

# FOR A MERE WHIM

### That is What People Thought, but the Girl Had Reasons for Her Actions.

By MARIAN COOK.

"That's funny! Dick Steinfeld is over there having dinner at that table in the alcove. He doesn't seem to look any way like a man who is to be so blind when you were around."

"I suppose, since you are my guardian, that you will have to know that I broke my engagement with Dick last night. That was why I was able to accept your invitation to dinner at such short notice. I was to have gone to the opera afterward."

"You gave up that ring for a mere whim? Really, I'm surprised!"

"There is something besides the ring in an engagement, Mr. Bob."

"Granted, but it was a pretty ring, now wasn't it?"

"Yes, but you see I was going to have to marry Dick!"

"Would that have been such a calamity? Dick is as good looking as the average man in this restaurant, he has lots of money, good manners and the usual assets of a popular society man. What is it about him that you don't like. Do you mind telling me?"

"No, I always tell you everything—that is, nearly everything." She looked across the table at the strong handsome face of the lawyer who was sitting in the alcove with the eager pleasure of a healthy, hungry man. She leaned a little toward him. "I wouldn't let Dick kiss me so he quarreled."

"He quarreled? I thought it took two to quarrel."

"Not when one of them is Dick."

"Well, such a proceeding would have been entirely conventional. Dick naturally thought that he was merely asserting his manly rights."

"But I have always felt that I wouldn't marry him and I didn't want to have any bitter memories."

A quiet triumphant light gleamed suddenly in the shrewd gray eyes of the lawyer.

"I am glad, Eleanor," he said, "that you are keeping the flower of your youth white for the right man, when ever he comes. Why did you ever enter into an engagement with Dick?"

"I am sorry that you asked me that. I don't like to appear mean and small in your eyes but I was flattered and pleased with Dick's generous wooing and I just allowed myself to be engaged to know another man that I was desirable in somebody's eyes at least and," concluded Eleanor with a rueful little laugh, "I had all my trouble for nothing for the other man didn't even notice."

"That sounds as if you had fallen in love, Eleanor."

"Yes, it sounds that way," she answered enigmatically.

"Suppose you let me take you to the opera tonight? I am not so old that I have forgotten the gallantry due a pretty woman."

"Go home with me and let's talk instead if you are really willing to give me one of your valuable evenings!"

"I am glad that you are not going to marry Dick," said Mr. Bob as they crossed the snowy pavement to his car. "I thought you loved him and that was the only reason I did not try to interfere. Are you sure, perfectly sure, that you don't love Dick now?"

"Yes," Eleanor replied quickly.

"Dick has no ability and if he didn't have money, he couldn't make any—I always measure men by you since father died. I remember he said to me one day, 'Daughter, never marry a man who can't make a living. If he has money, he may lose it.' To tell you the truth, Mr. Bob, Dick has been getting on my nerves. He was always somewhere around."

"That objection would only have held until you were married," laughed the lawyer.

"I can't believe that you are cynical at heart. You say things like that because you want to cover up your real thoughts and sentiment from a too curious world."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Nice womanly reason to back up my assertion, isn't it?"

They had reached the girl's home and after chatting with her mother for a while, they sat down to warm comfortably before a big open fire in the library. Mr. Bob, as Eleanor called Robert Ogden, had been her father's partner in the law firm and it had been at the older man's request that he was made Eleanor's guardian.

"Why," he asked, watching Eleanor narrowly, "why do you think that I am not cynical at heart?"

"Because you have shielded both mother and me from every bit of care since father died."

"That was my duty. Your father helped establish me in my profession when I was a young man."

"Many men forget either to feel or to show gratitude. I know of poor sick little children that you have taken to the hospital and cared for at your expense. No man to whom a child appeals is really cynical."

"That," he said, "is charky and charity is a cynic is not an impossible or unkind characteristic."

"I am always worried in an argument with you but I am not always convinced," laughed Eleanor. "Then seriously, I have often imagined that you loved somebody who died or went away from you."

"You needn't put it in the past tense for the only woman I ever loved, I still love. I can't tell her about it as after all, I am willing to admit

that you win this case for you are right when you declare that I try to appear cynical to cover up my real sentiment."

"Is she married?" asked Eleanor in a small weak voice.

"No."

"We ought to be able to comfort each other since we both are unfortunately in love. Let's exchange stories, will you, honestly?"

The lawyer looked at the pretty pensive face in the fire-light. He reached in his pocket for a cigar and Eleanor put matches and a tray conveniently near.

"Thank you," he said. "An old bachelor."

"You're not very old," interrupted the girl.

"Well, you can't get around the fact that I am a bachelor and as I started to say, a bachelor does appreciate the attention of a pretty young woman."

The cool impersonal voice sent a wave of resentment over Eleanor.

"You are trying to cover up something now."

"You are right again. I was just thinking that it wouldn't be wise to tell you my story."

"Are you afraid that I—that I will tell?"

"Oh no, but it might make you unhappy."

"It couldn't make me any unhappier than I am now. You deserve everything good that life can give and it seems so cruel that you should be denied anything. A poet has said, 'man's love is of man's life a thing apart,' but it wouldn't be to a man like you, Mr. Bob."

"You are forgetting your own hurt in sympathy for me. That is how a woman's instinctive mother feeling to comfort helps her bear a personal sorrow better than a man can under the same circumstances. There is not a time when I can force myself to forget."

"Does the woman love you?"

"No, that is why I have never had the courage to ask her to marry me."

"You have never told her that you love her?"

"No, never."

"Why, maybe she loves you, Mr. Bob. A woman doesn't carry her heart on her sleeve you know."

"I knew this woman when she was a little girl," said the man reminiscingly. "I watched her grow to womanhood with many men to love and court her. There was no place for me. She regarded me as a kind, good natured old fellow in whom she could confide. That was all. Some day I shall be asked to give her in marriage." Mr. Bob's voice was soft and low and there was a mellow sound of music in it. "I shall feel her arm tremble within mine as we advance to meet the man she loves. Then when I have given her up to him, my arms will drop at my sides, useless and forever empty because of her. I can not be her guardian then."

Eleanor bent forward eagerly, her face radiant. "Are you anybody's guardian but mine?" she asked breathlessly.

Mr. Bob was leaning back in his chair, his eyes closed, his cigar dead in his fingers.

"No," he said, "no, Eleanor."

"It's my time," and the happiness in the girl's voice would have arrested any man's attention. "I love a man who used to come to my house when I was a little girl and bring me dolls and candy. He would take me up on his knee and tell me the most beautiful stories in the world."

There was a little flutter of ashes as Mr. Bob's cigar dropped on the floor.

"I was the happiest thing that drew breath when he sent me on the day of my debut party boxes of violets and lilies-of-the-valley. They are my favorite flowers and I thought—I hoped that he cared for me. He is big, an intelligent giant, men say, and just now, I am wondering how I could ever have expected him to love me. I was engaged to Dick because I thought that maybe when he asked for me—the man manages my worldly interests—he would not give me up to Dick. Now, will I have to ask him to marry me?"

Eleanor felt herself lifted to her feet and her head fitted so that Mr. Bob could look straight into the depths of her eyes.

"Do you know what you are saying? Are you jesting, Eleanor? I love you, now you have a strong man's secret without having had to share his hair to get it. Who is the man you love, Eleanor?"

"You—always just you," came the smothered answer.

"My arms will never be empty, never," vowed Mr. Bob.

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Short Digit Wedding Bar.

Maria Pores, eighteen years old who was the betrothed of Flora Opra, twenty-four years old, at the eleventh hour discovered a fatal bar to their wedding. The little finger on the fiancée's right hand was shorter than it really ought to be, shorter than the one on his left hand. This, said the superstitious Maria, between crying spells, was an insurmountable barrier to her marriage; it was a sure sign of a short-lived love, so she called off the wedding. The guests had been bidden to the wedding. The clergyman had been notified. Opra had purchased the ring and furniture and had made all arrangements for house-keeping—Exchange.

Case for Reno.

Heck—Were you ever injured in a runaway?

Peck—Yes, I eloped with the woman who is now my wife.

# GRAND MARSHAL OF THE SUFFRAGIST PAGEANT



Mrs. Richard Coke-Burleson is to be grand marshal of the suffragist pageant that will be held in Washington on March 2. She is seen here standing by the horse she will ride, and in evening costume.

# ROBBER LAUGHS AT "DEAD" POLICE GUN

### Escaped Convict Robs Saloon in Presence of a Detective.

# PISTOL MISSES FIRE

### Fugitive Shoots Repeatedly at Policeman to Cover His Flight, While Latter Snaps Trigger of His Own Weapon in Vain.

Chicago.—"Tribby" Thompson, escaped convict from Joliet, for whom the police have been searching for two months, held up a West Side saloon the other day and got away with \$20 in cash.

He owes his liberty to the fact that Detective George of Captain Halpin's office was armed with a revolver which would not fire. The revolver was one of the type attacked by Major Bauder, drillmaster and inspector of revolvers for the police department, in a recent report to Chief McWenny.

While Thompson shot repeatedly at Garry, to cover his flight, the detective snapped the trigger of his own weapon in vain. The cartridges would not explode and he could not close with the shooting bandit.

It was in the saloon of Harry Martin, at the intersection of Ogden, Robey and Flournoy streets, that the hold-up occurred. Garry was standing at the cigar counter, in front of the screen, talking to Martin, when Thompson entered.

"Why don't you guys throw up your hands? What's the matter with you?" Thompson shouted as he pushed open the swinging doors in the screen and entered the barroom where half a dozen customers were being served by John Gill, the bartender.

"Who's that, some village, cut-up springing a joke?" was Garry's query to Martin. The detective had had his back to the door when Thompson entered.

"No, George, this is a hold-up," replied the saloon man. "That fellow has a gun in his hand and I think he's 'Tribby' Thompson."

Thompson is the only one of the latest trio to escape from the Joliet penitentiary who is still at liberty.

"Sunny" Dunn and Tony Landers escaped with him by scaling a wall at the prison.

Apprised on the seriousness of the situation, Detective Garry drew his revolver and cautiously entered the barroom. Just as Thompson was searching the last of the customers, the detective made a rush for the escaped convict, and as he came to close quarters, pulled the trigger of

his revolver. The hammer fell with a harmless snap. Again Garry tried to fire, and again the cartridge failed to explode.

"Why don't you get a good 'gun,' like this one?" shouted Thompson, as he backed toward a side door. He began shooting at Garry and the customers he had just robbed.

Thompson fired until his revolver was empty and then ran out the door. By the time Garry had reached Flournoy street the fleeing robber had disappeared.

Duck With Four Legs.

Ithaca, N. Y.—A dead duck with two bodies, four legs and only one head will be sent as a curiosity to Prof. H. N. Wilder of Smith college, who is making a study of deformities at Ithaca, by a resident of this city on recommendation of Prof. Hugh S. Reed of the department of neurology at Cornell. The duck is twenty-two inches long.

First Eugenic Baby.

Providence, R. I.—Mrs. George W. Herrick, mother of New England's first eugenic baby, says children should not be kissed, bounced up and down, nor treated with talcum powder, sponge baths or furbelows.

A Lively Cripple.

New York.—Solomon Lowry, who has one leg and walks on crutches, severely beat ten policemen. A reserve force of eight bluecoats was sent to the scene and arrested him.

# CUPID IS GIVEN AID

### Miss Winthrop Will Build \$15,000 Trysting Place.

### Woman Sees Woes of Street Corner, Cafe and Dance Hall Courtships in Gotham and Becomes a Philanthropist.

New York.—There's no use in denying the fact that young lovers of New York City have a pretty hard time in getting away with it. Anyhow, tender-hearted Miss Gordenia Winthrop of Washington, after five years of long-remembered investigation of some of the rather distressing social conditions of the town, says it is so. Forthwith she decided something really ought to be done—hence a rather interesting announcement from Miss Winthrop.

But before launching into Miss Winthrop's solution, let's see just what is this problem of the young lovers of New York. The answer is: "Where are they going to do their courting?" Or, rather, that leads up to the answer, and in the meantime proposes a few questions.

With a few million people trying to occupy the narrow confines of Manhattan Island, it goes without further elaboration that every family cannot place at the disposal of Bal and Jane a parlor each for the entertainment of their young man friends over an evening's call. Moreover, a large percentage of "the other half" in New York City cannot afford a single parlor for the whole family.

So when Freddie makes a "date" with Sal, Sal must make answer to Freddie something to this effect: "All right, Freddie; meet me at the corner of Hundred and Twenty-fifth and Eighth." Freddie arrives duly, he will say; likewise Sal. Presently the popular street corner under the glaring arc lamps and in full sight of the passing throng becomes as inviting for a continuance of the tryst as Broadway for a rest cure.

There's little in the way of a choice for Freddie and Sal. They might walk a while, yes; but more than love's young dream is necessary to make a lovers' lane out of a New York street. There's the Cafe de Something around the corner. The lights are dim there; nobody is the brother's keeper across that threshold. So we can't approve of Sal and Freddie going there.

They have another choice, and only about one more. It's the noisy dance hall down the avenue. The brass music mimics sadly the sighs of the evening's breeze of the country lane, which is nature's own trysting place for the village lad and lass; the thick, smoky atmosphere of the dance hall is a poor substitute, surely, for the open sky that falls to the lot of young lovers away from a great city's congestion. No, the dance hall will not do.

For the solution of the problem of the courting couples of New York we may turn gladly to Miss Winthrop's announcement. The fair philanthropist has viewed the problem—viewed from afar, perhaps, but still close enough to see the temptations which mock the lot of the young lovers of the city; to see that love's young dream unfolding in a dance hall or cafe may result in something very different from a storybook ending; to see, finally, that the city is sadly deficient in proper courting places for the young whose homes offer no such accommodations.

Miss Winthrop's proposition is this: She will establish at her own expense of \$15,000 a house, conveniently located for the working class, where the young people may meet under

the supervision of experienced chaperones.

"I have been over every section of this country studying its social evils," Miss Winthrop said, "and I think I have found now what will be a great remedy for the young in this great city."

# LOST U. S. WOMAN FOUND

### Taken to Hospital in Italy She Explains She Was Overcome by Illness and Had Fainted.

Rome.—Mrs. William Mansfield, the American woman, whose disappearance has caused much anxiety to her friends and occasioned an investigation by the Italian authorities, has been found in Venice, according to a dispatch to the Giornale d'Italia.

Mrs. Mansfield arrived in Venice a fortnight ago and took a room at a boarding house, which she left. The police came upon her lying unconscious in the street and removed her to a hospital. On regaining consciousness the woman said that she had been overcome by illness and had fainted. She remained in the hospital all night and left in the morning.

The police say she told them she belonged to a wealthy New York family, and that the name of her husband, from whom she was separated, was William Mansfield.

Mrs. Mansfield left Salin on Lake Garda, about two weeks ago after cashing an American check for \$60 at a bank. She said she was going to Verona to buy paint brushes, but there is no trace of her having stayed at any hotel in Verona. Apparently she went direct to Venice.

# NAME IS LOST 51 YEARS

### Minister's Search for Identity Is Rewarded Through Publication of Small Item.

Springdale, Ark.—Rev. David L. Leonard, erstwhile Rev. David Johnson, "Little Davy" to the few who remember the frightened, bedraggled youngster they sheltered when, one day in 1861 federal artillery capsize a houseboat at Ozark Landing, on the Arkansas, has come into his own. For the first time in fifty-one years he greeted relatives and learned what he never knew before—his name.

With telegrams in his hand from the families of three brothers and sisters in the south urging him to meet them, the minister sat at the home of his sister, Mrs. J. C. Johnson in Springdale, told his part of the disconnected story, matched data with some of the pioneers and ended by legally renouncing the name David Johnson.

David's parents moved from his birthplace, Knox county, Tenn., two years before the war, to Coop Ridge, near Fort Smith, Ark. When mother and father died, neighbors placed David and four brothers and sisters aboard a houseboat in charge of a slave, and started them for their old home in Tennessee.

Following the capsizing of the boat David disappeared. The other children were taken aboard of a passenger boat at the landing and on to their round by a farmer a few miles from Ozark, sobbing on the river bank. He was 3 years old and his name, he said, was "Davy." Some months later, James Johnson and his family of Greenville, Tex., came through Ozark and adopted the homeless boy.

The Johnsons journeyed to Kansas City, lived there four years, and then

# THIEF LEAVES FAKE WHISKY

### Burglar Breaks Glass in Saloon to Get Colored Water and Throws Loot Away.

St. Louis.—The crash of breaking glass attracted patrolmen to the saloon of Charles Crocick early in the morning. A plate glass in front of the place had been broken. But there was no sign of a burglar.

The police found a bottle in the hallway. It was a quart bottle such as is used to contain whisky. The cork was out and lay nearby. Part of the contents had been spilled. The rest reflected a nice, ruddy glow. Taking it to the saloon, the police asked Crocick if it was his.

"Yes; that's all the fellow took, too," was the reply. "It's colored water."

The police imagined the look of disgust on the face of the burglar when he sampled the whisky.

# NEW PAPER IN NEW YORK

### Gotham Writers on Strike Get It Out—Say It Has Circulation of 100,000.

New York.—A newspaper made its appearance on the streets of this city, and, according to its publishers, enjoyed a first issue circulation of 100,000 copies. It was written and edited by the Jewish newspaper men who are on strike and is four pages, seven columns to a page. Most of its information was about its makers' strike against the Jewish dailies. The strike men themselves became newsboys in the streets.

A second issue was promised for later and the writers who walked out demanding more money and shorter hours say it will be published at intervals until the strike ends. They named it the Jewish Press.

# BANDITS' FALSE COW FEET

### Imitation Hoofs Worn by California Robbers to Delude Pursuers—Are Found in Cache.

Long Beach, Cal.—What is believed to have been a safe blowers' cache, discovered at the edge of a swamp near here, yielded several ingenious contrivances apparently intended to divert pursuit after the commission of a crime. They were a pair of imitation horse hoofs carved out of pine and fitted with straps so that they could be adjusted to a pair of shoes; an imitation cow's hoof fastened to a cane evidently was intended to be used in conjunction with the others to give the impression of a man on horseback driving a cow.

