

Married By Accident

By ANNA BENNETT

As Fred Carleton pushed impetuously through the dispersing crowd on the platform and swung himself aboard the moving train, Margaret suppressed an exclamation of dismay.

Her face was flushed, there were dark circles beneath her eyes, and the lids were red and swollen. He must not see that she had been crying. And hastily setting her hat straight she turned, her face toward the window.

At her seat he hesitated, as if he would ask permission to occupy the vacant place beside her, but after one look at her motionless figure he sat down without speaking.

Margaret fought down a desire to scream aloud. It was hard enough to have been married against her will, but to have her husband force his society upon her, when it was impossible to escape him without a scene, was unbearable.

She had refused only two days ago. Today he was her husband! She closed her eyes and saw it all again. Kittle Guthrey's parlor, the dozen young people assembled there, dressed in the quaint, old-fashioned clothes Kittle had dragged from an attic trunk; while from the doorway, the round, jolly face of the justice, Kittle's father, beamed upon them.

They had been playing charades and Margaret, wearing Kittle's grandmother's white satin wedding gown, veil and wreath of faded orange blossoms, had been the central figure in a tableau. Then, as one in a dream, she had found herself taking part in a marriage service. Mechanically she had repeated her responses, vaguely conscious of the girl's giggling and the boys' broad grins, but with a dim sense of awe, as the justice repeated the solemn words of the ceremony.

Perhaps it had been only a dream. Perhaps there was no license, nor justice, nor ceremony; and she was still free.

Opening her eyes suddenly her glance fell upon the hand which lay upon the window sill. There was the ring which Fred had placed on her finger, a plain gold band, which he had detached from his watch guard. Once he had told her that it was his mother's wedding ring.

She clenched her hands and stared at the flying landscape. Her anger against the man beside her rose in turbulent waves, submerging all other feelings. Why had he taken such a mean advantage? She would not have believed he could do it. How triumphant he must feel.

She stole a glance at his face, and was obliged to admit that he did not look at all triumphant. On the contrary, he seemed depressed and gloomy. His unseeing gaze rested upon the shiny bald head of the man in front of him. He seemed oblivious of his surroundings. Margaret stifled a feeling of pity, and steered her heart against his troubled face.

"Why did you do it?" she asked, aloud, without turning her head. "Do you suppose that because you have trapped me into marriage, you can compel me to live with you? Perhaps you thought of kidnapping me, and confining me in a tower!"

Her low, well-modulated tones, vibrating with scorn, broke the intolerable silence as a sharp knife cuts a taut cord.

"Is it possible that you believe I am responsible for what happened last night?" Carleton's voice expressed pained surprise. "I knew you did not love me, but I thought I still retained your respect. If you had waited a moment longer, you would have known that I had no part in the plot which turned our frivolous play into sober reality. At first I was too bewildered to understand that the license was genuine and the marriage legal. And when I would have rushed after you, the boys held me while Morris explained. It was all a wretched, practical joke, which he and Williams had planned. Supposing that we were engaged, they thought we would relish the idea of an impromptu marriage, as much as they did."

The conductor was making his rounds. Carleton handed him his own and Margaret's tickets, and frowned absently at him until he had passed. The energetic trainboy came and went, followed by the pompous negro porter. The sonorous snoring of the bald-headed man rose above the rumble of the train and the subdued murmur of voices.

Margaret's face was still averted, but a restless movement betrayed her impatience with the rest of Carleton's story.

"They had no trouble in getting the license," he continued. "Grant, the county clerk, has known most of the boys in our crowd since we were little shavers. When they said I was out of town and had sent them for the license, he believed them."

"Of course, they told Kittle, so that she could manage you. But neither Squire Guthrey nor the others knew that it was to be more than a mock marriage. The squire says the ceremony is binding, but we can easily set it aside."

Margaret moved uneasily, but gave no other sign that she had heard. Carleton's gaze wandered across the aisle to the chubby, black-eyed baby who was crying so vigorously that conversation was impossible. The savage frowns of the sour-faced drummer behind him frightened the child into violent screams. At last,

with a stick of candy purchased from the train boy, his mother bribed him into silence.

"For your sake I am sorry," Carleton said softly, "but for myself I have no regrets. To that fun-loving crowd the service which Squire Guthrey performed was only a farce improvised to afford amusement for the moment. To me it seemed sacrilegious, yet as I repeated my part it had all the sacredness of reality. At that moment I would have given all I possessed if I could have made the words true. When I knew they were really true, my first feeling was one of gladness. And even though the law should separate us tomorrow, I should always be glad that for one brief day you were my wife."

The monotonous rumbling which had rendered their conversation private, suddenly ceased. The train had stopped at a rural station. A little old lady, laden with bundles, hurried eagerly down the aisle. As the door closed behind her Margaret idly turned her attention to the station. On the platform stood a tall, white-haired man, whose wrinkled face was aglow with joy as he held out his arms. A moment later he had clasped the little old lady close to his heart. There was a peaceful, satisfied look on her face as she followed her husband to the waiting buggy. The eyes watching at the car window filled with tears. Again the wedding refrain, "Till death do us part," sounded in her ears.

The train was moving, and the old man and the little old lady were soon left far behind. The sun burst through a rift in the clouds and miniature rainbows danced before Margaret's eyes. She hastily lowered the blind, but still kept her face turned toward the window.

"It is fortunate that your visit ended today, and that business calls me to Chicago. Your aunt and uncle will suspect nothing. All the folks who were at Kittle's last night have promised to keep silent until I give them permission to speak. No one else need ever know, for the marriage can be annulled without publicity. Even the gossips who predicted our union will soon forget all about us, when we are both gone." His spiritless tones trailed off into silence, and he resumed his moody contemplation of the bald head in front of him.

"I do not wish a divorce," said Margaret, abruptly.

"I have heard you say you do not believe in legal separation," he said. "Neither do I. But in our case one could hardly call it a divorce. By the testimony of the witnesses it will be proved that we did not intend the ceremony to be binding. The law will cancel the marriage and you will be free. I will go away and the whole affair will be only a memory."

"Why should you go away?" she asked faintly.

"Of course it isn't necessary that I should go. But it would not be easy to live within 40 miles of the woman I love, when the law has put her as far out of my reach as though an ocean divided us. You would not want to see me after you are free."

"Suppose I do not want to be free?"

Her voice trembled, but he was too miserable to notice it.

"You must not remain bound to a man you do not love, because of a sense of duty. You are young, and will probably live many years. Some time the right man will come; when he does, you will marry him and be happy."

"And you?" she asked gently, with a furtive glance at his grave, sad face.

"Oh, it doesn't matter about me. I hope I am man enough not to wreck my life because happiness is denied me. You know I don't wish freedom, but I want you to be happy." He sighed wearily and turned his head away from her.

The canary belonging the elderly spinster who sat behind them suddenly broke forth into a song so joyous that the black-eyed baby clapped his hands and laughed aloud. And at that moment Margaret's heart began to sing, too. The puffing locomotive, the rumbling car wheels, the canary and the baby's laugh all seemed to join in shouting the refrain, "Till death do us part."

"Fred," she murmured turning her radiant face toward him. "I do not need to wait for the right man."

Fred looked at her incomprehendingly.

"Don't you understand, dear boy? If we had not been married by accident I might never have known that the right man had come!"

As he looked into her luminous eyes the shadows fled from his face. Unmindful of his surroundings, he kissed his wife's lips.

"There's gwine to be a weddin' soon, if dis child knows anything about it," chuckled the porter, nudging the grinning train boy.

"Aw, go long!" exclaimed the train boy, with a backward glance at Carleton's happy face. "Can't you tell a bride and groom when you see 'em? I know they didn't come on the train together; and there ain't any rice stickin' in their hair, nor any white ribbons tied to their grips. But I tell you, they're on their honeymoon! You can't fool me!" He backed out of the car, winking knowingly at the passengers.

Everybody laughed, even the sour-faced drummer. The canary sang as if it would burst its tiny throat. And the black-eyed baby suddenly reached his hands toward blushing Margaret.

His Theory.

"Why do you want to take sides in a feud that doesn't concern you? You run great risks."

"I know I do, pard. But it's safer than being an innocent bystander."

BALL GAME HASN'T IMPROVED

At Any Rate, Roger Connor and Dan Brouthers, Former League Stars, Don't Think So.

Among the spectators at the Polo grounds the other day was Roger Connor, for many years first baseman of the Giants. Connor is silver-haired now, but still is a powerful fellow physically. He is a property owner up in Waterbury, Conn. Connor and the veteran, Dan Brouthers, once the National league's biggest hitter, had an argument that revived old memories.

"I can't see where the game has improved, Dan," said Connor. "In fact, I don't believe there's anybody in baseball today, not excepting Lajoie, Cobb, Wagner and others who can hit the ball any harder than we did."

"That's been my argument all along," replied Brouthers. "And furthermore, the pitchers and fielders aren't a bit better. You don't see any greater stars than Ewing, Keefe, Clarkson, Ward, Anson, Hardie Richardson, Radbourne, Kelly and Williamson, do you?"

"You can bet your life on that!" said Connor with a grim smile. Connor first became famous as first baseman of the Troys. He began playing with the Giants in 1886 and remained with them until the season of 1894, when John M. Ward, then manager, replaced him at the initial sack with Jack Doyle. It was a hard blow to Roger, who shortly after had decided to go into retirement. But he's followed the fortunes of the New Yorks ever since and is a thirty-third degree bug.

NOTED JOCKEY DROPS RACING

Walter Miller Retires From Saddle and Goes Into Business in New York—His Career.

Walter Miller, the famous American jockey, has decided to drop racing and has gone into business in New York city. Miller considered the feasibility of becoming a trainer and decided against the scheme because he does not think the condition of racing today would justify him in devoting his time to such a pursuit.

Miller has the wherewithal to finance a good business enterprise and has taken his brother as a partner.

He was never a roysterer spendthrift off the race track. Unlike most of the successful jockeys of his time, Miller did not come from either Canada or the west. He is a New Yorker, born and bred a product of the upper East side.

Miller began riding when only a mite of a boy and became successful. His first important engagement was with the Newcastle stable and under the guidance of Thomas Welsh. He was the leading jockey of 1906 and 1907. In the former year he won 388 races and in the latter 334.

From one end of the country to the other Miller has ridden race horses and everywhere he is popular because



he was always polite, obliging and honest. It has been said of Jimmy McLaughlin and George Odom that the breath of scandal was never raised against them. The same may be said of Walter Miller.

This young man went abroad a couple of seasons back because increasing weight made it impossible for him to find employment in this

ONE OF THE ATHLETIC STARS.



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Jack Coombs, Pitcher.

One of the best pitchers in the American league is Jack Coombs of the Athletics. He has a drop ball which has repeatedly fooled the best batters in the American league and his efforts helped the Athletics in a large measure to win the American league pennant and the world's championship. Coombs is another college man who has made good in baseball. He is a graduate of Colby college and has been in the big leagues since 1906, when he joined the Athletics. In his

very first year Coombs established a record for himself when he pitched a twenty-four-inning game against Boston.

Regatta on Patapsco.

Plans are under way to form a southern amateur rowing association of oarsmen from clubs located in Washington, D. C., Virginia and Maryland and the national association will be asked to sanction a regatta on the Patapsco river, Baltimore, Aug. 5.

MACK HAS HIS FIRST SALARY

Mother of Leader of Athletics Says He Deposited it in Bank and It Is There Yet.

Connie Mack's mother, while awaiting the return of her "peerless leader" the other day, became reminiscent of Connie's past.

"I recall the time we lived in East Brookfield, Mass.," she said. "My son had been playing baseball and they all said he was a fine catcher. Then he went to work in a bootshop. One day he laid down his tools and told his employer he was going to play baseball to the exclusion of all other methods of making a living. The first money he made that way was deposited in a bank in Meriden, Conn., and it is there yet."

Mrs. McGillicuddy declared Connie always was a most indulgent son.

Catcher Schmidt is Fighter.

Charles Schmidt, Detroit American league catcher, made his debut as a prizefighter the other night at Fort Smith, Ark., gaining the decision over Jimmy McDonald of Denver, after ten rounds of hard fighting before the Arkansas Athletic club. Schmidt had the advantage over McDonald from the start, flooring him four times and forcing him to the ropes repeatedly. Schmidt weighed in at 178 pounds and his opponent at 158.

England has lost a good athlete through the departure of E. H. Monaghan for South Nigeria, winner of the 1907 quarter-mile championship and holder of the British record of 1 minute 11 seconds for 600 yards.

"BOUNCE BALL" THE LATEST

New Exercise for Out-of-Condition Business Men Invented by Gymnasium Physical Director.

By the invention of a new gymnasium game—"bounce ball"—Dr. E. W. White, physical director at the Illinois Athletic club, claims to have solved the problem of exercise for out-of-condition business men. The game resembles volleyball, in that the ball used is the same and a similar net is used, but "bounce ball," Doctor White says, has the faculty of making staid business men laugh, exercise and perspire at the same time, yet without realizing the fact that they are working.

The game can be played any place and the grounds are not limited to any certain measurement. In a gymnasium volleyball net is stretched across the middle of the floor and the players are evenly divided on either side. The ball used is the lightest size volleyball with skin cover. Service starts from the back line and the ball is knocked over the net into the opposing territory. The object is to return the ball before it hits the floor or before it has taken more than one bounce. Each player, however, is entitled to one bounce of the ball before it is returned.

EVANS PLANS TRIP ABROAD

American Golfer Announces Intention of Going of Scotland to Compete for English Title.

Another American golfer is going abroad. The latest one to announce his intention of trying his skill on the other side of the Atlantic is Charles (Chick) Evans of the Edgewood Golf club of Chicago, holder of the western open title. Evans plans to compete in the British amateur championships to be held on the Prestwick links, Scotland, May 29 to June 3. Evans is conceded to be one of the greatest golfers ever developed in this country. As Fred Herreshoff and



"Chick" Evans.

John Anderson have also announced their intention of going abroad, America will be well represented in the event.

Urge One-Man Coach Plan.

Pop Warner, Cornell, '94, is out with a statement advocating a return by the Cornell football team to the one-man coaching system, and urges that Dan Reed, head coach last fall, be placed in charge of the team for a term of years, with absolute power and the right to choose his own assistants. Warner formerly was head coach at Cornell and now is in charge of athletics at Carlisle.

OFFICIAL AMERICAN LEAGUE SCHEDULE, 1911

AT CHICAGO	AT ST. LOUIS	AT DETROIT	AT CLEVELAND	AT WASHINGTON	AT PHILADELPHIA	AT NEW YORK	AT BOSTON
THIS	APRIL 16, 17, 18, 19 June 20, 21, 22, 23 Sept. 11, 12, 13	APRIL 12, 13, 14, 15 June 18 July (4), (4), 5 Aug. 12 Sept. 3, 9	MAY 2, 3, 4, 6 June 23, 24, 25, 26 July 1 Sept. (4), (4), 5	JUNE 10, 12, 13 Aug. 2, 3, 4, 5 Sept. 19, 20, 21, 22	JUNE 14, 15, 16, 17 Aug. 7, 8, 9, 10 Sept. 15, 16, 18	JUNE 6, 7, 8, 9 July 23, 24, 25, 26 Sept. 22, 23, 25, 26	JUNE 1, 2, 3, 5 July 25, 26, 27 Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24
ST. LOUIS	PAPER	APRIL 27					