

got in the car—must open the trunk above all things.” Then he looked through his pockets, under the bed and desk, and even lifted up the the trunk.

All at once he stopped, ran his fingers through his hair, picked up his pipe from off the bed and started for the door.

“Be a wonder that clam wouldn’t bring his own keys along,” he muttered as he hurried back. A cigarette now had the pipe’s place; the trunk strap came off after a struggle and was thrown into a corner, accompanied by the “weed.” Then followed a discussion assisted by much hair pulling over the proper key. “Now which key is it—locker, suit case, lock box, desk—well, I will try this one—it looks like a trunk key—good guess. Gee—but didn’t that lid open in a hurry—wonder it didn’t yell after being laced that tight.” Just then one of the compartments in the uplifted lid became unfastened and a shower of miscellaneous things rolled out on the floor. All Jack said was “Dad! that is certainly unpacking.”

The tray then came off regardless of the pile already on the floor and Jack dived down into the contents. Various articles now made their appearance from the depth, followed by a voice. “I’ll be hanged if there is a bottom to this concern—here’s a sweater, pair of shoes,—but I can’t find what I want.” A big bundle of various articles encircled by a pair of arms now appeared from the depth and with a toss they were either on the bed or the floor. A golf suit was then followed by a bundle of fancy neckties and a book of monstrous size—probably another dictionary. The next addition to the “fire sale” was a handful of red and other brilliantly colored foot-gear—these all found a prominent place on the study desk.

“Guess those will hold them for awhile—latest from Paris—guaranteed to stop a race riot.”

A paste board box now appeared upon the scene, with a brownish, crumbling substance having the unmistakable