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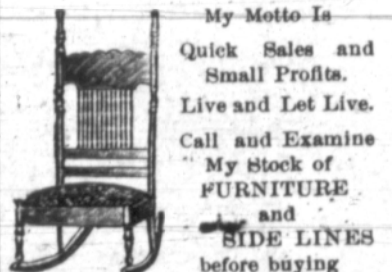
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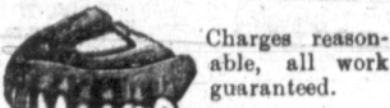
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In

Dormitory 10.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

Betty Belle, coming in that morning

from "English two," found on the

table in her room in the dormitory a

coconut cake, a plate of chicken

sandwiches and a card. The card read:

"Compliments of Prudence Conway."

Prudence was the colored maid on

the third floor of dormitory 10 of the

summer school. To be chosen as pet

by Prudence meant many privileges.

To the girl she liked she brought

unlimited towels, while some less

favorite maid might languish with

two a week, and now in providing

Betty Belle with materials for a mid-

night spread Prudence showed evi-

dence of high regard.

Betty Belle was from the south,

hence her name. There had been two

aunts beloved by her mother, and the

little girl had been called after them

always. Betty Belle wondered why

the northern girls thought it funny.

"Well, we don't string ours together

that way, as a rule," Drusilla Davis

told her. "And I don't believe we

place such value on names. But you

are a dear, Betty Belle, only you are

different."

"How different?" Betty Belle ques-

tioned, and Drusilla laughed.

"Oh, you are so old fashioned and

pretty and serious." "You are pretty,

too, Drusilla."

Drusilla shook her head. "Not in the

fascinating way that you are, Betty

Belle."

The scholars of the summer school

ate at an adjoining boarding house,

and at the lunch table that day Betty

Belle told about the chicken sand-

wiches and the coconut cake.

There were four men at the table

besides the girls. As Betty Belle de-

scribed the deliciousness the men

groaned enviously.

"And we don't come in for any of

that?" asked Dick Chase, who had

stunk in his studies the winter be-

fore and was making up during the

summer term. His father was worth

a million, and it was hard for Dick to

understand why he needed to grind

over books.

"No," Betty Belle told him; "no men

are allowed above the first floor of our

dormitory."

"Well, we will serenade you while

you are eating it," Dick said.

"Please don't," Betty begged.

"Why not?" Dick asked in surprise.

His attentions had always been sought

rather than refused, and he had meant

that Betty Belle should appreciate the

high honor he was conferring.

"It's against the rules," Betty Belle

said.

"I shouldn't think you would mind

a little thing like that."

"I don't," said Betty Belle, "but you

can't afford to lose any standing."

He flushed. "You needn't hit a fel-

low when he's down. I don't care

whether I get through next year or not."

"Well, I do," said little Betty Belle.

"You told me about your mother, and

I don't think you ought to disappoint

her."

"I shouldn't like to disappoint her,"

he murmured.

But that night six girls in all the

comfort of dainty kimonos and dress-

ing caps ate coconut cake and chick-

en sandwiches with ginger ale accom-

paniment there floated up through the

air the strains of "Dixie."

"There," said Drusilla Davis; "that is

in your honor, Betty Belle."

Betty, pink and white and charing in

her rose kimono, tapped a small

foot impatiently.

"Well, I wish he wouldn't," she said.

Margaret Mills looked at her with

raised eyebrows. "Why, Betty Belle

Farfax," she exclaimed, "he is worth

a million! Any girl would be glad to

have him pay her attention."

"I don't care if he is worth ten mil-

lions," Betty Belle returned quickly;

"he isn't a gentleman."

The girls looked at her, startled.

"Why, Betty Belle," one gasped, "what

makes you say such a thing?"

"He isn't," affirmed Betty Belle, with

her head held high. "The gentlemen

at my home have consideration for the

wishes of ladies, and I told him not to

sing. And he has an invalid mother

who is just praying for his success, and

he is wasting his time. It isn't right;

it isn't right!" And Betty Belle clut-

tered both hands over her ears to shut

out the strains of "Dixie."

"Some one will tell Dick Chase what

you said about him," Drusilla told the

small maiden after the other girls had

gone to their rooms.

"I don't care," said Betty Belle hot-

ly, but when Drusilla went away she

got down at the window and looked

out at a long time upon the moon

lighted campus.

Then she rose and took the one piece

of coconut cake that was left and

wrapped it up in a dainty parcel and

it with ribbon, and in the morning

she sent it by Prudence to Dick Chase,

with a little note.

"I said things about you last night,"

was the confession he read in her clear

cut writing. "I said you were not a

gentleman. Some one may tell you,

and I shouldn't like to have you hear

it that way. But I didn't think you

were courteous to disregard my wishes,

and I worried about your mother. I

know you won't forgive me, but I had

to explain."

At noon on the campus Dick Chase

came up to Betty Belle.

"It was right—what you said," he

told her soberly. "I've been a fearful

fool, and I needed a good jolt."

Betty Belle sat down on a seat under

the elms. "You see, I have lots of

brothers," she confessed, "and I know

how mothers feel about their boys—

and then, I couldn't bear to see you

going to the bad."

There was a little tremble in her

voice, and Dick looked up quickly. "Do

you care?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," Betty Belle told him without

coquetry. "I think we could be good

friends if you would pull up."

Dick flung himself down on the

bench beside her. "I would have to

be more than friends, Betty Belle," he

said. "I have grown to think a lot of

you."

"That's what Drusilla says," Betty

Belle remarked, "and I don't just see

what you all mean."

"Well, you are so good and true, lit-

tle Betty Belle. You make a fellow

feel that life is worth while."

That night in dormitory 10 Betty

Belle made a confession.

"I am sorry that I said such things

about Dick Chase. They were sitting

in the dark, and the other girls could

not see her blushes. "I was in a bit

of a temper, you know."

"Southern blood?" commented Mar-

garet Mills.

"Maybe," said Betty Belle.

Across the campus they could see the