

giving, tissue-building oxygen, but refused to give thanks or credit to a prescription which endeavored to save him from a plague that had gripped one of the most vital of the vital organs of his body.

But Bill seemed to be one of those who was to be forever tossed about by the racquet of misfortune. A new agony arose. He was no sooner housed in the cleanly, comfortable, germless, sanitary room of the Sanatorium where disease-infection dared not enter for fear of its life, than he began to suffer the slings and arrows of separation from the little girl in the ice cream parlor at the sea-side resort. He hungered for the sound of her voice, for the ring of her merry laughter, for the smile that refused to lapse into silence or to permit a cloud. He craved for a touch of that friendship which had been handed to him on a platter to eat of it as he pleased.

The agony of the new situation undid all that was being done by the scientific courses of treatment, by the kind nurses, and by the rich ozone of the mountains.

He could not write, for he didn't even know the girl's name. A curtain of obscurity had dropped between them that might never be lifted, the fluttering light of his life being so uncertain. Was Mary's life any more certain? Might it be possible that they would never meet again on this earth? The tragedy of the thing shook William's frame from the soles of his feet up.

William derived a great deal of melancholy amusement watching the daily arrivals of patients seeking admittance to the institution, and wondering just how long it would be before this one or that one would be carried back and planted in the bone yard of the Sanatorium.

One day he was in the large main entrance when the ambulance arrived and a young lady, very pale, but cheerful looking, stepped from the vehicle. Something gripped William's heart and held it motionless for a second, then it flew off in a wild race for freedom. He stood still for a few moments as though petrified, and then dashed forward to meet the girl.

"Mary!" he almost shrieked.

"Oh, Mr. William!" cried the girl, gripping the hand that he held out to her.

It was she—Mary—Oh joy!

Oh, how he had longed for her, wished for her, craved for her; Could he believe his eyes?

Tears began to well from Mary's orbs.

"You are not crying, are you," pleaded William.

"They are tears of joy," she replied, applying a handkerchief.

"But what are you doing here?" queried William.

"His Nobs ordered it," she replied, humorously.

"What! Did he send you up here to die too?" he cheered her.

"Not on your life. I came here to get health, to get well. I feel better already." She replied with the characteristic optimism.

If William did not feel better too, he certainly looked better. His cheeks glowed with a rush of blood that had hitherto been dangerously sluggish. It was the first dose of real medicine Bill had tasted in years.

Mary was hurried away to her own quarters, but the following day they met on the grounds and William introduced his sweetheart to all the familiar spots in the environments where he had spent

so many lonely hours before her arrival.

The very first day of their mutual wanderings found them in the vicinity of the well-filled cemetery—the dumping ground of the Sanatorium.

Speechless for a time they stood looking through among the tombstones reading the inscriptions here and there.

"Come away," ordered Mary. "I don't like this place."

But Bill was obstinate and stood in silence, his gaze fixed among the crosses. He seemed to have lapsed into a sort of trance with eyes riveted on the graveyard, for he made no response to the girl's entreaties.

"What is it?" she cried, catching and dragging at his arm.

But William appeared to have died standing on his feet. For a full moment he stood thus like a pillar of salt, then, suddenly, he recovered with a start.

"Oh, how you frightened me," cried Mary.

"But I had such a beautiful dream," Bill enthused, looking at her and seizing one white, soft hand. "I saw two graves and two head stones side by side. On one was chiseled the name Mary, and on the other the name William. And a creeper had wound itself around and around the stones making them as one."

"Oh, what a horrible dream!" exclaimed Mary. "Come away from here; I hate this place." And she dragged him away through among the tall trees with all the strength and force of her feeble frame back to the cheery lawn.

"You have no right to think along such lines," complained Mary, throwing herself on the grass and pulling him down beside her. "The people will think you are crazy."

"But it was so real," he persevered.

"It wasn't real; it was a lie! I won't stand it. I'm going to be boss from now on, and you will do just as I say. I am not going to die, neither are you. Don't you ever thing it. We're going to get well. If nothing else can, our love will cure us," she cried with real authority, which made William sit up and take notice.

Oh, the rich optimism of the girl against the mildewed pessimism of the man!

"Then we should marry," ventured William, "since we have so much future before us."

The girl colored, but continued to assert her authority.

"No, nothing doing until we are cured and well," she replied. "You are not good enough for me in your present condition. You must be well, healthy, vigorous; full of vim, strength, courage. You must be a real man."

"Is that right?"

Yes! it's right, and no fooling. I'm going to make you all that. I'm going to build you over again to suit myself." And she made the walls of the Sanatorium echo with the merry peals of her loud laughter. "Laugh!" she commanded.

And William laughed the first real, honest-to-goodness one he had enjoyed in years.

"You're going to be a real nice little boy and do as I tell you. See?"

Bill looked and he saw.

"You're going to cheer up," she continued. "That's my prescription, to be taken a hundred times a day before and after meals, and between meals, and well shaken before taken. Do you get me?"

Oh the glory of such a sunshine? It began to thaw the frozen tissues of

friend William, coming from Mary, as nothing before had ever done.

After that William seemed to catch the contagion. He experimented and found that a good laugh carried as much stimulant as a good meal, and gave as much pleasure.

Mary's medicine acted like magic on his constitution. It even began to benefit Mary indirectly. Bill acknowledged with surprise that he was on the highway to recovery after having taken only a few doses. Mary was right; she had won.

William actually developed the habit of singing and whistling, as well as laughing and smiling, in response to Mary's merriment. He found that it cost no more to laugh and sing than it did to grunt and groan; and besides, every time he laughed he felt better. The more he whistled the less he coughed. He discovered that his ailment was more psychological than physical after all. And after a while he stopped coughing altogether. The sallowness of his face became rich in color.

The pink of roses began to mount on Mary's cheeks too. Bill spruced up and actually got younger every day. Rich blood gushed through their veins like purifying streams, and filtered and cleansed all stagnating tissue.

It became needless for them to speak of their love, for it beamed hourly from their lips, cheeks, eyes and actions. It was unconsciously in every word they spoke.

The day came when there was no more coughing and spitting. Love and laughter had won, and the health of the mind had conquered the disease of the body.

One day after the wedding, William asked Mary what she had meant when she said, "I'm in love now," down on the beach.

Her head fell on his breast.

"I was in love with you, stupid," she replied.

Next Story—"Vamping," another sequel to the "Fifty-fifties."

"CROWDED OUT!"

Our Own Message to

"B. C. Products" Firms

and others:

Yes, crowded out of cover position by B. C. Products firms (see cover, page two), and by the need for early closing of this December issue.

Re our recent message to Business Men, we repeat:

**"WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY
and
WE SAY WHAT WE MEAN"**

Time did not permit our visiting more than a small number of Business Houses. This is the reason why—even with several additions in the advertising section of this issue, a large number of businesses are not yet represented. Is YOUR LINE HERE? Whether or not—

If you are a "LEADER IN YOUR LINE" we invite your consideration, and EARNESTLY REQUEST a place in your 1925 advertising appropriation, even if we have to be

CROWDED IN!