

BREAKING THE BOND

M. R. COCHRANE enters the drawing-room, where his wife is seated at the piano.

He—For goodness' sake, Mabel, stop banging that instrument and talk to me!

She (turning her head round)—Talk to you? What on earth about? I saw you at breakfast.

He—Is a fellow only to speak to his wife once a day? I thought marriage was meant for companionship and sympathy.

She (crossly)—You think wives were created just to fulfill the passing caprice of the moment, but I don't choose to pander to your whims. I've something better to do. (Faces the music and goes on practicing.)

He—Most women give up all that strumming when they get married and take to more useful occupation.

She (playing softly)—More fools they. (Banging hard and putting down loud pedal.)

He (raising his voice)—If you go on any longer with that noise I'll smash every note on that old kettledrum!

She (lifting her hands from the keys)—Then I'll burn all your golf sticks. (Gets off music stool and confronts him.) By the by, did you ever intend giving up golf when you proposed to me?

He—Oh, that's quite a different matter! An open-air pastime is absolutely necessary for health. It's a man's duty to his family to join a golf club.

She—And leave his wife to her own devices, then grumble at her because she solaces her loneliness with music.

He—But you carry it to such an excess. You're forever gadding about to concerts, operas, musical matinees, and what not. You are never in.

She—Why should I be, when you are always out? I suppose you'd have me waiting in the hall all day to help you on and off with your coat, and to run for your slippers, like some deluded domestic drudge. For years, Walter, I've been trying to uproot your medieval ideas of matrimony, but they stick as tight as ever.

He—You should have mentioned your disapproval when I imparted them to you before our marriage, then—then—

She—Then there would have been no marriage—you'd have cried off?

He (deliberately)—I certainly should.

She—Ours is a good illustration of the adage, "Marry in haste, repent at leisure." I can only assure you I regret our precipitancy as much as you do.

He—But I don't regret anything. It is only weak minds that indulge in idle regrets.

She—Own up, our marriage is a mistake, and be honest.

He—I deny it. Nothing of the sort.

She (irritated)—Call it what you will, an error of judgment, a regrettable incident—there have been so many disasters the past year so named. But in homely parlance, we ought not to have got married; we are not suited to each other, and our marriage is a failure.

He (calmly)—You are quite wrong. The real error only lies in your light treatment of the vows you made at the altar, and in your neglect of wifely duties.

She—The fact is, you've got tired of me. In the early days of our life together everything was fresh and new; you were kept amused, but now the novelty has worn off, I have no longer the power to attract and entertain you.

He (angrily)—Upon my word, Mabel, you take the cake for perversion of truth! It was you who got tired of me; you were always begging to move to London, and complained so of being dull and bored in the country. As I was your sole and constant companion, it was a bit rough on me, and I felt it. You were always grumbling at me.

She—The fact is that a man without any profession or business becomes hippled, dissatisfied and morose. You don't do half enough with your life.

He—And you do too much. The constant excitement you indulge in makes you irritable, restless and flighty.

She—I despise a man who makes golf his whole life work, and has no definite aim.

He—I scorn a woman who has a score of silly fancies and misnames them "isms."

She (hotly)—You would blind me down to the narrow tedium of domesticity, and stifle all higher aspirations.

He—Rot! bosh! fiddlesticks! How you go off in a tangent, Mabel! But this sort of thing between us can't go on much longer.

She (quickly)—No, indeed. There's only one thing to be done if two partners in a concern can't pull together.

He—And that is?

She—Dissolve partnership. Take up the contract. Sever the bond.

He (horried)—Mabel! You surely don't mean what you say, that—that we—

She—Yes, I do. I've often thought of it. I guess you have, too, but you

dared not say it. Men have no moral courage.

He (distressfully)—To think it should ever come to this, when we were once so happy.

She (triumphantly)—I cut the Gordian knot for you, and ask for a separation. You ought to be immensely obliged to me. It's all so easy to arrange, as we have each our own little fortune, and there will be no monetary difficulties. Let us approach the matter in a businesslike manner—for it is certainly no affair of sentiment. We can have a legal document drawn up by the lawyers, but all the minor details we can settle amicably between ourselves.

He—Surely you are only poking. Mabel? I am quite dumfounded. Have these scatter-brained musicians and eccentric violinists quite turned your brain?

She (firmly, with a little stamp of her foot)—What a time it takes you to grasp any new idea! I am quite decided, and have wished it for long enough. We will have a proper separation, *de corps et de biens*, as the French say, and I shall take a snug little flat near Oxford street, and you can keep on in this house. Now, let us begin and divide our goods.

He (sadly)—You've always had your own way, and I suppose you'll get it still. If you've quite ceased caring for me, I'm sure I don't care what happens. I shall go headlong to ruin.

She (laughing and rising from her chair)—What a long face you pull, you silly boy! It will be great fun having one's own establishment; we shall be far happier apart. I feel quite excited about it, and shall set to work to divide our belongings. Half of the things in the house are mine and half yours. We must choose what we each like best. Of course, you'll want me to have the pianos?

He (testily)—Take the confounded things away. I can't bear the mention of music—it is the cause of all our discord.

She (looking round the room)—These pretty water colors, too, I should like. Men don't appreciate pictures, and you understand nothing of art.

He (dejectedly)—How beastly cheerful you seem, Mabel!

She (with asperity)—Of course I am! For goodness' sake, rouse yourself, Walter, and take an interest in things!

He (crossly)—Then I lay claim to some knowledge of art, and tell you I mean to have half of these water colors. I think they're lovely.

She—How selfish you are! But the timepiece and statuettes, of course, are mine?

He (deciding to rouse himself)—I'm blowed if they are! My father gave me those for my rooms long before I married.

She—Then I'll have the silver lamp.

He—What? The General sent it to me as a wedding present, and I shall stick to it.

She (reproachfully)—Sent it to us, Walter. I've quite as much right to it as you.

He—But there's no "us" and more. It's only me and you; and what's mine I take.

She (impatiently)—But we must divide the things.

He (calmly)—Divide away, then. Give me a fair share of five chairs, three little tables and a cabinet.

She—Oh, don't be so ridiculous, Walter! You make me so angry. Evidently you mean to get the lion's share. It's always the way, the poor woman goes to the wall. (Brightening up.) I've got it! Let's take things in a lump. I'll have all the morning room furniture and you the contents of the library.

He—Agreed. But I must inform you that the collection of books is very valuable, and that your morning room gimcracks are utterly worthless.

She—I've always treated you in the most generous manner, and I hate those dusty old book shelves. But in return I expect all the silver and linen. Those household requisites always belong to the woman.

He—I'm dashed if they do! The silver is an heirloom, and all marked with the Cochrane crest. I wouldn't part with it for a thousand pounds.

She (petulantly)—Well, really, what is there for me to have? You persistently claim everything of the least value, and leave the rubbish for me. At least you will assign me my own bedroom suite?

He—It is yours.

She—And all the nursery furniture?

He (amazed)—What on earth for? That's the last thing you'll ever need, and my little Dorothy must have all she's been accustomed to.

She—Precisely. That's what I mean. My sweet girlie must bring it all with her.

He—Are you stark, staring mad, Mabel? You don't suppose for one moment that I shall allow my little

daughter to quit her home? No, indeed, not for one single night.

She (horried)—But you can't think I mean to leave little Dolly here! Surely, you would not be such a heartless brute as to part a mother from her child?

He (lolly)—I am quite passive—the plan is entirely your own. I will not rob you of the honor of your brilliant solution of the marriage problem.

She (desperately)—The child is mine, and must come with me. I could not live without my little darling. By nature's law she belongs entirely to me.

He (sternly)—The law of the land will give her absolutely to my care. The woman who forsakes her husband and home will be adjudged no fit guardian for her infant.

(There is silence in the room for several minutes.)

She (falteringly)—I have been very thoughtless—very discontented, and wicked. Please forgive me. I am so ashamed of my folly—I understand it all now—the sacredness of marriage—forgive me. (She bursts into tears.)

He (goes to her side and puts his arm round her)—Dear little woman! You have been influenced by evil counselors who envy your happiness, have you not?

She (sobbing)—Silly, weak creature that I am! But—the scales have fallen from my eyes—I see my faults—and all your goodness.

He (drawing her to him)—Put your head on my shoulder, in the dear old way, and tell me all about it. I, too, am to blame. I have been hard and unsympathetic, and need your forgiveness, dear. We possess the same treasure in our little child, so we must—for her sake—have the same aims, choose the same path, and walk hand in hand. We are linked by indissoluble ties which only death must sever. (Kisses her.) Dry your eyes, little wife, and cheer up. We will begin a new life from this moment. I will cultivate a taste for music, and have singing lessons at once.

She (smiling through her tears)—And I, Walter, will learn golf. A little more fresh air with less music will give me back my old content and happiness.

He (exultantly)—You're a real trump, Mabel, and we'll be the jolliest couple in all England.—New York News.

PUZZLED THE SECRETARY.

He Couldn't Pick Out the Senator's "Jokes" from the Serious Matter.

The Senator came out of his private office and faced the young man at the writing table. In his left hand he loosely held a bunch of writing paper. "Mr. Acting Secretary," he said in his abrupt way, "I want to try the effect of this little speech on you. Are we alone?"

"Quite alone," replied the young man.

"It has been stated by an invidious Eastern press," remarked the Senator, "that I joke with difficulty."

"I have noticed something of the kind," ventured the young man. Then he hastily added, "I mean in the papers."

"And do you agree with these criticisms?"

"Certainly not."

"Very good," said the Senator as he glanced at the closely written sheets. "Now listen. I am going to read a few selections from this speech, some of them serious, some humorous, and I want to see if you can tell me which is which. Do you understand?"

"I hope I will—I mean of course I understand," replied the young man, and he turned his chair half round so as to face the eminent statesman.

"All ready then," said the Senator, and with many gestures from his disengaged arm he hurriedly read a somewhat lengthy sentence.

Suddenly he stopped.

"How's that?" he demanded.

The young man's face beamed with delight.

"It's awfully bright," he chuckled; "they'll laugh at that all right."

"What?" roared the Senator. "That isn't humorous. That's all serious. I didn't want to be humorous at the very start."

"Of course not," faltered the unhappy young man.

"Here," said the Senator, "I'll try you again." And he hastily read another passage.

"That's serious all right," said the young man, with great confidence. "That will set them to thinking."

"Serious!" roared the Senator. "What's the matter with you? That's the funniest paragraph in the whole speech! Wake up and get into the game. Here, I'll give you a last chance."

The unhappy young man wiped his brow on his coat sleeve and drew a long breath.

Again the Senator rapidly read a selection, and again he suddenly paused.

"Now, what's that?" he shouted.

The young man gasped.

"Th—that?" he stammered. "Why, th—that's a composite."

COMMISSIONERS GET TO WORK.

Coal Strike Board Starts on Its Tour of Inspection of the Mines.

Scranton, Pa., Oct. 31.—The seven commissioners appointed by President Roosevelt to adjust the differences between the anthracite miners and their employers made a tour yesterday of the extreme upper coal fields, and saw every step taken in the production of coal, from the time it is blasted from the ground, hundreds of feet below the surface, up to the point where it is sent to market, ready for the use of the consumer. The arbitrators had an interesting day, and returned to their hotel at 6:30 o'clock grimy from coal dust and tired after eight busy hours of observation and investigation.

The trip was a novelty to most of those in the commissioners' party, some of whom never had been in the hard coal regions. The commissioners displayed the greatest interest in every feature of coal mining, and went about their work in a manner that was pleasing to behold. The mining superintendents accompanied the commissioners. The seven arbitrators had to endure many discomforts, make their way through wet places in the mines, almost crawl along some of the gangways in the workings, and pass through clouds of coal dust in the breakers. Notwithstanding this, their eagerness for information was not diminished, and they expect to put in another day's work today in this vicinity.

It would be unfair to say that one commissioner displayed more interest than another, but it can be truly said that Bishop Spalding asked more questions than any one of the others. He was usually in the center of a group of commissioners, and asked many questions of those who are employed in and about the mines.

All the commissioners were good listeners, but poor talkers, when it came down to getting an expression from them on any feature of the mining business. From their actions today, it is certain they have agreed not to say what they think of the questions that will come before them. Several persons approached one or another of the commissioners during the day, merely for the purpose of having him say what he thought of something he saw and in each case the inquirer was rebuffed.

Yesterday's tour consisted of an inspection of No. 2 mine of the Hillside coal company, operated by the Erie company, and the coal breaker of the Delaware & Hudson company. The former is located at Forest City, 22 miles north of this city, and the breaker at Carbondale, four miles south of Forest City.

MINERS STAY OUT.

Strike at Several Mines is Renewed Upon Orders from President Mitchell.

Hazleton, Pa., Nov. 1.—The strike at the seven collieries of Cox & Co., the four mines of G. B. Markle & Co., and the Silver Brook operation of J. S. Wents & Co., was officially renewed today through an order issued by District Secretary Gallagher, of the United Mineworkers, upon instructions from President Mitchell. The strikers at those mines were not permitted to return to work in a body, the Coxes insisting that their employees make personal application for their former posts, and G. B. Markle & Co. requiring each man before going back to work to promise to abide by the decision of the arbitration commission. The miners allege that the object of these requirements is discrimination against men who were prominent in the strike. The trouble at Silver Brook is similar to that at Cox & Co.

The New Monitor Wyoming.

Washington, Nov. 1.—A telegram received at the navy department from Captain Dickens, at the Mare Island navy yard, contains the following report of yesterday's trial of the monitor Wyoming:

"The two hours' full speed trial of the Wyoming in the open sea was successfully completed today. The mean revolutions for the two hours were 201.3. This corresponds to a speed of 11.8 knots. The general behavior of the ship in moderate sea and breeze was satisfactory."

Wrecked by Runaway Cars.

Oxford, O., Nov. 1.—The express for Chicago over the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton and the Monon routes collided with two runaway freight cars here last night, wrecking the engine, baggage and mail cars. The fireman and two tramps were killed. The wrecked cars were burned. No passengers were hurt, although they were badly shaken up. The freight cars were detached from a train that took the siding here to allow the Chicago express to pass, and were not noticed by the freight crew until too late.

Paper Factory Burned.

Minneapolis, Nov. 1.—Six firemen were injured at midnight in a fire that entailed a damage estimated at \$250,000. The six-story factory building occupied by the Minneapolis paper company, and owned by J. C. Oswald & Co., was gutted. The stock of the paper company, known also as Wright, Barrett & Stillwell, was consumed. The contents are said to have exceeded \$200,000 in value.

MAKE A RULING

If Miners Get Increase in Pay, It Will Date from Nov. 1.

VOTE ON DECISION WAS UNANIMOUS

Strike Commission Has Under Consideration the Issuance of a Preliminary Report on the Main Issues.

Scranton, Pa., Nov. 1.—The first important action of the Anthracite Coal Strike commission, which is arbitrating the differences existing between the miners and their employers, was taken today when it was announced by Carroll D. Wright, the recorder of the commission, that if any award affecting the existing scale of wages should be made, the award shall be effective from November 1. It was fully expected that this question would come up before the arbitrators, but the action of yesterday shuts off any possible controversy that either side may have desired to raise. The miners wanted the new scale, if one is made, to date from the time they returned to work, but the operators left the matter to be decided by the commission. The mineworkers are perfectly satisfied, however, with the decision of the commission. The strike has been off nearly one week, and most of the men have not worked more than four or five days. The announcement of the commission was contained in the following resolution:

"Vote unanimous that if the commission at the conclusion of its hearings and deliberations makes any award affecting rates of wages, such award shall take effect from November 1, 1902."

It is possible that the commission may make a preliminary report on three principal strike questions. They are the increase in wages, a shorter work day, and the weighing of coal. After these have been decided, the commission can take up all other questions without undue haste. It is known that the commissioners have this feature under consideration, and it is probable a preliminary report will be made.

The commissioners spent the entire day yesterday in continuing their inspection of the mines and the mining region about Scranton. They visited the Manville colliery, operated jointly by the Delaware & Hudson and the Delaware, Lackawana & Western companies, in the forenoon, and the afternoon was spent in riding through the region on a special trolley car. The commission will spend today in the vicinity of Wilkesbarre, returning here this evening.

GREAT CABLE FINISHED.

All British Line Between Vancouver, B. C., and Brisbane, Australia.

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 3.—The completion of the All-Red cable line between Vancouver and Brisbane was accomplished at 7 o'clock last night, although the first message did not get through until this morning, when the announcement was made that one dream of the Imperialists was a reality. The cable is still in the hands of the contractors, and it will not be open for business for about three weeks. During that time it will undergo an elaborate system of tests in order that the officials may see that it is in thorough working order before being taken over from the contractors.

The section between Bamfield creek and Fanning island, which is the longest in the world, has already undergone a series of tests, and has proved entirely equal to expectations. The great question in the success of the cable was over this enormous section, but it was found by a recent test to give a speed of over 100 words a minute with the Deerlove transmitter. The actual time occupied in the transmission of a message from this city to Sydney, Australia, will be less than five minutes in the case of a short commercial message, and this time will be of course mainly occupied in the manual repetition of the message at Bamfield creek, Fanning island, Norfolk island and Brisbane.

ARMOR PLATE STANDS TESTS.

Good Material for Battleship Nebraska, Now Building at Seattle.

Washington, Nov. 3.—During the past week there have been two tests of armor plate at Indian Head. The first was made with six-inch projectiles on triangular six-inch Krupp plate to be used on the cruisers Colorado, Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia. Three shots were fired. The greatest striking velocity was 1,919 feet per second. The armor was penetrated only about two inches. The other test was with 11-inch Krupp plate to be used as side armor for the battleship Nebraska, now under construction by the Moran Bros., of Seattle. In this instance a 10-inch gun was used, and the penetration was three inches. Both tests are said to have been successful.

Explosion of 600 Kegs of Powder.

Fairmount, W. Va., Oct. 29.—The Fairmount powder works, located 18 miles from this city, was damaged to the extent of \$30,000 by the explosion of 600 kegs of powder.