

The Conversion of Alderman Murphy

Continued from Page 5

Seeing that this made no impression, he banged the door and went inside; but he watched through the screen.

A few minutes later he said to his bartender: "Them windows needs cleanin'. Fetch me out the hose."

Mrs. Schwind and Mrs. Hanchett watched Tom and his hose with varying emotions. He began by playing water against the windows. He dared not point the stream at them directly, but he managed by twists and turns to give them both a drenching. Still they stood their ground and accosted each prospective customer with:

"Please don't patronize Mr. Murphy. He's against 'Votes for Women.'"

The majority brushed by with a jeer, but two or three men actually refused to enter the Excelsior Café. By and by, with his hat at a jaunty angle, his hands in his pockets, looking but little the worse for the night's debauch, Jim Schwind came down the street. He was whistling merrily, when suddenly he saw his wife. Her clothes were wet and her hair disorderly, but she presented a formidable figure, flanked as she was by the wet but unruffled Mrs. Hanchett.

"Hello, there, what you doing, Ma?" he asked, with easy familiarity which he was far from feeling.

"I'm doin' my duty as I see it," replied Mrs. Schwind, with an air of official firmness. "You go right back home. You're taking care of the children to-day."

The rejoinder was so unexpected that Jim obeyed. This side of his wife's character was a new development, and he was in no condition to fight. He waited a minute to see if she would relent, and then turned and walked slowly toward the house.

"Gosh! ain't women the limit," he grumbled to himself; "always buttin' in to something."

The more he reflected the more convinced he became that he was a much abused man.

"Ma's led astray," he thought. "Getting in with them sporty suffragite women folks and leaving her natural duties! Tain't right!"

However, he decided to ignore the matter for the present. When Mrs. Schwind came home he did not refer to it. The next morning he went to work.

For several days Mrs. Schwind and her companion did picket duty in front of Tom's saloon. Mrs. Hanchett wore a raincoat. But Tom appeared not to notice them after the first day. Neither did they affect patronage to any extent, for the main stream of callers found it just as convenient to use the back door, which was not covered by the pickets. On the whole, the boycott was a failure.

Mrs. Schwind, who for sixteen years had been absorbed in home duties, was having the time of her life. She tried not to neglect the children and they looked up to her with new respect. Eloise begged ardently for picket duty. The neighbors were divided in their attitude, but all enjoyed having some new excitement in Pearl Alley. Mr. Williams was shocked, but his pleadings were of little avail.

"I'll join the 'Mothers' Aid' by and by," condescended Mrs. Schwind. "I'm too busy now." No one knew how she reveled in being a person of some importance for once.

Mrs. Hanchett announced a new plan at the next meeting of the committee. "You know," she said, "my husband owns a brewery. Well, I've persuaded him to start a new saloon opposite Mr. Murphy's. He says he will put in a pianola and have free lunches. He's promised to hire a bartender who's a suffragist, too."

Mrs. Schwind gasped. This meant ruin for Tom Murphy. She had not meant to go quite so far. In spite of his bad temper and his treatment of the suffrage committee, he had been her friend once. "You won't really put him down and out?" she asked.

"Of course we will," replied the chairman. "We must look at these things impersonally, as men do. Some one has to suffer to win a great cause."

Mrs. Schwind left the meeting in a perturbed state of mind. Tom's place was old and small, and she knew that he could not compete with a saloon which had "attractions."

"He can never run against a pianola and a free lunch," she said to herself. "It'll put him right out on the street. . . . And he buried little Mable so good, too!"

That evening, after Jim was established with his paper and his pipe, she slipped out. Hurriedly crossing the street, she passed through a courtyard and knocked at the back door of Tom's saloon.

Tom's face turned red with anger when he opened the door and saw her. "Get out of here, you — suffragette," he shouted. "Tryin' to spoil my business. You needn't come around here."

"Ssh! Tom, don't! I come to tell you somethin'. Let me in, it's big business."

Impressed by her earnestness, Tom snarled an ungracious "Well, then, come in."

"She entered the little back room, with its bare tables and its smell of stale beer and tobacco, and bravely delivered herself of her message."

"Tom, all you've got to do is to tell the ladies you ain't no objection to them votin'. If you don't, they're goin' to put a saloon opposite with a piano and a picture show. The purple lady's husband owns the brewery, and he's goin' to put you out of business."

Tom looked at her blankly. "Is that the truth, or be ye jest bluffin'?" he demanded.

"It's true enough," she replied. "And they'd kill me for tellin' you. But if you change your mind, jest let 'em know to-morrow."

When Mrs. Hanchett came down Pearl Alley the next day a white card stood primly against the row of bottles in Tom's window, proclaiming in large, black type:

"ALDERMAN MURPHY FAVORS WOMEN VOTING."



AN ACTIVE SHOPPER AT ONE HUNDRED—HALE AND HEARTY AS SHE PASSES CENTURY MARK

Mrs. Mary Howell, of Walton Cross, England, is numbered among the oldest women in the British Isles. She has just passed the century mark, but nevertheless does her own housework and makes her shopping round of the stores every morning. Interviewed she said that she feels as hearty and strong as when three score years and hopes to be well and active for some time to come. Her parlor is a gathering place for neighbors and friends interested in eye-witness views of generations gone by. The photo shows Mrs. Howell off on her morning shopping tour.

Christmas before Christ

Continued from Page 8

old festival of the winter solstice had been meant to mark the beginning of a new life for the material world. It was now to mark and glorify the opening of a new life of the spirit.

From the first, the Western or Roman Church commemorated the birth of Christ during the last week of each December. The Eastern or Greek Church for a while, had no fixed date for this observance; but Pope Julius I (337-352) convoked a body of the most learned men of both great churches, and they declared December 25 to be the natal day of the Saviour. It was the day, as has been said, of the Jewish Feast of Lights; and it now, by slow degrees, combined all the most striking customs of the different races in their welcome to the turning sun.

Common to all were the Christmas candles, bonfires, and torches, now symbolizing the Light of the World. From the Northmen came the great Yule logs. From the Druids came the sprays of pine and evergreen, the mistletoe, and the holly; while the huge sirloin of beef, which was once a part of England's Christmas merrymaking, recalls the Druidical sacrifice of bulls. From the Romans came the joyous salutation, "Merry Christmas" (Io Saturnalia), the exchange of gifts, the feasting, and the Christmas carols; for these last were written and first sung together with the so-called "manger-songs," to take the place of hymns to heathen gods. The so-called "mummers" which developed into the "masques" of the sixteenth century were a reminiscence of the travesties in which the Roman slaves indulged. The Egyptian mysticism was recalled in the fact that our Christmas is, before all else, a holiday and festival for children.

Some of the coarser features of the Roman Saturnalia died hard, although they finally became innocuously absurd. The practice of the slaves in burlesquing their masters and in travesty the officials of the state crops up in the practice of certain churches which had for Christmas Day a peculiar ritual of their own. After mass had been celebrated the priest would turn to his congregation and bray three times. The people brayed responsively, and then flocked into the chancel, where they elected a Pope of Nonsense, a Cardinal of Folly, an Abbot of Unreason, and other burlesque dignitaries. Then began a mock service, in which the vestments were worn inside out, the missals and breviaries turned upside down, and the prayers said backward.

In France and England the Christmas revels of the gentry long resembled the Saturnalian banquets of the wealthy Romans. The "king" of the latter appears as the Lord of Misrule among the former; and the wild license of heathenism long endured in Christian lands.

Yet in the end, the church, in raising the ideals of humanity, swept away those lingering traces of excess which still survived. In nothing else is the continuing, persistent influence of Christianity more surely illustrated than in its transformation of the Christmas before Christ into the Christmas which is Christ's alone. The superstition of the Egyptians, the savagery of the Northern peoples, the frantic and bloody practices of the Druids, and the grossness of the Romans, have all been purified and touched, as it were, with grace and beauty; so that there remains a festival of harmless mirth, of light and color, of song and melody, of good-will and of peace, and through it all the happy innocence of children's laughter.

Young People

Continued from Page 59

laughing at Peebles for an old woman, and Peebles turned and spoke to him. Then Peebles came close to him with a solemn expression of warning, and shouted mightily in his ear.

He awoke with an uneasy cry, which was answered from the top of the funnel. A match flared, and round it the snow sprang out of the darkness in a blue-white cup, and above the flame was Peebles' head in its rusty minkskin cap.

"Hullo, Harry!" said Peebles, as if he were saying good morning.

Then he let down a rawhide riata with a noosed end, and drew Osgood, clawing at the face of the rock, to the surface.

"Better sit a spell and chew a little of this," said Peebles; and it was beaver's tail and not bacon that he pulled out of his pocket.

It was wretchedly cooked, but Osgood's eyes smarted suddenly, and he looked down the mountain. There was still a strong afternoon light left, although his prison caught none of it, and he could see the great river of rough snow choking the ravine clear to its mouth.

"How did you ever find me?" he asked.

"Why, I don't know," said Peebles. "I calculated you'd come up this way, and I heard the slide. I guess I poked into more'n a thousand pot-holes."

Wise, stanch old Peebles!

"It was kind of lonesome last night, without you singing and telling fool stories," said Peebles, as an afterthought.

Osgood bit suddenly and desperately at the charred beaver's tail.

"Say, but this is the best thing I ever ate!" he exclaimed.

And Peebles almost smiled.

Worms are encouraged by morbid conditions of the stomach and bowels, and so subside. Miller's Worm Powders will alter these conditions almost immediately and will sweep the worms away. No destructive parasite can live in contact with this medicine, which is not only a worm destroyer, but a health-giving medicine most beneficial to the young constitution, and as such it has no superior.