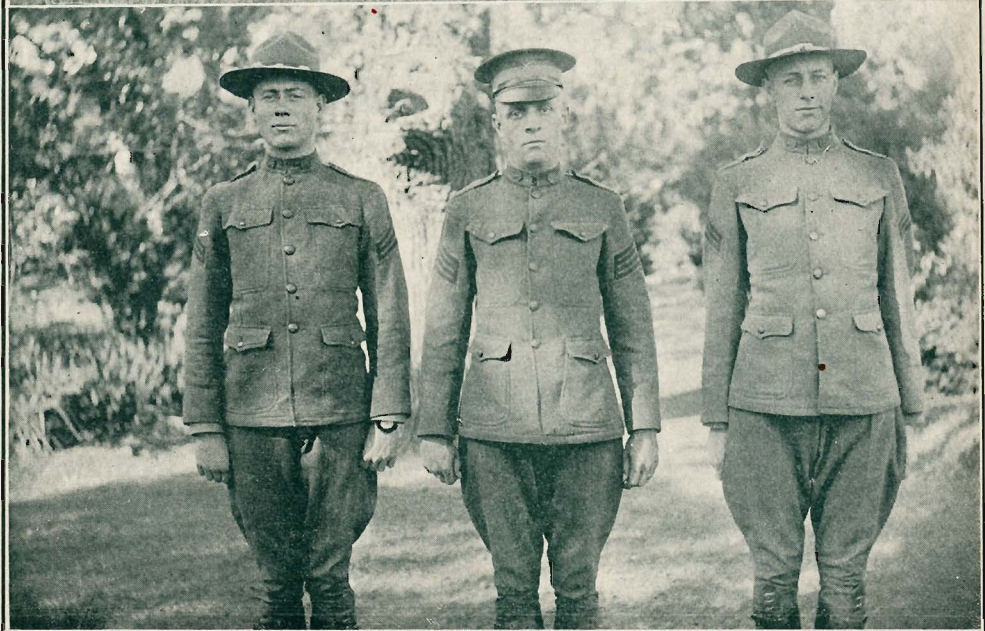
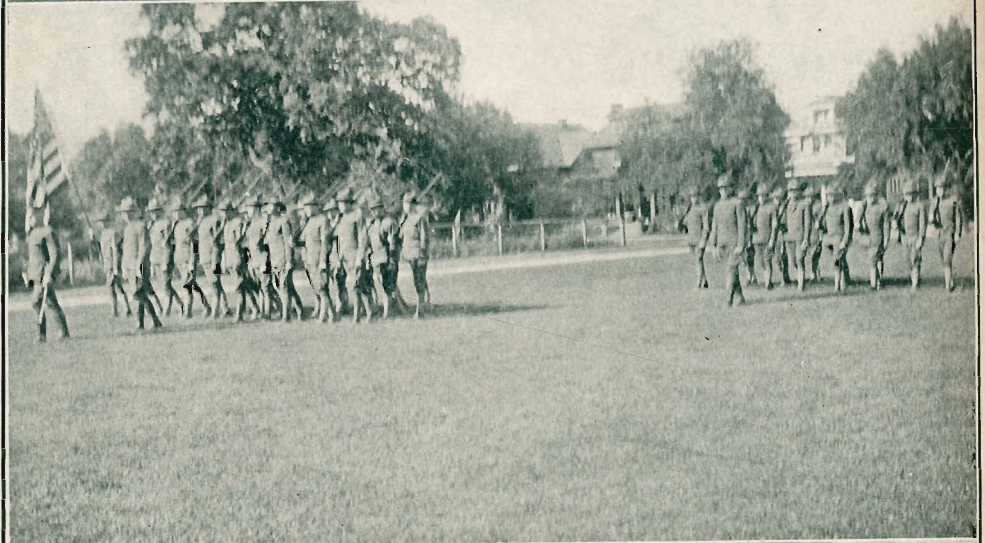
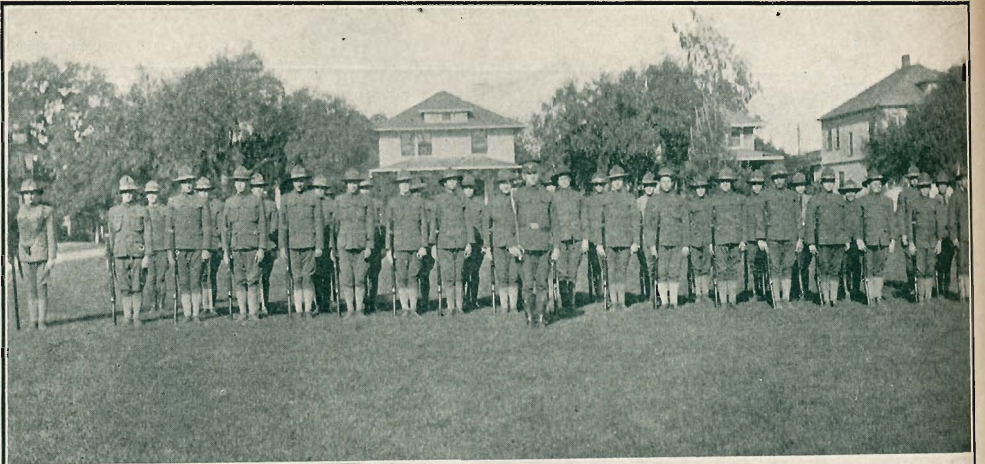


SWIMMING





THE CADET CORPS

Company, ATTENTION! Squads right, MARCH!

This is a familiar call at eight o'clock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, when off march the boys of Company 37, training to get the Kaiser's goat.

The first cadet company of Stockton High School was organized by Tom Louttit in April of 1917 and the present company began its career last September.

About fifty boys were enlisted, but for various reasons some of them have dropped out, while others have volunteered to fight for their country. The boys who have made this sacrifice are Harry Stiles, Lowell Stanley, Elten Hamilton and Jesse Adams.

Unfortunately the company has been without a drillmaster this year, and we have received only such drilling as could be obtained from drill books and an occasional visit of an army man. However, the boys have done very well and we are capable of executing all the movements of a company.

The local company has been very fortunate in its fields for drilling. The campus makes an excellent parade ground, and the armory was used to a good advantage last winter on cold and rainy days.

One day last April we received some very joyous news. A letter came from the adjutant general asking us to prepare for a state encampment of high school cadets at Sacramento.

A special car with transportation fees was provided by the Chamber of Commerce, and we boarded the car in high spirits, fully equipped for a week's outing.

Upon arrival in Sacramento we were taken to an ideal camping spot, where we pitched our tents and awaited further orders.

Each day we had a certain amount of work and drill, which included physical company battalion and regimental drill, and concluded each day's routine with an evening parade.

The amount of work and drill we did was offset by the excellent food, which was served by regular army cooks, who allowed us to come back for as many helpings as we wanted. We soon acquired army etiquette and did not hesitate to return for more.

At night entertainment was provided in the Y. M. C. A. tent. All sorts of stunts were carried out, namely, singing, rations, poetic recitations, boxing and wrestling. This continued until ten o'clock, when taps was sounded, which meant lights out and a good night's sleep(?).

The encampment lasted a week and when it was time to pull up stakes all agreed that it had been a wonderful experience, and we are already looking forward to the possible **twenty days** of camping **next year**.

This year's company has been repeatedly called upon to participate in public ceremonies and parades, and has responded in a very creditable manner. The one ambition of next year's officers is to have a battalion of two companies.

The boys who received commissions from the adjutant general were George Kuhn, captain; Delmar Stamper, first lieutenant; Roscoe Clowes, second lieutenant.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

With a wonderful record

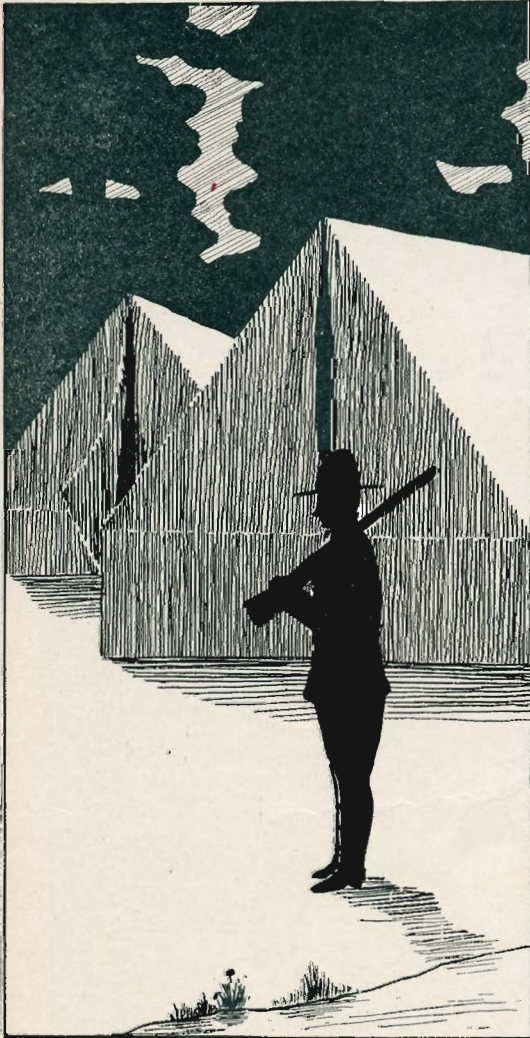


MISS HELEN MOORE

Who won the Girl's Cup as the
best all-around athlete



CADETS



DB



SWIMMING TEAM

THE DREAMER

His hands were worn and heavy,
But at his toil each day
He heard in dreams the music
His rough hands could not play.

His voice was harsh and rasping,
But at eve, on homeward way,
In his soul he heard the message
His dumb lips could not say.

But sadness came upon him,
For he thought that he dreamed in vain,
And, thinking thus, he slumbered,
Never to wake again.

But a spirit hovered o'er him,
And whispered in his ear,
"There's a land your soul has longed for,
And welcome are you here."

He strolled in fair green meadows,
Where cool, sweet flowers grew,
And the tall trees whispered
In the wind which gently blew.

And there he sang enraptured,
Playing with supple hand,
And every song he had loved in life
Was his, in this wondrous land.

—E. M. A., '18.



The non-commissioned officers were Chester Beane, first sergeant; Leslie Ellis, quartermaster; Francis Viebrock, sergeant; Harry Buckalew, sergeant; Curtis Sowerly, sergeant; Byron Ghent, corporal; Franklin Scott, corporal; B. Frankenheimer, corporal; and Vernon McCrary, corporal.

The boys who willingly obeyed commands as privates were Tom Bingham, Chas. Buckley, Albert Campbell, Tom Connelly, John DeMartini, Harry Dixon, Geo. Ellis, Halger Gormsen, Mark Hatch, Oscar Hanna, Ira Herbet, Elmer Lonsdale, Loring McCarty, Emerson Mikesell, Delbert Miller, Chas. Moffatt, John Oneto, John Patterson, Adolph Perano, Richard Reid, Theo. Tealdi, Alvin Tyler, Andrew Valberde, Robt. Vincent and L. DeMartini.

—Geo. M. Kuhn,
Captain of Cadets



“SENIOROSCOPE”

Name	Nickname
Agnes Bergithe Anderson..... Expression—"That's no business."	"Aggie" Ambition—To be a doctor of philosophy.
Delbert G. Anderson..... Expression—"Oh, Albert!"	"Dell" Ambition—? ?
Eleanor Andrews..... Expression—"Heck."	"Ellie" Ambition—To be a yeomanette.
Ethel May Atkinson..... Expression—"Oh, Boy!"	"Majesty" Ambition—Not to be mistaken for a queener.
Ruth Baldwin..... Expression—? ? ?	"Rufus" Ambition—To be a Red Cross nurse in France.
Zelda Battilana..... Expression—"Ain't cha luf me, darlinks?"	"Zel" Ambition—To keep my date for April 27, 1919.
Joe Baumel..... Expression—"Atta Boy!"	"Dugey" Ambition—Knock a homer off Red Robin- son.
Rhoda Beal..... Expression—"My conscience!"	"Billy" Ambition—To travel.
Martin Brent Jr..... Expression—"Fare-thee-well."	"Denny" Ambition—Own a large car.
Ted Behymer..... Expression—"I'm darn glad to get rid of that game."	"Ferdy" Ambition—To skin B. Frankenheimer.
Harvey Berry..... Expression—"Good-night."	"Hahvey" Ambition—"I gotta no ambish."
Constance Bertels..... Expression—"Oh, really."	"Conny" Ambition—To draw magazine covers.
Beatrice Bowe..... Expression—"For the love of Mike."	"Bea" Ambition—Stenographer.
Carroll W. Burns..... Expression—"Sh!"	"Silent" Burns Ambition—To rival Bobbie Burns.
Ola Burton..... Expression—"My stars!"	"Ola" Ambition—To work!
Caroline Braghetta..... Expression—"Boys, bring a head- dress."	"Spaghetti" Ambition—To help others.
Lena Bryan..... Expression—"Oh, dear!"	"Lee" Ambition—Be a history shark.
Beatrice Bryant..... Expression—"Oh, land!"	"Babe" Ambition—Teacher.
Marguerite Carr..... Expression—"Oh, goodness!"	"Bobbie" Ambition—Stenographer.
Mahesh Chandra..... Expression—"Practice is higher than talk."	"Kesu" Ambition—To be a doctor of philosophy.
Joy Clark..... Expression—"Really."	"Happiness" Ambition—Old maid school teacher.
Roscoe Clowes..... Expression—"I'm so sorry."	"Ross" Ambition—To go to U. C. (There's a reason.)
Charles Condry..... Expression—"I'm not prepared."	"Charlie" Ambition—To get married.
Florence Cowell..... Expression—"Oh, the dickens."	"Kiddo" Ambition—To do some one thing better than somebody else.

is called to the one-year business course which will give training in the following subjects: Stenography, bookkeeping, business correspondence, business arithmetic, penmanship, spelling and typing.

Any student who is a graduate of the grammar school may enroll in a two-year business course. No business man wants a bookkeeper, stenographer, or clerk, who is under eighteen years old, so it is far more advisable for those under this age to devote all the time possible to thorough preparation so as to be qualified to compete with the older applicants who are not so well prepared. Students trained at the high school are given the preference over all other applicants by all the leading firms here in Stockton.

Few of the students reading this annual realize what a wonderful opportunity there is in the high school for actual business training. The school is a large business in itself and the students are given every opportunity of carrying on this business themselves, handling money, keeping records, taking the dictation of the executives and teachers, and typing the many reports required by all departments.

Let us all realize that we must do everything possible to stay in school the full four years. The present high wages and scarcity of labor will not continue. When peace is declared and the soldiers return, there will be more men than positions and only the best equipped will be retained. It will pay therefore to become fully equipped before leaving.

Our evening school this year enrolled over two thousand students, most of whom were made up of high school students of past years who left before they were prepared to succeed in life or did not study the subjects they should have studied while here. Now they are paying the price by giving four nights a week after the day's labor to take what they need. Let our motto be therefore: Prepare to be good citizens, prepare to succeed in some vocation, and prepare to enjoy our success through training in arts, science, or other avocational subjects that we call our "hobbies."

—Mina Wright, '18.

THE LAND OF FREEDOM

Now is the time to show your grit,
If you have the smallest bit,
Show them that you'll fight and fall,
Eager to run at your Nation's call!

This is the land that gave you birth,
The land of freedom, song, and mirth.
Will you let it fall into ruthless hands,
Its people bound as with iron bands?

Then rush to duty in ceaseless throngs,
And protect our rights, avenge our wrongs,
Resolved the Teuton shall never win
'Till we all are dead, and the sky falls in.

—Doris E. Babcock.

LITERARY UNDERTAKINGS

THE BACHELOR'S WIFE.

BY HELEN LEE, '19

Billy Weston, smoking a fine cigar and lounging in a very comfortable Morris chair before an extremely cheerful fire, was in a very uncheerful state of mind. Billy was a bachelor with a "fortune"; his rooms at the "Tarlton" were the best and most expensive that far-famed hotel offered.

One would imagine that our young friend, whom the gods had so graciously favored, would have been tolerably happy in his warm rooms on this cold, disagreeable night. But the fact of the matter was, Mr. Billy was in a peevish state of mind, and was saying the most shocking things about a certain Harry Bradford.

Billy looked sullenly at the inoffensive bronze clock on the mantel, and muttered something which made that industrious little object pour forth nine silvery screams of alarm.

"There!" said Billy, addressing a bronze bust of George Washington, "I told you so!" Evidently Billy and the father of his country had been having an argument earlier in the evening.

"Nine o'clock and Harry not here yet! Well, the next time that idiot gets me to—"

A light knock at the door.

"If that's a messenger boy telling me 'Mr. Bradford is sorry, but he was suddenly called out of town,' or some other equally crazy excuse, I'll—"

But he didn't, for when Billy opened the door a woman was standing there, and even under the stress of great anger Billy was a gentleman, and not in all his reckless life had he ever struck a woman.

"Is Lucille home?"

Lucille? Who under heaven was Lucille?

"No, she isn't," said Billy shortly.

The little person at the door hesitated. Billy could not see her face in the dim light of the hallway and her ladyship was lost in a mass of furs; but now she stepped timidly forward into the light of the room.

"You are Lucille's husband, I presume?"

By jove! what a pretty little thing she was! What large eyes she had! A sweet voice, too—did she ask him something? "Er—yes," Billy answered absently. Yes, he liked the way she held her head—pretty hair too, golden, he always did like—

"If you don't mind, I'll wait for Lucille a little while."

And dazed Billy stepped aside and allowed her to pass into his apartments. She seated herself in a big over-stuffed chair before the fire, depositing her furs on the pedestal on which George Washington stood, completely hiding all of that gentleman's venerable countenance.

"I'm Betty Barrington. I guess you've heard Lucille speak of me. We were great chums, and are yet, for that matter, but I've been away for eight

Name	Nickname
George Stewart Expression—"Knock 'em for a row!"	"Red" Ambition—Professional hobo.
Charlotte St. John Expression—"Goodness gracious."	"Teshay" Ambition—To be a cracker-jack stenographer.
Cyril H. Stone Expression—"Go jump in the river!"	"Cy" Ambition—To possess a Ford.
Delbert Smith Expression—"Gwan."	"Whitey" Ambition—To get enough credits to graduate.
Gladys Louisa Smith Expression—"Ye gods!"	Ambition—Music.
Virginia Thompson Expression—"Well, listen!"	"Vinnie" Ambition—To beat somebody at tennis.
Mary Helen Tobin Expression—"My word."	"Tobie" Ambition—To graduate from college.
Edna Todman Expression—"Well, don't know now, see, can't tell."	"Tody" Ambition—To be a real student.
Ruth Tretheway Expression—"Goodness sake."	"Rufus" Ambition—To get thin.
Andrew Valberde Expression—"Knock 'em cold."	"Captain Dugey" Ambition—? ?
Francis M. Viebrock Expression—"Horses."	"Dizzy" Ambition—To go 150 miles per hour.
Frank Viera Expression—"Me for you when your teeth fall out."	"Ironbrain" Ambition—To get the boat back.
Evelyn Vignola Expression—"I should say so."	"Ev" Ambition—Movie vamp! !
Luewella Warner Expression—"To heaven sake!"	"Lou" Ambition—To go to Wyoming.
Karl Weiss Expression—"Aw go wan."	"Sobersides" Ambition—Being president of something.
Harrington Wells Expression—"Ah, there's the rub!"	"Pat" Ambition—To be a college yell leader.
Carol N. White Expression—"That's pretty good."	"Skike" Ambition—To be a doctor.
Harriet Wight Expression—"Oh, gee!"	"Harry" Ambition—Private secretary to the President.
Rita Williams Expression—"Oh, my baby!"	"Old Woman" Ambition—To be a typist.
Doris Woods Expression—"Oh, gee!"	"Dorie" Ambition—To be beautiful.
Mina Wright Expression—"Oh, say, listen!"	"Minie" Ambition—Gregg shorthand and commercial teacher.
Leonora Young Expression—"Heavens!"	"Violet" Ambition—To be a high school teacher and have as pupils teachers I have had.



CAN WE EARN OUR LIVING?

Is Our High School Education Complete Unless We Have Prepared Ourselves to Be Self-supporting?

Our nation has awakened to the fact that it has an invaluable asset in its schools filled with the youth of America. Up to the present time the years spent at school have been care-free, happy-go-lucky, dream days for most of us, but now it is different—we are at war; there is work for all of us to do, and the boys and girls at school must not only keep up their education but also try to fill the places vacated by their older brothers and sisters who are serving under the colors.

There is not a boy or girl at the Stockton High School, rich or poor, freshman or senior, who should not feel a divine call to shoulder part of the heavy burden which our country, state and city are carrying. Taxes will increase for some time, more loans will be floated, all the loans will have to be paid back by us in a few years. We must all become trained earners and savers. Our education is not complete unless we can earn our living, and a comfortable one at that, either in the office, on the farm, in the shops, behind the counter, in the professions, or arts.

The time has passed when a young man or a young woman eighteen years old can leave high school with diploma in hand after four years of continuous study and boast that he or she knows nothing of business methods or practices.

The time has passed when a young man or a young woman should be permitted to become so immersed in social, "cultural," and avocational pursuits without being taught the fundamentals of business. Many a ruined business man would have been saved, many a fortune would have remained in the family, many a young man would have foresworn questionable and wasteful habits, if he had had instilled in him during those impressionable years of from fourteen to eighteen, the dignity of labor, the necessity of high business morality, and the fundamentals of commerce, trade and finance. How much waste and unhappiness in the home would be eliminated if the wife had been trained to keep a set of books, trained to systematize her expenditures! How much more pleasant for the husband if she could understand his every-day problems.

Every student in the high school should be taught the following business subjects: elementary bookkeeping, penmanship, arithmetic, English grammar and letter writing, and a knowledge of business papers and customs.

Stockton High School does not want to encourage the type of graduate who has received no business training, does not know the value of a dollar, has never earned a dollar in his life, and has little desire to support himself solely through his own endeavors. "Work or Fight," should be our slogan here in school as well as out of school. The Government must feel that we are doing everything possible to make ourselves of some service to it.

Let us prepare ourselves early in our course for we do not know when we may be forced to leave school and take our part in this busy world. The courses of study have been reorganized with this in mind. War conditions are being met. The attention of all academic seniors and all post-graduates

Name		Nickname
Juanita Cozad	Expression—"Oh, g'wan!"	"Johnny"
Laura Davis	Expression—"Oh, boy."	"Ruffles"
George Dean	Expression—"Let me sleep some more."	"Judge"
Roy Drais	Expression—"Oh, boy!"	"Dick"
Ray Dunne	Expression—"I dunno."	"Ike"
Jewett Dustin	Expression—"Oh, boy."	"Tubby"
Juliet Eichenberger	Expression—I reckon.	"Jewel"
Otto Finkbohner	Expression—"Go jump in the lake."	"Fink"
Bernice Fiola	Expression—"What do you allow for that?"	"Berrie"
Claude E. Forkner	Expression—	"Pickles"
Grace Forman	Expression—"Please don't."	"Annabel Lee"
B. J. Frankenheimer	Expression—"For the love of Mike."	"Bee"
Loretta Gallagher	Expression—"Oh, heavens!"	"Bab"
Raymond Gazzolo	Expression—A smile.	"Toby"
Jean Glasier	Expression—"Oh, goodness."	"Joan d'Arc"
Holger Gormsen	Expression—	"Hoggie"
Abe Greenberg	Expression—"Give me the same."	"Rastus"
Amy Grupe	Expression—"My gosh!"	"Pieface"
Robert Gruwell	Expression—"Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow."	"Bob"
Maurice Gumpert	Expression—"I—I—I can't recite."	"Gump"
Florence Hall	Expression—"Well I'll be—"	"Child"
Bernice Hooper	Expression—"Ah!"	"Bernie"
Gertrude Howland	Expression—"Oh, man!"	"Girtie"
George Hulbert	Expression—"A little more jazz."	"Jazz-Bo"
Anna Johnson	Expression—"Hello!"	"Ann"
Gladys Jones	Expression—"Oh, for Gush's sakes."	"Glad"
Rex Kearney	Expression—"Oh, Albert!"	"Putz"
Ida Kientz	Expression—"Listen."	"Ide"
Mary E. Knox	Expression—"Oh, baby!"	"Sal"

Name	Nickname
Lloyd Kroh Expression—"Clumbo."	Ambition—Walk into Berlin in 1919. "Cheese"
George Kuhn Expression—"Forward, march."	Ambition—To become a first-class butler. "Capt."
Margaret Lauxen Expression—"Isn't she sweet!"	Ambition—To be dignified. "Kid Fuzz"
Dewey E. Leffler Expression—"You're not tied, are you?"	Ambition—Black land farmer. "Ernie"
Everett Lewis Expression—? ?	Ambition—To hold a royal flush. "Slats"
Sue H. Mark Expression—"Stars!"	Ambition—To graduate in June. "Sues"
Mary Pauline Martin Expression—"Come on."	Ambition—A great stenographer. "Polly"
Flora McDiarmid Expression—"Oh, Ferdy!"	Ambition—To grow tall. "Voniam"
Constance Miller Expression—"My!"	Ambition—An artist. "Connie"
Herma Manthey Expression—"Ye gods and little catfishes!"	Ambition—To be a second Galli-Curci? "Curley"
Caroline Minor Expression—"Oh, boy!"	Ambition—To carry a tune. "Artie, the Vamp."
Howard H. Moore Expression—"Get it quick."	Ambition—To be happy. "Pinkie"
Evelyn Murray Expression—"Forgive me, William."	Ambition—Not to be "out of place." "Ev."
Gwladys Palmer Expression—"Oh, woman!"	Ambition—To have curly hair. "Gladie"
John Patterson Expression—"For the love of mud."	Ambition—To get a wife. "Pat"
Marjorie Pepper Expression—"Oh, heavens!"	Ambition—Music. "Maggie"
Hilda Peters Expression—"Gracious sakes!"	Ambition—To be a concert singer. "Hilly"
Cynthia Purviance Expression—"I don't know."	Ambition—To be able to read a teacher's mind. "Dutch"
Reese Platt Expression—"Never express myself."	Ambition—Farmer. "Hasher"
Newton Robinson Jr. Expression—"Don't kid me."	Ambition—Back to the farm. "Newt."
Myrle Rossi Expression—"Horses!"	Ambition—? ? ? "Peggody"
John Melvin Rider Expression—"Love the ladies."	Ambition—To have a good time. "Mel"
Ralph Salmon Expression—"Huh!"	Ambition—To get the Kaiser. "Fish"
Archie Sheffel Expression—"Step on 'er."	Ambition—Beat Stribley's crowbar gang. "Snaps"
Lily Schlichtman Expression—"Oh, kiddie."	Ambition—To be good. "Buster"
Grace E. Sears Expression—"Doesn't it make you mad?"	Ambition—To be on time. "Gee"
Alma Segale Expression—"My heavens!"	Ambition—To grow tall. "Fing"
Earl Stribley Expression—"I can't be bothered."	Ambition—Get the Kaiser. "Strib"
Joseph E. Stout Expression—"Stroke, stroke."	Ambition—"Director." "Society"

months. I just returned, rather unexpectedly, and the first chance I had I just hurried up to see Lucille and congratulate her. She wrote me she was going to be married and sent me her address, and here I am. Oh, dear, I'm so anxious to see her! She's not home, you say?"

Billy was in a sort of trance. He had never met anyone who spoke so quickly in all his life, and, hang it all, he was no husband of Lucille, never saw Lucille, wouldn't know her from Adam. And furthermore, he was **no one's husband**, never was, never intended to be! But this little Betty person was so bloomin' sure; hadn't he said he was Lucille's husband? Billy inwardly cursed himself as a crazy idiot; the idea of letting a pretty face make him forget everything! Well, he would have to tell her it was all a mistake, that's all. No, no! Well, what was he to do? He couldn't lie to her—why couldn't he? There was no other way out of it without embarrassing both of them. He'd do it! He'd just say Lucille didn't intend returning home tonight. She went—now, where under the sun would a bride go on a night like this? Oh, to her mother's, certainly; her mother was sick and—why, that was fine.

Billy looked nervously in the direction of George Washington. Billy loved the truth. That was why he admired Washington so much. But, hang it all, what else was he to do but lie! And now he thanked heaven and Betty that George's face was covered. Yes, he would lie a bit and in that way get rid of Betty and step gracefully from an embarrassing position.

"Where did she go?" Betty repeated.

"Go—oh, yes, Lucille—why, she went to visit her mother, you see."

"Her mother! Why, Lucille's mother is dead!"

The deuce she was! "Oh, er—yes, yes, to be sure; I was referring to my mother; she is very fond of Lucille."

"Lucille wrote me your people went east for the winter."

"Yes, but mother was taken sick and was forced to return. Lucille went to visit her. I was to call for her this evening, but er—business duties detained me. Lucille telephoned me she would remain at mother's all night. Believe me, I am extremely sorry."

"So am I," said Betty.

Billy looked defiantly at the covered face of George Washington. He was proud of himself—it took brains to lie like that—and that idea about business was good, it sounded so big and probable.

"What business are you in?"

What—oh, ye gods! What business? Billy mentally went through the names of some business firms. With a grand attempt at carelessness he answered: "I'm manager for the J. C. Kingley Co."

It was the first name that came to him, but on second thought Billy remembered it was a pickle factory, and was suddenly seized with a severe coughing attack. If the girl asked him any more questions—Billy shifted in the now extremely uncomfortable Morris chair.

"You **are** nervous, aren't you?"

What! Good Lord, was she!

"Lucille wrote that you worked too hard; she was afraid you would wear yourself out, and break down completely. Really you should not work so hard; your health is more important than business." The wise little bit of

advice was accompanied by a solemn shake of her pretty head.

"Well," she rose and removed the furs from the front of George Washington, "as you say, I guess Lucille will remain at your mother's all night, so I'll be going." Billy's heart filled with joy, then sorrow.

"By the way, we are having a party, my return home, you know," said Betty, smiling sweetly. "I sent you and Lucille an invitation—probably you haven't received it yet; you'll come, won't you? Dad is anxious to meet you, he has heard so much about you."

Billy heard footsteps in the hall. Suffering cats! Harry Bradsford.

"Hello, Bill! I'm late, but—well, of all things, Betty Barrington, when did you get back?"

"Harry! I declare it's good to see you again. How is Aunt Hilda? I just returned Saturday. I called to see Lucille to congratulate her, but she is—why, I didn't know you were a friend of Lucille's husband?" Then, turning to Billy, who was in extreme danger of jumping out of the window, added, "Harry is my cousin, Mr. Bromley."

"Mr. Brom—Lucille's husband! Oh, Lord, oh! For the love of Mike!" and Harry gave vent to roars of laughter. "Why, Betty, he isn't—" but Harry was off again in fits of laughter.

"What's the matter with him?" Betty appealed to Billy. "You see, Miss Barrington," Billy said hastily, hoping Harry would take his cue, "Harry doesn't know that Lucille and I are married."

"Oh, cut it, Billy! Married! You? Why, Betty, he is no more married than you are. Why, Billy Weston was never—"

"Billy Weston! Why, I thought he was William Bromley, Lucille's husband. He said he was—oh!" and Betty's eyes filled with tears, whereat Billy could have struck Harry over the head with the much prized bust of Washington.

"Harry, I thought all your gentlemen friends were gentlemen; I didn't think you associated with cads, cheats—" she turned fiercely on Billy, "Oh, you—you—I can't say—Harry, take me home at once!"

* * * * *

"Well, you won," said Billy sadly, looking at the face of George Washington, "but man, I've discovered it's a good deal harder to lie than to tell the truth, and as for Harry—well, just wait!" and Billy ruffled his hair, raised his shirt sleeves and looked altogether like the villain in a play. A half hour later Harry again unceremoniously entered Billy's rooms.

"Harry, if you don't want me sent up for murder, keep out of here. Of all the boobs! of all the stupid! Good glory, man, are you minus all—oh! I can't talk to you—I could—"

"No, you couldn't," said Harry, good-naturedly; "I own I was rather stupid—"

"Rather," put in Billy, dryly.

"But I fixed it up all right."

"Oh, you did? Very kind of you, I'm sure," said Billy sarcastically. "Oh, you **fixed** it all right!"

"Now, listen here; when we got outside Betty cooled down a bit and explained to me how she must have received the wrong address and mistook

you for Lucille's husband and how handsomely you lied—I beg pardon, Billy, but—”

“Yes, I lied,” Billy retorted, “but what was I to do? A girl comes into my room, starts talking five hundred words a minute. It wasn't till after she was in the room a few minutes that I awoke to the situation, and it was too late to tell her her mistake, so I just lied out of it—was doing fine, too, considering she was just going to go when you—oh, Harry, you spilled the beans! You have no more tact than—”

“Than you have yourself,” Harry finished for him.

“But goodness, man, let me get a word in edgewise! After Betty explained, I saw the predicament you were in, so I told her you meant well, and what a fine fellow you are (you see, I'm something of a liar myself), so she said, as you were a friend of mine she'd still hold good that invitation to her party—that is, if you behave yourself in the meantime and be a good boy.”

“Harry, you're a trump! Forgive me, old fellow, I spoke hastily; I'm sorry, and say,” as he gave Harry an unmerciful slap on the back, “that little cousin of yours is a dream!”

