

The Way Luck Goes

By CLARA DELAFIELD

HUBERT seemed the proper name for him somehow. Doesn't Hubert convey a sense of rotundity? Well, in that case Hubert was correctly named.

He had always been fat—a nice, healthy fat baby, then a healthy fat boy, then a stout young man. Not a monstrosity with a half a dozen chins—just—well, just fat.

Everybody liked Hubert. He had the pleasant ways that fat men have. He wasn't the prize fat man of our village, either. Reginald Bogart—now isn't it odd how that name suggests fatness, too! Reginald Bogart was what might have been called the champion. He tipped the scales at two hundred and fifty. Hubert was only two hundred and twelve. Hubert went in for tennis, too. Reginald couldn't do anything but swim. Oh, but he could swim! Not fast, but—well, such a lot of him swam.

But all this leads up to Mary Bayliss. Hubert was mighty fond of her. When he was raised to forty-five a week he asked her to marry him. Mary answered:

"Hubert, my dear, I'm awfully fond of you, but not in that way. I'll be a sister to you."

This staggered Hubert; he had three sisters and didn't want any more.

"Tell me frankly what's the matter with me," he said.

"The man I marry must be a heroic figure in my eyes. He must be capable of anything."

"I'm capable of anything," said Hubert.

"Well, if you must know, I could never marry a fat man," said Mary.

Now Hubert adored Mary. Many men would have accepted defeat. For Hubert, like most fat men, had had spells of resolving to become a thin man. He had played tennis in a wicked sun, he had gone without lunch, he had gone without breakfast, he had gone without drinking, he had worn mysterious rubber belts, and he had given up sugar. Also he had taken sixteen different advertised cures for fatness.

The perfectly obvious result was that he had grown fatter than ever. Everybody knows that when you notice your fat fits up and takes notice, instead of witting away in ignominy, Hubert had grown steadily fatter.

But he adored Mary Bayliss, and he resolved to grow thin or perish. And he started in on a Spartan regime during his vacation, having succeeded in inducing his boss to let him take a whole month that year.

Hubert went up into the woods to a little lonely camp and started wrestling with his fifty pounds of superfluous avoirdupois. For diet he ate unleavened flapjacks (one per diem) and tinned meat or fish that he caught from the lake—and that wasn't very often. He abhorred butter. He revoked on sugar. Every morning he ran three miles without stopping and then rolled on a log until he could stand it no longer. Then he would stand sideways in front of a looking glass and see how far he projected.

After two weeks of this, steadily persisted in. Hubert discovered that he looked like a very ordinary person. His clothes were getting too loose for him. He had taken in his belt three times. He redoubled his exertions. The third week the fat surrendered and came off him in leaps and bounds. At the end of the fourth week he was thin. If anything, not noticeably thin, but if anyone had asked you whether Hubert was a thin man or a fat man you would have said he was a thin man.

Being rather sensitive about his changed appearance, when his holiday came to an end he sneaked home on the night train. His three sisters had hysterics when they saw him. His mother sobbed on his neck and wanted to know where her darling boy was gone to. But let us draw a veil over that.

Hubert washed up, changed and went to pay a late call on Mary. Mary didn't know him when she opened the door. Then she nearly fainted.

"Mary," said Hubert, when he had brought her to, "I did it for your sake. Marry me. If you don't believe it will last, marry me when I've been thin for a year."

"Oh, my poor Hubert, I didn't mean what I said. I could never marry a thin man," sobbed Mary.

"I'll get fat again," said Hubert desperately. "I'll get anything you say."

"It's too late," said Mary mournfully. "I'm engaged."

"Mary!" cried Hubert wildly. "Who is he?"

"Reginald Bogart."

Sensible Girl. Their boat was drifting idly, the sun shone above, and the sea was serene; while she was sitting snugly. Then he proposed.

From the opposite end of the craft she gazed at him calmly. Then she said:

"As a matter of common sense, realizing that we are in this boat, on water more than fifty feet deep, and that if you were to act as you should act if I accepted you we would be capsized, I will decline your proposal at the moment—but, George, row as fast as you can to the shore and ask me again!"

That girl will make a good wife.

Each Other Foiled

By ANTHONY REIMERT

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IT WAS because three men had already plunged to death off the new bridge that swung dizzily above the river that Leach quickened his steps as he saw the prowling figure ahead of him looking down into the water.

Nobody else was on the bridge at that hour of the night—nobody but Leach and the unknown. And, after all, why should Leach take it upon himself to stop the fellow? Life was miserable enough. Why not let him seek that oblivion that he sought?

It was only an undefinable instinct that quickened Leach's footsteps as the intentions of the man in front of him began to be clear beyond a doubt. Suddenly the man threw off his coat and began to clamber out upon the girders.

At the same moment Leach grabbed him. The man began struggling violently. Leach held on like grim death.

For a minute or two the other fought with such frenzied strength that it was all Leach could do to hold him. But at last he had him subdued. He was a weakling after all, one of those anemic, undeveloped, undersized runts that haunt the slums of the cities. There was the stamp of the slum rat on the wizened features.

"Aw, what you want with me? I ain't doin' nothin'!"

"You were just going to jump off the bridge."

"Well, supposing I was? That ain't no business of yours, is it?"

"Well, I guess it is," answered Leach. "No man has the right to make away with himself."

"No right, eh? Say, if you was up against what I am you'd feel different about it, I guess."

"Tell me your troubles."

"You can't do nothing to help me. Why, you look down and out yourself!" said the other, inspecting Leach's ragged clothes for the first time. "What you doing here anyway?"

"Don't worry about me," answered Leach. "Just worry about yourself. Let's put our heads together and see if we can't hit on a better plan for you than jumping off the bridge. First thing that strikes me is, you look as if you're hungry."

"Hungry?" shouted the other.

"Say—"

"The lunch wagon at the end of the block. Suppose we go and have some coffee and an egg sandwich, and then if you want to take the leap, why I guess I won't stop you."

Grumbling, the would-be suicide yielded. He put on his coat and accompanied Leach to the coffee wagon.

"Ya see," he explained, "I been out of work for weeks, and my wife's sick, and there's a kid, and there ain't no five, and then my mother-in-law, who brings us food, why, she's always on at me for a wastrel, and—Oh, it's hopeless, boss, that's what it is."

"I've been out of work, too," said Leach. "I haven't got a wife and a kid, but if I had it would take more than a mother-in-law to make me take that jump. Pull yourself together, man! Go home and thank the Lord you didn't jump. Where would your wife and child be if you had done it?"

"That's true," muttered the other, as he devoured his sandwich ravenously.

"There'll be plenty of work in a little while," Leach continued. "You know how things are looking up. Why, say, you were just off your head, weren't you?"

"I guess I was," mumbled the other sheepishly.

"Why, once you get work—you've got a trade, haven't you? Cabinet-maker? Why, man, you'll be earning fine wages, and then you'll begin putting a little aside against a rainy day, and in a short time you'll have a swell bank account, and maybe a car. And you'll be able to tell your mother-in-law where to go."

The other stared at him. "Say, that's the stuff, Mister!" he answered. "You're dead right. No more of the morgue for mine. I'm going straight home. And I dunno how to thank you."

"Oh, that's all right," Leach answered, and he accompanied the man a little distance and watched him striding off in the distance with a hopeful stride.

He looked back whimsically at the bridge. He felt the solitary nickel that remained in his pocket.

"Gee, that's good advice I gave him," he muttered. "I'm glad I thought of it. I'll get a job myself now—better than jumping off the bridge, as I was intending."

Land for Britain's Jobless.

Plans for settling 7,000 unemployed British families a year in New South Wales and Victoria have been completed by the British government, Premier Fuller of New South Wales and Premier Fuller of Victoria announced upon their arrival at New York.

Unused government lands will be set aside for them and provided with the necessary irrigation. The colonists will be given 36 years in which to make the land pay for itself. New South Wales will take 6,000 families a year and Victoria 1,000.

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Legal Notices

AMOS P. SCRUGGS, Lawyer, 229 South 13th Street. NOTICE TO THE DEFENDANT. To Lora Dean Hayes, defendant: You are hereby notified that on the Twenty-seventh day of March, A. D. 1923, Henry Hayes, as plaintiff, filed his petition against you in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a divorce from you upon the grounds of cruelty and adultery.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the Fourth day of September, A. D. 1923. HENRY HAYES, Plaintiff.

H. J. PINKETT, Attorney. NOTICE OF PROBATE OF WILL. In the County Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, in the matter of the estate of Alfred G. Marshall, deceased.

All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified that a petition has been filed in said Court, praying for the probate of a certain instrument now on file in said Court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, and that a hearing will be had on said petition before said Court on the 18th day of August, 1923, at 9 o'clock A. M., to contest the probate of said will, and that any person who desires to be heard thereon, enter a decree of heirship, and proceed to a settlement thereof.

ED. F. MOREARTY, Attorney, 709 Peters Trust Bldg. NOTICE OF SERVICE BY PUBLICATION. To Alberta Crossley, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that Homer Crossley, your husband, and the plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, on the 19th day of February, 1923, to obtain a divorce from you on the grounds of wilful desertion for more than two years last past.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 17th day of September, 1923. HOMER CROSSLEY.

NOTICE OF SERVICE BY PUBLICATION. To Alberta Crossley, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that Homer Crossley, your husband, and the plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, on the 19th day of February, 1923, to obtain a divorce from you on the grounds of wilful desertion for more than two years last past.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 17th day of September, 1923. HOMER CROSSLEY.

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