



—Constitutional amendments can't hope to get established in a day. Think of the Ten Commandments.

—There are so many different kinds of golf championship that any one who keeps track of them all isn't likely to have much time left for playing the game.

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THE NOVELETTE

A WINNER OF PRIZES

(By H. Irving King)

Charles Macklin had just won a cup at polo. His yacht had won a race that season in the twenty-foot class, Corinthian crews, and Charles was proportionately puffed up. There were no shrinking violets mingled with the victor's bays worn by Charles Macklin. He was now expatiating to Clara Fountain upon his latest victory.

"Why, Clara," he said at last, "you don't seem to care whether I won the cup or not. What is the matter? You were pleased enough when I won the yacht race."

"Yes," replied Clara, "and I am glad you won the polo cup. But I have been thinking lately—beginning to see things in a different light."

"Why—why," stammered Charles in alarm, "you haven't ceased to love me, have you?"

"No," replied Clara, "but I am beginning to wish—or forgive me, Charlie—but I am beginning to wish I had loved a different sort of man."

Charles gasped, speechless with astonishment. He—the triumphant yachtsman, the victorious polo player, the young millionaire fairly mobbed by mothers with marriageable daughters; the socially impeccable, the morally correct!

Clara went on: "I mean that you don't accomplish anything worth while. You win yacht and polo matches, but in the larger affairs of the world, in the real business of life, in the things which really count—what part do you play? In commerce, literature, the arts and sciences, public life you have no part at all. You did not even accumulate the money you spend—it was left to you."

"Great Scott!" cried Charles. "What do you want me to do? I am not silly enough to think I can write a book or paint a picture. I never was much of a sharp in the scientific line at college, but if you say so I'll go in for bacteriology or electricity, or something of that sort. They can't be very difficult, judging by some of the johnnies I've seen messing with 'em."

Clara laughed. "That shows how little you really know about such things, said she. "We'll skip the arts and sciences—but why not go in for politics? There is a great field for a young man like you in American politics today. Look at—" And she named several young men of wealth and social position who had gone into politics and made their reputations—

The idea caught Macklin's fancy at once. "By Jove!" cried he, "great idea. Thanks for those words of wisdom, Miss Clara Fountain, I'll show you whether I amount to anything or not. Salute the next Governor." And Clara made her salute—one, two, three kisses.

"Just as soon as you succeed, Charles," said she, "we will be married. No need to wait until you are Governor—I will be content to be State Senator Macklin's lady." Macklin's announcement that he was going in for politics was felt by John Henry Parmlee, the district boss of Macklin's party, to be a special intervention in his behalf of whatever gods there be that preside over the devious ways of political bosses.

A little deal was on by which the State senatorship from the district was to be swapped by Parmlee's party—which was strong enough in the Senate to get along without it—for certain concessions with regard to the city ticket.

As a matter of fact, Parmlee's war chest was in anything but a plethoric condition anyway. So when Macklin, with his millions behind him, announced to the boss that he was about to rip things wide open in the political world, Parmlee could have hugged him.

Macklin was nominated on the regular ticket for State Senator and they faked up a reform party out of respectable imbeciles and disreputable political discards which endorsed Macklin's nomination.

"I've got them on the run," the enthusiastic Charles told his admiring Clara. "Get your wedding dress ready and pick out a house at the capital for next winter."

At last came the election. As Charles, at his headquarters that night, read the returns as they came clicking in on the private wire, his wonder almost overpowered his dismay.

Not a cog had slipped. "I had a wild idea that I was running for office," said Macklin. "But was mistaken—the other fellow was doing the running; I was standing still."

One of the boss' henchmen who was disgruntled at not getting a certain job he had asked for and who, rather liked Macklin, "put him wise" as to what had happened to him. "Played you for a sucker, sir," said the henchman, and explained. Clara came to see the defeated candidate, full of love and sympathy.

"Never mind, dear," said she, "if

you have lost the senatorship you have won Clara Fountain—and I am not as important as the senatorship?" "A thousand times more important," replied Charles, "but I intend to have you both—you first of-course. Come and sit on my knee and let's

talk about the wedding." "And you will leave horrid old politics alone, won't you?" asked Clara. "Not much, I don't," said Charles, "but I shall get into the next campaign with my eyes open. Whom are you going to have for bridesmaids?"

—Citizens of Oxford may well be divided into two classes—those who are paying for autos and those who are dodging them.

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