

"THE LADY FROM MONTANA"

"LADIES and gentlemen of the House of Representatives." That is what it sounded like when Mr. Balfour opened his recent address to the house. What he meant, doubtless, was to throw in a slight pause after the "Ladies"—a deferential acknowledgement of the presence of the multitude of women in the galleries; but the pause, if any, was so nearly indistinguishable that an enthusiastic suffragist who sat near me whispered: "He recognizes Jeanette Rankin as embodying the whole sex!"

And well he might; for in spite of her unusual position and surroundings, she remains the typical woman from top to toe. The top is especially prominent, crowned as it is with a mass of brown hair slightly streaked with gray, worn a la pompadour in a fashion that emphasizes its abundance. The next most noticeable feature is the pose, which is large, straight in outline, and fairly dominates the face, particularly in profile. The chin stands out well, but is round, and reduced in conspicuousness by a fullness of the cheeks which extends down to the line of the jaw. Her small, rather slight figure, clad in well fitting garments which rumor credits her with making with her own hands, adds to her thoroughly feminine effect. The V-shaped opening at the neck, and the use of lace and tulle wherever a man would use flat linen stiff with starch, differentiate her completely from the background against which she is projected in her daily work.

Strangers visiting congress look for her before asking to be shown Champ

Clark and "Uncle Joe" Cannon—a distinction in itself; and almost invariably their first remark is one of surprise that she has nothing of the Amazon in her appearance. Her face is mobile, her motions are lithe, and her manner has all the vivacity comparable with her obvious seriousness of purpose. Her voice has not, up to the hour of this writing, received a real test of effectiveness in a hall notorious for its bad acoustics when a debate is in full swing; but her responses on rollcall, while distinct enough for all practical needs, lack the ringing quality which arrests attention in this tumultuous body.

Next to her unmasculine make-up what astonishes most new observers is the manner in which Miss Rankin is treated by the men among whom she is thrown. Not even the cowboys of her home state—a class who hide a rare strain of chivalry behind a rough exterior—could manifest more respect for her womanhood than these rough-and-tumble congressmen. In any situation involving precedence, everybody stands aside for her to pass. During a session she is seldom or never alone; some man takes a seat beside her and falls into a whispered conversation, or she seeks out one whom she wishes to consult about a pending measure, and soon their heads are close together.

In two respects at least she is setting an excellent example to her colleagues; in prompt and regular attendance, and in keeping track of what is going on. If amendments are coming in thick and fast, as often happens when the bill under considera-

tion is one which the house is ready to accept in spirit, but wishes to modify in form, she keeps a pad and pencil always in hand and conscientiously jots down the proposed changes in phraseology. From the present outlook it would not be surprising if her influence produced a real change in the behavior of the house in more ways than in mere personal gallantry; for the rudest fighters can hardly fail to take note of the presence of a woman among them, or to be reminded of the fact if momentarily they forget it.

Of course it is unfortunate that Miss Rankin's first important vote on the floor should have been one in which she could not with an easy conscience voice the prevailing sentiment of her own district or of the country at large, for her attitude on the war issue can never be expunged from the record, however earnestly she may devote her energies hereafter to the national cause. Whether she was visibly and audibly overcome by her emotions—a question on which much stress is laid in certain quarters—we may leave the historians to decide among themselves.

Male lawmakers have occasionally exhibited emotional weakness under equally trying conditions, without provoking invidious comments on the capacity of their sex as a whole. Miss Rankin having happened to be the first and only woman in congress when the war crisis arose, it is far too soon to draw sweeping conclusions on the wisdom of our latest suffrage experiment. A pleasanter thing to remember is that, in a state which gave

the Democratic presidential ticket a vote 50 per cent larger than the Republican, she carried, as a Republican, one of the two representative districts by a plurality of more than six thousand, and with a campaign expenditure of less than seven hundred dollars.

Although sufficient mention has been made already, perhaps, of Miss Rankin's feminine appearance, it would be a pity to pass over, in this connection, her evident love of children and her attraction for them. Several members, trading on a traditional courtesy of the house, brought with them to the reception in honor of Balfour the young folk of their families, and some of these speedily made their way to the Lady from Montana and took possession of her. She had them sitting in her lap or snuggling against her while the formal meeting was in progress, and, when the handshaking procession formed, one or two clung to her. She smiles a good deal at all times, but seemed particularly beaming when chatting with her little friends.

Nor would this thumbnail sketch be faithful to nature if it omitted to add that our fair young pioneer carries with her, while engaged in the business of lawmaking not less than in her other occupations, that characteristic emblem of her sex, the tiny handbag. It has never been my privilege to peep into it, but various indications suggest the guess that it contains the familiar equipment of purse and keys, mirror and handkerchief—and p-w-d-r-p-f!—Tattler, in New York Nation.

The Port of Youth---How Two People Found It

CORA MASON was baffled. For the first time in her life she had failed in her efforts to charm a man.

For nearly three months she had lunched, dined, motored, danced and first-nighted with Lee Fuller and all to no avail. The victorious conclusion had not arrived—the hour when she could prove success in her worldly adventure.

He was as charmingly attentive, as courteously distant, as royal an entertainer as ever, yet she had not brought a flutter to his eyelids, a light to his eyes, a word to his lips that was not conventionally proper.

And yet he knew—she did not say what.

She watched him from under her half-closed lids as he lay stretched full length on the sand before her, master of himself and his future destiny.

They had arrived at Palm Beach yesterday, traveling together. It was a fancy that caught them when New York flared one day in a food riot

around the Waldorf that suggested the beginning of the French Revolution.

"Suppose we skip to Florida for a week," he said to her as they watched the mob through one of the windows. "You have no bonds, neither have I. We'll take the late train tonight—very little baggage, if you please!" He mentioned the hour when his car would be at her hotel.

And so they had come, circumspectly, discreetly, as a brother and sister might travel, both enjoying it the more because of this novelty. He was at one hotel and she at another, an arrangement which added to their naive existence.

He was an unusually handsome fellow, tall, broad shouldered, his tawny bronze hair thick and wavy, his yellow-brown eyes wide, clear and fearless.

As for herself, she closed her eyes tightly and conjured her own picture.

A woman of twenty-eight who looked fully thirty. She could not deceive herself since her last glance into her mirror. There were shadows under

her blue eyes, tiny lines straggled across her forehead, and she had needed extra grooming and an over-plus of cosmetics to conceal, from the casual observer, the fact that she was fagging.

But she was deliciously attractive in spite of the blemishes. Petite, plump, auburn-haired, white-skinned, she still tortured men with her smile and rifled them with her glances.

All but this man! She scowled involuntarily as she opened her eyes and studied him. Why did he lie there gazing over the ocean with such a vacant expression when two feet from his side was a rarely beautiful woman? She shoved her toe out over the sand and poked him with it, then lowered her lace parasol and used the ferrule in her bombardment.

"I will go up to the hotel if you do not speak to me pretty soon," she said poutingly. "It has been fully five minutes since I heard the sound of your voice. Where are you, Lee? By my side, or on the ocean?"

She leaned nearer to him over the

sand, her eyes shining, her lips smiling.

"I am way out there"—Lee Fuller pointed out over the water—"but don't fret, my dear, you are out there with me! We are sailing away—away from civilization, away from Palm Beach, away from New York. I don't know exactly which way we are headed, but we are sailing back to the days of our youth, and we are going to sail on until we find the port from which we both started when we launched our barques on the sea of life. I was a good fellow then and I fancy you were a good woman."

The words were drawled lazily, with no particular emphasis or emotion.

Cora Mason drew herself up into as small a compass as possible. The smile had left her lips and her eyes were staring.

"I suppose I was," she said stoddily. "Most men and women were children once. But what has youth—your youth or mine—to do with us now?"

(Continued on Page 13.)