

"And so, when you saw how the land lay, you ceased operations? That accounts for the dropping off of your postcard messages. Good girl! Well where is this gay Lothario? I'd like to see him—also the girl."

Miss Allison shrugged and laughed. "Search me! They met at the dock last Wednesday. It was very melodramatic indeed. He cried 'Isobel!' She stared a moment, turned pale and breathed 'John!' They didn't see me at all, so by-and-by I slipped away. They've acted in the most idiotic way ever since. I never saw a couple behave worse. They start away with lunch and books and a box of candy every morning and nobody ever sees them until evening. I guess they're making up for lost time. Why—there they are now! Look!"

She pointed across a little dip in the land to where on a fallen log a man and a girl sat. Their backs were toward us but I don't suppose they would have seen us anyway because—oh well, you've often seen the same thing in the movies. It is called, I believe, a 'slow dissolve.' "Sh!" I whispered. "Let's sneak up on 'em. I want to get that pose to send to Charlie."

I unslung my camera-strap and as we advanced on tiptoe I unfolded the kodak and, kneeling down, gave the picture a good long exposure, for the sun was pretty far down in the west.

Then we called out a view halloo. The couple turned. They started violently to find how close up we were. John spied me and his face took on the hue of an over-ripe tomato.

"Well, well, well," I said, "well, well, well!"

"Hello, Livingstone," articulated John at length, but not in a tone of overwhelming cordiality.

Love and a coat of tan had utterly transformed his face. As for the girl, she was positively bewitching! Had I not been married—well—

Introductions followed. Then Miss Allison pounced upon her friend and the pair went to search for ferns.

"How's this?" I demanded of Janes, digging a thumb into his ribs. "When is it coming off, eh?"

He did not resent the familiarity. Instead he smiled with a mixture of sheepishness and pride. Yet he had not altogether lost his old habit of business precision.

"The wedding," he said, "is to take place immediately."

I seized his hand and wrung it in silence. The girls were returning, each with a sheaf of ferns. Janes saw only Isobel. She sent him a this-is-for-you-alone smile and he looked very masculine and superior and happy.

"I—er—I thought you were the prince of woman-haters," I remarked, sotto voce.

"Oh—there are women and women," he replied.

#### The Flag Goes By

By Henry Holcomb Bennett

Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!  
Blue and crimson and white it shines  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;  
But more than the flag is passing by.  
Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,

Fought to make and to save the state:  
Weary marches and sinking ships;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips;  
Days of plenty and years of peace;  
March of a strong land's swift increase;  
Equal justice, right and law,  
Stately honor and reverend awe:

Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

#### Preliminary Bout

Madge—"Don't you think a girl should marry an economical man?"  
Dolly—"I suppose so; but it's awful being engaged to one."—Liverpool Mercury.

## Station No. 7

By Carola S. Craig.

THE United States mail ship, the Arcadia, butted her nose gently into the warm, black swells, and cutting them, left in her wake long, white, curling fingers of foam, which were lost, fifty yards behind, in the velvet meeting of sky and sea. Not a sound was to be heard except for the whisper of water at the ship's bow, and the regular throbbing of the engines. It was a breathless night—warm with that smothering humidity, which one finds near the equator, when after the winter rains, the summer heat sets in.

Two middle-aged men, clad in white duck, sat smoking on the after-deck; a

third leaned silently over the rail, gazing into the night, apparently oblivious to the others.

"Harrington, I've been thinking of that empty command at Station No. 7," said the elder of the seated men to his companion, "I think I know just the man for the charge, young Hendrick—perhaps you remember him. You knew his father, anyway—the old captain. The boys like him, they say, but he's seen no active service, and has only just gotten his strips. He'll be glad of the chance to command this station, for it brings more pay and puts him in line for further advancement at the end of his two years there. Then, too, he's not likely to have any trouble, for the natives in that sec-

tion are peaceful and friendly, with the exception of the Igorrotes, and all the men under him are old, seasoned veterans. It is a quiet, safe enough place—not much to do, good pay, chance for advancement—just the place for a newly married officer."

The man at the railing turned: "Don't do it, Colonel," he said earnestly; "don't send a boy an' girl out to that God-forsaken place. It'll be the breaking o' their lives, sir."

"Why, Sergeant, you're crazy," replied the first speaker, laughing, "It's a chance for any young married man—fair pay and certain advancement."

"Don't do it, sir," repeated the other.

The seated officer smiled up into the brown, rugged face of the standing man. Though the one was an officer of high rank and the other only a rough ser-

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