

Girls get carried away temporarily like men, though they're not supposed to. Girls often get hysterical, and write much more than they mean. Letter-writing between the sexes ought to be made a felony."

"She has my word," muttered Jack.

Kate shrugged. "There's the man of it! It is a fetich! Would you spoil Linda's life for the sake of keeping your word, not to speak of your own life and — perhaps a third!"

Jack's face was obstinate. "I'll see Linda and put it straight to her," he conceded.

Kate's eyebrows went up. "These men!" she said helplessly. "You ought to know her a little by this time. That will do no good. Much better go without. It's a thing that ought to be broken off. What matter who does it, or how it's done? The result will be good."

"I couldn't go unless she releases me," Jack said.

Kate got up smiling. "We must go back," she said. "A man must do as he will. You are an awfully nice boy, Jack. I believe I love you for your very mulishness. Write to me sometimes out of the North."

"I haven't gone yet," he said grimly. "You must promise to forget every word that has been said if I ask you to."

"I promise, dear old man."

For Jack to think of a thing was to put it into instant execution. He set off in search of Linda. One of the likeliest places to find her was on the balconies. There was a suite of rooms across the front of the armory,