

# A PAIR OF TWINS

They Are Both Very Talented and There Is Something Strange About Them

By Edith V. Ross

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

When I was nineteen I went abroad and settled myself in Paris. I studied in an art school for a winter and in the spring went to Switzerland, partly for rest and partly to sketch. One morning when I was staying at Lusanne I climbed to a position where I would get a view, to get on canvas, and I set up my easel beside a road. While I was at work a girl about my own age, though of larger build, came along, walking westward. Seeing me, she stopped and asked me in French if she was on the road to Geneva. I told her that she was, and, noticing that she was traveling alone, as I was, I felt drawn toward her. I asked her if she would come and rest beside me. She accepted the invitation and after gazing at my unfinished work threw herself on the grass near me.

I spoke of the danger of walking through the country without protection. That there was any danger in



SEN ARMAN TO QUESTION ME

she did not appear to occur to her. She asked me what was my nationality, and when I told her I was an American she at once showed an eagerness to hear anything I would tell her about my country. But I found she could tell me more about the underlying principles on which our government rests than I could tell her.

"What a grand thing it is," she said, "that union of free and independent states surrounding a common center at the capital. In the eastern hemisphere all points the other way, not from the hub to the periphery, but from the periphery to the hub. Our governmental centers inherited from a barbarous past, are merely a tax on the people. We pay a large price for them and get nothing in return. Our problem is to throw off these excesses that have served their term of usefulness and are rotting like so many corpses."

I was astonished that a foreigner, a mere girl, had such a knowledge of our institutions and could state their superiority over those of European countries, while I, an American, had never thought about them. After telling her much of my own country of which I was ignorant she began to question me about customs of which she could have no knowledge without visiting America. She kept me talking on these matters till noon, then arose to go on.

"Come to my hotel," I said, "have luncheon with me and a rest afterward. You look both tired and hungry."

Instead of either accepting or declining my invitation, rising she said: "That's what I like about you Americans. What Englishwoman would ask a stranger to share her comforts?"

With a smile that charmed me she continued her journey. I watched her as she went down the road, wondering where she could have picked up so much knowledge of the science of government. Though she was large and strong and appeared to be fearless, I could not understand how she dared tramp alone. Had she been of the peasant class I should not thought this so strange. But, judging from her dress and especially her intelligence, she doubtless belonged to the refined classes, whose women are allowed few privileges in respect to going about alone. When she came to a turn in the road she looked back, kissed her hand to me and disappeared.

Two weeks from that time I stepped out of a railroad train at Neuchatel and went to a pension. I was on my way to Paris, and since a single day's journey was too long for me I intended to stay overnight. Traveling alone, I always practiced stopping at pensions in preference to hotels. At dinner I was introduced to my fellow guests by the landlady. Opposite me, but near the other end of the table, sat a young man whose face was familiar to me. I looked at him so steadily that I attracted his attention. Finally he said to me:

"Twin sister whom I have not seen for some years. She left home when she was fifteen to study. She read so hard that she injured her brain and disappeared. If I can find any one who can tell me where she is to be found I will telegraph the police to hold her till I can reach her. Where did you meet her?"

He looked at me eagerly. What he said convinced me that the girl who had talked with me at Lusanne was this twin sister of his.

"Is she very intelligent?" I asked.

"Very. She has too much knowledge in her head. That's what broke down her health."

I told him of the girl walking to Geneva, and he left the table at once to go and telegraph the police of that city. I waited for him to come in, being anxious to discover if he had received a favorable reply. But he did not return before I went to bed. The next morning the landlady told me that he had returned late and left at 10 o'clock in the morning for Geneva. I was pleased at having put him on the track of his sister.

I went on to Paris, where I found the people making preparations to receive the czar of Russia, who was expected to be the nation's guest. The city was crowded with strangers coming out of the Luxembourg gallery one morning, whom should I see but my traveling companion. I saw her as she was, and, noticing that she was traveling alone, as I was, I felt drawn toward her. I asked her if she would come and rest beside me. She accepted the invitation and after gazing at my unfinished work threw herself on the grass near me.

I spoke of the danger of walking through the country without protection. That there was any danger in

she did not appear to occur to her. She asked me what was my nationality, and when I told her I was an American she at once showed an eagerness to hear anything I would tell her about my country. But I found she could tell me more about the underlying principles on which our government rests than I could tell her.

"What a grand thing it is," she said, "that union of free and independent states surrounding a common center at the capital. In the eastern hemisphere all points the other way, not from the hub to the periphery, but from the periphery to the hub. Our governmental centers inherited from a barbarous past, are merely a tax on the people. We pay a large price for them and get nothing in return. Our problem is to throw off these excesses that have served their term of usefulness and are rotting like so many corpses."

I was astonished that a foreigner, a mere girl, had such a knowledge of our institutions and could state their superiority over those of European countries, while I, an American, had never thought about them. After telling her much of my own country of which I was ignorant she began to question me about customs of which she could have no knowledge without visiting America. She kept me talking on these matters till noon, then arose to go on.

"Come to my hotel," I said, "have luncheon with me and a rest afterward. You look both tired and hungry."

Instead of either accepting or declining my invitation, rising she said: "That's what I like about you Americans. What Englishwoman would ask a stranger to share her comforts?"

With a smile that charmed me she continued her journey. I watched her as she went down the road, wondering where she could have picked up so much knowledge of the science of government. Though she was large and strong and appeared to be fearless, I could not understand how she dared tramp alone. Had she been of the peasant class I should not thought this so strange. But, judging from her dress and especially her intelligence, she doubtless belonged to the refined classes, whose women are allowed few privileges in respect to going about alone. When she came to a turn in the road she looked back, kissed her hand to me and disappeared.

# NATHAN

And How He Became Peacemaker

By Clarissa Mackie

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Nathan Kasky was small and thin and pale, with a little wisp of grayish brown hair outside his frowzy coat collar and two beady, black, pathetic eyes peering out from under the brim of his old derby hat.

He closed the door of his little shop and made his way toward the Brooklyn bridge.

Every night after supper he went there to smoke his ill smelling pipe and watch the "wreathed radiance of the evening" and the shadowy outlines of passing ships and the flashing evolutions of restless tugs and ferryboats in the river below.

Tonight his usual nook in the angle of the iron railing was occupied by the despondent figure of a man. As Nathan approached the stranger straightened himself and leaned eagerly forward, with one hand on the railing.

Nathan stretched out a pallid, dyed hand and touched the man's arm.

"Don't!" he cried excitedly from his scanty store of English words.

The stranger turned, and the electric light revealed that he was young and well dressed and, moreover, that he was handsome, although his face just now was bitter enough.

"What's the matter?" he demanded irritably.

"Excuse!" pleaded Nathan. "People jumps sometimes."

The bitterness vanished in a pleasant grin. "You thought I was going to jump over?" demanded the young man.

"Yes, sir—excuse," and Nathan coughed deprecatingly behind his hand. The little tailor stood in abashed silence beside his new acquaintance. He felt that now he should withdraw, but at the same time he thought that some kind parting word from him might lessen the misery of a wretched young man.

Nathan judged hastily. "Your wife—she has 'rown you out?" he asked with pity in his tone.

"It's worse than that!" The voice conveyed a meaning which the quick spoken words did not.

The tailor's hand went into his sagging vest pocket and extracted a large purse. From this he brought a solitary silver quarter shining in the faint light. This he extended toward the young man.

"Here," he said simply.

The stranger stared and then his own palm tingled with silver. "Not quite as bad as that, old man. Thank you."

"Where did you find it?"

"You say the same, though." He saw the greedy look in Nathan's eyes. "Is that all you've got?" he demanded brusquely.

The little tailor's purse went back into his bag. "Yes, excuse—business is bad," he said apologetically.

The other was beside him instantly. "Who are you—where do you live?" Nathan explained brokenly and with gesticulations to take the place of words which he could not command. "I'll go home with you now. You can mend my coat for me and press it. My waistcoat needs mending too. See—all the buttons are coming off!" The stranger fell into step beside Nathan Kasky, and his fingers twisted and tore at the buttons with vicious energy.

"You win!" growled the young man unhappily.

"Your girl, she mebbe meant like less when she said so," comforted Nathan as he poked busily among the pockets in the garments.

"She hasn't said a word—that's the trouble," growled the stranger. And then he resumed, as if the mere utterance of the words were a relief to his overburdened mentality. "Had a fuss with her and wrote her a letter two weeks ago and haven't heard a word from her. Saw her with another chap the other day. I didn't know she was quite so flirty."

The tailor followed the rapidly spoken words with a knitted brow and puzzled understanding. For several moments he vainly endeavored to extract some meaning from the fragmentary phrases, then with a doubtful shake of his untidy head he said sympathetically:

"Girls is der devil, I expert."

But the stranger made no reply. He was gazing moodily down at the floor, and his thoughts were far away from the little tailor shop.

Nathan stitched away for awhile, his thoughts intent on the troubled young man who had followed him home that he might throw work into the tailor's idle hands. He understood that the stranger had had trouble with some girl. It appeared that she wouldn't speak. This was an amazing state of affairs. A woman who wouldn't speak of her neighbors never could complain of their wives spoke at all hours in all languages and with varying degrees of emphasis.

"Mebbe she is loving somebody else. I knew a girl mit a love fer somebody what she wasn't promised to, and she died of der love." He shot a speculative glance at the down bent head and repeated, "Mebbe your girl is loving mit somebody."

"Dearly ideas you have. Sort of a Job's comforter you are," ejaculated the stranger, rising and coming forward into the light. "Don't worry about my affairs, old man. I dare say you have troubles of your own."

"It is der business it is dull," remarked Nathan. "I don't bother mit lovin's. I ain't got no time."

Nathan bent over the handsome gray coat in his lap. He was thinking that it needed very little mending. Indeed, it appeared to be almost new, and the creases were yet in the sleeves. He turned the pockets inside out, hoping that some undiscovered tatters might justify his charging a dollar for the job. A dollar meant a dollar for an entire week.

Suddenly his hand slipped through one of the breast pockets and went down to the bottom of the coat. Something stiff and hard was there, and he slowly drew forth a large square envelope—a letter sealed and stamped and addressed. Nathan could not read English, but his keen mind made instant connection between the unhappy young man, the girl to whom he had written and who had remained so silent and the letter reposing in the coat.

"A letter here is," he said, simply extending the misdeed.

"Where did you find it?" asked the young man without making any effort to take it.

The tailor explained that the letter had evidently slipped down, within the coat lining, where doubtless it had reposed for many days. The young man's face grew paler, and with a sudden snatch he took the letter and glanced at the address.

"Good smoke!" he yelled excitedly. "No wonder she never answered my letter she never had it. Where is the nearest telephone—the drug store at the corner? I'll be back in a moment!"

Hatless and coatless the stranger fled, while Nathan watched anxiously until his flying steps had taken him out of the areaway and down the greasy pavement. Then he returned to his seat on the table and his interrupted sewing.

"He is mit all kinds of trouble," he murmured sadly as he mended the torn pocket. "First it's girls and it is a letter, and he speaks mit strange ideas about all things. I couldn't ask a dollar for so little a job." He sighed and got down to press the garment carefully.

Presently the young man dashed back again, his face radiant, his eyes shining with happiness.

"Hurrah, Nathan! You're my mascot all right! I shall never lose you again. I'll bring all my duds for you to mend and keep in order, and I'll send all my friends. Say, she never didn't the letter at all. Of course she didn't, you know. It was in my coat pocket, and if you hadn't spoken to me at the bridge and offered me money and sympathy and if I hadn't followed you here the Lord only knows how long Mabel and I would have been separated or whether we would ever have come together again. Coat ready? There, I'll put it on. Now, here's my address, and this is for you. Don't mention it. Yes, I called her up, and she's as sorry as can be, and I'm going to get up there as soon as I can."

He slipped into his coat, crammed on his hat and thrust a bill into Nathan's grubby hand.

"She is speaking once more!" asked the little tailor after a dazed glance at the bill in his hand.

"Well, rather!" The young man flung his arms around the astonished Nathan's neck and walked home around the shop. Then he dashed out of the door and disappeared into the night.

The People Know What's Best

That's why we are now brewing more

## Bartholomay Beer and Ale

than ever before in the history of this great brewery. Order a case for home use.

BARTHOLOMAY BREWERY CO.

Both Phones 10

Complete Assortment of

### Spaulding, Draper and Maynard's Base Balls

Gloves, Mittens, Masks, Bats, Bases, Shoes, Uniforms.

Base Balls Recovered

Gloves and Mittens Refaced and Repadded.

## Chas. H. Weniger,

Harness Gloves Sporting Goods

122-124 South Ave.

### Imperial Billiard Parlor

30-32 Mill Street Rochester, N. Y.

Repairing a Speciality. Bowling, Billiard and Pool Supplies for sale. Bowling Alleys, New and Second Hand Billiard and Pool Tables for sale. Fine assortment of Plain and Fancy Cues.

## Powers & Vail,

Bell Phone 2435 Main

### Rochester Sporting Goods Co.

High-Grade Athletic Goods

185 State Street

Our Motto—"Square Dealing."

## CHAS. LIPPINCOTT

Agent

MINNEAPOLIS MOTORCYCLE

National Reading Standard

Value, Vim, Dation and Other

Makes of Bicycles

All Makes of Tires.

484 STATE STREET

### John H. McAnarney

General Insurance Fidelity Bonds

101-102 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg.

Roch. Phone 2172 Bell Phone 9682 Main

### German American Lumber Co.

134 Portlane Ave. 888 Clinton Ave. 3

Roch. Phone, Home 184, Bell 124