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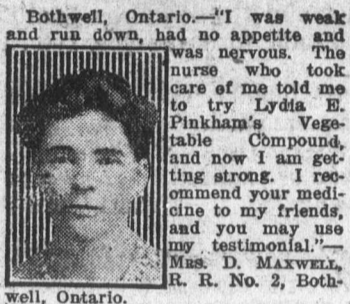
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Table with 2 columns: Direction, Time Table. Includes GOING WEST and GOING EAST routes with times.

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Both Won Their Case

By RAY MAKER

As soon as the touse-haired office boy disappeared after depositing the "Weekly Paragon" upside down on the desk, with an eloquent flourish befitting such an important occasion, a lawyer's place of business, Cyril Holmes' unbent from his dignified posture. With a chuckle that sounded almost like gloating the young lawyer seized the paper and unfolded it, tearing one of the pages in his haste.

"Wait till Mattie sees this announcement," he said to himself, gleefully. "Maybe she'll come to the conclusion I'm getting on in the world, after all, instead of being a mere groveler, as she told me I was during our last quarrel. It ought to be about on page three, I think. 'Cyril Holmes Candidate for Prosecuting Attorney,' or something like that, is the way the headline should read."

As he turned the pages in quest of the announcement of his candidacy, Cyril settled back in the swivel chair and lighted a cigar. But scarcely had he tasted the weed when he sprang out of the chair as though catapulted by springs.

"Good gracious!" he burst out, standing in the center of the room, and looking at the printed page held under his nose. "Listen to this; 'Mattie Sheldon' candidate for prosecuting attorney! Whoever heard of such a ridiculous proposition? A woman running for prosecuting attorney—and against the man who expected to marry her. Ah, yes, here's my announcement, buried at the bottom of the page. It's a wonder they didn't hook the two stories together and make a big splash. But this will never do. Just because Mattie finished law school and was admitted to the bar is no reason she should go after public office like that. She never had a chance in her life, and never intended to. It's just a whim with her, this study of law."

"Yes, sir," agreed a small voice, and Cyril looked from his paper to discover that, in voicing his sentiments aloud, he had been addressing the touse-haired office boy, who stood in the doorway.

Glaring at the boy, Cyril hurriedly donned a coat and hat and left the office, making his way to Mattie Sheldon's home.

Mattie had a frank way of going about things. She loved Cyril and had let him know it, but at the same time she had not tried to venerate his shortcomings, one of which was a "too easy-going" nature. "Congratulations," she said by way of greeting, smiling with a pretty red mouth and hazel eyes. "At last you've harnessed your ambition and are going after something. But you're too late. With women voting in the primaries this time you haven't much of a show of being nominated. How ever, to make matters easier for me I think you ought to withdraw. It would be the gallant, gentlemanly thing to do."

Cyril's eyes widened in astonishment. "That would be fine!" he ejaculated. "I just came over to ask the same thing of you. Here you've been urging me to do something, and when I take your advice and get ambitious you set yourself in my path as an obstacle. But that isn't the big point. The prosecuting attorney's office is no place for you. Admitted you're capable of taking care of it, you have no business in such a position. Women should leave such matters alone. I insist that you drop out of the race. The one that stays in is bound to win the nomination, and that means the election, because the other party hasn't a show in this town."

There followed an argument that consumed fully an hour, with each contending that the other should abandon the campaign for nomination as prosecuting attorney. When Mattie brought out a forceful point in her favor Cyril met it quickly with a counter-argument, and when he bolstered his case with what looked like a strong prop she promptly knocked it over.

Although neither realized it, they were both using their training in law school, and were arguing the case like two attorneys addressing their appeals to a jury. And if there had been twelve "good men and true" to render a verdict in this parlor political trial they would have experienced considerable difficulty in arriving at a decision, for neither Mattie nor Cyril appeared to have the better of the oratorical tussle.

They strode back and forth across the floor, gesticulating to emphasize their remarks, for all the world like two debaters settling the fate of the world, until suddenly the funny side

of the situation appeared on each as he walked toward his boarding house, apologetically.

"I forgot where I was," Cyril said, apologetically. "So, did I," Mattie confessed, and they parted good friends, but with the matter they had discussed apparently as unsettled as when they started.

"She's altogether too set on having her own way," Cyril told himself as he walked toward his boarding house. "Let's see, the Times is published tomorrow morning. Maybe I can get there in time tonight to slip something into the edition. I'd better see the county clerk, too. Yes, Mattie's stubborn, but she has a wise head—better than I have, at that. She's right about this thing, that's evident."

The next morning Cyril arrived at his office rather late, and found the Weekly Times spread out on his desk. By accident the touse-haired office boy had placed it right-side up, and a three-column headline staring up at him arrested his attention before he thick and fast. Then the phone rang. The headline was:

MATTIE SHELDON AND CYRIL HOLMES BOTH DROP OUT OF POLITICAL RACE

"Talk about surprises!" Cyril exclaimed. "They certainly are coming thick and fast." Then the phone rang. "This is Mattie," said the voice on the wire. "How does it happen you withdraw from the race for nomination?"

"I did it because you convinced me in your argument yesterday," he answered. "After listening to your flood of oratory I rendered a verdict in your favor and immediately acted upon it. But how come you're out of it?"

"You convinced me, too," she told him. "Now, what are we going to do about it? We can't very well re-enter the race; that is, you can't, and I can't, either."

The office door opened noisily and, with the receiver to his ear, Cyril turned to see the touse-haired office boy.

"Mr. Jackson to see you, sir," said the boy, "on important business."

Cyril felt a thrill of exultation. Mr. Jackson had just been made defendant in an important lawsuit. Cyril had never dared to hope that he would be retained as an attorney in the case.

"Well," said Mattie at the other end of the wire.

"Well," Cyril said in the mouth-piece of the phone, "there's just one thing for us to do, I guess. I've just got word that makes me think things are coming my way, and I believe a private law practice would be best after all—if one is ambitious enough. But two heads are better than one; so let's form a law partnership. With your help I ought to get away with some big things."

"What'll we call the firm?" she inquired.

"Sheldon & Holmes," he returned. "No, there's a better one. What do you say to Holmes & Holmes?"

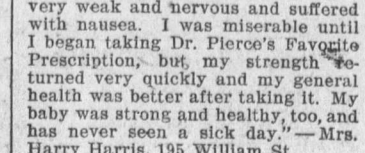
He listened eagerly. She seemed a long time answering.

"That suits me," she finally said, and Cyril sighed deeply and gratefully as he set down the phone and turned to the office boy.

"Show Mr. Jackson in," he directed, and got very busy with some useless papers on his desk.

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