

hard pressed member even stood on the broad window sill and pulled the blind down in front of him.

Jack, turning on the light, entered the room while the highly polished tile he wore suddenly left its owner's head and rolled toward the bed, where it mysteriously disappeared. The wearer of the dress-suit stopped and scratched his head, then he fumbled around in his pockets for a cigarette, lit it and began to talk to Mr. Jack. "Well, well! what's this on the floor—certainly was a fine opera—peanuts too—wonder if the "Knockers" entertained in here tonight—I had the prettiest girl in the house too." Then his eyes began to bulge out. "Bottles too?—well!—swear I came straight home from my own dear girl—funny about my hat—and *she* saw—'Hope you will come again'—well, I guess—I wonder if tomorrow evening will be to soon—her papa owns several blocks down town too, I understand—I'll be there, 'My Goo-Goo Eyes.'"

Jack always was near sighted but he never would acknowledge it. He certainly was to-night, of all nights. He divested himself of his suit and donned his usual smoking equipment—a flaring red gown and a little red Turkish fez picked up, dear knows where.

Just as he started to settle himself on his Morris, a heart-rending groan issued from the vicinity of the bed.

Jack jumped excitingly to his feet and rushed over. "Jupiter! a man—sick, dead, drunk or what?—in my room too—blood—help!!" and with a rush he disappeared out of the door. A "Knocker" succeeded in seeing a red gown and red fez turning the corner down the hall.

Long suppressed emotions were heard from different parts of the room but they were of short duration as hurrying footsteps came charging up the corridors. Jack entered, talking, and followed by two big "cops." "There he is—I just came in—can prove it too—I am innocent—Oh! I wish I had left the theatre and—the girl!"