

How They Became Acquainted

By MAY C. ETHERIDGE

Mr. Tinkham came home for dinner tired after a hard day's work. Usually his wife listened for him to come home after business and either met him in the hall or called for him to come up stairs for the connubial kiss. Today she did neither. Mr. Tinkham, hearing or seeing nothing of her, went up to her bedroom. She was sitting before the window with her back to him. "My dear," he said, and paused. No reply.

"What's the matter?" Without turning she pointed to the bureau. Her husband went to it and there lay an envelope, unaddressed. He took from it a bit of tissue paper neatly folded. Opening the paper, he uncovered a strand of hair arranged in circular form and fastened with a bit of very narrow blue ribbon. "Well," he said, "what about it?" "What about it?" rising and facing him. "I found it in the pocket of your overcoat that you left for me to put away for the season."

"My overcoat?" "Yes, your overcoat." "How did it get there?" "Don't ask me how it got there. You doubtless know how it got there." "Do you mean to tell me that you found that in my overcoat pocket?" "I do."

"Where's the coat?" "There," pointing to a closet. Mr. Tinkham opened a closet door and took from it his winter overcoat. He had bought it at Stevenson's, ready made. It was the same pattern as the one he had purchased, and the maker's name was on the back. He was convinced that he had not exchanged coats with any one. And yet such an exchange was possible. He had lunched at a restaurant, and a waiter had hung his coat on a hook. Some one who had bought a suit from Stevenson's, made from the same goods, might have got the Tinkham coat, and Tinkham might have got the unknown's coat. Mr. Tinkham gave this explanation to his wife as a possible solution. It did not work.

Without making any reply Mrs. Tinkham put on her wraps and sailed down stairs and out of the house. Her husband called after her not to make a fool of herself, but come back and help him solve the mystery. She did not heed him.

Mr. Tinkham debated what he should do. Then sat down to dinner, hoping that his wife would come back before he had finished. She did not come, and after vainly trying to make out a dinner he arose from the table put on his hat and overcoat and went out, intending to go to the restaurant where he had lunched and try to discover if any one had exchanged coats with him.

Mrs. Tinkham, nursing her wrath, walked aimlessly about for awhile when she began to feel faint for want of sustenance. Too proud or too vain to return to her home, she went to a restaurant to get a cup of tea. There was one best restaurant in the town, where she had often been with her husband, and thither she directed her steps. While sitting at a table a handsome young man stepped up to her, bowed politely and said: "Is this Mrs. Tinkham?" "It is."

"The proprietor has told me that he has seen you here with your husband. I lunched here today, and when I left a waiter handed me my coat. Happening to put my hand in my pocket, I felt a paper, and on examination it proved to have Mr. Tinkham's name on it. This I discovered only half an hour ago and came here to learn where I could find Mr. Tinkham."

The young man held up the counter part of the coat from which Mrs. Tinkham had taken the lock of hair. Mrs. Tinkham asked him a few questions about the coat, and while she was doing so the young man dropped into a seat opposite her.

Meanwhile Mr. Tinkham, who had been approaching, entered the restaurant at the same time as a young and pretty woman. The lady spied Mrs. Tinkham and the young man sitting at the same table and with fire in her eye, approached them. Mr. Tinkham, too, saw his wife and followed the lady.

"This is the way you are detained at business," said the latter, "and break your engagements! Please understand that all is off between us." "And this is the way," cried a voice behind her, addressing Mrs. Tinkham, "that you contrive to meet a lover! A clever device to put a lock of hair in my pocket and then flounce out of the house to come here to keep an appointment."

"A lock of hair!" exclaimed Mrs. Tinkham's companion. "Did I leave a lock of hair in the coat?" "Whose hair?" cried the young lady vociferously. "Yours," snapped the young man. "Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, said the proprietor, who, hearing the wrangle, approached. "I can have no quarrel in my restaurant."

After considerably more talk the matter was finally explained, whereupon Mr. Tinkham proposed that they all have dinner together. The young man introduced himself and his fiancée. A good dinner was served, and every one was happy. Later, when they parted, the ladies agreed to exchange calls, and in time they all became fast friends.

"You are reckless this morning," Elsa said, with a laugh of pleasure, as we shot swiftly between two carriages, perilously close.

I made no answer, only prayed for a clear course. We were at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street now. In a few moments we should reach the bridge.

And then the worst happened. As we rolled toward the bridge Elsa clasped her hands gayly, like a child. "Oh, see!" she cried. "We shall have a stop. The bridge is going to open!" Horror closed in on me. I cast one searching glance about us, but there was no place to turn; in every direction the way was blocked. There was no choice possible. I must let the machine run straight on.

I knew then that I could no longer conceal the truth from Elsa. She must know the fate that threatened, looming ghastly, inevitable.

I turned and spoke to her softly, pitiingly, a prayer for forgiveness in my voice. "Elsa, dearest, I cannot stop the auto!"

In the one glance I gave her I saw the pallid agony of her face, and my heart was near broken with despair. One cry came from her lips, a sound, half sob, half moan, breathed and was broken. She had fainted, lying inert against me.

We were on the bridge now. The seconds of our time were numbered. Leaving the machine to run straight, with tense rapidity I threw myself over its back and rudely dragged Elsa to a place beside me on the box that contained the power. There I knelt, facing forward. Then, still kneeling, I gathered up my love in my arms, holding her close to my bosom.

There were shouts of wonder and alarm from others on the bridge. The time that now remained before the crash could be only seconds. I straightened myself on my knees, then leaned back abruptly. Elsa still in my arms. In an instant I was falling backward; then my feet touched the flooring of the bridge.

I fell heavily on my side. My last thought was that at all costs she must not suffer harm. Then blackness closed in on me, and I was lost in nothingness.

They told me afterward that the crash of the motorcar against the rail and its headlong rush into the river below were wonderful and terrifying. As for Elsa and me, we knew nothing of it all. When I regained consciousness, however, Elsa was kneeling by me, her eyes beaming tenderness and pity.

Clumsily I rose to my feet. I was aching in every bone, but I was not seriously harmed.

I was soiled with the dirt of the street, a little bloody from bruises here and there, very weak and trembling, but after a moment my brain cleared, and I was able to climb into a hansom. As I leaned wearily against the cushions Elsa's hand stole to mine and clasped it gently. She turned her face to me, and I saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Thank you," she said. There was a beautiful kindness in her voice, a soft, womanly appreciation of the service I had rendered, a restrained emotion of tenderness. But, weak, suffering, dazed, I yet perceived that here there was no passionate fervor.

I made a formal answer, then rested silent. Elsa, in sympathy for my mood, said no more.

The next morning I went to her. She met me with eager solicitude as to my condition after the accident. I answered briefly.

"Elsa, I come to release you from your engagement to me."

The color faded from her face, and she stared at me in amazement. "Yes," I continued; "I believe you thought you loved me. You have been, you are, my friend, but I have seen the passion you can feel, the depth, the ardor, of your heart, and I know your love is not for me. So I release you."

"You have seen? Where? When?" she stammered wonderingly.

"I have seen you on the stage, in Anstee's arms, his Juliet, his Margaret, in the new play. Oh, and it has broken my heart to see you lying so willingly in his embrace, your eyes blazing love into his! Yes, Elsa; it is death to give you up, but I know I have no choice, for your heart is not mine, but his."

Elsa laughed. I recoiled in mingled indignation and sorrow.

"You are amused by this?" I cried.

"Forgive me," she said very seriously. "But you are so foolish, dearest. Let me tell you something. You have given me the greatest compliment I have ever received as an actress. And you were really jealous! Oh, you darling! Almost I am glad of it. Hear me. On the stage I play my part—my part, do you understand? Nothing more. Off the stage, with you, I am not artificial; I am only natural. To my lover on the stage I am his heroine, silly, passionate, weeping, mad, anything the part demands—a thousand things. With you I am only one thing, natural, simple—a woman who loves, who loves—you! Are you content? With you I show only what I feel. Isn't that enough?"

Somehow, as she spoke, the scales fell from my eyes. I saw there in her gentle tenderness the profounder passion of sincerity, of abiding love. I drew her to me, my heart beating a reveille of joy.

"As to Anstee, I have asked our manager to discharge him. He leaves this week. Oh, such a man! I'd rather rant to a stick! And you, sweetheart? Oh, I love you too much to be untrue to you! Besides, really you ought to be content, for—well, just for this—I love you!"

And then my kiss silenced her.

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QUESTIONS THAT A GOOD CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW

- D. Have you read the Constitution of the United States?
R. Yes.
- D. What form of Government is this?
R. Republic.
- D. What is the Constitution of the United States?
R. It is the fundamental law of this country.
- D. Who makes the laws of the United States?
R. The Congress.
- D. What does Congress consist of?
R. Senate and House of Representatives.
- D. Who is the chief executive of the United States?
R. President.
- D. How long is the President of the United States elected?
R. 4 years.
- D. Who takes the place of the president in case he dies?
R. The Vice President.
- D. What is his name?
R. Thomas R. Marshall.
- D. By whom is the President of the United States elected?
R. By the electors.
- D. By whom are the electors elected?
R. By the people.
- D. Who makes the laws for the state of Pennsylvania?
R. The Legislature.
- D. What does the Legislature consist of?
R. Senate and Assembly.
- D. How many State in the union?
R. 48.
- D. When was the Declaration of Independence signed?
R. July 4, 1776.
- D. By whom was it written?
R. Thomas Jefferson.
- D. Which is the capital of the United States?
R. Washington.
- D. Which is the capital of the state of Pennsylvania?
R. Harrisburg.
- D. How many Senators has each state in the United States Senate?
R. Two.
- D. By whom are they elected?
R. By the people.
- D. For how long?
R. 6 years.
- D. How many representatives are there?
R. 435. According to the population one to every 211,000, (the ratio fixed by Congress after each decennial census.)
- D. For how long are they elected?
R. 2 years.
- D. How many electoral votes has the state of Pennsylvania?
R. 38.
- D. Who is the chief executive of the state of Pennsylvania?
R. The Governor.
- D. For how long is he elected?
R. 4 years.
- D. Who is the Governor?

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- R. Brumbaugh.
- D. Do you believe in organized government?
R. Yes.
- D. Are you opposed to organized government?
R. No.
- D. Are you an anarchist?
R. No.
- D. What is an anarchist?
R. A person who does not believe in organized government.
- D. Are you a bigamist or polygamist?
R. No.
- D. What is a bigamist or polygamist?
R. One who believes in having more than one wife.
- D. Do you belong to any secret Society who teaches to disbelieve in organized government?
R. No.
- D. Have you ever violated any laws of the United States?
R. No.
- D. Who makes the ordinances for the City?
R. The board of Aldermen.
- D. Do you intend to remain permanently in the U. S.?
R. Yes.

AL CINEMATOGRAFO COLONIAL

Lunedì: "Il trionfo dei cantatori d'Opera, con attori italiani. Storia d'amore che viene interrotta dal fragore del terremoto."

WESTWARD HO! BY WAGON.

Staten Island Prairie Schooner Is Going to San Francisco.
Driving up to the New York city hall in an old fashioned prairie schooner drawn by two horses, John Urfilinger and William Stevens obtained a letter from Mayor Mitchell to deliver to Mayor Rolph of San Francisco.

The odd trip across the continent is being made in the interest of Staten Island business men, who want it advertised that Staten Island is the gateway of the eastern coast, just as San Francisco is supposed to be the gateway of the western.
The schooner was driven about Manhattan, and a trip made through Brooklyn. Charles J. McCormack of Richmond borough started the wagon on its long overland trip to the western city, where it is due to arrive before the Panama exposition ends.

RICHEST TYPIST QUILTS JOB.

Not Because She's Tired, but She Wants to Give Needy Girl Work.
Miss Flora Holt, the nation's richest stenographer, who recently inherited the estate of Vilna McDonald of Escanaba, Mich., daughter of a former lieutenant governor of Michigan and who upon becoming an heiress said she would not quit her job, has at last resigned.

She has quit, not because of a wish to be idle, but because she believes that by remaining at work when she did not need the money she was keeping some needy girl out of a job. The estate which she inherited was nearly \$250,000, amassed in the iron mines of upper Michigan. Miss McDonald was her cousin.

Fulfilled.
Mrs. Gnaggs—Before we were married you used to say you could listen to my sweet voice all night. Mr. Gnaggs—Well, at that time I had no idea I'd ever have to do it.—Judge.

Not a Bout Winner.
Tramp—Once I was well known as a wrestler, mum. Lady—And do you wrestle now? Tramp—Only did poverty, mum.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.
Comparison more than reality makes men happy and can make them wretched.—Feltzaz.

TOUCHING A CONSCIENCE

How a Crime Was Robbed of Its Reward.

By EUNICE BLAKE

David Herrick and his wife had no children, and as they were growing old they decided to adopt some one to be with them while they lived and to enjoy after their death a snug property they had accumulated. There were two persons from whom they were disposed to select this companion and heir, the one Julia Andrews, the daughter of a sister of Mr. Herrick; the other Kate Armitage, a girl who had at times been employed by them for various purposes.

Mrs. Herrick let out the secret of their intention to a friend who told it to Kate Armitage. The consequence was that when Julia Andrews was chosen Kate was much chagrined. Quite likely, if she had not received the information given her, this story would never have been written. Julia Andrews was a lovely girl, very sensitive and high spirited. She entered upon her life as companion for her uncle and aunt and resolved to do all she could for their happiness. Not long after she did so a will was made in her favor.

Kate Armitage found it impossible to relinquish not only the comfortable home, but the fortune, that would have been hers had the decision been in her favor and resolved to make an effort to oust her successful rival that she might step into her place. When a person is determined to ruin another, if the work is properly planned and without any regard whatever to truth or justice, in many cases the effort will be successful.

Kate Armitage's first object was to get possession of a specimen of the handwriting of the girl who was so serious of supplanting. She took a note under an assumed name, taking care even to copy the initials, telling her a pitiful story of her mother and a lot of lies, and begging her to give her pecuniary assistance.

Not long after this Mrs. Herrick received an anonymous letter, the contents one purporting to have been written by Julia, in which she said that she was getting very tired waiting for the old couple to die, and she wished they would hurry up. The letter began "My dear" and ended "Your loving Julia." Therefore the identity of the person to whom it had been written was concealed. The person who sent the letter—obviously a woman—declared that she could not bear to see a good woman so basely deceived and had therefore sent her the proof of her niece's ingratitude.

Mrs. Herrick was naturally very much shocked. She recognized at once Julia's handwriting, or supposed she did, for she did not know that Kate Armitage had practiced for weeks imitating it, and it seemed to her that there was no question as to her niece's guilt. Her husband was not at home then, and she could not wait till he returned to charge Julia with her baseness. Julia, who did not suppose she had an enemy in the world, was thunderstruck. She denied having written the letter, and when her aunt called upon her for proof of the fact, yielding to her sensitive, high strung nature, she walked out of the room, put on her wraps and left the house.

When Mr. Herrick returned and learned what had occurred he was not so disposed as was his wife to believe in his niece's guilt. He explained to her that the law was full of peculiar checks that were intended to protect persons accused of crime, not only from false evidence, but from the taking of steps calculated to place them in false positions. He therefore advocated recalling Julia and hearing what she had to say in her defense. His wife opposed this because, she maintained, Julia had acknowledged her guilt by going away.

Having failed in their first effort to get some one to be a comfort to them and inherit their property, they decided to make another trial in the person of Kate Armitage. She was asked by Mrs. Herrick to a conference which resulted in her being invited to live with the couple on trial. She quickly assented and became a member of the family. She proved more satisfactory than Julia as a helper, because what Julia had done for her aunt and uncle from choice Kate did to make herself solid with those from whom she hoped to inherit a fortune. Nevertheless there is a difference between true and false affection which appears at times, for it is a different matter for the pretender to keep up the pretense. Mr. Herrick regretted his niece and failed to take any interest in Kate Armitage.

Kate proving eminently satisfactory to Mrs. Herrick, the old couple decided to make a will in her favor. Mr. Herrick had accumulated the property, and he willed the property to his wife, who made a will in favor of Kate. The attorney who drew these wills recommended certain restrictions. If Mrs. Herrick should be disabled from making a subsequent will the one she had made must stand. It was therefore possible for Kate to marry, leave her benefactress and yet inherit the property at the latter's death. A clause was therefore introduced into Mrs. Herrick's will that in case Kate mar-

ried the will should be void. In such event, there being no will, the property would be distributed among the heirs-at-law.

Mrs. Herrick died when Kate had been living with them three years, and his wife followed him six months later. Kate had been told by Mrs. Herrick that she had made a will in her favor, but the restriction was not mentioned. After the old lady's death the lawyer who had drawn it and in whose care it had been ever since produced it and signified to Kate that he had deposited it with the surrogate. She had only to go to that official to sign the necessary documents and receive her inheritance.

It is not to be assumed from this narrative that Kate Armitage was a good girl. Not long after she went to live with the Herricks she fell in with a young man, and a love affair resulted. She could not marry without leaving Mr. and Mrs. Herrick, which would be equivalent to relinquishing a fortune. After Mr. Herrick's death she consented to secretly marry her lover, she to retain her residence with Mrs. Herrick. The marriage was performed by a clergyman and with witnesses to whom the bride was personally unknown, for she would trust no one except her lover with a secret on which so much depended.

Kate concluded to receive her property under her maiden name, though she had been advised that property left her as a spinster was equally hers as a married woman. She went alone to the surrogate, who showed her the will. She read that all Mrs. Herrick's property was hers and breathed a sigh of relief. Then she read on and saw that provided she married the will was void.

She uttered a suppressed cry. All that she had sinned for, all that she had waited for during five years, was lost. But was it lost? One who had ruined another by a forgery was not incapable of signing a lie. Might she not receive the property as an unmarried woman?

The surrogate obliged her before acknowledging her right to the property to sign a statement under oath that she was not married. This was a more serious matter than forging a letter. She did not dare sign without consultation or at least deliberation. She went to a lawyer and stated her case hypothetically. He informed her that a married woman under the circumstances signing a statement that she was not and had not been married would commit a felony and was liable to imprisonment.

In her perplexity she informed her husband what she was obliged to do to secure the property they had been waiting for. He saw at once that it could be secured only by the perpetration of a crime and told her so. A quarrel resulted between them, and he left her.

The fear of prison kept the beneficiary of the will from signing a falsehood, and after much delay she was forced to admit to the attorney who had had charge of the Herrick property that she was a married woman and had no claim on the property. The lawyer before notifying the heirs-at-law that Mrs. Herrick had died without a valid will made a search among the family papers to be sure that there was no prior will. He found one that had been made in favor of Julia Andrews soon after she had gone to live with the Herricks.

One morning Julia Andrews received a letter informing her that she had inherited an estate worth \$300,000. Julia believed there was some mistake. She called on the lawyer who had sent the notification, and he told her that Kate Armitage, who had taken her place in the Herrick household, had been left the property, but with a proviso which had nullified the will.

Julia had known that her uncle and aunt had supplied her place, but knew little or nothing about the person who had taken it. If she accepted this property she would take advantage of a technicality to secure an inheritance that was not rightfully hers. She thought the matter over, then asked for an appointment to meet the person whom she considered the rightful heir.

The two women met at the lawyer's office and were left alone in a private room. Julia was as calm as a summer sky. Kate was pale as a ghost. "I presume," said Julia, "that you went to live with my uncle and aunt with the understanding that you were to inherit their property."

"I did," said Kate in a faint voice. "How came it that my aunt put the provision in her will that if you married you should lose your inheritance?" "I don't know. I never knew of such provision."

"You completed your part of the contract, I believe—you remained with my aunt so long as she lived."

"I did."

"Then the property rightfully belongs to you." Kate made no reply to this. She hung her head to conceal her features, which showed the workings of conscience. There was a long silence, at the end of which Julia continued: "I cannot accept this property for two reasons. The first is that my aunt did not intend to leave it to me; therefore it is not mine. In the second place, when I was wrongfully accused by means of a forged letter my aunt believed the forgery instead of my denial, and I am too proud to take it on this account. I am ready to turn it over to you." No police inspector could have applied the third degree to a criminal more effectively. Kate broke down and confessed that she was the author of the forgery. Because of her repentance Julia granted her an allowance as long as she lived.