob" and "academic." He first used it when, as a reporter, he had occasion to describe the proceedings of societies who talked about the betterment of the drama. He thinks that the word will be assimilated by the dictionaries.

Cheerful. Professor of Chemistry—If anything should go wrong in this experiment, which is a particularly dangerous one, we and the laboratory with us might be blown sky high. Come closer, gentlemen, so that you may be better able to follow me without difficulty.—London Telegraph.

Bad Oversight. "Why these poets?" "Look at this press notice!" stormed the actress. "The critic speaks highly of your genius."

"And never mentions my gowns,"—Washington Herald.

Two Ways. "Be mine" is the proper form when proposing to a girl because you love her. "Be my mine" is all right if she's rich, but stir the pronoun carefully.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wifely Cheer. "I haven't a pull with any one," said the unsuccessful man. "Oh, yes, you have, dear," said his wife encouragingly. "with the fool killer."—Life.

We feel most lonely when we feel most selfish.

Mechanism of the Ear. Comparatively few people thoroughly realize what a delicate and sensitive structure the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate so in after all, only the outer porch of a series of winding passages which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the world without to the world within. Certain of these passages contain liquid, and their membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridor of different places and can be thrown into vibrations or made to tremble like the head of a drum or as the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or with the fingers. Between two or three parchment-like curtains a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to lighten or relax these membranes and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all a row of white threads, called nerves, stretches like the strings of a piano from the last point to which the tremblings or thrillings reach and pass inward to the brain.

Keeps Tab on the Shipowners. The captain's register at Lloyd's, the great English insurance concern, has aptly been described as the biographical dictionary of the whole of the mercantile marine. In the register are entered the date and place of the worthy skipper's birth, the record of his progress at sea, the ships he has commanded and the ships, if he has been unfortunate, that he has lost.

There is also another register, a condensed index of British shipowners and the history of their ships, the number of shares held by the owners, the trade of the ships during the year, the accidents which have befallen them and other important information. If a firm loses ship after ship, if the engines "foundered," "wrecked" and "missing" appear in succession against the names of their vessels, here is a moral to be drawn by the broker and underwriter.

Medical Ethics in China. In an article in the Journal of Race Development on the practice of medicine in China, Dr. C. W. Young of the Union Medical college of Peking quotes this from a work on medical ethics:

"When a patient is severely ill treat him as thou wouldst wish to be treated thyself. If thou art called to a consultation go at once, and do not delay. If he ask thee for medicine give it to him at once, and do not ask if he be rich or poor. Use thy heart always to save life and to please all. So will thine own happiness be exalted in the midst of the darkness of the world be sure there is some one who is protecting thee. When thou art called to an acute illness and thinkest with all thy might of nothing but making money out of the patient, if thy heart be not filled with love of thy neighbor, be sure that in the world there is some one who will punish thee."

Early New York. New York city had become one of the most important places on the coast before 1770. Its great advantages were its fine harbor and the noble river which emptied into it. The other towns on the coast were shut off from the far west by the Appalachian mountains or the Alleghenies, which follow the Atlantic coast at a distance of 100 to 200 miles from it from Georgia to Maine. But the Hudson river broke through this barrier and gave New York easy access to Canada and the profitable Indian trade. In 1607 the city contained about 4,800 inhabitants, about one-third being slaves. It extended from the Battery to a palisaded wall, where Wall street now runs. All above Wall street was in the country. The population grew to about 8,500 in 1730 and about 12,000 in 1760.

Test For Silk Goods. There is a simple method of finding out whether a piece of silk goods has been adulterated or weighted, as the manufacturers call it, with tin, and that is to cut off a small sample and burn it. Pure silk is animal matter, just as feathers or hair, made, as every one knows, by the silkworm. Now, if pure silk is burned it will instantly curl up into a crisp mass, just as a burnt hair or feather will, but if the silk goods has been adulterated with from 60 to 75 per cent of tin it will not do this. It will leave an ash in the semblance of the fabric, much as a burned piece of newspaper will leave an ash that still shows the printing. The harder and more firm this ash the more tin there was in the silk.—New York American.

Painless and Portraits. "A famous artist has it so much easier than an unknown painter."

"How so?"

"The unknown painter has to make his portraits look like the people he paints. The people a famous artist paints are willing to try to look like their portraits."—Pittsburgh Post.

An Oversight. "I went to pay this bill," he said, at the hotel bar, "but I think you have made a slight error here in my favor. I've been reading over the extras, and I cannot find that you have charged anything for telling me you thought it might rain."

Secured. Bellboy—Guy in 13 wants to know where the fire escapes are! Clerk—Well, show him—he's paid in advance.—Kansas City Star.

A weak nature is injured by prosperity; a fine by adversity; the finest by neither.

Out of the Frying Pan

And in Due Time into the Fire

By SADIE OLCOTT

"What on earth did I get married for?" growled Ainsworth, slamming the front door of his house behind him and crushing his hat down on his head as he left his home for business. "I'm going down to that dingy office, where the sun never creeps in, to slave all day by artificial light to procure food and clothes for another. Before I put this yoke on my neck I was free as air. If I wanted a cocktail or a cigar I bought it; if I wanted to play poker with my friends till 3 in the morning I could do it without being beholden to any one. Now I can't."

"Oh, for the sense of freedom that I had when I was single—free as a bird, light as air! When I woke up in the morning I was not weighed down by a sense of responsibility as now. When I went to bed I didn't have to listen to reproaches for something I had done or something I hadn't done during the day. Instead of having my way in petty things as I have now, giving up in the important ones, I had it in both great and small things. There were no ten dollar hat frames to buy, with fifteen dollar ostrich feathers attached; no new spring and fall costumes because the men who invent the fashions get them up so in the unworn and perfectly good garments of the last season can't be made over. What induced me to give up peace, comfort and freedom to take upon myself a multitude of annoyances and cares I don't know. If I were out of it I would never go into it again."

"How in the world shall I get through all I have to do today?" said Mrs. Ainsworth to herself. "I wish I were back in the happy days when I didn't have to do drudgery. There's the washing just come in, and I've got to go over all Jim's underclothing, mend every hole and replace every button or he'll take my head off when he puts the things on. When I was free mother used to take care of my clothes. Now I have to do it myself and take care of Jim's too. And yet the comic papers are full of silly jokes on mothers-in-law. I wish mother were here this morning to give me a lift with my day's work. If she were I suppose every time she opened her mouth Jim would growl at her. She would be his mother-in-law and my mother. Of course it wouldn't be so nice if she were my mother-in-law and his mother. Anyway, it wouldn't disturb him. He goes down to his office every morning and gets rid of the household-worry till evening. Then when he comes home I'm expected to look cheerful and kiss him with a smile on my lips when I'm dead tired with all I've been doing during the day. I'd just like to change places with him for one day. I can see him now sitting in his office, scanning a newspaper and smoking a cigar or chatting about the market and whether money is easy or tight or what effect the tariff will have on prices. And men call those the annoyances of a business life. I'd like mighty well to have one of them at home and the cook walk off in a passion an hour before dinner. I guess he'd find out what responsibility means."

"Off for home, Mr. Ainsworth?" said Mrs. Ainsworth, at the end of business hours. "I wish I had a home. I never envy married men so much as when the day's work is over, with its annoyances and disappointments, and you go to your own dwellings. A pretty wife opens the door for you and gives you a kiss. You sit down to a dinner of home cooking; then in the evening if you are tired you sit beside a table covered with periodicals and smoke the happy hours away, or if you like to go out to an amusement you've some one to go with you—some one with whom you are congenial, some one you love."

"Just so," was Mr. Ainsworth's laconic assent.

"But we miserable bachelors," the garrulous Jones continued, "what must we do—go to a desolate room filled full of nothing? Nothing meets us at the door. Nothing gives us a welcoming kiss. We sit down on a chair and pull nothing down on our lap to sympathize with us in our disagreeable experiences of the day. While we are making a toilet nothing talks to us, and when we are ready for dinner nothing goes with us. Single life is just brim full of nothing and there you are."

"It beats all," growled Ainsworth as soon as he could get away from Jones. "How persons will be so stupid as not to know when they are well off."

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Ainsworth," said Miss Elsie Ashe. "I just called in hoping you might be able to cheer me up a bit. I do get so tired doing nothing. And after a girl becomes too old to hobnob with young men who haven't become absorbed in the affairs of a career she is left out in the cold. Everybody says to me, 'Why don't you take up some work?' I don't need to take up some work, and I don't wish to take up some work. What I crave is what is natural for every woman to crave—a nice little home of my own, just like yours. Isn't it just perfectly lovely here? How nicely you've got your rooms decorated! Nothing gorgeous, everything in good taste. You're just too comfortable for anything. All day while you are interested in your household duties you have the anticipation of your husband coming home in the evening to tell you about what he has been interested in since he left you in the morning, how much money he has made."

"Or lost," interrupted Mrs. Ainsworth.

"Yes, lost sometimes. If it were all gain there would be no pleasure in it. It's the losses that give zest to the gains. There's nothing that makes life worth living except the home. And you've got the nicest home of any one of my acquaintance. Besides, you have the prospect of children. I'm a natural lover of children, and do you know every year I love them more and more. I never go into a house where there are a lot of them romping about that I don't envy the mother. They're such a blessing. I've often thought how nice it must be to dress them up at times and at other times watch them play in the dirt, always merry and imparting their merriment to their parents. Well, goodby. I just ran in from my lonely room to get buoyed up by a sight of your cozy home. How I do envy you!"

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Ainsworth to his wife as they walked together into their upstairs chamber, "how has the battle gone today?"

"I don't know, Jim," replied his wife, whom he drew down on his lap, "but that we make too much of these ordinary annoyances of life. It seems to me that if we stopped occasionally to think how much better off we are than some other persons we wouldn't feel that our daily life contained so many troubles. Elsie Ashe dropped in today just to have a look at the comforts we have in order to cheer herself up from the misery of being alone in the world. I had been grumbling to myself after you went to business at what I am obliged to do for you every day, considering myself to be a slave to you and all that!"

"I was thinking the same about you,"—when Elsie came in, and she rattled away in that garrulous fashion of hers, showing me how well off I am, making me ashamed of myself."

"Funny! That's exactly what Jones was saying to me when I left the office."

"I tell you what we'll do. Hereafter I'm going to consider myself not your slave, but your willingly obedient wife, ready to obey you in everything—not because it is a duty, but because it is a pleasure!"

"And not got through my pocketbook any more?"

"That's not a matter of obedience, but a measure of precaution. We mustn't spend all our income or we'll never get ahead, and when the little one comes we must be prepared to!"

"By the bye, Kit, when the little one comes we'll have some one we can both boss, and we won't think so much about bossing each other."

"I suppose so."

"I have an idea. Phil Jones and Elsie Ashe are both so miserable alone. Suppose we give them a taste of married life by making a match between them?"

"Elsie would make a good wife."

"And Phil is a fine fellow."

"Very well. We'll bring them in together for dinner."

"And a year after the wedding we'll ask them how they like it. Maybe they'll say they have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire."

"If they do they won't get back into the frying pan again any more than we, will they?"

They kissed and went down to dinner.

"I heard, Mrs. Ainsworth," said Mrs. Elsie Ashe Jones a year after the last reported "blatant" between Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth, "that the baby is sick. I have come in to ask if there is anything I can do for you."

"Oh, no. There's nothing needed. He's asleep now. Jim and I were up with him all night. The child had the worst case of colic he's ever had. Jim walked the floor with him from 2 till 4 in the morning. The poor man has gone down to business all tired out."

"Too bad. I suppose all that children are a comfort?"

"They must sometimes be a nuisance," said Ainsworth, sternly, and interrupting the speaker.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth, "what'd you come home for?"

"Headache; played out all over and from walking post for two hours last night, besides getting up ten times heating water, warming milk and other things that I didn't have to do as a bachelor."

"Oh, Mr. Ainsworth," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "you should be so happy to have the dear little thing sent down from heaven to you!"

"From where?" growled Ainsworth. "Dear," said the wife, "you said that when the baby came we would have something to unite us because we needn't spend our time thinking that we were each bossed by the other; we would both boss the baby."

"Did I say that?"

"Yes, you did."

"If I said that it showed the folly of giving one's views without experience. In that little monster we've both got a tyrant that'll be rubbing our noses into the ground for the rest of our natural lives."

"And if he stops rubbing your nose in the ground I mean if you lose him—you'll be wild with grief."

"I suppose so," granted the father.

"Dear, I'd like a cup of strong tea."