

Quill Drivers' Department

YOUTH.

(Creelman Rowland.)

"But, Jack, you don't understand. I am serious. Don't you see? For almost two weeks Mary and Ruth and Margaret and Betty, and all the girls in my room who have sweethearts in your room have been teasing me—I mean all 'cept Katherine. They are always telling me about the whippings you get every day. And—".

"But, Dottie, dear,—” was the interruption that Jack of 7A made in this unexpected speech of Dot of 7B.

"Wait till I finish. You are the only boy that gets a whipping every day. You are the leading one in all the mischief in this school. Why don't you stop? You know I love you. That's why I haven't said anything before," gasped the troubled Dot.

"Oh, Dot, don't be so serious," begged the bewildered Jack. "What are a lot o' 'lile old whippings anyway?"

"They're lots when you are always reminded of them. And," resumed the talkative Dot, "they are always bragging about their sweethearts, 'cause they don't get any old whippings. And now if you don't promise to be good and not get any whippings I'm going to send back all of those nice things you gave me and—never speak to you again."

"What?" cried Jack. "You are not that serious, are you?"

"I certainly am. I mean every thing I say. It's going to be pretty hard but I guess I can stand it," declared Dot with a determined look that caused Jack to start to thinking, for he knew that when she looked that way she meant to do just what she said she would.

This conversation took place as Jack and Dot were walking to school. Jack always came by for Dot, and they enjoyed the walk together, for there were so many pretty birds and flowers, and they always had something to tell each other. This was the first difference that had arisen in their

baby-hood courtship of about three months, and Jack did not know what to do. Finally as they neared a great woods Jack said:

"Dot, I will be good today. I'll not get a single whipping. This is going to be hard, but I can do it for you. Will you still love me if I do that?"

"Of course, I will. You know that's why I want you to stop. I talked it all over with Katherine and she said that her brother said that you don't have to do all those things. He says you can stop as easy as not. Katherine is the only one who doesn't tease me and I like her. But I am so glad that you are willing to change," was the sentence that showed how delighted this little maid really was.

"Now, we must seal the compact," promised Jack, and under the green of the trees these two, Jack Sloan and Dorothy Rendleman, sealed the compact which was witnessed by the birds only.

Dot was in a room made up chiefly of girls. This was next to one that had a great many boys in it, and it seemed that almost every little girl in Dot's room had a "sweetheart" in Jack's room. These little girls were accustomed to hear someone in the other room get a whipping almost every day and they soon learned that it was very seldom anyone except Jack Sloan.

This particular day however seemed to be very quiet, for nothing was heard in the room next to them. Dot was very happy, for she did not want Jack to receive a whipping. But at two-thirty the accustomed sounds which indicated that a whipping was taking place greeted the ears of the girls in 7B.

"Is it Jack?" "Can it be?" "Oh, what if it is?" "What shall I do?" were only a few of the things that ran through Dot's bewildered little mind in those few seconds. Katherine looked over there and understood.

"Come with me, Dot, and I'll ask brother who got the whipping," said Katherine as they marched out of

school a few minutes later. They soon found Robert, Katherine's brother, and when she asked him who had gotten the whipping, he said:

"Jack Sloan got it, but—". Here he was called by a group of boys and as he ran to them he called back to Katherine, "I'll tell you the rest when I get home."

Katherine turned and started to say something to Dot but she was nowhere to be seen.

"She heard Robert say it was Jack and she could not stand it, but went home by herself," mused Katherine as she walked home. "I wonder what else Robert's got to tell me. I hope that he soon comes home."

The time passed very slowly for the anxious Katherine, but finally her brother arrived at about five o'clock. A very interesting story followed, and it was rather hard for the enthusiastic listener to restrain from interrupting. Just as Robert finished, Katherine jumped up exclaiming, "Oh, I just got to tell Dot at once. She will be so glad to hear it."

"Why will Dot be glad to hear that Jack did not get the whipping?" asked Robert.

"Didn't you know they were to stop being friends if he got a whipping today? She walked home by herself because she heard you say that Jack got it. I'm going over there right now. Tell mother where I am," called Katherine as she ran down the walk.

"Brother, brother, please come up stairs just a minute," called Dot at about four-thirty of that eventful day.

As the little boy entered the room she handed him a large package and said, "Take this to Mrs. Sloan and tell her to give it to Jack. You may stop at the drugstore as you come back and get a saucer of ice cream if you will hurry."

"Oh, thank you." But the little fellow lingered.

"Say, Sis," after a pause, "what's in this big package? It feels mighty heavy."

"Oh, nothing, Johnny. Please hur-