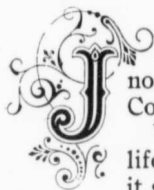


EQUALITY.



EROME Latripe is a type of man that must not be ruffled said Debrouilletout, orderly to Colonel Mortier of the Artillery.

When one has wasted three years of one's life in Tonquin and lost two toes in Dahomey, it goes without saying, that one is not altogether unsophisticated.

You should have seen Jerome teaching the little radical member how to behave the day he attempted to speak rather boisterously in the antichamber at the Colonel's.

* * *

One morning his Superior Officer noticed, by the agitated appearance of his orderly, that something unusual must have happened. Instead of his customary gay and bantering way, Jerome was certainly suffering from a bad attack of "the blues" and infallible symptom, his elbow which he always raised to a level with his shoulder, according to the correct military rules for saluting was so high in the air, that the poor man seemed to be warding off a blow.

"What's the matter?" demanded the surprised Colonel.

"Co - co. colo..."

"Well what's up with you, blockhead."

"Somebody is asking for you."

"Who? a man?"

"No."

"A lady?"

No, that is, yes, not exactly, well it's an old woman."

"Show her up."

"Then I must bring her in here?"

For Jerome Latripe to hesitate before obeying an order was so little in keeping with his past record that the person he had to introduce must evidently have been a strange specimen of humanity. The expectations of the