

# The Sister's Husband who Married her Brother's Wife

## The Strange Tangle of Mixed Relationship that Followed the Wedding.

**W**HAT is the legal complication when a sister's husband marries her brother's wife? The question looks simple enough at first, but the more it is studied the more complicated becomes the problem, for it involves two sisters-in-law who married the same man, both of them divorced, a man who is the divorced husband of his brother-in-law's wife, and children who are nephews and nieces of their stepfathers.

The characters in this strange domestic comedy-tragedy all live in Nashua, N. H., and while the matrimonial tangle has finally been settled in the courts, the romance behind it has only been revealed by another lawsuit over the possession of a diamond ring.

The romance began fourteen years ago, when Abbie Day and Lizzie Bancroft were the two social leaders in Nashua society. Both were handsome, stylish girls, the daughters of rich parents. They had been schoolgirl chums and friends as well when they became young women.

In time both girls fell in love—or thought they did, which sometimes amounts to the same thing. But unfortunately both girls fell in love with the same man.

The young man who entered the romance was Charles Chandler, a young business man of Nashua. In time Abbie Day married Charles Chandler. Lizzie Bancroft, concealing her own love for Chandler, tried to console herself by marrying Abbie Day's brother, Moses Day. The two girls remained steadfast friends, even after their marriage.

### Brilliant Weddings for Both Girls.

Abbie Day was married a few weeks before her brother. Her wedding is recalled, even to this day, as the most brilliant social event ever witnessed at Nashua. Lizzie Bancroft was one of the bridesmaids, and as the two lovely girls stood in the brilliantly decorated parlors it was hard for those present to decide which was the happier.

A few weeks later Moses Day and Lizzie Bancroft were married, and their wedding was equally brilliant.

For five years there was not a cloud over the domestic happiness of the two brides. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler lived for a time at Wells River, Vt., and later at Boston, where Mr. Chandler lost his own money and his wife's fortune by unfortunate speculation. They then returned to Nashua to live at the Chandler homestead.

Adversity had also come into the married life of Moses Day and his wife, and at the end of five years they, too, were living in more reduced circumstances in Nashua. Both families, however, remained on the best of terms with each other, as far as the public could learn.

All the time, however, there was a secret sorrow in the homes of the two girls. Mrs. Chandler came to know that Mrs. Day was deeply in love with Mr. Chandler, and that the love was reciprocated. Moses Day, too, learned that his wife cared more for his sister's husband than she did for him. Both wives tried to conceal what they both knew. Both husbands were equally secretive.

### Climax at the Chandler Home.

Then came the climax. Both couples met one evening at the Chandler mansion. All were trying to appear happy and unconcerned, but even as they sat around the card table in the sitting room they all showed the restraint they felt.

Suddenly Mrs. Day pushed the table from her, started to rise, and then, falling back into her chair, began to weep silently, with her face buried in her handkerchief.

Then followed one of the most dramatic incidents ever known in those secret romances of married life. Mrs. Chandler, with the intuitive knowledge of a woman wronged, instead of going at once to her sister-in-law's side, in an effort to comfort her, regarded her silently a moment and then walked across the room and stood by her brother's chair. Moses Day, with his elbows on the table in front of him, watched his weeping wife, more in sorrow than in anger.

The silence in the room seemed to become intensified, and then Chandler knelt on one knee beside Mrs. Day and with whispered words sought to comfort her.

There were no mock heroics, no hysterics, no tears, no reproaches. Moses Day knew from that moment that his wife was lost to him forever, and Mrs. Chandler knew that she no more had a husband.

"I suppose this is the end of it all!"

It was Moses Day who broke the silence. It was Moses Day whose strength of character was so great that it enabled him to rise above passion and anger, and enabled him to look the situation squarely in the face.

"Yes, it's the end of all," said Mrs. Chandler. "I've known for a long time that my husband no longer loves

me. I've fought against this knowledge, but it's no use. It's all been a mistake, all through. I think it is best to end the matter right here."

Mrs. Day dried her tears and tried to throw herself in Mrs. Chandler's arms, but was gently repelled.

### Mrs. Day Admits Love for Chandler.

"O, I've always loved him," she sobbed at last. "I loved him when you married him. I couldn't help it. I can't help it."

There that night the whole miserable affair was discussed in all its bearings on the future. But in all the discussion Mrs. Day sat beside Chandler, while Mrs. Chandler remained with her brother. It was agreed that they should separate, and that there should be no more scandal than the proceedings for divorce would reveal.

The next day Mrs. Chandler left the Chandler home and took up her residence with her brother, Moses Day. Chandler left Nashua, going to Boston. Mrs. Day also left her husband's home and went to live with Chandler's aged mother. So in twenty-four hours the two girls who had been friends all their lives but who could be friends no longer actually exchanged homes.

Of course, there was talk without end. The Nashua gossips were busy week in and week out, but they could only guess at the true situation.

At the end of a year and a half Mr. Charles Chandler brought suit for divorce, but his case was thrown out of

court. Then Mrs. Chandler entered a counter plea for divorce and it was granted.

### Divorces Secured, Wedding Soon Follows.

Hardly had the gossips finished talking about the Chandler divorce than they had a fresh sensation in the suit of Moses Day for a divorce from his wife. It was granted, and a few days afterward Chandler and Mrs. Day were married.

The divorced Mrs. Chandler moved at once to Brockton, Mass., where she became a saleswoman in a large dry goods store. The romance of her life would perhaps never have been known outside of Nashua had she not sued the aged Mrs. Chandler for what she felt was due her. She had taken care of the old woman for five years—dressed her every morning, cooked for her, put her to bed every night, waited on her, nursed her. And for this she asked \$10 a week for 200 weeks. She told her story in court and the jury awarded her \$2,400.

As a fitting end to this strange romance it may be stated that Moses Day has married a second time. His little daughter by his first wife lives with him.



Moses Day knew from that moment that his wife was lost to him forever.

# Woman Who Has Painted 850 Cat Pictures.

**C**ERTAINLY, I hope to paint 1,000 cat portraits! Why, before spring comes I shall have painted 900. And with a 900 record behind me, 100 more seems few."

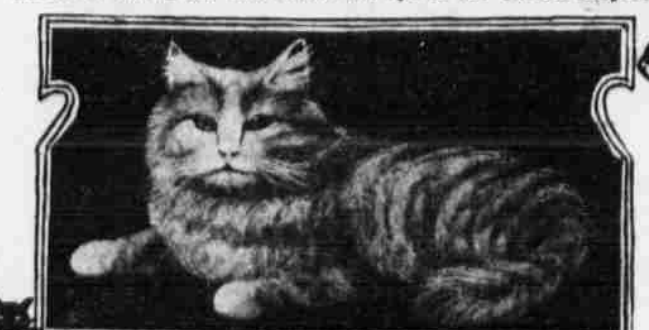
So says Mrs. E. M. Gardner of Pitman, Grove, N. J., the woman famous for having already achieved 851 cat pictures. These pictures, some painted on canvas, some on wood, some on cardboard, but most of all on cloth and velvet—portraits of cats on sofa cushions being a specialty with Mrs. Gardner—have gone all over the United States and Canada. A number of them have penetrated to Japan and China. Still others have gone to France and London. The devoted artist is now at work upon a collection of distinguished cat portraits that are to cross the Atlantic ocean. From far and wide come requests for her work.

Some of the Gardner portraits are so natural and lifelike that dogs have fought with and rent them, while astonished visitors to the Gardner studio have cried out in alarm to see their hostess apparently sit down comfortably upon the family cat.

One such visitor, being reassured on this point, looked questioningly toward another pretty pussy, luxuriously curled up in the corner of the sofa. "Do you know," she said, merrily, "I could almost fancy that cat was painted, too." And it was.

### Eye Most Difficult to Produce

Mrs. Gardner works in oils always, and does her work with much careful attention to detail. She has most happily mastered the stroke that makes the eye of her chosen subject



—the eye being the most difficult feature of all to render naturally—seem alive and blinking. She has also mastered the art of cat expression. All her cats wear a characteristic and individual air.

Black cats, tabbies, Angoras, maltese, Persians, common family cats, rare feline wonders, all are alike interesting and charming to Mrs. Gardner, who loves all cats dearly. But every cat she paints, aristocratic or otherwise, must possess some modicum of beauty in order to attract her. She loves best of all to paint a really handsome cat.

Lady Julie, the cherished cat of Francis Wilson, the comedian; Tix, the famous "\$1,000 cat" belonging to M. A. Newton of Philadelphia, and known to travelers from all parts of the world; the handsome, dignified Black Judge, owned by Dr. Slaughter of Pitman Grove—these, with hundreds of others, have taken firm hold of the affections of the woman who has joy in painting their portraits. Roosevelt and Parker, the one alive, alert, exultant, the other dull, dejected, languid, recently earned fresh laurels for their creative artist as they hung in the smoking room of the Young Republicans' club of Philadelphia. In Washington, New



York, London, and other cities have similar plaquidts greeted "Mrs. Gardner's cats."

### Starts to Aid Church.

The manner in which the woman who aims to paint 1,000 cat portraits slipped into the work is interesting. This is her story of how it came to pass.

"I have always been interested in art, and the instructors of my Connecticut girlhood said I had talent. But for a number of years I made no special effort toward painting, and I shall always think and say I was inspired to paint cats. When, a few years ago, the Cooper Memorial church of Philadelphia was to be erected, I greatly desired to help. A financial crash had restricted my income, so I painted a cat on a velvet cushion and sold it. That was the beginning, and ever since I have been kept busy with cat painting. The ambition to paint 1,000 cats came much later, and grew out of the astonishing proportions my work had already attained.

### Portraits in Demand 8,000 Miles Away.

Just a little while ago my cherished Tix painting was started away on its 8,000 mile journey across the Pacific ocean for far away Tsu, Japan, while about the same time my Tabby Zeisla's portrait went to Shanghai, China. Every such incident is followed by a number of requests and orders,

so I have to work hard, always, to keep up with my engagements. But I do not find the work too hard, because I love it, and because I think of the many things it will enable me to do."

Mrs. Gardner has already given to charity more than \$1,500 earned by the sale of cat cushions and pictures, and she hopes and expects to continue her good work in this direction for many years.

### Lives in World of Her Own.

For rest and recreation, Mrs. Gardner plays with her own cats, which she is perpetually studying in search of new hints and cat knowledge, writes simple poems, and enjoys life in her garden. "Working with God in My Garden," a favorite poem, has been many times treasured and copied by admiring readers. The lovely garden in which it was composed is enclosed by wonderful hedges of honeysuckle planted by the artist-gardener eight years ago, when partial paralysis of the optic nerve necessitated temporary rest from painting. These hedges, rising seven feet in the air, and with a depth of



Mrs. Gardner

100 feet, are rare and attractive. Flowers, like cats, thrive well with and for Mrs. Gardner, who does her best work in the little studio wing of the quaint family mansion almost concealed by trellises of roses, lattices of lilac, and shrubbery.

"There is just enough of the world here to suit me," she says. "When I want inspiration I look at the sky." Added inspiration is now furnished by the fact that many of the last 100 cats needed to make up the desired 1,000 have been ordered in advance. When all are finished the 100th specimen will be disposed of in special manner, and Mrs. Gardner probably will write a book about her cat paintings and experiences, alternating the more serious matter and pictures with suitable verses. Hundreds of enthusiastic admirers who continually visit her home to see her private collection of personally painted cat portraits, have advised and requested this. Copies of the book probably will accompany the set of "royalty portraits" to be sent to the White House and to various crowned heads of Europe ere long.

### Exhibition at Pet Stock Show.

Modest and unassuming, Mrs. Gardner exhibits but seldom, though often urged to do so. Her best exhibition probably will take place in Chicago, from Jan. 23 to 28, inclusive, when the sixth annual poultry and pet stock show of the National Poultry and Breeders' association will take place. The painted cats of Mrs. Gardner will be in fine company for many of the living feline aristocrats of America, with some of the famous "silvers" of Mrs. F. J. E. Champion, late of England, but now of New York, are to be shown during the coming week at the Chicago exhibition. Some of the handsomest "possy prizes" have come to Chicago from Lady Marcus Beresford and Miss Winifred Beale of England. Mrs. Hicfstra, president of the Atlantic Cat club of Philadelphia; Dr. R. Orlengul, secretary of the same club; and Mrs. James E. Childs of New York have sent handsome prizes as well. The cats will be on exhibition from Tuesday noon until Friday noon, but the dogs, which will divide honors with them, will be shown from Wednesday morning onward, and the pet stock and poultry exhibits will be in place all week.