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IN SPITE OF
MAGIC

A Story For All
Hallow Eve

BY LILLIAN WENTZ

Young Cornelius Babcock settled his necktie and thrust in its crimson folds the mock turquoise scarfpin he had bought at Levy's on his way home from work that night. Then he stood away and admired the snowy whiteness of the rubber collar that looked exactly like linen and saved many a laundry bill by its deceptive guise; he stroked the glossy smoothness of his olive green striped suit; he stuck out a neat foot attired in a pale blue sock and shiny patent leather pumps and smiled with satisfaction. It would be a critical maiden, indeed, who would not look with favor upon Mr. Babcock in this festive array, for he had health and youth and a treasury of good looks. He was going to a party, and he was in love. It showed in his face and in his eyes.

Suddenly he reached into an obscure corner of the bureau drawer and drew forth a Hugsbox. From this box there issued a small gold ring set with a cheap red stone. Cornelius gazed on it with quickened breath. He had planned to wear it on his little finger that night. She would ask him about it, and he would ask her to wear it if she wanted to. It all seemed so simple as he had planned it, and now he scarcely dared place it on his hand. Suddenly it found place on his finger, and the stone flashed as he lifted a hand and turned out the gas.

As he strode through the dining room, where the elder Cornelius sat reading the evening paper, his mother's voice lured his steps.

"Where you going, Corny? My, but you're dressed up!" She beamed at him over her spectacles. His father lifted a shaggy gray head and surveyed his son with apparent scorn. "What you rigged like a nigger minstrel for?" he growled contemptuously.

Cornelius writhed inwardly. His face flushed, and he stammered confusedly. "I'm going to a party, I guess I won't be home till late. Mary Finn's giving a Halloween party."

The Flans lived in upper New York, and on this particular night their small flat was filled to overflowing with a merry company of young people. All sorts of paper decorations hung from the walls and chandeliers. Jack-o'-lanterns were suspended in tall ways and swayed grimacingly as tall heads passed to and fro. In a circle of laughing young men and girls, Mary Finn was outlining her program for the evening's fun.

"We'll tell fortunes, by melting lead and dropping it in cold water, and we can roast chestnuts on the gas stove. There's a tub of water and apples to duck for in the kitchen, and afterward you peel the apples and throw the paring over your shoulder. It tells into the initial of the one you're going to marry! It does!" Mary blushed charmingly, and Cornelius accepted her smile and took it to himself.

"And what else, Mary?" A broad shouldered young man with a shock of thick, dark hair moved forward and obstructed Cornelius' view of Mary Finn.

"It's for us girls to do," giggled Mary. "We let down our hair at mid-
night and take a lighted candle and a handglass and walk backward around the house three times. Only this being a flat we'll have to walk up and down the hall, I guess. If you're ever going to get married you'll see the face of your future husband in the glass."

"Do you believe that, Mary?" asked a thin faced girl sharply. "You seem to take it like it was dead earnest."

"Ask my mother," returned Mary promptly, and gentle Mrs. Finn nodded complacently.

"It's true, ain't it, Michael?" she asked of Mr. Finn, who murmured assent. "I saw Mike's plain as could be looking over my shoulder, and I married him, didn't I? Don't be so skeptical, Kitty; it ain't healthy. Keep young and foolish as long as you can."

The thin faced Kitty smiled politely and sat down near Cornelius. "Things don't come like that, do they?" she asked him. "I mean the things you want to happen don't come so easy. You have to work to make 'em come right."

"I-I don't know. I never thought much about it," admitted Cornelius, conscious that he had been wildly hoping that some reflection of his face might be projected upon Mary Finn's mirror.

letters, but a face in a mirror—surely each countenance bore its own distinction, and there could be nothing but plain magic in that test.

Cornelius grew hot and cold as the hour approached. He had vaguely a word with Mary Finn, so absorbed was she in her duties as mistress. At ten minutes before midnight the girls withdrew to a bedroom, from whence issued much giggling and pushing about and sudden shrieks of terror. Mrs. Finn smiled to and fro in friendly banter with the waiting young men in the parlor.

"No cheating, boys," she warned, her voice shrill above the vigorous staiding of Mr. Christopher Brady at the piano. They laughed good naturedly and joined in the chorus of "She Said She Loved Me, but Now She Loves Another Fellow," and something in the music in Cornelius' memory and could not be eradicated for many a day.

"I don't see where we fellows get any fun out of it all," growled Mr. Brady, whirling around on the stool. "I wonder if I couldn't let down my hair and run around with a hand mirror—what do you think I'd see, eh?"

"You'll see a concealed puppy!" joked Mr. Finn, snapping Mr. Brady's broad shoulders with easy familiarity. "Let me whisper a secret, Chris—excuse me, boys"—he bent down and whispered in Mr. Brady's red ear, while that gentleman nodded mirthfully.

"Sure, I'll do it. I'm on. I thought maybe there was something more. Have a chair, Mr. Finn." He followed Mary's father into the kitchen, and Cornelius sat silently alone, envying the easy manners of the big Mr. Brady, and his apparent intimacy with the Flans. Did this friendliness portend some bond between Christopher Brady, and Mary Finn?

Cornelius grew writhed as the time passed. Mary must soon make her test of fate in the gloomy hall. When would he know if it was his own face she had seen over her shoulder? Would she tell if to the assembled company or would she acknowledge it by blushing when his questioning glance sought hers? Desperately he estimated the chances that fate held for him, and he admitted they were very few indeed. Everything he had ever gained he had had to struggle for, as had his father before him. He had fought tooth and nail for his position as office boy in the beginning, and he had fought his way up to his position as shipping clerk by sheer force of will and pluck. In his practical experience he had never called upon luck or fortune or fate to aid him in his climb. He just planned what he wanted and then worked up to it. It had proved a good method in the past.

Now he wanted Mary Finn. If he won her it must be by his own methods. He must not fret to chance nor to any other doubtful means. There was no time to pad with luck or the magic sorceries of Halloween. He must have Mary Finn in spite of magic, in spite of Christopher Brady, in spite of everything.

Then it was that a daring thought came to Cornelius Babcock—daring because he was unaccustomed to intrigue or fighting in the dark, and this trick or fighting in the dark, and this game called for darkness. Leaning against him were Christopher Brady and his intimacy with the Flans, and also on the opposing side were the chances that Cornelius would not win. So he resolved to fight for what he wanted—for Mary Finn.

Mr. Finn entered the parlor and lifted a hand to the chandelier. "By deposing the light, boys," he warned. "Everything's got to be dark as your hat, out she goes!"

In the thick velvet darkness that followed, Cornelius stepped, swift as a cat, across the floor to the door that led into the corridor. It was ajar and he pushed it open, slid around it and entered the hall where he felt his way into the embrasure of another door and waited, his heart pounding heavily.

Mary Finn would soon come down the hall, her fair hair swinging loose, her sweet face peering in the mirror's depths for the face of her first love. And Cornelius would be there, looking over her shoulder, his eyes meeting hers in the candlelight—settling their futures at one blow.

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7 FIREMEN KILLED
Milwaukee Is Visited by \$500,000 Conflagration.
BURIED IN BURNING DEBRIS

Fire Started So Quickly and Made Such Headway That Five Were Taken Unawares—Fire Truck Precipitated—Catholic Priest Becomes Heroic Figure in Battle.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. — In a half a million dollar fire which broke out in the four story building of the Good-year Rubber company, in the center of the business district at 8 o'clock at night, seven firemen were killed under the falling walls when an explosion completely wrecked the building and smashed glass in surrounding buildings within a radius of two blocks.

Flying wreckage injured a score more while many were badly cut by the cyclone of glass which swept through the alley immediately following the explosion.

When the department arrived it was apparent that the blaze was a dangerous one and an extra alarm followed. Fire rigs joined the score of fire engines, defying twenty-two streams of water and the blaze worked its way to the roof. A half hour after the first alarm there was a loud explosion. It came with such a suddenness that the firemen were unable to escape from the danger zone. The huge truck which was plying a stream in front of the structure was twisted in two, precipitating two firemen to the pavement thirty feet below.

Firemen Buried Under Blaze.

In the rear in the narrow alley a more pitiful scene was enacted. Here the wall crumbled, a smoking heap of wood and bricks. Beneath it were carried a group of firemen. The heap of bricks and wood soon burned away and the firemen gave their attention to smothering this heap in an endeavor to render aid to the buried firemen. At the time the heat was so fierce that it was impossible to get within ten feet of the heap. Father Joseph Murphy, of the local cathedral, was the hero of the alley, working his way under the debris in a shaky tunnel of falling bricks, giving absolute to the buried men, then throwing off his robe in which he had hurriedly left the church, worked with the firemen to drag out the battered bodies.

MEXICO ELECTION FAILS?

Not Enough Voters Cast to Make the Affair Valid.
MEXICO CITY, MEX. — A report that General Felix Diaz had been arrested in Vera Cruz caused a great stir in the capital. Diaz is said to be on his way here under an escort of soldiers.

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Writing throughout the country has been light in some places there was no voting at all. Diaz appears to be running ahead of this three rivals, but the indications are that not sufficient votes will be cast to validate the election. In that event President Huerta will continue as provisional president. Another election would have to wait for his proclamation.

Nueva Leon reports that the rumor of Diaz's arrest reached there early but such voting as there was appeared to be in his favor. Few ballots were cast, however. Several hundred votes

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