

and swats 'em with it like he was 'playin' golf."

Each night his "melodious bellow" would ring out in song: "Dont' you hear the bugle callin!" and his happy, kindly courage served to cheer the drooping men.

Even the officers began to boast of him: "Finest build of a man you ever laid eyes on. Like a cat and a grizzly rolled into one." But when the campaign was over and the regiment settled down to quiet in the villages, Fagan encountered his old trouble about obeying orders. The punishments meted out to the huge culprit were always prompt and severe. Once he was imprisoned for a month.

Fagan emerged from this confinement still a child, but a sullen child moping over a bitter sense of injustice. "I only want a fayah show" was always the substance of his thoughts. Shortly afterwards Fagan deserted and, as report had it, joined the Filipinos.

There was renewed fighting about this time, and the regiment imputed it all to Fagan, attributing every move of the enemy to his leadership. The Government offered a large reward for his capture "alive or dead." "And all the while, Fagan, poor stupid child, was living quietly with a dusky sweetheart in a little village not fifty miles from the company's station. He heard of the reward offered for him and the reports about him. "Why can't they let us alone, when I don't hurt nobody," he complained to Patricia.

One day the Filipinos captured an officer whom Fagan knew, and they brought their prisoner before the genial black giant.

The white man asked Fagan what they were going to do with him.

"Oh, don't you worry, Loetenant, I won't let 'em hurt you. You just sit down and have a smoke."

The officer was treated like a guest; put quite at his ease, and finally he asked with genuine interest: "Fagan, why did you desert?"

The answer was characteristic: "I raickon I did it—just 'cause I had to have mo' room. Seems like I'm so big I has to have a whole plenty of room."

In spite of the fact that he knew the officer would report his whereabouts, Fagan had him safely escorted back to camp.

Then he and Patricia to avoid certain capture, betook themselves to the great waiting wilderness, where there was plenty of room, where you had a right to hit back when you were hurt, and where there were no orders to be obeyed.

Two weeks of happy wandering brought them where, unseen by them, a village was perched on the trunks of trees, and keen-eyed men hidden in foliage, watched and followed them. They were men short of body and long of hair; men who squatted naked in the mists of evening and did not shiver; men who brought their sweethearts hideous dowries of human heads.

One evening Fagan suddenly missed Patricia. He followed a few steps in the direction she had gone and a moment later came upon her lifeless body.

At first Fagan could only gaze about him stupidly, then a wild impulse of wrath came over him. He called out to the unseen enemy and shook his fist at the empty air, but the only answer was the whizz of a flying arrow.

Poor Fagan had not the brains to think it out, but the lesson was forced upon him that even in the wilderness one had not always a "fayah show."

He had only asked to be "left alone"—but the laws of life preclude this. Absolute freedom cannot be found, for each man is bound to his brother.

Fagan wandered on alone, possessed at times with a mighty fear of the forest. To dispel this he would sing loud and long—"Oh, don't you hear the bugle callin!" At the end of the third day, after kindling his evening fire and toasting a piece of venison, an overwhelming drowsiness came upon him. Then he lay back and twisted his last bit of tobacco into a cigarette.

"I'se kind o' sleepy now," he announced at length, "an I'se 'gwine to bed." The fire flickered and he pillowed his head upon his arm. "Lawdsee, I raickon Patricia'd think I was afraid again." He threw his great arm over the empty ground beside him, "good night, Patze," he murmured.