

PINOCHLE GAME PUTS DAN CUPID TO FLIGHT

To be married or to play pinochle—that was the burning question confronting August Hoeffel, 2819 Wabash avenue, three weeks ago.

August decided to play pinochle, and is still brideless.

Three weeks ago today August appeared before George Dillon, marriage clerk, in the County Building, blushing and stammering.

"I want it to get married," he said, "right away quick. This is her here," and he dragged before Dillon the blushing person of Anna Samp, 1161 West 63d st.

"Nothin' doin'," said Dillon, shortly. "No marriage licenses on Saturday. You'll need to come around Monday."

August burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

"What the deuce is the matter?" demanded Dillon. "Can't you wait until Monday?"

"Och, by Monday it will be no use," said August.

"What d'you mean it won't be any use?" asked Dillon. "Somebody goin' to get out an injunction again st?"

"Injunction nix," said August, "but by Monday I will not have the money to pay by the license yet."

Just at this moment County Clerk Robert Sweitzer, who is a kindly man, happened to pass. He inquired the reason for August's weeps.

"Say," he said to August, "I'll tell you what I'll do. You give me the dollar for the license now

and I'll give you a receipt for it, and then come back on Monday and get the license."

August thought this a bright idea, and handed the dollar over to Sweitzer.

But alas for human frailty! On Sunday night August happened to get into a pinochle game, and was cleaned to his last cent.

But he saw a good chance, and he remembered that marriage license receipt for one dollar.

"I put it in the game for a quarter," he announced triumphantly.

One Schmidt, opposing August, looked at the receipt suspiciously, but it was an official looking document and he figured it was all right.

And so the game went on, and August lost, and was separated from his chances of a bride.

Schmidt, in the proud possession of a marriage license receipt, decided that it was up to him to find a bride. He decided on Hilda Olsen, of 4915 Wabash avenue.

Hilda was willin'. Schmidt dragged her down to Sweitzer's office.

"Give me it my marriage license," he demanded of Sweitzer. "I got the girl."

Sweitzer looked at his receipt and looked at Schmidt.

"Trying to play a game on me, are you?" he demanded. "You ain't the man that gave me the dollar."

"I know," said Schmidt, but—

"But nothing!" said Sweitzer, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself a big man like you are,