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THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1913

DID IT ON IMPULSE

By GEORGE H. ROSE.

Garble always has been a creature of impulse. To this he attributes most of his successes and all of his troubles. Whether the troubles overbalanced the successes or not is a delicate subject.

One of his wild impulses swept over Garble's soul as he turned to gaze into the face of an excited bellboy. The bellboy had dashed madly through the lobby and around the cashier's glass cage and then had grabbed Garble by the elbow as he stood cringing out bills.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Garble, as the boy stuttered with excitement.

Garble and Rockton had been stopping for a few days at a Chicago hotel. Now they were preparing to depart. They had dropped their bags over on the other side of the lobby as they came downstairs.

So the bellboy stuttered as he grabbed Garble's arm. "Say," he gasped, "them your bags over on the other side the lobby?"

"They are," replied Garble. "Why?"

"Well," said the bellboy, "there's a man trying to steal 'em! You'd better come quick!"

It was then that Garble was obsessed by his sudden idea. He shut his mouth, which he had opened to explain the matter, and stuffed his change into his pocket with an exaggerated display of haste.

"Where is he?" he growled, as he ran after the feeble bellboy.

Across the lobby he dashed Rockton walking with the two suitcases, headed for the checkroom, where they were to have been left during the day.

Spurred on by authority, the boy seized Rockton.

"Here!" he cried. "Watch out with them bags!"

Rockton turned a mildly surprised face upon his captor and then glanced smilingly at Garble in the rear. He wondered why Garble looked so queer.

"Why," he said easily, "one of 'em's mine, and the other is his," indicating Garble.

The boy turned upon Garble a look which implied complete understanding.

"How about that for nerve?" he asked.

"He's an old hand at it," said Garble, stepping up and frowning upon Rockton. "Drop 'em! And we'll have to see about you!"

Garble pointed to his name card in the tag on his suitcase. "Clever of him," he commented to the bellboy.

"What do you mean to?" began Rockton, indignantly.

Garble transferred his face with a stony stare. "I mean to hand you over to the police for grabbing my grip!"

"That's what I mean!" said Garble, frowning. "Then he coughed. He had to confess Rockton's face was so funny. "Call the house detective!" he commanded.

Amusement, rage and the shock of the house detective's state of inebriation, which was easily taken for a sign of guilt. Moreover, the house detective was usually especially suspicious that day. And Garble was impulsive.

"You come with me," the detective told Rockton.

As Garble, with unholily grin, gazed upon his miserable friend, he thought of an added touch. They had been used to take luncheon with Miss Nodden and her mother at one o'clock and, if the truth must be told, there was quite a contest on between Rockton and Garble as to who should win the favor of pretty Alice Nodden.

"This man's lying for my grip!" he delayed me," he murmured. "I have an engagement at one o'clock and I don't believe I can make it unless I call a taxi."

"Don't call one!" suggested the house detective. "You'll have to come along to the station to prefer charges!"

It was then that Rockton, catching a glimpse of the consternation on Garble's face, broke up. He even grinned. They sat staring at each other, all the way to the station and then Rockton had his luggage.

AMBITION TALKS

BY HARLAN READ

Virtues Are Related for the Same Reason That Vices Grow Together.

The vices seldom are found alone; and one virtue is nearly always accompanied by others. It is not surprising to find that a skillful workman is ambitious or that he has a good heart; and we usually believe when a woman smokes cigars that she will shatter the Seventh Commandment upon request.

When we learn that a man has rendered a correct schedule of his property to the assessor, we take as matter of course that he loves his children, and for the same reason. If a human hyena is arrested for wife-beating, we are certain that he drinks and swears.

This relation between all good habits, as well as the kinship among bad ones, is not accidental. It is founded upon a fixed rule.

In this, habits are good or bad in accordance with whether or not they enable us to render service. We render service through co-operation; and man, being naturally a social animal, imitates those with whom he co-operates.

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EVENTS AT LAKE ZURICH

News of Beautiful Summer Resort and the Progressive People Who Reside There.

Play Des Plaines Again.

Next Sunday the Des Plaines baseball team is coming here to engage the home boys in battle for the third time this season. Each team at present has a game to its credit and will try hard to win next Sunday. A contest well worth seeing is assured and if you miss it you will probably be missing the best local game of the season.

School Building Progressing.

Work on the new school building is progressing nicely, the masons finished the brick work of the first story Monday.

The carpenters are now putting in the joists and floor for the second story and the masons will commence on the brick work again next Monday.

Clark Sells Lots.

Frank P. Clark has sold two lots in Fair Oaks subdivision to C. W. Andrews. He has also sold two lots to Mr. Kirchbaum, a Chicago commission merchant, in the same subdivision.

Mr. Kirchbaum expects to build a summer home on the property.

Charles Greuber of Schaumburg visited here Tuesday.

Mr. Fred Wilke of Arlington Heights was here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Redmond of Oak Park spent Sunday here.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hoyer recently.

Prof. Folk is visiting friends and relatives in Chicago this week.

Medames F. C. Selp and Emil Frank were Chicago visitors Tuesday.

The phone at Long Grove, Sunday, was attended by several from here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gieske entertained friends from Palatine recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wilson of Glenview are visitors at the Albert Hoeff home.

Mrs. Charles Weinke of Peoria is visiting at the H. G. Hillman home.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eichman are visiting their daughter at Akron, Wisconsin.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. G. Knigge was buried Wednesday at Diamond Lake.

Mrs. Henry Hillman and daughters, Nettie and Cecelia, were Palatine visitors Monday.

Walter Prehm and Edward Maris attended a dance at Des Plaines, Sunday evening.

The dance given by the club last Saturday evening was well attended and \$25.50 were cleared.

Mr. Wooding landed a 12 pound pickerel Sunday. Who says there are no big fish in Lake Zurich?

Phillip Young has sold his gasoline launch for \$100 to Smith brothers, who occupy the Diamond cottage.

Leonard Young, who is employed at Chicago Heights, was home over Saturday for a visit with his parents.

Mrs. William Tank was taken to the West Side hospital, Chicago, this week where she will undergo an operation.

The Lake Zurich Athletic Club will give a dance every Saturday evening during July and August in Oak Park pavilion.

Edward Young, who was thrown from his buggy at Barrington a week ago Sunday and severely injured when his horse became frightened at a train, is still confined to his home here and under the care of Dr. Waddington.

Just What It Is.

After extended investigation we have reached the conclusion that rippling laughter is the gazing of the skirt one likes.

Dining Room in Turkish Palace.

In Turkish palaces there is a special door whereby anyone who desires a meal may enter.—London Spectator.

ALINE'S SOILED GOWN

By J. N. NOWLAND.

"Oh, I've ruined it! What shall I do? Virginia, do come here! Oh, Virginia!"

Virginia came running from the dining room of the little flat where she and Aline Carr had been keeping house for two years. Her eyes were flushed, and her eyes were wide with fright.

"What in the world is the matter, child? Are you hurt? What is it?" she exclaimed as she rushed into Aline's tiny bedroom and found that small person in a sobbing heap on the bed.

"Aline, what have you done? Come, dear, you mustn't cry. Aline, speak to me."

Aline lifted her tear-stained face and brushed back a mass of thick golden curls. "Just look at it! See what I've done to my dress—it's ruined! Oh, Virginia, I can't go to the ball. What will Win think? What will his mother think?"

"Ink all over the front of my gown! My gown! Isn't it just terrible? There's no time to get anything else. It isn't a fancy dress party, I could manage, but I can't go to the thing, and there is no possible way for me to get even a domino to put over my pink frock."

Again the pretty head was buried in the pillow, and the slight form of the girl shook with sobs.

Virginia looked with alarm and interest at the lovely fifty frock hung over a chair back. All over the front and side was a dark, blue stain, a big blotchy stain that completely spoiled the pretty lace and chiffon.

"Virginia, know that Mrs. Scott was not the sort of a woman to look with favor upon her son's marriage; but she knew Aline could win even the sternest woman's heart with her gentle manner and sweet, loving disposition if she only had a chance."

"Don't cry, little one. I think we can fix it all right. Come along with me. I may have something that will do as well as this shepherdess dress."

Wonderingly, Aline followed Virginia into her room, where the older girl knelt beside a large trunk taking things out of it until she drew forth a package wrapped in tissue paper.

Opening it, she held up a lovely crop kimono, a real Japanese garment, of the palest shell pink, with cherry blossoms embroidered over its surface so that she looked as if some magic summer breeze had scattered them there. It was lined with dreamy satin.

Aline gasped with joy. She could wear the lovely robe over her pink slip and represent a daughter of Japan.

Virginia helped her to arrange her hair with tiny fans and pretty pins. Her brows and eyes were penciled; a little rouge applied deftly to her cheeks and lips gave her the piquant appearance of a dainty girl.

"Where did you get this lovely kimono, Virginia? How sweet of you to lend it to me."

"I wore it once to a party—three years ago," replied Virginia, and then quickly changed the subject.

It was nearly midnight when Aline sank down in a secluded corner of the conservatory path to "get her breath and think for a minute." She had been a success. Mrs. Scott had received her most graceful of wins.

She had told her over and over how lovely she was, and his sister had admired her costume and said she was the prettiest girl in the ballroom. It was almost time to unmask.

She leaned her head back on the cushions of the divan and closed her eyes behind their white mask. Suddenly she was conscious of some one sitting down beside her; then—

"Virginia! At last I have found you! I came late, and only caught sight of you in the crush. Why have you hidden yourself from me, Virginia?"

"I beg your pardon. I am not Virginia. I suppose you mean Virginia Taylor." And Aline quickly pulled off

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her mask, revealing her face to the man in monk's costume seated by her side.

"Pardon me, I'm sorry I made the mistake—but surely, that is—it was never kimono that led me to think you were Miss Taylor. She has, or had one just like it."

"This is Miss Taylor's kimono. She let me wear it tonight because I spotted my own dress."

"You know Virginia? Tell me, is she here?"

"But I can find her! I am Jack Howard, an old friend; in fact, we were engaged to be married, but after a foolish quarrel I left for the west without seeing her, and I have not been able to find her since my return to New York. She was wearing that kimono the last time I saw her. Tell me where I can address her, please."

"Don't you think it would be best to go to see her? Virginia and I have an apartment which we share."

"That blessed kimono!" said Virginia a week later as she held it back in the trunk. "To think I should be packing it now for my honeymoon, and you, Aline, are to be my maid of honor instead of a yours."

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