

# Some Luck

Having dined at his club Gouverneur went with a friend to a play; and after the play he returned with his friend to the club. But he was not nearly such good company after he had set him to thinking afresh of a matter over which he had been more or less disturbed at intervals for the last fifteen weeks. And whenever he thought of it he grew ill-tempered.

The theme of the play was international marriage. It pointed out pretty clearly what humiliation and misery the average American girl who marries for the gewgaw title of a foreign aristocrat gets in exchange for her sweetness, her innocence, and her father's millions. There was nothing new in all this to young Gouverneur—indeed, having been connected with the embassy in London for three years he might have given the play writing a valuable hint or two—but it served to emphasize a catastrophe which was becoming well-nigh unbearable in its imminency, and which he felt himself miserably powerless to avert.

Day after tomorrow, at high noon, unless a mericle should intervene to frustrate a carefully and elaborately arranged program, Sheila Drood, through the reading and repetition of a few sentences from a book, and a murmured "I will," before the altar of Saint Mammon's, would be transformed from a happy, independent, pampered daughter of one of the richest men in America into an asset, a piece of personality, a chattel, of one of the most worthless, dissipated, rakish members of the British peerage.

It was after one o'clock when the venue came out of the book, and into the mity of the stage, and she stood up and stood up the Avenue towards his hotel. But when he got to his hotel, he was not thinking of going to bed, and walked on and on up the Avenue, until the houses on the side gave way to a large stone wall with three bars, which meant that he had come to the Park. And still he walked on, and still he thought.

It wasn't of course, really, any of his business. He had said this to 'himself something less than a thousand times, and tried the best way he knew how to argue himself into it. He believed that what he said was true. He brought up the fact that the Droods weren't even close to his. They had been, so many years ago!—when he was a lad and Sheila was a shy, dainty little thing in short frocks, with white-stockinged spindle-shanks and shiny yellow pigtail ties with blue ribbons. They lived next door to each other then, and in his childlike imagination he had pictured the tiny maid as being like him when they should grow up, and he made her presents of his toys and his picture books. And once he had picked for her a whole handful of daisies and dandelions in the Park, and she had kissed him to prove her pleasure and gratitude.

But in those years while her father was growing richer, his was growing poorer. It came to such a pass at length that this people were too poor to live in New York; so they went to France, where living is very much cheaper, and lived there until his father died, leaving an estate that barely reached a hundred thousand dollars. He was sixteen years older by that time, and his mother, who was a Countess Dame, and always had been, came, and as he had, brought him back to America, to make their home with her father in Boston. The next year he entered Harvard; and before he was graduated his mother went to join his father. Then his uncle took his cousin and himself for a trip around the world. After that, there was no more study in his uncle's law office, which faced the Common. Eventually there came a plunge into what has been called the "kid-love politics," and the diplomatic post at the Court of Saint James was his ultimate reward.

He had reached Eighty-first Street and a clock somewhere was striking two. So he turned about and began his return journey. When he came to Fifty-ninth Street once more, he realized that he was tired and hungry, and so he halted at a long taxicab that was passing, and had himself taken to an all-night restaurant, over on Sixth Avenue, where a somewhat remarkable and highly unpleasant surprise awaited him.

But for two other men, in evening dress like himself, the restaurant was free of patrons; and it was not until he had chosen a table across the room from these two, that he so much as glanced in their direction.

They hardly looked at him, then, had not been one of one of them, who was talking loudly claimed his attention by his familiarity British quality. In the speaker he recognized Lord Shev-

He recognized him instantly, by his very red face and his pale watery blue eyes; but more convincingly by the gleam in his indignant, which the Englishman was wont to boast he received from a saber blade in India, but which Gouverneur knew on most excellent authority had been inflicted by a woman with a temper. And as he looked at the scar and thought of Sheila his indignation grew hotter and his resentment more bitter. In all likelihood, however, the latter, in life the place without so much as a second look in the fellow's direction, had it not been that Shevlin's own was so loud, and so high-pitched, that his words came distinctly to Gouverneur's ears. He was blackguarding America and everything American.

For a little while the writing-listener managed by supreme effort to hold his temper in fair check; but the next time, when he saw that there was no longer possible.

"Rather a stupid old ass, Drood. How in Ballyho he ever managed to get together all his dollars is a poser. I dare say he stole the most of them. It's a way they have over here, don't you know. High finance they call it, but high-handed brigandage would be a better name."

Lord Shevlin listened to so much with his blood boiling and his eyes snapping fire. One fist was doubled on the tablecloth and the other was doubled on his knee. It was all he could do to keep his seat.

"The girl's fairly pretty, after a fashion, but I give you my word, old chap, she isn't one-two-three with most of these times, when it comes to the dignity and all that sort of thing. Why, if it wasn't that I'm so—"

It was Gouverneur who interrupted him. He stood at the end of the table glaring like an avenging Nemesis, and his fingers itching for the ribald speaker's throat.

"You filthy rotter," he exclaimed, "your voice tense with consuming passion, 'you'll answer to me for that."

Instantly Lord Shevlin was on his feet, his chair reeling; while his surprised companion, a little, bald man with a squint, was drawing: "Oh, say, don't you know!"

Waiters who were idling in the aisles, or with backs against the wall, stared at the two, as he heard the words of epithets, excommunications followed like the peeping shams from a pair of gaffing eyes.

Another moment, and stung to frenzy by a wappish verbal lunge from the young American, aimed with special intent to provoke it, Shevlin drew a furious blow at Gouverneur's pugilistically jutted chin. And the battle was on. All the pent-up bitterness and wrath of weeks found outlet in the heavy blows that fell upon opening. Shevlin's evaded attack. Shevlin was no insignificant antagonist; but Gouverneur was younger, more agile, and had a shade more skill. It was no mere sparing match. It was a fight, with every parry including counter; and it was of whirlwind swiftness. Chairs and tables overturned. And seconds it later, as Lord Shevlin's friend and the waiter alike hung back in awed admiration, interested and sympathetic non-combatants; hung back on the verge of the encounter, the little, bald man kept for his compatriot's advantage, and the others, Irishmen evened one of them, mentally and soulfully allied against the Englishman, of the prize.

For the two antagonists, Gouverneur was far the cooler. From the first he realized that his American opponent was further. And from the first he had in view but one object. He wished to disfigure him so badly that postponement of the wedding would be a necessity. Anything to get time was his aim. So long as Shevlin was still Miss Drood there was hope that she might be saved. For reason he knew, the American expected no other after another of his lordship's features. Brutally he closed one his watery, blue eyes. He cut a gash in his long, thin upper lip; and his prominent, slightly hooked nose escaped breaking, it was from no lack of intention.

"Eventually Shevlin, with a high hook half swing, landed stinging Gouverneur's cheek a blow that meant for him the loss of an eye. He further incensed him. He came back viciously, throwing all the weight of his body behind a crash straight-arm punch to the Englishman's chin. And his forearm was backward, as though shot from a catapult. His head struck the floor soundly, and he lay motionless relaxed and unconscious. Lord Shevlin dropped to his knees beside him with sudden solicitude, the waiters itching to applaud, crowded closer, with excited murmurs. Gouverneur alone, stood unemotionally inspecting his hands which were stained with red.

Having dined at his club Gouverneur went with a friend to a play; and after the play he returned with his friend to the club. But he was not nearly so good company after as he had been before. He had had a new friend, a fresh of a nature over which he had been more or less disturbed at intervals for the last fifteen weeks. And whenever he thought of it he grew ill-tempered.

The theme of the play was international marriage. It pointed out pretty clearly what humiliation and misery the average American girl who elopes for the gewgaws and the sweets, the sweetness, her innocence, and her father's millions. There was nothing new in all this to young Gouverneur—indeed, having been connected with the embassy in London for three years he might have given the play writing a valuable hint or two—but it served to emphasize a catastrophe which was becoming well-nigh universal in its import, and of which he felt himself miserably powerless to avert.

Day after tomorrow, at high noon, unless a meretricious scheme to frustrate a carefully and elaborately arranged program, Sheila Droad, through the reading and repetition of a few sentences from a book, and a murmured "I am a Jew," would transform from a happy, independent, pampered daughter of one of the richest men in America into an asset, a piece of personality, a chattel, of one of the most worthless, dissipated, rakish members of the British peerage.

It was after one o'clock when the company came out of the theatre, thirty minutes before the usual hour of starting for the Avenue towards his hotel. But when he got to his hotel, he was not thinking of going to bed. He was still thinking of Sheila and her imminent marriage, and so he passed it without in the least knowing it, and walked on and on up the Avenue, until the houses on one side gave way to a black wall with trees behind it, which meant that he had reached the Park. And still he walked on, and still he thought.

It wasn't of course, really, any of his business. He had said this to 'himself something less than a thousand times, and tried the best way he knew how to argue himself into the belief that what he said was true. He brought up the fact that Mrs. Droads weren't even first cousins. They had been—oh, many years ago!—when Dancy little thing in short frocks, with white-stockinged spindle-shanks and shiny yellow pigtail tied with blue ribbons. They lived next door to each other then, and in his childish imagination he had pictured her always as being his wife when they should grow up, and he had made her presents of his toys and his picture books. And once he had picked for her a whole handful of daisies and dandelions in the Park, and she had kissed him to prove her pleasure and gratitude.

But in those years while his father was growing richer, his was growing poorer. It came to such a pass at length that his parents were too poor to live in New York; so they went to France, where living is very much cheaper, and lived there until his father died, leaving an estate that barely reached a hundred thousand dollars. He was sixteen years old by that time, and his mother, who was a Countess Dame, and always hated France, just as he had, brought him back to America, to live in his home with her father in Boston. The next year he graduated Harvard; and before he was entered his mother went to join his father. Then his uncle took his cousin and himself for a trip around the world. After that, there was no study in his uncle's law office which he faced the Common. Eventually there was a plunge into what has been called "the game of politics," and the diplomatic post at the Court of Saint James was his ultimate reward.

He had reached Eighty-first Street and a clock somewhere was striking two. So he turned about and began his return journey. When he came to Fifty-ninth Street once more, he realized that he was tired and hungry, and so he halted at a saloon which was pasted all over with advertisements for an all-night restaurant, over on Sixth Avenue, where a somewhat remarkable and highly unpleasant surprise awaited him.

But for two other men, in evening dress like himself, the restaurant was free of patrons; and it was not until he had chosen a table across the room from these two, that he so much as glanced in their direction.

They were both men, then, who had not accepted of one of them, who was talking, loudly claimed his attention by his familiarly British quality. In the speaker he recognized Lord Shel-

He recognized him instantly, by his very red face and his pale watery blue eyes; but more convincingly by his rakish air, and the way in which the Englishman's head was thrown back from a sabbre blade in India, but which Gouverneur knew on more excellent authority had been inflicted by a woman with a temper. And as he looked at the scar and thought of Sheila his indignation grew hotter and his resentment more bitter. In all likelihood, however, he would have left the place without so much as a look in the fellow's direction had it not been that Shelvin's voice was so loud, and so high-pitched, that his words came distinctly to Gouverneur's ears. He was blackguarding America and everything American.

For a little while the writhing listener managed by supreme effort to hold his temper in fair check; but then came a time when so much as a look was too good for him, when the words were too much for him.

"Rather a stupid old ass, Droad. How in Ballyhoon ever managed to get together all his dollars is a poser. I dare say he stole the most of them. It's a way they have over here, don't you know. High finance they call it, but high-handed brigandage would be a better name."

Lord Shelvin listened to so much of his blood boiling and his eyes snapping fire. One fist was doubled on the tablecloth and the other was doubled on his knee. It was all he could do to keep his seat.

"The girl's fairly pretty, after a fashion, but I give you my word, old chap, she isn't one-two-three with some of the Gaiety chorus, and she isn't worth a look in the sort of thing. Why, if it weren't that I'm so—"

It was Gouverneur who interrupted him. He stood at the end of the table glaring like an avenging Nemesis, his fingers itching for the ribald speaker's throat.

"You filthy rotter," he exclaimed, his voice tensing with consuming passion.

"I never answer to me for that."

Instantly Lord Shelvin was on his feet, his chair reclining; while his surprised companion, a little, bald man with a squint, was drawing: "Gow, say, don't you know!"

Waiters who were idling in the aisles, or with backs against the walls, stirred suddenly at the sound of the words, and all sorts of grimaces and recriminations followed like the peeping shafts from a pair of galling eyes.

Another moment, and stung to frenzy by a vappish verbal lunge from the young American, mingled with special intent to provoke it, Shelvin drew a furious slow at Gouverneur's pug-nationally jutted chin. And the battle was on. All the pent-up bitterness and wrath of weeks found outlet in the furious retort and attack. Shelvin was no insignificant antagonist; but Gouverneur was younger, more energetic and had a shade more skill. It was no mere sparring match. It was a fight, with every parry including counter; and it was of whirlwind swiftness. Chairs and tables were overturned in the fracas. At one of the Englishman's friend and the waiter alike hung back in awed admiration, interested and sympathetic non-combatants; hung back on the verge of the encounter, the little, bald man, keen for his compatriot's advantage, and the others, Irishmen even one of them, mentally and soulfully aligned against the Englishman.

Of the two antagonists, Gouverneur was far the cooler. From the first he realized that his American friend, who he had viewed from the first had in view but one object. He wished to disgrace him (so badly that postponement of the wedding would be a necessity. Anything to get time was his aim. So long as Sheila was still Miss Droad there was hope that she might be saved. For reason he desired to know the features. Brutally he closed one his watery, blue eyes. He cut a gash in his long, thin upper lip; and his prominent, slightly hooked nose escaped breaking, it was from no lack of intention.

"Eventually Shelvin, with a gloom half swing, landed stingingly Gouverneur's cheek a blow that meant for his American friend, who he had back viciously, throwing all the weight of his body behind a crash straight-arm punch to the Englishman's chin. And his forearm was backward, as though shot from a catapult. His head struck the floor soundly, and he lay motionless, relaxed and dropped to his knees, his head with sudden solicitude, the waiters itching to applaud, crowded closer, with excited murmurs. Gouverneur alone, stood unmovingly inspecting his hands which were stained with red.

"Isn't there a wash-room here, somewhere?" He asked the question of a ruddy, elderly waiter, with almost white hair, who was regarding him admiringly.

"There is, sir," was the ready answer. "Shall I right this way, sir?"

In the silence and seduction of the little white-tiled room to which he was shown, Gouverneur, as he bent over the wash-basin, plying the soap and hot water, joyfully exulted. He had done his little all to vindicate the honor of his country and its people; but best of all, he felt that in a measure he had at least had avenged the death of his.

His ablutions, concluded, he was about to return to the restaurant for his overcoat and hat, when the door of the room stealthily opened, and the elderly waiter, carrying these in his arms, edged his way in. His eyes were wide, and his smeared face was very grave.

"What?" he whispered, nervously, with great apparent apprehension. "It's going quick, you'd better be, sir. He hasn't spoken; and he's scarce breathin'. I think, sir, it's dyin' he is. They've s'nt for a doctor; and they're after askin' what's bekin' of you, sir. You'd be gettin' out of a dale of bother, mabe, be goin'."

"What?" he asked, in a measure.

"It was he that picked the quarrel, it was he that aimed the first blow; and if, by sheer accident, he had really killed a man—or something that appeared in the guise of one—he didn't in the least believe that he had—there were ample witnesses to corroborate him. But he has no mind to go to the convenience, not to go to the ignominy, of arrest, and appearance in a police court. So what he did was to write his name, and the name of his hotel on a leaf from his pocket memorandum, and hand it to his most kind informant."

"If anything really serious turns up," he said, "you can give this to the authorities. I'm quite willing to answer for what I have done."

"You intend to have my name in the newspapers as taking part in an allnight restaurant brawl, unless there is actual necessity for it. Do you understand Patrick?" And he folded the memorandum with a crisp, five-dollar bill.

Patrick said that he understood; thanked him; and added that his name was not Patrick, but Danny.

"And now, Danny," said Gouverneur, "you can show me the way to the wash-room."

Danny led him out by a side door, accompanying his whispered "Good night," with the observation: "It would me good, sor, to see the way you thrimmed that beafatin' bla'g'ard, sor."

When Gouverneur awoke from some-what troubled dreams, it was eleven o'clock, and rain was pelting against the panes of his hotel bedroom. He awoke with a sensation of distinct uneasiness. Was it possible that he had slain Lord Shelvlin? That which in the first flush of victory—in the gratification of a passion over which he had long brooded—had seemed a question for small concern, assumed now, at the moment of waking, a color of grim and awful possibility.

Egar for information, yet dreading what might be the import he ordered the morning papers. When they were brought to him a telegram accompanied them. And the sight of it tended further to alarm and unnerve him. But it had no connection with the episode of the early morning. It was from a friend in Virginia, reminding him of a promised visit, owing him, an engagement to meet him, and an immediate distraction he had totally forgotten.

Relieved in a measure he took up the papers, scanning first, hastily, the larger headlines; but without result. A more careful fine-toothing of the columns, likewise revealed nothing, save the statement that on the previous evening Lord Shelvlin had given a dinner to his ushers at Sherry's. The sole notice that, however, was of importance. Directly he remembered that the papers must have gone to press before the matter he looked for was enacted. He sent, therefore, for the middle editions of the evening papers; and finding nothing there, his relief was more stable.

Later he looked up railway schedules, answered his friend's telegram, and at five o'clock, was ensconced in the smoking-room of a Pullman sleeper gliding on beneath the Hudson River. If the wedding he so much deprecated should be celebrated after all on the morrow, distance from the scene and the diversion of fond friends and unfamiliar surroundings must prove grateful.

For present mental employment he had purchased a novel, and on the first of his journey he commenced reading a gripping narrative. Before reaching Philadelphia he died. Later, having lighted a cigar, he took up a late edition of an evening paper, which a fellow passenger had discarded, to be startled by a sentence in conspicuous red letters, which ran across the top of its first page: "Lord Shelvlin Beaten by Thugs May Die."

Avildy he read the dozen lines of

text which gave warrant for this florid announcement. Returning to his hotel from the dinner at Sherry's, it was stated, he had been set upon by highwaymen and brutally beaten. The men, however, were from London, Lexington, who had come to America, to serve as best man at his wedding; but who escaped without injury. Lord Shelvlin's condition was said to be critical. That was all. It was evident either that particulars were wanting, or that the news had reached the office too late for more extended treatment.

It was evident too that an effort was being made to hide the truth regarding the case. The effort would prove successful. If Shelvlin should die—and the horror of such an outcome turned him pale at the thought—the facts must surely be disclosed; and leaving New York, just at this time, would undoubtedly weigh against him. It would be construed as flight. The menance of the dining-room waiter, still so stiff was impossible. He must find relief in activity. And so, throwing away his cigar, he stepped out into the narrow passage, and began an unsteady, balancing progress through the cars, to one end of the train, and then to the other. Exaggerating the importance of the event from a narrow standpoint, he went on to wonder what in case of Shelvlin's death, the papers would issue an "extra"; and anxious for information on this point, sought the porter of his own sleeper, and inquired:

"Do the Baltimore newspapers get out extras when prominent persons die suddenly?"

"Ah couldn't sah, ah really couldn't say. In de case ob de President or ob Mistah Roosevelt, sah, ah guess b'lieve dey would, sah. But fo' ge'men ob smaller size, sah, ah don't jes' know."

He agreed, however, to obtain a copy should there be such an issue; and Gouverneur commanded his patience as well as might beuntil, at about eleven o'clock, Baltimore was reached. When the porter brought him this information Gouverneur, in an effort for temporary diversion, engaged the colored man in conversation. He observed that the train was carrying few passengers; that he was himself the sole occupant of this car.

"Dis am de Louisville cah, sah," was the explanation. "Nine beris am engaged from Washington. Only one 'trough passenger from New York."

"But I'm not going to Louisville, Governor," he protested. "I leave you Charlottesville."

"Yas, sah. I know, sah. De lady in de drawin'-room, sah, is foh Louisville, sah."

"Oh," the young man returned in surprise. "I didn't know the drawing-room was occupied."

"Yas, sah. Young lady in m'oin' came abode at de las' moment, sah, widout 't ticket or satehel. She her self in, and keeps de door open. She talk mo' in dees dees 'treament she must satehel, sah."

It was nearly half-past ten when Gouverneur, having sent the porter to the dining car for a bottle of ale, returned to the window and shielding the glass from reflections by means of the lowered shade, peered out into the night. But the rain was impetuous, the lane, and the dark was impetuous.

Five minutes went by, ten minutes, and he still waited impatiently the porter's return. Beneath him he felt the unmistakable vibration of a trestle, and knew that the train had begun bridge crossing. But consecutively he could place nothing of that nature in the connection of incidents which directly followed: dread, nerve-racking, hair-lifting, torturing incidents all jumble, with the screech of steel wheels grinding steel rails; the scream of the engine whistle; the hoarse hiss of water among iron coils; the hiss and groan of straining cables and riven timbers; the thunderous impact of great bodies, mingled in a stupendous order that seemed crumble earth and sunder heaven while the little room in which he sat rocked and swayed, shaking him like a dice in aboy, and striking on a long pile of cushions as though he were pith ball, onto the cushioned back the seat opposite to which he had been sitting; a shower of broken, splintered glass falling sharply over him, as the pitch darkness of the Cimmerian enveloping him.

When from out of the confusion this sudden and astonishing event occurred, Gouverneur succeeded in regarding some share of his wits, the appalling dissonance had given place to a silence that was contrasting awesome; as though death had waded out every sound of life. He moved, in an effort to gain the door, and pressed his hand to his shoulder, when he perceived that a little cry was wrung from him. But after a while, wearying that arm and shoulder as static as possible, and using only the other arm, he managed to straighten himself out; managed, too, to get his matches, and strike a light, and obtain an idea of his situation.

To be Concluded

**Indirect**

The young man cleared his throat. "You know," he said, "that I am going to Boston next month—the flow has sent me there!"

"Oh really?" cried the pretty girl, beaming in congratulation. "How perfectly lovely! Isn't it fine to feel that you are climbing? That's splendid!"

The young man did not look so fidgeted as one might have expected. "I don't isn't just for a short time," he added. "It means living there always."

"Of course!" agreed the pretty girl. "A man has to stick in one place if he is going to succeed! I'm just as pleased as you are to see you get good things they came to my friends!"

"I don't know as I'm so awfully pleased about it," said the young man, with a hint of gloom. "I don't like to leave Chicago."

"Why the very idea!" chided the pretty girl reproachfully. "I'd not imagine that you were unprogressive! Think of the opportunities you will enjoy! Oh, it means living there always, and think of the splendid people you will meet—"

"I guess there are just as many opportunities right here in Chicago!" declared the young man indignantly. "And just as nice people here!"

"Yes, but the Easterners are so different!" cried the pretty girl enthusiastically. "There is an air about them that we haven't. And why, Eastern girls that I met at school were perfectly lovely! They have more style and more manners and they know how to dress and do things in such a way! Oh, you'll see when you get there!"

"I'm surprised at you," the young man announced. "I always considered you my friend and I must say you act in a very odd manner about this news."

The pretty girl raised her eyebrows in perplexity. "I don't understand you," she told him. "Haven't I been just as interested and pleased? And all that?"

"That's just the trouble," declared the young man. "You're too pleased! There hasn't been a hint in your expression that you've any doubts. I was going—that you were going to miss me!"

The pretty girl laughed frankly. "Of all things!" she cried. "I believe you expected me to burst into tears and rave that the sunshine of the whole world was darkened because you were going away. I never suspected you of such conduct! Really—"

"You know I didn't mean that!" said the young man fiercely. "I'm not such an idiot as that! But you seem tickled to death! Just as though you were glad to get rid of me! You ought to think I had bored you by my constant company! If you felt that way why didn't you tell me a long time ago instead of letting me think—"

"What was that?" demanded the pretty girl coldly, gazing at him from beneath uncompromising brows. He wilted.

"Well, anyhow," she persisted, "you've plainly shown how you feel! Why, if I told you that I loved you, you couldn't have acted any more approvingly!"

"See here!" said the pretty girl. "Just how did you expect me to act?"

"I thought you must love me," she said. "He said with awful dignity 'that under the circumstances it is necessary to state.'"

"Circumstances!" she echoed despairingly. "How can you get worse every minute? What circumstances?"

"The circumstance is this, I've found out you don't care a rap about me!" stormed the young man. "You said to go to Boston and that!"

"She asked him provokingly. He stared at her. She was smiling a most alluring smile.

"Oh, Noli!" cried the young man, seizing her hands and abandoning his high and mighty pose. "I—I so wanted to ask you to go to Boston with me!"

"Goodness gracious!" said the pretty girl. "Do you suppose you are the only person who is aware of that? Well, you on earth don't you ask it?"

"That's what made me so mad at you!" gasped the relieved young man. "I thought I had of had asked you—at the very start!"

**Easily Heard**

Harry Lander tells a story about Rab McBeth, a friend of his, who went up to Glasgow to see a brother off to sea. The ship was ashore, and the great ship slowly drifted away from the quay Rab continued to shout parting words of advice until he saw agreement to his brother standing on deck.

"Goody-by, Wall!"

"Quick up, Wall!"

"See us behave yerself!"

"Every time he shouted the ship was a little farther away, and Rab accepted their raising his voice more and more. The other people who were shouting goodbye were unfamously drowned in the roar of Rab's voice.

When the ship was about half a mile away Rab let himself go with a final "Oo-oo-oo-oo!"

"Mind and write name, Wall!"

A man standing near went up and touched Rab's arm.

"If Wall doesn't come when he gets to America," said the writer, "you should just shoot across to remind him!"

Mr. Silimpurse—"But why do you insist that your daughter should marry a man whom she does not love? You want her to love, didn't you?"

Mrs. Silimpurse—"Yes; but that is no reason why I should let our daughter make the same blunder."

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