

tion, himself, herself, and themselves.

"I think Hank looks simply darling on a horse," she said on one occasion.

He drove the next shot into the pond.

"Isn't Hank going to make the polo team this year?" she asked as he surveyed his ball in a sand trap.

He picked up his ball and conceded the hole.

The next day passed for both boys much like the first, except that the situation grew more intense, more repressed. Hank and Lucy rode in the morning; Dick and Lucy golfed after lunch. At tea that afternoon they bowed to each other coldly, cutting in on Lucy alternately with the same frigid politeness each of these elect seniors showed to undesirable freshmen at Yale. At night neither enjoyed playing bridge, nor dancing afterwards, nor—Heaven forbid—watching a midnight game of ping-pong between Lucy and Albert Jenkins. That night they asked the room clerk to move them to separate rooms.

Now Dick Stevens was a fairly honorable person. He went early to his room that night and tried to read, but a wicked thought would not leave his mind. He walked up and down his room, and up and down the corridor, until the manager came to ask if there was anything he wanted. The thought was the fact that Hank MacRider had never, in his life, held a golf club in his hand.

At eleven o'clock he telephoned Lucy and broke his engagement with her.

Dick passed Hank after breakfast in the lobby.

"Morning, Dick," he said.

"Good morning," said Hank, and started to pass on. "Hello," he said suddenly, "what's the matter with your right hand?"

"Nothing much. I went out late last night for a drive, had a puncture and the jack slipped while I was changing the tire."

"Ought to let the doctor see it," said Hank.

"He fixed it up last night. It'll be all right, but I can't play golf this morning. I told Lucy you would fill my date for me and take her on—she's never played the Number Two course before and she's terribly keen on trying it today."

Hank grasped Dick by his uninjured hand. "That's mighty fine of you," he said. "I'm afraid I can't give her much of a game, but I certainly am going to enjoy trying."

The writing of tragedy is not within our scope or power.

For the first three holes they were both very gay, keeping accurate account of every stroke, which took quite a lot of time, since Hank averaged twenty-seven strokes to the hole.

At the fourth tee they had to let the foursome behind them pass through. The afternoon crowd, which included some slow golfers but none so slow as Hank, was catching up with them. Two more parties went through them before they reached the sixth green.

It must have been at about this time that they ceased to be so gay—unless it was when Hank swung at his ball in a water hazard and splashed mud on her white skirt, or when they both became aware that the players ahead, after a heroic effort at restraint, were laughing at them, or when he broke Dick's prized mid-iron against a tree, or when she laughed at him as he missed the ball for the fourth consecutive time—and he wished he could laugh, and saw the sky turn black as he realized that he was long past laughter.

They went to ride that afternoon—a short ride—which Lucy seemed to enjoy, but which Hank did not.

"Hank, if you could have seen yourself just after you drove that ball into the car on the highway. . ." She stopped, shaken with a quiet laughter.

Lucy was not a girl entirely without finer feeling. Believe it or not, the morning's ordeal on the golf course had not been entirely pleasant for her. She was disturbed by the knowledge that Hank had been entirely ridiculous, and that he had obviously had a pretty rotten time. It was plain that Hank did not enjoy being laughed at; it was equally plain that sympathy would be even more painful. So she decided to say no more about it. And this, for Hank, was the worst of all. "She's just given me up," he thought. "Oh Lord, let her laugh at me, let her be sorry for me, but don't let her go on like this." He pondered, also, on the course of events.

That night, about eleven, Hank knocked at his class-mate's door.

"Come in," said Dick.

Hank limped painfully, dragging his left leg like a wounded duck, and collapsing into the nearest chair.

"Nothing much," he said. "I was fooling around at the polo barn this afternoon. Got kicked. It'll be all right in a day or two."

"That certainly is too bad—awfully bad. Anything I can do?"

"No, thanks, they fixed me up all right down at the field. Oh, look—I promised Lucy I'd take her riding in the morning. Would you mind—"

"Glad to," said Dick, emphatically, "after the way you helped me out this morning. We'll play golf."

"Oh, no, you won't," said Hank, "I mean, she wants very much to ride. Mr. Clendenin has promised to let her ride Spitfire. She's been looking forward to it all week."

"Well, well, isn't that nice," said Dick. "Who am I supposed to ride, Chained Lightning?"

"Oh no, you can have Unlucky, that big black mare. Just don't let her get away from you and you won't have any trouble. Ever been on a horse before?"

"Never. I was frightened by a big, black funeral horse when I was a child, and the episode left me with a complex. I'm not sure that I ought to try it."

"Suit yourself," said Hank. "Lucy will be rather disappointed."

Most of us can remember our first horseback ride. How large the animal seemed from the ground, what a curious expression lurked in his eye, how peculiar that, once mounted, the stirrups kept escaping our somewhat nervous clutches. The spirited but unconventional Unlucky was not the happiest mount for a beginner. She shied at tree-stumps and rabbits, and she had her own ideas of where to go.

"Just lay the reins across her neck," said Lucy. "Oh, don't hold on to the saddle. Watch out—I'm terribly sorry."

"Quite all right," said Dick. As a matter of fact, it felt rather nice to be back on the ground. He brushed himself off and eyed Unlucky, who was almost out of sight around the curve. "Thank God," he muttered, gently.

"I'll catch her—wait here," said Lucy. Before he could protest she was off, while Dick sat against a tree and prayed—ineffectively. Lucy, Spitfire and Unlucky returned together.

Yet Lucy was not in the least an unkind girl. When, before very long, Unlucky swerved aside at a barrier and disappeared like a flash for home, leaving Dick across the fence, she was genuinely distressed.

"Oh what rotten luck," she said, jumping off her horse. "Sure you're all right?"

"Perfectly." To himself he added, "I might at least have had the luck to break my leg."

"If you just could have held Unlucky with your reins instead of holding on to her mane. . . it isn't a long walk back. I'll show you the way."

It is the mental wounds which are deepest. Dick was wounded that day in other places, but his pride received a blow from which, fortunately, it never recovered.

That night Dick returned the call which Hank had paid him the night before.

"How about a drink?" he said.

"Right," said Hank. "Do you mind getting them? I'm still pretty lame, you know."

"I brought you some stuff for your leg," said Dick. "Mr. Clendenin recommended it."

"Thanks," said Hank. "By the way, how's your hand? Didn't hurt it any more while you were riding, did you?"

"Not much," returned his friend absently. "If you stop limping tonight I think I can shake hands with you."

Not long after these two sportsmen were safely back in New Haven, settled in an after-dinner calm before an open fire.

"Hank," said Dick.

"Yes."

"I never thought that Lucy would marry a simple guy like Albert Jenkins."

"Neither did I."

"Beat you three sets of ping-pong."