

Among the Apple Trees

A Story of Farm Life

By CLIFFORD V. GREGORY

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CHAPTER IX.

BETH met the girls at the train and hurried them out to the university. She looked happier than they had ever seen her before.

"I believe you have good news for us," said Mabel, smiling.

"Indeed I have!" cried Beth. "And of course it's about Harold. There's been such a change in him! Dean Russell told me yesterday that there wasn't a boy in school he would trust any quicker than he would Harold. And you just ought to see him play football!"

The other girls laughed with the contagious happiness.

"I knew he had it in him to come out all right if he'd just get started in the right direction," said Mabel.

"Will we see him tonight?" questioned Gladys.

"No, he's in training, you know, and can't be up nights. But tomorrow is the last game of the season, and he's promised to take us all to the theater tomorrow night. We're going to have a box too."

Over the Rau Ta Snipsdon chapter house there was trouble brewing Harold came in from supper and start-



"I DON'T CARE IF I DO—JUST ONE" ed up to his room as was his wont when one of the boys called him into the parlor.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Du Val," he said. "Join us in just one game to take your mind off the victory tomorrow."

"Yes, you need a little touch of sporting life to get your blood up," spoke up another of the players. "You've been holding off a long time for you."

Harold hesitated. Cards had always had a fascination for him. Tonight, after the strain of weeks of hard training, the crowded, hazy card room attracted him irresistibly.

"I don't care if I do—just one," he said, and with something of the old reckless gleam in his eyes he slid into the seat that was promptly vacated for him.

He played and lost and played and lost again, so fascinated in the shifting cards that he lost all track of time and losses.

Then suddenly he straightened up with a start and threw down his cards. "Eleven o'clock," he cried, "and the night before the championship game! Why didn't you tell me?"

He reached in his pocket. "How much?" he asked.

One of the boys rapidly added up a row of figures. "One hundred and fifty dollars," he said.

Harold dropped limply back in his chair. "One hundred and fifty dollars!" he gasped. "Oh, why did I do it?" He buried his face in his hands.

"Cheer up," said one of the others, not unkindly. "You're not the kind to snook out on taking your medicine. But I want to be square with you," he went on. "I'll play you a game for the jackpot. Come on. Now's your chance."

Without a word Harold drew his chair up to the table and reached for the cards. The boys gathered around and watched breathlessly, for something in Harold's tense face and labored breathing told them that more than the mere money was at stake. They had seen him lose larger amounts than that with a careless smile on his face.

But again the fates were against him, and again his plays were unlucky. With a groan he pushed back his chair and rushed from the room to pass a sleepless night tossing and fro and living over again those few brief hours of the evening before.

His chum met him at the foot of the stairs as, haggard and worn, he came down to breakfast the next morning. "Here's a chance to make good yet," he whispered. "Minnesota has sent up \$300 to place on the game. We've all agreed to give you the first chance at it."

"I'll take it," said Harold quickly. "The fates may be against me, but in a football game I'm not afraid of even fate."

Long before 2 o'clock the crowd began to flow through the gate and up on to the long bleachers. Beth had secured seats near the center, and the girls were waiting excitedly for the appearance of the contending teams. At about fifteen minutes of 2, the Minnesota team trotted on to the field. "Oh, see!" cried Mabel, catching Gladys by the arm. "There's Jeff!"

But Gladys had already seen him and was waving a Minnesota pennant with all her might.

Jeff saw them at almost the same instant and waved his hand.

"Doesn't he look big and strong in those football things?" cried Mabel. "And oh, see, there's Harold!" as the Iowa team came running out. The crowd was on its feet in an instant, and the Iowa yell echoed across the campus as the two teams lined up.

Then the whistle blew, and the great game was on. Mabel put her handkerchief to her eyes as the two lines came together with a thud that shook the tense air. Gladys only wished that she had more eyes in order that she might see more of it.

"See!" she cried, seizing Beth by the arm as Jeff, who was playing quarter, broke away for a twenty yard run down the field toward Iowa's goal. It looked for a moment as if he had got clear away, and then with a long jump Harold tackled him, and they went down together.

Play followed play in quick succession, but it seemed to the girls that it was largely a fight between the two opposing quarterbacks, with the rest of the players to lend color to the scene.

The first half passed with no score, and the whistles called the men up for the final struggle. Minnesota secured the ball on the kickoff, and their famous "flying wedge" took them back nearly to the center of the field. Then Jeff got away with the ball and advanced it to Iowa's forty yard line. A line smash took it five yards farther, and there it stuck. Twice the great human machines came together, and twice Minnesota failed to gain. As a last resort Jeff dropped back to kick goal. It was a magnificent kick, and the ball sailed squarely between the posts.

The handful of Minnesota supporters went wild with delight, and when Gladys came to herself she was waving a plug hat with one hand and her pennant in the other, while the bald-headed old gentleman who sat in the seat ahead looked up at her in pained surprise.

Again the teams lined up, Minnesota rushed with victory, Iowa doggedly determined. Harold backed up Iowa's kickoff with a great run and a magnificent tackle, and Iowa held the ball on Minnesota's thirty-five yard line.

The Iowa supporters went wild yelling for a touchdown, but Minnesota's line was like a stone wall, and Iowa had no alternative but to kick. The ball was quickly passed back to Harold, but the hard game and the sleepless night were beginning to tell on him, and he fumbled. He immediately recovered and kicked, but the Minnesota men were on top of him, and the chance for a score was lost. Minnesota kicked the ball out of danger, and then followed ten minutes of steady hammering, with no apparent advantage on either side.

Harold was getting desperate. The disgrace of a defeat and the disgrace of a whole year's straight living thrown away in a single night's dissipation stared him in the face.

They must not lose. He clinched his teeth as he called the signal for a quarterback run. He put the last ounce of desperate strength he had left into that run. Ten yards, twenty, thirty, he went. Only fifteen more and he could fall across the line and breathe when a human catapult struck him from behind and he went down, with Jeff hanging tightly to his legs.

Harold was filled with blind anger at Jeff. In every play he had made that day Jeff had opposed him. He was always in the way. He did not stop to think of the consequences, but a moment later as the Minnesota team

came crashing into their line he leaped quickly forward and delivered a terrible kick at Jeff's ribs.

In an instant the referee had him by the arm, and he was led off the field, while Jeff was carried away to the tent with a broken rib.

In a few moments more it was all over, and Minnesota was the champion of the west.

The girls had seen Jeff carried away, but they had not seen how he

was hurt. Beth hailed a passing sophomore and sent him over to the tent to find out if the injury was serious.

"He says he'll be all right in a little while," the boy said as he came back. "He said to give you his compliments and that he would be over to see you after supper."

But neither Jeff nor Harold put in an appearance after supper. Jeff telephoned over after awhile and told them that the doctor wouldn't let him come. But of Harold they saw nor heard nothing.

It was almost 9 o'clock when the maid brought a note up to Mabel. It was from Harold, and he asked that he might see her for a moment.

His face was so twisted with pain and remorse that she hardly recognized him, and his attempt at a smile of welcome was so pitiful that Mabel smothered an involuntary cry of sympathy.

"Won't you come out on the campus a few moments?" he asked. "I won't keep you long."

He led her along in silence till they came to a little clump of trees that stood back a short distance from the walk. Harold motioned Mabel to a seat in the fantastic shadow cast by the lopsided moon and threw himself down at her feet.

"I've got something to tell you," he began, and his voice was husky with emotion—"something that probably no one but you will understand," he went on, "and maybe you won't."

He paused a moment, as if gathering himself together for the ordeal; and then, slowly, haltingly, but without omitting a single detail, he told the whole miserable story.

Mabel sat silent for a long time after he had finished.

"Well," he said at last, "why don't you tell me what you think of me?"

"I think you're a poor, unfortunate boy," said Mabel in a sudden rush of sympathy. "But it may not turn out to be as bad as it seems now. Have you made any plans?"

He shook his head. "Only that I'm going away somewhere and not coming back till I have \$600 in my hand. I can't ask father for it."

"That's the very thing I was going to suggest," said Mabel. "Six hundred dollars is a great deal of money, but you're young and strong, and I know you can earn it."

Harold leaped to his feet. "You don't know how much better you've made me feel, Mabel," he said. "I came over here tonight feeling as if I hadn't a friend in the world, but you have put some new hope into me. This has been a bad day's work, an awful day's work, but I'll live it down yet."

"Tell the girls about it," he went on as they reached the door of the dormitory. "I can't bear to see them. Tell Beth she deserves to have a far better brother than she's got. I won't show up again till those gambling debts are paid." He closed the door as Mabel stepped inside and then turned and hurried away.

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CHAPTER X.

MABEL turned and slowly climbed the stairs. The girls were still sitting up waiting for her.

Sitting down on the sofa and holding Beth's hands tightly in hers, she told the story, passing briefly over the bitter parts and dwelling longer upon Harold's manly resolve to make full reparation for his sin.

"Different people need to have different things happen to them to bring out the best there is in them," said Gladys when the story was finished. "Maybe this will be the best thing for Harold. I can't help believe it will all come out right in the end."

There was a strange hush about the campus the next day. Students gathered in little groups here and there, talking in subdued tones. It seemed as if some one were dead, so strange was the unnatural quiet. The story of Harold's disgrace was generally known now, and boys and girls looked at Beth pityingly as she passed.

Mabel saw and understood and realized, with a pang, that the mere paying back of the gambling money could never wipe out Harold's shame. It wasn't the money that these students were thinking of—they had seen bets won and lost before—but it was the disgrace of attempting to win the game unfairly. The University of Iowa prided itself on the cleanness of its athletics, and Harold's action had left a blot upon its record that it would take years to outlive.

The few weeks that intervened until vacation passed quickly. School was out again, and once more the girls walked up the little path to the familiar kitchen door, where their father and mother were eagerly awaiting them.

It was at church the next Sunday evening that the girls first saw Jeff again. As soon as the benediction was said he came over where they were.

"It wouldn't seem like getting back home if you weren't here," he said, holding out a hand to each of them. "I've got a hundred things to say to you."

"So have I, if I can get up courage to talk to a real live football hero," laughed Gladys.

"Suppose you try, anyway," Jeff answered. "My home is out here, and if you girls can trust your father and mother to go home alone—"

"I guess they can find the way—with us close behind, anyway," said Mabel.

"I suppose I owe you an apology for not coming over to see you the night after the Iowa game," Jeff said when they were on their way. "But you may be sure that I didn't stay away because I wanted to. The doctor had

to hang on to me to keep me from going, anyway."

"Were you hurt very badly?" asked Gladys quickly.

"Oh, no," he replied. "A broken rib doesn't count for very much in football. If it had been in a fair tackle I wouldn't have cared," he went on, "but to be kicked in the ribs like a dog—"

Gladys stopped him with a gesture. "Harold is our friend," she reminded him gently.

"I beg your pardon," Jeff said, controlling himself with an effort. "I



"HAROLD ISN'T THAT KIND OF A FRIEND," SPOKE UP MABEL.

didn't know that you had that kind of friends."

"Harold isn't that kind of a friend," spoke up Mabel quickly. "Let me tell you about him."

When she had finished Jeff gave a long whistle.

"That makes it look different," he said. "I can understand how hard it would be for a fellow like him. I'm sorry it happened, though. It's bad for him and bad for the school."

As soon as they reached the gate Mabel excused herself on the plea that she had a cold and ran into the house.

"Have you a cold, too?" asked Jeff, turning to Gladys, with a smile.

She shook her head.

"Then let's don't go in yet," he said, turning the horse around. "We don't see each other very often, you know."

"You must be awfully popular at college after that Iowa game," said Gladys after a moment. "I was so proud of those star plays you made I could hardly sit still."

Jeff smiled. "It's easy for me to play football," he said. "I never thought a fellow deserved much credit for doing things that were easy for him. I should say that Harold deserves more credit for that year of straight living than I do for anything I've ever done."

"I don't know," replied Gladys slowly. "Harold has had to fight hard, but—"

"I believe I could like him better if he were more like you. You say a fellow deserves credit just for the hard things he does," she went on. "Do you ever have any hard things to do?"

"Not yet," he answered. "Everything at college was easier to do than not to, but—"

"But what?"

"I'm not going back to school."

"Not going back!" she echoed. "Why not?"

"It's father," he answered. "He's too old to work as hard as he's doing. Since the other boys went out west everything is left for him to do. He never would trust anything to a hired man. I've just been finding out, too," he added, "how many things he and mother have been going without in order to keep me in school. Why, they've even been staying home from church because their clothes were so shabby. It's been a disappointment to father, too, having all his boys leave home. He has always been planning on how he was going to fix up the old place when we were old enough to help."

"And so you are going to stay at home," said Gladys. "Isn't it hard?"

"Hard!" he cried. "You don't realize how hard it is, Gladys. I used to lie out under the apple trees on Sunday afternoon and dream about the wonderful world outside and especially that part of it they called college. I never wanted to study Greek or higher mathematics, but the name 'agricultural college' always fascinated me. I stayed home from lots of Fourth of July celebrations and circuses in order that my college fund might grow faster. When I started I only had enough money to last one term, but father offered to pay the rest, besides what I could earn."

"I wonder why it is," said Gladys slowly, "that people who can have a college education just for the asking never seem to appreciate it, while those who really do make the most of their opportunities have such a hard time going at all?"

"Let's not talk about it," Jeff answered. "When I think of all I had planned to do at college next year and of all the old fellows trooping back when classification day comes it seems as if I can't stay away."

Gladys nodded in silent, understanding sympathy.

They rode on in silence for a long time. Then Jeff pointed with his whip toward a field they were passing. "I'm going to tie that forty in the spring," he said. "I won't be satisfied until I make over the best farm in the county."

"I thought you were the bravest boy I ever saw that day I saw you on the football field," said Gladys slowly. "I am sure of it now."

"And I'm sure you're the best chem a fellow ever had," Jeff answered.

WILMINGTON MEN TO FLY.
Are Constructing an Aeroplane on Wright Plan and Will Attempt First Flight July Fourth.
A special from Wilmington to The Charlotte Observer, under date of the 15th, says:
On Moore's Beach, not many miles distant from the point on the North Carolina coast where the Wright brothers made their experiments with their aeroplane which has since proven to be such a success, has been constructed by two prominent business men of Wilmington, one of whom is an electrical engineer, an aeroplane somewhat like the Wright's as to the general plan but very different in many respects. Great secrecy has been observed in regard to the machine and the place where it is kept can only be reached by boat. The first real flight is to be made July 4 by Mr. H. M. Chase, one of the builders.
The machine, which was designed and constructed by Mr. M. P. H. Gouverneur, vice president of the Tidewater Power Company, and of the Carolina Trucking & Development Co., and Mr. H. M. Chase, manager of the American Chemical & Textile Coloring Co., and until recently president of the Wilmington cotton mills, is built almost entirely of aluminum and weighs about 1,200 pounds. The planes are sixteen feet wide and thirty feet long. The aeroplane is equipped with an engine capable of developing 250 horse power and this alone cost something over \$4,000, the cost of the entire machine exceeding \$6,000.
Mr. Chase will be at the helm when the aeroplane makes its initial flight on July 4, and the route will be along the sound side of Wrightsville Beach from Moore's Beach, which is north of Wrightsville, to the southern end of Wrightsville Beach.

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SEABOARD AIR LINE SCHEDULE.
These arrivals, departures and connections with other companies are given only as information. Schedule taking effect May 15, 1910, subject to change without notice.
Trains leave Charlotte as follows:
No. 40, daily, at 4:50 a. m., for Monroe, Hamlet and Wilmington, connecting at Monroe with 33 for Atlanta, Birmingham; with 38 for Raleigh, Weldon and Portsmouth. With 66 at Hamlet for Raleigh, Richmond, Washington, New York.
No. 138, daily, at 9:50 a. m., for Lenoir, Shelby and Rutherfordton.
No. 44, daily, at 5 p. m., for Monroe, Hamlet, Wilmington and all local points, connecting at Hamlet with 43 for Columbia, Savannah and all Florida points.
No. 47, daily, at 4:45 p. m., for Rutherfordton and all local points.
No. 132, 7:15 p. m., connecting at Monroe for all points North, carries Portsmouth sleeper.
Trains arrive in Charlotte as follows:
No. 133, 9:50 a. m., from all points North, brings Portsmouth sleeper.
No. 45, daily, at 12:01 p. m., from Wilmington and all local points North.
No. 132, 7 p. m., from Rutherfordton, Shelby, Lenoir and C. & N. W. Railway points, Johnson City.
No. 46 arrives 10:30 a. m., from Rutherfordton and all local stations.
No. 39, daily, at 10:50 p. m., from Wilmington, Hamlet and Monroe; also from points East, North and Southwest, connecting at Hamlet and Monroe.
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