

"I can't tell you who to. I promised to keep it secret; and then he suddenly went away and the war broke out and I've never seen him since."

"But you've heard from him?"

She bit her lip and looked away. "Not a line," she faltered.

"But—I don't understand." His tone was infinitely tender. "Why hasn't he written to you? Violet girl, why would he not have written?"

"You see, he's a——" She seemed to be nerving herself to speak. "You see, he's a German!"

It was out at last.

"Mother of God!" Dick leaned back in his chair, his eyes fixed on her, his cigarette unheeded, burning the tablecloth. "Do you love him?"

"Yes." The whispered answer was hardly audible. "Oh, Dick, I wonder if you can understand. It all came so suddenly, and then there was this war, and I know it's awful to love a German, but I do, and I can't tell anyone but you; they'd think it horrible of me. Oh, Dick! tell me you understand."

"I understand, little girl," he answered, very slowly. "I understand."

It was all very involved and infinitely pathetic. But, as I have said before, Dick O'Rourke was a gallant gentleman.

"It's not his fault he's a German," she went on