

ON TIME, ANYWAY

IT was in the summer time that Bradley Hudson decided that he loved Trixie Twining. To be exact, it was in a rowboat at Bar Harbor.

He lay back against the cushions and regarded with admiration the graceful attitudes of her lithe figure and began to build castles in Spain wherein Beatrice Twining formed a most charming mistress.

That he did not more than hint his love was due to his indolence. Billy Twining used to say that the only thing that kept Bradley from being a tramp was the money his father had left him.

His listlessness was proverbial, and the summer season came to an end without his having put his love into words. He had fully meant to do so, but the days passed by so rapidly and tomorrow always came.

Tomorrow would be time, he argued, and so, when the Twinings took their departure the momentous question was still unasked. Bradley comfortably argued that they would see each other in the season in town.

Mrs. Marchmont's conservatory, between the dances, was an ideal place for proposals. He shrugged his shoulders half regretfully and went off on Ned Champney's yacht.

The days dragged on until it was New Year's eve, when the ship plucked up land and exchanged the long pitch of the open sea for the choppy waters of the channel.

Bradley had a chat with the captain and then sought out the wireless operator in his little cabin. An hour later as he paced the deck a steward approached him.

"It's all right, sir," he said, touching his cap. "The special will be waiting. They'll get you into Waterloo at half after 11, sir. Thank you, sir."

The cars always suggested toys to Bradley, but there was nothing childish about the speed, and as they passed the town and gained headway he settled himself back in the seat and lit a cigar.

But a fresh disappointment awaited him. As they ran into the station but one shabby hansom was in sight. There was an excursion just in, explained the porter.

Bradley sprang out while the cabby and some passersby sought to get the horse to his feet. It only took a moment to show that his leg was broken, and thrusting a coin in the driver's hand, Bradley reached for his bag and looked about for another cab.

Bradley, as he stepped in. The cabbie peered through the trap. "Club or hotel, sir?" he demanded. "Hotel, and hurry," cried Bradley, and then the long lash whisked over the horse's flanks and they rattled up the incline.

"I'll make it," he whispered to himself, "I have little leeway, but I'll get there." But the hoodoo held. The horse lost its footing on the slippery pavement and crashed to the ground.

Bradley turned to face the tall commissioner who had come up behind him. "Do you know the number of the room?" he demanded. "Yes, sir. That's all right, sir," was the prompt response.

entered the lobby and demanded that his card be sent up to Miss Twining. "Have you an engagement with her?" he demanded.

"I have," said Bradley. "For 12 o'clock tonight. I came all the way from America to keep it." "It's a long ways, sir," said the clerk, blandly.

"Doesn't matter how long a way it is," he scowled. "Send up that card, will you?" "In just a minute, sir," he promised.

you mean that I am under arrest? Is it any crime to ask for a lady stopping at a hotel?" "Rather unusual, sir," suggested the officer. Bradley groaned.

"I'll give five pounds to anyone who will get word to Miss Twining of my predicament," he offered. The three men looked nervous, but did not speak.

"Tell her that Mr. Hudson—Bradley Hudson—called," he said. "Explain what happened. She will understand." He managed to get the note out of his pocket and pass it to the man.



TO BE EXACT, IT WAS IN A ROW BOAT AT BAR HARBOR.

A WRONG IMPRESSION

COME along, Emily, we promised to go over early and help Kate fix the tables for the club meeting this afternoon, and you know how she always leaves everything for the last minute.

"I'll be down in a jiffy, Flora, but such luck as I am having. One side of my hair is as straight as a poker and the other I have burned off with the curling iron. This talk about its being a woman's duty to make herself as beautiful as possible doesn't go in the summer time."

Flora's voice could be heard calling: "Emily—Emily, come on around—here she is." "O, girls," exclaimed Kate, "I'm so glad you came. I'm fussed to death. Mother's gone to the missionary meeting, and the hired man cut his toe off last night and has not been able to do a single chore for me. Here, Flora, you take this dustpan and fix up the parlor, and Emily, turn up that dress of yours and get busy squeezing lemons for the punch."

"Kate Price, you are the worst girl I ever knew. Don't you know the girls will be here in a few minutes and you have not a thing ready?" With this, off came the pink sash ribbon. "What have you been doing all morning? With this she loosened all her collar. "Just supposing we hadn't come around." Up went the skirt and a big pin held it well above all danger.

Price," said Emily, as she flounced back to the kitchen. "Kate—Kate," wailed Flora. "I've dusted the room and fixed the tables, but I can't find the cards—where are they?" "Brother Tom was going to get home on the 2 o'clock train and bring some new ones, but he hasn't come yet—O, dear, what shall I do?"

Before Flora had time to express her inward feelings, the front door bell rang. Each girl waited for the other to make the move, but no one cared to take the initiative. Flora and Emily met in the hall and gasped to hear Kate's voice calling out of the upper window. "Please ring again, I don't think the girls heard you."

They all turned and came around to the back door, where Kate let them in with the air of a well-trained hostess. "Just look at my dress, all green paint—I won't have a thing to wear to the hop." Dear me, this organdie is ruined—it won't wash," were just a few of the greetings she received.

Kate rose supreme, however, to all such trifles, and she had soon managed to pacify all of the girls, and they were seated around the tables, when the bell rang again. Out the window went Kate's head, and the minister's voice was heard to say: "My dear Miss Price, I've run over with the glasses that you sent last night, and Mrs. Perkins asks you, please, to accept these few goodies that were left over from the donation."

It took the combined pleadings of Mr. Perkins and the club members, but after much persuasion, and even threats, Emily started for the rail fence that ran around the orchard.

She diplomatically approached from the rear. There, Tom sat, hunched up like a blackbird in the rain. "Tom," called a rather weak voice, "Emily, darling!" and with a bound he was at her side. "I'm sorry I didn't let you in last night, Tom, but you see I thought you stopped in to see Lucy Wright, and that made you late."

"No, dear. I told you the truth. Sam did cut his toe off and I had to go for the doctor." "I know it now," admitted Emily. "Mr. Perkins told me, and then, besides, I've seen Sam." Then with a shy little glance she stole up to Tom

and said: "I know where Mr. Perkins is now, Tom." "Emily, can it be? Will you really be mine today?" "Yes, Tom, today, if Mr. Perkins thinks I've atoned sufficiently for my sin."

proper exit, and the two told everybody of their plans. There was a quiet little wedding in town that night, and the club attended in a body. Sam recovered sufficiently to drive the bride and groom to the station, and to this day the members of the Bridge club have always contended that Emily won the prize at their last meeting.



THEY WERE SEATED AROUND THE TABLE.

ONLY A JOKE

"WHERE are you going?" called Leonard Sackett as Alma, looking particularly dainty in a most becoming dress, stepped out on the piazza.

"I'm going nutting," she said, with a dimpling smile as she indicated the tiny basket that swung on her arm. "Would you like to come?" "Not on any such fool's errand as that," said Leonard, loftily. "Don't you know that it is too early for nuts? They are no good until after the first frost."

irritably. "But there are ripe nuts," she retorted, teasingly. "I tell you there are none," he declared, with positiveness. "You will have only your trouble for your pains. Don't be such a little fool."

Leonard ignored the mischievous twinkle in her eye. "Stuff and nonsense," he declared. "All nuts require frost in this latitude. You are simply wasting your time. Sit down here and have a chat like an obliging child."

Alma, still smiling, tripped off down the road. The smile played about her lips, but the lips quivered a little at times. She was very fond of Leonard, but his positive ways sometimes made her afraid that their married life might not be as pleasant as she hoped.

More than once she had been on the point of returning his ring and telling him that she dared not trust her happiness in his hands, but at ways her love triumphed over her fears and she bore meekly his domineering manner. Left to himself Leonard soon returned to the piazza to reflect upon feminine foolishness. It was absurd, he told himself, to go looking for nuts so early. It would have been much more pleasant to sit on the piazza and perhaps Mrs. Shelly would have brought out some lemonade and cake, as she so often did.

He went on to a woods further up the road and repeated his search, but with no more success and hot and tired and with the unpleasant realization that it was long after the noon dinner hour, he plodded back to the house.

Alma sat on the piazza as cool and dainty as she had been in the morning. Leonard scowled as he came up the walk. The sight of the girl in her cool white gown, so markedly in contrast with his own hot and dusty feeling, was an added irritation. "Where have you been?" she asked as he came up the steps. "I hurried back to have a little chat on the piazza before dinner and you had gone without a word to anyone."

He was already enjoying the triumph of an "I told you so" when he should find her with an empty basket and a doleful face. Baker's woods was the best place for nuts. It was where they always went, but though he covered the beaten tracks and shouted until he was hoarse there was no sign of Alma.

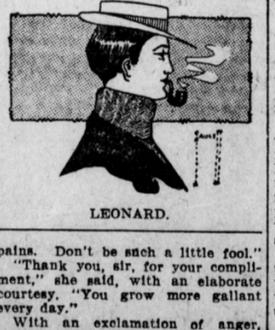
"Where did you go?" she asked. "Surely not to Baker's woods?" "That was where," he admitted. "I did not find you, so I went on to Baker's woods." "I did not find you, so I went on to Baker's woods." "I did not find you, so I went on to Baker's woods."

"But that is where we always go nutting," he insisted. "Where did you go?" "To the village," she explained, as her smile deepened. "You see, Len, I was going to explain my little joke, but you got so positive that I could not go nutting until the frost came that I didn't remind you that we were going to have a taffy pull tonight and I wanted some nuts for the peanut brittle. Peanuts are ripe before the frost."

"And you let me go to all that trouble?" he demanded. "I asked you if you wanted to come," she reminded, "and you would not. How was I to know that you were going to change your mind? You are so positive about things that you are hateful sometimes, and I'm glad that your bad temper punished you. I wish you had walked clear into the next county. If you had not been so superior when I came out you would have known all about it. You deserved all you got."

me up." "I'm glad something will," she said, ungraciously. "I was sorely tempted to give you back your ring this morning."

"I'm cured," said Leonard, humbly. "Don't rub it in on a fellow." "And you'll shell the peanuts?" she bargained. "Anything," he promised, humbly. "I think," said Alma, demurely, "that the peanuts will rub the lesson in. I'm sorry I didn't buy a bushel."



LEONARD.



ALMA.

CONVINCING.

"Do you believe that domestic arguments are at all convincing?" queried Youngblood. "Sure," replied Oldwed. "Each of the parties to the agreement is fully convinced that the other is wrong."

WHAT THE JUDGE DID.

Two souls with but a single thought; Presto! The thing is done; They patronized a divorce judge who quickly made two of one.