

## By RUTH CRAFT

degrees of admiration. "His article isn't so bad," Juno admitted, "but I can put it into shape for him."

Mary reproached her surprise at this budding of literary criticism. "Has he gone?" she asked.

"No. He missed the train. He telephoned that he would come again tomorrow."

Mary glanced behind the screen of Juno's hair. "Then look out for tomorrow," she said soberly.

"What?" asked Juno.

At 10 o'clock, according to college rules, every "girl" must be out. On the Sunday night after Kent's second call Juno obeyed, and so did Mary. But when Juno, in a loose gown and soft slippers, rapped on Mary's door she found her friend similarly arrayed and perched on a high window seat in the moonlight. She climbed up beside her and laid head in her lap.

"Have you come to tell me anything, Juno?" asked Mary eagerly.

"Certainly not," Juno spoke severely. "I don't feel like talking at all. I never shall marry him," she asserted with contrariety irrelevance.

Mary ran her fingers through the soft hair. She said nothing.

"He's just my age," remarked Juno, "and stunning to look at."

"Well!" Mary ventured.

"He is awfully fond of golf and walking and all that."

"He says we have the same tastes in music and books and such things."

"Very likely," asserted Mary. If Juno should develop any predilections at all in those directions, it seemed likely that they would follow Mr. Thorpe's.

"But I don't care for him. Besides, I never could stand being tied down even if I did love anybody."

"What does he say to that?"

"He says I shall never marry him. He says I should be freer than ever."

"He doesn't know her," thought Mary.

"But he doesn't really care for me," Juno explained. "He is misled because he never happened to come across my type before."

"Some of that is true," said Mary, adding to herself, "and he won't again."

"There are quantities of other women that would be just as congenial and stimulating to him if he knew them."

"Then it is your duty to tell him so."

"I tried to, but he interrupted me."

"What did he say?"

"It wasn't very nice. He said 'Damn the other women!'"

"I really don't know," Mary found

On Monday afternoon Mary found herself reading the manuscript of Mr. Thorpe's article which by free use of a pencil she had rendered absolutely illegible.

"When on earth did you do all that?" she asked.

"I've done nothing else all day. There! read it and see if you think of anything else to do to it. I have seen over it so many times that I know by heart. I simply cannot look at it again."

Mary took up the sheets.

"No, give it to me!" said June. "I'll read it to you. I'd like to."

"Why not? You do all that?" asked Mary boldly.

"I don't know. Yes, I do too. I want to know how much I care for a friend."

On Tuesday June received a letter. To the judicial mind the gratitude that expressed might have seemed excessive. "It was too good of you to soothe over my miserable article, dear. I don't care, dear. I will say it now can I ever thank you enough? And not for that only. How can I tell you what your grand, sweet, womanly nature has done for me? Oh, Eleanor, love you. Yes, I will say that too."

On Wednesday, as June came out from the college postoffice with Mary, he said: "I'm not used to getting so

"No," said Mary, decisively, "you may love letters a day. Do I love them?"

June looked relieved. "He wants to come up again on Saturday," she said, but I have written him not to. I was good, wasn't I?"

"Very," said Mary.

On Thursday Mr. Thorpe wrote that there were some points in his article that they positively must talk over together. "I shall be firm, Mary," said he. "It won't do for all his time to come."

"Why, June?" and Mary looked into June's eyes.

"He goes to California next month," warned June, evasively; "probably I never shall see him again."

Friday was June's afternoon at the club. She always served tea to the women who had arrived, and several chairs were filled and several guests were on the floor. Pearly's daughter announced that June was entertaining the company with her own version of some incident in college life. He never appeared more brilliant or more irresponsible. Mary, who always slipped into a corner on these occasions, was watching her friend with interest. She could see in the vivacious suggestion of the week's siege that June's heart had undergone. Would Kent Thorpe, or any other man, be asked herself, ever be June's confidant here? Her answer came unhesitatingly. As she tried to go out unobserved, she felt the jelly was in full flow. "June is going to marry for her," (alleged him to come tomorrow," she said in an undertone.

Mr. Thorpe must have known the man by heart. Doubtless it was a custom, moreover, to keep his unsuit case packed. These facts favored his arrival in response to Reno's telegram at an hour that antedated the usual one for morning call. Functionally, however, did not so much characterize his manner when, at dusk, he tore his hand from his at the college entrance.

The telephone can no longer be legally used by German physicians in dictating prescriptions to drugstore, because of the chances of fatal misunderstandings.

## VETO REUNION WAS GREAT

Oh, the happy, happy days on the farm, before our boys all left us and our girls got married!  
But we are happy still and love to

the Rev. Henry C. Swetsel.—He Re-

With all thoughtful people to recognize the peculiar difficulties which beset the church of the twentieth century. Our only hope is to hold fast to the ideas and aims of the church of the first century. The sickness of Christianity to-day is the result of the loss of the original position of the apostolic faith which was no compromise with the world. There is nothing

long ago when the issue should be strongly made and honestly met. If it is at all un-

will pay for itself a thousand times  
in time and temper saved, and is an  
incentive to study to the little ones.  
Who see time of hushen up dozens of  
books and papers before they can be  
to work. — W. C. C. Home Co., N. Y.

cial Aspirants—Supplies Confidential

taken up with herself that she has little interest to spare for anything else and will interrupt the most interesting passage with some idle question as to how old I would really make her to be, or my opinion as to a complexion or hair color. What life before was

of poultry, 400 turkeys, 100 ducks, 100 geese, 100 chickens, 100 quail, 100 partridges, 94 hams, 120 pheasants, 10 tongues, 2000 rolls, 1 bear head, 1000 plates of cold dishes, 150 quarts of cream, 250 dishes of sweets.—The silver Hobson, in Collier's Weekly.