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Managers of Matrimony
By R. RAY BAKER

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As matrimonial manager for her family, Mrs. Glendale Chesterton had every reason to feel proud of her record.

Through their mother's efforts three of the Chesterton "hopefuls" had their hopes realized. Husbands with comfortable piles of coin to their respective credits had been found, lured and trapped. They had to be lured and trapped because of the daughters' vivid unattractiveness. As visions of beauty, the three Chesterton girls would have made good cement mixers.

But Mrs. Chesterton's troubles were not over. There remained one more daughter, Lucia by name, to be married off before the mother would be content. And Lucia was the greatest problem of them all.

Not because of her looks. Far from it. In some way Lucia had escaped the blight of homeliness that had smitten the rest of the family. In fact, those who knew said she made up for the rest of them.

According to these authorities, the other Chesterton girls had hair that resembled rope, while Lucia's was raven black, with tints of unburnished gold. Her sisters' eyes were the color of mud puddles. Lucia's were brown, deep, mysterious pools. Their chins were like hatchets; Lucia's was gracefully rounded; their lips thick and pink. Lucia's thin and red; their necks like "butcher's," hers like a swan; their bodies thin as nails, Lucia's slim like a bird.

But Lucia was recalcitrant. A number of husbands had been selected for her—and willing ones, too—but she spurned them all.

"Don't want to get married," she affirmed. "Won't get married, that's all."

Mrs. Chesterton was ingenious, but all her ingenuity was wasted on Lucia. The latter saw through her tricks.

When a prospective husband called and Mamma Chesterton graciously retired from the library, leaving the young couple alone, Lucia would propose a stroll or a ride. When a horse-back party contrived by Mrs. Chesterton's suggestion to leave Lucia and a young man by themselves, the girl would whip up her steed and apprehend the rest of the riders. She would never sit out a dance or walk in the woods.

For three years Mrs. Chesterton had veritably wooed her own daughter, thinking the latter finally would capitulate and become the bride of some nice rich young man. But Lucia was now twenty-two and more adamant than ever.

"No use," she would say. "I just won't get married. No man is going to boss me around."

About this time young Adam Forthgiver, who went away in quest of health, returned from a three-years' sojourn in the West, where he became robust and made money raising cattle. This change for the better in his health—and also in the matter of his wealth—caused Mrs. Chesterton to decide on Adam for a son-in-law. She had a conference with Mrs. Forthgiver, and the latter acquiesced. It was to their mutual social advantage.

"But it's no use," said Mrs. Forthgiver. "I broached the subject of marriage to Adam. In fact, I might say I had your daughter in view; you know they used to be such good friends. But he nearly ate me up, and told me he was not ready, and would not be for a good many years, to take a wife, and when he was ready he'd select one without any help."

They had frequent confabs on the subject, and one day Mrs. Forthgiver, after serving notice by telephone, bustled into Mrs. Chesterton's home with the announcement that she had an idea.

Mrs. Chesterton, having visited England, had the afternoon habit, and she at once ordered ten served.

The plot was simple. In fact, young Adam Forthgiver was a party to it—was really its author—although he was unaware of it. Adam had decided to go hunting in the Michigan north woods. "I've always wanted to tramp through those forests in the winter," he had said. "It's ideal in the summer and I know I'd like it when there's snow."

Mrs. Forthgiver's plan was for Mrs. Chesterton to send Lucia to the same territory, without, of course, apprising her of the fact that Adam would be there. The suggestion was received with enthusiasm.

"Just the thing!" she exclaimed, as she drained her second cup. "Lucia has often expressed a desire for some such winter frolic in the woods. I'll get Mrs. Alberts to go with her."

Adam had selected Brutus, a town south of Mackinaw City, for his headquarters. "There's a hotel there called the Purple house which serves the best dinners in the world," he had explained. "and when I get tired of camp cooking I can hike to town and get a real feed."

"Adam's real purpose is to get the outdoor life," his mother asserted. "Ever since he's been West he says he can't stand having anything but the sky for a roof. So there won't be much hunting. He'll take his gun along just as a blind. What he really wants is to eat and sleep in a hotel and spend the rest of his time

in the woods. I know him. There's a young man living in Brutus who worked on Adam's ranch, and he's very fond of him. This young man will act as his guide.

"Now, I've had correspondence on my own account before broaching the plan to you, and I learn that there is a family in Brutus by the name of Lineman. The family is just a lady and her daughter, poor but honest, and sometimes they take boarders and roomers. It would be a good idea for Lucia and Mrs. Alberts to make reservations there."

For once Lucia was deluded, and early December found her rooming with the Linemans and enjoying herself immensely. She roamed the woods every day with either Miss Lineman or Mrs. Alberts as a companion, and her rosy cheeks were becoming more rosy.

"It's the life!" she cried. "Nothing is lacking."

But one day while wandering aimlessly through a strip of pine forest she became separated from Miss Lineman. She called repeatedly, but could get no response.

"I'm lost," she decided, but she was not greatly alarmed. In fact, the novelty was rather exhilarating.

She continued along the path, swinging with a carefree motion in spite of her predicament, and whistling softly. Suddenly a man stepped from behind a tree—a tall, blond young man, garbed in hunting costume, carrying a gun. She stopped and stared at him, and he stared back. There was something fascinating in the look from his eyes, and she was spellbound. A strange power she had never before felt drew her to him.

"He's come at last," she breathed. "This is the man that was meant for me." Aloud she said: "I'm lost. Can you help me?"

Adam Forthgiver and his erstwhile employee were having the time of their lives. Only once had they gone hunting, and on that occasion they had not found anything to shoot at, and probably would not have fired if they had. They loved the outdoors and had no particular propensity for killing.

On one of their tramps the young men became separated. Adam felt some trepidation, for he was not well acquainted with the pine forest they had been exploring; but he continued walking along the path, calling to his guide. He hoped the path would take him somewhere, but was not sure it would, there was such a network of paths, crossing and recrossing one another at many points.

Some carving on a tree drew his attention. "This looks like the tree we cut our names in the other day," he said, and proceeded to investigate. It was as he had suspected, and with the tree as a marker he felt reasonably sure he could find his way.

As he stepped from behind the tree he came face to face with a girl, a remarkably attractive girl. He caught his breath.

"Can it be?" he exclaimed, as he stared back. "Can it be this is the girl I've been waiting for all these years? Love at first sight? That sure is what this is."

Mrs. Glendale Chesterton sipped her sixth cup of tea.

"Well, we got them married," she said, setting the cup on the table.

Mrs. Forthgiver sighed.

"Yes, they're both married, all right; but such a horrible mess! We sent Lucia and Adam into the woods to marry each other, and instead Lucia picks out Adam's guide for a husband and Adam decides that Lucia's landlady's daughter is the girl for him. Such a mess!"

"Still, if they're both happy—" observed Mrs. Chesterton, picking up the cup. "Won't you have some tea?"

"No more, thank you," replied the guest. "I suppose we may as well make the best of it. As you say, as long as they're happy—"

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