THE UNION ADVOCATE WEDNESDAY. AUGUST 30, 1916

"Divorces."

better

married. Rather odd, having a secon oneymoon with one's first husband

But remarriage didn't succeed any

Jimmie fell off the

wagon with an awful splash, and he

Jimmie Welington

juite misunderstocd my purely pla

onic interest in Sammy Whitcomb, a

nice young fellow with a fool of a wife. Did you ever meet Mrs. Saramy

Whitcomb-no? Oh, but you are a lucky woman! Indeed you are! Well,

when Jimmie got jealous, I just gave him up entirely. I'm running away to

Reno. I sent a note to my husband's club, saying that I had gone to Europe.

nent high and low for me, but all the

while I'll be in Nevada. Rather good joke on little Jimmie, ch?"

spair. She could understand a dozen

heathen dialects better than the speech of so utter a foreigner as her

CHAPTER VI.

"Why, I thought you an

hand of

Poor

and he needn't try to find me. fellow, he will. He'll hunt the



Continued from Last Week)

NA.

* (Continued from Last Week)
A vague round mace, huge and redited in the search of the search of

The porter fusines to his feet with an un-sary sense of fimpending trouble, He felt as if someone had left a mon-strous baby on his doorstep, but all he said was: "Tickets, please." There ensued a long search, fat, flabby hands flopping and fumbling from pocket to pocket. Once more

it is-up in yo' hatband. He lifted it out and chuckled. "Had it right next his brains and couldn't rememba!" He took up the appropriately huge luggage of the bibulous wan-derer and led him to the other end of the aisle

Namba two is yours, sah. Right heah-all nice and cosy, and already

made up." 'The big man looked through the and groaned:

Haven't you got a man's size berth?"

"Sorry, sah. That's as big a bunk as they is on the train." "Have I got to be locked up in that

pigeon-hole for-for how many days is it to Reno?"

The porter greeted that "Reno?" meaningful name with a smile. "We're doo in Reno tho-the-mawnin' of the fo'th day, sah. Yassah." He put the baggage down and started away, but the fat man seized his hand, with great emotion: "Don't leave me all alone in there,

porter, for I'm a broken-hearted man." "Is that so? Too bad, sah."

"Were you ever a broken-hearted man, porter?' "Always, sah."

御神花.

"Did you ever put your trust in a false-hearted woman?

"Often, sah." Was she ever true to you, por-

ter?' "Never, sah." "Porter, we are partners in mis. right hand did not let his left know

"Porter, we are partners in mis-sis-ery." induct the porter almost as much as it would the porter almost as with a solemnity that embarrassed the porter almost as much as it would have embarrassed the passenger him-self if he could have understood what he was doing. The porter disengaged himself with a patient but hasty: "The final dynamic field to get my trunks at keno." "The final dynamic field to get my trunks at keno." "The final dynamic field to get my trunks at keno." "The final dynamic field to get my trunks at keno." "The final dynamic field to get my trunks at keno." draw Ira Lathrop's head after his man across the seat. The pain of it shot the tears into Lathrop's eyes, and as "I'm afraid you'll have to 'scuse me. I got to he'p the other passengers on he writhed and twisted he was too de." "Don't let me keep you from your cut. "Don't let me keep you from your but to murder his when he managed to wrench his full of profanity to get any one word "Don't let me keep you from your duty. Duty is the—the—" But he could not remember what duty was, and he would have dropped off to sleep, if he had not been startled by a familiar voice which the porter had have always been treated with great luckily escaped. "Pawtah! Pawtah! Can't you raise this light—or rather can't you lower it? Pawtah! This light is so in-exclaimed with rapiure: "Why, h "Why, hello, fernally dim I can't read." Pop! here's Pop!" the most that Lath-To the Englishman's intense amaze. | rop could do was to tear loose those ment his call brought to him not the fat, groping hands, slop them like 'a porter, but a rising moon with the scho teacher, and push the man away. profound query: a li'l thing like dim light, But that one shove upset Mr. Wel-"Whass a lift thing like dill light, but that the bar and sent him toppling down when the light of your life has gone upon the pit of the Englishman's stombeg your pardon?" ach. Without further invitation, the mammoth descended on the English-if all the air had been removed from the fatal step." maninoti descende on the angless. If all the an had been there a firsh the more the world. He gulped like a firsh A. "Tm a broken-hearted man, Mr.— the world. He gulped like a firsh A. Mr.—I didn't get your name." "Er--ah--I dare say." "Thanks, I will sit down." He lifted a great carry-all and airly tossed it into the aisle, set the Gladstone on the lap of the infuriated English-with the sorrowful Wellington accepted the banishment with the sorrowful eyes of a dying man, and squeezed into the seat op-posite, making a sad mix-up of knees. "My name's Wellington. Ever hear deer, and tottered away wagging his fut head and wailing: "The idea! I" "I'm a broken-hearted man, and no ary." of ll'I Jimmie Wellington? That's body gives a-..." At this point he ca-me." a comed over into Ira Lathrop's berth go?" "Any relation to the Duke?" He no longer interested Mr. Wedge But Mr. Wellington was not aware that he was being snubbed. He all." went right on getting acquainted: "Are you married, Mr.-Mr.-?" "No! "My heartfelt congrashlations on to your luck, my boy. Don't y female take it away from you." the blurred newspaper wall a while, then waded into a new attempt at ac-quaintance. Laying his hand on Lath-"They never have m He slapped the Englishman on the elbow amiably, and his prisoner was too stified with wrath to emit more let any fem too stifled with wrath to emit more than one feeble "Pawtah!" than one feeble "Pawtah!" Mr. Wellington mused on aloud: "Oh, if I had only "remained single. But she was so beautiful and she swore to love, honor and obey. Mrs. Wellington is a queen among women, mind you, and I have nothing to say against her except that she has the temper of a tarantula." He italicised He waited with the genial smile of 2

a famous man; the smile troze at Lathrop's curt, "Don't think so." He tried again: "Ever hear of well-known Chicago belle, Mrs. Jim-mie Wellington?" "Yee, I've heard of her!" There Was an ominous grin in the tone. Wellington waved his hand with modest pride. "Well, I'm Jimmie." "Serves you right."

not missionarying?" "That depends." "Serves you right." This jolt was so discourteous that Wellington decided to protest: "Mis-ter Latham!" "That depends." There was something almost spirit-ual in Mrs. Jimmie's beatific look: "I can't tell you what consolation my troubles." "Serves you right."

ine name came out with a whip-snap. Ha tried to echo it, "La throp!" "I don't like that Throp. That's a kind of a seasick name, isn't it?" Find-ing the newspaper still intervening be and his nore he and his nore here and here a

tween him and his prey, he calmly tore it down the middle and pushed through it like a moon coming through a cloud. "But a man can't change his name by marrying, can he? That's

the worst of it. A woman can. Think of a heartless cobra di capello in wom-an's form wearing my fair name—and wearing it out. Mr. La-thfop, did you

He collided with a small train-boy singing his nasal lay, but it was the behemoth and not the train-boy that collapsed into a seat, sprawling as helplessly as a mammoth oyster on a table-cloth. The porter rushed to his aid and hoisted him to his feet with an un-gasy sense of impending trouble. He felt as if someone had left a mon-table collaged in to a seat, sprawling as the porter rushed to his aid and hoisted him to his feet with an un-gasy sense of impending trouble. He

passenger. Her first question was: "Oh, porter, did a box of flowers, or candy, or anything, come for me? "What name would they be in, "Mrs. Wellington-Mrs. James Wel-

CHAPTER V.

A Queen Among Women. Miss Anne Gattle, seated in Mrs. Immle Wellington's seat, had not Jimmie Wellington's seat, had not' heard Mr. Jimmie Wellington's sketch of his wife. But she needed hardly more than a glance to satisfy herself that she and Mrs. Jimmie were as hopelessly antipathetic as only two po-

Mrs. Jimmie was accounted something of a snob in Chicago society, but perhaps the missionary was a triffe the snobbisher of the two when they

Miss Gattle could overlook a hundred vices in a Zulu queen more easily "Excruciat ag." than a few in a fellow countrywoman. "But now must go. Now I must She did not like Mrs. Jimmie, and she go. I've really become quite addicted

to them." "Divorces?" was proud of it. was proud of it. When the porter said, "I'm afraid you got this lady's seat," Miss Gat-tle shot one glance at the intruder and rose stiffly. "Then I suppose I'll Miss Gattle shook her head in de-

have to-"Oh, please don't go, therc's plenty "room," Mrs. Wellington insisted, of of room," Mrs. Wellington insisted, speech of so utter a foreigner as her pressing her to remain. This nettled fellow-countrywoman. Mrs. Jimmie Miss Gattle still more, but she sank hastened away, rather pleased at the back, while the porter piled up ex-

pensive traveling-bags and hat boxes joyed her own electricity. till there was hardly a place to sit. In the corridor she administered an-

"So sorry to trouble you." "Don't mention it." "I don't understand you." "Tve got to live there to get it." "To get it? Oh!" A look of sudden nd dreadful realization came over the Mra. Wellington interthe Women's Room." He succeeded in producing a box "Do you believe in divorces?" Anne Gattle stuck to her guns. "I after much shifting of burdens, and he ist say I don't. I think a law ought was rewarded with a look and a to be passed stopping them.' phrase "So do L" Mrs. Wellington amiably "You have saved my life." He started to repeat his "Don't mention it," but it seemed inappropriagreed, "and I hope they'll pass just such a law-after I get mine.' Then ate, so he said nothing, and she van-shed behind a door. He turned away, she ventured a little shaft of her own. "You don't believe in divorces. saying to himself that it promised to I judge you've never been married." "Not once!" The spinster drew her-self up, but Mrs. Wellington disarmed be a pleasant journey. He was halted by another voice—another woman's her with an unexpected bouquet: "Oh, lucky woman! Don't let any heartless man delude you into taking "Pardon me, but is this the car for He turned to smile, "I believe so!" Anne Gattle was nothing if not hon-Then his eyes widened as he nized the speaker. -"Mrs. Sammy Whitcomb!" drowning for lack of water. He was a long while getting breath enough for words, but his first words were wild demands that Mr. Wellington remove It promised to be a curious journey. China!" Mrs. Wellington "To gasped, hardly believing her ears. "My dear! You don't intend to marry A Conspiracy in Satin. The tall man emptied one hand o its suitcase to clasp the hand the new "The idea! I'm going as a missioncomer granted him. He held it fast as he exclaimed: "Don't tell me that you are bound for Reno!" She whim-"A missionary? Why leave Chicabody gives a—." At this point he ca-romed over into Ira Lathrop's berth and was welcomed with a savage roar: "What the devil's the matter with you?" A missionary? Why leave Chica-go?" Mrs Wellington's eye softened more or less convincingly: "Oh, love-ly! How I should dote upon being a missionary. I really think that after I pered: "I'm afraid so, Mr. Ashton. He put down everything to take he other hand, and tuned his voice t you?" "I'm a broken-hearted man, that's all." "Oh, is that all," Lathrop snapped, vanishing behind his newspaper. The desperately melancholy seeker for a word of human kindness bleared at the blurged newspaper are bleared at the bleared are bleared at to have any matches?" condolence: Sam Whitcomb were—" "Oh, we were until that shameles Mrs. Wellington "Mrs. Wellington? Don't believe know her." "I thought everybody had heard of Mrs. Jimmie Wellington." "Mrs. Jimmie-oh, yes, I've heard of her!" Everybody seemed to have heard of Mrs. Jimmie Wellington. "Matches! I never carry them!" "They never have matches in the rop's knee, he stammered: "Ess-cuzhe me, Mr.-Mr.-" women's room, and I've used my last one." Miss Gattle took another reef in her "What a dance she has led her poo From behind the newspaper came a stingy answer: "Lathrop's my name --If you want to know." "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Lothrop." "Lathrop!" "Lathrop!" Li'l Jimmie Wellington. Ever hear of me?" He wated with the samiel smile of husband!" Mrs. Whitcomb said. "And my poer Sammy fell into her trap, Ashton, zealous comforter, took rathful tone: "I always thought your husband was the most unmitigated But Mrs. Whitcomb bridled at once

How gare you criticize commy: the the nicest boy in the world." Ashton recovered quickly, "That what I started to say. Will be contehe-divorce?

"Of course not," she beamed. "The dear fellow would never deny me ar thing. Sammy offered to get it hir self, but I told him he'd better sta in Chicago and stick to business "Too bad he couldn't have con along," Ashton insinuated.

But the irony was wasted for s sighed: "Yes, I shall miss him to ribly. But we feared that if he we with me it might hamper me in ge ting a divorce on the ground of de sertion.

She was trying to look carnest an thoughtful and heartbroken, but th "Divorces!" "Well, this will be only my second

result was hardly plausible, for Mr Sammy Whiteomb could not pos-have been really earnest or re -my other was such a nuisance. I got that from Jimmie, too. But it didn't take. Then we made up and rethoughtful: and her heart was too elastic to break. She proved instantly, for when she heard behind her the voice of a young man as her to let him pass, she turned to test, but seeing that he was a some young man, her starch stantly changed to sugar. And she re warded his good looks with a smile, a he rewarded hers with another. Then Ashton intervened like a dog

in the manger and dragged her off to her seat, leaving the young man to

"Some tamarind, that!"

when he sees what we've done to

presence of his little bridey-widey. Do you see the porter in there?"

"Yes, suppose he objects." "Well, we have the tickets. We'll claim it's our section till Mallory and Mrs. Mallory come." They moved on into the car, where

the porter confronted them. When he saw that they were loaded with bun-dles of all shapes and sizes, he waved

them away with scorn: "The emigrant sleepa runs only Toosdays and Thuzzdays." From behind the first mass of pack-

ages came a brisk military answer: "You black hound! About face-forward march! Section number one." The porter retreated down the aisle

apologizing glibly. "Scuse me for questioning you, but you-all's baggage looked kind o' eccentric at first." The two young men dumped their

parcels on the seats and began to unparcels on the seats and began to un-wrap them hastily. "If Mallory catches us, he'll kill us," said Lieutenant Shaw. Lleutenant Hudson only laughed and drew out a

long streamer of white satin ribbon. Its glimmer, and the glimmering eyes of the young man excited Mrs. Whitcomb so much that after a little hesi-tance she moved forward, followed by

"Oh, what's up?" she ventured. "It looks like something bridal." "Talk about womanly intuition!" said Lieutenant Hudson, with an in-

gratiating salaam.

And then they explained to her that their classmate at West Point, being

ordered suddenly to the Philippines, had arranged to elope with his beloved Marjorie Newton; had asked them to berth. Finding himself on his back, he de-

get the tickets and check the baggage while he stopped at a minister's to "get spliced and hike for Manila by preparations going on just outside his this train." Having recounted this plan in the "anopy. full belief that it was even at that mo-CHAPTER VII.

ment being carried out successfully, Lleutenant Hudson, with a ghoulishsmile, explained:

"Being old friends of the bride and groom, we want to fix their section up in style and make them truly comfort- the grandstand overlooking the earth and enjoy the ludicrous blunder "Delicious!" gushed Mrs. Whitcomb. that great blind man's buff we call

id Sh "Lovely!" cried Mrs. Whitcomb, but or a good cry-according to their nawisering. The porter brought her in from the station-platform, led her to space as possible, murmuring: "These corridors are so narrow, though, that they—the young couple— would have preferred a stateroom." there were Mallory and Marjorle, still merely engaged, bitterly regretthe stateroom's concave door and passed in with her luggage. But she would have preferred a stateroom. "Of course," said Hudson, almost blushing, "but it was taken. This was the best we could do for them." lingered without, a Perl at the gate blushing, "but it was taken. There in the car were the sistents the best we could do for them." There in the car were the sistents "That's why we want to make it nice and bride-like," said Shaw. "Per-nice and said." hesitated, and then demanded body else in there? one another and said: "Oh, it's all right now. There goes touch—" "Oh, I'd love to," she glowed, has-tening into the section among the young men and the bundles. The un-usual stir attracted the porter's sus-pictons. He came forward with a look of outbalance of the section among the pocket, and here comes the parson. Hooray!" And then the angelic cheer must her panic under the seat?" And then the angelic cheer must violently. authority: "Scuse me, but wha-what's all have died out as the one great hurrah of a crowded ball-ground is quenched of authority: derment, but returned to the state this? and came back with a face full of rethis?" "Vanish—get out," said Hudson, poking a coin at him. As he turned to obey, Mrs. Whitcomb checked him with: "Oh, Porter, could you get us In a shabby old back were two of assurance. "No'm, they's nobody there. Take a mighty small-size burglar to squeeze unda that bald-er-

Liteutenant Snaw grinned. "I don't know what you understood, but that't what we're doing." Immediately Wellington's great face began to churn and work like a big oddy in a river. Suddenly he wat weeping. "Excuse these tears, shent' oddy in a river. Suddenly he was weeping. "Excuse these tears, zhent-tlemen, but I once—I was once 4 b-b-bride myself." "He looks like a whole wedding parsnatched it away, put it round his neck, and, since her arms were em-bracing him, kissed him twice before

she knotted the ribbon into a flaming "ty," was Ashton's only comment on the copious grief. It was poor Welling-ton's fate to hunt as vainly for sym-

the coplous grief. It was poor Welling ton's fate to hunt as value for sym-pathy as Diogenes for honesty. The decorators either ignored him or shunted him aside. They were inter-ested in a strange contrivance of rit-bons and a box that Shaw produced. "That," Hudson explained, "is a lit-tile rice trap. We hang that up there and when the bridal couple sit down —biff! a shower of rice all over them it's bad, eh?" Everybody agreed that if was a happy thought, and even Jimmie Wel-lington, like a great baby, bounding from tears to laughter on the instant, was chortling: "A rishe trap? That's abslootly splendid—greates' invensh-modern times. I must stick around and see her when she fops." And then he lurched forward like a too obliging elephant. "Let me help you." Mrs. Whitcomb, who had now mounted a step ladder and poised her self as gracefully as possible, shrieked with alarm, as she saw Wellington's bouk rolling toward her frail support. If Hudson and Shaw had not been football veterans at West Point and had not known just what to do when the center rush comes bucking the

"Some tamarind, that!" Another young man behind him growled: "Cut out the tamarinds and get to business. Mallory will be here any minute." Here any minute. Here any minute. Here any minute. "If you

At to business. Mailory will be a series in there?"

"Where are you going?" she asked. "To the smoking-room," he swag-gered, brandishing a dengerous look-ing cigar.

like a young runaway." "You look like one. Be careful not er's wife.

"I'm as ashamed of it as you are," she whispered. Then he threw her a kiss and a wink. She threw him a kiss and winked too. And he went along the aisle eyeing his cigar gloatingly. As he entered the smoking-room, lighted the weed and blew out a great puff with a sigh of rapture, who could have taken him, with his feet cocked up. and his red tie rakishly askew, for minister?

And Sally herself was busy disguising herself, loosening up her hair co-quettishly, smiling the primness out of the set corners of her mouth and even-let the truth be told at all costs $-\epsilon$ ven passing a pink-powdered puff over her pale cheeks with guilty surreptition

Thus arrayed she was soon joining the conspirators bedecking the bower for the expected bride and groom. She was the youngest and most mischiev-ous of the lot. She felt herself a bride again, and vowed to protect this timid little wife to come from too much hi-larity at the hands of the conspirators.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Mixed Pickle. Mrs. Whitcomb had almost blushed when she had murmured to Lieutenant Hudson

"I should think the young couple would have preferred a stateroom." And Mr. Hudson had flinched a lit-

tle as he explained: "Yes, of course. We tried to get it, but it was gone.'

It was during the excitement over the decoration of the bridal section, that the stateroom-tenants slipped in unobserved.

"Oh, porter, are you sure there's no-

The porter chuckled, but humored

"I ain't seen nobody. Shall I look

To his dismay, she nodded her head ciolently. He rolled his eyes in won-

m, made a pretense of examination,

This night, if any angels were watching Chicago, the Mallory mix-up whose youthful beauty had a certain First came a fluttering woman ence, saddening and



Mrs. Jimmie Wellington.

women can be.

3

Mrs. Walter Temple.

The Masked Minister.

with: "Oh, Porter, could you get us a hammer and some nails?" The porter almost blanched: "Good Lawd, Miss, you ain't allowin' to drive mails in that woodwork, is you?" That woodwork was to him what the altar is to the priest. But Hudson, resorting to heroid measures hynnetized him with a two moon, their real elopement.

But Hudson, resorting to heroid measures, hypnotized him with a two-dollar bill: "Here, take this and see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing." The porter caressed it and chuckled: "I'm blind, deaf and speechless." He turned away, only to come back at once with a timid "Scuse me!" "You here yet?" growled Hudson.

once with a timid "Scuse me!" "You here yet?" growled Hudson.

"You here yet?" growled Hudson. Anxiously the porter pleaded: "I just want to ast one question. Is you all fixin' up for a bridal couple?" "Foolish question, number eight million, forty-three," said Shaw. "An swer, no, we are." The porter's the set of t

swer, no, we are." The porter's face glistened like fresh stove polish as he gloated over the prospect. "I tell you, it'll be mahry refreshin' to have a bridal couple on bodel' This dog-on Reno train don't carry nothin' much but divorcees. I'm just nachally hongry for a bridal couple on ple." the train to know it." "The van't help guessing it, with your collar buttoned behind." And then the amazing minister act-ually dared to say, "Here's where I change it around." What's more, he actually did it. Actually took off his collar and buttoned it to the front. The old carriage seemed almost to rock with the setthouske of the deed.

"Brile coup-hic-le?" came a voice, "Why, Walter Temple!" his wife ex "Brile coup-hic-lef" came a voice, like an eche that had somehow be come intoxicated in transit. It was Little Jimmie Weilington looking for more sympathy. "Whass zis about brile couple?" "They'll never know," he answered, defiantly. "But your bib?" she said. "Why, Walter Temple!" his wife ex-laimed. "What would they say in

brile couple?" "Why, here's Little Buttercup!" "ang out young Hudson, looking at him in amased amusement. "Did I un'stan' somebody say you're preparing for brile coupl'?" "But your bib?" she said. "I've thought of that, too," he cried, as he whipped it off and stuffed it into a handbag. "Look, what I've bought." And he dangled before her startled eves a long affair which the anddon

berth. No'm, nobody there." "Oh!" In a shabby old hack, were two of

The gasp was so equivocal that he made bold to ask: "Is you pleased or disappointed?"

The mysterious young woman was too much agitated to rebuke the impudence. She merely sighed: "Oh, por-

-especial?" 'Oh, porter, have you seen anybody

that looks like a detective in dis "Well, they's one man looks 's if he

was disguised as a balloon, but I don't believe he's no slooch-hound."

Well, if you see anybody that looks like a detective and he asks for Mrs. osdick-

"Mrs. What-dick?"

"Mrs. Fosdick! You tell him I'm not on board." And she gave him another coin.

"Yassum." said the porter, linger ing willingly on such fertile soil. "I'll tell him Mrs. Fosdick done give me her word she wasn't on bode." "Yes!—and if a woman should ask

"What kind of a woman?" The hideous kind that men call

"Oh, ain't they hideous, them hand-

(Continued)