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Two Flirts
 By RUTH GRAHAM

"Pardon me," said an immaculately dressed gentleman to a lady also especially well costumed on a railway train. "I see by your ticket that you are for Harding Station. Possibly you may give me a bit of information. I am going to the place of Mr. Winfield Reckling. Can you tell me about where I shall have to go?"

"Oh, yes; I know the Recklings very well. They live two miles from the station."
 "And you? I was to have gone by another train, but came in advance, and there will be no one to meet me. I can easily walk that distance."
 "It will not be necessary. I am going in that direction. My carriage will meet me, and I shall be happy to take you to your destination."
 "That's very kind of you—to a stranger."

"I'm only too glad to be of service to any friend of the Recklings."
 "I am a very old friend of Win Reckling. We were college chums."
 "He has brought a wife home with him from abroad. I believe."
 "Yes. I am going to make a short visit with the express purpose of meeting her."
 "I trust you'll like her."
 "Whether I shall or not remains to be seen. Is she nice?"

"Mr. Reckling doubtless thinks so. She is rather straitlaced."
 "Why, I heard she was just the opposite."
 "Oh, you did? Please define what you mean by the opposite?"
 "I heard she was a great flirt before she married her."

"The lady looked aside at him, then cast down her eyes. He remarked to himself that whatever Mrs. Reckling might be, this person was inclined to be a bit of a flirt herself."
 Before the two left the train his hand had come in contact with hers on the seat between them; he had clasped it, and it was not withdrawn. At the station they entered her carriage and were soon howling along a road lined with the country places.

"How would you like to pay me a brief visit before going to the Recklings?" said the lady. "You'll find it dull there. Your host never comes out until the 7 o'clock train, and there'll be no one to entertain you. I know they would be obliged to me for taking care of a guest of theirs."
 "I shall be delighted. But Mrs. Reckling will be at home, will she not?"
 "No. I met her in the city while 'hopping'."

The gentleman was driven with the lady to her home. After a brief absence for a change from street to dinner dress she reappeared, afternoon tea was served and they sat chatting.
 "So you heard Mrs. Reckling was a flirt, did you?"
 "Only before marriage."
 "And you think marriage terminates all that?"
 "Oh, that's as one feels about it."
 "I'm married."
 "Indeed?"
 "Yes. I liked a good time when single, and now that I'm married I don't object to an innocent flirtation."
 "Of course, innocent."
 He felt for her hand, but she arose and asked him to go with her into her garden. He followed and, plucking the choicest flowers, she handed them to him.

"I shall have these preserved," he said with fervor.
 "Mrs. Reckling will give you another and you'll say the same thing to her."
 "Not at all. This meeting has rendered any possibility of Mrs. Reckling's attracting me impossible."
 She smiled, he thought, ironically. He was bending over her while she was plucking a rose and was about to say something tender when there was a rattle of wheels on the road, and the lady, looking up at a coming two-wheeled cart driven by a gentleman, said:

"Here comes my husband; let us go in. I will introduce you."
 "My name is Forsythe."
 "Thank you."
 They went inside. The lady left Mr. Forsythe in the drawing room and soon returned with the man from the cart.

The guest started. It was Winfield Reckling who burst into the room with outstretched hand to welcome him.
 "Win," said the lady, "this is your friend, Billy Forsythe. He says he heard I'm a flirt. All I have to say is that if I can beat him at the game I'll have to get up pretty early in the morning. He squeezed my hand on the train."
 Forsythe stood horror-stricken, his face red as a lobster.

"Oh, don't mind her Billy. She can't help it. She was born so."
 As soon as the guest could recover himself, turning to Mrs. Reckling, he said:
 "That you age a witch. I'll admit but I don't see how even a witch can know the name of a man she meets casually in a railway car without someone telling her."
 "Dear me; and Win always said that you're so bright!"
 "How did you find it out, Bess?" asked the husband.
 "Why, it's in great big black letters on his suit case."
 Reckling laughed, and Forsythe's face broke into a shamefaced grin.
 "Oh, come to the sideboard," said Reckling, "and get the dust out of your throat."

THE WRONG CLEW
 By MARJORIE CLOUGH

A number of detectives were sitting in the office waiting to be assigned to some duty, and naturally their conversation fell upon incidents pertaining to their profession. Several had told yarns, each more remarkable than the last, when a little wizened chap who had been listening respectfully to the others spoke up.

"I would like," he said, "to make a collection of small incidents that have led to great results. You fellows have been telling now a handkerchief or button or something like that had led to the recovery of hundreds of thousands, but that's only in one line. Every time we meet a new person some marked event is liable to come of it. Take the beginnings of love affairs, for instance. How many trifling incidents have brought two people of opposite sexes together, resulting in generation after generation of progeny."
 "Let me give you an instance. Do you remember the 'bobtail' street cars, in which the passenger entered through a rear door, staggered up to the front and dropped a nickel between inclined planes of window glass? Then the driver pulled something that let the coin down into a box. Well, I was riding in one of those cars once when every seat was taken. A mighty pretty girl got in and managed to get up near the fare box, where I was sitting. I was young then and, if I say it myself, not such a miserable looking specimen of a man as I am now, and I dressed pretty well then too. So I got up and offered the young lady my seat. She took it very smilingly and, getting out her pocketbook, put her dainty thumb and finger in to get out her fare. It was late in the day, and there was no artificial light in the car, so she couldn't see very well and picked over several coins before she selected one."

"I was leaning up against the cash box, and to save her the necessity of taking I took the coin from her lovely fingers—I could tell by feeling it that it was a nickel, so without looking at it I dropped it in the hopper. It wasn't a second before the driver gave a pull, and down it went into the box."
 "Suddenly the young lady started. She evidently remembered something. Taking out her portemonnaie again, she fingered over the coin in it for a few moments; then, looking up at me with a terrified expression, exclaimed:
 "Goodness gracious!
 "What's the matter?" I asked.
 "You put a five dollar gold piece in that box."
 "You don't mean it? I was a good deal disturbed at the responsibility I was under."
 "She got out a handkerchief and began to wipe away tears.
 "I opened the sliding front door and calling to the driver, told him what had happened, asking him if there was any way by which he could get the gold piece out of the box. He said there wasn't and showed me a brass padlock on the opening. But he said that if the lady would go to the end of the route, about three miles farther on, the fare gatherer would 'open' the box, and if there was a five dollar gold piece in it he would return it."
 "I told the girl what he had said, and she began to cry the harder, saying that she was intending to meet her mother at a railway station a few blocks farther on and they were going on a train that would leave in twenty minutes to a distant city, where her father was very sick and not expected to live."
 "Well, I was in for it. I took \$4.00 out of my vest pocket and handed it to her, telling her that I was going to the end of the route and would collect what was due. She gave me the prettiest little smile through her tears you ever saw on a pair of vermilion lips. I told the driver what I had done, and he promised to see that I was repaid from the gold piece in the box. I felt very proud of myself. Time and again the dear little creature looked up at me and every time with a grateful smile. When we reached the railway station and she got out, peering through the window, I saw her throw a kiss to me."
 "Cut out the rest of it," said one of the listeners. "You met the girl afterward at a ball or somewhere and married her?"
 "If you think you know more about it than I do you can tell the rest of it yourself," snarped the narrator.
 "Go on," said the others.
 "Well, when I got to the end of the route I told my story, the driver backed me up, and the collector agreed that if there was a five dollar gold piece in the box I should have it."
 The story teller paused.
 "Well, did you get it?"
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