

# Piano Bargains

During the Holiday season we received in exchange for new instruments a large number of used Pianos of the best known makes which we are now compelled to sacrifice to make room for new stock. The list includes: Mason & Risch, Steinway, Weber, Henry Herbert, Classic, Harmonic, Steinbach, Newcombe, New Scale Williams, Heintzman, Bell, Uxbridge and many others, all priced in half. Prices begin at

## \$150

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the court. Only the husband vows it's all due to the increased cost of living.

A mite of a gray-haired woman with just the hint of a bump on her neck climbs into the witness chair. Her husband, a strapping six-footer, ruddy of face and excellently clad in a chauffeur's livery, leans against the railing within two feet of the woman whose beseeching gaze he carefully avoids.

The mite of a woman tells her tale. Ten years younger than the man—that's easy to see—and she raised two daughters by his first marriage! The tired eyes begin to fill with tears as she relates how one day her husband and step-daughters left her to make a home in another part of the city and forbade her to follow. Yes, he gave her a little money, but that was soon gone. And she wants, oh, how she wants, to be taken back as a member of the home circle.

As she makes way for her husband to take the stand she shakes her slender frame.

"Her man" admits the desertion, but vows anyone would have done the same. "The old woman's getting queer and unreasonable, and a man must have peace in his own house after his day's work. She's still able to work and he's willing to give her a bit each week to help out—but—"

Right here the judge takes a hand in the examination.

"At your age you two people ought to show some common sense and live together peaceably."

"We can't!" mumbles the husband.

"Daughters don't care much for her now they're grown up, eh?"

"Well, your honor, she don't understand girls. And after my day's work I like a bit of a good time myself—and she's getting old!"

If that husband were not looking into the folds of the cap he's fumbling he might read in the judge's eye scorn for a man whose heart is black with ingratitude, contempt for a creature so lost to all sense of responsibility. But the guile of the serpent prevails.

"Paroled! You will pay \$7 a week for the support of your wife and come back here in thirty days. If you don't pay her I'll have a warrant issued for your arrest and send you to the workhouse."

Magistrate Harris glances toward the probation officer, Miss McQuade, a fine looking woman with keen, intelligent eyes, who has been watching the scene. She rises from the desk at which she has been seated and somehow manages to make her way from the courtroom sandwiched in between the mite of a woman and the burly chauffeur. The latter is free to go, but he does not realize this, and stolidly he obeys the shove of a court officer which lands him in the so-called private office of the probation officer.

Decidedly the judge has put the reconciliation of this couple up to Miss McQuade. Quietly she sits down between them to discuss the situation. She does not appeal to sentiment. She's read her man too cleverly for that. No, she tackles the cost of living, of maintaining two establishments, however small, instead of one. And those two daughters, they ought to have a tidy home to come back to after their day's work. The wife is a good housekeeper? Why, of course!

Well, now, aren't they the foolish people! Him to be paying out \$7 a week to keep her away from that home when he could keep her there for half as much! And his daughters aren't such good home-makers, either. Bit by bit she worms the truth out of him. The daughters are at fault. They resent the interference of a step-mother. They think it's a shame for a big fine looking father like theirs to go out on a Sunday or a holiday with a forlorn gray-haired little woman like that.

"Think it over, you two," she says cheerily, "and you" (patting the little wife's back) "don't pick so at other people. That's a sign of old age, and you're not old yet."

Oh the flattery of her—and the appeal to woman's weakest point!

They go out together—the wife tremulous but hopeful, the husband a bit shamefaced, though not entirely softened. On the steps they part awkwardly, but somehow you feel that he'll drop in to see her of an evening and you know that the probation officer will see those two daughters.

### Another Case

And back in the courtroom the machine grinds on.

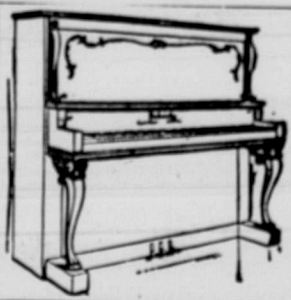
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is on the stand. Her husband is about to "skip the city" and leave her penniless. He is going to "his people" in New Hampshire and leave her without a penny. Is the judge going to stand for that?

The magistrate glances at the husband clinging to the railing for support, a small, stooped figure, with tuberculosis stamped on his features.

"Are you trying to desert your wife?" demands his honor.

"No, sir," begins the husband, but a cough interrupts.

"Let's hear your story."

The lady of the plumes sweeps down from the stand and her husband sinks

back in the witness chair. It is not easy for the prosecuting attorney and the judge to draw out this tale, for a cough is no respecter of the court, and it's waiting business. But at last by patient questioning of the husband and frequent outbursts from the wife the court got the facts. Here is a man whose physician has told him that further work in a sweatshop means death. He has been offered a position in a clean, well-ventilated mill in New Hampshire where relatives are employed. His wife vows she will not leave New York and her old friends, and she wants him put under bonds to send her part of his wages each week. In vain