

WHERE ENDICOTT FITTED

By BARRY PRESTON

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Endicott was a duffer. There was no shadow of doubt about that. He could neither swim nor sail a boat; he played golf in a manner that set his caddy offering suggestions; his dancing was a cross between a prim walk and an awkward skip; he sat on a horse with as much grace as he would have straddled an elephant. Moreover, his lack of conversational powers had given him a reputation for tactfulness that was far from flattering.

"Why on earth Mrs. Saunders should ask him down for the month I can't see," one of the young women confided to a bronzed young fellow as they sat together in a vine made nook of the broad veranda one evening.

"Oh, that is the easiest part of the equation," he returned. "What sticks me is why the deuce he accepted the invitation." Whereat they both laughed.

"He's the death's head at the feast," said she.

"Oh, he's harmless enough," her companion said easily. "He doesn't at-



"IT'S DREADFUL," SHE WAS SAYING. "WHAT IS IT?" ASKED MISS WILMOT.

tempt to do things unless some one sets him up to it. He'd never have gone in the water this morning if Vandeecken hadn't kept at him for an hour to come along with us. He's game in a way, though. We didn't know he'd got beyond his depth until he was half drowned. Thought he was splashing about for the fun of it. Not a yip did he make."

"It makes you awfully uncomfortable to have such an incompetent person about," said she. "I'm always imagining things when he's late at luncheon or dinner."

"Providence has a watchful eye for a certain class of individuals," said he, and they both laughed once more.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the veranda, Endicott sat on the steps with Miss Wilmot. If Endicott had been a different sort of chap he would doubtless have made desperate love to the lady. But Endicott knew his limitations, and, therefore, instead of telling her all that was in his heart, he sat beside her on the top step, twirling his hat, watching covertly the changing expressions come and go on her pretty face, and wished most devoutly that he were less of a duffer.

He was a big, heavily built young fellow, with a frank, boyish face and a laugh that was very attractive in its genuineness, if you ever managed to get well enough acquainted with him to hear it. Miss Wilmot had heard it many times when she was alone with him, and it told her much of the real man that lay beneath the awkward reticent exterior.

Just now Endicott's troubled gaze was fixed on some ragged bits of red cloud, the aftermath of a gorgeous sunset.

"I think I shall leave in the morning," he said uneasily.

"But you haven't been here a week yet," she said in surprise.

"I know," said he, "but somehow I don't seem to fit. If a fellow's going to be a success at a house party he should do many things well. Now, I do everything badly. I simply stow up everything I enter into and spoil all the fun for the rest."

"Nonsense!" she declared.

"It's so," he maintained. "I'm just a suffer pure and simple, and there's an end of it. So long as I stay, of course, out of courtesy to me, they'll drag me into all these things, even if it does spoil their fun."

"You shan't talk so," she said. "Come, it's time we were getting ready for that moonlight sail."

"If there's so much as a ripple on the water I'm sure to be sick," he observed gloomily. "That makes it very cheerful for the rest."

"You have an attack of pessimism," she laughed as she arose. "Salt water is the best cure in the world for that malady."

They went down the veranda together. At the door they found Mrs. Saun-

ders talking excitedly to her guests, who were grouped about her.

"It's dreadful," she was saying. "All the servants have left, even to the stable boy, and they're strictly quarantined. Poor Mrs. Browne is frightened nearly to death."

"What is it?" asked Miss Wilmot as she came up.

"Why, the youngest Bowse child has diphtheria."

At the door they found Mrs. Saunders.

Endicott was stroking his hair thoughtfully.

"Those the people that own that new place back by the pines?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Saunders. "Dreadful, isn't it? Her husband is in the west, and she's nearly frantic. There isn't a soul about here that they can induce to go there."

When the party started for the pier Endicott stepped up to Miss Wilmot.

"I don't believe I'll go back tomorrow," he whispered. "Perhaps I can stay after all."

"Of course you can," she said and thought no more of his words until they had reached the end of the pier. It was then they found Endicott was missing. After much shouting and a hurried search about the immediate vicinity they started out without him.

It was nearly 11 when they returned. Mrs. Saunders met them on the veranda.

"Where do you suppose Ted Endicott has gone?" she cried.

"Where?" chorused several voices.

"To the Bowses. He is going to stay there until they can get a trained nurse from the city."

Endicott stayed even longer than that. He stayed until little Bob Bowse died. Then when the quarantine of the house was at an end he came back to the Saunders cottage to get his traps before he went back to town.

The house party made a hero of him. The men spied him coming up the path and carried him, protesting loudly, on their shoulders into the hall, where all the other guests assembled. They gave him a round of cheers, and every one wanted to grasp him by his hand first.

Vandeecken made a little speech and told them what the doctor had told him—all about what Endicott had done and how he had held little Bob Bowse in his arms the night the child died. They tried to get Endicott to say something about it himself, but he merely reddened up and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and finally blurted out: "Oh, pshaw! It really wasn't anything!"

That evening he sat on the steps with Miss Wilmot. They were quite alone.

"I knew you were just like that," she said.

"Like what?" he asked.

"Oh, I knew you'd not be found wanting in a crisis," she explained. "And I knew, too, you'd be just as modest about it as you were."

"Any fellow could do that. That wasn't anything," he said uneasily.

"You're a dear, brave boy," she said heartily.

"If I were"—he began.

"What would you do?" she asked. Her eyes were tempting him.

"If I were," he repeated, "I'd—ask you—oh, hang it! I'm not," he ended in confusion.

"Ted, dear," she said softly, "I'll spare you the asking—and say 'yes' now."

He sat for a moment in dazed silence. He could not comprehend it all. Then his eyes lighted wonderfully.

"Thanks," he stammered, "thanks very much." Which was eminently like Endicott.

"Brought Up" in College.

One of the most original characters of the Welsh pulpit was the Rev. Lewis Powell, Cardiff. While on a visit to Carmarthen town on one occasion he called at the college, and the students were all for the first time to pay him homage.

"Can I have the help of two of you, my boys, for a minute?" asked Mr. Powell.

"Yes, dear Mr. Powell," answered half a dozen of them at the same time.

"Well, I want two lusty boys, if you please," he remarked, and two of the strongest students were chosen. "Now, my boys," said the old preacher, "let me lay a hand on the shoulder of each of you, and you put your arms around me."

This was done.

"Lift me, boys," said Mr. Powell, and the students lifted him until he was head and shoulders above all present in the room. "Thank you, my boys," he remarked. "Let me down now."

This was done. Then one of the boys asked:

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Powell?"

The answer was: "Well, some people look down on the church in Cardiff because Mr. Powell, the minister, was not brought up in college. I can go back to Cardiff now and tell them that I was raised in Carmarthen college and that I stood higher than all the other students."—London Tit-Bits.

His Fear.

"Why don't you insist on abolishing the trusts?" inquired the precipitate person.

"My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, "political history is already too full of sad cases of the abolisher abolished."—Washington Star.

No Room.

"Your little dog," remarked Subbubs, "looks very odd. What did you have his tail cut off for?"

"We simply had to do it," replied Citiman. "He wagged it so much, and we live in a flat, you know."—Baltimore News.

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