

# GRACE.

It Removed an Objectionable Chaperon.

By STACY E. BAKER.  
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There were three girls of them—Beth, who was past twenty; Nora, nineteen; and Belle, the "baby," just turned thirteen. It was a happy and well organized party in spite of the fact that it was rather late in the afternoon. Father Kepner, who was a traveling salesman, was away on a great deal of the time. Marie Lester was a cousin of the girls. She, too, was motherless as well as fatherless, and it occurred to the elder Kepner that a home with his daughters and their privileges would be eagerly accepted by her in lieu of the position for which the girl's letters indicated that she was searching. He went for her.



"GIRLS DON'T BECOME MEN." It was a town that a family can be overlooked, and you girls, with your saucy, will be sure to be talked about you are not properly chaperoned." The Kepner trio were handsome. They were popular. The best thing men in the town were glad to be numbered among their friends, and the Kepner house was generally the center of the young people. Beth was a stately brunette, tall, and as perfectly confident as became an older sister. Nora was a blond, yellow haired, intently feminine. Belle was a nondescript. It was she who raised the most strenuous objections to the importation of Cousin Marie, but in the end the father won his suit. As cousin was, according to family records, thirty-two years of age. A late subsidence was expected to mar the marriage. Imagine the surprise of the thing, then, when a dapper, well-dressed, and as perfectly confident as became an older sister. Nora was a blond, yellow haired, intently feminine. Belle was a nondescript. It was she who raised the most strenuous objections to the importation of Cousin Marie, but in the end the father won his suit. As cousin was, according to family records, thirty-two years of age. A late subsidence was expected to mar the marriage. Imagine the surprise of the thing, then, when a dapper, well-dressed, and as perfectly confident as became an older sister.

three trained swimmers. "I have a scheme," she said, "after a tense second thought, I will work out all the girls know that Marie is a girl who has a mild complexion, and she always has a powder puff handy at all times to make that doll face of hers look the part." "Don't be petty," cautioned Beth severely. "If you have a 'scheme,' as you call it, explain it to us."

"I'll not," snapped Belle. "If I did you would object to it. I'll only say this—if you see anything unusual to-morrow night don't give the joke away by laughing. Just remain serenely indifferent, as if whatever happens were nothing unusual at all. If you will just intimate some time previous to this that 'Marie, poor dear, is a little peculiar at times' it will help a lot."

Both and Nora smiled at the brave attempt of the youngest to adjust things, but mutually agreed to give her free rein. The next night, as usual, Marie did more than her share of entertaining, and the visitors seemed content to have it so. The evening bade fair to adhere to its usual routine. The girl from Chicago had a habit of excusing herself frequently for a few moments at a time. Tonight was no exception to the rule. On several different occasions the gallants were left to the tender care of the girls which they were supposed to have come to see, and the three sisters forgivingly strove to entertain them during the absence of the main attraction.

Young Jones, the lad formerly answering to the beck and call of Belle, was the chaperon's favorite of the evening. Only when the woman left the room did his thoughts seem to center on the younger of the sisters, but at such times the flush on his beardless cheeks and the manifest uneasiness of him as he glanced guiltily at the girl proved that he was not yet past redemption. "Ah, you flirting, I believe you have been rotting during my absence!"

The chaperon, returned, found her interesting youth almost retained by the time improving Belle. Jones started guiltily, cast an appealing eye at his rightful owner and again turned, magnetized, to the alluring voice. "Oh, Miss Marie!" he started, then gulped a couple of times and stared at the boy knowing Marie with great, round eyes.

Smith and Brown, observant ones, eclipsed for the evening, also started. Fortunately for the success of Belle's plan, none of the three was possessed of a high sense of humor. Marie seemed puzzled for a moment by the dazed glance of the trio, but finally as the girls kept up a distracting conversation, favoring their relative with only a casual glance, she concluded that this was only a burst of visual homage on the part of the enamored ones.

Gradually, however, the girl from Chicago grew embarrassed before the lout like glances of these country town admirers, and a cautious hand investigated stealthily every curl and strand of the bronze red hair mass that was her chief glory. Nothing surprising was revealed by her sensitive fingers. She breathed easier. Smothering what uneasiness remained, Marie carried on a brilliant conversation, but the brilliancy was confined to her end of it. From a conversational standpoint the gay Lotharios were equal to nothing.

With a relieved sigh the chaperon returned with her relatives to the parlor after bidding the young men good night. "Oh, Marie," hissed Belle as she turned quickly to the older girl, "what a clever and most original idea! I could hardly keep my face straight."

# CH. KINLEY TENER IN TOUR OF TRIUMPH

Thousands Great Republican Nominee For Governor.

MEETS ISSUES SQUARELY

Frank and Manly Statements Command the Respect and Confidence of the People.

As John Kinley Tener, nominee for governor of the Republican party, continues on his tour of Pennsylvania, meeting the people face to face, grasping them by the hand and looking every man squarely in the eye and not afraid to meet any issue or question that may be raised, he is growing in popularity in every direction. The more the voters see of him the better they like him, and upon every hand he is being commended for the frankness and candor with which he is discussing the needs of the commonwealth, the policies of the Republican party and his personal aims and ambitions to insure an administration that will command the confidence and the admiration of all of the citizens of the state.

Mr. Tener and his colleagues on the Republican ticket, John M. Reynolds, Henry Houck and Charles F. Wright, nominees for lieutenant governor, secretary of internal affairs and state treasurer respectively, are enthusiastic over the receptions that have been accorded them in every county they have visited. Their meetings in the anthracite coal regions were especially well attended and afforded Mr. Tener an opportunity to demonstrate his keen interest in the wage-earners. His experiences as a lad employed in a steel mill in the great Pittsburgh region may in a measure explain his keen interest in the toilers of the state.

In commenting upon Pennsylvania conditions, Mr. Tener a few days ago said: "The Republican party of Pennsylvania has to its credit a long history of legislation for the benefit of the people and the honor of the commonwealth. Their laws have been enacted for the protection of the working people, most of which were placed upon the statute books at the request and with the advice of the organized workmen. Of this record we are justly proud, and we point to our action in the past as a guarantee of our intentions in the future. We recognize the fact that the development of our industries has brought with it new problems, new dangers, and altogether complex conditions that demand and deserve consideration and treatment by the law making and law administering powers of our commonwealth."

"Among the many subjects affecting the wage-earners which it will be our duty to consider in the future none is more important than the enactment of laws for the protection of the life, health and safety of the men and women who are engaged in industrial pursuits. The first requisite of a progressive community must be the safety and security of these people who are least able to protect themselves and the prevention of industrial accidents is a problem that must appeal to all patriotic citizens of the commonwealth. In connection with this question, mine and factory inspection has been developed steadily in the state of Pennsylvania, and many laws have been enacted requiring employers to safeguard the lives and the health of the wage-earners. Further legislation upon this subject will be enacted just as fast as experience points out the necessity therefor."

Responsibility of Employer. "Closely related to the subject of industrial accidents and their prevention is the question of compensating workmen for losses by such accidents. The Republican party of Pennsylvania is responsible for the enactment of an employers' liability law, the provisions of which afford to workmen the opportunity of securing damages in many cases where they would not have the right to sue under the laws of many states. "However it is a regrettable fact that under any system of liability the workmen must engage in long and costly litigation, and that the waste of money by workmen and employers in prosecuting and defending suits of this character would go a long way if paid immediately to the injured workman, to relieve him in his distress."

Pennsylvania Should Lead. "We believe that the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the greatest of all industrial states, should be among the first to put in operation advanced legislation in respect to this subject, and as a measure to that end it will be our purpose to recommend the appointment of a commission of representative workmen and employers, whose duty it shall be to investigate every phase of the question and recommend to the legislature a bill in accordance with the result of their investigation."

Training For a Crash. "That man is always anxious to get into the spot light," said the observant citizen. "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "but he doesn't discriminate. One of these days he's going to stand in front of a locomotive headlight and not realize his mistake till he is run over."—Washington Star.

# LAWYERS LOST.

The Parties to the Suit Won Out of Court.

By HARRISON WETMORE.

When John Jones met a widow bearing the same name at a summer resort he was tired of widowhood or rather of his peculiar brand of bachelorhood, for he had never seen his wife since the performance of the ceremony that had bound them together. He was now forty and desired a home. The widow was attractive and, though nearly the same age as himself, had retained a fair proportion of comeliness. She, too, was desirous to wed. There was something about Jones that appealed to her, and she was inclined to marry him, but she had reached an age where a woman has an eye to business in making a match, and she desired to know something of Mr. Jones' affairs before accepting him. He told her that his first wife's parents had died and left her a handsome estate. He, as her husband, was entitled—there being no children—to all her property. He was about to lay claim to it.

Mrs. Jones listened to this statement of his affairs, took plenty of time to think the matter over and finally yielded to his persuasions and consented to marry him. He attempted to sound her as to what, if anything, she could contribute to their maintenance, but received no satisfaction. He had noticed that she was a very retiring woman, and as he had sufficient income to support her, irrespective of the claim he had spoken of, he did not press her for information. Mr. Jones and the lady he was to marry lived in different cities. They were married quietly at the place where they met and went to live at the husband's home. They seemed to be admirably suited to each other and were very happy. Mrs. Jones did not give evidence of possessing any property, but one day in a burst of confidence that was unusual to her she told her husband that she, too, had a legal claim which she was prosecuting and had every reason to suppose that she would be rich. Jones tried to induce her to tell him all about it, but she declined, saying that should she do so it would bring up the matter of her former marriage, a subject she did not wish to discuss.

Jones had very good reason for not attempting to bring out any peculiar features connected with his wife's first marriage, for there were secrets concerning his own that it would be very unpleasant to speak of. But her excuse for withholding her confidence filled him with a dread lest there might have been something connected with his wife's love affair that it would pain him to know. And so he became a prey to some vague suspicion. Sup-



pose for instance that a cloud rested on the legality of his wife's first marriage. Suppose she had been trapped into a mock ceremony. There was no reason for him to suspect these things. He simply conjured them up in his own fancy. People with guilty consciences are the quickest to torture themselves into a suspicion as to the record of one upon whom their happiness is dependent. Jones had married the second time without feeling perfectly sure that he was a widower. He had not been living with his first wife at the time he had heard of her death, and he had never been perfectly sure that the woman who had died was his wife. He should have informed the second Mrs. Jones of this uncertainty, but had feared that if he did so he would lose her. He preferred to take the very slight chance that existed of the first Mrs. Jones turning up to claim him and render his second marriage null and void.

One night while asleep, his wife being awake, Jones took, conveying suspicions that there was something wrong about his first marriage. Since he had created for himself certain suspicions about the legality of his wife's first marriage each was now affected in the same manner toward the other. This gradually began to produce an uncomfortable feeling between them. On one occasion Mrs. Jones said to her husband: "What is the matter, dear? You seem to have something on your mind." "I have remarked the same concerning yourself," he replied. "I assure you I have nothing to trouble me." "Nor I."

This was, to say the least, prevarication on Jones' part, for, in addition to his suspicions concerning his wife's former marriage, something had turned up to indicate that there was a possibility of his own former partner be-

ing alive. "One day Mr. Jones told his wife that he was obliged to go on a business trip. He kissed her goodby with more than usual feeling, so much so, indeed, that she clung to him, saying: "There is surely some trouble on your mind. Won't you tell me what it is?" He made no reply for a few moments except to fold her tightly in his arms; then he said: "When I return I will tell you all."

The morning of his return Mrs. Jones received a letter the envelope of which bore the stamp of Porter, Gibbs & Charleston, attorneys. Tearing it open, she read it hurriedly, then sank in an easy chair in a dead faint. A maid who was with her at the time restored her and supported her to her bedroom. The mistress as soon as she was alone took the letter she had received and locked it in a rosewood cabinet in which she kept her correspondence. Half an hour later she called a carriage and left the house. When Jones returned, passing through the hall he caught sight of his face in a mirror. Struck with his pallor and his haggard appearance, he went into his library, where he made an attempt to nerve himself to meet his wife. The maid who had taken care of her entered soon after. "Where is Mrs. Jones?" he asked. "She told me to say to you that she had been called away till the day after tomorrow."

Jones didn't know whether to feel relieved or to consider himself plunged into a new complication. "You needn't unpack that," he said to the maid, who took up his suit case. "I'm going away again tonight." "What shall I say to Mrs. Jones when she returns?" "What shall you say? Why, that I'll return in a few days." The uncertainty Mr. Jones had felt as to his first wife's not being dead was converted into a strong probability. Nearly twenty years before he had wooed Alice Hinckley, but since he had but a few hundred dollars with which to support a wife her parents had objected to the match. The young couple resolved to be married and go to South America. The ceremony was performed clandestinely, the bride returned from the church to her home. It had been agreed that they were to go on board a ship separately and in disguise, for they were suspected by the girl's parents, and to meet after the vessel had got well out to sea. Jones performed his part of the arrangement, but his wife was delayed and did not reach the dock until after the departure of the ship. She hid herself and took the next vessel, which sailed a few days later.

These two failed to meet. Jones not finding his bride aboard presumed that her courage had failed at the last moment. She, too, proud to return to her father, supported herself by teaching in Rio de Janeiro. Jones wrote her at her father's home, but received no reply. He drifted to London and thence to Australia. Nearly twenty years later he saw a notice of the death of Alice Hinckley at the city where he had married his wife. Returning to America, he learned that his wife's father and mother had died and left their property to their daughter, who had disappeared many years before and had never since been heard from. In case she did not claim the property within a given limit of time it would go to charity. Jones then put in a claim for it as Alice Hinckley's husband.

Now, what was troubling Jones was that a woman purporting to be Alice Hinckley had recently appeared and claimed the estate. If she were the real Alice Hinckley the second marriage was illegal. Jones through the lawyers had made an appointment to meet the woman who claimed to be his wife, then he had gone home to await the date of the meeting two days hence. Returning for the interview, he repaired to the rendezvous and was ushered into a private office. "What was his astonishment to see there, pale and agitated, the second Mrs. Jones!"

The two stared at each other for a few minutes as though they could not believe their eyes, then rushed into each other's arms. There was an explanation involving events covering a period of twenty years. Both husband and wife claimed the same property, and each had heard that the other had turned up, but neither knew that the claimant was a former consort. The lawyers were as much astonished as the parties themselves, and the parties themselves were lost in wonder. There was nothing for the couple to do but go home. Both regretted that there was no honeymoon for them, for they had never had one of the two to which they were entitled. Mr. and Mrs. Jones did not enter upon a lawsuit for the estate; consequently they got it all instead of turning the most of it over to the lawyers. The pair have never ceased to believe that theirs was not a case of coincidence, but that Providence brought them together.

Origin of Confetti. The history of confetti is rather curious. Several years ago a large printing works in Paris was turning out immense quantities of calendars, through which a small round hole had been punched to receive an eyellet for holding the sheets together. A heap of the little circular scraps of paper cut out by the punch accumulated on a table, and one of the machine men amused himself by scattering a handful of them over a working girl's hair. She immediately snatched up a handful and threw them in his face. Other girls followed her example, and the first confetti battle began. The head of the establishment came in when it was at its height, and, being what the Americans call a "smart man," he at once realized that there was "money in it." He ordered special machinery, placed large quantities of the new article on the market, made a fortune and created a new industry.

She Learns Too. There had been a family row. "Well," remarked the alleged head of the house, "a man learns a few things when he gets married. Yes, sir, a man lives and learns." "That may be," retorted the feminine half of the sketch, "but the school of experience doesn't bar co-eds."—Washington Herald.

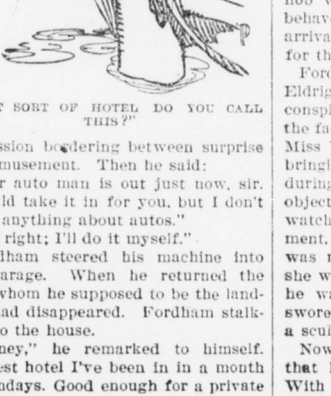
# HOTEL ELDRIGE.

It Was a Private House Mistaken For a Hotel.

By GERALD JENNINGS.

Fordham drove his automobile into a cottage settlement by the sea and, slowing up beside a fisherman peddling the product of his nets, asked to be directed to the best house in the place. The fisherman, who was not overburdened with brains, failing to understand that the autoist was looking for a hotel, directed him to the finest summer cottage. "What's the name?" asked the traveler. "Eldrige."

"Thank you very much." The automobile was started again, chug-chugged to an eminence where the house in question stood and stopped at the front porch. A man in a white flannel suit sat on a wicker chair fanning himself. "Got a garage?" asked Fordham. "Yes, one in the rear," replied the man, looking hard at the questioner. "Well, send a man to take my machine in." The man stared at Fordham with an



expression bordering between surprise and amusement. Then he said: "Our auto man is out just now, sir. I would take it in for you, but I don't know anything about autos." "All right; I'll do it myself." Fordham steered his machine into the garage. When he returned the man whom he supposed to be the landlord had disappeared. Fordham stalked into the house. "Toney," he remarked to himself, "Coziest hotel I've been in in a month of Sundays. Good enough for a private house."

The owner, Edward Eldrige, was upstairs, where the members of a house party he was entertaining were getting ready for dinner. He was passing the word that there was a man below who had mistaken the house for a hotel and proposed that they have some fun out of it. Most of them were dressed for dinner, and a consultation took place in the upper hall. Louise Vincent, who was always ready for mischief, insisted on dressing herself as a maid and waiting on the stranger at dinner. "Soon after this one by one the guests went downstairs, all in dinner dress. One of them, Ben Howland, was taken 'flat back' by finding in Fordham an acquaintance. "Hello, Howland!" exclaimed the latter. "You here?" "Glad to see you old man!" replied Howland, steadying himself after his surprise. "Sweet place this," rejoined Fordham. "I see every one is in dinner dress. Luckily I've got a suit in my traveling wardrobe. I'll get it out."

At that moment Eldrige entered the room. "Landlord," said Howland, "this is my friend Mr. Fordham. Mr. Fordham is a bang up good fellow, and I wish you to treat him well. He has enough to pay for what he gets and wants the best." "I see every one is in dinner dress. Luckily I've got a suit in my traveling wardrobe. I'll get it out." At that moment Eldrige entered the room. "Landlord," said Howland, "this is my friend Mr. Fordham. Mr. Fordham is a bang up good fellow, and I wish you to treat him well. He has enough to pay for what he gets and wants the best." "I see every one is in dinner dress. Luckily I've got a suit in my traveling wardrobe. I'll get it out."

The landlord bowed, washing his hands in imaginary water, and asked the new guest if there was any especial dish he would like for dinner. Fordham said he wished for plenty of shellfish while he remained and would like to be shown to his room at once. When Fordham came down to dinner he was surprised to see the landlord sitting at the head of the table in evening dress. Being seated himself by Howland, he whispered: "I see you have the landlord with you." "That's the latest wrinkle in these small swell hotels." "You don't mean it. I've never seen it before." There was plenty of chat among the guests of the house, and Fordham was introduced to them all. Every one seemed to be on as good terms with the host as with the rest of the party, but he noticed that Eldrige, as the guests called him, might have passed anywhere for a gentleman. Fordham called to the waitress who seemed to have his wants in charge and, slipping a tip into her hand, asked her to bring him a wine card. The landlord, hearing the order, remarked: "We don't have wine cards at the Eldrige House, Mr. Fordham. We can give you champagne, claret and sauterne."

"Welcome to Hotel Eldrige. May you remain long. I'll see that you get the best of everything."

When the first bottle of wine had been emptied the maid brought another. Fordham hadn't ordered it, and when the landlord pledged him again, saying that he thought he would like it. Fordham fancied there had been some mistake. However, money being no object to him, he ordered still another bottle. What astonished him was that none of the other guests followed his example. Finally the host ordered a bottle, saying: "Mr. Fordham, you're the only guest I have who knows how to spend his money like a gentleman. This is on the house."

Fordham, who expected to hear the burst resented, was surprised at a burst of laughter. Eldrige scowled, and the others checked their mirth. Fordham, thinking that there was some joke of which he was ignorant connected with the wine, asked what it was. He was told that the Hotel Eldrige was a temperance house and that he had broken the rule in ordering the wine. This satisfied him. After dinner a small motorboat was brought up to a pier, and the guests of the hotel invited Fordham to have a ride with them. The landlord came aboard, but after his presence at the dinner this did not surprise Fordham. When the maid who had waited on him got aboard he supposed she was to go to serve refreshments. But the landlord introduced him to her, saying, "You are expected, Mr. Fordham, to devote yourself to Miss Vincent for the evening."

The maid, unabashed, took a seat beside Fordham, who looked at every member of the party successively, especially the ladies, to know if there would be anything amiss in his entertaining a maid. But they were all chatting with Miss Vincent familiarly, some of them calling her "Lou," and since Fordham had had an eye on her during the dinner he was not slow in availing himself of the privilege that had been extended to him. "For heaven's sake, Howland," said Fordham after the party had gone ashore and were separating for the night, "what sort of hotel do you call this anyway?" "I'll tell you. Eldrige is a man with a whim. He is above the station of a landlord. Indeed, he's very scholarly. He has a theory that one person is as good as another, that he doesn't demean himself by keeping a hotel and that his servants are entitled to hobnob with his guests so long as they behave themselves. You being the last arrival, the maid was assigned to you for the boat ride."

Fordham remained at the Hotel Eldrige several days, during which the conspirators kept him in ignorance of the fact that he was in a private house. Miss Vincent, who thought nothing of bringing two or three men to her feet during a season, made it her special object to snare him. The others were watching the process of his enthrallment, and one evening when the fruit was ripe for plucking she wept that she was only a poor servant girl while he was a fine gentleman. Fordham swore he would have her if she were a scullion.

Now it happened the next morning that Fordham was summoned home. With regret he called for his bill, at the same time ordering his auto to be brought around to the front door. The landlord told him that he would bring his bill into the drawing room, where the other guests were waiting to bid him adieu. Fordham was saying good-bys when Eldrige brought in the bill. The former looked at the footing in astonishment. It was \$10,000. Then he glanced at the items: To three bottles of champagne at \$2,000 each ..... \$6,000 To kissing maid four times at \$1,000 each ..... 4,000 Total ..... \$10,000

When the house party saw the expression on Fordham's face their pent-up mirth broke its bounds. Fordham looked at them with such a puzzled, woebegone expression that Mr. Eldrige stepped forward and explained that, taking advantage of his mistaking a private summer cottage for a hotel, they had perpetrated a joke upon him. Fordham took out a pocket check book and wrote a check for the amount of the bill, saying at the same time that the landlord might apply it to charity if he did not wish to accept it. But Eldrige tore it up. Then Fordham declared that he would forgive them on one condition—that the entire party agree to visit him in his own cottage.

There was no want of alacrity in accepting the invitation. Fordham had fulfilled Howland's promise that he was a bang up good fellow and had stood the joke that had been perpetrated upon him good naturedly. So the next week the guests of Hotel Eldrige reassembled at Hotel Fordham. Fordham says that the joke, after all, was on Eldrige, who wanted Miss Vincent. At the close of the second house party Fordham carried her off himself.

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