

The Lucky Likeness



AT Columbus Circle Ellsworth paused a moment and watched the procession of people, motor cars and carriages. He was uncertain just which way to turn. He wanted to take a walk somewhere to cheer himself up. Just now he had dleft his scaly-brownstone-fronted boarding house, in West Fifty-fifth Street, and had walked to Eighth Avenue, and up the four blocks to the Circle.

Would it be Central Park, Fifth Avenue, or Riverside Drive? Not the Park; he had had shade and shadows enough all week. The shadow of his still unpaid board-bill loomed largest of all. Nor yet the Avenue; that was all right when he had possessed his top-hat—the one he had bought the first day he struck town, when his fifty dollars looked big enough to see him into a dozen successful "connections." But he had sold that to a "slightly used" costumer's in Sixth Avenue. He laughed at himself now for having been proud of it.

Pride! Yes, that was the trouble with him, he was afraid. Because he had been told a hundred times that he was "so distinguished looking," he must have been sheltering too good an opinion of himself. There was that promotion "racket" offered him the day before; because it hadn't seemed just what he wanted, he had put them off. If he had only decided to take it!

No—no shady parks; it would be the sunlit Drive. He headed up Broadway, timing his steps with his light stick as gaily as he could. But by the time he had reached Seventy-second Street, his step was beginning to slacken into a worried lope. In fact, he was so intent upon the pavement, as he crossed at Seventy-second, that he walked directly in front of a big touring car booming towards Riverside Drive. Besides the chauffeur, two girls and two young men were in the car.

The chauffeur threw out his clutch, and Ellsworth looked toward the girl who had screamed. She was gazing full at him, and the real relief in her eyes, as she looked back over her shoulder, shot electric sparks from his heart up along his arm, so that involuntarily he raised his hat, and stood stock-still staring after her.

When he reached the Drive, the car was out of sight.

For a few blocks the passing people and the remembrance of that girl kept up his spirits. And then, gradually, the sense of his real condition was borne back upon him. Even the delighted stage whisper of a woman who pointed him out to her escort as "Mr. Lockwood, the author of 'Shows,'" failed to rouse him to the smile which he had so many times enjoyed when strangers mistook him for a celebrity.

On he trudged. When near One Hundred and Sixteenth Street—the farthest up the river he had ever been—he realized he was very hungry.

He had not partaken of the variegated boarding-house "dinner"—that well-known Sunday sort with soiled celery, smelly soup, greenish-gray potatoes, and sometimes vegetables spilled,

as if by mistake, into birds' bathtubs and left stranded along side the boarders' plates. He would have enjoyed even that meal, despondent chicken centerpiece and all. But he had lacked the courage necessary to face the dragon eye of the unpaid landlady. He had stayed in his room, and now he was devilish hungry.

"Must be a beanery up here somewhere," he said to himself, as he plodded along. "Let me see" (diving into his pocket and fishing out some small change); "I've still got sixty-two cents. Glad I didn't buy a paper this morning. I may need that nickel for coffee tomorrow. But a quarter will surely get a feed; and the balance will do for my clean collars and carfare".

Walking on, his attention was suddenly arrested by a low, wooden building on his right. Upon inquiry he was assured by a passer-by that the place was a restaurant. Indeed, it was even Claremont—"Historic Claremont"—

By HORACE BARNES

that Ellsworth had chanced upon.

He finally found his way to the low steps, and—in his innocence—entered. Ignoring the blandishments of the nearer waiters, he walked through to find a table on the river side. As he sat down and discovered the style of the place, a qualm shot through him, and he resolved to order nothing but a cup of coffee.

A glance to the left showed him the bluish haze of the mystic river twilight. A glance to the right showed him the waiter, over-whelmingly statuesque, and with eyebrows hoisted, a la Christy Girl. A glance straight ahead showed him—the girl who had stood up in the motor-car and screamed.

She was looking squarely at him, and his flush was no more sudden nor deep than hers. The other girl and the two young men were with her.

Ellsworth felt sure that she would notice what dinner was brought to him. Turning to the Christy-eyebrowed-one in sudden desperation he order-

ed soup, tenderloin steak, various vegetables and imported beer. Then, realizing what he had done, he shivered. He took up the menu, found the prices, made a rapid mental calculation of his bill—and a cold bead of perspiration started at the back of his neck.

The total—but why dwell upon his misery? Knowing well that he could not pay, he nevertheless decided that he was not going to forsake his stomach in its hour of need. One tap of his watch-pocket recalled to him that his watch had gone the way of his scarf-pin, gold links, and the top-hat of lamented memory.

He determined to drag out his meal until that fateful party of four, at the table in front of him, had finished and gone. Then he would send for the manager, explain the plight he was in, and take his arrest quietly.

While he was eating, he noticed that his entrancer's companions would steal glances at him, as if she had been talking about him. And how those four lingered! And the champagne the men consumed! Ellsworth had at last finished the final morsel of his food, and still sat there.

Man's Greatest

Possession, Excepting Health,
is a Pleasing Personality.

It's a Decided Asset in
Love and in Business

YOUR Personality can be most
pleasantly expressed by the
attractive "BEYLERMODE."

"Beylermode" 40-inch Form-Fitting,
2-Button Double Breasted. Newest
and Most Popular Fabrics and Shad-
ings.

\$15.00, \$17.50 and \$20.00

Curlee Clothing Co.

Saint Louis



Have Your Dealer Show
You Curlee Clothes—
The Biggest Values on Earth