

impending debate that she absolutely forgot all about the regalia, having done her hair in a Psyche knot, and would not have remembered the regalia at all had not Mrs. Perkins stood up and brought the fact to the attention of the Chief Templar. Betty was greatly upset. She blushed crimson as she walked across the hall to where the regalia lay in a heap on a bench. Never before, she confessed afterwards, had she felt so completely flabbergasted, but Mrs. Jones assured her that as far as the other members were concerned, they wouldn't hold it against her.

*Betty was
Greatly upset*

And at length, with Betty in proper regalia, the Chief Templar opened the meeting in the form printed in the book. But just at this juncture there was a slight disturbance at the door, caused by Charlie Mitchell, evidently, as Jimmie Jackson expressed it, "three sheets in the wind", demanding admittance.

"Advance and give the password," we heard Henry exclaim. "Cheese!" shouted Charlie.

Henry opened the door and bade him enter. He stood for a moment looking stupidly at the meeting, then came forward and took a seat. There was an ominous silence, and then someone observed that Charlie was not in proper regalia.

"How can he wear proper regalia," remarked the chief, "when he has not been duly initiated?"

"He must have been initiated," argued Henry, trying to justify himself, "or he couldn't tell the password. I claim he has the right to enter and wear proper regalia."

"How did you find out the password?" asked the Chief, addressing Charlie.

Charlie blubbered as he looked up with bleary eyes.

"I smelt it," he said thickly.

"Yes," said the Chief, rising and coming down towards the intruder, "I knew someone would smell it sooner or later. But if it smells half as strong to you as you do to us, you'll be glad to get out. In any case, the door is still there and you're going through it right now."

Everyone knew Charlie's reputation as a fighter, and of course we expected a struggle. But everyone knew also, and Charlie knew, that the blacksmith was the strongest man in the township. Charlie, therefore, offered no resistance when a powerful hand reached down and grasped him by the shoulder. Instead, he rose, wabbling at the knees, and, responding to the obvious intention of the hand, moved somewhat uncertainly towards the door. We saw the door opened and Charlie thrust inelegantly through it. There was a clutter of

*Charlie
offered no
Resistance*