

# The Ticket

It Led to Complications

By AGNES G. BROGAN

There was the girl again! Billy Thornton frowned at her sudden entrance into the car—not that there was anything about the fresh, interested countenance to call forth a masculine frown. Jane Wilder was exactly the opposite kind of girl. But Billy never had met her and was more anxious to meet her than for anything else in the world, and though she was always appearing in most unexpected places in a delightfully disturbing manner, still she, the ideal, remained as far distant as some beautiful, wonderful star.

"How," mused Billy to himself—"how in the world could the proper meeting be brought about?" Sometimes he was pleased to fancy a responsive interest in the girl's glance of quickly veiled recognition in their several encounters. "How—oh, how?"

"So glad to see you, dearie," murmured an old lady, bending over his shoulder from the seat behind. "You are on your way to the child welfare meeting, of course. How busy you keep yourself with everything of an uplifting nature! I don't see how you do it."

The girl laughed as she turned around. Billy's heart thumped in sympathy with the clear joyousness of the sound. Never had he heard her voice or laugh before, and in nothing was she disappointing. Recklessly he allowed the windows of his office, where Braydon was waiting to see him upon an important commission, to fade into distance. He would sit here in this seat until the girl left the car.

"Oh, I am not voluntarily busy," she answered the old lady, "just drawn into the work by my friends. Meetings are all this week, you know—evenings for the men. We must interest voters. Lilla is one of the ushers, so it was she who solicited my aid, the dear of our old college being tonight's speaker."

"I would like to go," the old lady responded. Eagerly the girl fumbled in her purse. "So sorry," she said at length. "I have no more tickets, and admission is all by ticket invitation."

She jumped to her feet. "My goodness!" she cried. "Goodby, Mrs. West."

It was then that Billy heard the coveted name.

"Goodby, Jane Wilder," said the old lady.

"Jane Wilder." Mentally he echoed the name. "It was like her somehow." To him it sounded quaint and sweet. He was planning as he brushed through the crowd in the streets to obtain tickets in some manner for that evening's "welfare" meeting. It would be in the auditorium, of course, and she had said by invitation only. He remembered reading an account of the affair in the papers. Former pupils of the college, represented by the speaker were to act as ushers. Surely one might speak to an usher, and surely one might select one's particular usher. Billy began to whist.

The low but merry tune seemed to annoy rather than cheer the tall young man who swung impatiently about in Billy's pet office chair.

"Great Scott," Braydon ejaculated in greeting, "you come in more than thirty minutes late and happy as a May day! I went without my own lunch in order to get over here on time, while you—"

"Say," remarked Billy absently, "where can a fellow get tickets for tonight's child welfare meeting?"

Braydon's feet came to the floor with a bang. "What's the matter with you, Thornton?" he asked.

Billy waved the question impatiently aside. "Where can I get them?" he insisted.

"How the dickens do I know?" the man replied. Suddenly he glanced at Billy's eager face. "Why this unusual interest in a strange cause?" he asked.

Deliberately Billy seated himself in an opposite chair. "There is a girl," he answered seriously, "whom I am very anxious to meet. She will be there tonight. Among that old college crowd we must have mutual acquaintances. If you can direct me to any one who might possibly have a spare ticket of invitation I'd be obliged. That's all."

His friend considered. "Why, there's Jack Maynard," he said. "His wife was a student at that college. I'll speak to him. Before we get down to business, what's the name of this girl, Billy? Might know her myself."

Thornton's eyes took on their previous reminiscent gleam. "Wilder," he repeated softly—"Jane Wilder."

In the desperate hope of hearing from Jack Maynard he lingered in the office long past closing time and at last was rewarded by the appearance of a messenger bearing an envelope marked, with the date, "Ticket to auditorium meeting." Billy's sinking spirits soared to their highest level. That very evening he should see her again at least—that evening. There was not much time for dinner. The auditorium would be crowded.

For a moment as he waited in the entrance Billy's eyes roved excitedly among the white gown'd tiers of ushers. Then at length he spied her. She was even more charming with her uncovered golden head than in the fetching hats of his remembrance, and—yes, she was coming slowly toward him. A rather stout woman usher put out her hand.

"Ticket, please," she demanded. But

Billy smiled in the direction of the oncoming little figure.

"Waiting," he said. Miss Jane Wilder's gaze was entirely impersonal. Silently she accepted and read his ticket; then "Oh!" she breathed. Vaguely troubled, he glanced down at the golden head. Surprise, disappointment—what was it that showed for a moment in the eyes appraised to his?

"This way," she said, and Billy followed her down the aisle. But at the choice seat designated the stout over-seeing usher reappeared.

"Must be some mistake," she argued loudly. "This section reserved for ushers and their husbands only. Let me see your ticket." Billy was about to apologize and withdraw—other fortunate possessors of nearby seats interestedly watched the outcome—when his director's voice sounded distinctly.

"It's all right, Mrs. Sayles," she said. "The ticket reads, 'Mr. and Mrs. Jack Maynard.' Mrs. Maynard is not here this evening, but she ushered at this afternoon's meeting."

Before Billy could collect his senses, before he could deny to the one girl in all the world this fatal imputation, the two white clad women, whispering, moved away together. And to this end had his scheming led him. The girl whose love he craved was now, through a senseless mistake, removed from him forever. Henceforth he was in her eyes but the wedded husband of a certain Mrs. Jack Maynard. Why hadn't he glanced at the confounded ticket instead of rushing with it like a fool?

Despairingly Billy looked about, after the oration, if here he might still find one friend, perhaps also of her acquaintance, but all were strangers, not one familiar face. Broodingly he made his way to the door. Out in the vestibule he lingered to throw on his coat, and presently from a merry, chattering throng she made her way to him.

The wonder of her sudden presence there at his side, the smile that was unmistakably for him, held him for the moment speechless.

"I hope the evening has been a pleasant one," she said and held out her hand. Billy saw that the hand was extending to him a small white envelope and took it. Then his dream abruptly ended.

"A ticket for the mothers' meeting tomorrow, Mr. Maynard," she said. "Please give it to your wife."

Before his denying lips could even form a reply she had vanished. It was decidedly grouchy Billy Thornton whom his tall friend found in the office the next day.

"Enjoy the uplift meeting?" Braydon casually inquired.

"The deuce!" answered Billy.

"As to that Miss Wilder," the friend went on. "Happen to know people who in turn know her. Take you over to meet her if you like."

Billy's frown evaporated. "Tonight?" he asked curiously.

"Tonight," replied Braydon.

Billy banged down the cover of his desk in a spirit of joyful anticipation. In ten minutes he said explain all to her. And after that—well, if he didn't win out in the old game of love it would not be because with all his heart and soul he had not tried. He wished that Braydon would refrain from entering into that old business problem on the way to the house where he was to meet her. He wanted to go over in his mind the things that he would say.

Before he realized it they were in the brilliantly lighted reception room and he was bowing before a sweet faced woman presented as Mrs. Jack Maynard, who immediately, taking Billy in charge, led him to a girlish figure at the farther end of the room.

"Miss Wilder," she announced rather absently and hurried back to her friend. The "one girl" smiled up at him.

"We are not quite strangers," she said, "but I am afraid you forgot to give the ticket to Mrs. Maynard. She was absent, I noticed, from the afternoon meeting, and you—"

"Miss Wilder"—it was the interrupting voice of Braydon—"come here just a moment, please, to settle a dispute."

Billy savagely ground his heel on the rug as others came to claim the girl's attention, keeping her from him. When was this silly affair to be straightened? Where was the real Jack Maynard?

Interminably the evening dragged and no opportunity for a further word with the girl of his dreams. In her eyes he was no doubt just the uninteresting husband of her hostess, white in his eyes—Billy rapturously caught his breath as he looked at her—she grew each moment fairer.

In sudden determination he crossed to where she sat before the piano.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

The girl's fingers rested upon the keys. Half turning, she looked up at him.

"I—I'm not Jack Maynard," Billy blurted out desperately, "and I'm not married. It was a confounded—I beg your pardon—only a borrowed ticket."

The laughing challenge of her eyes gave him sudden courage. "I have wanted—no, that's not the word—I have desired above all things for months to meet you," he went on, then paused. His eyes were saying more. "My name is Thornton," he ended abruptly.—William Thornton.

Miss Jane Wilder arose and stood before him. "I know it," she said quietly, "and I know it all along. Back there at church that day a friend pointed you out to me. Yesterday when Jack Maynard asked for a ticket for you to the meeting it was I who suggested that he lend you his." She laughed softly. "It was wicked of me to pretend," she admitted—"wicked, but it did not take you so long to bring this"—she paused and held out her hand—"about."

Fervently Billy grasped the proffered hand; fervently he bent to look down into the girl's face. Then deep and happily he sighed. "At last!" breathed Billy.

## SELLING AS AN ART.

The Road to Success, and the Reason Some Salesmen Fail.

In a story about a wonderful salesman a writer says in the American Magazine:

"Asked for his views on salesmanship and to give suggestions that would be helpful to others, he said: 'Any person can sell to any man who wants to buy, but it takes a salesman to sell to the man who doesn't want to buy. It took me five months in one case to work my way into the confidence of a wealthy man who hated life insurance agents, and we had been acquainted a month before he discovered that I was selling insurance. He later had me write him up for a \$10,000 policy.'

"A salesman should know his goods forward and backward, know human nature like he knows the alphabet and not be self-confident, which is indispensable to success, results from exact knowledge of what you are offering to sell and knowledge of your prospect.

"Salesmen sometimes fail because they have a set way of dealing with all kinds of people. That will never do. They should learn to adapt themselves to all sorts and conditions of men and women. Use an easy conversational tone. Be natural. Don't get excited or talk loud. Make strong, positive assertions about your goods. You must be absolutely certain that the article you are selling is the very best on earth. Then stop talking before you kill the sale by talking too much."

## GRAVEDIGGER BEETLES.

These Queer Insects Have a Remarkable Sense of Smell.

When an animal dies in a garden or in the woods and decomposition begins carrion bugs come from far and near. A dead bird, a mouse or a harmless snake wantonly killed by some wanderer provides a banquet for hundreds of insects. Among these the "gravediggers" are found, embracing forty-three species, twelve of which are found in Europe, the rest in America.

You can identify these beetles, says the Popular Science Monthly, by the two jagged yellowish red or reddish transverse bands upon their black wing covers. Their scientific name, necrophorus, means no more than "buriers of the dead." As undertakers the insects have legs especially adapted for digging.

A gravedigger beetle has a most extraordinary sense of smell. He can detect the peculiar odor of decomposition a long distance away and flies to the dead thing as straight as an arrow. His remarkably keen nose is situated in his clublike feelers.

As a rule several gravediggers are found near a dead body. They crawl under it and scratch the supporting earth away, so that the body soon lies in a hollow. Gradually the body is lowered until it sinks below the surface. Then it is covered with earth. The female lays her eggs around the interred form, thus insuring for the newly hatched larvae a plentiful food supply.

**Emeralds and Beryls.**

There is no decline in the vogue of the emerald, using the word not in the generic sense of the trade, but for a beryl of the accepted green emerald hue. Fine specimens always cause a flutter in the auction room, for the very good reason that those are extremely rare. Perfect stones are as costly as fine rubies and, of course, much more so relatively than diamonds.

The Duke of Devonshire owns what is believed to be the largest and nearest faultlessness in existence, and it came from Nuzo, in Colombia, the main source of modern examples. The ancient emeralds of great magnitude were read of were probably not beryls at all, and, indeed, "oriental emerald" is the designation of the green corundum.—London Chronicle.

## How to Begin the Day.

Begin the morning by saying to thyself: I shall meet this day with the busybody, the ungrateful, the arrogant, the deceitful, the envious, the unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I, who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful and of the bad that it is ugly, cannot be injured by any of them.—Marcus Aurelius.

## Doesn't Always Work.

"Take my advice," said the man who has a great deal of litigation. "Do anything rather than go into court."

"I tried that once, and it taught me a lesson."

"How so?"

"I was given a stiff fine for resisting an officer."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Asmodeus.

Asmodeus is an evil genius or demon. In the apocryphal book of Tobit he is represented as slaying the seven husbands of Sarah. In the Talmud he is described as the prince of demons and is said to have driven Solomon from his kingdom.

## Delicately Put.

"I do hope you appreciate that in marrying my daughter you marry a large hearted girl."

"I do, sir, and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—Passing Show.

## The Bible.

The sixty-six books of the Bible were written by about forty men during a period of 1,600 years.

True merit is like a river—the deeper it is the less noise it makes.—Hazlitt.

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## Sailors' Signs.

Strange signs frequently hang from ships which puzzle even dwellers in seaport towns. A basket slung from the mainmast head is a sailor's sign to notify that the cargo has been loaded or discharged, as the case may be, and that the ship is ready to start on her next trip.

A generally mysterious emblem is a broom lashed to a mainmast or bridge railing. This is to signify that the vessel is for sale.

Occasionally a dark blue stripe may be seen running fore and aft on a vessel. As a matter of fact, this is a sign of recent bereavement. Blue is the sailor's mourning, and the stripe of this color takes the place of the black margin or band used by the landsman as a notification of death.—Exchange.

## The Sundial.

The sundial is an instrument of great antiquity, for it is referred to in the Bible (Isaiah xxxviii, 8), and it has been estimated that the date of this sundial would be about 700 years before the beginning of the Christian era. The first sundial of which history distinctly tells us is that of the Chaldean astronomer Berosus, who probably lived about 300 B. C.

Then and for many years afterward the art of constructing sundials to suit any place and situation was an important branch of mathematical study.

The sundial as invented by this Berosus remained in use for many centuries, four of these having been found in Italy in modern times. One which was discovered at Tivoli in 1746 is believed by some to have belonged to Cicero.

## Very Funny.

Tommy—Do you go to bed very early, Mrs. Peck?  
Mrs. Peck—Yes, Tommy, sometimes—when I feel tired.  
—You wouldn't go so early if you were married to my father, would you?  
—Oh, Tommy, you funny boy! Why not?  
—Cause my father told mother that if he were your husband he'd make you sit up!—Exchange.

## Mean Comment.

Grace—Don't tell anybody for the world. See this ring? George slipped it on my finger last night. Ethel—Yes, it's nice looking, but it will make a black circle round your finger before you've worn it a week. It did on mine.—London Tit-Bits.

## The Jury.

Citizen—What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer? Jurymen—Insanity. Citizen—What! The whole twelve of you?



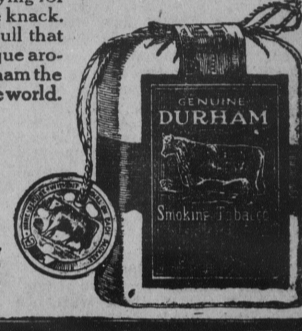
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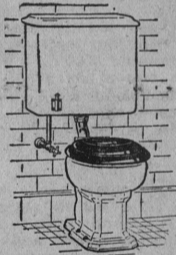
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