

And with these words he left his astonished room-mates, to guess as best they could what strange change had come over him. But had their eyes followed him around the corner, their consternation would have been great indeed. For at Pietro's, the boot black, Jonah stopped and had his shoes shined, his clothes brushed, and sent the poor Italian into the seventh heaven of delight by the bestowal of a five-cent tip—his last nickel.

"It's a needless extravagance," thought Jonah, "but to-day I can't lose, so what's the difference. Now that I'm absolutely broke, Fortune need waste no time about filling up my pockets. Here goes for a clue to follow."

It was Saturday and one of those warm Indian summer days which make people wish they had not come back to town so soon, and long for the hay at the expense of hay fever.

BUT as one by one the bright young hours of the morning flitted by, without in any way enriching Jonah's pocket, he began to get uneasy. If he was to reap any benefits from his allotted twenty-four hours of luck, it was high time something happened.

One o'clock found Jonah pacing the asphalt walks of Battery Park. It was not just the place one would select to look for a fortune in, but for blind luck there was as much chance there as anywhere else, and the breeze was cooler.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by a slip of yellow pasteboard lying half-hidden in the grass. Having bound himself to follow up the slightest clue, he lost no time in investigating this one. It was a square card with a black inscription,

Good for one passage to Coney Island
Via Steel Steamboat Line,

printed across its face.

"Wow," exclaimed Jonah, delightedly. "A clue at last. Since the ticket's undated it's as good one day as another. If this isn't an opportunity I don't know what is. Here's where I seize it good and strong."

In spite of the lateness of the season, there was a good crowd on the Coney boat as, at four, she swung into the river for the Island trip. Far forward on the saloon deck sat Jonah in solitary grandeur. He had a feeling that such a bashful creature as Fortune would prefer to work her wonders outside the eyesight of the mob.

After some moments a man dressed to the very topmost pinnacle of fashion appeared beside him. At almost the same instant a sudden puff of wind whirled off Jonah's hat, and deposited it right side upwards in the dancing water below.

Scarcely had it landed when a nervous woman, seeing the hat float by and thinking that a man's head was under it, screamed, "Man overboard!"

In a twinkling a hundred voices echoed her cry.

The well-dressed young man took in the situation at a glance. Out came his watch, his scarfpin and a bulky roll of bills.

"Quick, take these. I'm going over!" he cried, forcing the money and jewelry into Jonah's astonished fingers.

THERE was a splash, and Jonah stood alone, holding in his two hands wealth beyond his wildest dreams.

Five minutes later the would-be rescuer had been picked up by a passing rowboat and was being carried ashore, but not before ten thousand persons had seen and applauded his gallant though futile act, and at least three reporters were telephoning the story in to their papers.

In the meantime Jonah had slipped the watch into his pocket, pinioned his cravat with the scarfpin, and counted the roll of bills. There were two fifties, ten fives and five tens—an even two hundred. The thought that the police would probably be waiting for him when the boat docked did not worry him in the least. At last the luck was coming his way.

When the vessel reached the Island, the detective

whom the New Yorker had telephoned to be on hand was waiting by the gang plank. He was looking for a seedy person with a furtive eye, and Jonah, with his narrow chest crossed by a gilt watch-chain, and an imitation diamond blazing in his cravat, did not interest him. He knew that type of country sport, and only felt sorry for what the sharpers would do to him.

Once safely on land, Jonah found himself for the first time in his life with more money than he knew how to spend. Surf Avenue, a very paradise of possibilities, stunned him with its gala glitter. Shoot-the-chutes, mill races, shooting galleries, roller coasters, merry-go-rounds, beer gardens, and a host of other havens of interest here at hand, and admission his for the asking. It was almost too much!

Jonah's chest swelled, his head went back, and there was almost a strut to his walk now, as he realized quite suddenly the dignity of dollars. One glimpse at the wad of bills his pocket held and sullen waiters would run to bring him foaming steins, insolent cabbies would hang upon his orders—for a less amount he had seen men bought body and soul.

For a long time Jonah was content to walk through the streets, happy in the knowledge that the money was there, his to spend if he wanted to. Then the

give you two to one you don't."

"Then you're on."

"If you don't mind, I'd like to take up fifty at the same rate," called Jonah.

The fat man scowled. "I don't like the looks of your butting in," he said, "but I'll go you for the fifty. Now beat me to it."

THE starter will tell you that it was the added weight of the two men that did it, and Jonah will swear that it was his luck god, but attribute it to what you will, they won the race by half a length.

"Gee," exclaimed the man behind Jonah, as they got off and cashed in their bets. "Who are you, anyway?"

"Billiken," joked Jonah. "Billiken for to-day."

"Well, I should say you were. Can you dope out other things the way you did this one?"

Jonah glanced at the clock. "Sure I can, until twelve to-night."

"Bughouse," thought the stranger, "bughouse or drunk. But I'd like to see him go up against the Wheel of Fortune." And turning to Jonah he asked, indifferently, "Why don't you try your luck on some of the games of chance? The place is full of them here. Are you game?"

"Sure," agreed Jonah, eagerly, "just lead me to them."

Ten minutes later Jonah was the centre of a cheering, jostling crowd. He was winning with marvelous regularity, and as he took prize after prize the play on the wheel doubled and even trebled. Seeing him pick his numbers so wildly and win so heavily, filled the crowd with a spirit of imitative recklessness. Quarters poured across the green baize table in a silver stream, until the operator was almost overwhelmed. In dismay he sent a boy running to fetch the manager.

When Jimmy Dalton, the park's main-spring and publicity agent, arrived on the scene, Jonah had cleaned out two wheels of fortune and, with a howling and delighted following at his back, was tackling a third.

"That chap's a wonder," he muttered under his breath, "and he's just the man I need."

Midnight was not far off when Jonah found himself seated at a table in the summer garden, with Jimmy Dalton on his left.

"I was watching you play to-night," said Jimmy, over a seidel of Munchener. "Do you always have luck like that?"

"No," answered Jonah, "because I never dreamed of a black cat chasing a white rat through a field of clover before."

"You never did what?"

Then Jonah explained about what the dream book had said, while Jimmy looked on with dubious acceptance of the idea.

"Well," he exclaimed, as Jonah finished, "dreams or no dreams, you're going to win from now on. I want you for my 'capper'—at twenty per."

"No," said Jonah, "I'll be damned if I am. It isn't often that I win, but when I do I'm square!"

Jimmy knew when to hold himself in hand.

"Ain't your luck kind of failing you?"

Jonah pulled out his watch. "You bet it isn't."

Hardly were the words out of Jonah's mouth when a fellow with a prize-fighter's jaw sprang up.

"You're wanted in New York," he growled, and his hand settled roughly on Jonah's shoulder. "You and that watch with the 'B. V.' monogram on it."

Jimmy laughed uproariously.

Jonah did not reply. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" he asked the detective.

"That's for Vardon to say."

"Then call him up at once."

The detective stepped into the booth. Three minutes passed. Open flew the door.

"Say," the detective growled, "I'll be hanged if you weren't right. That Vardon guy is the star in 'The Skipper,' which opens in the city to-night. He says his swim was played up big in the evening papers, and the publicity was worth thousands to the show. Now all he wants back from you is the watch and scarfpin, the two hundred's yours!"



"Shall I have to put you out?"

red lights of Steeple Park, the famous "fun factory," caught his eye, and he followed the crowd inside.

The big feature at Steeple Park is an ingenious device called the "Racers." Eight great wooden horses, capable of holding two persons apiece, race down steel slides for a circuit of the grounds. As a rule, the inside horse wins, having the shortest distance to travel, but Jonah climbed with the sublimest confidence upon the steed farthest from the rail.

As he did so he could not help overhearing the conversation of two sporty-looking men near by. The stoutest, having appropriated the rail horse, offered to bet his friend fifty dollars that he would beat him to the finish. But the friend said that he had come out badly at the track and that if he lost it would take every cent he had with him.

Jonah pricked up his ears. Here was an opportunity waiting.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, breaking in, "but if you get on this horse with me it's a cinch you'll win. Give it a try-out."

"What do you know about it? Is the thing fixed?" asked the man who had been a loser at the track, suspiciously.

"Oh, no," smiled Jonah, "I just have a hunch that I'll win, that's all."

"By Jimminy, I think I'll risk it."

"On that horse?" sneered his friend. "Why, I'll