

## Managers of Matrimony

By R. RAY BAKER

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As matrimonial manager for her family, Mrs. Glendale Chesterton had every reason to feel proud of her record.

Through their mother's efforts three of the Chesterton "hopefuls" had their hopes realized. Husbands with comfortable piles of coin to their respective credits had been found, lured and trapped. They had to be lured and trapped because of the daughters' vivid unattractiveness. As visions of beauty, the three Chesterton girls would have made good cement mixers.

But Mrs. Chesterton's troubles were not over. There remained one more daughter, Lucia-by name, to be married off before the mother would be content. And Lucia was the greatest problem of them all.

Not because of her looks. Far from it. In some way Lucia had escaped the blight of homeliness that had smitten the rest of the family. In fact, those who knew said she made up for the rest of them.

According to these authorities, the other Chesterton girls had hair that resembled rope, while Lucia's was raven black, with tints of unburnished gold. Her sisters' eyes were the color of mud puddles. Lucia's were brown, deep, mysterious pools. Their chins were like hatchets; Lucia's was gracefully rounded; their lips thick and pink, Lucia's thin and red; their necks like buffaloes, hers like a swan's; their bodies thin as rails, Lucia's slim like a bird.

But Lucia was recalcitrant. A number of husbands had been selected for her—and willing ones, too—but she spurned them all.

"Don't want to get married," she affirmed. "Won't get married, that's all."

Mrs. Chesterton was ingenious, but all her ingenuity was wasted on Lucia. The latter saw through her tricks.

When a prospective husband called and Mamma Chesterton graciously retired from the library, leaving the young couple alone, Lucia would propose a stroll or a ride. When a horseback party contrived by Mrs. Chesterton's suggestion to leave Lucia and a young man by themselves, the girl would whip up her steed and apprehend the rest of the riders. She would never sit out a dance or walk in the woods.

For three years Mrs. Chesterton had veritably wooed her own daughter, thinking the latter finally would capitulate and become the bride of some nice rich young man. But Lucia was now twenty-two and more adamant than ever.

"No use," she would say. "I just won't get married. No man is going to boss me around."

About this time young Adam Fortgiver, who went away in quest of health, returned from a three-years' sojourn in the West, where he became robust and made money raising cattle. This change for the better in his health—and also in the matter of his wealth—caused Mrs. Chesterton to decide on Adam for a son-in-law. She had a conference with Mrs. Fortgiver, and the latter acquiesced. It was to their mutual social advantage.

"But it's no use," said Mrs. Fortgiver. "I broached the subject of marriage to Adam. In fact, I might say I had your daughter in view; you know they used to be such good friends. But he nearly ate me up, and told me he was not ready, and would not be for a good many years, to take a wife, and when he was ready he'd select one without any help."

They had frequent confabs on the subject, and one day Mrs. Fortgiver, after serving notice by telephone, hustled into Mrs. Chesterton's home with the announcement that she had an idea.

Mrs. Chesterton, having visited England, had the afternoon habit, and she at once ordered tea served.

The plot was simple. In fact, young Adam Fortgiver was a party to it—was really its author—although he was unaware of it. Adam had decided to go hunting in the Michigan north woods. "I've always wanted to tramp through those forests in the winter," he had said. "It's ideal in the summer and I know I'd like it when there's snow."

Mrs. Fortgiver's plan was for Mrs. Chesterton to send Lucia to the same territory, without, of course, appraising her of the fact that Adam would be there. The suggestion was received with enthusiasm.

"Just the thing!" she exclaimed, as she drained her second cup. "Lucia has often expressed a desire for some such winter frolic in the woods. I'll get Mrs. Alberts to go with her."

Adam had selected Brutus, a town south of Mackinaw City, for his headquarters. "There's a hotel there called the Purple House which serves the best dinners in the world," he had explained, "and when I get tired of camp cooking I can hike to town and get a real feed."

"Adam's real purpose is to get the outdoor life," his mother asserted. "Ever since he's been West he says he can't stand having anything but the sky for a roof. So there won't be much hunting. He'll take his gun along just as a blind. What he really wants is to eat and sleep in a hotel and spend the rest of his time

in the woods. I know him. There's a young man living in Brutus who worked on Adam's ranch, and he's very fond of him. This young man will act as his guide.

"Now, I've had correspondence on my own account before, broaching the plan to you, and I learn that there is a family in Brutus by the name of Lineman. The family is just a lady and her daughter, poor but honest, and sometimes they take boarders and roomers. It would be a good idea for Lucia and Mrs. Alberts to make reservations there."

For once Lucia was deluded, and early December found her rooming with the Linemans and enjoying herself immensely. She roamed the woods every day with either Miss Lineman or Mrs. Alberts as a companion, and her rosy cheeks were becoming more rosy. "It's the life!" she cried. "Nothing is lacking."

But one day while wandering aimlessly through a strip of pine forest she became separated from Miss Lineman. She called repeatedly, but could get no response.

"I'm lost," she decided, but she was not greatly alarmed. In fact, the novelty was rather exhilarating.

She continued along the path, swinging with a carefree motion in spite of her predicament, and whistling softly. Suddenly a man stepped from behind a tree—a tall, blond young man, garbed in hunting costume, carrying a gun.

She stopped and stared at him, and he stared back. There was something fascinating in the look from his eyes, and she was spellbound. A strange power she had never before felt drew her to him.

"He's come at last," she breathed. "This is the man that was meant for me." Aloud she said: "I'm lost. Can you help me?"

Adam Fortgiver and his erstwhile employee were having the time of their lives. Only once had they gone hunting, and on that occasion they had not found anything to shoot at, and probably would not have fired if they had. They loved the outdoors and had no particular propensity for killing.

On one of their tramps the young men became separated. Adam felt some trepidation, for he was not well acquainted with the pine forest they had been exploring; but he continued walking along the path, calling to his guide. He hoped the path would take him somewhere, but was not sure it would. There was such a network of paths, crossing and recrossing one another at many points.

Some carving on a tree drew his attention. "This looks like the tree we cut our names in the other day," he said, and proceeded to investigate. It was as he had suspected, and with the tree as a marker he felt reasonably sure he could find his way.

As he stepped from behind the tree he came face to face with a girl, a remarkably attractive girl. He caught his breath.

"Can it be?" he exclaimed, as he stared back. "Can it be this is the girl I've been waiting for all these years? Love at first sight? That sure is what this is."

Mrs. Glendale Chesterton sipped her sixth cup of tea.

"Well, we got them married," she said, setting the cup on the table.

Mrs. Fortgiver sighed. "Yes, they're both married, all right; but such a horrible mess! We sent Lucia and Adam into the woods to marry each other, and instead Lucia picks out Adam's guide for a husband and Adam decides that Lucia's landlady's daughter is the girl for him. Such a mess!"

"Still, if they're both happy—" observed Mrs. Chesterton, picking up the cup. "Won't you have some tea?"

"No more, thank you," replied the guest. "I suppose we may as well make the best of it. As you say, as long as they're happy—"

## PHONE EXCHANGES' GROWTH

Largest Device for Communication Is in New York Hotel; Occupies 3,165 Square Feet.

The size of the private telephone exchange grows with the erection of every hotel or office building of any considerable proportions. The largest ever constructed is that of a New York hotel which has been recently opened to the public. It occupies 3,165 square feet of floor space, having an operating room 110 feet long and 25 feet wide, a terminal room 30 feet long and 25 feet wide, a rest room 23 feet by 15 feet and a locker and washroom 30 feet by 14 feet. The operating force consists of one chief operator, one assistant chief operator, eight supervisors and 110 attendants. The switchboard consists of 23 positions. Thirteen positions are equipped with teleautographs used for paging and announcing only. The switchboard has a capacity of 3,340 extensions and 180 trunks. The hotel has telephone service in each of its 2,200 rooms, and there are 40 public telephone booths served by four switchboards, connected with the main switchboard. The following gives some idea of a few of the items which make up part of the telephone system: Six hundred and thirty fuses, 1,170 condensers, 2,400 relays, 5,350 lamps, 83,500 jacks, 750,000 soldered connections, 7,926,000 feet of wire.

**Dominion's Oldest Corporation.**  
The Hudson's Bay company is the oldest corporation in existence in Canada. In 1670 King Charles II granted a charter to Prince Rupert and his associates. They were called "The Company of Merchant Adventurers of England Trading in Hudson Bay."

## The Care of Clothes

### Government Home Economics Specialists Give Advice.

#### Summer Garments Should Be Carefully Packed and Record Made for Ready Reference.

The organdies, palm beach suits, the straw hats and the low shoes have now disappeared from the day-to-day wardrobe. The wise housewife does not let them stay in the overcrowded closet to take up valuable space and brush against the velvets, serges and broadcloths. Neither does she lay them away in any condition they happen to be in after their last appearance. Instead, she puts them away carefully cleaned and treated so the least change possible will come to them, keeping record of what supplies there are and where she puts them in order that she may find them when the occasion arises by simply looking at her desk records. If packed in boxes, a label on each box telling the contents makes the finding of each article an easy matter. Her outline of treatment would be very nearly like the following, according to home economics specialists in the United States department of agriculture:

**Washable, White Clothing.**—Washed carefully, no starch added, blued more than usual to avoid a yellow appearance when spring unpacking comes. Hung in a closet reserved for this particular use or folded so that the creases will correspond as far as possible with the folds into which the garment falls in use and laid in a trunk or box.

**Washable Colored Clothes.**—Washed, unstarched, turned wrong side out and hung in the closet or packed away as were the white garments.

**Palm Beach Suits.**—Cleaned and put in separate box, carefully folded.

**Hats.**—How to treat the summer hat depends much upon the material. If of straw, brushing off all dust and packing in a hat box is good treatment. The georgette and lace hats, if soiled, should be dry cleaned and allowed to air thoroughly before wrapping in tissue paper and storing away in a hat box. Avoid weight which will crush the trimming.

**Shoes.**—The pumps and oxfords should be cleaned and put away with shoe trees in each one.

**Inventory** should be kept, of course, but definite, giving a list and storage place of the clothes for each member of the family. This will prove of definite service when next spring's clothing budget requires thought and time.

### CORDUROY MAY BE CLEANED

Fabric May Be Washed With Soap Providing It Is Not Rubbed, Squeezed or Ironed.

If you have a corduroy garment on hand you will be interested to know that it is quite possible to have it renovated without having to send it to the dry cleaner or even having to dip it in gasoline yourself. For, according to one of the thrift leaflets issued by the department of agriculture jointly with the treasury department, "corduroy is a kind of cotton velvet, which may be washed providing it is not rubbed, squeezed or ironed."

Further instruction is given to use a solution of mild soap or, for colors that may streak or fade, a solution of soap bark, which is somewhat milder than any soap. When the garment has been thoroughly washed and rinsed, it should be hung up wet and, if possible, in a way that it will dry in the shape you wish it to remain. For instance a skirt should be dried on a skirt hanger. The brisker the wind in which the

garment is dried the better. When thoroughly dry take a clean clothes brush and brush vigorously to raise the nap.

Once you realize that corduroy may be washed you will not be so reticent to make use of a corduroy skirt for your household tasks at which you would usually choose only a tub frock. And in planning your winter wardrobe arrange to have some washable smocks or long peplum blouses of colored cotton to wear with your restored corduroy skirt.

### CHIC BLUE TINSELTONE SUIT



The flare peplum on this blue tinseltone suit is edged with a wide band of opossum. The high collar is of the same fur. It is an extremely smart suit for the young school girl.

### SHOULD WEAR OWN COLORS

Proper Shades Are Selected by Women Who Study Themselves; Cultivate Artistic Taste.

Finding the colors best suited to you and then adhering to them is an artistic as well as an economic measure. It is economic in that the hues that become you are usually different shades of one color or blended colors. For instance, if blue is your color a blue hat may sometimes be worn with dresses of different shades of the same color.

Time spent in studying color cultivates an artistic sense, and the woman who has found her colors is the one who, when shopping, passes by the most alluring bargains. If it is not in the colors that she employs in her clothes, in this way she saves much time and money.

Some very well dressed women have very limited incomes. These women are well dressed because they have studied themselves and have planned their clothes carefully. They know exactly what lines and colors are suitable for them and have been able to employ these essentials in the most effective manner.

## Kerchiefs in Pretty Box

Acceptable Present for Most Any Occasion May Be Prepared at Slight Expense.

Half-a-dozen daintily-embroidered, lace-trimmed handkerchiefs, in a pretty box, make a very acceptable present



### A Dainty Present.

For almost any occasion, and they can be prepared without much trouble and at no great expense.

The handkerchief shown in our sketch is trimmed at the edges with narrow lace, and in one corner initials are worked with pale pink silk, enclosed in a horseshoe composed of tiny pale green leaves.

For the handkerchief box any well-made cardboard box of a suitable size and shape can be utilized. The surface of the lid is slightly padded with a thin layer of cotton-wool, and then

## Hail the Turkey!

Here's to the Turkey, glorious bird of copper hue, who gladdened well each Pilgrim heart when, guided by an ancient chart, there came that small, God-fearing crew.

Here's to the Turkey, that bird of gorgeousness and pride, who strutted through the virgin wood when, for a firmer brotherhood, our forbears worked fought and died.

Here's to the Turkey, how often, through the early snow, some sturdy pilgrim sought to slay thee for his feast Thanksgiving day, but fell before the red man's bow.

Here's to the Turkey, proudest, rarest of the living, and, as we bow before our Lord around the yearly festive board, the gem of our Thanksgiving. —Lewis Allen in Utica Saturday Globe.

### WHERE THE BIRDS ARE BRED

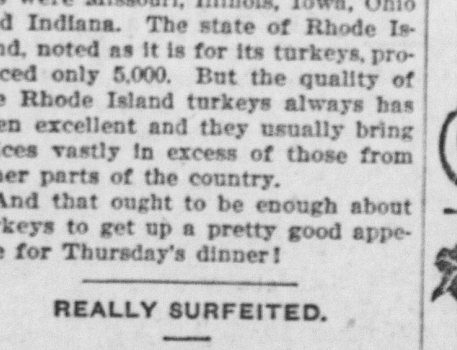
Small Farms Are Large Producers of Piece de Resistance of the Thanksgiving Feast.

Although there are many great turkey ranches, and whole communities which live principally upon the raising of turkeys for market, such as Cuero, Tex., whose annual turkey parade preceding Thanksgiving includes thousands of turkeys bound for northern markets, as a rule turkeys are raised in small groups on farms which are interested in other commodities. They are often the sole dependence of the farmer's wife for pocket money throughout the year, and many a farmer's daughter also has been able to make a shining appearance in her world of fashion principally through the successful marketing of the turkey brood.

On the 5,000,000 farms of the United States there were, according to careful statistics taken some years ago, only 6,500,000 turkeys. Texas led among the states, producing 650,000. The other states which were large producers were Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Ohio and Indiana. The state of Rhode Island, noted as it is for its turkeys, produced only 5,000. But the quality of the Rhode Island turkeys always has been excellent and they usually bring prices vastly in excess of those from other parts of the country.

And that ought to be enough about turkeys to get up a pretty good appetite for Thursday's dinner!

### REALLY SURFEITED.



Wear—No, t'anks, ma'am. I've et so much turkey dis week dat I gobbles in my sleep.

### Golden Promise of the Future.

We are thankful for the assurance that out of all the tumult and madness of the past years the world of mankind is to find a life richer, truer, grander, than any it has heretofore known, a life of truer freedom, of sweeter tolerance and of a broader goodwill and brotherhood.

And we are thankful for the thought, amounting almost to a settled conviction, that as a consequence of the great awakening which has come to it with all its blood and tears and suffering, the world will from now on have forever done with every form of organized hypocrisy and oppression, will love the truth and nothing but the truth, and will deal justly, and love mercy.

### Worldly Spirit Too Much With Us.

It must be admitted that our country has been an egotistical nation, because of our great material expansion and prosperity, and that the true spirit of Thanksgiving day has not been felt by a very large proportion of the people during the past few years. The intent of the pioneers who established it has been lost sight of largely. It has been regarded too much simply as a day to be observed by the church people, while the crowd took advantage of the holiday to indulge worldly pleasures.—Houston Post.

**Great Reason for Gladness.**  
The day set apart for Thanksgiving for the blessings of the year is a day when the nation is invited to inspect the tapestry of time and to see how steadfastly and how gratifying the old weaver has used the loom for the picture of American contentment and American happiness and American hope. Into the picture enters no public calamity, into it enters no widespread want. Thus the nation has great reason for gladness that it can hang upon the walls of civilization the picture that has been wrought out as the picture of American life from the busy weave of the multitude of individuals who make up that life.

**Ranks With Christmas.**  
Thanksgiving day is an old and honored institution in this country. In 1789 the Protestant Episcopal church formally recognized the government's authority to appoint such a "feast," but it was celebrated with more zest in New England than in any other section. There it is an occasion for annual family reunions; and as a Boston writer says, "it takes the place which in England is accorded to Christmas."

**Satin Goes With Gabardine.**  
Satin is smart in combination with gabardine, usually of a like shade rather than a contrasting color, though tones of beige and tan with black satin are rather chic.

## Thanksgiving

By EDGAR A. GUEST

For courage that we sorely need, For strength to do the splendid deed, For youth, who made the sacrifice And, smiling, paid the bitter price That freedom asks of sturdy men, Oh God, accept our thanks again.

To these once more today we kneel; Sad music of the crash of steel Accompanies our prayers, and yet Thy mercies everywhere are met, And we are grateful for the youth That boldly dared to guard the truth.

Oh God, who gave us sight to see The way to serve, we pray to thee; We thank thee for all mothers fair Who gave their sons into thy care And bravely hid their grief and pain That liberty and truth should reign.

We thank thee for each noble heart That scorned to play the coward part; We thank thee for the humblest lad That in these bitter times is glad To toll until war's flags are furled To make a kinder, better world.

For yield of tree and fruit and vine Once more our gratitude is thine; But in these days of dangers, we Now offer prayers of thanks to thee For all the brave and loyal breasts Wherein the love of honor rests.

Oh God, we thank thee for our youth That still hold dear the ways of truth; We thank thee for their courage, and Devotion to our native land; We're thankful that our flag still gleams The emblem of man's highest dreams. —From The American Boy.

### NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT PIE

Time Was When No Thanksgiving Dinner Was Worthy of the Name in Its Absence.

Thanksgiving without pumpkin pie was held to be unthinkable. Yet there could be no pumpkin pie without molasses; because Colchester, Connecticut, did not receive its supply of molasses in season, it voted, in 1705, to put off its Thanksgiving from the first to the second Thursday of November. Pumpkin pies thus featured were usually baked in square tins, having only four corner pieces to each pie.

Second only to the pumpkin pie in importance at such a Thanksgiving feast as Whittier sings was the turkey which had been fattened for the



The Indispensable Pie.

occasion and which, when slowly roasting before the open fire and painstakingly basted from the dripping pan beneath, was fit to be the lord of any feast. Chicken there was, too, though always in the form of chicken pie, and vegetables of every sort, with raisins and citron, walnuts and popcorn, apples and cider galore.

Surely few could have really wished joys such as these to be sacrificed to a second service in the meeting house!

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