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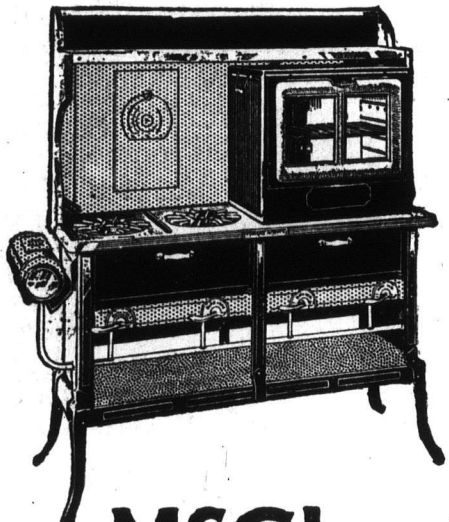
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Florence. This is a time-giving
stove, because it needs no watch-
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what I can. Have you got your ticket?"

"In my pocket," answered Jack quickly.

"I bought it yesterday."

"What time is the wedding to be?"

"At noon."

"Then you have got to catch this next train," said the man firmly.

"I don't believe your grip is in this station, but I'll look. Are you sure you didn't leave it in the trolley car?"

"Absolutely sure," answered Jack.

Then a horrible thought struck him.

"But I might have left it in the lunch room where I had my breakfast," he ventured.

"Go there and see," advised the station agent.

"Your train is due in fifteen minutes. You'll have to hurry."

Jack ran all the way up the street to where the trolley stopped and then he remembered that all his money was in his grip and he couldn't ride.

He began to run all the faster now, for it was a good half mile to the lunch room, and he might have to run all the way back again.

The snow was coming down faster now, and it seemed as if the big flakes took great delight chasing each other down Jack's neck.

But Jack sprinted on in his despair. All covered with snow at last he dashed through the door of the lunch room and asked the pretty young lady at the cashier's desk if a grip had been left there.

The cashier pointed to the corner of the room and said: "There it is."

Jack's heart jumped for joy. He looked at his watch. Eight minutes left. He picked up the grip and without thanking the pretty cashier, he rushed out of the lunch room like a madman, sped across the street and turned the corner leading to the depot.

He had run a block or two when he realized that, now he had the grip safe once more, there was really no reason why he should not take a car. So, with the purpose of getting his money, he stopped in a doorway and opened the grip.

Much to his surprise he found that it was not his, but that of a total stranger. By the looks of its contents, it must have belonged to some young lady.

Jack groaned and pulled out his watch. He had five minutes left. If he returned to the lunch room he might be arrested for stealing, or miss the train and—horrible thought—never be married!

This was out of the question. So he set his teeth firmly, picked up the grip and boarded the next car bound for the depot, putting the grip carefully behind the seat in front of him.

When the conductor approached, Jack almost broke down. "I haven't any money," he blubbered, "and I'm going to be married, and I must catch the next train that's due in three minutes, and all my money's in my grip and I've lost it."

"What do you call this?" asked the conductor, kicking the grip with his foot.

"That isn't mine. I don't know who it belongs to. I thought it was mine when I picked it up, but I didn't look at it very carefully, and now I am sure it isn't mine, because mine was trimmed with red, white and blue ribbons by the folks in the house where I room."

The conductor looked at him pityingly.

"You're a case for the bug-house all right," he said, "but I'll let you go this time and pay your fare myself. But I'll keep the grip as it isn't yours."

"I don't care what you do with it," replied Jack, taking mental note of the conductor's number, which was 13, with the idea of befriending him some time in the future.

"Lots of time," greeted the station agent as Jack ran into the depot. "Your train's ten minutes late. And your grip is found."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Jack, dropping into a seat, exhausted.

"It's right up at the top of the hill. I'll send a porter for it immediately."

Then he continued, "Funny how it happened—just before you got back I received a telephone call from the car shed saying a grip had been found on the car, that tallied with your description of yours."

Jack jumped to his feet. "Don't send for it," he gasped. "Don't send for it! It isn't mine," cried Jack.

"Not yours!"

"No. That's the car I came down on. I—I saw the grip on the car myself and—and—it isn't mine."

A low whistle sounded through the station.

"Here's your train, young man," said the officer. "You'd better go anyway."

"Yes," replied Jack, gathering himself together manfully. He took the man's hand in his. "I want to thank you for all you've done for me," he said. "I appreciate it very much. But I'm going to get married if I have to do it in my pajamas. And if you happen to find that grip of mine, send it up to the office where I work. I've got a card in my pocket somewhere." And with that he fished out a bedraggled bit of pasteboard.

The station agent looked stunned for an instant. "That isn't a card, man. That's a baggage check."

Into Jack's face came the illuminating light of memory. "Why, of course it is!" he exclaimed. "I remember now I checked my grip. Goodbye."

Comfortably seated in the train, Jack was at last off for Hoffmans, New York, and as the train flew along, the old rhyme came to him of

Needles and Pins!

When a man marries,

His trouble begins.

Wonderland of the Empire

By Fritz

Wonder land of the Empire,
Valleys, and plains of the West;

Foothills, and mountain pastures,
Up towards the Selkirk's crest.

Land of the purple sunset,
Land where the wheatfields wave,

Home of a million freemen,
Sturdy, and true, and brave.

Land where the life blood quickens,
Land where the heart grows warm;

Your noble sons have answered
The Empire's call in the storm.

They have answered the call of their
Sovereign,

From over the wreck-strewn sea;

That Europe might not be fettered,
That Britain might still be free.

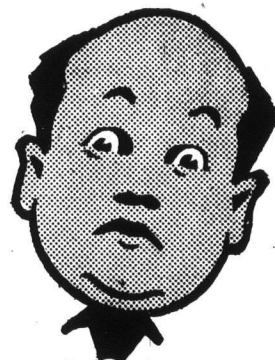
They have offered their all in the
struggle.

They have heeded the ties that bind
To England, while she and her Allies

Are fighting for all mankind.

Their deeds will live in stories told,
When the purple sun is set,

And the world will pay them homage
And the Empire will not forget.



WHAT!

NO SLEEP LAST NIGHT?

If coffee was
the cause
change to
POSTUM
and sleep!

"There's a Reason"