

## Prize Story

### "THERE ARE OTHERS"

IT WAS a cold, bleak December day; a wild snow storm was raging outside. The blinding snow and the terrible wind blew along the people who were on the streets as if they were feathers.

George Walton sat in his office looking dejectedly out of the window. He wanted a wife. A wife! And none was available. Just how he would get one he did not know. But a wife he must have and a wife he would get. The more he thought on the subject the more desolate he became. Suddenly his face brightened. Why hadn't he thought of it before? People advertised for stenographers and bookkeepers, and even hired girls! Why not a wife? He became suddenly determined. He would put a personal in the paper.

At five o'clock a quite different looking young man left the office than had entered it at one. He went at once to the "Times" office where he entered his personal. From here he went to his bachelor apartments on 123rd Street. They seemed more desolate than ever, on this terrible stormy night. He waited for several days but he received no answer, and was beginning to get discouraged.

On the following evening, Wilhelmina Williams, passing through the library, picked up the evening "Times," and began casually glancing through it. She discovered the personal. She read it through once, then twice, surely it sounded all right! "It sounds like an adventure," said Billy. "I believe I'll answer it. It can do no harm. But I must keep quiet and not let mother find me out, or, woe unto me! I'm so tired of all the fellows in our set. They are so tiresome." Miss Billy was a girl who enjoyed something lively.

Young Walton had almost forgotten about his personal after several days' time, since he had received no answer. But one day at the end of the week he received a letter. "Who could it be from!" he thought. It was decidedly feminine. But he had no women correspondents. He at last managed to open it. At first he sat and stared at it. But after he read it through he broke into a hearty laugh. "To think I have received an answer to my personal." He sat down at once at his desk and answered it; and as he expected, he again received an answer.

The correspondence continued about a month, when George decided it was about time he was seeing the girl he was fast falling in love with through her letters. On Tuesday evening he wrote her, and told her that he thought it was about time that they met. He said, "I am sending you a theater ticket for the Thursday matinee. Please be there and we will become acquainted."

Billy received the ticket and was much pleased. Surely he was nice, for he wrote such interesting letters. And now she was to meet him! She decided she would go, and if he didn't come up to her ideal, she would drop him.

On Thursday morning, the day the meeting was to take place, George sat in his office busily working. He was whistling softly under his breath. Suddenly the door opened and his friend, Clyde Mannering, stepped inside. "Why, hello, old man," said Walton, offering him a chair. "How are you?"

"Just fine, thank you," said Mannering. "And how are you? You are looking much better; it must be off your mind."

"What must be?" cried Walton, turning and facing him. "How did you know that there was anything on my mind?"

"Oh, anyone could see that there was, by your actions!"

"Well, I might just as well tell you," said Walton.

"Go to it, then," said Mannering.

"Well," began Walton, "I want a wife, so I just put my personal in the paper, and a peach of a girl answered it."

"But how do you know she is such a peach?" asked Mannering.

"Why, from the interesting letters she writes."

"A poor reason, a poor reason, but continue," said Mannering.

"And now I have sent her a theatre ticket, and I am to meet her this afternoon, so we can become acquainted," said Walton.

"Great Scott, man! This will never do. You know nothing about this girl. You must let me go in your place," said Mannering. "I am a married man and it will look more proper for me to go. However, I will not tell Edith, she would think it a piece of foolishness." After much persuasion, Walton gave Mannering the ticket, after which he left.

About two o'clock in the afternoon as Billy Williams was dressing for the occasion, her maid brought her a card. Hurriedly glancing at the card, she saw it was one of her best friends. "Bring her up here, Marie, as I am in a hurry to finish dressing." After the greetings, Billy told Mrs. Mannering that she was very sorry, that she was going out for the afternoon. "Oh! that makes no difference, I'll just accompany you," said Mrs. Mannering.

"But I'm going to the theatre," said Billy.

"Well, I would like to go, so I'll just go with you," said Edith.

"But I already have my ticket."

"We can easily have it changed for two seats together," said Mrs. Mannering.

"No, we can't, for I'm to meet a friend," said Billy.

"Well, she can sit with us."

"Oh! but it isn't a she, it's a he," almost sobbed Billy.

"Now, Billy," said Edith Mannering, "what is this all about? Who are you going to meet at the theatre?"

"Oh!" sighed Billy. "I must tell someone, so I will tell you, Edith. I answered a personal which I saw in the paper, and I am going to the theatre this afternoon to meet the man who entered it."

"My dear child, this is a scandalous affair. How long has this been going on?"

"About a month," sobbed Billy.

"Why, Billy, you know nothing at all about this man. He may be a terrible man. Anyway, I would think any man who put a personal in the paper would be a— It would not be proper for you to go to meet him."

"Well, what am I going to do? I've told him I would be there."

"The only thing you can possibly do, is to let me go in your place. Since I am a married woman it will be more proper for me to go. And I'll tell you what kind of a looking man he is, and all about him," said Mrs. Mannering. Soon she left triumphantly with the ticket in her possession.

Before two o'clock, Mr. Mannering sat in his seat anxiously waiting for the seat next him to be taken. But he waited in vain. Soon the surrounding seats began to fill up. A group of jolly girls came in and sat in the row in front of him. Suddenly he sat up, all the seats were taken except the one next to him. At three the curtain went up, and still the seat next him was vacant. But suddenly out of the quietness he heard a rustle of skirts. Yes! They were coming down the aisle. Now they stopped. And the seat next him was taken. He decided he would continue looking at the show a few minutes before he looked.