

THE SKIDS UNDER ELMER

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Mind is Master of the Body

but a well-trained body is more easily managed than an ill-trained one.

The mind has more time to engage in the higher pursuits of life when the body is running smoothly.

Wear

O'Sullivan's HEELS OF New Live Rubber.

Keep the body in smooth running order, and save the brain from unnecessary jars and jolts, just as you save the automobile and its occupants by using rubber tires.

These heels are made of new *live* rubber with the spring in it. The mechanical action of walking becomes a pleasure and a source of benefit both to body and mind.

Your body can do more work with less effort; your mind can accomplish more without fatigue.

Worn by efficient, quiet people everywhere.

Say "O'Sullivan's" to your shoemaker and

Walk on Easy Street!

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of these New York people; but I haven't succeeded yet. Would you like to go West and work in Detroit?"

"Oh, I could not think of it! My mother would not want to leave New York."

"H'm. I don't suppose you realize," he ventured, "that I am neck over heels in love with you; that I was in love with you the first day I ever saw you."

"Oh!" the girl gasped. She was frightened, and blushed deep red. "I don't think—I don't think you ought to speak to me like that, Mr. Daye—not in business hours. I came down here to try and earn some money in a way that I thought was honorable. I think you are taking unfair advantage as an employer—"

"Well, perhaps I am, Rose; but we are going to be friends just the same, and we are going to see more of each other, and I am going to prove my case some day and let you see that I am a decent enough man to deserve your love. When I win that wager of three hundred dollars tonight, instead of blowing the crowd, I am going to salt it away in the bank toward a home—"

"Oh, Blub, you are wanted up in the pressroom in a hurry. Someone on the long distance," a man interrupted.

AT seven that evening Daye attended a dinner of the Automobile Club, and two hours later rushed back to the Palace to make final preparations for the sensational wedding. At ten he sent Sanson, one of the staff, with a cab for the bride and groom. Blub's dismay can be imagined when Sanson returned at eleven-thirty and said the affair would have to be called off; for the couple had backed out some two hours before, had got married privately, and skipped to Paterson, New Jersey. Blub nearly went crazy. He had assured all the newspaper boys that the event was not to be a fake, but would positively take place. Now he would be branded as a faker and hopelessly queered.

Blub retired to the screened off portion of the booth. He threw his head and arms on top of the desk, completely disgusted. It was too late now to hunt for substitutes. The crowd was already gathered outside the booth awaiting the grand performance. President Somers had just arrived in New York, and would be at the show in a few minutes. Blub would receive an awful calling down, and lose his three-hundred-dollar bet besides.

Then Rose Standish heard of Daye's plight. She went to him and placed a dainty hand on his shoulder. "Mr. Daye," she said, "I am so sorry to hear that you have fallen down on this. I should really like to tell you something; but you would misunderstand me. It is something that might be well for you to know; but—oh, you would misunderstand me dreadfully!"

"Go ahead. Out with it! I won't misunderstand you. Tell me plainly what it is," he answered wearily.

"It's this: Your failure tonight hurts me as much as if it does you. You do not know how interested I have been in all your clever little stunts and triumphs this last week, and in your work. This afternoon you said some things to me. Oh, Mr. Daye, it's an awfully nifty thing for a girl to ask a man to support her for life; but under the circumstances, if I thought I could save the day for you by an honorable marriage, I'd marry you tonight, much as I hate the publicity. It's an awful proposition to make; but that's how much I love you, Blub. Have you got the nerve? Now, don't misunderstand—"

"Rose! Do you mean it? Hey, Sanson, Culver, tell the doctor to get ready! The bride and groom have arrived! The veil is upstairs. Rose, come up and get it on. You're a gem!"

WHEN the agony was over and the bride and groom had marched back to the anteroom, President Somers rushed up to the couple and congratulated them for their colossal nerve. He had been told some things about the bride, and his praise to her was hearty and sincere.

"Sorry I could not follow out your instructions, Mr. Somers," said Blub. "Here's the telegram I got from you. I found 'Rosie'; but I don't understand the rest of it, about the cripples."

The president of the company looked at it and roared; then, taking a yellow sheet from his pocket, he handed it to Daye, saying, "Here's the copy of the one I sent."

Get roses with big ribbons for ladies at Club Fête and at Auto Show. See that they are given proper treatment—best possible. Make big display of them.

When the two messages were compared there was vociferous laughter all round. Presently Blub said, "Come, Rose, get ready to dodge the rice."

India, and Mexico, as well as steam heated New York, planted on the top of a New England hill, with a baby blizzard gettin' in its fine work. No wonder most of 'em decided to hit the feathers early and forget it. I know I was one of the first to break away, and all I was hopin' was that it would turn to rain.

IT didn't, though. It was the busiest kind of a snowstorm, and next mornin' when we looks out the State of Connecticut was givin' a good imitation of a frosted cake, and thick frostin' at that. Must have rained a little along towards the last, and then froze up solid; for everything outside was glistenin' and the sun just breakin' through the clouds.

And you never saw a grouchier lot than the bunch that struggled in to breakfast. Wow! They was sore on everything, specially Pinckney and the weather. First they'd inspect the looks of things outdoors, and then they'd turn peevish on Pinckney.

"But this is terrible!" remarks Señor Del Riano. "One might as well be in prison."

"My soul freezes at sight of it. Ugh!" observes the Countess.

"I say, though," demands Prince Ranji, "what is it one does in such weather?"

"Why, we'll play bridge. Ha, ha!" says Pinckney.

"From now until midnight?" asks Tucker Belmont. "Bah!"

By the middle of the forenoon it was almost a mutiny. All they'd do was to stand around and growl at the snow.

"Gee! what a sour lot!" says I to Sadie. "Me for the attic."

THAT'S why I was prowlin' around up in our room investigatin'. There's a French window openin' onto a little veranda; so I steps out, and discovers that the wind has heaped up a big drift almost level with the low eaves. The veranda must have been used as a sleepin' porch once; for in the corner is one of these bed hammocks that's been left out by accident, mattress and all. It's an iron frame hammock, made of inch-and-a-half gas piping, with the sides turned up at each end. You've seen 'em? But it never struck me before how much they could look like a sled.

"Well, well!" says I, gazin' from the hammock to the snowbank. "I wonder if it would work? It might break the monotony, if nothing more."

Three minutes later I've buckled my trouser bottoms into a pair of storm overshoes, got into a thick sweater, and am out there unhookin' the hammock. There was just room to balance the thing on the edge of the roof, and the drop to the drift was only about a foot.

"Here goes, anyhow!" says I, givin' a shove with one foot and grabbin' the mattress.

And, say, talk about your happy boyhood days! That ride beat any coastin' I'd ever had. The hard freeze on the damp snow had made a crust like so much sheet ice, and, with the steep pitch of the roof and the long slope of the hill to help, me and the hammock got a motion on that was some rapid, believe me! Zip-zip-zip! I goes for a good half-mile, before I brings up at a level space off in the next township somewhere. Maybe you never tried hammock tobogganin'? Well, it's all to the hip-hip. I hustles back towin' the thing, and my first move is to call for Sadie.

"Hey! Get your mink coat on and come try this!" says I.

She's a game sport, Sadie is, or she wouldn't have taken the chance; for, with her weight added to mine, maybe we didn't whizz some.

"Whe-e-e!" says she, as we takes the first jounce. "Oh, my, Shorty! but isn't this gorgeous?"

"It's a gloom dispeller, all right," says I. "I'll have to let Pinckney in on it next."

"By Jove, Shorty!" says he after one trial, "you're a genius. We'll make a toboggan carnival out of this. But we need some more hammocks. I'll order them at once."

You should have heard him, too, askin' this backwoods central for the nearest hammock shop! He fin'ly gets an information operator who puzzles out what he wants and connects him with Jewett's store, down to the Corners.

"Get a few sheets of sandpaper, too," I suggests, "so we can polish up the runners."

"Yes, that's right," he calls into the transmitter. "Six bed hammocks, those absurd ones with the iron frames, and a quire of your best sandpaper. Hurry them right up, please."

While we're waitin' we took turns initiatin' the rest of the crowd into the new game. Course, the two young ladies was

ready for any kind of sport; but Señor Del Riano and the Countess Colonna hung back at first. They come to it, though, after they'd watched the others a few times, and on her second trip the Countess was lettin' out the merry yelps with the best of 'em. She's a gray haired, heavyweight, dignified old girl, too.

With only one hammock, though, there was a lot of time spent standin' around; so the sound of approachin' sleighbells was welcomed with a whoop.

"That must be the man from the shop," says Pinckney. "Let's see what he's brought."

SURE enough, up the drive comes a delivery sleigh with an old white horse plowin' weary through the drifts, and pretty soon out steps a tall, red checked, steady eyed young gent who stares at the reception committee some astonished.

"Who was it ordered the hammocks?" says he, lookin' us over suspicious.

"By Jove, though!" exclaims Pinckney, pushin' to the front. "Why, it's Elmer Jewett, isn't it?"

"Gosh!" says Elmer. "You, eh?"

And it turns out he used to live on a farm next to the place Pinckney's folks had for a summer home up in the Berkshires; also that him and Pinckney used to swim and fish and eat green apples together, but they hadn't seen each other since they was boys.

"Bashful as ever, eh, Elmer?" asks Pinckney, seein' him shy at sight of the young ladies.

"Aw, quit it now!" says Elmer, colorin' up and hurryin' on to change the subject. "Thought someone must be plumb lunny, orderin' hammocks at this time of year; but if I'd known it was you—well, what do you want of 'em?"

He wouldn't believe it, though, until he'd seen it tried, and then he grinned from ear to ear. "Well, I swanny!" says he. "Just the thing for crust coastin', though. Only had four in stock; but I've got 'em all in the pump. I'll fetch 'em in."

He not only does that, but stands around to see the fun. Prince Ranji, who's only been a passenger so far, claims the first new one to come up, and picks out Miss Vera Colonna to ride with him. Not being up on tobogganing, he lets the thing slue around before they're hardly started, and the two of 'em are dumped.

"There! Clumsy!" says Miss Vera, pickin' herself up.

"Hey!" sings out Elmer. "You want to set on sideways and steer behind with your foot. See? This way!" and he gives an expert exhibition that sets Miss Vera to clappin' her hands.

"Oh, what a clever shopman!" says she. "And isn't he good looking? No, no, Prince! I shall ride with Monsieur Jewett next time."

"Fine!" says Pinckney. "That is, if he'll take you."

"Pooh!" says Miss Vera. "You'll see!"

We did, too. She's some queen, Vera is, —one of these slim, graceful young women, with big, dark eyes, and all kinds of sparkle and ginger to her. She's half French, I hear, and the other half Italian, which is some hot combination to spring on a corn fed young gent like Elmer.

Anyway, when she marches up and takes him by the arm, and asks coaxin' if he won't take her for a really good slide, and turns loose on him the full effects of them Paris trained eyes—well, it was a one-round knockout, with Elmer pinked up like the label on a tomato can. Off they went, a native Prince of India stardin' one side watchin' 'em gloomy.

THAT first trip was only the beginnin', too. From then on Miss Colonna, from Rome, and Elmer Jewett, from Bethany Corners, was paired up reg'lar, and it wa'n't long before you'd see 'em come tuggin' back up the slope hand in hand, chatterin' away like old friends.

Mostly, though, we was all too busy whoopin' things up ourselves to pay much attention; for, with hammocks enough to go around, what had looked like a perfectly punk house party a short time before had been turned into one of the liveliest, jolliest, noisiest affairs I ever saw a mixed crowd like that indulge in. We had races that was as excitin' as anything ever run off in Madison Square Garden; we stumped each other takin' jumps over stone walls; and Pinckney distinguishes himself by ridin' all the way down standin' up like a circus performer.

And in the midst of it I guess Elmer and the young lady from Rome got more or less well acquainted. It was just as hunch had been announced, and Elmer had made up his