

## WHEN A MAN'S IN LOVE

BY EVELYN MURRAY, '18

Teddy had a girl!

His heart swelled with pride and admiration at the very thought of her. It mattered not that Jack Blewitt thought she wasn't pretty. Teddy knew better. His Caroline had long bobbing curls and blue eyes and pink cheeks. Also, she had a pony-cart.

Ted's mother shook her head at the pony-cart, and termed the much adored curls "corkscrews." She also observed that the blue eyes were far too shrewd and worldly-wise.

But all this Ted did not know, and knowing not, he dreamt fair dreams of his beloved, and worshiped her with all his heart. What man would not?

He thought of her now as, dusty and tired, he sat in the sun on the hard, baked clay of the river bank, angling for what seemed to be imaginary fish.

He wished Caroline were in his class at school instead of being one grade below him. Then he might walk home from school with her. If only the third grade weren't dismissed so much earlier than the fourth! Such thoughts, however, did not help him to enjoy the heat, and as his patience was no longer than his luck, Teddy drew in his line and prepared to start home.

Rescuing his bicycle from the shade of a straggling tree down the levee, he pedaled fast and furiously, and soon reached the shady streets of town.

Some girls were jumping rope on the corner near his home. Did his eyes deceive him, or was it— Yes, it was Caroline! With eyes for no one else, he stopped, grinning amiably. Admiration shone from his eyes, as he ventured the momentous words, "Hello, Caroline."

Caroline turned and surveyed him slowly. Then, with an undeniably aristocratic toss of her head, she shook the "corkscrewey" curls and—turned up her nose.

Ted's lip quivered, and querulously he put the question, "What's the matter?"

"I never saw any one as dirty as you are, Teddy White. Why don't you get cleaned up once in a while?"

Sadly crestfallen, he looked at Caroline, and then he surveyed his own tousled form. One glance downward was sufficient; he was indeed disreputable.

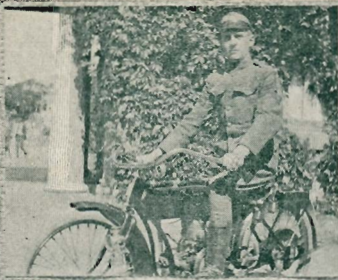
Caroline's friends huddled together, watching and listening, some with big eyes and open mouths, some with ill concealed smirks and giggles.

It was too much for Ted. His wounded pride flamed up, and with blazing words he let his masculine wrath descend impartially on "the whole darn bunch of sissies."

Nevertheless, he noticed that Ora Wright was undaunted by his outburst. She actually smiled at Caroline and turned to leave, announcing blandly, "Well, I'm going. A quarrel isn't half as interesting to me as the wild west show they're having down at Joe's." She strutted away in mock solemnity, turning to add archly, "They have engaged me for their leading lady, you know."

To older ears the statement might have seemed slightly incongruous; to Ted it was a trumpet call to action. With fascinated gaze, he watched Ora depart. She was a nice girl, after all. Of course, her hair didn't curl, but on





CATS!

BUSY ASSISTANT



MISS NORMANDY



—L.W.—



"OUR" EDITOR

SENIOR PLAY  
TREASURY OF THE "WELLS"  
JUNE  
7+8  
ON STUDY BOARD



?



IGNACE!



Who'd A' YOU'GT IT?



REPOSE



CREW  
manager



A SUB  
APPROACHETH!



LONG AGO



the end of each brown braid, she wore a big red bow. Now Caroline's bows were prim and stiff, but Ora's were what Ted's father would have called "nifty." Something to that effect passed through Ted's mind now. He knew some people called Ora a tomboy, but he didn't agree with them. Anyhow, she was good natured and jolly. She didn't mind a little dirt; she was in his class at school—and sometimes she let the boys walk home with her.

That was enough for Ted. With a triumphant leer, he turned his back on Caroline and shouted lustily, "Say, Ora, wait a minute. I'm coming, too."

Such is the heart of a man!

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## THE WAGER.

BY M. P., '19

As he put one foot out of bed he paused to yawn broadly and run his fingers through his tumbled black pompadour. He stretched every one of his lazy muscles to their full length; then another yawn, and he arose from the bed. Suppressing the succeeding yawn with the palm of his hand, he walked wearily to the bird's-eye maple dresser and, looking in the mirror, rubbed his swollen eyelids. He stopped. Hearing noises in the street below, he took a few steps to the window and, pulling back the curtain, glanced at the scene below.

Several young men and girls were standing on the lawn which surrounded one of the most fashionable homes of Richmond. The three men were clad in khaki and as their voices floated across the street the young man watching from behind the window curtain knew they were talking about their coming departure from Richmond for service in France.

Little did the eavesdropper know he was the principal object of discussion among the group of young people across the street.

"I think it's perfectly terrible," declared a young girl as she poked the end of her white slipper into the soft tuft of grass. "He'll be twenty-one years old in two more weeks, and to think he won't enlist now when the rest of you boys are going!"

"Oh, come there now, Gwen," interrupted a caller in khaki. "If Winslow won't enlist now, he won't, that's all. He says he owes the Kaiser no grudge, so he doesn't intend to fight for Uncle Sam until he has to."

"Well, I'll just tell you," broke in Gwen as she clenched the grass between her soft palms, "if—"

"Don't let it go off," cautioned another khaki-clad caller. He held up his hands in mock defense. Gwen brushed back her brown hair angrily, and the words fell hotly from her lips.

"Well, if he won't enlist of his own accord, he ought to be made to," she exclaimed emphatically.

A bright idea came into the mind of each person in the group, but they were rather slow to grasp the idea at first until Dick Bartell cried out,

"We'll do it! By jove, we will!" and he clapped his hand roughly on the shoulder of his companion.

"But what if it doesn't succeed—"



"Succeed?" interrupted Dick; "I have an idea that we can change his opinion as to the grudge he owes the Kaiser, anyway. He'll know what it is to sleep away from home without his little pink nightie for one night."

The enthusiastic group looked at Gwen. A slight frown had knitted her brow. They knew how she felt toward Edward Winslow and it had been an established fact that she had refused him because of his cowardice in facing the world and trying to make a man of himself.

"Well, Gwen—?"

She laughed and tossed her head back. "It's a wager," she said, "but I won't tell what the wager is. Come on, we'll do it," and she led the group into the house.

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Sleepily, Edward Winslow awoke once more, but this time he did not yawn. The hardness of the bed made him rise and sit on its edge. He looked about at the small room, the four walls and—. "Well, what in the deuce!" he ejaculated as he saw the iron bars in the door. "What! Well," he exclaimed hotly. "Hey, come here, you!" But no one came.

What could it mean? He felt queer, as if he had taken something. "That's it!" he cried; "I've been drugged." He arose and grabbed hold of the iron bars, which he tried to shake, but they were immovable.

"Hey, you!" he shouted again. Still no answer.

He returned to the jail cot and looked about. He rummaged about among his clothes and suddenly he found a note pinned to his coat.

"Well! Worse and more of it!" he exclaimed hotly. "I'll get even with the fellow that played this trick on me, you bet."

He unfolded the note and read:

"You needn't try to get out of there, Ed. We thought the jail was the best place for you to find fault with the Kaiser. Now, Ed, are you ready to leave with us tomorrow, or are you going to be a slacker? The jail is the proper place for slackers.

"Yours,

"Bound for France."

"Well, I'll be darned," and then, "Of all things! Wouldn't I like to wring their necks for them!"

He heard a jingle of keys and instantly he jumped to the iron door. A little man stood there, smiling.

"Huh!" he exclaimed.

Edward Winslow looked at him and then glared.

"Huh! I'd like to know what you've got to do shutting me in this place," he retorted. "This place is only fit for—"

"Now, now, young man!" the old man grinned; "none of that. You were brought here last night with the word that you were to stay here until night."

"Well, look here," muttered the prisoner, "can't you see this is a joke? My friends have tricked me into this."

The keeper looked dubious. "You was asleep when you came in. Stewed?"

Winslow groaned.



"Stewed? Man alive, no," and he sank down on the cot, but instantly jumped up and stifled a shout as he continued:

"Say, I've got to get even with those fellows. You've got to help me out. Will you?"

The little man nodded and chuckled to himself as he thought of the practical joke.

Some two hours later, three gentlemen were ushered into the prisoner's cell. No one was there except the jail keeper. He handed them a note and turned away to hide his smile. The three in khaki read the note in silence until it fell to the floor.

"My Lord! Suicide!" Dick Bartell cried out, "Come on, boys, we're in for it now," and he rushed from the jail with his two companions at his heels.

A few minutes later they crept into the parlor at Gwen's home.

"Gwen," Dick called, "Oh, Gwen," and he leaned against the door.

"Gwen!" he called still louder, as he heard footsteps, "It's all over. He's committed suicide; why—"

He stopped and stared for there, sitting on the divan beside Gwen was Edward Winslow Jr., clad in khaki. He glanced at Gwen and noted her face was unusually rosy as she put her hand to her hair to arrange the mismanaged locks.

"Boys," she laughed as she saw their faces covered with cold perspiration from their recent flight. "It's my wager. Meet Edward Winslow Jr., who leaves tomorrow for France."

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### "HIS LITTLE FRENCH BOY."

When Bob Graham was a lad he had two ambitions. One was, that when he grew big and strong, he could buy his widowed mother a home and care for her forever. The other was, that someday he would become a brave soldier and honorably defend the rights of his country.

As time flew on, Bob was left with but one of his ambitions to dream about. The struggle to provide the necessities of life for Bob and herself had proved too much for Mrs. Graham. She left nothing to her child but her blessing and a beautiful remembrance of mother love. So the little fellow was taken to an orphanage where he spent cheerless years waiting for the glorious day when he would be a soldier.

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"Help! Help!" This terrified cry rent the air in a section of northern France one summer evening. The young American soldier on patrol duty at the big allied encampment, stopped short and listened intently. He could hear the clatter of horse's hoofs coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly round a turn in the road dashed a wild-eyed, runaway horse with a boy clinging around its neck. Dropping his gun the soldier sprang forward and seized the bridle. A few wild plunges and then the horse stood trembling with fright. The rescuer carried the fainting boy to the roadside. He laid him down, unbuttoned his coat, and attempted to remove his old slouch hat, but it was secured in some inconceivable way.



He was a delicate looking young French boy. A douse of cold water opened his big, black eyes and he smiled faintly. "You saved my life! Thank you!"

"Oh, that's all right, my lad. Where are you going?" as the lad rose unsteadily.

"I stole away from home and thought I'd slip over here to say 'hello' to my uncle."

"Who is your uncle?" questioned Bob.

"He is a 'soldier of France' in General Le Sage's regiment. You are an American soldier. What is your name?"

"I'm Bob Graham, 45th Michigan Infantry."

"I'm Paul—Paul Coppee. Aren't you lonesome so far from home?"

"I have no home but I do get lonesome lots of times."

"I have no real home, either. I live with my uncle and aunt."

"Well, my horse is so worn out I'd better return home. I'm going to write you to thank you for saving my life and to keep you from getting so lonesome. Au revoir."

With this Paul rode away leaving Bob to wonder if they would ever meet again.

After a short ride Paul turned into the park of a large estate. As he drew near the house, excited voices were heard. Dismounting Paul entered the hall and was greeted by the agitated aunt. "Pauline Coppee! Where have you been? And in such a garb! I feared some German patrol had captured you. Don't you ever leave these grounds again without a proper escort."

Pauline, or Paul as she was generally called, devoted the next few moments to quieting her frantic aunt, explaining that she only intended to be gone a short time, just long enough to tell Uncle August "hello." Then she told how her horse had become frightened when passing a ruin, had run away with her, and how a brave, young American soldier had rescued her at the risk of his life. "And auntie, I've deceived him completely. He thinks I'm a boy, and doesn't know that my uncle is General Le Sage, instead of a private soldier. But I'm going to write him a letter to thank him again. Auntie, I'm sure he is a splendid young man."

The aunt gave her consent reluctantly to the letter and they agreed that the escapade should be kept a secret for fear of incurring General Le Sage's displeasure at his niece's writing to a strange soldier.

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Bob's regiment had been moved to the front line trenches. Even there he received his weekly letter from "his little French boy," Paul. He had grown to look forward to these cheery letters and he had formed a deep attachment for his little friend through their correspondence.

Bob was not as lonesome now as he used to be for, by his hard work and strict appliance to his duty, he had risen to the rank of sergeant and had many duties to perform.

There had been no heavy fighting yet but momentarily his regiment was expecting an order to move forward and dislodge the enemy from the crest of an adjacent hill. All realized how perilous this undertaking would be, but every man in the trench was anxious for the order to go "over the top."

Bob's company occupied the center position and according to orders would



form the peak of the charge. The signal to charge came. Over the top the men clambered and the dash across "No Man's Land" began. The enemy turned loose upon the advancing men a withering fire from cannon, machine gun, and rifle. Hundreds of soldiers were mowed down, but undaunted, their comrades swept onward. The thunder of the cannons and the boom of bursting shells was deafening. The field was shrouded with a cloud of heavy smoke. As they surged forward Bob's lieutenant fell at his side, a victim of a Boche bullet.

Bob realized the added burden of his position. His men had commenced to waver under the terrific fire, and he sprang into their midst with the determination to carry them forward or die. His example inspired the men. They ran forward, following him into the enemy's trench. A few moments of fierce fighting, then the enemy was driven from the hill. Reinforcements arrived, and the position was firmly held.

During the battle Bob was severely wounded through the left shoulder but he continued to encourage his men until reinforcements came. Then he fell unconscious from loss of blood.

When he revived, he opened his eyes in strange surroundings. He was at a loss to understand how he came there until the nurse, who sat by his bedside, explained that, on account of the crowded hospitals, General Le Sage had offered his home for the accommodation of the wounded American soldiers, and Bob had been one of several taken there.

"The general left word that he wished to be called when you were able to talk," said the nurse. "I'll call him now."

Bob's review of his terrible experience during the battle was interrupted by the entrance of a French general accompanied by Colonel Allen of Bob's regiment. Bob attempted to salute, but was too weak to do so. The colonel came to his bedside, saying, "My man, I'm glad you're alive! You fought nobly in yesterday's battle. I'm proud of you!

"I have been authorized to hand you herewith, a commission as a captain in my regiment. Your action, when the command of the troop fell upon you, saved the day for our army. It was not known at the time the charge was ordered, how formidably fortified the location your company went against was. Not until it was too late for retreat, did the Germans unmask those terrible hidden guns. Had you not rallied the remnant of your company, we should have lost the position."

Bob greatly surprised at his elevation in rank was now introduced to General Le Sage. He also, praised the valor of Bob and his company in the hard struggle.

While the men were talking two ladies had entered the room whom the general now presented as his wife and niece, Pauline. "I leave you at their mercy. The colonel and I must return to the field. Good luck to you!" were his parting words as he and Colonel Allen left.

Pauline was greatly amazed when she found that the brave, young American soldier, whom she had heard her uncle speak of, was none other than her friend Bob. She confided to her aunt that he was the soldier with whom she, under the guise of a boy, was corresponding. They wondered whether or not he would recognize her as "his little French boy." But Bob's



mind was confused by the rapid chain of events that had occurred and he did not connect his little Paul with Pauline, General Le Sage's beautiful niece.

As Pauline sat with him several hours each day, he began to realize two things. In the first place, he was falling in love with her, and in the second, Pauline reminded him of some one else, of an elusive, intangible some one whom he could not place. Where had he heard that voice? One day he remembered! "His little French boy" had the same accent!

He would ask Pauline if she had a relative by the name of Paul Coppee. It couldn't be a brother because her name must be Le Sage although he'd never heard anyone mention it.

As "his little French boy" was brought to mind, Bob wondered why he hadn't received any letters from him since he was wounded, but concluded that his mail would be awaiting him when he returned to camp.

Bob soon recovered. On the day before his return to the firing line, he asked Pauline if she knew a young man by the name of Paul Coppee. Her face turned pink and, walking to the window she questioned, "Why do you ask?"

Bob then explained that he had a friend by that name who reminded him of her. "I would have thought it was your brother, if your name was Coppee," he told her.

Turning from the window Pauline blushing replied, "But my name is Coppee."

"What! Isn't it Le Sage?"

"No. I'm the daughter of Uncle August's sister. My father, who was a captain in the French navy, lost his life at sea. My mother died when I was but eight years of age. My home has since been here."

"Why then, you must be related to my little French boy, Paul!" Bob exclaimed.

"Yes, I am," answered Pauline with a smile.

At this Bob started, looked at her intently, then a light swept over him and he knew. "Why Pauline! Paul! It was you! **You**, are my little French boy!"

Pauline's face was a confession. There was something, too, in her eyes that gave Bob such courage as he had never dreamed of possessing.

The next day Captain Bob Graham left the place where happiness had come to him. He went back to the firing line with a dangerous gleam in his eyes that boded no good for the poor Boches. For Pauline had promised, that as soon as the great victory was won, she would become truly "his little French Paul."

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## THE HOLBROOK MURDER CASE

BY HARRY BUCKALEW

Ting-a-ling.

"Police office. Sergeant Mulbank speaking. What's that you say? You're night watchman, Perry? Lawyer Holbrook murdered? I'll be down in ten minutes. 1219 Central avenue. All right."



For a moment the officer sat thinking. "Guess I'll get Abdul," he mused to himself. "He is the best man I know on murder cases."

He took up the telephone and called. "Is this Nyriisa?" he asked, upon getting the party. "Tell Abdul to come to the police office as soon as possible, please." He hung up the receiver and waited.

Abdul Pashim was a man from the east, but no one really knew what his native country was. He had come to America while young, and settled in the crystal-gazing and mind-reading business. He was now not over thirty, but was fairly well-to-do. When Nyriisa came to call him, he was seated in his study, smoking a nargile. His clothes consisted of a loose, highly colored, Oriental robe, soft slippers, and a turban. Although his eyelids were half closed, his dark, shining eyes flashed. His quick gaze was restless and seemed to indicate a fine, high-strung, nervous temperament. The finely moulded features, sharp aquiline nose, thin, tightly pressed lips, and firm chin, the soft skin, all showed refinement.

About him on the couch were several expensive volumes on mind-reading, hypnotism and kindred subjects. On the elegant hardwood floors were beautiful, soft Persian rugs. The walls were adorned with Oriental paintings, and the whole atmosphere of the place was quiet and elegant.

Nyriisa was also a foreigner; a little younger than Abdul and very pretty. She glided into the room, bowed and informed her master of the message. When he nodded assent, she withdrew. He had helped the officer before, so the present call did not surprise him. He had been motionless before. Now he was alert and quick. He made his changes rapidly and noiselessly, issuing forth upon the street a moment later in ordinary American garb.

"Here you are," exclaimed Sergeant Mulbank, "let's go."

They reached the building within a few minutes of the appointed time. The watchman met them at the door.

Abdul immediately took charge. "Tell us what you know," he requested.

"Mr. Holbrook came back to his office after supper, presumably for some extra work," began Perry. "His stenographer, Miss Cook, came with him. No one else has been here except a Mr. Hart, who is of the same profession as Mr. Holbrook. He is on the ninth floor; Mr. Holbrook on the tenth. Everything was all right on my eight o'clock rounds. I worked in the basement between then and ten, fixing the furnace. At ten when I made my rounds I found Mr. Holbrook's door open and he, sitting in his chair, head on one side, shot through the heart. No one has seen the stenographer since. That's all, with one addition, no shot was heard."

"Thank you. Come. We'll see the elevator boy next." Abdul was warming.

They entered the elevator and directed the boy to take them to the ninth floor. The elevator started with a jolt which upset the boy's balance. As he stepped back a pace, Abdul stooped, picked up a small object and slipped it into his pocket. When he questioned the boy as to the murder, he started, denied all knowledge of it and then seemed very much interested in the details. He declared that no one had left the building since eight.

Abdul, Sergeant Mulbank, and Perry got off at the ninth floor. A light was burning in Mr. Hart's room. Mulbank called an officer to prevent anyone's getting out. Then they went to the tenth and sought out Mr. Hol-



brook's room. Abdul examined the body and then the room. "There was a struggle," he declared.

"How do you know?" queried Mulbank.

"See the calendar hanging by one corner? Mr. Holbrook was seated here after he was killed."

A careful search of the room revealed only a woman's ring on a washstand in a far corner of the room. "Call the coroner, Perry. We'll see Mr. Hart," he announced abruptly.

The watchman rejoined them and on the way down said, "There was a quarrel between Mr. Holbrook and Mr. Hart. Some money Mr. Hart had loaned Mr. Holbrook was overdue, and Mr. Holbrook couldn't pay. Only today Mr. Hart was heard to threaten him. I think you'll find your party there."

They descended and rapped on Hart's door. "Come in," called a firm voice.

Entering, they found Mr. Hart cleaning a revolver. "Mr. Hart," snapped Abdul, his dark eyes shining, "I suppose you know that Mr. Holbrook was shot this—"

"No."

"—evening," continued Abdul, unheeding the interruption. "We have cause to suspect you on account of your trouble with him."

"He paid the money this afternoon," said Hart.

"Let me see the gun," demanded Abdul. It was a six-shooter with a silencer. One shell was discharged. "How did that happen?" asked Abdul, pointing to it.

"I shot a cat across on the other building this evening," returned Hart simply.

"Shot a cat. Ha! ha! Good story! No shot was heard when Mr. Holbrook was shot; this gun has a silencer. You've got him, officer." All this from the watchman. His mind was set.

Meanwhile Abdul had crossed to the window and looked out. The moon was up and the surroundings clear in its light. It was but a short distance to the other building. Half was roof, but the other half continued upward.

To the amazement of the other two, Abdul handed back the gun and said, "Very well, Mr. Hart. Good night."

Once outside, the watchman expostulated, "Why didn't you arrest him? He's guilty, isn't he?"

"Patience, man!" returned Abdul. "Let me explain. In the first place, Mr. Hart was frank and sincere, as I know men. Secondly, Mr. Holbrook was killed by a large caliber pistol. Mr. Hart's was small. Lastly, I looked over on the opposite roof. The cat must have fallen off or been removed, but on the opposite wall the black paint had been chipped off the stone, down low, leaving a white spot. It was fresh. Mr. Hart spoke the truth and is innocent."

"Guess number one gone," said Mulbank.

"Have the officers search for the girl, Mulbank," directed Abdul. "She must be here, for no one has left the building."

His assertion was correct, for she was found, cowering in a corner on the



sixth floor. She did not speak a word, nor could they make her until Abdul confronted her with the ring. She seemed terrified and when she spoke her voice was high-pitched from fright. "Where did you get it?"

This time Mulbank was the positive one. "Now you've got her," he asserted with conviction.

Abdul, however, evidently had other ideas. He seemed hardly interested in her now. "What's the elevator boy's name?" he asked the watchman.

"James Phillips, sir."

"On what terms were he and the girl?" Abdul was interested.

"Very close, I should say."

"If you had told everything at first, you'd have saved time," said Abdul rather ungraciously. "Call him, please."

He came, and in a tone bearing something of injured dignity, wanted to know why he was summoned again.

"Are you sure you told me everything you know about this murder?" Abdul's voice was hard, and his eyes were fixed intently on the boy. He had not paid much attention to him at first, but now he eyed him closely. The fellow was about twenty-one, tall and rather good looking. He was well dressed and neat, and his face bright and intelligent. Abdul could easily see how the girl was attracted to him.

Phillips, upon being questioned as to his veracity, looked offended, and replied in the affirmative.

"Who do you think is guilty?" asked Abdul of his two companions.

Phillips' eyes were on the floor, but only Abdul noticed it.

"I'm not so sure but what Hart is, after all," declared Perry, the watchman.

"The girl, certainly," Mulbank was sure.

Abdul knew his game and also human nature. The others did not. "Just see that young Phillips does not skip," whispered Abdul in Perry's ear. He went downstairs. "Just as I thought," he murmured to himself when he reached the basement.

When he came up again he was ready. "You're arrested for the murder of Mr. Holbrook."

Phillips raised his eyes to find the dark ones of Abdul almost piercing him. In Abdul's hand was an ugly looking revolver with a silencer attached. He knew it was the gun that had killed Holbrook. "It's all up," he muttered sullenly.

Perry and Mulbank were dumbfounded. "How did you know?" both gasped in the same breath.

Abdul pulled from his pocket a piece of paper through which a thumb tack was stuck. "Picked it up in the elevator," he announced briefly. "Did you notice the calendar hanging by one corner? Here is the other corner and what held it. They fought, probably over the girl, tore this down and Phillips stepped on it. It came off in the elevator."

"The girl nearly fooled me for some time. This young fellow's down-cast gaze, and that little history righted me. The ring she must have left while washing. It only identified her. The gun? While you, Perry, were on your rounds, he threw it in the furnace. He knew you had just fixed



it and therefore it was the most unlikely place to be looked into. The fire tomorrow would have destroyed all evidence."

"You're right about the fight," said Miss Cook, brightening. "Jimmy and Mr. Holbrook fought over me. Mr. Holbrook tried to kiss me. Jimmy heard me yell while passing and came to my assistance. Mr. Holbrook tried to shoot him, but somehow Jimmy got hold of the gun. When it went off, it was Mr. Holbrook who was shot. We were both badly scared and resolved to say nothing of it. Jimmy put Mr. Holbrook in the chair, while I ran and hid. We'd have gone when Jimmy's time was up. No one would have suspected us. But Jimmy was right and I'll stick by him," she finished.

"They're both young and were pretty badly scared," commented Abdul. "I think it will come out all right. Take them along, Sergeant. I'll see you tomorrow."

A few days later Abdul, reading the newspaper, chuckled to himself. Two notices caused his merriment. The first read, "James Phillips Held Blameless for Killing Lawyer Holbrook. Stenographer, Miss Cook, Star Witness." The second, "Licensed to Wed—James Phillips, 21, and Constance Cook, 20, both of this city."

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### WHAT A STORM CAN DO

It was a wild night. The snow which had been falling for days had turned into a furious rainstorm. Between the flashes of chain lightning and the heavy peals of thunder, the rain poured down in torrents, terrorizing the strongest-hearted. It was midnight; yet no one in the little village of Kermit had retired. The night was too eerie for that.

In a little cottage on the outskirts of town Mrs. Warrington and her twenty-year-old daughter Lydia huddled around the fire.

"It is so silly to be frightened by a storm," Lydia laughed, "but this is the worst thunder that I've ever heard. It sounds as if the heavens are being torn into shreds."

"Yes, it is dreadful. I am especially afraid of the lightning, as it has done so much damage around here. However, I am sure it will calm down before long."

Neither spoke for a while. Suddenly Lydia gave a startled exclamation, "Do you suppose there is any danger of the dam breaking? You remember that Mr. Landon told the men to watch it carefully if there happened to be a severe storm."

"Oh, no," answered Mrs. Warrington, "do not worry about that."

As she spoke, footsteps sounded on the porch and someone rapped loudly at the door. Lydia flew to open it.

"The dam is weakening. Gather together your valuables and come to Fulton Hill at once. Everyone will be safe there. I must hurry on and warn the others."

Before the watchman of the dam had finished his warning, Mrs. Warrington had started to collect her treasures. Lydia brought out their coats and hats and soon they were on the way to the hill of safety. A crowd had already gathered there. Many of the women were in tears, fearing that their homes would be washed away by the flood. Mrs. Warrington



and her daughter went among them, trying to comfort them, and in that way helping to comfort themselves. In a little while the inhabitants of Kermit were settled on Fulton Hill, waiting for the break.

"I reckon the dam cannot hold more than an hour longer," the watchman said. "Thank God, everyone is safe!"

"Where is Hudson Marr?" someone in the crowd asked.

"Good Lord! he went to his ranch today. It is right in line with the reservoir and in that narrow valley," one of the men cried excitedly.

"If he doesn't get word of the danger, he will be drowned. It will be impossible for him to swim out," another added.

"Hudson Marr in danger!" Lydia felt her heart turn to lead. "Why didn't someone go to him quickly? This was no time in which to delay."

"Won't someone volunteer to warn him?" Lydia questioned.

No one responded.

"Someone must go at once," she persisted.

"It would be foolish to try to reach his ranch on this kind of a night," Mr. Calvert explained. "Anyone attempting it would be killed before he got half way there. Look at this lightning and hear the falling trees."

"Then I will go myself. Get me a horse quickly. Do not try to stop me. Get me the horse at once. No time can be lost."

Dazed by her daring, someone brought her a horse. Springing to the saddle, she flashed off without a word. Her mother fell to her knees, praying for her daughter's safety. The men felt ashamed of their cowardliness, yet they knew that it would be a miracle if she reached the ranch.

But Lydia had no fear—Hudson must be saved even if she died in saving him. She did not seem to notice the storm—her mind was centered on the one in danger. The crash of a falling pine in front of her brought her to her senses and she spurred her horse to greater speed. Several times the horse was halted by fallen trees, but he seemed to have sensed the need for hurrying and scrambled over them valiantly.

Now her greatest anxiety was over! The ice on the river had not melted and she could cross. The ranch was just a little way farther now. Yes, it was very close, for soon she saw, by the light of a flash of lightning, the farm house in front of her. A minute more brought her to the doorstep.

"Hudson! Hudson!" she called above the clamor of the storm.

"What's the matter?" Hudson's startled voice answered.

"The dam is breaking! Save yourself!"

Then darkness.

A few hours later, Lydia opened her eyes again. The storm had disappeared and the east was brightening. Kneeling beside her was Hudson.

"Do you feel all right, Lydia?" he inquired anxiously.

"Yes," she answered. "I am so glad you are safe. Did the dam break?"

"Just a little while after I reached this hill with you. If it were not for you, I'd probably be in Davy Jones' locker now."

Lydia shuddered.

"Please don't talk of it," she said. "Thank heaven, you are saved!"

"There is a verse," said Hudson gently, "which reads something like this: 'He who saves his life shall lose it.' My life is saved, but it is also lost—it belongs to you forever."



**A ROMANCE.**  
**Showing Happiness May Blend With Sorrow.**

BY LEONORE OULLAHAN, '18

Fleurette knelt in prayer midst the ruins of the only home she had ever known. Her worldly goods were in a bundle beside her naked feet. The bowed head and tightly clenched hands were mute testimony of the torn soul.

The girl threw herself to the ground and her outraged heart gave way to hard, dry sobs. Tears would not come. She had shed every tear in her emaciated body.

Destruction where but a short while before all had been fertile fields. Fleurette looked upon the toll the war god had taken. Her father, likewise her brothers, had all fallen before the brutality of the Prussian raiders. The mother, worn by worry, passed away a short time before the shell struck the village. Her sister—Fleurette did not know her fate. And they had all been so happy. The home had been one of the many along the narrow street, at the end of which was the tiny white church.

The girl looked towards the beautiful sun; a cloud, dark and sinister, was passing across it. "See," she exclaimed aloud as it drifted away in the heavens, "the cloud cannot always hide one's sun." Such is the true philosophy of Belgium's children.

The Commission from the Red Cross had been watching the scene. The women's pitying hearts filled their eyes with tears.

Fleurette suddenly arose to her feet and flung her arms high. "I will be brave for Belgium," she cried.

At this point the women advanced towards her. They made clear to her that she should be taken to a Red Cross Hospital where she would be safe. Then Fleurette spoke of her love for her native land. "Nature painted a picture of peace and beauty and happiness and called it Belgium," she cried, "but the Germans came and laid their ruthless hands upon it, and now the torn masterpiece waits the dawn of a happier day for its restoration." Her listeners marveled that out of this chaos she should see a ray of light.

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There was a lull in the fighting. Robert Weston, American, sat before his dugout and smoked his worn pipe. It was a time for reflection. Death longed for him. And he was ready.

His aimless life passed before him. He remembered the fine old home in San Francisco. Memory of the squandering of his wealth shamed him. He had thrown it away on lavish dinners and false friends. The money from one of those dinners could have fed a small French village. And he remembered Helen—the girl who had jilted him for a man of higher position. What a fool he had been! He remembered bitterly what had followed. Shunning the sympathy of his friends, he had plunged into wild dissipation. And then the reaction. He thanked God that it had come before both his fortune and himself had been irrevocably lost. The letters of the French and Belgian proteges had saved him. Those simple children, who in their gratitude believed him a true American. Their believing in him suddenly made him believe in himself. He was filled with self-hate. Then he donned the khaki. What an empty life had been his! In truth, Robert Weston would have been a man's man in a different environment.



His eye pictured the peace in America—his country. Homes were not shell-torn. The lives of the multitude continued as before. The signs of war were the service flags in the windows. Robert's musings were shattered. The enemy had made an attack!

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Days after, the fighting was at its height. Suddenly a bomb sped on the air from the enemy. A minute later Robert Weston was paralyzed with indescribable fear. A bomb in Trench A! He seemed unable to move. A fraction of a second and all would be destroyed. His fear left him. He became worthy of the khaki he wore.

"How is the American today?" the head nurse asked a white-clad girl.

"The monsieur, he has not regained consciousness," Fleurette replied.

Under good care Bob gradually became stronger. He would never have his full physical strength again. But he had gained a soul.

Fleurette, a daughter of Belgium, sat by his bed. Her dark eyes were filled with pity. In her hand she held a letter.

"This letter, it is from my god-father," she told her patient. "He must be such a fine man—see, he says here that he has adopted four others beside myself." In her eagerness to show him the note she had leaned towards him. Her soft hair brushed his face and her eyes glowed. She did not see the pained look in the American's eyes. He envied her benefactor. For he had come to love this girl with a soul in her deep eyes.

The man reached out his left hand—his one hand. He had lost his right arm at the shoulder. The writing was oddly familiar. The page trembled. Suddenly it dropped to the bed. He rested back on the pillows and looked long and intently on his faithful attendant. Fleurette was alarmed. She did not know what turn her patient had suddenly taken.

"What do you think this American looks like?" he asked.

"I should like him to look like monsieur," she replied in her naive manner.

Several weeks later Bob was wheeled out on the wide porch just as the stars broke through the blue sky. Fleurette was happy. She did not know who this strange man was; but she knew she loved him.

"You do not know my name."

"What does a name count, monsieur?"

The man spoke and his voice was serious. "In this case it counts a great deal, my dear. I am your god-father, Robert Weston. But I had far rather be your husband."

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## MY FIRST CIGARETTE.

BY "BUNNY," '19

Boys, you have all had a first time, no matter how accomplished you may now appear in the art of smoking. Well, I extend my hearty congratulations to those who have passed this crisis and my heartiest sympathy to those who have not yet reached this stage in their careers. Indeed, it might seem somewhat unseemly for me, a girl, to write upon such a subject, but I assure you that it was a question of my honor, my pride, and my self-respect.



Surely a lady may be excused for anything done fair or foul in defense of these qualities.

A short time ago I was invited out to dinner. The young man of the house had recently returned from college. He was slightly impressed with his own importance, advising me what course of study to take at school, telling me what vocation was best suited to me, and kindly undertaking to plan my life for the next ten years. I was not contented, however, to sit by and be addressed in this fatherly tone by one not many years my senior. My blood boiled righteously. I chafed under the insults that were being thrust upon me, but I managed to control myself—at least for the time.

After dinner the gentlemen produced their cigarette cases and began to smoke. My friend, altogether too considerate, extended his case with, "Won't you have one?"

Still trying to be a perfect lady, no matter how difficult, I replied, "No, thank you, not just now." What demon prompted me to add "not just now"? Those three words were indeed my Waterloo.

A little later I was brought somewhat suddenly to earth by hearing the young man say, "Do you care for one now?" His tone was quite polite and there was an unmistakable grin upon his visage, but the tone was too polite, the grin too broad, and was it my imagination or did he really accent the now?

The crimson rag had indeed been waved before the bull; I saw red. Without the least thought of the consequences I took one of the contents of the case. After several attempts, I succeeded in lighting it. The next instant I imagined that I was being choked to death. My first thought was that I had swallowed the cigarette, but no, there was the obnoxious thing still tightly clutched in my hand. I took a deep breath, then put the accursed little round tip again to my lips, this time puffing on it less violently. In a few seconds I became quite an adept. Indeed I was doing myself proud, so in the due course of time I finished it. The young man no longer looked on me with patient tolerance, but greeted me as a comrade. I complimented myself on my commendable performance, and when the time came for me to make my adieux, I was in a perfectly contented frame of mind.

On returning home I went into the living room to receive my paternal caress before retiring. Alas! my clothes were saturated with the odor of tobacco. But what was still worse, at the critical moment when father stooped to imprint a kiss upon my brow, I felt myself turning pale, the cords of my stomach tightened; I fled from the room in terror. It is needless to say that I spent a miserable night and a still more miserable morning making explanations to my family.

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### "TWO'S COMPANY"

Don jammed his new straw hat down viciously over his red hair. With bent head, he rounded the corner into the sweep of the wind, his eyes narrowing against the flying dust. He did not see the procession of dainty French heeled boots and sturdy English shoes that hurried by him, or hear the newsboys twanging through the crowd, or smell the violets and roses that blossomed at every corner. In short, Don Price was homesick.



He hated the loneliness of the thronging streets, and the evenings at the Orpheum, and the dinners alone at the hotel. He wanted to sit on his own big veranda back home in New Jersey; he wanted his sister Helen to pick a yellow pansy out of her own special bed and put it in his buttonhole; he wanted to sit at the old piano and bang to his heart's content; but most of all he wanted a girl—any kind of a girl would do, but he didn't know one in all the city.

A sudden shock sent his hat flying and the wind caught and wheeled it along the sidewalk. But Don cared not a whit for the hat. He stood staring into two indignant gray eyes, one of them very red and moist. At the sight of Don's reddening face and redder, wind-blown hair the gray eyes twinkled to a smile and then disappeared into the crowd, leaving him open-mouthed and speechless.

A small boy captured the truant hat and returned it to Don, who pressed a shiny new dollar into the grimy little hand and hurried away from the amused glances of the crowd.

His mouth curved into a tender smile and he nodded his head approvingly. Maybe San Francisco wasn't so bad after all; he was just beginning to appreciate it. Of course it was all in getting acquainted. Acquainted! The word echoed mockingly in his head. Fool that he was—he didn't even know her name. With sagging jaw, he shouldered his way through the crowd, glaring sullenly at everyone who passed.

A sudden intuitive flash of recognition made him turn to stare after a small, chubby man who had just squeezed past him. There certainly was something mighty familiar about that short, red neck and bristly hair. Don pushed after him and laid a detaining hand on his shoulder. The man looked at him in astonishment that was rapidly becoming distrust, when Don blurted out awkwardly:

"I think I've seen you before."

"I don't think you have," coolly.

"Aren't you from the East?" Don ventured.

"Yes," admitted the little man coldly.

"New Jersey?" Don urged breathlessly.

"Yes," with dawning interest.

"Morristown?" Don roared, beaming expectantly.

"Yes!" grinned the man, putting out his hand. "My name's Post."

"And you lived right around the corner from me." Don gripped the pudgy hand exultantly. "Don't you remember the kid that used to make such a fierce racket on the piano in your neighborhood? That's me—Don Price. There's nothing to it—you're coming to dinner with me."

But Post grasped him by the elbow and piloted him to a big brown machine that stood at the curb. He pushed him into the yielding cushions of the tonneau and clambered in after him, with a word to the chauffeur.

"Believe me, boy, you're not the only one that's homesick. My mother will be tickled to death to see someone from good old Morristown. And my kid sister! Just this morning she was raking me over the coals for not getting acquainted with some interesting boys here. She'd never forgive me if I let you escape. I didn't know you back home, but you look like a long-lost cousin to me here." Post stopped long enough for breath and the car drew



up in front of a tall grey house, tapping a series of green terraces. Don followed his pudgy host up the winding brick steps. Inside, it was warm and cozy and fragrant with the promise of dinner.

Mrs. Post, tiny and grey and infinitely cordial, plied Don with questions. Was the new Trinity Methodist church finished yet? Had the Ruggles family gone to Newport for the summer? Did Evelyn Norton marry that widower with the three boys?

The cross fire of questions was suddenly checked by the appearance of Post in the doorway, pulling after him a reluctant figure. He grinned at Don, "Sis didn't want to come in because she had a black eye. Some young hopeful collided with her today, without so much as a 'pardon'."

The guest rose and steadied himself by the high back of the chair, staring stupidly at the girl, who smiled at him with one twinkling grey eye. Then, gathering her out-stretched hand into his big palm he remarked, apropos of nothing in particular, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

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## A RETROSPECT.

BY JULIA "BUNNY" TUGGLE, '19

People will say, "How you have grown! My, you're almost a young lady!" But I really don't feel any older than I did a few years ago, until I commence to recall the different emotions I felt then, and the violent likes and dislikes I had when a child. Then I can say, "How time does fly!"

I remember clearly my first love affair. Of course at the time it occurred I did not dignify it by any such name. In fact it caused quite a good deal of concentration on my part to find out what was the matter with my hitherto unresponsive organ called a heart.

One Monday morning I discovered that I had a void place inside of me that hurt dreadfully. Even all the cookies I stole from the pantry failed to fill it. About eleven o'clock, when I felt as if I could stand the ache no longer, who should come over but Tommy. Tommy was an unfailing source of pleasure. He was about the only child in the neighborhood who was allowed to play with me, but in this case there was no danger of contamination.

The minute Tommy came in the door I felt bashful, an entirely new sensation for me, and when he presented me with a thick slice of bread and jelly I didn't eat it, but put it on a shelf in the yard. Strange to say, a similar change had come over Tommy, for when he addressed me he no longer said "Hey," but murmured my name in a soft, mooning voice. I no longer called him Tommy, but Thomas, which seemed to become him so much more. In that one word, expressed in a sort of cooing tone, I was able to sum up all my affections. It stirred untold dreams within me.

Once again I picture Tommy and myself in a small boat in the ocean. We were attacked by a ferocious band of pirates singing "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest."

Tommy, taking his "good old knife" from his pocket, brandished it in the air and proceeded to kill about a hundred pirates. He was a hero—my hero; but one of the "bold, bad men" inflicted a wound, and I nursed him back to life.



We continued in this sublime state for a few days, I oblivious to everything but my loved one. He brought numerous offerings to my shrine. I placed them all under my bed. By Friday I had a piece of bread and jelly, a dead rat (found in a rat trap in Tommy's basement), a piece of putty, two blue marbles, and some false curls (Mrs. Richards, the mother of her son, did not wear her customary curls when she was over for tea the other afternoon).

There is no telling how long this might have lasted if my deeper passion had not been nipped in the bud one Saturday afternoon when Mary was sweeping my room. By this time the rat and bread and jelly had begun to "smell." It was not a pleasant odor, so Mary went on a tour of investigation. Upon looking under the bed she discovered all my treasured articles. Mary, astounded, sent for mother and mother sent for me. At first I defended Tommy bravely, but with each breath I drew I got another whiff of that rat and my affection for the giver began to diminish. When I told them how much I loved Tommy, I became aware that I didn't love him at all.

After I was forced to remove the debris from my room, not a coal of my former devotion remained smouldering in my heart. Thus ended my first love story.

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## NEAR THE BORDER

BY KEDMA DUPONT

It was late afternoon. The shadows of the ranch house had begun to stretch out toward the east. The house was not an attractive place, set in the midst of a hot, treeless and apparently limitless plain. On the tumbled-down porch sat a young man, his chair tilted back against the wall, a pile of newspapers at his side, one of which he was eagerly perusing.

Out of the open door came a man, much older and bearing the marks of long exposure to sun and hardship. His younger partner, whose real name, in spite of the fact that he had been christened Clarence, was Bill, looked up and remarked, "I see you're dressed in the garments of civilization. Going to San Antonio?"

"Yeh. Business appointment with a fellow there. Jack Smith, bring in that mail!"

"Yes," said Bill. "Say, Tom, do you know we're at war with Germany?"

"Well," returned Tom, "I hear you say so. Can't say as I'm much surprised, though. Don't suppose it means much to us. Just keep sending munitions over to the allies same's we've been doing. Well, I'll be mounting my trusty steed. Guess she wants a drink first. Where'd you put the gasoline?"

A few minutes later Tom drove the dilapidated machine in front of the house. "She's got an awful knock in her," he remarked, "but I guess she'll carry me to San Antonio all right."

He got out and picked up a bundle he had laid on the porch. Bill looked at him closely for the first time and noticed that he wore his pistol. "Say," he remarked, "you look like a wild west show. Don't you know this is a law-abiding state?"

"I reckon," said Tom, patting the holster affectionately, "I've worn it so