

Outdoing the Women.
(Detroit Free Press)
After reading the news from Washington for the last few weeks, any partial person must admit the superior resourcefulness and industry of the male gossip when he gets down to business.

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THE NEWSPAPER MEN

(Dearborn Herald)
The newspaper fellows will be pretty well represented in the Democratic National Convention. The key-noter, Pat Harrison, was a newsboy; Al Smith, a candidate for the nomination for President, sold papers when he was a boy; and is now known by almost every newsboy in New York City; Carter Glass, Virginia's favorite son candidate, is a newspaper owner; James M. Cox, Ohio favorite son candidate, is another newspaper owner. And there be others who have been or are connected with the Fourth Estate in some capacity who will play a leading part in the Convention proceedings.

THE NOVELETTE

A PAIR OF SHOES

(By Martha McCulloch-Williams)
Said Ora Lee to Patsey: "What do you do with shoes that are perfectly good—and clean out of fashion?"
"Wear 'em out—if you happen to be a pauper same as me," from Patsy.
"But—suppose you're going to dine and dance among the very tip of the height of style?"
"Go buy new ones—if you can't stand the gaff."
"Suppose, further—you can't afford the buying?"
"Then," philosophically, grin and bear it—making believe to forget you have feet, much less shoes on 'em."
"Your new satin ones would be too big for me?"
"No! Just a fit—but my purse is too small. Only worn the satins one measly time—three dancings wear them scuffy—and I have that many ahead."

"I thought you were a good friend," sadly.
"I am—to myself—the best ever. Tell you what you do—gild your old slippers, those with the rhinestone buckles, with radiator paint, make new bows—and there you are—if they aren't down at the heel."
Working girls, of course, these two—but none the less avid of pleasure—of light, color, music, admiring eyes. After a sort friends, there was yet a queer rivalry betwixt them—they played a game in which admirers were the counters. Each earned money enough for comfort, and sometimes over. It was the something over that unsettled, filling them with aspirations that had a tinge of danger. Wholesomely pretty, light on foot, and free of motion, they attracted men rather above their own grade—who yet came and went, en procession. The man of one moment had tried to kiss Patsey, after dazzling her with a solitaire, but vainly—she had liked his looks as little as his manners.

To offset that adventure, Ora Lee worked with a fashionable photographer, and met many sorts of folk. That made up for Patsey's higher salary—she had a head for figures that made her a personage in the accounting firm she had worked with ever since coming to the city. Both girls were small-town bred, had met as strangers, had quickly become friends. They had their dreams, of course. Just now Ora Lee's were particularly roseate. The man in them was King Roland, met in the way of business whence they had gone, by not-too-sudden graduations, to pleasure. She knew his status by the Social Register. Weekly he took her out—in between sent her flowers or sweets—and though his lips spoke only what all the world might hear, his eyes were much more eloquent.

Most time Patsey was a good scout—she must be jealous this particular time—Ora Lee was more than skeptic of those three dances ahead. She had found—and priced—the shoes of her desire. Twenty-five dollars! Near-heart failure had stricken her as she heard it. Matched stockings \$5 more. She couldn't possibly afford such things—but how they would accent the charms of her dainty feet, her slender ankles, the simmy vaporous clinging skirts above them? Besides, she had a sense of being on trial—King was taking her to the Ritz for the first time: His friends were likely to be there. Al most she swooned at the thought, with it came another as startling. Her miniature! Why hadn't she remembered before what the antique dealer had said of it, "Worth two hundred and fifty—to the right buyer," adding with a sour laugh: "Somebody in search of ancestors." No wonder—it showed a handsome man with powdered hair, in blue and buff regimentals, his hand on a sword hilt. Her great-great-grandfather. She had not thought money could buy it—but that was before she so sorely needed a pair of shoes for her Cinderella feet.

She got them. But some way she was unhappy all through the dance. King was devoted—he even introduced her to one or two other men who dared to cut in. But she seemed to see him through the eyes of the miniature—a real man's eyes, that went to the very bottom. They saw him with women of his own world—and noted sundry and several subtle differences of manner toward them. Homing, in the cab he kissed her, taking her unawares. She laughed at him, saying in a cool, judicial voice: "You ought to have waited till we were at the door, since this is good-by." After that—silence despite his apologies, his protests. They parted, with a gay nod on her side, a rather crestfallen good night on his.

yond preadventure, the original of a miniature—producing her sacrifice picture. The knowledge might turn out to be worth millions—of which she would have a fine share.

On this hint she spoke, babbling happily so many genealogical details the questioner stood appalled. He took her straight to the offices of his firm—there she met a tall, handsome man of thirty, with the eyes of the picture. When she had retold to him and his principal lawyer the story of the picture both said in the same breath: "The keystone of the arch." For years they had been seeking proof of identity of the Continental officer granted much wild land west of the mountains in lieu of pay for his seven years' service. The seekers had a replica of Ora Lee's picture—but without authenticating history. Chance glances into a dealer's window, had shown it to the main searcher—he had snapped it up instantly, found out the seller's name—the rest had been ridiculously simple.

As was the finale. Ora Lee and her long distance kinsman thought it would be shameful to divide the oil field developed on the old grant—when there was so pleasant and easy a way of keeping it whole. Patsey, who stood bridesmaid, said heartily: "I made this match—if I had done the friendly thing you'd never have bought your shoes—of good fortune."

GOING FISHING.

(Edgar A. Guest)

Some go fishing just for fish—
That is sport for market-men,
Let them have it, if they wish,
Bait their hooks and cast again
I'm a fisherman who goes
Out upon the lake or stream
Seeking fish, but goodness knows!
Glad to catch a passing dream.

I can glory in the day
Whether big ones bite or not,
Steal my bait or get away,
Let me find a lovely spot
Where the sunbeams race and dance
And the birds of Summer sing,
And I'll give my soul a chance
High above the world to swing.

I can lie out there and dream,
Glad if I can catch a thought
Of the wise Creator's scheme
And the marvels He has wrought.
Fish, of course, it's sport to net,
But here is so much to see
That I never sigh nor fret
When good luck won't favor me.

Some go fishing just for fish—
I go fishing, if you please,
Glad to hear the willows swish
And the murmur of the breeze;
I go out to hear the streams
Laughing as they race along,
Giving up my soul to dreams,
Touched with beauty and with song.

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