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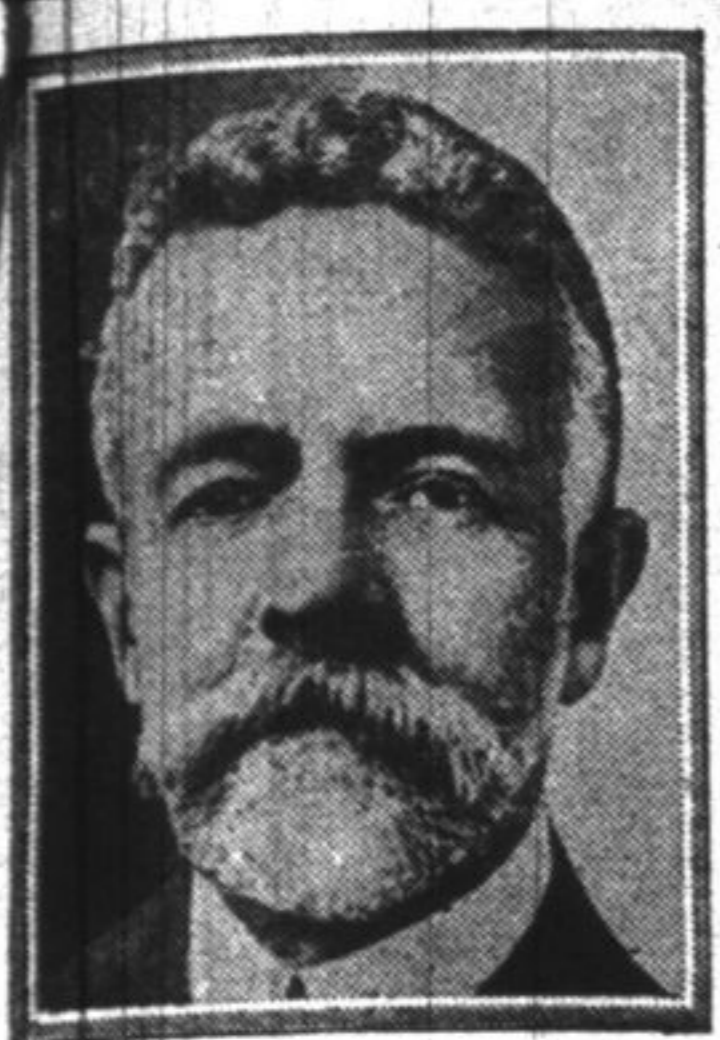
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WHEN THE ALARM SOUNDED By VINCENT G. PERRY (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mary Hilton closed the book she had been reading and jumped to her feet hastily. It was an overdrawn story of spies and international intrigue, but there was a fascination about it that kept her reading longer than she had intended. She looked at the alarm clock on her dressing table and gave an exclamation of dismay. She had been reading for two hours and there was barely half an hour left in which to catch her train. She had dressed before taking up the book, so if she hurried there was still time. Thank goodness she was merely going on a week-end visit and would not have much packing to do. In less than five minutes all was packed. She began to wonder what was in her suitcase after she had closed it. She opened it again and examined the contents carefully. There! She knew she had forgotten something. She snatched the alarm clock from its accustomed place and shoved it into the bag. She was confident her cousin hadn't an alarm clock and knew she would miss the early train on Monday if she hadn't something dependable to awaken her. As an afterthought she shoved the novel in on top.

As usual, there was no car in sight when Mary arrived at her corner. By the time one came she was sure it was impossible to get to the station in



Dropped Her Suitcase.

time. When she alighted from the car she bolted for the station platform, arriving hot and panting to find no train waiting. She had missed it! No, she hadn't. The train was walking up seven minutes late. She walked down the platform to see if it was in sight. Suddenly she heard a buzzing sound quite near to her, gaining force as it buzzed. With a sharp cry of fright she dropped her suitcase. Someone had put an infernal machine in it just as they had done to the heroine in the novel! She tried to run away from it, but her feet seemed glued to the platform. Then she realized what it was—her alarm clock going off. Her cheeks scarlet, she made a hasty grab for the suitcase, hoping against hope that no one had seen what an idiot she had been. In her haste to get out of sight she did not see that another suitcase rested beside the one she had taken up.

When the train pulled in an eager crowd hustened to board it. Mary hated crowds, especially on hot days. She stood back as the others pushed forward. A young man made his way past her. "Harris Eccleston! She had not seen him for a year. She was sure it was he. One glance at his suitcase as he was lost in the crowd made her doubly sure. It was just the same as hers. They had unwittingly duplicated presents to one another the first Christmas they had been engaged. The thought of their engagement made her furious. What a silly girl she had been to imagine herself engaged to such a heart-breaker, she thought angrily. If only she had seen him before the train came in she would have told him just how contemptible she thought he was. A whistle from the engine warned her that there was no time to be lost. She boarded the last coach and found a seat.

Mary usually enjoyed train journeys, but this afternoon she could not settle her mind to enjoy anything. The thought of Harris kept coming up. They had been a devoted couple until he had been transferred to another city, and even then for months his letters had seemed as devoted as ever. But a sudden change had become noticeable in his letters. They became fewer and more reserved. Finally she had written him and asked for an explanation, but he had never answered the letter. That told her at once that there was another girl in the case, and after waiting a month for a reply she sent him his ring. She had not sent an accompanying word, but now she wished she had sent him a letter telling him her opinion of him. It

would not have looked nice in writing, though, she thought, as she settled back in her seat and tried to enjoy looking out of the window. The scenery didn't interest her. She thought of the unfinished novel in her suitcase and reached for the bag and opened it. She nearly fainted from surprise. The suitcase was not her own. It was filled with man's wearing apparel. Who did it belong to and where was her suitcase? She remembered that she must have made the change when the alarm clock went off on the station platform. She rummaged through the clothes in hope of finding something to identify the owner. Right at the bottom she found a leather-bound diary. She opened it hastily and recognized something strangely familiar in the writing. It was Harris'. Her name was the first to catch her glance. She looked at the date and found the paragraph had been written three months after Harris moved. "I have heard today that Mary is going about with a medical student, but I don't believe it," she read. Mary could hardly contain herself. Who had told Harris such a contemptible thing? The only medical student she had ever known was her cousin Ralph. Harris knew him, of course, but didn't know that he had started to medical school.

The next paragraph she read was written about a month later. It said: "Mary's letters seem different. I wonder if there is anything in that medical student story." Why, that was the week they had had the record rush at the office. She had been so tired there was little wonder her letters had appeared "different."

She turned to the date she judged Harris would have got her letter, asking why he seemed so changed. Sure enough he had got it! "I received a letter today from Mary, asking me the cause of a change in the tone of my letters. I realized that there has been a change and have written Mary, and told her the cause of it. I have offered to give her her freedom if she loves the medical student. I am waiting anxiously for a reply," she read.

Mary groaned. She had not received the letter. Whatever in the world would Harris think of her? She skimmed through the next pages. On every one disappointment was expressed because of no reply to his letter. After two weeks had passed, he had begun to think that silence was her way of telling him that all was off. When he received the ring back he knew that it was so. "I can never love another girl, but my only wish is that Mary will be happy," was the sentence that caused the tears to start in Mary's eyes.

What a silly girl she had been to mistrust Harris! How unhappy she had made him! How unhappy they both had been, and it wasn't really the fault of either. Was it too late to make amends? Harris was on that train and she was going to find him and tell him all. She grabbed the suitcase and started through the train in search of him.

Harris started when Mary put her hand on his shoulder.

"Mary," he gasped. "Miss Hilton— or is it Mrs—?"

"No, Harris: it is still Mary," she said bravely. "Oh, Harris, I have just discovered our mistake. I have your suitcase. I have found your diary and have read it." She was sitting beside him and telling him all about it before she realized it.

"What a horrible year it has been for us both," he said, when she had finished. "We will have to start over again, Mary. You have thought me a brute. Isn't it a good thing your alarm clock went off. Little did we think that joke about giving each other suitcases would bring about a result like this."

"Look," Mary interrupted. "Isn't that the cutest little church over there. It looks so peaceful. That Ivy makes it look like a church in a novel. An Ivy-clad church makes such a pretty ending to stories, doesn't it?"

"Let's get off at this station and be married there. We might not find a better ending to our story," he smiled.

"The train is stopping! We will have to hurry. Don't shake my suitcase or that alarm will go off and everyone will stare at us," she cried excitedly.

IS LAKE COUNTY TO LOSE ITS BEAUTIFUL FORESTS?

Are you aware that the people of Lake County will next fall vote on the question of preserving a number of the beautiful spots of the county for all the people, so that you and future generations may enjoy the woodlands, the wild flowers and the birds, which will rapidly vanish unless the people have foresight enough to act quickly?

Du Page County has set aside its first forest preserve and Cook County has already purchased much of the lovely woodlands along the Des Plaines River for this purpose. These lands will always be a valuable asset to the county, increasing in value as timber and wild lands become scarcer.

Rapidly these beautiful spots are being acquired by those of wealth at country homes, and too often we see the "No Trespassing" signs, where formerly children were allowed to play and have their picnics.

If Lake County sets aside some of these lands as Forest Preserves those of us who are not able to buy such properties may enjoy these works of nature as well as the wealth. Northern County in the state is so well served with beautiful natural woodlands and rivers, but the woodman's

CHICAGO NORTH SHORE AND MILWAUKEE Week-end Trips Via Electric UP IN Central and Northern Wisconsin with its many sparkling lakes and fine woodlands is a vacation playground that is different from ordinary summer resort districts. Why not take a short week-end trip into this great country that is so conveniently within your reach? Use the North Shore Line. It makes convenient connections at Milwaukee with the Milwaukee Northern Railway, which takes you quickly to many of the ideal vacation spots of Wisconsin. There are numerous opportunities for short day trips to the woods and lakes as well as short week-end vacations with every summer diversion. Hourly Service In order to reach Milwaukee quickly and conveniently, where connections can be made for Northern Wisconsin points, take North Shore Limited trains which leave Highland Park every 30 minutes on Saturday afternoons, Sundays and Holidays and every hour on other days. This affords quick and convenient service which will be appreciated by vacationists. For further information apply to the nearest Ticket Office of the North Shore Line CHICAGO OFFICE 66 West Adams Street Phone Central 6280 HIGHLAND PARK Ticket Office Phone Highland Park 1361 MILWAUKEE OFFICE 187 Second Street Phone Grand 1136

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HOME SWEET HOME by Jack Wilson DADDY WILL YOU READ THIS STORY TO ME? YOU READ BETTER I CAN YES, I'LL READ A WHILE TO YOU ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS AN INDIAN NAMED O-KEM-AH NOT O-KEM-AH, DADDY - IT IS O-K-E-MAW ALL RIGHT, O-K-E MAW THEN - AND HE LIVED NEAR A PRINCESS NAMED NOK-O-MIS - WHO LIVED IN THE TRIBE OF THE SI-OX HER NAME WAS NO-KOMIS, NOT, NOK-O-MIS - AND THE TRIBE WAS SOO NOT SI-OX, DADDY SAY! - IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE ALL OF THOSE WORDS - YOU CAN READ YOUR OWN STORIES - WHEW! IT'S HOT IN HERE, - I GOTTA SHUT OFF THE FURNACE