A SPECIAL SOLID TRAIN CONSISTING OF 61 CAR LOADS OF 126 BUICK AUTOMOBILES FOR THE LEVMAN-BUICK CO., CINCINNATI. TOTAL VALUE $211,220.00. THE FREIGHT CHARGES ALONE AMOUNTING TO OVER $1,000. THIS IS THE LARGEST SINGLE SHIPMENT OF AUTOMOBILES EVER MADE TO A DEALER IN THE UNITED STATES EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

HER LITTLE GAME

By LOUISE OLNEY.

Adela rose in her gray mood that dates itself and all the world unfortunately the mirror was the first thing she looked at and she stared. Surely at only twenty-seven she need not look so drawn and old and sad. She turned away and setting her jaw her glance armed herself with towels soap and toothbrush and prepared to wait for her turn at the lodging-house bath. Her natural fastidiousness made her hate the ordeal soon bath. If she could have a home of her own, however humble, she would have been satisfied. Sad expectations!

As she waited on the stairs for the opening and shutting of the bath room door Maude Furman, city bred salesg. her eyes drowsy, her tall of golden hair over her fine kimonoed shoulder. Joined her. Maude was fleet like a baby after a nap. She was pretty, but trivial empty selfish, calculating. She looked Adela over a bit jaundicedly.

"Say," she remarked, suddenly thrusting out her left hand to show a new ring set with a chip diamond. "I'm goin to get married. What do you think about it? You see, I am tired of this life awful. I'm sick of it. Yuh sorta lose your self-respect, you know, bein made meat in an office. I can say I'd rather have work than anybody in the world but I'm sick of it. I'm sick of the boarding-house and the lonesome life and how I've got a right. I'll have a place to stay and something to eat without worry, and I'll have a good board bills. A girl's got to look out for her future."

Adela looked the girl over thoughtfully. Maude laughed. Her face in quiet woman usually ten year her senior.

"Say," she advised Adela, do you know you're awful pretty when you look I ever was? Trouble is you don't know it and use your looks. Now don't look so scared. I'm not sore. You're around. You might look little yourself and you'd be a knock-out. Just wait here that's her little game. Don't you see? Well, I'm sorry I told you this minute. You'd like it if you've got some one to look out for you if you'd loosen up your hair and powder a little and put on a pink kimono. Mr. Howe—I couldn't make him look at me—I don't care—he's awful set on married but