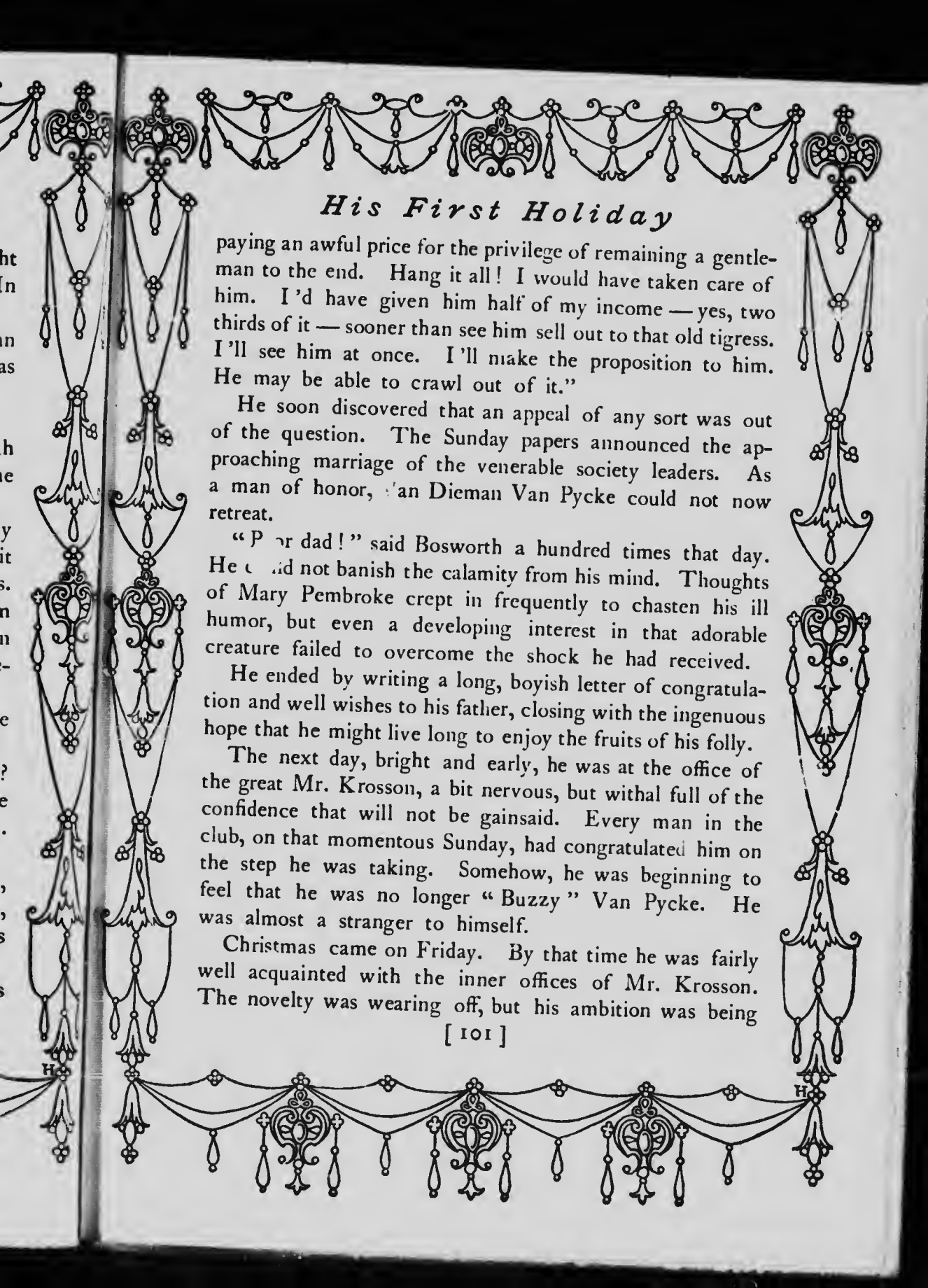




His First Holiday

paying an awful price for the privilege of remaining a gentleman to the end. Hang it all! I would have taken care of him. I'd have given him half of my income — yes, two thirds of it — sooner than see him sell out to that old tigriss. I'll see him at once. I'll make the proposition to him. He may be able to crawl out of it."

He soon discovered that an appeal of any sort was out of the question. The Sunday papers announced the approaching marriage of the venerable society leaders. As a man of honor, 'an Dieman Van Pycke could not now retreat.

"Poor dad!" said Bosworth a hundred times that day. He could not banish the calamity from his mind. Thoughts of Mary Pembroke crept in frequently to chasten his ill humor, but even a developing interest in that adorable creature failed to overcome the shock he had received.

He ended by writing a long, boyish letter of congratulation and well wishes to his father, closing with the ingenuous hope that he might live long to enjoy the fruits of his folly.

The next day, bright and early, he was at the office of the great Mr. Krosson, a bit nervous, but withal full of the confidence that will not be gainsaid. Every man in the club, on that momentous Sunday, had congratulated him on the step he was taking. Somehow, he was beginning to feel that he was no longer "Buzzy" Van Pycke. He was almost a stranger to himself.

Christmas came on Friday. By that time he was fairly well acquainted with the inner offices of Mr. Krosson. The novelty was wearing off, but his ambition was being