KAZAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

CHAPTER XVI.
THE CALL.

FOLLOWED days of feasting on the frozen flesh of the old bull. In vain Gray Wolf tried to lure Kazan off into the forests and the swamps. There was hunting now. And Gray Wolf wanted to be alone—with Kazan. But with Kazan, as with most men, leadership and power roused new sensations. And he was the leader of the dog-pack, as he had once been a leader among the wolves. Not only Gray Wolf followed at his flank now, but the four huskies trailed behind him. Once more he was experiencing that triumph and strange thrill that he had almost forgotten and only Gray Wolf, in that eternal night of her blindness, felt with dread foreboding the danger into which his newly achieved czarship might lead him.

For three days and three nights they remained in the neighborhood of the dead moose, ready to defend it against others, and yet each day and each night growing less vigilant in their guard. Then came the fourth night, on which they killed a young doe. Kazan led in that chase and for the first time, in the excitement of having the pack at his back, he left his blind mate behind. When they came to the kill he was the first to leap at its soft throat. And not until he had begun to tear at the doe's flesh did the others dare to eat. He was master. He could send them back with a snarl. At the gleam of his fangs they crouched quivering on their bellies in the snow.

Kazan's blood was fomented with brute exultation, and the excitement and fascination that came in the possession of new power took the place of Gray Wolf each day a little more. She came in half an hour after the kill, and there was no longer the lithesome alertness to her slender legs, or gladness in the tilt of her ears or the poise of her head. She did not eat much of the doe. Her blind face was turned always in Kazan's direction. Wherever he moved she followed him with her unseeing eyes, as if expecting each moment his old signal to her—that low throat-note that had called to her so often when they were alone in the wilderness.

In Kazan, as leader of the pack, there was working a curious change. If his mates had been wolves it would not have been difficult for Gray Wolf to have lured him away. But Kazan was among his own kind. He was a dog. And they were dogs. Fires that had burned down and ceased to warm him flamed up in him anew. In his life with Gray Wolf one thing had oppressed him as it could not oppress her, and that thing was loneliness. Nature had created him of that kind which requires companionship—not of one but of many. It had given him birth that he might listen to and obey the commands of the voice of man. He had grown to hate men, but of the dogs—his kind—he was a part. He had been happy with Gray Wolf, happier than he had ever been in the companionship of men and his blood-brothers. But he had been a long time separated from the life that had once been his and the call of blood made him for a time forget. And only Gray Wolf, with that wonderful superinstinct which nature was giving her in place of her lost sight, foresaw the end to which it was leading him.

Each day the temperature continued to rise until when the sun was warmest the snow began to thaw a little. This was two weeks after the fight near the bull. Gradually the pack had swung eastward, until it was now 50 miles east and 20 miles south of the old home under the windfall. More than ever Gray Wolf began to long for their old nest under the fallen trees. Again with those first promises of spring in sunshine and air, there was coming also for the second time in her life the promise of approaching motherhood.

But her efforts to draw Kazan back were unavailing, and in spite of her protest he wandered each day a little farther east and south at the head of his pack.

Gray Wolf was haunted by constant fear.

Slowly and surely the lure of man drew him nearer to the post—a mile tonight, two miles tomorrow, but always nearer. And Gray Wolf, fighting her losing fight to the end, sensed in the danger-filled air the nearness of that hour when he would respond to the final call and she would be left alone.

These were days of activity and excitement at the fur company's post, the days of accounting, of profit and of pleasure; the days when the wilderness poured in its treasure of fur, to be sent a little later to London and Paris and the capitals of Europe. And this year there was more than the usual interest in the foregathering of the forest people.

The plague had wrought its terrible havoc, and not until the fur-hunters had come to answer to the spring rollcall would it be known accurately who had lived and who had died.

The Chippewans and half-breeds from the South began to arrive first, with their teams of mongrel curs, picked up along the borders of civilization. Close after them came the hunters from the western barren lands, bring with them loads of white fox and caribou skins, and an army of big-footed, long-legged Mackenzie hounds that pulled like horses and wailed like whipped puppies when the huskies and Eskimo dogs set upon them. Packs of fierce Labrador dogs, never vanquished except by death, came from close to Hudson's Bay. Team after team of Ettie yellow and gray Eskimo dogs, as quick with their fangs as were their black and swift-running masters with their hands and feet, met the much larger and dark-colored Malemutes from the Athabasca. Enemies of all these packs of fierce huskies trailed in from all sides, fighting, snapping and snarling with the lust of killing deep born in them from their wolf progenitors.

There was no cessation in the battle of the fangs. It began with the first brute arrivals. It continued from dawn through the day and around the campfires at night. There was never an end to the strife between the dogs, and between the men and the dogs. The snow was trailed and stained with blood and the scent of it added greater fierceness to the wolf-breeds.

Half a dozen battles were fought to the death each day and night. Those that died were chiefly the south-bred curs—mixtures of mastiff, Great Dane, and sheep-dog—and the fatally slow Mackenzie hounds. About the post rose the smoke of a hundred camp-fires, and about these fires gathered the women and the children of the hunters. When the snow was no longer fit for sledging, Williams, the factor, noted that there were many who had not come, and the accounts of these he later scratched out of his ledgers knowing that they were victims of the plague.

At last came the night of the Big Carnival. For weeks and months women and children and men had been looking forward to this.

In scores of forest cabins, in smoke-blackened tevees, and even in the frozen homes of the little Eskimos, anticipation of this wild night of pleasure had given an added zest to life. It was the Big Circus—the good time given twice each year by the company to its people.

This year, to offset the memory of plague and death, the factor had put forth unusual exertions. His hunters had killed four fat caribou. In the clearing there were great piles of dry logs, and in the centre of all there rose eight 10-foot tree-butts crotched at the top; and from crotch to crotch there rested a stout sapling stripped of bark, and on each sapling was spitted the carcass of a caribou, to be roasted whole by the heat of the fire beneath. The fires were lighted at dusk, and Williams himself started the first of those wild songs of the Northland—the song of the caribou, as the flames leaped up into the dark night.

Oh, ze cariboo-oo-oo, ze cariboo-oo-oo,
He roas' on high,
Jes' under ze sky,
Ze beeg white cariboo-oo-oo?

"Now!" he yelled. "Now—all together!" And, carried away by his enthusiasm, the forest people awakened from their silence of months, and the song burst forth in a savage frenzy that reached to the skies.

Two miles to the south and west that first thunder of human voice reached the ears of Kazan and Gray Wolf and the masterless huskies. And with the voices of men they heard now the excited howlings of the dogs. The huskies faced the direction of the sounds, moving restlessly and whining. For a few moments Kazan stood as though carven of rock. Then he turned his head, and his first look was to Gray Wolf. She had slunk back a dozen feet and lay crouched under the thick cover of a balsam shrub. Her body, legs and neck were flattened in the snow. She made no sound, but her lips were drawn back and her teeth shone white.

Kazan trotted back to her, sniffed at her blind face and whined. Gray Wolf still did not move. He returned to the dogs and his jaws opened and closed with a snap. Still more clearly came the wild voice of the carnival, and no longer to be held back by Kazan's leadership, the four huskies dropped their heads and slunk like shadows in its direction.

Kazan hesitated, urging Gray Wolf. But not a muscle of Gray Wolf's body moved. She would have followed him in face of fire but not in face of man. Not a sound escaped her ears. She heard the quick fall of Kazan's feet as he left her. In another moment she knew that he was gone. Then—and not until then—did she lift her head and from her soft throat there broke a whimpering cry.

It was her last call to Kazan. But stronger than that there was running through Kazan's excited blood the call of man and of dog. The huskies were far in advance of him now and for a few moments he raced madly to overtake them. Then he slowed down until he was trotting, and 100 yards farther on he stopped. Less than a mile away he could see where the flames of the great fires were reddening the sky. He gazed back to see if Gray Wolf was following and then went on until he struck an open and hard-traveled trail. It was beaten with the footprints of men and dogs, and over it two of the caribou had been dragged a day or two before.

At last he came to the thinned out strip of timber that surrounded the clearing and the flare of the flames was in his eyes. The bedlam of sound that came to him now was like fire in his brain. He heard the song and the laughter of men, the shrill cries of women and children, the barking and snarling and fighting of 100 dogs. He wanted to rush out and join them, to become again a part of what he had once been. Yard by yard he sneaked through the thin timber until he reached the edge of the clearing. There he stood in the shadow of a spruce and looked out upon life as he had once lived it, trembling, wistful and yet hesitating in that final moment.

A hundred yards away was the savage circle of men and dogs and fire. His nostrils were filled with the rich aroma of the roasting caribou, and as he crouched down, still with that wolfish caution that Gray Wolf had taught him, men with long poles brought the huge carcasses crashing down upon the melting snow about the fires. In one great rush the horde of wild revelers crowded in, with bared knives and a snarling mass of dogs closed in behind them. In another moment he had forgotten Gray Wolf, had forgotten all that man and the wild had taught him, and like a gray streak was across the open.

The dogs were surging back when he reached them, with half a dozen of the factor's men lashing them in the faces with long caribou-gut whips. The sting of a lash fell in a fierce cut over an Eskimo dog's shoulder, and in snapping at the lash his fangs struck Kazan's rump. With lightning swiftness Kazan returned the cut, and in an instant the jaws of the dogs had met. In another instant they were down and Kazan had the Eskimo dog by the throat.

With shouts the men rushed in. Again and again their whips cut like knives through the air. Their blows fell on Kazan, who was uppermost, and as he felt the burning pain of the scourging whips there flooded through him all at once the fierce memory of the days of old—the days of the club and the lash. He snarled. Slowly he loosened his hold of the Eskimo dog's throat. And then, out of the melee of dogs and men, there sprang another man—with a club! It fell on Kazan's back and the force of it sent him flat into the snow. It was raised again. Behind the club there was a face—a brutal, fire-reddened face. It was such a face that had driven Kazan into the wild, and as the club fell again he evaded the full weight of its blow and his fangs gleamed like ivory knives. A third time the club was raised, and this time Kazan met it in midair and his teeth ripped the length of the man's forearm.

"Good God!" shrieked the man in pain, and Kazan caught the gleam of a rifle barrel as he sped toward the forest. A shot followed. Something like a red-hot coal ran the length of Kazan's hip, and deep in the forest he stopped to lick at the burning furrow where the bullet had gone just deep enough to take the skin and hair from his flesh.

Gray Wolf was still waiting under the balsam shrub when Kazan returned to her. Joyously she sprang forth to meet him. Once more the man had sent back the old Kazan to her. He muzzled her neck and face, and stood for a few moments with his head resting across her back, listening to the distant sound.

Then, with ears laid flat, he set out straight in the north and west.

And now Gray Wolf ran shoulder to shoulder with him like the Gray Wolf of the days before the dog-pack came; for that wonderful thing that lay beyond the realm of reason told her that once more she was comrade and mate, and that their trail that night was leading to their old home under the windfall.

CHAPTER XVII
HIS SON

IT happened that Kazan was to remember three things above all others. He could never quite forget his old days in the traces, though they were growing more shadowy and indistinct in his memory as the summers and the winters passed. Like a dream there came to him a memory of the time he had gone down to Civilization. Like dreams were the visions that rose before him now and then of the face of the First Woman, and of the faces of masters who—to him—had lived ages ago. And never would he quite forget the Fire, and his fights with man and beast, and his long chases in the moonlight. But two things were always with him as if they had been but yesterday, rising clear and unforgetable above all others, like two stars in the North that never lost their brilliance. One was Woman. The other was the terrible fight of that night on the top of the Sun Rock, when the lynx had blinded forever his wild mate, Gray Wolf.

Certain events remain indelibly fixed in the minds of men; and so, in a not very different way, they remain in the minds of beasts. It takes neither brain nor reason to measure the depths of sorrow or of happiness. And Kazan in his unreasoning way knew that contentment and peace, a full stomach, and caresses and kind words instead of blows had come to him through Woman, and that comradeship in the wilderness—faith, loyalty and devotion—were a part of Gray Wolf. The third unforgetable thing was about to occur in the home they had found for themselves under the swamp windfall during the days of cold and famine.

They entered the windfall. Kazan heard Gray Wolf as she flung herself down on the dry floor of the snug cavern. She was panting, not from exhaustion, but because she was filled with a sensation of contentment and happiness. In the darkness Kazan's own jaws fell apart. He, too, was glad to get back to their old home. He went to Gray Wolf and, panting still harder, she licked his face. It had but one meaning. And Kazan understood.

Two weeks of lengthening days, of increasing warmth, of sunshine and hunting, followed. The last of the snow went rapidly. Out of the earth began to spring tips of green. The bakneesh vine glistened redder each day, the poplar buds began to split, and in the sunniest spots between the rocks of the ridges the little white snow-flowers began to give a final proof that spring had come. For the first of those two weeks Gray Wolf hunted frequently with Kazan. They did not go far. The swamp was alive with small game and each day or night they killed fresh meat. After the first week Gray Wolf hunted less. Then came the soft and balmy night, glorious in the radiance of a full spring moon, when she refused to leave the windfall. Kazan did not urge her. Instinct made him understand, and he did not go far from the windfall that night in his hunt. When he returned he brought a rabbit.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

To the Dreamer

(Not mentioning any names.)

Come! let us lay a crazy lance in rest
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky.
—Galsworthy.

I cannot help but love the knight who goes,
Unchampioned, derided by his foes
And friends, to seek the white star of his dream
In the black night. He only sees the gleam;
And, heeding neither laughter nor the sneers
Of sane complacency, his course he steers
Into the starless skies. Perchance for him
The gleam will never out of darkness swim.
Yet better, dream-possessed, to falter down
In failure than to snicker like a clown
Over the dream. God give us grace to see
The grandeur in the soul of errantry!
—Florence Ripley Mastin, in New York Times.

Two Concerts Given

Two artists, both familiar to Philadelphia and both vastly admired, gave recitals last night. At Witherspoon Hall, Mr. Herman Sandby, first cellist of the Philadelphia Orchestra, played a program in which the outstanding feature was his own concerto, the accompaniment being arranged for the piano, played excellently by Mrs. Ethel Cave Cole. At the same time Mr. John McCormack, tenor, sang to a crowd which overflowed the Academy of Music and which overflowed also with gratitude and admiration.

Both artists were in fine fettle, the playing of the one and the singing of the other at times quite overshadowing the material with which they worked. Each had his high light, Mr. Sandby's at the end of the second movement of his concerto and Mr. McCormack when he turned his back on his major audience to sing "Mother Machree" to the men and women on the platform. The characteristic merits of both players are well enough known. Consideration of Mr. Sandby's composition and of the underlying reasons for Mr. McCormack's popularity will appear in Saturday's EVENING LEDGER. G. V. S.

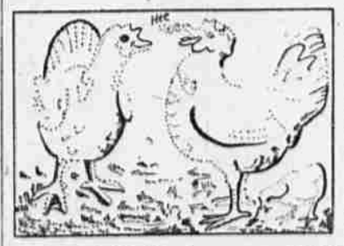
Judges to Appear Before Their Boys

Judges Raymond MacNeille, Eugene Bonniwell and James E. Gorman, of the Municipal Court, will speak tonight at the Kingsessing Recreation Centre, 50th street and Chester avenue, at an entertainment and formation of a club for boys under probation.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

I am anxious to know how many artists we have in our club, because I am going to hang the walls of our office with pictures which our dear members have drawn. Some of you may be just starting to draw and in order to encourage you, I have asked our artist to draw a picture which you may fill in and send to me.



Of course, you must not tell anybody, but we are going to have a room where visitors may come and see the handiwork of our members. Won't that be fine?

Oh, yes! I will show the drawings to our artist and see if YOU can do better than he could have done, if he had finished the picture.

Tut, tut! Don't say you CAN'T. Just do the best you can, even if you make a funny picture which will make us all laugh. It's a great gift to be able to make folks laugh.

RAINBOW CLUB PRIZE OFFER

For the best and neatest set of answers to the questions below, $10 in gold will be awarded. Fifteen $1 bills will be awarded for the fifteen "next best" sets of answers. All answers must be in by February 8:

(1) What do you like about your home?
(2) What do you like about your school?
(3) What do you dislike about your home?
(4) What do you dislike about your school?
(5) What can you suggest to bring your home and your school closer together?

Wanita and Kawasha

(Continued.)

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE.

Two little white children were stolen by the Indians when they were very young. Their skin was dyed brown and they did not know that they were not really Indians. One day they set out to search for a marvelous cave they had heard the chiefs talk of. Wonder of wonders they discovered it! While they were exploring the cavern Kawasha, the little boy, fell and sprained his ankle, and the fire which they had built at the mouth spread all over the cave. Wanita, the little girl, dashed out through the flames and called to a white man, John Marshall, for aid. He succeeded in putting most of the fire out, but when he rushed into the cave Kawasha was gone.

The white man's voice came back to him a hollow echo. In vain he called for Kawasha. The fire was still smouldering—it was only the carpet of damp leaves on the floor of the cave that kept the dull smoke from becoming an actual blaze. He rushed out and told Wanita that her brother was not to be found.

"Oh, oh," the little girl cried, "He's all burned up," and she wept as though her heart would break. "White man, white man," she sobbed piteously, "save my brother. I love him more than anything else in the world."

The big man in the hunting suit spoke tenderly. "Don't worry, little Wanita." At the same time his heart sank low, for had he not searched in every corner and called and called?

Suddenly Wanita stopped crying. "Did you see a little hallway at the back of the cave?"

"Hallway?" repeated John Marshall. "There was no hallway."

"Yes," exclaimed Wanita, "we started to go in there when Kawasha fell and—"

But the white man did not wait to hear. "Stay there," he cried, and rushed once more into the smoking cave. Wanita could not obey. Her one thought was of her brother's life and she followed straight through the stifling smoke into the dark cavern. Bravely she ran back to the place where they had seen the hallway. In a second the white man was at her side.

"Look!" cried Wanita, and they both started in amazement. Some one had shoved a large stone into the opening. With one big effort of his stalwart arms the hunter pulled the jagged rock away. In a second Wanita was on her knees crawling through the hallway. Quickly the white man followed.

Wanita gave a low cry! There on the other side, white-faced and still, lay Kawasha!

(To be continued Friday, January 21.)

Our Postoffice Box

This is Miss Marion Coyle, president of the Jefferson Street Rainbow Club. She has written many interesting letters to the Postoffice Box, and we are delighted to think that her friends have elected her president of the band she worked so hard to organize. The latest news of the Jefferson Rainbows was received in a letter from Regina Cavanaugh, North 11th street, the treasurer of the club. She says: "On Friday last we held our first meeting at the home of our president, Marion Coyle; the meeting adjourned at 9:15. The following are members: Marion Coyle, president; Helen Flaherty, secretary; Alvina Spinner, vice president; Regina Cavanaugh 2d secretary; Helen Cullaton, treasurer; Francis Fitzgerald, chairman; Agnes Walsh, Anna Ryan, Margaret Flynn, Mildred Connor and Catherine Fagan." The club has dues and Miss Coyle hints that they are put to very good advantage. I am very anxious to hear more about this.

MARION COYLE
Jefferson street

Here are some "hobbies" that energetic little people have sent in: Elsie Knecht, East Ontario street, loves to make doll dresses and is interested in sending postals to the "shut-ins." There's nothing better for little girls to do than to learn to sew. Of course, you know what I think about mailing "sunlight" to the shut - ins." Hannah de Maison, Howell street, Wissinoming, says that swimming and music are her hobbies. Both of these are splendid, Hannah!

Thomas Gallagher, Locust street, has chosen typewriting as his hobby; to prove the truth of his statement, he sends in a very neat typewritten letter. Every one please write and let me know just how all the "hobbies" are progressing.

Do You Know This?

1. What is the largest State in the Union? (Five credits.)

2. The Germans own a section of Philadelphia. What is it called? (Five credits.)

3. What does D. C. stand for? (Five credits.)

WOMEN RESENT THE SLUR OF MENTAL INEFFICIENCY

Admit Sex Dress to Please Men, but Deny That Minds Shirk From Unpleasant Duties—Sphere of Activities Growing Larger

Miss West's Charges Attacked by Fair Sex

Charges that women are mental parasites and work in a half-hearted way, when not compelled by circumstances to do otherwise are strongly criticised by leaders and workers of the feminine world.

Admission is made that women's love of dress is due to and for the purpose of obtaining man's admiration. But that this denotes mental inefficiency is strongly resented. Working women are daily proving more and more successful in varied fields of enterprise and have developed initiative which has carried them to the front, asserts Miss O'Donnell, a Paris buyer for a store.

Mrs. Imogen Oakley says Miss West's charges are unfair and that if any difference exists between the present mental capabilities of men and women it is due to their hereditary training in the past. Woman is the mental equal of man, she declares.

MRS. IMOGIN B. OAKLEY

A SERENUOUS feminine veto has been placed upon the subject of woman's mental laziness. The accusation has been voted unfair, unwelcome and unjustified. Several other equally impressive words have been employed by the prominent women whose comments on Miss West's article which appears in the current number of the New Republic, and declares that women are the world's worst failure, are given below.

That women really do dress to please men is conceded. That they think of nothing, or of little else besides accomplishing this, is not conceded.

Men have been known to show a touch of pardonable vanity now and then, yet you never hear them accused of mental inefficiency as a class. They can do very few things which a woman cannot do, if she sets her mind to it. Then why should the stronger sex sit back and smile an inward and benign smile of self-satisfaction while the women are accused of being emotional drunkards, idlers and parasites?

It isn't just, is it? No woman works in a half-hearted manner because she thinks that matrimony will be her portion some day. Why should she? The lot of the woman worker is what she makes it. It can be a secure, lucrative position, or merely a "job." Miss West thinks that all women workers have jobs.

Three entirely different types of women are represented by their comments on this subject today. Which one do you think is right?

Do you look upon the average woman as the equal of the average man in earning capacity, intelligence and mental efficiency in general? Or do you think she is something to be dressed in pretty clothes, posed to the best advantage, and kept from the real things of life by a foolish idea that she is incapable of grasping them? Must a woman's existence be necessarily petty?

"Why can't they say something new about us," laughed Mrs. Imogen Oakley, whose articles on civics are attracting so much attention, "than to accuse us of thinking of nothing but clothes? It was said of the women of ancient Greece and Rome, it was said of women 200 years ago, and it has been said of them with conscientious regularity ever since. Miss West could have chosen anything, any statement could be made which would be much more original. It is all very well to say women are creatures of their emotions, and that their intellectual capacity is limited, and that they aren't willing to make an effort to learn something worth while, to say nothing of doing it. But it simply isn't true.

"Of course, I do believe that women dress to please men to a very great extent. But they enjoy dressing for their women friends just as much—even outdressing them," she added, smilingly. "And, when you come down to it, men like to dress up, too. They don't like to be confined to a conventional costume—no one resents being relegated to the ordinary civilian's garb more than they. Else why do they go to fancy-dress balls and join clubs, lodges, guilds, etc., where they wear bizarre uniforms of every kind? A pretty woman likes to look pretty at all times, but I doubt that she would care whether she had one gown or 10 if there wasn't a man around to admire her in them.

"I don't think Miss West has any good reason to call her sex mental idlers. Why, 50 years ago a girl who was truly educated tried her best to conceal it. She was deathly afraid of being classed as a blue-stocking. Now the popularity of the woman's college, the training along professional and vocational lines proves that woman is thinking and accomplishing, too. She isn't staying home to darn stockings. And all the men's organizations realize that they need the co-operation of the women to aid them where their masculine efforts fail. Isn't this a realization of the new ideal-man and woman working together on the same plane of mental efficiency? A man is taken by a pretty face, he will admit it. Until he is married he expects nothing else—but then he not only expects, but is highly disappointed if she fails to combine the qualities of expert cook, housekeeper and companion. Is this logical? Miss West's argument is along the same lines. She accuses women of thinking more of their persons than their personality, when for hundreds of years nothing better was expected of them. I'm sure that if men and women had been educated in the same manner two, or even one, hundred years ago, we would be equal, if not superior to them in any branch long before this."

"Of course women dress to please the men, whether they acknowledge it or not," declares Miss Isabel O'Donnell, the Paris buyer of one of the large department stores. "But when you say that they think more of their persons than their personalities—that is another question. In making such a statement you are referring to a very small minority. The women who have nothing else to do but look well are outnumbered by the great army of women who have to think, and, if possible, look well at the same time." Her smart black and silver gown left no doubt in the mind of the beholder that Miss O'Donnell was quite capable of both, and, as one who comes in contact with women who do things and with women who have nothing to do, her statement is naturally not without interest.

No less than 16 times in the last few years has Miss O'Donnell crossed to London and Paris to buy gowns for the discriminating American woman. "And every time I crossed," she says, "I see the type of woman buyer changing. They used to be a typical 'lady-drummer,' a none too attractive species. It is from these, and from the suffragists of old that the habit of associating flat shoes, sailor hats and mannish suits with women who go into the workaday world has come about. But look at the working woman today. If she isn't an example of personality versus person, I'd like to know who is. Miss West couldn't have been thinking very seriously when she made that accusation, and I, for one, refuse to agree with her. I have plenty of women who are interested in civics, and economics, and social betterment, and science, who come in here and sigh like a school girl over an exquisite Paris gown. Feminism is here; certainly woman's sphere is daily growing larger, but we are none the less feminine for the change. Miss West is really applying to all women the characteristics which belong to the minority."

Just what a prominent suffragist thinks of Miss West's statement is shown by the remarks of Miss Caroline Katzenstein, the clever little Southern woman who is secretary of the Equal Franchise Society.

"I am sorry to say that I have not read Miss West's article but from quotations from it, I should say that it has much unpleasant truth in it. Undoubtedly, a large number of women spend an entirely disproportionate amount of time, money and nervous energy on clothes. Some of them spend more on this one item than they could possibly earn if they were conscientious enough to feel that they had no right to live without contributing something to the world's work, and they also use the entire time of several other human beings in order that they, themselves, may be adorned.

"However, I should say that Miss West's indictment of women would have been much more deserved 50 years ago than it is today. Fortunately, not only for woman, but for the whole human race, the opening of legitimate channels for her energy has reduced the number of irresponsibles and has shown that the 'female of the species' can, when occasion offers, be 'more deadly than the male' in her attack on folly, injustice and the many social ills to which both men and women fall heir.

"On the other hand, I take exception to Miss West claim that woman is the 'World's Worst Failure.' That she has survived the narrow life and training that for centuries denied her the right to a true expression of herself, and that she is today full of energy and vitality and able satisfactorily to compete with man in both the educational and business world, show that she is well worth cultivating (!) and make the future full of promise.

"If Miss West will devise some style of dress for us that is sensible and that is just a wee bit more attractive than man's present style (!) I shall be glad to cooperate with her in carrying out her reform. You see, I admit our legitimate desire to please, but I also claim that man is not entirely devoid of the same feeling."

WANTED—"A DOG THAT JUST HATES HIMSELF"

Woman Wants a Dog That Will Bite Her as Well as Burglars She Fears

A woman who is so afraid of burglars that she will not have her name "come out" for the world, lest they advance upon her house out of pure malice, just to frighten the life out of her, has advertised for a vicious male dog "that will not make friends." She is willing to test the dog's ferocity upon her own person, run the risk of being severely bitten, to prove to her own satisfaction that the animal would behave in the same manner to burglars.

The advertisement took people with dogs to 515 South 16th street, but the woman was not there. She was represented by James H. Morrison, who said she lived in a remote section of West Philadelphia. Her husband works at night and she believes burglars would have an excellent chance of frightening her.

"I want to get hold of a dog that just hates himself," said the agent. "My client is willing to have the dog take two weeks to make friends with her, and she is willing to be bitten several times while they are making friends. In fact, it is the point that the dog must be as good (that is, as bad) as that. I guess if the dog doesn't bite her she'll feel that he won't be in earnest about his work.

"She had a vicious fox terrier, but the trouble with him was that the only person he would bite was his mistress. He was kind to tramps, canvassers and salesmen, but he was always snapping at and nipping her. She had an English bulldog, but he had the same fault."

MR. WEBB MEETS MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS, WOMEN ALSO

Visitors to Mayor's Office Bring Varied Ideas There Which First Pass the Major Domo

Mayors may come and Mayors may go, but Mr. Webb goes on forever. Mayor after Mayor appoints him to the same old place—where courtesy and tact are greatly needed—at the door of the Mayor's private office. Mr. Webb is the genial presiding officer over the big reception room where fine leather chairs are provided for you to sit on, if you have to wait before you see the Mayor himself.

Ever since the beginning of the late Mayor Ashbridge's term Mr. Webb has been at his post, and knows the routine of the office work so thoroughly that none of the succeeding executives can do without him. He knows how to soothe the ruffled feelings of every one—politicians who wait there without getting their appointments as quickly as they think they should, and cranks who flock there with plans for the millennium by the next morning.

"The cranks are coming already," said Mr. Webb yesterday. "Even the office-seekers can't crowd them out. Yesterday one came for his annual visit to the Mayor's office, and he remarked that he was celebrating his marriage anniversary and wanted to tell the new Mayor about it. 'I knew ex-Mayor Blankenburg since he came to this country in 1865,' said he, 'and every year he was in office I made my wedding anniversary visit to him. I've been married 55 years now and I've come to tell Mayor Smith about it,' continued he. 'I'm 82 years old now, and I'm sorry I didn't get married earlier even than I did.'"

When he was refused admittance and had left, Mr. Webb spoke as follows:

"He's a regular; comes every year, no matter who's in the Mayor's chair, to tell his Honor about his own wedding anniversary. I think I'll let him in next year; he's so old, he won't be able to come many more years yet and his wife is very ill now, so he'll not have many additional anniversaries with her to tell about."

Another visitor, also refused admittance to the Mayor's office, sat down beside Mr. Webb and immediately saw spirits in the reception room. He also saw the paintings on the walls moving from place to place, but nobody else did. Still another came in breathless, declaring he was the Mayor's detective, and had discovered a wonderful secret to tell him. "Go to Captain Cameron, of the city detective force," said Mr. Webb, "he'll give you the keys to the office and you can take entire charge and tell the Mayor all the secrets you want to." And the man went.

Mr. Webb gently turns a dozen such seers away every day. Some rush in with schemes to end the war, others with wonderful plans to make Philadelphia a perfect city long before any one would even dare to expect the millennium, and still another party has just besieged Mr. Webb with a request to see the Mayor, who promised him the "one missing ingredient" to complete a wonderful invention that would move the Atlantic Ocean from place to place. Mr. Webb almost admitted that man to Mayor Smith's private office, but on second thought refused him.

A little while before Mr. Blankenburg left office, an equally strange visitor appeared, who wanted Mr. Blankenburg's help in killing a shadow that followed him from place to place. "Why don't you kill the man who makes it?" asked Mr. Webb. "It's not a man," came the reply. "It's only a shadow that goes wherever I do and interferes with my work." "Sorry," said Mr. Webb, "but the Mayor can't kill that kind of a shadow; you'd better go to a doctor."

Mr. Webb tells of a man who always wore ruffles on his sleeves when he came to see the Mayor, "and until recently," said he, "there was a certain woman whose house was robbed of $500, who came here frequently, declaring the money was somewhere in the City Hall, and that ex-Mayor Blankenburg ought to get it for her. Then another woman," continued Mr. Webb, "who was employed by the last administration, but who was dismissed, thought that detectives were following her wherever she went. She called on Mrs. Blankenburg, who sent her here to see Mr. Foss, the Mayor's secretary. For three years she came regularly and made her complaint, which, of course, was groundless. Last June she said she was going to leave Philadelphia, and that if she remained here any longer she would surely kill some one. I asked her not to experiment on me, and she hasn't."

All sorts of queer demands and complaints are made to Mr. Webb that never reach the Mayor's ears. A big negro interviewed him last autumn to ask Mr. Blankenburg to get him a ticket to Allentown, so that he could register for the fall election. He said he was a friend of Senator Penrose, and ought to have what he wanted.

Those who have serious complaints or requests to make are usually asked to write to the Mayor, as not one-tenth of those who call can see him. "My hardest job," says Mr. Webb, "is satisfying the people who come here with a kick."

Girls Will Sell Badges for League

Beginning Saturdtw 150 girls will sell membership badges for the National Security League. They will cost a quarter each. The girls will be all around the city.