

Klaxon? Who had sunk \$1,400 in the shy little man who gazed adoringly at the girl and blushed and hurried away when anybody asked him if he expected to become a benedict? It was suggested that he was financing himself; but apart from the grave question whether he had \$1,400 odd in money it was clear that he wished the whole joke at the bottom of the sea.

The serious part of the business was that Red Gulch had the lead on Peterson's Monument. That was not to be tolerated. A deputation went to President Harding, and he gave his word of honor to put enough money into the fourth week to enable Peterson's Monument to make sure of the prize. Nobody asked any more. No one suspected that it was he who was backing Klaxon. But then, as I said, Miss Dorothy was a girl of determination.

When the final votes were counted they ran as follows: First, Klaxon, 3,979; second, Ed Simmons, 2,405; third, Jennings, 2,276; fourth, Ransom, 1,115.

There was a moment of stupefaction, and then our mayor threw up his hat. "Three cheers for Mr. Klaxon and his bride and three more for the bride, and a tiger for Peterson's Monument!" he shouted.

In the silence that preceded the cheer, just that moment of silence when men draw in their breath, I saw Ransom's face go white. He had been sure of Miss Lane, had joked and flirted with her all the time. Then I saw him looking at a woman on the front seat of the theater where the result was announced. It was Dorothy Bennett, and—then I knew who had queered his game with Miss Edna Lane.

Where was Klaxon? Nobody knew. The little man had left the theater, white and shaking, when the announcement was made. The boys went after him and caught him and brought him back, squirming, and offering to resign, to where Miss

Edna Lane stood, with a white contemptuous face, waiting for him.

Once there, he squared his shoulders like a man. And somehow there was something dignified about little Klaxon, so that involuntarily the girl's face softened. Before he could speak the crowd had intervened.

"To the minister! To the minister!" it roared.

In a thrice a guard of honor had been formed about the couple, and, shoulder-high, they were conveyed to the house of Rev. James Piggott, sole minister of Peterson's Monument.

"My friends—" he began, but the crowd cut him short.

"Say, it's Mr. Klaxon or Ed Simmons, and we don't mean to let that lantern-jawed Red Gulcher get away with Miss Lane," they yelled. "See the point?"

Mr. Piggott saw, and little Klaxon, and apparently Miss Lane; so they were married, and half the contents of Jim Roe's shoestore were flung after the bridal couple as they departed on their honeymoon.

There isn't any moral to this, except that Mr. Klaxon, our mayor, and the most popular one we ever had, says that he owes all his success to his wife, who is devoted to him. O, yes, about Ransom. Why, Dorothy got him, and they live a cat-and-dog life together. It almost seems as if Dorothy Bennett had queered her own game instead of—well, instead of Edna Lane's, anyway.

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TODAY IN ILLINOIS HISTORY
June 17, 1763. — Joliet and Marquette, with their exploring party, entered the Mississippi from the Wisconsin river.

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Patrick Harmon, who walked backward from Seattle to New York because somebody said he couldn't do it, is our idea of fine vice presidential material. At least he has done something, even if he did do it backward.