Woman's Sphere

It Should Be and Is Being Enlarged

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD,
English Novelist, Now in America.

Woman's sphere of activity should be and is being enlarged. I am anything but an advocate of the old "hearth and home" theory. But I think that what the suffragettes are fighting for is just what women do not need and should not have.

Women do not need the ballot on questions in the solution of which they can never play a responsible part. Fancy a female general, a female admiral! Fancy a railroad run by women, roads built or mines worked by them! Well, if there is this inevitable physical limitation to a woman's activity—if she can never enter the army or the navy, never be a miner or a railroader—is it just that she be given a vote on matters that involve these activities? The national government, of course, both in the United States and in England, is concerned in all of these things, and this government is maintained by the votes of the male portion of the population, which thus indirectly decides on the army, the navy, the railroads and the scores of material interests in which women cannot by nature take an active part.

But there are other questions, questions of an educational nature, and on these I believe women should be permitted to vote. The schools, the hospitals, the charities—to mention the most obvious—of a city or a nation are in the control of the government, and yet women have just as much of a responsible interest in these matters as men. It would seem to be but just, therefore, that they should be allowed to vote on them. In London, happily, within the past two years women have gained the right to vote on the county councils.

Woman's sphere should not be limited more than the physical limitation imposed by nature. I believe in women entering as many fields of activity as she profitably can. Her first sphere of activity, of course, is the family, the home. But where that is denied her, why should she not turn her attention to other duties, duties that in the old "hearth and home" days were supposed to belong exclusively to men, and thus play her part in the world's work?

American Parents and Their Children

By HON. FRANK LEVERONI,
Assistant Justice, Seventh Court, Boston.

American parents and American children are very much like the parents and the children of other civilized countries. It is natural for a parent to be indulgent and for a child to be self-willed. These inclinations sometimes are restrained by education and discipline and sometimes are repressed by material circumstances.

In the older countries of Europe, where the hand of authority has been felt so long and frequently so heavily, there is naturally readier submission to authority which speaks only with the arbitrary voice of command. The people are accustomed to obey without questioning, and this custom is reflected in the relations of parents and children.

In this country even the latest comers seem to divine that here is a place where one may ask questions and where certain kinds of commands are obeyed only for reasons explained. That spirit, we may be sure, can be carried too far, but it is essentially what we learn to associate with democracy. The government is the people's; everybody is a part of the government and nobody is the whole of it.

It seems to me that the child, being more impressionable and more receptive than the adult, having a more lively imagination and a lesser willingness to endure restraint, would reflect in its ideas and conduct this spirit of democratic independence. The parent also must feel the quickening, melting influence of the doctrines of equality and freedom, and the spirit of authority naturally suffers in consequence.

It is true that many parents are overindulgent and that many children show the effects of indulgence who would be without fault if subjected to even moderate restraint and control.

Education of the parent is very important as an influence to rely upon for correction of this condition. Discipline of the child ought to be more systematic, and I agree with Dr. G. Stanley Hall's statement to the extent that I think a great deal of time and labor is wasted in trying to affect by moral suasion children who could be almost immediately and permanently set straight by a good whipping.

Love and fear are two powerful sentiments. They are invoked constantly by nature, never singly, and quite universally in combination, to correct and direct her maturer children, and it is important that the combination should be employed judiciously in the control of juveniles.

Frank Leveroni

Girls Who Are Utterly Useless

By LILLIAN BELL,
Authoress.

I have never known anything like—nor am I capable of imagining anything like—the uselessness of some young girls I know. I have watched them carefully and even questioned them, and if they know how to do one single helpful, useful thing, or if they do one such act from morning until night, day in and day out, I do not know what it is. Sometimes they know how to make fudge, and I know one who claims to know how to make an angel food cake, but I've never seen her do it. I don't know a girl in New York who can trim a hat. Nor one who can make a dress. I don't know a girl who helps her mother in any way, nor do I know any mothers who help their daughters to be anything but helpless butterflies.

Where has it all gone—this home life? Where is the old-fashioned mother who used to have her daughter's confidence; who knew the young men her daughter danced with; who saw the books her daughter read, and who selected the plays her daughter could see without harm? But, then, where are the old-fashioned husbands and wives whose interests and pleasures were identical?

Now we have women's clubs—just like the men have—where women may swim and eat and drink cocktails and bat around privately just as men do publicly, and you may take your daughters there afternoons for tea and hear the gossip of the day. Isn't it nice to provide these substitutes for a home to women who have none of their own—just houses with servants?

SERIAL STORY

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "THE MAIN CHANCE," "BELLA donna," Etc.

Copyright 1905 by Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Pickering's face grew white and his eyes started, and when he tried suddenly to speak his jaw twitched. The room was so still that the breaking of a blazing log on the andirons was a pleasant relief. We stood, the three of us, with our eyes on Pickering, and in my own case I must say that my heart was pounding my ribs at an uncomfortable speed, for I knew Larry was not sparring for time.

The blood rushed into Pickering's face and he turned toward Larry stormily.

"This is unwarrantable and infamous! My relations with Mr. Glenarm are none of your business. When you remember that after being deserted by his own flesh and blood he appealed to me, going so far as to intrust all his affairs to my care at his death, your reflection is an outrageous insult. I am not accountable to you or any one else!"

"Really, there's a good deal in all that," said Larry. "We don't pretend to any judicial functions. We are perfectly willing to submit the whole business and all my client's acts to the authorities."

(I would give much if I could reproduce some hint of the beauty of that word authorities as it rolled from Larry's tongue!).

"Then, in God's name, do it, you blackguards," roared Pickering.

Stoddard, seated on the table, knocked his heels together gently. Larry recrossed his legs and blew a cloud of smoke. Then, after a quarter of a minute in which he gazed at the ceiling with his quiet, blue eyes, he said:

"Yes; certainly, there are always the authorities. And as I have a tremendous respect for your American institutions I shall at once act on your suggestion. Mr. Pickering, the estate is richer than you thought it was. It holds, or will hold, your notes given to the decedent for $250,000."

He drew from his pocket a brown envelope, walked to where I stood and [illegible]

"At the same time Stoddard's slight figure grew active, and before I realized that Pickering had leaped toward the packet, the executor was sitting in a chair, where the chaplain had thrown him. He rallied promptly, stuffing his necktie into his waistcoat; he even laughed a little.

"So much old paper! You gentlemen are perfectly welcome to it."

"Thank you!" jerked Larry.

"Mr. Glenarm and I had many transactions together, and he must have forgotten to destroy those papers," continued Pickering.

"Quite likely," I remarked. "It is interesting to know that Sister Theresa wasn't his only debtor."

Pickering stepped to the door and called the sheriff.

"I will give you until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock to vacate the premises. Those claims are utterly worthless, as I am ready to prove. The court understands the situation perfectly."

"Perfectly, perfectly," repeated the sheriff.

"I believe that is all," said Larry, pointing to the door with his pipe.

The sheriff was regarding him with particular attention.

"What did I understand your name to be?" he demanded.

"Laurance Donovan," Larry replied coolly.

Pickering seemed to notice the name now and his eyes lighted disagreeably.

"I think I have heard of your friend before," he said, turning to me. "I congratulate you on the international reputation of your counsel. He's esteemed so highly in Ireland that they offer a large reward for his return. Sheriff, I think we have finished our business for to-day."

He seemed anxious to get the man away, and we gave them escort to the outer gate where a horse and buggy was waiting.

"Now, I'm in for it," said Larry, as I locked the gate. "We've spiked one of his guns, but I've given him a new one to use against myself. But come, and I will show you the Door of Bewilderment before I skip."

CHAPTER XXII.

A Prowler of the Night.

Down we plunged into the cellar, through the trap and to the Door of Bewilderment.

"Don't expect too much," admonished Larry; "I can't promise you a single Spanish coin."

"Perish the ambition! We have blocked Pickering's game, and nothing else matters," I said.

We crawled through the hole in the wall and lighted candles. The room was about seven feet square. At the farther end was an oblong wooden door, close to the ceiling, and Larry tugged at the fastening until it came down, bringing with it a mass of snow and leaves.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are at the edge of the ravine. Do you see the blue sky? And yonder, if you will twist your neck a bit, is the boathouse."

"Well, let the simple effects go and show us where you found these papers," I said.

"Speaking of mysteries, that is where I threw my hat back into the quiddity box. Here is a table, and here is an old dispatch box, which lies just where I found it. It was closed and the key was in the lock. I took out that packet—it wasn't even sealed—saw the character of the contents, and couldn't resist the temptation to try the effect of an announcement of its discovery on your friend Pickering. Now that is nearly all. I found this piece of paper under the tape with which the envelope was tied, and I don't hesitate to say that when I read it I laughed until I thought I should shake down the cellar. Read it, John Glenarm!"

He handed me a fragment of legal-cap paper on which was written in the unmistakable handwriting of John Marshall Glenarm, these words:

ICE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST.

"What do you think is so funny in this?" I demanded.

"Who wrote it, do you think?" asked Stoddard.

"Who wrote it, do you ask? Why Jack's grandfather wrote it! John Marshall Glenarm, the cleverest grandest old man that ever lived, wrote it!" declaimed Larry, his voice booming lustily in the room. "It's all a great big game. Rise up to try you and Pickering,—but principally you, you blackhead! Oh, it's grand, perfectly, delirously grand,—and to think it should be my good luck to share in it!"

"Humph! I'm glad you're amused, but it doesn't strike me as being so awfully funny. Suppose those had fallen into Pickering's hands; then where would the joke have been, I should like to know!"

"On you, my lad, to be sure! The old gentleman wanted you to study architecture; he wanted you to study his house; he even left a little pointer in an old book! Oh, it's too good to be true!"

"That's all clear enough," observed Stoddard, knocking upon the despatch box with his knuckles. "But why do you suppose he dug this hole here with its outlet on the ravine?"

"Oh, it was the way of him!" explained Larry. "He liked the idea of queer corners and underground passages. This is a bully hiding place for man or treasure, and that outlet into the ravine makes it possible to get out of the house with nobody the wiser. It's in keeping with the rest of his scheme. Be gay, comrades! To-morrow will likely find us with plenty of business on hands. At present we hold the fort, and let us have a care lest we lose it."

We closed the ravine door, restored the wall as best we could, and returned to the library. We made a list of the Pickering notes and spent an hour discussing this new feature of the situation and speculating as to the hiding place of the remainder of my grandfather's fortune. Larry and Stoddard both declared their intention of remaining until my troubles were ended in spite of my protests. Stoddard stayed for dinner, and afterward we began again our eternal quest for the treasure, our hopes high from Larry's lucky strike of the afternoon, and with a new eagerness born of the knowledge that the morrow would certainly bring us face to face with the real crisis. We ranged the house from tower to cellar; we overhauled the tunnel, for, it seemed to me, the hundredth time.

It was my watch, and at midnight, after Stoddard and Larry had recommitted the grounds and Hates and I had made sure of all the interior fastenings, I sent them off to bed and made myself comfortable with a pipe in the library.

I was glad of the respite, glad to be alone,—to consider my talk with Marian Devereux at St. Agatha's, and her return with Pickering. Why could she not always have been Olivia, ranging the woodland, or the girl in gray, or that woman, so sweet in her dignity, who came down the stairs at the Armitonsky? Her own attitude toward me was so full of contradictions; she had appeared to me in so many moods and guises, that my spirit ranged the whole gamut of feeling as I thought of her. But it was the recollection of Pickering's infamous conduct that colored all my doubts of her. Pickering had always been in my way, and here, but for the chance by which Larry had found the notes, I should have had no weapon to use against him.

The wind rose and drove shrilly around the house. A bit of scaffolding on the outer walls rattled loose somewhere and crashed down on the terrace. I grew restless, my mind intent upon the many chances of the morrow, and running forward to the future. Even if I won in my strife with Pickering I had yet my way to make in the world. His notes were probably worthless,—I did not doubt that. I might use them to procure his removal as executor, but I did not look forward with any pleasure to a legal fight over a property that had brought me only trouble.

Something impelled me to go below, and, taking a lantern, I tramped somberly through the cellar, glanced at the heating apparatus, and, remembering that the chapel entrance to the tunnel was unguarded, followed the corridor to the trap, and opened it. The cold air blew up sharply and I thrust my head down to listen.

A sound at once arrested me. I thought at first it must be the suction of the air, but Glenarm House was no place for conjecture, and I put the lantern aside and jumped down into the tunnel. A gleam of light showed far away for an instant, then the darkness and silence were complete.

"A Lantern Flashed Blindingly in My Face."

I ran rapidly over the smooth floor, which I had traversed so often that I knew its every line. My only weapon was a heavy hickory club. Near the Door of Bewilderment I paused and listened. The tunnel was perfectly quiet. I took a step forward and stumbled over a brick, fumbled on the wall for the opening which we had closed carefully that afternoon, and at the instant I found it a lantern flashed blindingly in my face and I drew back, crouching involuntarily, and clenching the club ready to strike.

"Good evening, Mr. Glenarm!"

Marian Devereux's voice broke the silence, and Marian Devereux's face with the full light of the lantern upon it, was beat gravely upon me. Her voice, as I heard it there,—her face, as I saw it there,—are the things that I shall remember last when my hour comes to go hence from this world. Her slim fingers, as they clasped the wire screen of the lantern, held my gaze for a second. The red tam-o'-shanter that I had associated with her youth and beauty was tilted rakishly on one side of her pretty head. To find her here, seeking, like a thief in the night, for some means of helping Arthur Pickering, was the bitterest drop in the cup. I felt as though I had been struck with a blindness.

"I beg your pardon!" she said, and laughed. "There doesn't seem to be anything to say, does there? Well, we do certainly meet under the most unusual, not to say unconventional, circumstances, figure Glenarm! Please go away or turn your back. I want to get out of this dungeon keep."

She took my hand really enough and stepped down into the passage. Then I brake out stormily.

"You don't seem to understand the gravity of what you are doing! Don't you know that you are risking your life in crawling through this house at midnight?—that even to serve Arthur Pickering a life is a pretty big thing to throw away? Your infatuation for that blackguard seems to carry you far, Miss Devereux."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BURGLAR ROUTED BY BRAVE WOMAN

MRS. VAN HORN DISCOVERS INTRUDER ON RETURN HOME AFTER SHORT ABSENCE.

ENTERS QUIETLY AND GETS GUN

Fires Several Shots at Thief Who Plunges Head Foremost Through Window and Escapes—Police Then Notified.

St. Louis.—Surprising a burglar at work in her home on her return after a short absence, Mrs. Amos Van Horn of Kookuk street got a revolver, chased the man from the house and fired several shots at his fleeing figure shortly after nine o'clock the other evening. The intruder had ransacked the house and stolen $65 in money. A quantity of clothing and some jewelry which he had packed up ready to carry away was abandoned in his flight.

Mrs. Van Horn and her two small children had gone to a moving picture show in the neighborhood and discovered the burglar on their return. Mrs. Van Horn's husband is a railroad man employed in East St. Louis. He works at night and she is accustomed to being alone with her children.

As she approached the house on her return she saw a light burning in a middle room. Remembering that she had left no light in the house, she at first thought her husband had returned, but decided to investigate before entering the house. Leaving the children in front of the house, she went to a side window and, peering in, saw a man kneeling on the floor sorting out a pile of clothing and other personal effects. The contents of drawers and dressers strewn about the room informed her that the intruder was a burglar.

Going to the front door she opened it with a key and quietly slipping into the house went to a dresser and secured her husband's revolver. Armed with the weapon she calmly walked across the hall to the room where the burglar was at work. As she did so she heard a scramble which told her the burglar was warned of her presence in the house. She threw open the door and ran into the room, just in time to see the man struggling to raise a window.

Mrs. Van Horn Continued to Shoot at the Burglar.

Leveling the pistol she fired a shot at the man just as he tore up the sash and leaped head first through the window. Running to the window, Mrs. Van Horn, now frightened for the safety of her children who were in front of the house, continued to shoot at the fleeing man as he disappeared in the darkness.

A moment later a dozen neighbors were on the scene and a hurried search was made for the burglar without avail. Mrs. Van Horn called up Night Chief of Police Gillespy and asked that a policeman be sent to the house. Patrolman Krekler of the Wyoming street station went to the house and made a report on the robbery.

Mrs. Van Horn was quite unable to give a good description of the man as his back was turned when she looked into the room, and she is not certain whether he is white or black. The thief, who had secured entrance to the house by duplicate keys through a rear door, had evidently been at work for some time.

Lugs Wildcat Nine Miles.

Lewistown, Pa.—While trapping on the Black Log mountains Moses Harshberger of Mexwanna found a large wildcat caught by the hind leg. To get the bounty on the scalp, however, he calmly had to be transported alive into Mifflin county.

Taking an ordinary sheepskin sack Harshberger fitted a hoop, constructed from a sapling, to the mouth and fastened it to the forks of a small tree. Then, with a pole he picked up cat, trap and all and tossed it into the sack. Throwing the sack over his shoulder he carried the cat nine miles, stopping twice en route to obtain new sacks, as the animal had bitten and scratched its way through the others.

The cat died during the night, and Harshberger will apply for the bounty on the pelt.