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## WHEN THE BOSS GAVE IN.

SENATOR LOWRY read the telegram again. "Coleridge is a fool," he exclaimed, angrily, and tore the little piece of yellow paper into bits and threw them into the waste-basket. "What the Lampton appropriation? Why, what's the man thinking of?" Senator Lowry was a boss. He bossed a great western state, and bossed it gloriously from ward-heeler to governor. He differed from other bosses in his methods. He was honest. Honestly he was a quality seldom found in political bosses, so that it is strange that Lowry should have succeeded. It was only through remarkable courage, both moral and physical, and a singular power of will that he had come to the top. He was what people call a strong man. You could see this strength in the large, muscular frame, and the massive, commanding features. And Lowry had honest men under him, and could depend on them to obey orders. That is why Lowry's enemies styled him the corruptest boss that ever entered politics.

The senator was sitting in his committee room at the capitol, when he gave utterance to the forcible remarks above quoted. He had just received a telegram from Coleridge, the machine governor of his state, informing him very respectfully, yet very firmly, that if the Lampton appropriation bill passed the state legislature he would veto it. The senator was a very angry man, and a very unjustified one. He could not see what reason there could be to move Coleridge to oppose this bill. He knew (for he himself had fathered it) that it was a perfectly just measure, one that would go far toward promoting the welfare of the people. He knew that Coleridge was nothing if not a honest man; hence, he sought in vain for an explanation of this, his first attempt, to oppose the will of the boss.

The more the senator thought about it, the more perplexed and the more angry he became. So at last he dashed off the following telegram to the governor:

"Come to Washington at once. Meet me at the hotel, at 8 p. m., on the 25th."

"Well," he remarked grimly, his anger having cooled a little, "that ought to bring Mr. Coleridge around. He probably won't come, but a telegram of submission will do just as well." And the boss chuckled contentedly.

The next day he received a reply in which the governor "regretted that the press of business would not permit him to do as the senator had requested."

"But," the governor had added, "I am always at home to Senator Lowry."

When the senator had recovered from the shock of reading this interesting epistle, the humor of the situation—that of a politician declining to do as his boss bids him—began to dawn upon him, and he was even heard to express admiration for the governor's "soul."

"Nevertheless," he said, "the Lampton bill must go through, and I will not allow Coleridge to thwart me in this matter, not even if I have to go all the way to T— to prevent it. But, first, I'll see how a threat will work."

Accordingly, he sent the governor an-

other message. He thanked him very kindly for his courtesy, but said that he would advise him to change his mind in regard to the Lampton appropriation. Else, very likely, there would be a different candidate for governor at the next election. In less than an hour a reply from the governor, quite as positive as the first and sharper in tone, reached the senator.

The next day Senator Lowry, bag in hand, commanding and distinguished in his high hat and well-fitting frock coat, mounted the steps of the U. S. westward-bound express.

The boss and the governor were in the executive chamber. The governor sat at his desk, cool and collected. The boss was before the governor in a big, comfortable rocking-chair, looking at him keenly from beneath his half-closed eye-lids.

The senator was the first to speak. "Governor," he said abruptly, "I want to know why you've taken this fatal notion into your head to veto the Lampton Appropriation. No toshing, now, what's your reason?"

The governor laughed pleasantly. "Oh, well, I suppose I might just as well tell you. It's because I am going to get married."

"What's that got to do with the Lampton appropriation. Are you crazy, man?"

"No," returned the governor, complacently, "at least, I don't think so. And he laughed again.

"My marrying has a great deal to do with this bill, and if you'll be patient and give me a little time, I will clear it all up to you. But first of all, I want you to admit, senator, that while the Lampton bill is a very good thing for the people of this state, still it is by no means necessary for their welfare. Isn't that so, senator?"

The senator frowned and thought a minute.

"Yes," he finally agreed. "That's so."

"Now," continued the governor, "isn't it nearly essential to the average man's happiness that he marry the girl he loves?"

"I suppose so," said Lowry, with an air of resignation, though not being a married man he really knew nothing about it.

"So, senator, here's the case in a nutshell. If the Lampton appropriation goes through, I lose the girl! Do you blame me, senator?"

"Do I blame you?" thundered back the boss, "do I blame you for putting your own selfish interests before the welfare of this state? Certainly, governor, I do blame you. Certainly every man of honor should blame you."

The boss became suddenly calm.

"You have not yet told me, governor, how the passage of the Lampton bill can so affect your affairs of heart."

The governor was cool.

"The young lady in the affair, senator, is the daughter of old Maurice Cummings, one time of the fifth ward. You know Cummings, and you can understand why he would be opposed to this bill—interests in the Tribune

consolidated, and all that. Now, when I went to ask Cummings for his daughter's hand, he gave his consent, but with one condition. That condition that I veto—"

"And you accepted it, did you, governor?" burst out the boss, indignantly. "Is this the honesty of which you boasted to me—"

"Now, senator," interrupted the governor, "I realize that I have been selfish in this matter, but, according to my way of looking at it, I have not been dishonest. And I have, at least, the right to explain."

"I did not give Cummings an answer, and I had thought it over a week. In fact, my first impulse was indignantly to reject this proposal. But in my calmer moments I came to the conclusion that the people of this state, happy and prosperous as they are, do not need the Lampton appropriation bill half as much as I need Mildred Cummings. You, senator, may end my career, if you wish. But I have made up my mind, and will not change it. I know that your heart is in the right place, senator, and it is my honest belief that if you should meet Miss Cummings and talk with her for about five minutes, you would see my side of the question very quickly."

But the boss arose and picked up his hat. "Good-morning, governor, senator," he said coldly, and started to leave.

At that moment the governor's private secretary entered the room, and, going up to Coleridge, said something to him in a low tone. The governor immediately became excited.

"Show her in, quick!" he said abruptly.

Then he turned toward the retreating form of Senator Lowry, and "Hem," he said, "why—I say, senator, won't you—"

The senator turned around, his countenance dark and forbidding, and thrust instant at a door opposite there appeared a young woman, tall, graceful and beautiful. Her entrance was like a sudden burst of sunshine. A great roar, pinned to her breast, resounded the air with its fragrance.

With a curious smile she was looking at the boss. The latter stood as though rooted to the spot, awkward and embarrassed, going at her in surprise and unadvised admiration, and trying, at the same time, with much effort and little success, to frown. The governor was equal to the situation.

"Mildred," he said, stepping forward, "let me introduce you to Senator Lowry, of whom you have so often heard me speak."

The senator bowed profoundly. Miss Cummings favored him with a smile. The senator smiled, then he asked: "He was more nervous than when he delivered his maiden speech in congress. He wanted to speak, but did not know what to say. The dazzling beauty of this young lady was too much for him. At last he spoke."

"An accident," she said, "this made me an obedient admirer of you, Senator Lowry."

The senator was gallant by nature, and essentially a man of nerve. His hat went back to the right place and

continued to beat as it should; he became suddenly at his ease. With a magnificent air he answered:

"Miss Cummings, the governor should feel it cause for great shame that he has not long ago made me an obedient admirer of you and your beauty."

The young lady flushed as if it was only proper that she should do so, and the next moment the boss and the bride-to-be were seated face to face, the senator charmed by the young lady's beauty.

Miss Cummings' smile gradually faded, and she took out a book, and proceeded to read a book, was contemplating with great delight a situation which, he thought, could not fail to be of advantage to himself.

Nearly an hour passed before Miss Cummings was suddenly reminded of an engagement. She arose and delighted the senator with another smile; the senator's courtly bow would have done credit to any southern gentleman of fifty years ago. And with a swish of skirts Miss Cummings had vanished.

The boss looked at the governor; the governor smiled a knowing smile; the boss smiled a sickly smile.

But Senator Lowry, as I said before, was essentially a man of nerve. So he braced himself, while his face took on the appearance of great determination. Advancing to the governor, he took the latter's hand in his own tight grasp.

"Coleridge," he said, "I congratulate you. You are a man. She's a beauty, and I don't blame you."

"How about the Lampton bill, senator?" the governor asked, with animated, yet admiring eyes.

"Damn it,"

—Hall Street, Lusk, in the Georgetown College Journal.

### CRIMES OF THE CORSET.

Efforts in France to Prohibit the Wear of the Article.

Paris, France, to the New York Tribune.

In the four hundred years that have elapsed since Catherine de Medici introduced corsets into France, criticism of the article and of the women wearing it has not been lacking. Indeed, it was not long after the death of Catherine when a celebrated French savant gave a public lecture in his dissecting room at the Hotel Dieu to demonstrate the "crimes" of which the corset was guilty. These lectures raised much discussion at the time, and they, perhaps, did not copy and the former laws of corsets, were responsible for the boss, floating lines of the Watteau ideal, or, a century afterward, for the costumes of the Directoire. Now another celebrated French doctor has returned to the charge, and not content with lecturing and denouncing the evils of corsets, has gone so far as to form a bill which it is his intention to present to the chamber, and which, in the case of its becoming a law, would most effectually put a stop to what this doctor terms "the crime of corset-making."

Dr. Marchal is a physician whose reputation would not lend one to accuse him of mere sensationalism, yet the charges that he brings against corsets in his recent lecture are perhaps more stringent than those ever uttered before by any member of the anti-corset brigade. Dr. Marchal makes the astonishing assertion, and pretends to back it up by statistics, that out of a hundred young women who wear corsets only thirty retain perfect health. The law that Dr. Marchal is endeavor-

ing to have passed is divided into three articles. Article I forbids any woman under thirty to wear a corset of any description. Any woman convicted of doing so shall be punished by three months of imprisonment. If the delinquent should be a minor her parents or guardians as well shall be condemned to pay a fine of from ten to fifty francs.

Article II permits any woman over thirty to wear any corset she wishes.

Article III provides for the most rigorous formalities surrounding the manufacturing and sale of corsets. Every one licensed to sell corsets shall be obliged to take the name, address and age of every buyer, and shall be subject to fine and confiscation of business in case of an illegal sale.

Although Dr. Marchal asks that legislation shall only take cognizance of the evils of corsets at present, he is by no means to stop there in his desire for dress reform. He has a good deal to say on the subject of high heels and pointed toes, of tight gloves and long skirts. In short, he claims that women's dress has caused a frightful physical deterioration in the human species. While the cranium of the Merovingian woman had a capacity of 1,382 cubic centimeters, that of the modern French woman has a capacity of only 1,337 cubic centimeters, and this loss, the doctor declares, is due to the habit of wearing heavy headresses. As to whether or no a modern French head weighing only 1,337 cubic centimeters is worth more than a Merovingian cranium weighing somewhat more is a subject on which the learned doctor does not care to enter. He is convinced that corsets, high heels and long skirts, and the items of the feminine wardrobe that have come to the conclusion that if women will not be persuaded to discard them they should be forced to do so.

Dr. Marchal is an ardent supporter of the women's rights movement in France, and he appears to do so through the intervention of her old-time "lord and master," the man and husband. But it has been argued by people whose perspicacity has been brought to bear on the subject that the strongest objections to the unrestricted abuse come from man—the ordinary, average man. When he shall become convinced that a tight waist and confined hips are not necessary to a woman's good appearance there is a possibility that the corset will be done away with.

### DOMESTIC HINTS.

Pictures which have become discolored, under glass, should have the backs removed and the picture and inside glass washed.

When an older dress quilt has got hard and lost all its elasticity, hang it in the sink for a few hours, and the quilt will turn be as good as new.

Buttons will stick with much less frequency if the knobs are soaked in kerosene. Dip the buttons in the kerosene, and let them dry in the air.

While darning, silk, or floss, which are to be used on some time, should be laid on this tissue paper, or what is better, an old piece of thin silk, and then in a sheet of muslin bag. This will keep them from turning yellow.

As a way to make lamp chimneys to hold them for a moment in the steam from a boiling kettle, rub only with a clean cloth, and push with soft newspaper. Remember that no lamp can be expected to burn well unless the burner is kept clean.

A very easy way to keep kerosene in place when on the surface and from a glass lamp.

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over them. The tomatoes must not be heated until the kerosene is needed for use, or the oil getting to them will make them sour. Another way is to hang them in a net in an airy place.

It is a good thing for the birds to put them in the window and let the sun rays shine on them, and once a week it improves them to place in the kitchen sink or the bath tub and pour fresh water over them. The water should be changed thoroughly with water. The water in the lot should be kept clean, for it is not a good thing to let the water stand in the saucers.

Many people often fall in cooking potatoes, although they can be cooked in any other way. When trying potatoes it should be borne in mind that the fat must be very hot, if not actually boiling, before the potatoes are put in. Each piece of potato should be stirred often, for it will not cook if it is to the bottom. When the potatoes are sufficiently cooked, they should be taken up and placed on paper to keep the moisture from them. The potatoes should be very dry and crisp. It is a good thing to only use at hand, cut them in slices, and then them thickly before trying in deep fat.