

EXIT MRS. PACE

BY SOPHIE KERN UNDERWOOD



THE MOST REMARKABLE LOOKING PERSON

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The Thursday Bridge Club has always had the very nicest people in it. Of course I don't mean the real society people who have yachts and diamond harness and divorces, but we were all comfortably and pleasantly lived with two and three maids and several of us had carriages or autos. And we almost all belonged to St. Andrew's. We had sixteen members—that made just four tables and was not a tax to entertain, and was not so large a crowd that we could not select who was to belong. There was Mrs. Garrison and Mrs. Kent and Mrs. Foley and Miss Maxwell and Mrs. Ten Eyck and Mrs. Perry and Miss Grey—and oh, a lot of others. The most of us lived in Pemberton square, too, and that made it convenient.

I think the trouble started when Mrs. Garrison's husband made all that money in stocks. Some of the money had been left to him by a great aunt turned out to be perfectly wonderful, and he just scooped in the money, you might say, without any effort to himself at all. Some people are so lucky. Now, Edward's great aunt would never do anything thoughtful like that for us. Mrs. Garrison was simply tickled to death. She got a big house in Allen avenue three blocks from the square, and she left St. Andrew's and started to go to St. Mary's, where they say the occupants of the first ten pews average two millions apiece. It's the Bishop's church and awfully high. They intone and chant and sing concert and do dear knows what. Mrs. Garrison thought with all that money she ought to be taken in at once, but not a soul paid a bit of attention to her. She had gone there six months ago, but even the curate called. You may know she felt bad, having left St. Andrew's, where all her old friends were, to get snubbed like that.

Somewhere Mrs. Garrison had been in the summer she had first met Mrs. Pace, and just before the bridge club started again she happened to see her again downtown, and in the course of conversation Mrs. Pace began to talk about being a cousin of the Bishop and she rung in a minute. Mrs. Garrison fairly jumped at her, invited her to luncheon, and made such a fuss over her that I don't wonder Mrs. Pace felt that they were destined to be bosom friends. Of course Mrs. Garrison saw a vision of Mrs. Pace introducing her to the Bishop, and she felt that she could have those people in the front pews at St. Mary's on her calling list in no time. If some of the old boys held her up, she would get her. The truth of it was that Mrs. Pace's husband was second cousin to the Bishop's sister-in-law, or something equally remote, and neither the Bishop nor his wife had ever taken the least account of Mrs. Pace. But we didn't know about this until after.

Mrs. Kent gave a luncheon about the middle of October. She asked twelve, all of whom have been members of the Thursday Bridge for two years. Mrs. Kent is my nearest neighbor and she is a very pretty, sweet-looking little woman, but her tongue is like vitriol when she gets started. She has a lovely home and two dear little children, and she is a perfect housekeeper; even her sewing room is always neat.

After luncheon we all began to talk about the Bridge Club, and Mrs. Garrison spoke up and said, "Now that Mrs. Hollins has moved to Detroit we will have a vacancy, and I would so much like to ask a friend of mine, if you don't mind. She is Mrs. James Pace; she lives in Land avenue, and is a young woman, a Southerner and perfectly charming. I'm sure she would be delighted to be asked, too."

Mrs. Pace would be to know that she had found some one who knew her relatives, and that she was going to bring him to call—very soon—on Mr. and Mrs. Kent. Lullie's face was a study. I've laughed to myself since to think of it.

And that was the way she went on to each of us. She asked Miss Maxwell if she were any relation of the great artist, Henry Maxwell, and said that she knew him in New York before she went to Paris. And she told Mrs. Ten Eyck that Mr. Pace's sister had married a man named Ten Eyck Robinson, and she told Miss Grey that she begged her pardon for a personal remark, but that she had the most wonderful eyes and lashes she had ever seen. It was almost like a play. For with every speech she was making an enemy, and was imagining, all the time, that she was admiring her. If she had been at all possible I believe I'd have felt sorry for her.

I asked Lullie Kent to drive home with me, and when we were in the carriage I turned around and looked at her as I raised my elbow without saying a word.

"Yes, quit so," said Lullie. "I'm surprised at Mrs. Garrison. If that is the sort of person we are expected to associate with if we ever have lots of money, I don't know what that is her extreme way of speaking."

"Do you know those Atlanta people she spoke of?" I asked.

"Yes, the Morrises are a fine family, too. I'm going to write to Henrietta Morrow and ask her what she knows about this woman. I can't think that they are closely related, or even well-acquainted. Why this creature is positively a barmalady type."

"I've just finished," she said, and looked at me so queerly. "Oh, Lydia, she burst out, 'what do you think! That awful woman and her husband actually came to call last night!'"

"I was struck speechless. I could only look at Lullie in the blankest astonishment. 'Yes,' she went on, 'but I had just finished dinner, and the bell rang and she was in the house and had time even to ask for cards and give me a chance to say 'Not at home.' She simply forced herself right into the room where we were."

"There was nothing to do but make the best of it. She had on that absurd light cloth gown, and her face was so covered with rouge and powder that she looked like a pink marshmallow. Oh, my dear, I never lived through such an evening. She gushed over me as though I had been her lost twin sister, and her behavior toward Mr. Kent was outrageous—simply outrageous!"

"Oh, Lullie, what do you mean?" "Why, she made eyes at him like a chorus girl and tried to talk kittenish—oh, you know—fairly jumped down his throat. I never was so angry in my life!"

Mr. Kent is so dignified and quiet I could not conceive of any one acting that way in his presence. "What did Mr. Kent do?" I asked.

"He simply froze!" Lullie laughed a little. "Oh, it was funny too. He looked her all over and gave her the shortest answers, and the more quiet and monosyllabic he became the more gushing and—and—intimate—she acted."

Some of us twice, on the pretext of a new embroidery stitch or a book she wanted us to read, or something equally innocuous, she begged us all to call on her, urging us to be quite informal, and she even invited Lullie Kent and me to luncheon. I declined, of course, and so did Lullie. She came to the meeting early and stayed late, and it's hard to say which irritated us more, her frocks or her efforts to be familiar with us. We did not return her calls, and we tried, in a well bred way, to subdue her. But she seemed little else.

By the time the Thursday Bridge Club's season was half over we were completely disgusted. Mrs. Garrison, I'm happy to tell, had brought her own card mistakes, and she was more than anxious to expiate her—I nearly said crime—offense. Especially since she had found out that Mrs. Pace was no real kind to the bishop and would be no use to her at all. She really had been the most disagreeable of us all to Mrs. Pace, and I suppose it was natural of the woman to resent it. It was at the eighth meeting. I shall never forget that day if I live to be a thousand.

We were all rather late—the meeting was at Mrs. Maxwell's—and Mrs. Pace was already present. On any one else it might not have been bad, but I don't believe she could have looked like a lady in anything—no, not even in deep mourning, with a crepe veil to hide her face and hair and a loose coat to cover her hour glass figure.

Every one seemed depressed, and we played listlessly. All the flavor of good fellowship was completely gone. I thought Mrs. Pace's manner was a little strained and sharp, but I set it down to the natural behavior of the woman and paid no attention. After we had missed playing and we were sitting about waiting for Mrs. Maxwell to announce the prize winners and give the prizes, Mrs. Pace spoke up, very loud and clear:

"I can tell fortunes on the cards, perfectly," she said, apropos of nothing that I had heard. "Do let me tell yours, Mrs. Kent."

Lullie murmured something about not believing in such things, but of course she could not tell Mrs. Pace outright to stop. We all rather thumbed the cards and asked Lullie to divide them in three parts. As she looked at the first pile she gave a little start.

"Dear me," she said, "I suppose it would be unfair to ask you, but it's very plain that you did not marry for love. Here's a love affair with a dark man plainly shown—your husband is fair—and, oh, yes, you've been rather indiscreet in various affections, have you not, Mrs. Kent? But perhaps you've outgrown that, for here is a card, and she laid one down, that shows what a jealous temperament you have, and its nearness to this king of hearts proves

have married for pique. I don't believe it, but you know how people love to talk. Enforce any one could relieve the strained situation with a commonplace remark. Mrs. Pace looked up at Miss Maxwell, who had been standing struck dumb like the rest of us during the last half of the fortune. "Now I'll tell yours, Miss Maxwell, and in another way. Cut the cards, please, and I'll lay them out and tell you all about yourself!"

Hannah Maxwell cut the cards and tried to act natural and say something about being afraid of such a prophetic of evil—it really was the kindest thing she could do to try to soothe Mrs. Pace's confusion—and Mrs. Pace deftly laid out a double row.

"So you're an old maid from necessity," she said cruelly. "I wish though you go about and try to attract man's attention. Well, it is of no use, you'll die without a proposal. You've had great hopes this year trying to get the bachelor brother of an old friend of yours," she glanced at Mrs. Ten Eyck, "but it is no use, he is mixed up with a little stenographer down-town." Mrs. Ten Eyck's eyes positively stood out like marbles.

"You have not been successful in the art you tried to follow; no one would buy your work." Poor Hannah's miniatures are the despair of all her friends. "You have a fondness for the vain things of life and go to a great deal and entertain, sometimes laying aside more serious considerations of charity and church work in order to seem to be one of the social whirl. The church work and the charities," she pointed to two cards "would be far more fitting to your age. According to these you have never tried to make the most of your family ties; a certain death of a near relative not long ago was a positive relief. It looks as if you were to travel very soon and meet with a railway accident, but there is nothing to show that you will not now." She went on sweeping the cards together, "I'll tell yours, Mrs. Garrison."

Why some of us did not get up and stop this dreadful ordeal, none the less, I don't know. For the most of her statements held just enough truth to make them uncomfortable, I cannot tell. But no one moved. We were fascinated by the sheer nerve of the performance. It was evident that she meant to pay up every slight and snub she had received.

"That red queen, that might be your daughter, I presume—well, it looks as though she were to be deserted by her fiance at the very altar of the altar."

"That wasn't the end. She went on and flayed alive every woman in that club. You'd never believe the things she said. She scolded Mrs. Grey for her vanity, and told her she had been twice married and twice divorced, and she told Mrs. Ten Eyck that she had bought outright from some unscrupulous generalist, pretending to be all the things she was not, and she scolded Mrs. Maxwell for her wretched falder! No little thing that had been said or done or even looked against her seemed to have escaped Mrs. Pace's notice. I was full. She went on for some time, and she was a hypocrite and a gossip, and she intimated that my husband was not true to me. Oh, my heavens, I almost choked."

It was nearly 8 o'clock before she got all through. Then she got up and put down the cards and walked up to Miss Maxwell and said, "I'm so sorry, Miss Maxwell, and I'm very sorry, I'm a spiteful empha—" "You need not attend any more of these delightful meetings, but I have been invited to join Bishop Mayhead's Ethical Culture class which meets on Friday afternoons, and since he is my cousin I feel that I ought to do it. I want to thank you all for the many delightful afternoons I have had and the uniform kindness and cordiality you all have offered me."

And she flounced out of the room. For a few minutes we sat there without a word. But when we heard the door open and knew she was out of the house we all looked at one another and burst out in the wildest laughing—we laughed and laughed and we just screamed. Lullie Kent was almost hysterical. But she laugh cleared the atmosphere and restored us to our normal selves. The Thursday Bridge Club was itself again.

She hadn't been invited to join the Bishop's class—that was just a bluff. And Hannah Maxwell did marry Mrs. Ten Eyck's brother. We had another member now in Mrs. Pace's place. Mrs. Crane from Boston, who is perfectly lovely and lives in ten avenue, a block above Mrs. Garrison. And she is a D. A. R. and a Colonial Dame and a second cousin of mine and I invited her into the club.

Gov. Johnson's Candidacy. Charge That Wall Street Is Back of It Is Declared Absurd. Governor Johnson has gone to the trouble of denying that New York or Wall street or James J. Hill has any connection with his candidacy for President. The denial is superfluous. Mr. Bryan and his press agents are responsible for the insinuations of sinister motives. Governor Johnson, but it is unlikely that they themselves believe the slanders they circulate for political effect.

There is no more mystery about the Johnson candidacy than about the Bryan candidacy. Casual references to the record of his intellectual development since his election had been extraordinary; that his popularity in the Northwest was very great; that he was gifted with the genuine common sense, and that he could appear as well founded on the masses perhaps as no other candidate since Lincoln has been able to do. This investigation proved to the satisfaction of the World that Johnson could carry the States which Bryan could not carry, and that he could give his party the Democratic party in States in which Bryan's candidacy would mean a Republican walkover.

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ANCIENT WEATHER PROPHETS. Greeks First to Make Regular Observations—First Measurements of Rain. Chicago Tribune. Meteorology as a science is in its infancy, but as a branch of knowledge it has been as old as mankind. The beginnings of meteorology are to be found at the origin of civilization.

It would be error to imagine that the rich weather lore found in the Bible, especially in the book of Job, and in the poems of Homer and Hesiod, originated in Palestine or Greece. On the contrary, the familiarity of the people with the sayings and rules concerning the weather revealed by these writings show clearly that they must be considered as a primeval stock of the culture of the human race.

There is reason to believe that the origin of much of modern weather lore can be traced to its Indo-Greek source. The Greeks as far back as the fifth century B. C. were the first to make regular meteorological observations, some results of which still are preserved. Their great capacity for pure science induced them to propose meteorological theories. At this time they used wind vanes and in the first century B. C. they built the Tower of the Wind at Athens.

The first quantitative observations—this is the measurement of rain—were made in the first century A. D. These were made in Palestine, and their results are preserved in the Mishnah. Meteorology made but little progress among the Romans. The barbarian invasions of Europe after the fall of the Western Empire were not adapted to the furtherance of science, which was barely kept alive within the Christian Church. The fathers of the Church, writing the commentaries on the prophets, on seven days, often took occasion to insert long eulogies on the atmosphere and the phenomena. The revival of experimental science in the thirteenth century led to the development of regular meteorological observations in the fourteenth century. It was only during the latter part of the nineteenth century that meteorology became partially an exact science.



SHE WENT ON AND PLAYED ALIVE EVERY WOMAN IN THAT CLUB

ed, he calls it—and how his wife behaved when he came home. He thinks such things are humorous. And they stayed and stayed—they never went home until nearly eleven o'clock. Well, I must go; I have a hundred things to do this morning. But I couldn't settle down to anything until I had told some one. I don't think I'll ever go near a Thursday bridge again."

"I felt that way too, Lullie," I said. "But then I reflected that I hadn't entertained the club, and the members might think I was trying to get out of it."

"That's so," said Lullie. "I despair that applies to me too. Oh, dear—As I thought over the things she had told me I couldn't blame Lullie Kent for being angry. I've always felt, and I supposed most women have, that your own house was in one place where you did not have to come in contact with people distasteful to you, and to have them literally force themselves upon you—why, it destroys the whole tradition of the home."

That was just Mrs. Pace's beginning. She called on us all, and on