

HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

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STORY FROM THE START

Capt. Lion Fellowes' American merchant ship was sunk by a British frigate off Portugal in the War of 1912. The crew surrenders, but Fellowes reaches shore exhausted. His life is saved by an English-speaking girl, who conceals her identity. She is about to set out for Lisbon. Fellowes goes to Lisbon where he meets an acquaintance, Capt. Chater of the American ship True Bounty, who offers him a berth as a mate, but knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy, he refuses. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of True Bounty. She is bound for home and induces Fellowes to sail as mate. He is in love with Cara. The vessel is stopped by the British frigate, Badger, Captain Collishawe. Despite his claims to American citizenship, Fellowes is taken aboard the Badger a "pressed" man. Maddened at what he believes is Cara's and Chater's treachery he strikes Collishawe, who orders him a hundred lashes with the "cat." Fellowes' hatred of the three becomes an obsession. On New York Fellowes escapes from the Badger. He seizes a plot in a meeting to be held at Chater's home and gathers a company of militia to circumvent the plotters.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Feet shuffled in the dust, and Fellowes found himself, with Cuffee and Tom and Nimrod Sopher, leading the Fencibles west on the South Country road. From the rear of the little column echoed the monotonous incantation of Sergeant Peirt: "Hayfoot, strawfoot! Hayfoot, strawfoot! Hayfoot—"

The ancient's reiterated refrain died away in the chatter of the tree-tops. There was only the "shuffle-shuffle, slap-slap" of feet in the dust, the rustling of equipment, the tense breathing of men laboring under excitement held in leash. It must be very late, Fellowes reflected, well along toward dawn; but the mist, low-lying over the swampy lands bordering the bay, thickened the darkness. Collishawe should be on the point of departure—the Englishman was no fool; in any case, would wish to keep his landing secret.

They tramped around a curve in the road, and Cuffee, at Fellowes' elbow, stifled with a jerk. "What dat?" he whispered. "Simultaneously, came a ball from the shadows in front." "Aho, there! Lay to!" And a bosun's whistle trilled, sharp and clear. "Back yer oars, Clinch," roared Tom Grogan.

Pistols exploded among the trees; the whistle trilled again, sharper, more piercing. "Out cutlasses," bellowed Clinch. "Stand by to receive boarders."

Behind them Fellowes heard Peirt, quaveringly authoritative: "Form column—by fours—left into line—forward! Shift—firelocks! Present—firelocks! Aim—fire!"

The crashing detonation of thirty stand of arms dismayed the sailors, notwithstanding the militiamen's bullets flew in every direction save the enemy's. Fellowes detected their flight by the crackling of tree branches and Clinch's fervid oaths, and summoned the Fencibles to pursue.

"After them, boys! Give 'em the cold steel!"

Tom was off already, Mrs. Rhodes' ax brandished at the length of his speckle arm, bowling challenges to Clinch. Cuffee leaped into the woods, screaming a wild slogan learned in the jungles of Comandol. Sopher continued to emit twittering calls that ran the gamut from falsetto to bass, trotting next to Fellowes. The Fencibles followed stoutly.

The pursuit receded from the road, traversing a belt of trees which hid the antagonists from each other, bewildering both sides, and presently spilled out of the grove on to a range of cultivated fields. The light was growing, Fellowes perceived. In the distance, Chater's house was a white blur against a windbreak of tufted elms. Clinch launched a vigorous cutlass charge as soon as the increased visibility revealed the scanty numbers and character of the attackers.

"Come on, Badgers," the bosun encouraged his men. "Carry it to 'em! lads! Slice the lights out o' 'em! They're only milshy!"

The sailors responded gallantly, surging forward in a compact group, sore-footed and agile; and the militiamen, caught off-balance, out of breath, most of them with their guns empty, were disposed to run, despite Sergeant Peirt's angry appeals. Sopher, vocal at last, stood stockstill, wheeling his saber and crying shrilly: "Follow your captain, men! Follow your captain!" It was Fellowes, with Tom and Cuffee, supported by Peirt, who checked

the impact of the sailors, and gave the Fencibles an opportunity to rally. He flung his empty pistol into the charging group, snatched a clubbed rifle from one of the faltering militiamen, and attacked Clinch, himself—who recognized the Long Islander with a yell of incredulity.

"Sink me, lad! 'Ow'd ye gif 'ere?" "Surrender, Bob! You're cornered." "Not me! Bob Clinch don't strike 'is colors—"

But in the midst of his defiance the knot of sailors disintegrated, as Cuffee smashed the head of one and Tom hewed a second from shoulder to waist. The Fencibles, who had been on the verge of flight, were intoxicated, with ferocity by their first sight of blood, and eagerly resumed the pursuit.

"Surrender, Bob," Fellowes urged again.

"Not if I knows it," retorted the bosun, dodging a blow with a clubbed rifle. He parried another swing, then stooped and grabbed a fold of Fellowes' shirt, jerking it over the Long Islander's head. Blinded and hampered, Fellowes stumbled to his knees, and by the time he had ripped off the tattered garment and scrambled up, half-naked, Clinch was safely out of reach.

The sailors recovered rapidly from their panic, and made for the creek bank, halting at intervals to fire their pistols and gain a "breathing spell. Daylight, Fellowes realized, would increase the timidity of his raw men, and he called anxiously to Sopher: "We must finish this while we have the darkness for cover. One more

charge! Fire a volley, and drive them into the creek."

Peirt cried valiantly: "That's the way we took 'em at Saratogyl! Keep achargin'! The British'll run fast as any fellers if they see bay'nits to thar gizzards. Heats up, now, boys! With powder 'n' ball—load! Present—firelocks! Aim—fire!"

The greasy powder smoke billowed across the field, and the Fencibles trotted with it, making no pretense at order, unable for the moment to see what the enemy was doing, and therefore persuaded they were beaten. Fellowes, in advance of the line and not yet blanketed by the smoke, saw the sailors fall prostrate—as the American's muzzles jetted flame. Then Clinch's whistle piped distinct in the racket of musketry and haphazard cheering, a cannon boomed on the creek, and a host of sinister voices whined through the dank air. Grape-shot! Fellowes knew what that meant: the longboat's three-pounder had been brought to bear on them. And he knew, too, by their frightened yells, that the Fencibles were in headlong retreat.

"Peirt," he shouted. "Sergeant! Can't you hold your men? Sopher! Nimrod!"

But his only answer came from Tom Grogan, who bobbed up out of the smoke beside him.

"The old feller took a whif o' grape 'twixt wind-and-water, messmate," Tom reported. "And that air milshy cap'n's 'off on 't'other tack under full sail, along o' the rest o' his squadron."

"Where's Cuffee?"

The negro towered erect at mention of his name.

"Cuffee wid 'sp', mars'r," he answered simply.

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"Three of us left," groaned Fellowes. "But we can't fall like this. We must take Collishawe."

They stepped out of the smoke onto the creek bank as the longboat was backing into midstream. The gun in her bows no longer aimed their way, but several sailors discharged pistols at them. Collishawe, in the stern-sheets, bending over a wounded man, straightened at a word from Clinch, who held the tiller.

Fellowes waded waist-deep into the creek.

"Collishawe," he shouted. "D'you hear me, Collishawe?"

The Badger's captain rose slowly to his feet, motioning to several of his crew to put aside their pistols.

"I hear you," he answered clearly. "This is Fellowes—Lion Fellowes, whom you flogged. Will you come ashore, and fight me, man to man?"

"How did you come here, Fellowes?"

"Never mind how I came here," Fellowes waded further out, the bottom mud clutching at his feet. "Will you come ashore, and fight me, man to man? Choose your weapons, choose mine. You and all your men shall go off, unharmed, whatever happens to me."

"That's impossible," the Englishman replied deliberately. "I am an officer on duty. I cannot indulge in personal quarrels."

Gripped as he was by a rage that was volcanic in its force, Fellowes never for a second doubted the honesty of his enemy's position. Say what he might of Collishawe, he would believe the Englishman courageous—morally courageous, as well as physically. He choked down his wrath, and as Collishawe remained standing, with an effect of courteous allowing him the last word, he called again: "Very well, I'll come to you." Collishawe bowed.

"I shall be ready, Fellowes."

He resumed his seat, the longboat's oars feathered and dipped, and she pulled away for the mouth of the creek, as the first pink of the sunrise stained the east. Fellowes waded ashore, less disgruntled than he had been. For Collishawe's parting words had recognized their equality. They were no longer captain and common sailor, superior and infinitely inferior; but two enemies, who should encounter on a level plain of equality, honorable, however bitter the hatred which knit their interests as closely as though they had been abiding friends. And somehow, hatred tasted cleaner in Fellowes' mouth—much, much cleaner than the hatred he held for the three who remained in the farmhouse beyond the creek fields.

CHAPTER VII

A Nolle Prosequi

The glow in the east was deepening. Objects that had been obscure assumed their proper shape. Fellowes' whole being, now that Collishawe had escaped, was concentrated upon the punishment of the three who remained in Chater's house. Climbing the creek bank, he set his face in that direction and led the way across the trampled fields, pausing only when they came upon a rusty-brown sprawl of limbs in a furrow of beet tops. Pallid lips mumbled unhappily: "D—n milshy! Takes—Continental—stand—cannon—"

"We can't leave Peirt out here," exclaimed Fellowes. "His wounds must be dressed."

"Nothin' to do for them wounds," grunted Tom. "Looks like he'd stopped a roundshot."

"You drove the Brits, Peirt," Fellowes tried to comfort him. "We'd have been beaten without you."

"Drove 'em—hey!" The wrinkled face lightened. "Jest—like—Saratogyl. His breath quickened. "Give 'em bay'nit—boys—see L. But—take—Continental—"

He sighed faintly, and the light in his face went out.

"Poor old Peirt," Fellowes said sadly. "If he'd had a dozen like him, Collishawe couldn't have escaped. Pick him up, Cuffee. We'll carry him with us."

Cuffee handed Mrs. Rhodes' musket to Tom, and gathered the frail body in his arms, cradling it with a gentleness that was almost maternal.

"Him li' sitty man, but plenty brave," he murnured.

Fellowes strode along, absorbed once more in contemplation of his vengeance, unconscious of the ghastly figure he made, plastered with mud and water, his naked torso hideously scarred by the livid welts of the cat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

French Beggars Flock to Their Special Mass

The great church of Sacre Coeur (Sacred Heart) on the heights of Montmartre, Paris, has a feature that could not be duplicated in any other church in the world. Every Sunday morning at eight o'clock there is "Beggars' Mass," painfully climbing the steps come hundreds of the down-and-outs of Paris, some hatless and shoeless, others in rags and still others bent over with physical infirmities. But they are proud of their special service, and the mass is said to them by the chief dignitary of the church. The service is complete in everything but the collection. As the poor go out each receives 25 centimes—a nickel in the old days—and a card good for a large piece of bread. On special church days the gift is increased, and the attendance is larger. An office is also maintained to help them get work. Speaking of these Sunday services a church dignitary said: "If there remains a spark un-

Speed of Meteorites

The fact that more meteorites are seen in the afternoon and evening than in the morning shows that their velocities must be, in general, greater than that of the earth, otherwise they would not overtake the earth in such great numbers. There is reason to believe, says Nature Magazine, that meteorites are different in their origin from shooting stars, that they are not true members of our solar system but are drawn into it from interstellar space by the attraction of the sun.

Temptation

We are not tempted when we are weak, but when we are strong—American Magazine.

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Assembled for Information of Our Readers.

Mrs. Sophia Charman, pioneer of Oregon City, recently reached her 94th birthday anniversary.

More than 500 delegates attended the young people's institute of the Oregon Congregational church in Salem recently.

A blaze which swept the dry timber land on the Siskiyou, nine miles south of Ashland, destroyed the historic Dollarhide Tollgate property.

The third annual potato, corn and onion show sponsored by the Sherwood chamber of commerce was held recently, with a large showing of commercial and seed potato exhibits.

Plans which it is hoped will bring the United States department of agriculture walnut experiment station to Yamhill county were formulated at a meeting of county nut growers.

Clackamas county's budget for 1930 shows a decrease of \$16,199 from the 1928 budget. The 1930 budget calls for a total expenditure of \$88,005.18, as compared with \$94,204.20 in 1928.

The state land department turned over to the state treasurer during November a total of \$154,442.47, according to a report prepared by G. G. Brown, clerk of the state-land board.

Three persons were seriously injured, one of them probably fatally, when dynamite being tied into bundles preparatory to blasting operations exploded in a worker's hands.

As a necessary piece of apparatus for the fire department the St. Helens city council has purchased a Jung motor and the three paid members of the department have been instructed in using it.

Nearly 100 strangers representing Boulevard, Big Bend, Oregon Slope, Harper-Westfall and Vale farming sections, were in Vale recently for the "turkey" meeting of Malheur County Pómona grange.

Hundreds of cattle in the Redmond district are being driven from Brothers to Bear creek for water, as the water at Brothers is dried up. No such droving has struck this part of the country in 20 years.

An overdose of a headache medicine proved fatal to Jimmie Rice, 3, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Rice of Pendleton. The child found a package of the medicine and proceeded to eat several capsules of it.

Judson Jackson, 28, was instantly killed at the Huff logging camp seven miles east of Oakland when he was thrown from a partly loaded truck, a log foot falling from the load and passing over his body.

The turkey grading school sponsored by the United States department of agriculture, under the direction of T. W. Heitz, market specialist of the bureau of agricultural economics, was held in Roseburg recently.

Elam Dixon, two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Dixon, was burned fatally when she set her dress afire with matches obtained while her mother was in the back yard for a few minutes hanging out the washing.

The month just closed was the driest November in Jackson county since 1912. There was rain on only one day and the total was barely more than a trace. Since September 1 the total precipitation has been but 1.16 inches.

C. H. Miller of Bend won first prize in alkali clover seed exhibits, and Fred Duquett of Bend was sixth in the Chicago livestock show. Oregon won first over 13 states in the 4-H clubs' children's garment contest on an entry made by Barbara Duin and Mary Ruth Koon.

THE MARKETS

Portland

Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, \$1.40 1/4; soft white, western white, \$1.27; hard winter, northern spring, western red, \$1.25 1/2.

Hay—Alfalfa, \$23@23.50 per ton; valley timothy, \$20.50@21; eastern Oregon timothy, \$22@22.50; clover, \$20; oat hay, \$19; oats and vetch, \$20@20.50.

Butterfat—47c. Eggs—Ranch, 30@44c. Cattle—Steers, good, \$10.25@11. Hogs—Good to choice, \$8.75@10.25. Lambs—Good to choice, \$10.50@11.

Seattle

Wheat—Soft white, western white, \$1.27; hard winter, western red, northern spring, \$1.26; bluestem, \$1.40.

Eggs—Ranch, 32@46c. Butterfat—47c. Cattle—Choice steers, \$9.50@10.25. Hogs—Prime light, \$10.40@10.50. Lambs—Choice, \$10.50@11.

Spokane

Cattle—Steers, good, \$9.25@10.25. Hogs—Good and choice, \$10. Lambs—Medium to good, \$8.50@9.

Fire which caught in some tar and asphalt on the roof of the new state office building under construction at Salem resulted in calling out virtually all of Salem's fire fighting apparatus and a large crowd. The flames were confined to the roof of the building and the damage was nominal.

Dairymen of Yamhill county are jubilant over the results of experiments so far made with Ladino clover, the outstanding new type, giant white clover, which has been developed during the past five years by the Oregon State college experiment stations, according to Solor T. White, county agent.

Roseburg's school census, completed recently, shows a gain of 133 children of school age over last year, according to W. M. Campbell, city superintendent. The census shows 1594 children between the ages of 4 and 20 years as compared with 1462 last year. There were 799 boys listed and 795 girls.

There is no more unemployment in Oregon at the present time than during corresponding seasons in previous years, according to C. H. Gram, state labor commissioner. Gram said that much of this labor would be absorbed when highway construction and other public projects are resumed early next year.

For the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Medford, kilderkin, cousin of the snipe, accustomed to frequent swamps and wet land, are busy on the lawns of the city. According to Dr. E. D. Elwood they have been driven from their native haunts by the drought and come to town to hunt worms on the dampened lawns.

The trapping season, which opened December 1 in this state, will be one of the most extensive on record, it is indicated by the number of trappers' licenses already issued from the office of the state game commission. "Already 2268 general and 163 beaver trappers' licenses have been issued, and several applications are received daily.

For the first time in the history of Toledo's water department, the Mill creek dam in the mountains and the city reservoirs at Toledo were dry on the advent of the first day of December. Several days ago the main pipe line was broken by a rolling log and the reservoir supply in the mountain dam drained before it could be repaired.

Six counties in Oregon have not yet remitted their second half taxes in full to the state treasurer. Umatilla county still owes the state treasurer taxes in the amount of \$117,052.75. Deschutes owes \$31,815.64, Coos \$21,291.83, Klamath \$84,474.55, Tillamook \$5,002.86 and Wheeler \$11,760.35. Of the total tax collections of \$2,324,291.23 the state treasurer has received all but \$221,047.98.

Automobile deaths in Oregon last year increased, more than 50 over those of 1927 and exceeded the 1926 total by more than 100, the department reported. The 1928 total was 349 against 194 in 1927, 187 in 1926 and 144 each in 1925 and 1924. The death rate from automobiles for the state increased from 17.3 for each 100,000 of population in 1924 to 21.8 in 1927 and 27.6 in 1928.

Viola Blinda Fancy, purebred Jersey cow owned by M. N. Tibbles of Independence, has won the high senior two-year-old butterfat production record of the Jersey breed according to announcement made in Salem recently. The animal produced 336.96 pounds of butterfat and 12,738 pounds of milk during a 365-day official test. This is 96 pounds of butterfat in excess of the previous world record.

Approximately six tons of mail, filling 300 large sacks and consisting of application blanks for the 1930 motor vehicle licenses, have been sent out by Hal E. Hoss, secretary of state, in preparation for the license renewal period. The 275,000 pieces of mail will warn automobile owners of the state of the approach of the time for obtaining permits issued under new changes in the motor vehicle laws and will carry a gratifying message of reduced license fees.

A questionnaire regarding the need for a government experiment station for fruit has been received by the Roseburg chamber of commerce from the United States department of agriculture. The chamber of commerce and grange asked recently for such a station, showing that the county has an investment of more than 15,000,000 in orchards, more than \$6,000,000 being represented by prunes, and that such an investment is in need of the protection of a government station.

A new laundry will be established in Medford by W. H. Nichols of Eugene in a structure which will at once be erected by James S. Young and leased to Nichols for ten years. The building and laundry equipment will represent an investment of \$35,000.

Poultrymen from all parts of Oregon and the northwest held a banquet in Salem Friday night, December 6, in honor of J. H. Hanson of Corvallis. A pen of White Leghorns owned by Mr. Hanson recently won the national egg-laying contest at Storrs, Conn.,



The Unusual Christmas Gift

by Frances McKusick

IT WAS cold. About six inches of snow had fallen within the last few days. The stores were gay with their glistening decorations and pretty holiday gifts. The pine and spruce trees on the lawns were shining with many colored electric lights. It would be Christmas in a few days.

John Clair and Gordon Lawson were sitting before the open fire in the New Haven University club. They were young, good looking and frankly men of leisure.

"I think I shall go to Miami soon," said John Clair, as he filled his pipe. "It's getting cold here now."

"Why don't you stay a while?" asked Gordon. "The season's just started, and there are some very pretty debs this year."

"Women, all you think of is women," said Clair disdainfully. "The two men were silent for a few minutes. Then John said: 'Oh, by the way, Lawson, what are you giving the ladies for Christmas?'"

"Why?"

"Oh—just a matter of my feeble but still functioning curiosity."

"For Carmine—a gorgeous dresser set (she's vain); for Lelah—a rope of pearls (she has an unusually beautiful throat) for Marise—"

"Stop!" interposed Clair. "Why don't you give her something original—a beautiful shoe tree set, for instance?"

"What are you going to give the darlings for Christmas?" demanded Lawson.

"My dear Lawson," he answered condescendingly, "I am going to present a girl with her brother as a gift."

"A brother? Why not a husband?" "That will come later. Shall I tell you the story?"

"Yes, go ahead—if it gets too tiresome I'll let you know."

"Do you remember when I graduated from Yale?" began Clair; "that was about three years ago, I believe, and a notable year, because it was the last time I ever did any work."

Lawson sighed. "Ah—the detailed history of John Clair," he murnured.

"My father died the year after, you will recall," continued Clair. "Well, the last year I was at school the family went to Europe and closed the town house. So I rented a flat."

"You were always clever," said Lawson with mock appraisal.

"Strange as it may seem to you, Lawson, I have a hidden talent. I can write. When I was in school I even had aspirations to be a newspaper man."

"I see. This is only about yourself. There are no women in this narrative."

"Wait a moment. There will be presently. The whole story hangs on the fact that about Christmas-time that year I wrote an unusually good

English theme. It was about a Russian Christmas."

"Good Lord," ejaculated Lawson, "you've never been to Russia, man."

"I know; but I took the idea from a book, or magazine or something, and rewrote it. Well, the good-hearted prof. handed it in to one of the papers, and they published it. How realistic that story was you will understand in a few minutes."

"I hope so."

"Christmas eve I was coming home rather late from a party, in fact a series of parties, so it was almost dawn when I let myself in the apartment. And what should I see curled up asleep on the chattered bed but a girl. She was poorly dressed, and she had a lot of dark hair that had fallen across her face, so I couldn't tell whether or not she was pretty, but I took the chance, and awakened her. She sat up straight and looked at me and smiled. She was beautiful, fine features and that sort of thing. And a figure that would make most of these debs turn green with envy. Well, anyhow she started talking to me in an ungody tongue and all I could do was look amazed.

"Aren't you Russian?" she asked. "Heaven forbid," I replied; "I am a God-fearing American citizen, about to graduate from Yale, and—"

"I beg your pardon," she said coldly, and moved toward the door. "I am sorry if I have offended you in any way," I apologized. "Won't you at least stay and have breakfast with me?"

"