Mrs. Lougheed's Call

By Helen A. Saxon

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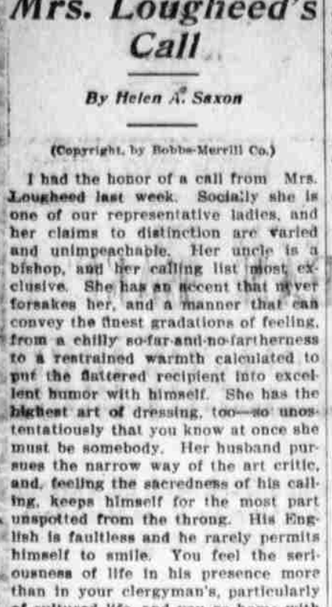
I had the honor of a call from Mrs. Lougheed last week. Socially she is one of our representative ladies, and her claims to distinction are varied and unimpeachable. Her uncle is a bishop, and her calling list most exclusive. She has an accent that never forsakes her, and a manner that can convey the finest gradations of feeling, from a chilly so-far-and-no-farthemess to a restrained warmth calculated to put the flattered recipient into excellent humor with himself. She has the highest art of dressing, too—so unostentatiously that you know at once she must be somebody. Her husband pursues the narrow way of the art critic, and, feeling the sacredness of his calling, keeps himself for the most part unspotted from the throng. His English is faultless and he rarely permits himself to smile. You feel the seriousness of life in his presence more than in your clergyman's, particularly of cultured life, and you go home with fresh resolve. It is really quite an esthetic treat to see him on the platform, his voice and gestures and bearing are so full of conscious grace. He is the product of an older, more homogeneous society, accidentally lodged in our heterogeneous one—at least I fancy that is the way he feels about it; certainly it is the way he looks about it. His mother, when she came to this country, failing to transplant the many-generationed traditions she brought with her, to a soil ready for quicker growths, made him her involuntary protest. She grounded him thoroughly in esthetics and art; in the sacred character of family inheritance, and the duties and



"Don't You Think We Could Get the National Council to Take It Up?"

responsibilities it involves, chief of which is to come out and be separate. I often think what a comfort he must be to her now—so polished, so poised, so refined! But indeed, how could a man be less than perfect under the inspiration of an adoring mother and wife?—for Mrs. Lougheed, the younger, is eminently fitted in her own right for the high position it has pleased Heaven to bestow upon her—besides the bishop.

So when she came to see me I naturally felt it to be considerable of an occasion, and one of much educational value. Unfortunately, I hadn't been expecting anyone (although it was my "day") because a good-sized blizzard was in course of progression outside; and feeling secure in its protection, I hadn't given those intangible finishing touches to the appointments of the drawing-room and my own toilet which are necessary to make our social calling and election sure. Moreover, the bones of Sunday's turkey were "on" in the course of transition into soup, and Nora had naturally left the kitchen door open so that the odors—in which onion predominated—ascended the back stairs, and were being gently wafted down the front ones and into the parlor when I went in to greet my highly specialized guest. I airily ignored this, of course, as well as the absence of tea, and searched my mind for something that would stand me in good stead, and be appropriate to the occasion.

As luck would have it we fell upon woman's sphere. I don't know why it is I always have such a guilty feeling when this topic is introduced. I invariably and conscientiously do my mending on Saturdays, and encase the family furs and other destructibles in bags—labeled bags—before our departure in the spring. I explore the cellar periodically, and I don't know a thing about politics or the new Hudson bay dispute. I never read a new book, though I do talk about them sometimes, of course. Yet, when Mrs. Lougheed fixed me with her gentle but observing eye and said with just the least bit of a question mark, "Home, of course, is the only proper place for women," I distinctly quailed. I knew what was expected of me. Casting about for some way of deliverance, my eye fell upon my palms, and I suddenly realized to my further confusion, that I hadn't washed them since last sweeping day—a thing I never forget to do! Still further humbled, I selected my dullest weapon, since weapon of some kind I saw to be inevitable, and said as sweetly as I could:

"But there are so many women, unfortunately, whose lines haven't fallen to them in the pleasant places yours and mine have—who never knew the happiness of being in their own homes."

"Ah, yes, poor things!" said Mrs. Lougheed quite affably. "But it is a pity when a woman thinks herself called upon to take up anything to do—any sort of work, you know,—outside the home—she always loses something of her femininity; don't you think?"

"I suppose so," I faltered miserably. I knew I was expected to have "views," and to support them. Not to do so would be to make myself fatally uninteresting; to do so, would be ruinous to my chances for a place in Mrs. Lougheed's esteem. Of course, I could recant on the spot and be converted to her opinion, but I had conscientious scruples against attempting this, because I really had nothing to recant. But something had to be said, so I plunged desperately in.

"One doesn't like to think that our femininity is of so superficial a quality that it can be rubbed off merely by acquaintance with the world. Surely those who lose it so easily must have lacked the genuine sort to begin with."

I knew this wasn't right, and my opinion was supported by a sort of perplexed coldness beginning to dawn on Mrs. Lougheed's expressive countenance, so I began again, lowering my voice to a more confidential key.

"I have sometimes wondered what a woman should do who found herself possessed of some power or capacity really valuable to the world—some great artistic gift or intellectual insight; for nature is unfortunately so impartial, you know; she is just as apt to bestow her gifts upon a woman as upon a man. If there were no home ties to settle the question in such a case there would still be the injurious effect of the example upon other women, wouldn't there? Rosa Bonheur, for instance, and Florence Nightingale, and—and Mme. Curie."

Of course, I knew this was all wrong, too, but I saw with relief that Mrs. Lougheed only looked a little vague.

"Oh, I suppose there are exceptions," she said dubiously. "When a thing is suitable it is different. There are the refined arts—music and literature—that women can pursue if they have leisure."

"But even then!" I exclaimed with a secret joy. "How often even in these arts must we deplore the loss of that delicacy which is woman's chief charm—Carena, for example, and Nordica, who has just been divorced, you know, and what a disastrous effect the pursuit of literature had upon the character of poor George Eliot."

Mrs. Lougheed looked vaguer still, and began feeling around in her mind for the thread of the argument which had somehow slipped out of her grasp. Failing to recover it, she ignored the point at issue, and—true to type—brought forth another, detached, but which had evidently done much faithful service aforetime.

"Besides it is such a mistake from an economic standpoint for women to compete with men as wage-earners. It is only taking the bread out of the mouths of other women and little children."

"But I suppose those who don't see it as we do, dear Mrs. Lougheed," I said, with a delicious little emphasis on the "we," "and especially those who fail to look at it in a large, impersonal way, might say that the first duty of these women was to fill their own mouths. Many of them may not only have no one to earn for them, but have others depending on what they can earn."

"The men would have higher wages then, and there would be no need of women going out," continued Mrs. Lougheed, who liked to feel the whole weight of the argument under her feet.

"Yes, if only it would be equally distributed," I said. "If we could only persuade the men who earn to share with those who don't, how it would simplify things; and if only we could persuade the manufacturers not to employ women at all! They are really to blame, you know, too, and they keep advertising for more all the time. Don't you think we could get the National council to take it up?"

Mrs. Lougheed began fastening up her furs. I rose with her, still preserving my deferential attitude.

"The home is woman's natural and divinely-appointed sphere," she said, conclusively, and with a shade of injury in her tone, which I thought unjustifiable, considering that we were on the same side of the argument. "There are women who work just because they like to and want to. They don't know how unattractive they make themselves or they would not do it. Men do not like the kind of women who ignore the home."

"They may not have been so happy in it as you and I, and so we can well afford to spare a little pity for them," I said again, in my winningest way.

"Ah, yes, poor things!" replied Mrs. Lougheed, giving me the parting hand.

I washed the palms after she had gone, and reflected. I felt in very good spirits. Of course, I knew it was really Mr. Lougheed I had been arguing with, and I felt avenged for more than one bad quarter of an hour he had given me, when he had called for, and I had unwittingly responded with, my utmost vacuity of mind. I used to wonder why I was so preternaturally idealess with him, but I saw now that I had been simply conforming to his standard of the feminine mind. But at last I was avenged. The attenuated spectacle that some men present when seen through their wives' mental atmosphere is ample compensation for all the bad quarters of an hour they themselves are able to inflict.

The First Quarrel

By William MacLeod Raine.

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It was Carol Miles herself that answered Larry's ring.

"Hello!" he said, cheerily, unloading his golfing paraphernalia at the hall tree. "Why didn't you show up at the links?"

She viewed him with an impressive disapproval. "I waited for you an hour."

"Waited? Oh, I'm so sorry. But I don't understand." He offered his surprised explanation in the form of a question. "Didn't you ask Miss Sloan to tell me to go out with them because you had some letter to finish, and that you would come out later with Miss Laundon?"

Her answer was emphatic: "I did not. Did she tell you that?"

"Yes, at least—I thought she did. I must have misunderstood her," answered Larry.

"It is easy to misunderstand when one wants to," contributed Miss Miles, her chin tilted aggressively.

"Oh, come, Carol. That's not fair," protested Larry. "Let's straighten the tangle. What did you tell Miss Sloan?"

"She came in and asked me if I were going to the links. Well, I couldn't tell her that I had written you a note asking you to meet me here and go out with me, and that I didn't know whether I was going or not until you came." Miss Miles paused, exasperated. "So I told her that I had some letters to write—as I had—and that after I had finished them I would come out with Miss Laundon. As she was going away I told her she might meet you out there. I meant her to think when she saw us that we had just happened to meet."

"I met them in their rig. She told me to jump in with them, that you had said you would come later with Miss Laundon, and that I would be out there. She must have misunderstood."

Miss Miles did not appear convinced. "She is in the habit of misunderstanding too many things."

"I do not think that is quite just to her. She is a first rate sort, and not

"Why Didn't You Show Up at the Links?"

the least bit tricky," said Larry, foozling badly.

"Oh, I know you appreciate her. But I object to being placed in the humiliating position you put me in between you this afternoon." The tilt to Miss Carol's chin was even more accentuated than before. "It's an insult to a girl to be kept waiting an hour for a man who does not intend to come, and it is especially humiliating when she has asked him to go with her, instead of him asking her. It hurts her pride, and I should think if a man had the least bit of consideration he would be careful not to let any girl he cared for get into that position."

"I'm awfully sorry, Carol, it happened so. But don't you see my point of view? I thought you had sent express directions to me not to wait for you. I didn't know just why you had changed your mind, but since you had, I thought it was up to be to honor your wishes in the matter."

"And go off with Miss Sloan while I poked here alone for two hours, wondering why you did not come?"

"I thought that was what you had sent me word to do."

"Well, I think it was very inconsiderate of you, but I don't care to talk about it any more. Did you have a pleasant time? What was your score?"

"Aren't you a little unreasonable?" asked Larry, getting nettled.

"No, I don't think I'm the least bit unreasonable, but I don't want to talk about it any more. It's a matter of no importance."

Just as you please. Only I think it is of considerable importance that we can't explain away a little misunderstanding like that without your getting miffed. You must know I'm not in the least to blame. But since you say it doesn't matter, we'll change the subject." Very jauntily: "Yes, I had a pleasant time. My score was 49."

"That's good. I should think you would golf more with Miss Sloan. You make such good scores when you are with her." Her manner was very cordial. "And she's a first rate sort, you know."

He reverted abruptly to the order of the day. "I don't know it's quite playing the game for you to try to deceive Miss Sloan and then be offended because she was deceived."

"Oh, I know her little ways. Just as soon as she saw you she understood the situation exactly, but she saw in a flash that she had a decent pretext for pretending not to. It was very like her not to miss her chance. Not that I mind in the least, only I don't like to be made a fool of. It's humiliating."

"Well, commend me to a woman's reasoning for the strangest logic that ever was created. You invent a little trap to deceive Miss Sloan; she falls into it completely; then you turn 'round and say she's making a fool of you."

"You certainly defend her most ardently. Your friend would be pleased at the enthusiasm of her champion."

"She is your friend, too, and I want to be just," he answered, with youthful dignity.

"Implying, of course, that I am most unjust."

"You are saying that—not I," he flung back.

"We've said enough. I don't want to talk about it any more."

"All right. Of course you have made up your mind that you are entirely right and we are all wrong."

The girl gulped down a sob and looked at him piteously.

"We're quarreling, Larry."

"I guess we are," he assented, gloomily, his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands.

"And we said we never would." Her eyes were hot and moist.

"That's right."

"But it isn't right for you to be as aggravating as you are."

"I guess you are tired out and not feeling very well, Carol," he suggested.

"I'm nothing of the kind," she protested. "I'm as well as I ever was in my life, and I'm not cross, either."

He smiled. "Then you must be mistaken. We can't be quarreling. It takes two to make a quarrel."

"Not if you're one of them, Larry. You'd rub an angel the wrong way till you had ruffled its temper."

"Her temper, you mean, my dear."

She pouted. "I'm not your dear."

"I used the term in a Pickwickian sense, my dear."

She dimpled, then promptly extinguished that charming signal of readiness to forgive him for her fault. "You said it again, but, of course, you can't believe it since you think me ugly and jealous and unreasonable."

"Oh, I didn't say that," he reproached.

Her eyes opened wide with astonishment. "You did, sir. And—and I guess it's true. I was horrid, Larry." The tears were welling over now unrestrained.

Larry somehow found himself very close to her.

"No, you weren't, dear girl. You didn't understand, and I don't think I explained it very well. But you know I wouldn't slight you for anything in the world. Don't you, Carol?"

"I—guess—so." The voice came faint and muffled from his coat.

"And you know that Miss Sloan and I are always rowing, though, of course, we are friendly enough. Our points of view are as divergent as possible. Fact is, there's Miles between us," he punned.

"And you really do forgive me for being horrid?"

"Forgive you! If you really were horrid, as you call it, I am delighted. I don't want to marry an angel. I have been hunting for some flaw in you a month."

"Well, you've found one, Larry, a great big one."

"It's microscopic, if it exists at all, dear, but such as it is I'm awfully grateful for it. The vast difference between us seems lessened just a little bit if you're not quite perfect, sweet."

"How perfectly lovely you do wrap things up, Larry. It's dear to have you do it even when they're not so," dimples Miss Miles. "Once Jennie Sloan said you were the nicest—"

"Oh, hang Miss Sloan!" interrupted Larry, ungallantly. "Let's call this a two-some and cut her out."

MAN 120 YEARS OLD, WIFE 102.

Couple Still Enjoying the Best of Health at Altendorf, Hungary.

In Altendorf, Hungary, the Jewish Chronicle states, there resides a Jewish married couple, the husband, Herrmann Unterberger, being 120 years old and the wife 102. Twenty years ago, when the husband had already passed the hundredth mile stone, he let a house to a merchant named Spira. The contract required the payment of 2,000 guldens in cash and the supply of all necessary provisions for the maintenance of the aged couple during their lives, jointly or separately.

Spira readily entered upon this arrangement, thinking that, in view of the advanced ages of the couple, he would not long be required to carry out the obligation. He has now had to pay the tribute for 20 years, and one cannot say how much longer he may have to do so, as Unterberger and his wife still enjoy the best of health. They are the oldest inhabitants as well as the oldest Jews in the entire country.

Belgian Dentists to Be Trained.

Heretofore, Belgium has neglected to provide anything like adequate scientific training for dental practitioners, any one that chooses being allowed to practice dentistry. Now, however, parliament has under consideration a project regarding supervision of dentistry.

The Story of Loyal

By Inez Harrington Whitfield.

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Although Loyal was not a small dog his stubbornness was disproportionately large. Moreover he had the advantage of most men, including his master, in always knowing his own mind.

One October day the air breathed into Loyal's soul a challenge for a stroll, and as the family was very uninteresting while unpacking after a summer spent in Europe, he unhesitatingly accepted the challenge and walked out of the open door.

For several blocks he walked behind a girl with yellow brown hair, whose gown, hat, gloves and shoes were the shade of his own coat. It may have been a sense of harmony of colors, or it may have been just dog sense that led him to walk nearer the girl, finally pushing a cold nose into the hand hanging loosely at her side.

He must have known that she would neither start nor cry out. She only looked down at him with pleased surprise and closed her hand tightly over his nose.

"Good morning, you handsome dog! You seem to know your admirers at sight. I wonder who your master is?"

The briskness of their pace soon brought them to Madison avenue and Forty-second street, where the girl in brown, after patting her companion on the head and addressing numerous flattering remarks to him, boarded a west-bound car. Looking back she saw the dog gazing reproachfully after her.

All that day, Katherine Raymond found her mind wandering to the fine St. Bernard who had joined her early morning walk. She would have been astonished had she realized how often in the following days she thought of him, pondering his act, his name and his home. Four days passed and Wednesday's outdoor beauty prevailed upon Katherine, who, dressed in brown as usual, went forth to enjoy a walk. The avenue was noisy, although apparently deserted, so she turned

The Muscular Young Man Took It While Apologizing for the Dog's Conduct.

toward Madison, and, rounding the corner, met Loyal, who nearly knocked her down by his joyful recognition. He soon grew calm—except for his tail—and marched proudly by her side, with frequent long upward looks into her face, which was turned toward him as often as might be.

At the end of a mile, they turned, seemingly of one accord, and retraced their steps.

The girl and the dog, so alike in color, attracted considerable attention, of which both were wholly unconscious.

At the steps of her home Katherine discovered that she had a problem to solve, for her four footed escort appeared astonished at her inhospitable hesitation, and strongly indicated his desire to enter, showing by many signs his natural stubbornness, even lifting up his voice to emphasize it.

"Perhaps," whispered Katherine, "you are a lost dog," and for the first time she thought of his collar. Bending she read: "Loyal, 29 West —— street." The address given was so near by that after some debate with her inclination, she decided to leave him outside and watch whether he went in the right direction. This he did, but not until an hour's patient waiting had satisfied his mind that his new friend was capable of disappointing him, that she was not coming forth again, nor was he expected to follow her inside.

Scarcely a morning passed that, freeing himself from the company of his master and his master's family, he did not make an attempt, with only occasional success, to visit Katherine. When he was not made welcome he seemed to realize that there was some good reason for it and went away cheerfully.

Late one afternoon, on a cold and windy day, Katherine was returning home. Down the avenue came a frightened horse, madly plunging from side to side in a useless endeavor to escape the mass of vehicles. A tiny child broke from his nurse's hand and dodged his way to the middle of the street.

Katherine rushed for the child. A huge yellow dog plunged through the crowd of pedestrians and dashed to the side of the girl, pulling her from under the horses, at the same instant that a muscular young man grasped the horse's head and was dragged off his feet before the bewildered animal was brought to a stand.

After a few moments of excitement order was restored and it was found that the only damage done was that to the tawny colored dress Katherine wore, a piece of which still clung to Loyal's teeth and attracted the attention of the muscular young man who took it, while apologizing for his dog's conduct.

Katherine's smile puzzled him, as did Loyal's behavior when she put her hand on his head and spoke affectionately to him.

Months later the last person to board the five o'clock Erie ferryboat was Katherine Raymond, and as the gang plank was removed cries from many throats filled the air, for a beautiful St. Bernard had rushed to the edge and bounded over chains and rails and an expanse of foaming, seething water. A murmur of relief rose when he landed, safe, on the ferry deck, and a girl in golden brown pressed to the edge of the boat, and waving a brown hand seemed to signal to some one in the crowd on shore.

To Stanley Wellingcamp it was intolerable the time that was consumed in loading the next ferry, and a year seemed to pass between the time of starting and that of landing on the Jersey side, for his mood counted time by changes of emotions and accumulation of sensations. Did the girl in brown (he knew now that he had not succeeded in forgetting her for a single day since the runaway incident) mean for him to cross or wait at the pier for her?

Never had he or his feelings been so confused, and he was at a complete loss to know what he should say to this girl who had such an attraction for Loyal, the dog whose friendship had never before been given to any one outside the Wellingcamp household.

What to say need not have troubled him in the least.

Katherine and Loyal were waiting at the ferry house. "I am sorry," she said at once, "that I have been the cause of this inconvenience to you, but I am glad, very glad, that nothing happened to Loyal. I was terribly frightened. Of course, no one could have thought of such a thing, but perhaps it would be safer, in such crowds, to have a chain. Good-by, Loyal, old fellow. Thank you, sir, for coming over; I must catch my train."

That was all. She was gone, and he had not opened his lips. If he was confused before, he was now in a tumult of exasperation and anger; anger at his own stupidity, and he heaped curses upon his own head for having been made a fool of by a big dog and a brown girl. He came near including Loyal in his dispensations of maledictions, but remembered the dog's fault was an excess of affection for a girl, a girl in brown. He tried to console himself by recalling her rapid speech, her haste and the size of the rushing crowd, but he could not force the fact to give him any credit.

He attempted to forget it; the trial lasted a month, then he gave up, and, in a dissatisfied frame of mind, started for his vacation in the Pennsylvania mountains.

Young Wellingcamp decided to leave Loyal with his father, but the dog scented the threatened separation and used his powers of persuasion, so when Stanley boarded the train he was accompanied by Loyal, with a very jolly wag in his tail.

At the Water Gap a slight accident delayed the train, and Stanley took occasion to exercise Loyal and stretch his own long legs by walking the streets near the railroad. The dog grew restless and uneasy and became deaf to his master's voice. As the whistle of the engine warned "all aboard" Loyal dashed madly away, on and on, until out of sight.

Really concerned, fearing something had happened to the dog, Stanley hurried after him, losing considerable time by mistaking the corner which had been Loyal's vanishing point. At lost he turned the right one and saw—a picture!

A vine-covered piazza of a semi-colonial house, a girl in a tan-colored dress seated in a huge lounging chair, and a tawny colored Saint Bernard, with his paws on the arm of the chair and his face very near the girl's, while his tail was animated by the most joyful emotions.

Superlative wrath took possession of the astonished Wellingcamp, whose sharp whistle of recall startled Loyal and brought Katherine to her feet.

Laying a hand on Loyal's collar, she called:

"Please come here a moment."

As he appeared reluctant, she repeated:

"Please come."

At the first sign of embarrassment on her part his sudden angry determination melted.

Explanations were exchanged and Wellingcamp canceled his arrangements for rooms at Pocono, remaining at the place chosen by Loyal.

The day before his vacation ended Katherine and Wellingcamp had strolled to a shady glen near by.

Stanley pulled from his vest pocket a small piece of brown cloth, and after fingering it caressingly, handed it to Katherine, who exclaimed:

"The piece Loyal tore from my dress!"

Stanley smiled, and Loyal wakened from a long nap, but neither his master nor Katherine noticed him.

"You will never know how much I hated you when this was all I had of you, and I did not know your name!" Then Stanley took the hand that held the bit of cloth and spoke of other things than dogs.

After a time Loyal came and looked inquiringly into two faces very near together, barked softly and wagged a most approving tail.