# "MISS UNDERSTOOD" BY KATE THYSON MARR

THERE are many women who never know when they are well off, and the pity of it is, that they will not be be taught to realize it. When a good, strong emollient of experience removes the scales from their eyes and they find themselves in reminiscent mood, thinking it all over, although too proud or too stubborn to admit it, they would often give worlds were it possible to recede from the position assumed.

There are women who begin a quarrel over the merest trifle, to find out later how totally absurd was the incentive, or that it was all a mistake in the beginning, yet rather than acknowledge the fact they will make themselves and every one around miserable for days, if not for months.

These self-opinionated specimens of femininity can never be convinced that they are in the wrong. They will make themselves and everybody else wretchedly tired by keeping up an argument in the effort to convince others of their infallibility, and when everybody is on the verge of hysteria they will walk off in a ten-foot fit of indignation and complain that they are misunderstood.

Poor Miss Understood females! There should be another and better world especially allotted for your domination. If good resolutions have a cinch on the paving contract of Hades, the contract for a wallflower wainscoting ought to be awarded to Miss Understood females. They would furnish a variety that would gladden the heart of Mephisto even in his most sanguinary moods.

The weeping Miss Understood, always tearful, copiously lachrymose, the very sight of whom would send your spirits so completely down to zero as to be equivalent to an Eastern sho' of Maryland spell of ague.

Then the highly indignant Miss Understood, who is forever perched on a pinnacle of stilts. To come down to the ordinary everyday level of life would be condescension too abject to be considered. She is always sniffing at something far beyond hailing distance (that sounds like Spanish history), and is in a state of piqued stand-offish-ness, from dawn to midnight. Nothing is good enough for her, and what would please any rational woman on earth she regards with contemptuous innuendoes.

Then the Miss Understood who thinks she has a mission, if others would only combine to materialize her ideas. She is sure of being capable of doing so much that those around her fail to appreciate. Her environment is too antagonistic to her lofty aims. She sees a struggling woman near her accomplish some good in her sphere, and forthwith her small-sized soul is afflicted with a large-sized envy that she cannot do even greater things. She is constantly at war with the narrow confines that circumscribe her, which she blames for the thralldom that keeps her talents and possibilities unknown and unsung. She fancies herself possessed of much executive ability that would come into play as an extensive organizer, but finds the home circle too contracted to admit of the escape of even an infinitesimal atom of her pent-up untried energies. She keeps her head high in the salubrious moral atmosphere as an indication of a soul too lofty to stoop to the small things of earth.

Then there is the saintly Miss Understood, who is so—(I wish I were a man so that I might say "d—nably good," because that is what I mean) that her goodness is a reproach to every one with whom she comes in contact. When in her presence she is so constantly impressing you with her superior virtues and is so frequently being shocked that you wonder if you are an overcharged dynamo with some of your currents running around loose. She is always intruding her goodness in the most depressing manner until you imagine that you are either real wicked or developing a full-fledged case of nervous dyspepsia.

And the Miss Understood who is so persistently meddlesome. She honestly thinks that she is lovely and kind and amiable and good-natured, and no doubt she means to be, but she is only in your way. Everything you attempt to do yourself she runs directly in front of you and so kindly offers to assist you. Everything you say she helps you out. She insists upon doing all sorts of kindnesses for you until you are desperate and wish that you could muzzle her and strap her to the umbrella stand out in the hallway. She will persist in helping you to sew, and after she has gone you not only have it to do over yourself but have to rip out what she has done in the bargain. She will offer to straighten your hat and give your head such a yank as will make you wish yourself a Mississippi River steamboat mate just long enough to swear. She will tell you that your skirt is on crooked and make a dive at it stumbling all over the train, with the chances that you will have to change your gown. And as a climax to her boasted critical instincts that sees and notes everything, if there should be a fleck of powder on your nose she will come at you like a battering ram and give that poor nose a pinch or a scrub that will keep it red for a month. Should you show any signs other than complacent gratitude she assumes an injured, reproachful manner and sighs over your failure to appreciate her affection for you that has your appearance so much at heart, and she is consequently so Miss Understood, and the chances are that she will afterward tell her many friends that she tried to be so kind to you and in return you were rude and snubbed her unmercifully.

Then the Miss Understood who prides herself on being so very candid—who criticizes your clothes and tells you "as a friend" that you look like a fright in the gown your modiste has just sent home, for which you have been sighing and longing for months and have donned it with so much pride seemingly only to give her the opportunity to take every shred of conceit out of you. She criticizes everything you say, or do, or wear, and when you are beginning to feel positively homicidal she has been Miss Understood, and only told you "as a friend." Poor friendship! What an awful old scapegoat you are for a progeny of little meannesses born under your insignia.

And the wives who are in the advanced stage of being Miss Understood!

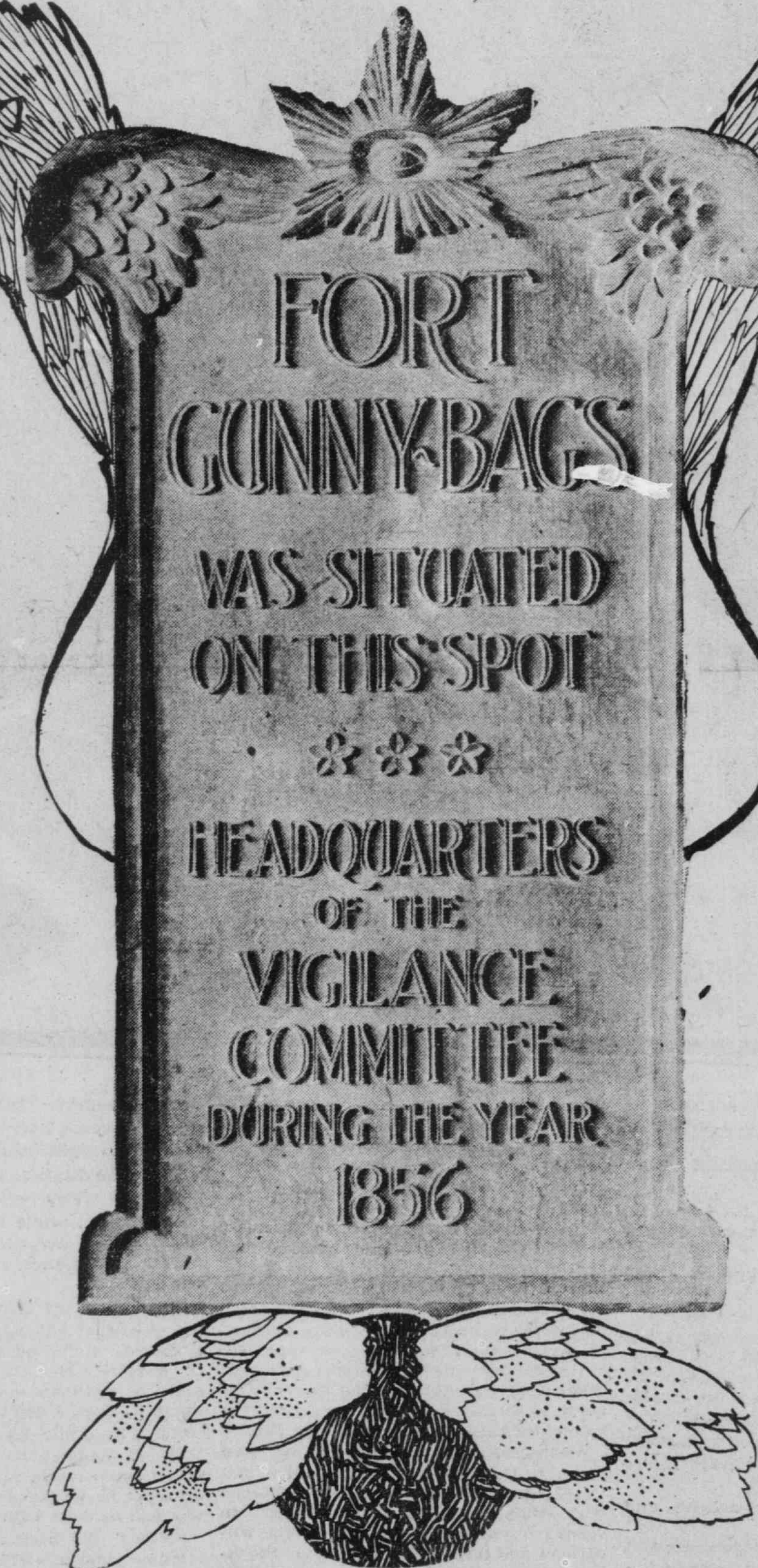
Recently two cases have come under my immediate observation where women having luxurious homes fancied themselves in too narrow a sphere and sought to lead lives in consonance with the mental elevation. One husband very complaisantly gave his spouse a home, and thence hied him away to the wilds of South Dakota, where he obtained a decree of divorce, with which he astonished his former twin soul by presenting it, with a bunch of faded flowers, on Christmas. There was a plethora of irony in the gentle, thoughtful attention, and the wife, being a woman, promptly relapsed into screaming hysterics. The sorry part of the little unpleasantness happens to be that both parties are very much in love with the other, but the wife got an invoice of bric-a-brac in her top story anent of the higher sphere of women, and the husband is not the kind of man to feel much sympathy with such head stunts. He is hurt and chagrined that his wife should have even hinted at any desire to dispense with his companionship, and she, taking his ready acquiescence as indicative of extreme amiability, thought that she had scored a triumph. Now she is making all sorts of patch-it-up overtures, and would perhaps be real sweet and docile if he would "kiss and make up." But he is proud, and that a woman whom he had loved and honored should have preferred a tissue of extravagant fool notions to his substantial personality wounded deeper than she wotted of. There is a poetic justice in the turn that things have taken. The ideas have proven an evanescent fiasco, and meanwhile the husband, too, is doing a companion disappearing act.

In the other cases, the wife devoted all of her time to certain woman congresses, until her presence at home took the form of long distance surprise parties. The husband objected, stating that she must either forego such affiliations or that she would find him among the missing. The warm discussion that followed was succeeded by others still warmer, until finding her away from home one evening on his return, the next morning he dispatched two vans to the house and before night even her clothing was in cold storage, and a card inserted in the local papers that he would no longer be responsible for her obligations. At the time she remained absent several days, having gone to a neighboring city as a delegate to some convention or other and her return was a revelation of desolation. His friends knew nothing of his whereabouts, and the wife, without means, is almost heartbroken over the denouement. She has concluded that a woman's mission is, at least, to respect the wishes of a husband who is kind and devoted.

Neither of these women knew when they were well off, and there are thousands of others. The woman who fills the niche to which fate or circumstances assigns her finds there sufficient outlet for the gifts with which nature has endowed her. This eternal grasping for things beyond the reach engenders the spirit of the unsatisfied, the spirit of discontent.

The phalanxes of the Miss Understood females, whether as maids, or wives or widows, we find everywhere, not only keep themselves in a perpetual state of unrest, but they foster the spirit in others. Even when the trials of life are in a maddening whirl, the more philosophically the situation is faced the more quickly will it be conquered.

# FORT GUNNY-BAGS BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS




SAN FRANCISCO has receded far enough from her birth to awaken to the realization that she has in truth a history—even as has Boston—and a highly colored one at that. It is full of phases that ring of the melodramatic punctuated with the crack of a pistol here and there; but what of that, if it be history?

That its tales are worthy of record in the annals of men, we need but harken to the testimony of living witnesses; they came to California — thence to San Francisco—with the overwhelming tide of men that swept across the plains and through the Sierra's canyons, and that stood in the thick of the fray that evolved order out of chaos in the new El Dorado. Alas, for their thinning ranks! The Father is calling them home. Daily we miss them from the banks, from the business houses, from the churches, from the streets, and we scarce need ask, "Where are they?" Therefore is it that we must hasten if we would glean from their lips the stories of the past, and such is the duty that the California Historic Landmarks League has set for itself, likewise to commemorate the places made memorable by those sturdy heroes.

There is no phase of the "shaking-down process" of San Francisco so thrilling in its intensity as the days of the Vigilantes—those days of '56, when almost every man in the city slept upon his arms awaiting the alarm bell to call him to duty. It is the headquarters of that famous organization that the Landmarks League will commemorate; the spot is known familiarly as "Fort Gunnybags," 215 and 217 Sacramento street, near Davis. The building has been recently remodeled, and its countenance thus changed would soon lose its identity but for the bronze tablet that is now ready to be placed upon it on next Saturday, March 7. This structure, wherein right dared to assert its might, should never perish from the memory of men, for, though stained with blood, it stands as a monument to law, justice and decency and temple of honor to its founders.

San Francisco had sunk to an astounding condition of lawlessness when it was announced that a new paper was about to appear that would wage war upon all political piracy. On October 8, 1855, there appeared upon the street a new sheet, "The Bulletin," edited by James King of William, a fearless fellow, with offices upon the northwest corner of Merchant and Montgomery streets. On the third day of its existence the rough element sniffed the smoke of battle. On November 17 it awakened to the alarm of war, when a gambler named Cora assassinated Colonel Richardson, a United States Marshal; that day the Bulletin came out in the following bold announcement, which was the seed from which the Vigilance Committee grew:

"If Cora be guilty he must hang. Let there be an impartial jury. It is due this community that this should be."

A trial took place, but with the manipulations of affairs in the hands of the assassin's friends, the jury disagreed. Nothing else was looked for by the people outside "the gang," but it quickened the people's activity. Within two years nearly one hundred murders had been committed and all had gone unavenged—so, too, with this unprovoked sacrifice. Then it was that the Bulletin came out with the following remarkable arraignment:

"Hung be the heavens in black! Will Cora be hung? No! Even on this trial one of the witnesses against him was away, having sold his establishment for $2500 and left the State. Rejoice, ye gamblers and harlots; rejoice with exceeding gladness! Assemble in your dens of infamy to-night and let the costly wine flow freely, and let the welkin ring with shouts of joy. * * * Your money can accomplish anything in San Francisco, and now you have full permission to riot at pleasure. Talk of safety in law. It is a humbug. The veriest humbug in existence is the present system of jury trials. Weep, ye honest men of San Francisco! Weep for the fair city ye have built!"

Six months later came a scathing attack upon a young New Yorker named Casey, who, unquestionably, through stuffing the ballot box, caused himself to be elected a Supervisor. Mr. King accused him of having served a term in Sing Sing previous to his coming West and this evidently rankled deep in the bosom of the politician, for an hour after the publication was on the street Casey sought out King in the editorial room and took him to task for the accusation. Fearlessly, however, the editor showed the politician the door, but here the matter did not end. As Mr. King was going to his home Casey waylaid him and shot him three times through the body. The editor fell mortally wounded and Casey sped away up Montgomery street into Merchant, thence into Dunbar alley and into the police station. Sheriff Scannell, realizing that Casey's gunning would bring matters to a climax, summoned a carriage in hot haste and lost no time in taking his prisoner to the Broadway jail, where a better defense could be maintained were a raid attmpted. Meanwhile the news spread like a prairie fire and in less that half an hour three thousand men had gathered, clamoring for decisive action. The air was pregnant with vengeance.

The Sheriff placed every available man where he could render the best service—inside the jail and without—while Mayor Van Ness issued a hurry call for all the military companies of the city. The thin response to this appeal plainly indicated the attitude of the populace. The efforts of Mayor Van Ness to quiet the now thoroughly aroused people failed signally, when the brothers of the dying man cried out aloud for vengeance—that which they knew the laws would deny them. "Storm the jail!" "Down with the jail door!" were the cries that went up from the incensed assemblage, but strong appeals for order from the more conservative produced something resembling calmness, out of which came a posted notice that a vigilance committee was about to organize. This announcement steadied the pulse of the people for a time, but the tension was painful.

Within an hour after the bullet felled James King of William the pioneers met in their rooms to consider the shocking state of affairs. Feeling among them ran high, and a suggestion that a vigilance committee be formed met with unanimous approval. An agreement of mutual assistance and protection was drawn up and signed by every one present, and when the news reached the streets the citizens stormed the doors for admittance. By 12 o'clock that night 1600 names had been enrolled in the vigilance committee, from which an executive committee was soon chosen.

On May 16 the committee moved to the site since known as Fort Gunnybags, 215-217 Sacramento street. By this time every company had been fully equipped, and squads of men drilled day and night in their armories, in the streets and in the squares. Never since the days of Paul Revere were so many men "licked into shape" in so short a time. On Sunday morning, May 18, an order went forth for every man to report at his armory at 8 a. m. President Coleman had informed the Sheriff that the guard maintained by the committee within the jail was to be immediately withdrawn, its truce having come to an end. Of course, Sheriff Scannell was not slow to interpret this as a forerunner of hostilities. Forthwith he summoned 150 of the men who had banded together under the misleading, fine-sounding name of "Law and Order" and armed cap-a-pie to stand guard within and without.

When the order "Forward, march!" was given at 10 a. m. 2000 men were in line. Simultaneously 15,000 people had gathered upon the sidewalks, drawn thither by the "tramp, tramp" in the streets. Led by President Coleman, the citizen-soldiers marched into Kearny street, thence to the jail. Here they halted, with two companies drawn up directly in front of the jail door. In front of them a field piece glared, and in various points of vantage 200 gunners grimly awaited them. At a signal a demand was made upon the Sheriff for the delivery of Casey. This was refused. A second demand was made and was again rejected. A third refusal would virtually be a command to "storm the jail." Five minutes were now given the Sheriff to come to time. President Coleman stood, watch in hand, talking earnestly with the Sheriff. The last minute had all but passed when, lo! out swung the iron door. Into the breach in the ramparts the vigilantes pressed, and within a few minutes Casey appeared with them upon the threshold. He was greeted with a shout, but President Coleman disapproving of vulgar gloating raised his hand for silence.

In an hour a delegation of the committee returned for Cora, who was delivered without question. Both men were placed in carriages and conveyed to the headquarters on Sacramento street.

In due time Cora was placed on trial. Every shred of obtainable evidence was adduced, but in all was not a mitigating circumstance. Therefore he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

On May 20 James King of William succumbed to his wounds. Casey was now a murderer and was on trial for his crime while the deceased was yet unsepulchred. Of course he was found guilty.

On the 22d of May, while the editor was being laid to rest in Laurel Hill Cemetery, preparations were in progress for his avenging. Two platforms had been constructed from the second-story windows of the rooms, and upon these appeared the condemned men, robed in white, with white caps upon their heads. Beside them were their spiritual condolers. At a signal the cords were cut, the bodies plunged downward and the souls of the men slipped into eternity.

This summary vengeance soon bore fruit. A tide of virtue swept over the city for a time, and daily departures of gamblers, ballot-box stuffers and bullies were noted. Many of these were invited to leave, and others anticipated the invitation and disdained to wait on formalities.

# PING PONG PAPERS BY M. J. C. RITCHIE

PING PONG is virtually the game of lawn tennis reproduced in miniature; the strokes used in the latter are most of them used in the former, although there are a few that are peculiar to both. As the rules at present apply volleying and overhead play are not permissible in ping-pong, and consequently a feature of the game that is always very much admired in lawn tennis is lacking in ping-pong. The writer is inclined to think [illegible] and there is little doubt that such an introduction would prove a great attraction to many players and do a lot toward abolishing the present monotony of the game.

However, to return to the subject in hand, the two strokes that are the basis of nearly all others are the "forehand" drive and the "backhand" drive. A drive is a good hit which can be made either straight down the table or across it, but in both cases, of course, over the net. A good "drive" at ping-pong causes the striker the same pleasure, only possibly to a smaller degree, that a golf drive at golf gives to the golfer and a good drive at tennis to the tennis player. It should be a stroke that has a good "length," viz., reaches as nearly as possible to the limit of the court, should be of good pace and should as nearly touch the top of the net as is possible without actually doing so. A forehand drive is a straightforward stroke made with the right arm; a backhand drive is a stroke made with the right arm crossed in front of the body, and, so to speak, usurping a [illegible] would be most convenient for the left arm, [illegible] [illegible] do this the "backhand" is the term applied to the stroke that takes its place.

A somewhat interesting feature is that in both these strokes there is a natural direction in which the player will project the ball, viz., the natural direction of the forehand stroke is from right to left, and the natural direction of the backhand from left to right. Good players at ping pong naturally vary very much in their strength in backhand and forehand play, respectively, and it depends to a great extent on whichever the player takes to naturally, when starting playing the game, as to which he excels in ultimately.

We now come to a stroke that is used far more in ping pong than in lawn tennis, and that is a stroke called the "half volley." The half volley means the act of striking the ball almost immediately it has left the table on the first bounce. The stroke is made on the upward course of the ball immediately it leaves the table, and has to be taken low down, close to the surface of the table. The half volley is a rather difficult stroke, but is very useful [illegible] his shot quickly, and [illegible] ball to the [illegible] left striking the ball until at the top of its bound or when dropping, as is the method generally adopted. Good half-volleying is a brilliant game to play and always interesting to watch, but it is only by dint of great practice that proficiency can be obtained.

Another stroke is made a good deal of use of at ping pong, and that is the "smash." It frequently happens that in course of play, a player to get himself out of a difficulty returns a ball over the net high in the air and often dropping near the net. By a quick overhand stroke his opponent is able to smash the ball down over the net so that it bounces well over his opponent's head or anywhere so that it is impossible for him to return it. The ball must naturally generally be a high bounding one to successfully accomplish the smashing return. We have here mentioned the word overhand. A good many strokes are made overhand, which is a term meaning that at the time of making the stroke the head of the racquet is above the wrist. Overhand strokes can [illegible] with high bounding balls than with [illegible] the table.

All the strokes above mentioned are equally applicable for hard hitting or for slower play with the addition of a cut. It is a moot question as to which is the most effective—hard straight drives or strokes with "screw" on them. The former are likely to gain points through their swiftness and power, the latter gain points more through trickiness and difficulty in knowing what a ball is going to do with a great deal of "screw" on it. There is no doubt that the latter style of play has very greatly increased, and this is owing to the introduction of the rubber racquet. The marvelous amount of spin which can be imparted to a celluloid ball with a rubber racquet must be seen to be believed, and we have heard experts say that indiarubber as a material for racquets should be forbidden in tournaments, the difficulty of returning strokes made with it being so very great, where racquets of wood or other material are also used. We ourselves think that the [illegible] remedy lies in all players adopting them.

We now come naturally to the "service." Owing to the rule that the server must serve with the head of his racquet below his waist an overhand or overhead service is impossible at ping pong. A good service, however, generally means the gaining of many points, and in our experience a service with as much screw as can be imparted (top spin for preference), well placed, and with as much pace as possible, is the best; a good fast service is also often very effective, but owing to the waist rule it is rather a difficult matter to keep a very fast service in the court. Judicious placing is of the greatest importance, and when serving the server should endeavor to veil the direction in which he intends to send the ball. In spite of the half of the table being a very small space it is surprising how, by judicious placing, one may place the ball out of reach of the striker out.

In conclusion, the strokes mentioned are the basis for every style of play; all other strokes are varieties of the same. The beginner is recommended to practice them all assiduously, and not cultivate one to the exclusion of others.

Copyright, [illegible], by [illegible].