

THE LOST ROAD

DURING the war with Spain, Colton Lee came into the service as a volunteer. For a young man, he always had taken life almost too seriously, and when, after the campaign in Cuba, he elected to make soldiering his profession, the seriousness with which he attacked his new work surprised no one. Finding they had lost him forever, his former intimates were bored, but his colonel was enthusiastic and the men of his troop not only loved, but respected him.

From the start he determined in his new life women should have no part—a determination that puzzled no one so much as the women, for to Lee no woman, old or young, had found cause to be unfriendly. But he had read that the army is a jealous mistress who brooks no rival, that “red lips tarnish the scabbard steel,” that “he travels the fastest who travels alone.”

So, when white hands beckoned and pretty eyes signalled, he did not look. For five years, until just before he sailed for his three years of duty