

## The Chronicles of Joyous Jane

CONCERNING A CAPTAIN, SOME OTHERS AND A CURLY HAired HERO

*By Dorothy L. Warne*

### CHAPTER I.---A SON OF A THOUSAND EARLS

I've had a truly awful time lately; let me tell you all the dreadful things that have happened to me, and p'raps I'll feel better.

I believe I told you about my latest —Captain Cana, the one with the facinating lisp? Well, on Saturday afternoon the usual crowd of us went down to Mrs. Tupper's for tea and scandal, and he (meaning the lisper), couldn't come. It seemed to be going to turn out pretty slow minus the Captain, until we were introduced to ever such a nice boy, with the bluest of eyes and a wave in his hair that I'd willingly endure a year's night terrors brought on by murderous curlers in order to cultivate. All the girls went wild over him. He, ("Jimmy," he said we must call him) couldn't play or sing as some of the others did, but he only needed to curl his long limbs up in an easy chair and everyone was standing around breathlessly waiting to pick up the next pearl of speech that might fall from his lips. (That isn't original, but the touch of Spring in the air is causing me to rhapsodise.)

### CHAPTER 2.---PARTED BY THE CRU-E-L LAW

I had to leave early, and so did he. Naturally, he escorted me home, and on arriving at the house yielded to my entreaties to come in and be introduced to mother. As we went through the hall I saw, to my huge astonishment, Captain Cana just leaving. I had thought of him making up History Sheets and wallowing in psychogenetics. There was a strained interchange of greetings, and then Captain Cana left hurriedly, knocking over a flower-stand, and slamming every door in his way. I couldn't imagine what had annoyed him.

I didn't see Jimmy for over a fortnight, then one day met him in a tea-shop and he told me his whole pitiful story. It turned out that he and Captain Cana were both at that big Hospital on the cliff, one on the staff and the other a patient. The very week following our dramatic meeting the Captain was Orderly Officer, and on his inspection rounds he discovered (evidently with a microscope) a wrinkle in Jimmy's bed. Result: Orderly Room and 168 hours detention for Jimmy. It's awful hard lines on Jimmy, because how *can* he spend a long time on making his bed when he has to comb that lovely crisp hair of his so carefully in order to adopt that distinguished air?

I'm getting so tired of all these things that soon I'm going to wear high collars and get a tabby cat and a non-swearing parrot and become a recluse.