

Archie Risks His All on the National Pastime

FIRST AID FOR LOONY BIDDLE

By P. G. Woodhouse Illustrated by Jefferson Machamer

The jeweler fingered the bracelet lovingly. Archie Moffam inspected it searchingly, and wished that he knew more about these rummy little objects. Reggie Van Tuyl yawned dependently. He had permitted Archie to lug him into his shop to help him select a birthday present for Lucille, and he wanted to buy it and go.

"It's funny about that guy," said the cigar-stand girl. "He's a nut. He's crazy about m'girl friend, y'know, and whenever they have a fuss, it seems like he sort of flies right off the handle."

"Well, after that we went to the movies." Archie started convulsively. A monstrous suspicion had begun to take root in his mind.

"Well, we got good seats, but, well you know how it is, once things start going wrong, you know that the one with the dices and cherries and the feather, I'd taken it off and give it to him to hold when we went in, and what do you think that fell'r done? Put it on the floor and crammed it under the seat, to save himself the trouble of holding it on his lap. And when I called him down, all he said was that he was a pitcher and not a husband."

Archie was paralyzed. His whole being was concentrated on this frightful character, made for the swindler door leading to the street. And, as she went, the paralysis which had gripped Archie relaxed its hold.

Archie began to feel certain tremors. Her eyes were gleaming, and her determined mouth had become a perfectly straight line of scarlet. It was going to be difficult to be chatty with this girl.

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So this was the explanation of that mysterious disaster, that weird tragedy which had puzzled the sport press from coast to coast. "Good Heavens! Is he often like that?"

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