

WIFE IN NAME ONLY

Marriage for Money and Title Turns Out to Be a Real Love Affair.

By GEORGE MUNSON.

All London society was whispering and questioning, for Lord Rensley was on his way home to England after an absence of a year. He had shot tigers in India, had speared salmon in Alaska, and hunted grizzlies in the wilds of western Canada. And all the while Lady Rensley had kept open house at the Abbey. Now he was expected home; he would arrive in two weeks. Actually he arrived a week earlier and unexpectedly.

They had been married nearly three years before. Lady Rensley had been Miss Edith Kane, of Cleveland, and her father was one of the twelve richest men in America. The marriage had been considered singularly fortunate, for the Rensley family dated back five hundred years—though not the title, and his lands were extensive, although unprofitable. Miss Kane's dowry would restore the old abbey and enable her husband and herself to assume their rightful place in the social hierarchy. And so Rensley had won the beauty of Cleveland.

This is what happened three hours after the marriage: He and his bride were face to face in their apartments at the Everley hotel. The bride drew off her engagement ring meditatively and handed it to him and said, without a trace of passion:

"I shall wear my marriage ring, but not this. The bargain is an equal one and I am satisfied. You will never have cause to be ashamed of me in the eyes of the world. Goodnight, Lord Rensley."

"You mean," he asked, "that our marriage is to be one in name only?"

"Why, what else did you expect?" she answered mockingly, though her lip was quivering. "You never loved me. You sought me for my fortune, as I you for your title." And so she turned away and they said no more.

That he had sincerely loved her she did not know, nor he that she could have cared for him had not the marriage been made by her ambitious mother. In due course they sailed for England. Rensley Abbey was redecorated and thrown open. Gay parties assembled there. If the relationship between the two was strained, that was known only by their discreet servants and guessed at by their intimates.

Then Rensley sailed for India to shoot tigers, and the parties continued. They were as gay as ever, but different people came. There was Rizki, for instance, that Italian nobleman who had acquired a sinister reputation in several capitals of Europe and was now diminishing it in London. He brought his attendant crowd: flashy women came and sporting men and tawdry actors and actresses. And of the character of these people Lady Rensley knew nothing, for she never stopped to gossip, and she only knew that she liked Rizki and that he alone of all of them seemed to understand her situation and to have sympathy for her.

So she moved among them, innocently, the lonely mistress of the Abbey, while people shrugged their shoulders and smiled. And then they heard that Rensley was coming home. Rizki, too, heard it, and he put his fate to the touch. In his way he liked this unapproachable American lady as much as he was capable of liking, and as constantly. They were alone for a few minutes in the conservatory. From the balcony came the sound of music and the chatter of the guests.

"I hear Lord Rensley is coming back next week," he said.

"Yes," she answered. "He expects to sail from New York tomorrow."

"It will be different when he returns," Rizki said.

"Oh, no," she answered, with a shrug of her beautiful shoulders. "That will not make any difference. We shall still have our own friends, each of us."

For an instant the balance trembled. Then she flashed out an angry retort, asking him how he dared criticize her husband or their relationship. That outburst might have quelled one less experienced than Rizki. He fell upon his knees and seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Forgive me, Lady Rensley," he implored. "It was unpardonable in me—yet they say nothing is unpardonable in one who loves. No, do not start away. Hear me and then dismiss me for ever. I have ever loved you; you beauty with your secret sorrow, and I have always known that he did not love you. Why, is he to make your life wretched all your days because he has you in his power? Leave him and come with me to Italy. You shall have my love all your days, and my fortune shall be at your disposal. You shall—"

That was the moment when Rensley returned a week earlier than had been expected. He had sent word, but he had arrived before his own letter. So he had strolled quietly in.

He saw the rooms brilliantly lighted, but when he entered the hall, none of the guests knew him. He knew some of them for the flashy, shabby characters that they were; but this quiet man, with the hair slightly gray over the temples—who was he? Nobody cared. They were dancing no longer, but whispering and gossiping in the drawing rooms, and loitering near the conservatory. Somebody had told them that Rizki and Lady Rensley were there.

Then Rensley entered the conservatory alone. And Lady Rensley, seeing him, drew back with a frightened catch of the breath, and Rizki, knowing him, rose to his feet and stood looking at him defiantly, with folded arms.

"Pardon me for interrupting," said Lord Rensley. "Baron Rizki? Yes? Pray what is it you so urgently desire upon your knees to her?"

Since he did not answer Rensley turned to his wife.

"My dear, is it in our power, or is it your desire to grant this gentleman what he is asking?" he demanded.

"No," she flashed out in her bewilderment. "No!"

Rensley took Rizki by the arm.

"My dear fellow, you shall have your five hundred pounds," he said in a loud voice which carried to those waiting outside. "But I wish you had asked me instead of my wife."

He turned to the guests. "Gentlemen, my carriages are at your disposal," he said. Then he led Lady Rensley through the ballroom to her private apartment. Under the windows the cowed guests were streaming out into the grounds.

Lady Rensley tapped her fingers upon the table.

"I want to tell you one thing before we part," she said. "I have never given you reason to be ashamed of me. I have kept my vow."

Lord Rensley took her hands in his. "But I have not kept mine," he said. "Edith, let my faith in you be the proof of my love. Will you give me a chance to show its reality?"

That broke her pride; she cried then, in his arms.

"I've been a fool," he said; but she laughed through her tears when he put back the engagement ring upon her finger.

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BALKED AT THE WOMAN JURY

Ship's Captain Derided Federal Regulations, but Drove Threat Brought Him to His Feet.

The prospect of facing a woman jury in municipal court was more of a deterrent in making Capt. Brown of the American steamer Leolonaw, comply with port regulations than was the threat of Federal prosecution when Harbor Patrolman Bakesy went to the ship to ask him to display port lights and rig a proper gangway. From his berth, whither he had retired early, Capt. Brown commended the patrolman to a "warm climate."

Bakesy replied that there was a federal fine of \$300 for the offenses; the captain granted from his berth Bakesy threatened arrest; the captain snored.

"They have a woman jury in municipal court," suggested Bakesy, "and you will have to face that." Instantly the captain raised his hand to his whiskers and the watchman came running.

"All hands on deck," commanded Capt. Brown, "and order the gangway changed and proper lights hung. I won't face a woman jury in any court, and no 60 years old."—Portland Oregonian.

GETS "DEATH SIGN"

Woman in Court Faints When She Sees Fatal Gesture.

is Code of the Camorristi—Members of Criminal Society Have Ghastly Ways of Telling Victim of Impending Doom.

New York.—Annie Grecco was getting along beautifully in her testimony the other day. Her statements were lucid, her memory perfect, her sense of the dramatic keen. Then someone in the packed mob toward the rear of the court room caught Annie's eye—and bit the knuckle of his best forefinger. His features wrinkled up in a snarl, as do those of a dog when he worries a bone. Annie pitched sideways out of her chair in a faint.

"That," said an old secret service man, "was only one of perhaps a dozen 'death signs.' Any one of them would be recognized by any Italian, because they all have their origin in that instinct of dramatization common to the race. The knuckle biting meant death, of course. More nearly it meant 'I'll tear you to bits.' If you ever see an enraged Camorrist biting at his knuckle bone and growling like a bulldog, you'll admit that sign is a faint."



Annie Grecco.

read. Another is the handkerchief sign. Tears sometimes stream down their faces as they twist a handkerchief between their hands. Sometimes it is clinched in their teeth. Their code is primitive enough to go back to the men who lived in trees.

"Sometimes the threat is expressed by wringing the two hands together. It is over in a second—but it has sent a promise to the threatened person that he will be torn into pieces. Sometimes a hasty motion of the two hands over the knees means, 'I'll break you back.' One of the most common signs is made by uniting the tips of the thumb and forefinger, forming a ring, while the other fingers are extended. A circular motion of the hands means 'I'll tear you up.' One finger is hurriedly passed across the throat—and that threat needs no interpretation.

Sometimes the man making the threat slashes upward with one finger on his breast or stomach. That is 'I'll rip your heart out.' The first and second fingers may be extended, pitchfork like, and a sudden jab made toward the eyes, 'I'll blind you.'

"But there are too many signs to be listed. Every little secret association of Italian criminals may have its own code. Many of the signs have their origin in the village from which the actors come and might not be recognized by outsiders. Remember, there are eighty-nine distinct dialects spoken in Italy. But the meaning of all is contained in a most expressive gesture of the Calabrians, which means:

"If I get hold of you I'll cut you up—and if you run I'll shoot you."

RAM CAUSES SCHOOL PANIC

Knocks Woman Principal Unconscious and Puts Children to Rout—Was Pet of Scholar.

Pittsburgh.—A ram with more respect for the public school regulation than was manifested by "Mary's Little Lamb," recently wandered into the Crescent school, in the Frankstown district. It followed Nick Galdone.

Miss Flora Denniston, principal, encountered the ram in the hall. She tried to "shoo" it away. Mr. Ram butted Miss Denniston at the knees and knocked her down.

Then some of the pupils who knew nothing of the disposition of a but sheep tried to reason with the Galdone pet. Well—the students who escaped violent collision with the hard skull of the ram fled from the building.

During the scrimmage Miss Denniston remained insensible on the floor. Fright and shock caused her to swoon. The janitor was about to resort to cautious strategy when Nick Galdone said something in Italian and the ram followed him back home, but school was dismissed for the day.

Wearing of Shoes a Crime.

Boston.—Prof. K. Jefferson Richards' champions going barefooted at all seasons as a remedy for the ailments of the human race. "It was never intended," says the learned professor, "that a well-developed foot should be pinched, distorted and pushed by being shut up in pieces of sewed leather."

WAS BEATEN ON HONEYMOON

Grand Jury Holds D. Jack Lit After Former Wife Describes At-Tack in Hotel.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Following her divorce from her former husband, D. Jack Lit, the son of Col. Sam D. Lit of Lit Bros., Mrs. Lit appeared before the grand jury and swore to the ill treatment which she had received from her husband from the first night of their marriage on January 31, 1912.

Mrs. Lit testified that she was subjected to such treatment on the part of her husband that she was wrecked physically, and her family physician, Prof. David C. Belaman of the University of Pennsylvania, and her father, Ralph Blum of Blum Bros., were witnesses in her behalf.

So atrocious was the recital of the experiences of the bride that the grand jury found seven true bills against Lit on the charges of assault and battery and other forms of assault, which indicate that if the young man is convicted he will have to spend at least 20 years in prison.

Mrs. Lit is a helpless cripple, says her physician. She will never be the same young girl who debated that figure in so many of the city's social functions.

Soon after the marriage of the Lits it was charged in reports that came to this city from Florida that it was necessary for the attorney of the hotel where they were spending their honeymoon to almost break down the door to rescue Mrs. Lit from the beating of her husband.

Ralph Blum, the father of Mrs. Lit, has insisted that Lit be punished. All the influence of the wealth of the two families, who own the second and third largest department stores in the city was exerted to try and settle the differences. It was not a large money could assuage and Mr. Blum refused to have any sum accepted to the injuries which his daughter sustained.

He has demanded an indictment on a prison term, despite all the power and influence brought to bear, and the case was heard by the grand jury and the indictments followed in less than a half hour's time.

MAY HAVE SAME AILMENT

Youngest Daughter of King Alfonso Is Threatened to Become Deaf and Dumb.



King Alfonso.

Madrid.—It is learned from a person in the immediate entourage of the royal family that it is greatly feared that Infanta Maria Christina, now fourteen months old, the youngest child of the king and queen, is threatened with the same impediment in hearing and speech as her little brother, Don Jaime, now four years old.

The other two children, Crown Prince Alfonso, nearly six, and Infanta Beatrice, not quite four, are normal.

Undoubtedly the king's own health is causing concern. His appearance has become ghastly.

NO "MOVIES" FOR VASSAR

Students Asked to Uphold Dignity by Not Attending Vaudeville and Picture Shows.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—The privilege of attending moving picture shows has been withdrawn from Vassar students. The prohibitory order, posted on the bulletin boards in the college corridors, has brought a pang to the three hundred young women who daily attend the film exhibitions. It reads in substance:

"Vassar college students will aid the faculty in upholding the dignity of the institution by refraining from attending vaudeville and moving picture exhibitions in Poughkeepsie for the remainder of the term. Infraction of this rule will not be tolerated."

The girls flock to this city every afternoon and after witnessing the "movies" return to the dormitories to regale the other students with stories of the exciting events they have seen portrayed. The college authorities consider all this a waste of time as well as an affront to the dignity of the institution.

Young Lion Claws Boy.

Rome.—The young lion which Princess Radwili, nee Miss Deacon, of Boston, recently took to a fancy ball in a chariot, was being exercised in the zoological gardens when he broke loose and sprang on the infant son of Count Macca, formerly Italian minister at Buenos Ayres, inflicting serious wounds on the boy's forehead with his claws.

TO STUDY SPOOKS

Chair of Spiritualism to Be Established in Harvard.

Investigation of "Psychic Phenomena" in New England, Where Witches Were Burned—Bequest of \$10,000 for Research.

Cambridge.—Harvard university has seriously contracted to enter upon an investigation of what is technically described as "psychic phenomena," but which our parents (ever since the days of the Fox sisters) called "spiritualism," writes Julian Chambers. This is to my way of thinking is one of the most startling innovations in pedagogy that several centuries have furnished. Indeed, it is an event that could only have followed the coming of the wonderful era of telephone, airships, radium, wireless messages and phonographs. It will not do to treat this incident lightly or to cover it with ridicule.

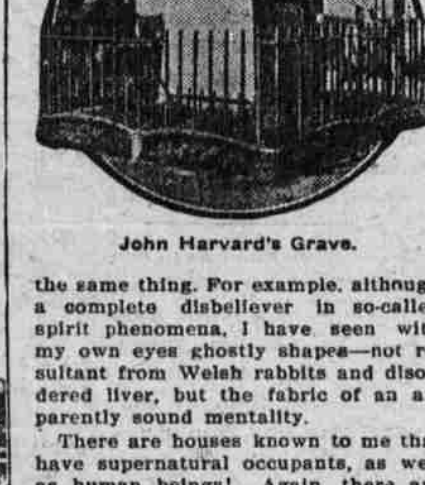
Such is far from my thought when I frankly declare that the acceptance of a \$10,000 endowment fund for psychic research by that time-honored university at Cambridge encourages the hope that Francis L. Wellman's fond wish to found a school of draw poker at Harvard may be ultimately realized.

Seriously, however, comparatively few are believers in spiritualism, the acceptance of this bequest by so conservative a body as the trustees of Harvard brings the study of psychic phenomena to a stage never previously attained in this country.

The language employed by the benefactor is quite explicit. He gives the money—which can only be regarded as the nucleus of a much larger fund—for "investigation and study of mental or psychological phenomena, the origin or expression of which appears to be independent of the ordinary sensory channels."

While this leaves the range as wide open as spookland, it also confines it within scientific scope.

Plenty of persons have seen ghosts—or believe they have, which, for practical purposes of "research," is the same thing. For example, although a complete disbeliever in so-called spirit phenomena, I have seen with my own eyes ghostly shapes—not resultant from Welsh rabbits and disordered liver, but the fabric of an apparently sound mentality.



John Harvard's Grave.

There are houses known to me that have supernatural occupants, as well as human beings! Again, there are houses that harbor quaint, queer, inexplicable noises, by night and by day.

Personally, I doubt not, rational and natural explanations can be found for all such noises. I am not sufficiently interested—curious were a better word—to seek the solution of such problems of the natural world.

There are phases of mental science that are accepted. There is probably something in telepathy—as every one must concede if he or she have sufficient mental power to compel another person seated in church or theater to turn and bow.

No more interesting mental test can be made than to sit at distance from two persons well known and to attempt to learn, by telepathy, what they are talking about. You will be amazed how often it can be done. Try it. You may fail utterly; but some people are able to do this very thing!

Some kind of intangible, inexplicable intercommunication is at times established between intimate friends far distant.

Most men of the world—especially active mental workers or travelers—believe in premonitions. When one reaches that stage, why not have confidence in dreams?

An intimate friend always has a serious illness whenever he dreams of snakes—I am not joking, the man I dream has been a total abstainer. The dream may be responsible for the sickness, you will say. Possibly so. But the same person never dreams of seeing washing hung upon a line without finding therein a premonition that he is to move his habitation.

State Events.

April 30 to May 3—Annual Vermont automobile show at Burlington.

May 22-24—Annual convention Vermont State Dental Society at Burlington.

July 25 to Aug. 1—National convention of insurance commissioners at Burlington.

ARIZONA GOVERNOR AGAINST DEATH PENALTY

Humanitarian Ideas of Governor Hunt of Arizona are Not to Be Hid Under a Bush.



His ideas on the subject were presented by himself the other night at Phoenix, in a debate before the church society of Trinity Episcopal parish. The governor and Editor C. H. Akers of the Gazette spoke in abolition of the death penalty, while Judge Joseph H. Kibbey, former governor of Arizona, and former District Judge Ernest W. Lewis argued in opposition.

The governor declared that hanging is one of the last relics of barbarism, an act of revenge rather than justice and he stated that he had accumulated statistics that states without capital punishment have the least crime. These figures he will submit in a recommendation to the next legislature, asking abolition of the death penalty.

Possibly the most material point in the case is a letter received by the governor, its argument understood to have his approval. It is from the Civic League of Phoenix, presented by its president, Mrs. Pauline O'Neill, urging the passage by the legislature of a universal eight-hour labor law, especially for the protection of salesmen and women in stores and clerk in offices, benefitting a large class of employes not now unionized.

LAUDS MERE MAN AS WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND

Mrs. Percy Vivian Pennypacker, head of the greatest progressive woman's organization in the world, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, lauds mere man as an admirable institution.



Mrs. Percy Vivian Pennypacker.

Mrs. Pennypacker was in Chicago recently to attend several important business meetings in connection with federation matters.

"It is important to contradict and dispel the absurd assumption that the work women are doing for the furtherance of human progress is antagonistic to the work of man," said Mrs. Pennypacker.

"Generally in any sane systematic effort to do good the woman may depend absolutely on man's intelligent and generous co-operation.

"Man is woman's best friend. Women owe much of the advancement they have achieved in the last fifty years to the generous and hearty co-operation of the men."

Mrs. Parkhurst insists that women can hope for nothing worth while in the way of reforms for their benefit until man has been whipped to his knees and made a suppliant.

Mrs. Pennypacker acknowledges that she is in favor of woman's suffrage, but that is all she will say about it.

VINCENT ASTOR WOULD LIKE TO BE REPORTER

Before Vincent Astor sailed southward the other day on board his steam yacht Norma he revealed an ambition achievement of which he never dreamed.



of the opposition lay in the fact, as stated, that nearly all life-terms at the State penitentiary are either paroled or pardoned. Judge Lewis stated his belief that were capital punishment abolished in Arizona resort to lynch law will become much more common. In a commentary upon the discussion a local resident stated that the abolition of capital punishment probably would have little effect in that country, where more than 100 murders have been committed in the past forty years and where only one criminal has been legally hanged, he, a Mexican, thirty-three years ago. In that same year, two men were lynched upon the public plaza.

The governor has also directed his philanthropic attention toward easing the work of the laboring classes in general and has written a letter for publication urging that Christmas buyers have more consideration and that shopping be done early and with more charity for the individual behind the counter.

Along this same line is a letter received by the governor, its argument understood to have his approval. It is from the Civic League of Phoenix, presented by its president, Mrs. Pauline O'Neill, urging the passage by the legislature of a universal eight-hour labor law, especially for the protection of salesmen and women in stores and clerk in offices, benefitting a large class of employes not now unionized.

"The women's clubs have brought the women of all sections in this country together in one great cause—the cause of human progress," she said in discussing her work.

"They have given the inspiration for more thorough, intelligent work, broader and more altruistic work."

"They have taught women to know and understand and admire the genius and labors of the country's best men and this is one of the most important of their accomplishments."

"We are fighting for better educational laws. We are striving to secure better property laws guarding the rights of married women in such states as have not already adequate laws governing married woman's property."

"We are anxious to bring about the use of school buildings as social centers. We are vitally interested in child labor laws that will actually protect the child."

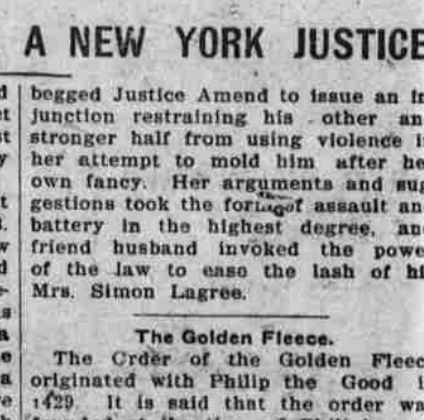
"National forest conservation is another of our interests. We are working for the protection of bird life and to secure the co-operation of women in that they shall cease wearing bird decorations in their hats."

"We want to come in closer touch with the woman who goes out into the world to earn her living. That way we can break down prejudice between the so-called classes."

"We are making a scientific study of the living wage of women and girls in order that we may deal intelligently with the white slave octopus."

PECULIAR RULING OF A NEW YORK JUSTICE

A good course in any well-equipped gymnasium ought to help a man protect himself against his wife's heavy hitting average.



This is what Justice Edward B. Amend of New York, intimated when caught between sessions and pressed for a solution to the problem how a man may secure his life and limb against permanent injury when his wife is bent upon winning the slugging championship of the family.

It was to exact Justice Amend did not advise the gymnastic answer to the problem. He merely said he thought it might be "prudent" to take some such precaution.

Recently a husband who had never laid claim to any physical superiority and who hadn't even a speaking acquaintance with the gentle art of Jujitsu came with tears in his eyes and begged Justice Amend to issue an injunction restraining his other and stronger half from using violence in her attempt to mold him after her own fancy. Her arguments and suggestions took the form of assault and battery in the highest degree, and the husband invoked the power of the law to exact the lash of his Mrs. Simon Lagree.

The Golden Fleece.

The Order of the Golden Fleece originated with Philip the Good in 1429. It is said that the order was founded at the time of Philip's wedding and named on account of the large profits that the duke was making out of wool. The original number of knights was thirty-one. They wore a scarlet cloak lined with ermine, with an open collar bearing the duke's cipher, "B," to signify Burgundy. At the end of the collar hung a golden fleece. The order later became common to all the princes of the house of Austria. The order is still in existence, and among the members are most of the royal princes and other "noble" individuals of the continent.—New York American.

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