

## Next Time The Glad-eye

THE LADIES ALL LOVE AN OFFICER EXCEPT WHEN A  
GENTLEMAN RANKER'S AROUND

By Dorothy L. Warner

### CHAPTER I.—THE FROZEN GLIT

Once upon a time there was a private. He belonged to a Canadian regiment, and had received his "blighty" away back in those ghastly days at the Somme. Now he was putting in time at a hospital somewhere on the south-east coast.

It happened one day that this private was hobbling along the promenade fronting the hospital, when a pretty little girl went by. He liked the neatness of her blue serge costume and dainty little hat, and he had time to take in all the alluring details of her blue eyes as she passed. He sighed, a little bit of femininity like that would make a cheerful companion; but there was no means of an introduction. Still, surely English girls were sporting enough to cheer up a really lonely soldier, and presently, as he saw her coming back, he saluted as she passed, and with a view to opening up a conversation remarked that it was a nice morning. Beforehand, he could have sworn that her eyes had smiled at him, but now they positively froze, and the blue skirt whisked away down the promenade with its owner's head tip-tilted at an angle calculated to put terror into the heart of the most blase Tommy.

### CHAPTER II.—NOW SHE SMILES AT ALL

A few days later, Miss Brown, (that name will do as well as any other, seeing it isn't the real one) was waiting outside the Hospital for her own dear and particular three-starred escort. Soon the doors swung apart and he emerged, followed by the self-same "forward one" of past experience.

"Algy," she inquired, "who is that man behind us? He was horribly rude to me the other day on the prom. Actually tried to *speack* to me."

Algy laughed lustily under his Charlie Chaplin. "Rude?" he exclaimed, "impossible, old girl. He's one of the best—and too clever for any of us to hold a candle to. Why, he's got pots of money, and a ripping car, writes books or plays, or paints, —something artistic, anyway. Met him in civie days in Montreal, and Society made a regular lion of him. You should have cultivated him."

The little girl is sadder but wiser now, and has made a mental resolve never again to look upon a private soldier as a "boob."

What is the name of the patient on the third floor of the Granville who picked up a young lady in the dark, and when he stopped under a light, gazed into her face, and has had to take tonics ever since?