

# :- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### Gallantry and Gardens.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)  
By ELSIE SEE

ALICE was beginning to realize a long-cherished dream of an old-fashioned flower garden. When the last brown beds of loose earth had been smoothed and the tiny border plants had been transplanted by her rheumatic old negro gardener, she surveyed the result with a satisfied smile.

At precisely the same moment, David Markham, seated at his desk in the town's biggest bank, was saying to himself that he could not live without Alice. Two weeks before Alice had told him that it would be easily possible, as well as desirable for her to live without him. Their quarrel, resulting from David's demand that she refrain from publicly endorsing equal suffrage, was probably responsible for Alice's undivided attention to her garden-making.

The county convention was to take place the next day, and Alice was to appear before it as one of a committee of three women who would request suffrage. David, though younger than the other members of the "old guard" was a local leader, but his efforts to prevent giving a hearing to the woman's committee had been fruitless.

"Let the women alone, David," cautioned John Lane, chairman of the county committee. "For whether we struggle or keep still, they're going to get the franchise some day, and if we give 'em a chance to have their say now, I'm thinking they'll be more inclined to give us a chance later on."

"Which means that we'll have to pretend to listen seriously to all this superfluous talk from women who refuse to give their energies a normal outlet." Youth can be bitter and pessimistic beyond all reason, and David was young. Moreover, he had persistently avoided listening to a single suffrage speech, and his invulnerability to its possible appeal was therefore untested.

The morning session of the county convention was given up to reports from township chairmen and to other routine work. After the midday dinner at the Watkins House, each man went back to the afternoon session sanguine of carrying the day according to his desires. Not a man of them suspected that the suffrage committee had collaborated with Mrs. Watkins in arranging the menu for that satisfying dinner, so they did not realize that an unseen visitor connected their optimistic frame of mind with the appearance of the woman's committee immediately after the afternoon session opened. John Lane had gallantly allowed the ladies to set the hour for their hearing.

First, Mrs. Watkins spoke. Being the middle-aged mother of four successful sons, there was some weight to her argument that a woman's place being at home does not imply that her interests must be bounded by the four walls of her home, but rather that part of her work is to influence conditions surrounding that

## PATRIOTIC WOMEN GET MEN TO SIGN PLEDGES OF LOYALTY TO UNCLE SAM



Women throughout the United States are stopping men on the street and getting their signatures of loyalty to the President at this critical time. Mrs. Charles B. Cushing is here shown, on Fifth Avenue, New York, adding a man's signature to her list.

home and that the ballot is the instrument she needs to make her influence felt.

Second came Mrs. Ellis. She was a handsome matron who had been a trained nurse before her marriage. She took up the argument that because women can't fight they should not vote. She cited the Red Cross work, originated and carried out by women, and with equal emphasis she cited the numerous kinds of men who vote, but are ineligible for military service.

Third, Alice Hanson spoke, and chivalry was her theme. David Markham tightened his lips as if to prevent releasing the bitter words within. At first he heard not a word she said, but even a surreptitious glance showed him that he had never seen her look more bewitching. She had wisely chosen to wear lace ruffles peeping out at neck and wrists. Her auburn hair was topped with a rose-wreathed white hat. Her voice was softly modulated, but her enunciation was so clear that not a word was inaudible. And her speech was brief.

Concluding, she said: "Is chivalry built upon such an unstable foundation that it falls tottering to earth merely because a woman walks into a booth and puts a piece of paper into a box as a means of approving or disapproving of certain public servants? We women well know that it is not." It was significant that just at this point she dropped her lace handkerchief, and of the four men who dacted for it, David was the successful partner who restored it to her. "I have planted a garden of flowers," she resumed. "I shall have to

## RECIPE FOR FURNITURE POLISH

By BIDDY BVE.  
Eight ounces linseed oil, 1/2 pint vinegar, 1/2 ounce alcohol, 1/2 ounce butter of antimony, 1/3 ounce muriatic acid. Mix all of the ingredients thoroughly and keep in a closely corked bottle where children cannot reach it. This is not a polish for pianos or highly finished mahogany.

**Cleaning Ironware.**  
Have ready a lump of beeswax or mutton tallow tied in a piece of cheesecloth. Heat the iron utensil until it is hot enough to melt the wax, then rub thoroughly, scour off with salt, then wash in hot, soapy water.

**To Clean Zinc.**  
Alum and vinegar make an excellent cleaning compound for zinc. Boil one quart of strong vinegar, add 2 ounces of alum and stir until dissolved. Apply hot. Keep in a tightly corked bottle. Badly stained nickel can be cleaned by boiling in this mixture.

**Recipe for Silver Polish.**  
One cupful wood alcohol, 2 table-spoonfuls household ammonia, and 1/4 cupful precipitated whiting make an excellent polish for silver. Mix the ingredients and keep in a corked bottle. Shake thoroughly before using. The polish should be of the consistency of milk.

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## :- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"Yes, you do," answered Malcolm Stuart.

"Again I answered, 'I don't know.' 'Then why have you spent these long summer days down here practically in my company, Margie?'"

"This startled me, but I answered, 'You know very well, Malcolm, Mollie's broken leg kept her here and I did not want to leave her alone.'"

"Sophistry, my dear. Mollie and her broken leg would never have kept you away from your husband had you loved him. Neither does a perfectly happy woman try to commit suicide. Margie, I know you, dearest, of courageous women. I know you have never acknowledged even to yourself that you loved me, but I also know I have been to you what no other man could be."

"I have entered your life at points which give me a unique place in your thoughts. Long ago you would have sent me out of it if you had not loved me."

"My lagging conscience came to my relief. 'You must not talk to me like this, Malcolm.'"

"Why not? You are a woman—a woman who can indulge in the luxury of facing facts. I have been facing them a long time. Truly I had determined to slip out of your life, to let you go back to the conventional existence which is so irksome to you. Then all at once it came to me I had no right to do this without leaving the decision to you. It must be for you to choose."

"Margie, I can make you happier than you have ever been in your life. With me you can live always in a land of sunshine and flowers you love so well. The Salvia can follow summer all over this earth. Margie, could you not find joy in living in a place where it would always be sunny afternoons?"

"You deserve more from life than you have been getting, Margie, and I can give it to you. I can give you every wish of your heart except conventional propriety. If you come with me, dear, it will mean 'the world lost and well forgot.' You have no blood relatives that would grieve and I think I could make up to you for all the things you might miss in your new life."

"Has your old life been so happy, Margie, that you can conceive nothing more blissful or fuller of content?"

All the time Malcolm Stuart was talking, we had been leisurely walking along the board walk. I heard his voice almost in a dream, for I was going over our acquaintance and friendship carefully and wondering if I really did love him. Was this beautiful comradeship between us love? If it were, was I a nameless thing, fit to be classed with all those women that had been Dick's paramours?

All my preconceived ideas about life were tumbling about my head. Had I been unconsciously encouraging Malcolm Stuart, for I can tell you, little book, that not until Malcolm had said to me, "You love me," had I ever once dreamed of such a thing—and I could only say now to myself as well as to him, "I don't know."

Again I heard his voice: "Margie, dear Margie, I did not intend to tell you this, for strange as it may seem, I too have a conscience. Had you attracted me as most pretty women attract a man, I should have had no compunctions long ago in asking you to come with me, but you are not an ordinary woman, my dear, in fact you are so extraordinary that I can hardly fix your type."

"In some ways you are the most courageous being I have ever known and in some ways you are very much afraid. In some ways you are all softness and in some ways you are as hard as nails. You do not lie to yourself, dear, and so you must have been unconsciously loving me. But now that you do know—you must know—I give you the credit of having the courage to take what belongs to you."

"You seem very sure that I love you, Malcolm, but do you realize that not once have you told me you love me?"

"Margie, they told me I would find you here."

I turned quickly and faced Dick! He bent and kissed me and introduced me to Malcolm Stuart.



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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM WAKES UP WITH A BIG HEAD.)—BY ALLMAN.

