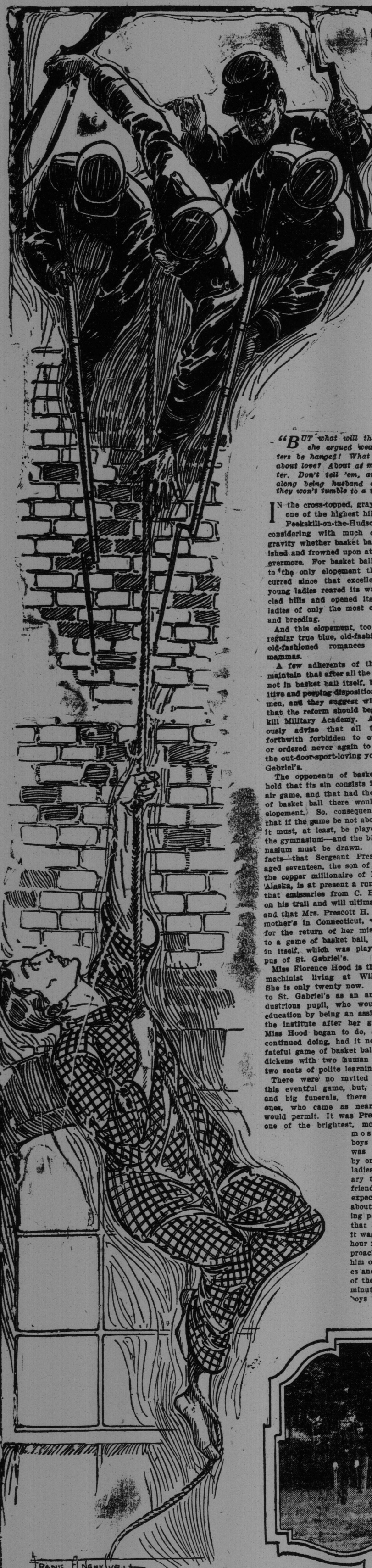


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# ESCAPED IN HIS NIGHTIE

### Where Is Millionaire White's Schoolboy Son, Who Married a Basket Ball Girl, Was Promptly Put Under Military Guard in the Peekskill Military Academy, Escaped from the School at Midnight, Jumped Into the Automobile Papa Gave Him and Scooted Away in His Pajamas?

"But what will the sisters say?" she argued weakly. "The sisters be hanged! What do they know about love? About as much as an oyster. Don't tell 'em, and see 'em go along being husbands and wives, and they won't tumble to a thing."

In the cross-topped, gray-walled school on one of the highest hills of New York's Peekskill-on-the-Hudson the faculty is considering with much circumstance and gravity whether basket ball should be abolished and trowed upon at St. Gabriel's for-giveness. For basket ball it was that led to the only elopement that has ever occurred since that excellent seminary for young ladies reared its walls on the wood-clad hills and opened its doors to young ladies of only the most estimable families and breeding.

And this elopement, too, was one of the regular free love, old-fashioned sort, in the old-fashioned romances of our grand-mamma.

A few adherents of the cheerful game maintain that after all the inherent fault lay not in basket ball itself, but in the inequitable and peevish disposition of certain young men, and they suggest with some severity that the reform should begin in the Peekskill Military Academy. And they gratefully advise that all the students be forthwith forbidden to own field glasses, or ordered never again to let them upon the out-door-sport-loving young ladies of St. Gabriel's.

The opponents of basket ball, however, hold that its sin consists in being an open-air game, and that had there been no games of basket ball there would have been no elopement. So, consequently, they insist that if the game be not abolished absolutely the gymnasium—and the blinds of the gymnasium must be drawn. They blame the fact—that Sergeant H. White, who is aged seventeen, the son of C. Hollis White, the copper millionaire of Nova Scotia and Alaska, is at present a runaway in hiding; that seminary from C. Hollis White are on his trail and will ultimately arrest him, and that Mrs. Prescott H. White is at her mother's in Connecticut, waiting in tears for the return of her missing bridegroom to a game of basket ball, innocent enough in itself, which was played on the campus of St. Gabriel's.

Miss Florence Hood is the daughter of a machinist living at Williamstown, Conn. She is only twenty now. She was entered to St. Gabriel's as an ambitious and industrious pupil, who would pay for her education by being an assistant teacher in the institute after her graduation. This Miss Hood began to do, and would have continued doing, had it not been for that fateful game of basket ball. It played the dickens with two buzzes hears and the two seats of polite learning.

There were no invited men guests at this eventful game, but, as at weddings and big funerals, there were uninvited ones, who came as near as the police would permit. It was Prescott H. White, most popular and most mischievous boys in school, who was coyly "tipped" by one of the young ladies of the seminary that he and his friend Howe were not expected to bother about the road leading past St. Gabriel's that afternoon. And it was he who, as the hour for the game approached, behought him of the field glasses and the high tower of the academy. Two minutes later the boys had climbed to

the observatory and White focused his eyes coming down. Gee, isn't it beautiful! The fair girl student's warning had not acted only as a whet to their high spirits.

"They say those girls play a splendid game. I don't believe it. Who ever saw a girl who could throw a ball?" He passed the glasses to Howe, who tested them. "Why, they can't even shoot a hen. That's a classic fact."

"But she's a good runner—she's light as a bird." Howe was still the athlete, while White was the sentimentalist.

"Cute little feet, all right. Sandals keep too big for her. Why, her tooties are like little mice!"

"Squut!" ordered Howe. "They're being ginned."

A about in shrill staccato notes from the hill occupied by St. Gabriel's to that crowned by the "P. M. A." The girls' slender figures arranged themselves in regular geometric order. A silence fell. The friends of the whites, the girls on whose sailor collars and sandals were embroidered the white initial letter of their fraternity, were coolly calculating their chances against the reds. Their signal of defiance blazed upon shoulder and sandals in red rosettes.

"If the reds didn't have Miss Hood," whispered one in the preceding hush, only the peepers couldn't hear that.

"They shouldn't let a teacher play. It isn't fair."

The eyes of the youthful academicians were glued to their glasses.

The battle began. From their watch-tower White and Howe scanned the bloused figures surge forward, and saw a large white ball soar upward, hang a tantalizing second over the basket, and fall on the other side.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" the friends of the reds jeered derisively. The reds jeered back.

"We haven't begun. Wait till we warm up to the play. Watch Miss Hood."

"By Jove. That's a neat one," Howe looked admiringly at the ball so skillfully landed in the basket. "Hurrah for Hood, Hurrah!"

"Hood, Hood! Good, good, good!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" White another. Good, Hood, Give the Whites another. Good, Hood, 'Ah! her name is Hood. My! her hair

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The Signal Corps to which Young White Belonged and Where He Became Skilled in the Use of Field Glasses.



Academy Drill of the Students of the Peekskill Academy, which Miss Hood used to watch with tender emotions when young White was in the Corps.



Miss Florence Hood Practising Basket Ball in the Gymnasium at St. Gabriel's Girls' School.

son, answered the telephone himself. The bride, still ingenious, again told the story of the elopement. The wily Mr. Robinson hastily promised to confer with her husband instantly, and hung up the receiver. He strode out to the campus where the young sergeant was drilling his men. He waited until the drill was finished and then ordered the bridegroom to his room. Next he placed four of his subordinates on guard. The principal, his duty done, sent a long telegram to C. Hollis White, of Nova Scotia.

Prescott White ultimately knew his father. He was familiar with every angle of his character. Lying in bed that night he reflected that he must act quickly.

"George," he called to his boyhood classmate, "I'm nearly dead of thirst. Will you let me go down the hall for a glass of water?"

A Sad Romeo in Pink Pajamas.

The guard, who had never been in real military duty, nodded. In the darkness he saw young White hurrying past in his pink pajamas. Alas, for discipline and the youthful guard! There was a gridding noise. They all ran to the window and saw a figure, ghostlike, bound among the trees. It had reached the highway before the guards dolefully sounded the alarm.

"White's escaped. He's run away in his nightie!"

The manner of his escape was manifest from the torn shreds of pink silk that clung to the "loophole." He had slid down the wall and dashed through the bushes, where also were tatters of pink silk, telling a story of flight, and ran to the home of a friend.

The friend heard a repeated scratching on the window pane. He prepared to hunt something deadly at the intruding cat. Looking out he was startled to see White grinning and slivering in his torn pajamas.

"Lend me your overcoat, old man. I'll send it back. Don't ask me any questions. I'm off."

Out fell the long overcoat. In an instant the young bridegroom was wrapped in it and running to the garage.

In the moonlight five minutes later an automobile was seen speeding toward Williamstown, where the bride of Miss Hood had cried herself to sleep.

"Since you have chosen to marry clandestinely your wedding here is at an end. Your example to the pupils would be pernicious. You must go home at once."

The principal was inexorable. The bride weepingly obeyed. The next day from her mother's home at Williamstown she sobbingly telephoned her husband. It was the ironical fate that the principal, Alexander Hoots,

Miss Florence Hood

The automobile, which C. Hollis White had sent to Peekskill for his son's use, now back through the hills as readily as it came, and in another hour the bride was in the dormitory at St. Gabriel's, while her young husband coolly made his way to the Academy barracks. The next day Mrs. White told the principal she was married.

"It is such a good joke. I simply could not help telling you, although Prescott told me I shouldn't."

She was dazed at the suddenness with which the amiable smile froze upon the principal's features. She was stunned by the principal's words:

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