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Daily Gleaner

OF FREDERICTON,
Is on sale in St. John at
the office of THE STANDARD, 32
Prince William street, and the NEWS
Stand at the Royal Hotel.

**THE CITY OF ST. JOHN INVITES
TENDERS FOR AUTOMATIC
SPRINKLER SYSTEM, SAND
POINT.**

Sealed Tenders will be received by
the Common Clerk at his office room
No. 3, City Hall, St. John, N. B., ad-
dressed to him and marked "Tender
for Sprinkler System," up to noon of
Wednesday, the 15th day of June,
for a complete sprinkler system,
for protection from fire of Nos. 1, 2,
3, 4, 5, and 6 warehouses at shipping
berths on the West Side of the Harbor
of St. John, according to plans and
specifications to be seen in the office
of the City Engineer, room No. 5 City
Hall.

A cash deposit equal to five per
cent. of the estimated full value of
contract at price named in tender
will be required.

The city does not bind itself to ac-
cept the lowest or any tender.

St. John, N. B., June 2nd, 1910.

WM. MURDOCH,
City Engineer.

ADAM P. MACINTYRE,
Comptroller.

Throwing the Line to Skid

By SEWELL FORD.

Say, this is twice I've been let in wrong on Skid Mallory. Remember him, don't you? Well, he's our young college blick that I helped steer up against Baron Kazedzyk when he landed that big armor plate order. Did they make Skid a junior partner for that, or paint his name on a private office door? Not so you'd notice it. Maybe they was afraid a sudden boost like that would make him dizzy. But they promotes him to the sales de- partment and adds ten to his pay en- velope. I was most as tickled over it as Mallory was, too.

"Didn't I tell you?" says I. "You're a comer, you are! Why, I expect in ten or a dozen years more you'll be sharin' the semiannuals and ridin' down to the office in a taxi."

"Perhaps I may, Torchy, in ten or a dozen years," says he, kind of slow and sober.

I could guess what he was thinking of then. It was the girl, that sweet young thing that Brother Dick went in here along last winter, some Sena- tor's daughter that Skid had got chummy with when he was doin' his great quarterback and havin' his picture printed in the sportin' extras.

"How's that affair comin' on?" says I; "for I ain't heard him mention her in quite sometime."

"It's all off," says he, shrugin' them wide shoulders of his. "That is, there never was anything in it, you know, to begin with."

"Oh, there wa'n't, eh?" says I.

Torchy came yesterday, and I pre- sume she expects to see me tonight.

"That's encouragin', anyway," says I. "But Mallory don't seem so much cheered up. It turns out that Sis is spendin' a few days with friends here, waitin' for the rest of the family to come on and sail for Europe. They're givin' a farewell dinner dance for her, and Skid is on the list."

The trouble is he can't make up his mind whether to go or stay away. One minute he's dead sure he won't and the next minute he admits he don't see what harm there would be in takin' one last look.

"But, then," says I. "There's a young lady friend of mine on the other side too. Say, Mallory, I guess we belong in the lobster class."

And when we split up on the corner Skid has decided against the party proposition, and goes off towards his boardin' house with his chin down on his collar and his heels draggin'.

So I wa'n't prepared for the joyous smile and the frock coat regalia that Mallory wears when he blows into the office about ten-forty-five next forenoon. He's sportin' a spray of lilacs of the valley in his lapel, and swingin' his silver topped stick, and by the look on his face you'd think he was hearin' the birds sing in the treetops.

"Tra-la, tra-la-lal!" says I, throw- ing open the brass cage for him. "Is it a special holiday, or what?"

"It's a very special one," says he, thumpin' me on the back and whisper- ing.

"It is a personal matter," says he. "Is he here?"

"Now, let's not rush this," says I. "My orders is to find out—"

"Very well," says the gent, "there is my card. And perhaps I should mention that I have the honor—er—I suppose, to be his father-in-law."

Say, and here I was up against the Senator himself. Course it was my cue to shrivel up and do the low salaam; but all I can think of at the minute is to look him over and grin.

"Gee!" says I. "Then you're on his trail, eh?"

Maybe it was the grin that fetched him; for he square mouth corners flickers a little and he don't throw any fit. "Evidently you are some- what familiar with the circumstances," says he. "May I ask if you are suffi- ciently favored with the confidence of my new son-in-law to know where he and my—er—his wife happen to be just now?"

"I admit it," says I; "but if you're thinkin' of springin' any hammer music on Skid, you can look for another party, for you won't get it out of me in a thousand years!"

"Ah!" says he. "I see Young Loch- invar has at least one champion. Allow me to state that my intentions are pacific. My wife and I merely wish, before sailing, to pay a formal call on our daughter and her new husband. Now if you could give me their address—"

"Why, say, Senator," says I, "if you ain't lookin' to start anything, I can



No, they didn't elope, they merely slid out of the ballroom at 3 a. m., after having 17 dances together.

"Forgot all about that picture you used to carry around" in the little leather case, have you?"

Skid, he flushes up a bit at that, and one hand goes up to his left in- side pocket. Then he laughs foolishly. "It isn't I who have forgotten," says he.

"Oh-ho!" says I. "Well, I wouldn't have thought her the kind to shift sudden, when she seemed so—"

But Mallory gives me the choke off sign, and as we walks up Broadway he gradually opens up more and more on the subject until I've got a fair map of the situation. Seems that Sis ain't exactly set him adrift without warnin'. He'd sort of helped cut the cable himself. She'd begun by writin' him all every week, tellin' him all about the lively season she was havin' in Washington, and how much fun she was gettin' out of life. She even put in descriptions of her new dresses, and some of her dance orders, and now and then a bridge score, or a hand painted place card from some dinner she'd been to.

And Skid, thinkin' it all over in the luxury of his nine by ten boudoir, got to wonderin' what attractions along that line he could hold out to a young lady that was used to blowin' in more for one new spring lid than he could earn in a couple of weeks.

And, orchids, as her favorite flowers," says he, "Ever buy any orchids, Torchy?"

"Not guilty," says I; "but they ain't so high, are they, that you couldn't splurge on a bunch now and then? What's the tariff on 'em, anyway?"

At times you can get real nice ones for a dollar apiece," says he.

"Phee-ew!" says I. "She has got swell tastes."

"It isn't her fault," says he. "She's never known anything different."

So what does Skid do but slow up on the correspondence, skippin' an answer here and there, and coverin' only two pages when he did write. For one thing, he did have so much to tell as she did. I knew that, for I'd seen more or less of Mallory durin' the last few months, and I know he was playin' his cards close to his vest.

Not that he was givin' any real life- like miser imitation; but he didn't indulge in high priced cafe luncheons on Saturdays, like most of the bunch; he'd scratched his entry at the college club; and he was soakin' away his little surplus as fast as he got his fingers on it.

Course, that programme meant sendin' in "regrets to most of the invites he got, and spendin' his evenin's where it didn't cost much to get in or out.

One frivolous way he had of killin' time was by teachin' "rhythmic to a class of new landed Zinskis at a settlement house over on the East Side.

"Ah, what's the use?" I used to tell him. "They'd learn to do compound interest on their fingers in a month, anyway, and the first thing you know you'll be payin' rent to some of 'em."

But he was pretty level-headed about most things, I will say that for Mallory, specially the way he sized up this girl business. Seems at last she got the idea he was grouchy at her about something, and when he didn't deny, or come to the front with any reason—why, she just quit sendin' the billy ducks.

"So you're never going to see her any more, eh?" says I.

"Well," says he, "I supposed until within an hour or so ago that I never should. And then— Well, she's here, in 'hussy in my ear. 'Torchy, I'm married!"

"Wha-a-at!" I splutters. "Who to?"

"To Sis," says he, "half an hour ago."

"Eh?" says I. "Mean to say you've been and eloped with the Senator's daughter?"

"Eloped!" says he, as though he'd never heard the word before. "Why, no—er—that is, we just went out and—"

Oh, no, they hadn't eloped! They'd merely slid out of the ballroom about three a. m., after dancin' seventeen waltzes together, smuggled into a handsome cab, and rode around the park until daylight takein' it over. Then she'd slipped back into the house, got into her travelin' dress while he was off changin' his clothes, met again at eight o'clock, chased down to City Hall after a license, and then dragged a young rector away from his boiled eggs and toast to splice 'em.

But Skid didn't call that elopin'. Why, Sis had left word with the but- ler to tell her friends all about it, and the first thing they did after it was over was to send a forty word collect telegram to papa and And Mallory, he'd just dropped around to arrange with Old Hickory for a vacation before they beat it for Atlantic City.

"So that ain't elopin', eh?" says I.

"I expect you'd call that a sixty-word run on a forward pass or something like that," says he. "Well, the old man's inside, Luck to you."

Mallory wa'n't on the carpet long, and when he comes out I asks how he made back.

"Oh, bully!" says he. "I'm to have ten days."

"With or without?" says I.

"Oh, I forgot to ask," says he. "Little things like bein' on the payroll or not wait 'tween 'em."

He gives me a bone crushin' grip and swings out to the elevator in a rush; for he's been away from Sis nearly half an hour now.

Exceptin' a picture postcard or two showin' the iron pier and a bathin' scene, I didn't hear from Mr. and Mrs. Mallory for more'n a week. And then one afternoon I gets a 'phone message from Skid, sayin' that they're all set- tled in a little flat up on Washington Heights and they'll be pleased to have me come up to dinner.

"It's our very first dinner, you know," says he, "and Sis is going to get it all by herself. I suggested that we try the first one on you."

"That don't scare me any," says I. "I've lived on sinkers and pie too long to duck amateur cookin'. I'll be there."

I was on the grin all the afternoon too, thinkin' of the joshes I was goin' to hand him. At three minutes of closing time I was all ready to sneak out, with one eye on the clock and the other on Piddie, when in blows a ruby faced, thick waisted gent with partly grey hair, a heavy weight jaw, and a keen pair of twinklin' gray eyes. He looks prosperous and important, and he proceeds to act just at home.

"Boy," says he, pushin' through the gate, "is this the general office of the Corrugated Trust Company?"

"Yep," says I. "That's what it says on the door."

"There is employed here, I under- stand," he goes on, "a young man by the name of Mallory."

"Say, I was wide awake at that," Mallory says I. "I can find out. Did you want to see him on business?"

Do better, I'm going right up there myself this minute, and if Mrs.—"

"She is waiting down stairs in the

cab," says he. "Nothing would suit us better."

And say, maybe it wa'n't just what I should have done. But blamed if I could see how to dodge it when it's up to me that way. So it's me climbin' up on the front seat with the driver of a fancy hotel tax, papa and mama behind, and off rolls the surprise party.

Well, you know them cut rate apart- ment houses, with a doozy reception room, a marble slabs and burlap panels, and no elevator. The West Indian at the telephone exchange says we'll find the Mallorys on the top floor back to the left. That meant four flights to climb, which might ac- count for the lack of conversation on the way up. Mallory, with his coat off, his cuffs rolled back, and his face steamed up, answers the ring him- self.

"Ah, that you, Torchy?" says he. "We were just wonderin' if you would—"

Why—er—ah— and as he gets sight of the old couple out in the dark hall he breaks off sudden.

"He's promised to give the peace sign. You know the Senator, don't you, Skid?"

"The Senator!" he gasps out.

"I believe I once had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Mallory," says the old boy, comin' to the front graceful. "Hope you will pardon the intrusion; but—"

Just then, though, Sis appears from the kitchen, her face all pink and white, and her sleeves pushed up past the elbows in her elbow. Under a thirty-nineteen blue and white checked apron she wears a lace party dress that was a dream. It's an odd combi- nation; but most anything would look well on her. She looks at the old man, takes one look at Skid, another at the Senator, and then behind the old man she spies Mother.

Well, it's just a squeal from one, and a sigh from the other, and then they make a rush to the centre of the hall, and wedges us all into that little three-foot hall like it was the platform of a subway car, and before anything more can be said they've gone to a right hand clinch, each puttin' the other on the back and passin' appropriate re- marks.

Somewhat, I guess the Senator hadn't quite figured on this part of the pro- gramme. I expect his plan was to be read polite and formal, stay only long enough to let the young people know he could stand it if they could, and then back out dignified.

Whatever Mother might have meant to do when she started, it was all from the minute Sis let out that squeal to make duckin' a rush to the centre.

And no sooner had we got ourselves untangled and edged sideways into the cute little parlor, than Mother announces how she means to stay right here until it's time to start for the steamer. Did some one say din- ner? Good! She'll stay to dinner, then.

At that Sis looks at Skid, and Skid he looks at Sis. There was some real worry exchanged in them looks too, but young Mrs. Mallory ain't one to be stumped as easy as that.

"Oh, goody!" says she, clappin' her hands. "But Mother, what is it you do to make duckin' a rush to the centre?"

"She doesn't," says Sis. "I am the cook, Mother."

Well, that was only the beginnin' of the revelations; for while Sis and Mother was strugglin' with the receipt

book, the Senator was makin' a tour of inspection around the apartment. It didn't take him so long, either.

"Amen!" says he to Mallory. "Very cozy, indeed; but—er—not ex- actly spacious."

"Four rooms and a bath," says Mallory.

"Well, er—that the bathtub in there?" says the Senator, jerkin' his thumb at the bathroom door. "I fancied it might be—er—a puddin' dish. Might I inquire what rent you pay for—er—all this?"

"Forty a month, sir," says Mallory. "Ah! Economy, I see. Good way to begin," says he. "And if it is not too personal a question, your present salary is—"

"I'm getting twenty-five a week," says Skid, lookin' him straight between the eyes.

"Then you have a private income, I presume?" says the Senator.

"Well," says Mallory, "my aunt in Boston sends me fifty dollars every Christmas and advises me to invest my savings in Government bonds."

At that the Senator drops into a chair and whistles. "But—do you expect," he goes on, "to—er—"

me, but I am getting interested. I should like to know what was your exact financial standing when you had the imp—er—when you married my daughter."

He gets it, down to the last nickel. Skid begins with what he had in the bank when they starts for Atlantic City, shows the whole that trip made in his funds, produces the receipts for furniture, and announces that, after puggin' up a month's rent, there's something over seven dollars left in the treasury.

"Huh!" grunts the Senator. "Hence the lamb stew, eh? Not wonder! So you and Sis have undertaken to live in a forty dollar apartment on a twenty-five dollar salary, have you?"

"That's what it looks like, sir," says Mallory.

"And who is the financial genius that is to manage this enterprise?" says he.

"Why," says Skid, "Mrs. Mallory, I suppose. We have agreed that she should."

"Sis, eh?" says the Senator, smilin' kind of grim. "Well, you have my best wishes for your success."

Skid he flashes some behind the ears; but he only bows and says he much obliged. You couldn't blame him for feelin' cut up, either; for it's all clear how the Senator has doped out an appeal for help within thirty days, and is willin' to wait for the call. I'm no shark on the cost of livin' myself; but even I could figure out a deficit. There's a call to dinner just then, though, and we all gathers round the stew.

Anyway, it was meant for a lamb stew. The potatoes was some hard, the gravy was so thin you'd thought it had been put in from the tea kettle as an afterthought, and the dumplings hadn't the puff of charm worked on them for a cent. But the sliced carrots was kind of tasty and went all right with the baker's bread if you left off the bargain butter. Sis she tried to laugh at it all; but her eyes got kind of dewy at the corners.

"Never mind, dear," says Mother. "I'll telegraph for old Martha to come on and cook for you."

"Why certainly," says the Senator. "She could sleep on the fire escape, you know."

And say, that last comic jab of his, and the effect it had on Mr. and Mrs. Mallory, kind of got under my skin. I got to thinkin' hard and fast, and inside of five minutes I stumbled onto an idea.

"Excuse me," says I to Skid; "but I guess I'll be on my way. I just thought of a date I ought to keep."

And where do you expect it brings up? At the Ellins' mansion, down on the avenue. First time I'd ever been there out of office hours; but the maid says Mr. Ellins is takin' his coffee in the library and she'd see if he'd let me in. Ah, sure he did, and we gets right down to cases.

"Remember how that assistant general manager stiff of yours fell down on that public lands deal when you sent him to Washington last month?" says I.

Old Hickory chokes some on a swal- low of black coffee he's just hoisted in; but he recovers enough to nod.

"Does he get the run?" says I.

"I neglected consulting you about it, Torchy," says he; "but his resig- nation has been called for."

"Filled the job yet?" says I.

"Fortunately, no," says he, and I know by the way he squints that he thought how as bein' mighty humor- ous. "Possibly you could recom- mend his successor?"

"Yep, I could," says I. "Would it help any to have some one who was son in law to a Senator?"

"That," says Old Hickory, "would depend somewhat on which Senator was his father-in-law."

"Well," says I, "there's his card."

"Eh?" says he, readin' the name.

"Why—wh—"

"Mallory," says I. "You know—"

hitched last week. "He's got the old boy up there to dinner now. Maybe he'll be taken on as the Senator's secretary if you don't jump in quick. He's a hustler, Mallory is. Remem- ber how he skinned that big order of Kazedzyk? And as an A. G. M. he'd be a winner. Well, does he get it?"

"Young man," says Old Hickory, catchin' his breath, "if my mental machinery worked at the high pres- sure speed yours does, I could— But I can't not for bein' slow. I've done things in a hurry before, I can yet. Torchy, he does get it."

"When?" says I.

"Tomorrow mornin'," says he. "I'll start him at five thousand."

"What?" says I. "You're a sport! 'I'll go up and deliver the glad news. Guess he needs it now as much as ever he will."

And say, you should have seen the change of heart that comes over the Senator when he heard the bulletin.

"Mallory, my boy," says he, "con- gratulations. And by the way, just remove that—er—imitation lamb stew. Then we'll all go down to some good hotel and have a real dinner."

Washington, June 10.—The mayor of Cordova, Alaska, has telegraphed the state department asking authority to transport to the United States 250 laborers from Montenegro, stranded in the Alaskan town, threatening to cause disorder. The message stated that the men had been arrested as vagrants, but subsequently had to be released because of lack of funds to support them as prison charges.

250 LABORERS ARE STRANDED IN ALASKA

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