

# Choosing a Stepmother

By GERALD PRIME

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"I think we've found her, my boy."

"Found what?" Bob Hunter asked.

"The girl designed by Providence to become your wife."

The younger man drew the oars into the boat, shifted his feet into a more comfortable position and took out his pipe. "Don't speak a word for three minutes—till I light up," he said, "and then I'll tell you what I think of you."

The other, sitting at the stern and trolling with the air of one who has no expectation, wound the boat end of the fishing tackle about his right leg and raised an umbrella. The promise of sport was too remote to counteract the immediate effect of the sun's ardor.

"The boat went on drifting down the feeble current and the young man, with his pipe now in active service, did not resume his oars at once. He made sure that his pipeful of weed was properly alight and then proceeded to fulfill his threat.

"Dan Hunter," he began, removing his pipe from his mouth and pausing to convince himself that it was not about to trick him, "if you were not my father—the very giddiest parent a man of my years and discretion ever had—I should be tempted to call you an old humbug."

The older man smiled amiably and shifted the umbrella to the other shoulder.

"Perhaps I am," he said. "Anyhow, Bob, I defer to your judgment."

"Perfectly right that you should," Bob went on severely. "I was wrong, though, in calling you old. You are the youngest person I ever saw for your age—forty-two last April. That is because you paint pictures for a living. With my twenty-one years and self-supporting position in the automobile business, I am your senior by a dozen years. I don't mind that, I don't mind that you are the howl-



"It's My Opinion That You're in Love With Hope Terriss Yourself."

ing beauty of the family. I don't mind that everybody looks at you twice before seeing me at all. I don't mind that strangers decline to believe that I am your son until they have to."

"All this because I undertook to interpret the design of Providence," said the father, with a sigh which was almost the real thing.

"Your attempts to interpret the designs of Providence are most dismal failures, Dan," his son declared, punctuating his speech with various unsuccessful dives into his pockets in search of a match. "You haven't any more idea of the real condition of things than—than this infernal pipe."

"I don't seem to follow you, my boy," said the father.

"It's my opinion that you're in love with Hope Terriss yourself."

"Merciful heavens!"

One sharp glance made it clear to Bob that the mention of Hope Terriss was not responsible for his usually placid father's outburst. Whatever it was, the excitement had passed off with the exclamation. With the utmost deliberation the fisherman lowered the umbrella and laid it carefully in the bottom of the boat.

"I wonder—something's pulling on my leg like mad."

It was Bob's turn to show excitement, and he did.

"Full him in, Dan! Don't let him get away!" he fairly shouted, rising to his feet at the risk of overturning the boat.

"Sit down quietly and let me manage him," counseled his father, reeling in his line as calmly as if a 80-pound fish might not have attached itself to the spoon hook at the other end.

It was only a pickerel, but its five pounds or less of electrically animated matter put up a gallant fight, and to have killed it was glory enough for one day for an artist who did not profess even to be an amateur.

That was what Hope Terriss said when she met them at the landing and walked with them to the camp, holding one end of the forked birch stick on which the men had strung the afternoon's catch. She repeated

Bluefield, Va.—The board of affairs of this city has issued orders that all locomotive engines of the Norfolk & Western railway must cease blowing off signals to their wives and sweethearts while they are passing through the city.

The residents have been kicking recently on account of this practice, as the love toots from the passing whistles prevent them from sleeping at night. The railroad engineers are said to be rebellious regarding the edict.

San Put on Love Toots.

Chess by Wireless.

Colombo.—A game of chess by wireless telegraph was played recently by two men, one of whom was aboard the Morea and the other aboard the Dutch mail steamship Rembrandt.

The men saw each other for the first time when entering port here. At the start the two vessels were 156 miles apart; at the finish about sixty. The players were Doctor Carment, aboard the Morea, and Mr. Mieters, aboard the Dutch steamship. After an even game the former won on the sixty-ninth move.

it as they sat on the boathouse veranda after dinner.

"And I've been fishing every day for a week and haven't caught a thing," she added so pathetically that, all unseen in the dark, Bob kicked his father's foot to call his attention to it.

"Don't you get any oites?" asked the artist indignantly.

"I hardly know. Sometimes I have fancied that I was getting a queer little nibble, don't you know, but nothing comes of it."

"Remember the advice of the immortal Sir Isaak—Persevere and keep on persevering," counseled Bob wickedly.

"Perhaps I will follow Sir Isaak's advice," she said, rising. "In the meantime I am going to play a lot of Schumann for your father according to my promise of this morning. He's the only person in the camp whose musical taste soars above ragtime."

"I don't mind Schumann at all when—when I'm in good health," Bob protested.

For an entire week the subject which had been brought to such a sudden interruption by the pickerel was not resumed. Hope Terriss was the life of the camp, and even old Mrs. Vechton, who had ceased long ago to speak in unqualified praise of anybody or anything on the footstool, was greatly taken with her, and admitted it openly.

"That girl is of the right sort," she declared. "She's got more manner and more common sense than all the rest of us combined. She's the real thing. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Hunter?"

And Bob—who chanced to be the Mr. Hunter addressed, his father and Hope having gone for a stroll into the village—had the effrontery to reply, languidly:

"Miss Terriss—oh, yes, quite so—a trifle youngish, don't you think Excellent society for father."

"Young jackanapes!" the old woman muttered as Bob disappeared around the end of the veranda. "He's completely gone on the girl. Pity he hasn't some of his father's good looks and attractive manner."

That night as they lingered on the boat house veranda after the others had retired the artist and his son were discussing the latter's business prospects.

"To hear you talk, Dan," the young man laughed between vigorous draws of his pipe, which was not behaving its best, "one who did not know you might think that you were contemplating something serious."

"For instance, Bob?"

"Well, providing me with a brand new stepmother."

"Better stop that business, Bob," counseled his father seriously. "Suggestion plays strange tricks now and then."

"Then I wish suggestion would get busy. Only let me choose her and everything will be well."

On the morning of the day appointed for the breaking up of the camp Bob and Miss Terriss were in earnest conversation in a secluded corner of the veranda.

"It's come to a climax," croaked Mrs. Vechton to herself and to any one else who happened to be within hearing.

"Do you recognize this hand?" Hope asked serenely, holding an envelope before Bob's eyes.

"I ought to," he returned promptly. "Dad must have helped himself to my stationery."

"It contains a proposition to become your stepmother," she continued, without looking at him and entirely without embarrassment.

"Noble old Dan!" he cried rapturously. "He's the salt of the earth!"

"What would you advise me to do?"

"Accept unconditionally."

"I shall impose one condition," she said with a flush that made her charming. "You are to leave off calling him Dan. It isn't respectful."

As an earnest of his intention to comply with her terms he kissed her.

"What did I tell you?" demanded Mrs. Vechton, who accepted what she saw as a confirmation of her wisdom in such matters.

Burn Adulterated Stuff.

Many hundreds of dollars' worth of adulterated or misbranded drugs and alleged foods were recently burned in Washington by the officials of the department of agriculture. The drugs had been purchased in the open market by agents of the department of agriculture and turned over to the bureau of chemistry to ascertain whether in their ingredients or in the statements on the labels they violated the pure food laws. Reports were made out in each case, and the manufacturers taken to task by officials of the department. After the contents of the bottles or boxes were no longer needed for experimentation or evidence against the manufacturers, they were condemned and burned.

Heriography.

"What are these?" asked the patient, nervously, as the physician handed him some slips of paper.

"Merely a few prescriptions."

## REBELLIOUS ZULU WELL TREATED



Chief Dinzulu

CAPE TOWN.—Great Britain has the reputation of treating her political prisoners with leniency, and the case of Dinzulu, just released from prison, is no exception to the rule. He was imprisoned at Pretoria in 1907 for complicity in the Zulu risings of that and the previous year, and has fared well during his term of confinement. Now he has been given a farm near Nylstroom in the Transvaal and \$2,500 a year. Chief Dinzulu has 27 wives and 11 children, all of whom will live with him on his farm.

## STRANDED IN PARIS

Mishap Often Occurs to Americans in Big French City.

Many Tourists Fail to Engage Return Passage and Are Unwilling Prisoners—Steamship Companies Unable to Carry Them.

Paris.—It will come as a surprise to many Americans to hear that every year a few of their compatriots are actually prisoners in Paris and London. There are two classes of prisoners, the willing and the unwilling; neither is to be envied, even though confined in a city of pleasure.

There is no doubt that the number of Americans touring in Europe is greater this year than ever before. It is impossible to obtain the exact figures, but one can realize the magnitude of the invasion when it is known that up to date more than

75,000 Americans have attended the passion play at Oberammergau. Furthermore, one must take into consideration the thousands of Americans who couldn't see the passion play if they wanted to.

Every returning steamship now is crowded to the gunwales, and consequently, the number of stranded Americans is larger than ever. Of those who become prisoners, the unwilling are the tourists who have failed to engage return passage on the steamships. Owing to the general exodus of tourists in the autumn the steamship companies are unable to accommodate these people who have trusted to luck to get tickets at the last moment. Then the money that was set aside for their passage goes to pay for their "prison fare" and for "begging" cables to friends at home.

Occasionally one of these unwilling prisoners degenerates into a willing prisoner. Hopelessly stranded, the

London Milliners Now Oppose Use of Plume in Hats—Probably Will Emerge Law.

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The rumor that Queen Mary herself inspired the bill is sufficient to promise an active and successful campaign, since the great millinery establishments which had formerly opposed such measures are not likely to offer any opposition. Indeed, the interviews obtained by the London press from representatives of the millinery trade have brought forth some curious statements which are diametrically opposed to those uttered in the same quarters a year ago. Then the trade cited the Parisian milliners and the demands of their own customers. The former, they said, set the fashion, while the latter were slaves to it. Now they sing a different tune. Said one fashionable milliner of the West end:

"We think it wicked and shameful that so many beautiful birds should be killed and the countries they inhabit deprived of them. Very little objec-

tion is urged by our customers against using the plumage of birds killed for food, but these customers are discouraging the slaughter of humming birds and birds of paradise by steadily refusing to purchase hats in whose decorative schemes they appear."

"You would be surprised," remarked another milliner, "to know how the sentiment against the indiscriminate slaughter of beautiful birds has developed among our fashionable patrons. There are many, of course, who will have feathers at any cost, and if the bill prohibits the importation of birds of gay plumage these ladies, instead of patronizing London millinery establishments, will go over to Paris for their headgear."

These two extracts from interviews in quarters least expected show that "Queen Mary's bill" as it is coming to be called, will probably become a law without much opposition.

Cures of Skin Diptheria.

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Arkansas Man Finds Pearl.

Corning, Ark.—James Grassham, a blacksmith at this place, while fishing in Lake Corning, opened a mussel to get bait and found a 15-grain pearl, which is beautiful, and he is holding it until the pearl buyers come again. This is one of the few pearls found in the lake, and is said by judges to be worth \$200. This find will doubtless start the pearl fishers at work on the lake.

Mount Vernon, Ill.—George Reid, a pigeon raiser, disposed of a large number of birds recently and gathered up the eggs left in the nests and placed them behind the kitchen range.

In two days half a dozen pigeons were hatched.

The baby birds were taken to the pigeon house and given to the old birds with young ones and they give promise to be as fine as any in the flock.

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latter make desperate attempts to earn a livelihood in Paris, a city that offers employment only to the most Parisian of foreigners. On the boulevards you frequently are accosted by an odious American, who either sells questionable picture cards, offers to show you what you shouldn't see, or asks you for money that you probably haven't got.

In fact, the begging American is now an institution in Paris. He hails from the same town that you do; he knows of your father; perhaps he once worked on the staff of the leading daily. There is only one dodge to get rid of this "broke" compatriot—give him the address of some one you know or don't know, who, you tell him, "will be interested in his case." The name you give should be, of course, that of an artist who is starving and who has a sense of humor and there are plenty of them.

Though the willing prisoners are on the increase, it is a fact that this year comparatively few Americans have been stranded in Paris through failing to engage their return passage. The actual number is a record.

Nowadays not only do many Americans pay their European hotel bills railroad fares and steamship tickets before leaving New York, but their expenses are figured so closely that they arrive back in New York with just about uptown carfare in their pockets.

To those who figure too closely the pawnshops of Paris are a boon. A watch often pays for an emphatic cable.

## FARMER HAS NEW VEGETABLE

Tennessee Says He Has at Last Raised Peppermato—Peculiar Combination.

Humboldt, Tenn.—Henry P. Cole, a prosperous farmer of this vicinity, promises to rival the great Burbank in marvelous feats of plant raising. His latest innovation is a combination tomato and pepper plant, which will enable the lover of the delicious fruit to abandon the antiquated method of using pepper, it being only necessary to slice the new product and it is ready for use.

The tomato patch from which the freak tomato was taken is in close proximity to a field of peppers, and it is supposed by the plant raisers of this section that the pollen of the two was mixed during the blooming season. The physical construction of the "peppermato," as it has been locally dubbed, is peculiarly interesting. As if taking into consideration the tastes of every one, nature so arranged the fruit that the pepper part may be separated from the tomato, and those who fear the ill effects of pepper upon human vitality may raise the fruit for market purposes and at the same time remove the pod from the few which they may personally consume.

The "peppermato" resembles the proverbial Siamese twins, being a perfect specimen of tomato species, to which is grafted a full pod of pepper. It is thought that the new plant involves principles which will be of interest to scientists.

New Bug Blood Poisoner.

Pottsville, Pa.—Frank Echac may lose his right hand as the result of being stung by a new bug of greenish color, much resembling a mosquito, which is now as much of a pest in Schuylkill county as the seventeenth-year locusts. There are scores of victims in this vicinity and blood poisoning has been caused in several instances.

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## Feathers in Style



HERE is a growing sentiment against wearing the plumage of birds, in varieties where cruelty must be practiced to secure it.

Women are learning to discriminate in this matter and to forego the wearing of plumage that promises to bring about the extinction of a species of beautiful wild birds or to inflict torture. A proud crest of dainty feathers torn from the back of a mother bird and the death of a nest full of fledglings by slow starvation, are not pleasant suggestions to flaunt with the group of sweeping aigrettes upon the head of beauty. For the wearer must be either uninformed, or indifferent, or unmindful of cruelty. None of the excuses will pass muster with intelligent people.

Aside from a very few sorts, the feathers we have worn recently and those we will wear, are made from the plumage of domestic or other edible birds. No cruelty is practiced in securing them and thousands of people make a living by manufacturing the millinery trimmings made of them. Feather bands, sewed wings, pompons, breasts and mounted sprays—

in fact, a world of airy and attractive decorations—are cleverly fashioned from the feathers of the turkey, chicken, pigeon, peacock and pheasant. These are bleached, dyed, eaten with acids, pieced and pasted until their origin is lost sight of. Other birds of bright plumage, such as the parrot, and birds like the blackbird and sparrow, of which there are myriads, are used, but they are not cruelly treated, unless sudden death is cruel.

The wearing of a bird upon the hat may be in questionable taste and at present one sees almost no birds, but any amount of plumage. Gradually the wearing of feathers may die out, but the signs of the times do not point that way. More plumage is shown now than ever before. Women should learn to discriminate in choosing it, and select those feathers which they may wear with an easy conscience.

They are obliged to inform themselves in some states of the Union or run the risk of forfeiting their forbidden property. For laws have been passed and are enforced to protect certain birds, and one may not own their plumage.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## MAKES A DAINY COSTUME PLEA FOR THE GROWING GIRL

Pro of Maternal Management Is Worth Some Serious Consideration.

So many older women seem to think that because a girl of from fourteen to twenty or so is likely to be rather and sometimes forward and rather ridiculous in her pretensions of age and dignity she must be continually snubbed and "put down." They keep calling her "child" and laughing at her opinions and criticisms, and leaving her out of discussion and conversation, until some day they awake with a start to realize that the child is a woman, and a pert and embittered woman at that.

Of course, American girls are notorious for their unpleasant presumption, and there are many, many things which a girl in her teens is not competent to decide for herself, let alone for others; but there is no reason why a girl who really is growing up should be made to feel that she is always in the way and must be patronized when she is noticed at all. Give her at least a chance to feel that she is one of the family and that she is a step above the children in the nursery, whom she is likely so to despise.

Here, as elsewhere, "you will go most safely in the middle," and this rather delicate problem of maternal management will settle itself if consideration and common sense are learned on one side and taught on the other.—Exchange.

Garters for Short Socks.

Garters for short socks for the kid dies are being made of hat rubber instead of the wider and more conspicuous garter rubber or the untidy nothing at all. Usually it is white, though for pink or blue socks it can easily be painted the color desired.

Easy Way to Clean Lace Yokes.

If instead of taking lace yokes and cuffs out of dresses to wash when soiled they are rubbed with dry starch, then brushed thoroughly, the lace will look like new.

Short Skirts or Long?

There can be no doubt that the really short skirt has thoroughly established itself this spring. Of course, for walking and all outdoor games it is a delightful and most sensible fashion, but there is some question as to its beauty and suitability where the dressy afternoon frock or evening toilet is concerned. For the quite young woman who is still in her teens, or has recently quitted them, the short frock looks girlish and pretty, and is, moreover, very practical and comfortable. But with the older woman it is quite a different matter. She looks simply ridiculous in these fashionable curtailed skirts, and, far from giving her a girlish appearance, they add years to her apparent age.

To Choose Partners.

A clever way to ask the men to select partners is to ask each girl to bring the earliest picture of herself obtainable. The pictures are numbered, the hostess having a list of each name opposite the number so when the time comes for making reve-

lutions she can do it quickly and with certainty. Just before time for the game or refreshments for which partners are necessary pass a basket or tray with the pictures turned face down; ask each man to draw one and find the original. Just imagine the fun this makes. One man actually asked five women, "Is this you?" before he found the original in his wife.

Your Shoes.

Before cleaning, rub over with milk—a little is sufficient. Wipe with a dry cloth and clean with polish as usual. This will clean and soften the leather; the grease in the milk keeps it moist. Stains can be removed by soaking the discolored parts with benzine and letting it dry.

For fine kid an excellent polish may be made of equal parts of neatfoot oil and vaseline, with the addition of a coloring of black. This preparation should be rubbed into the uppers of the boots. It will toughen the kid where the strain is greatest and where the friction of the dress has such a bad effect on the ankles of the boots.