



His First Holiday

noticed a detached, far-away look in the young man's eyes, he attributed it to the force of his own arguments. Just as he was beginning to feel that he had succeeded in turning the thoughtful young man from his suicidal course, Bosworth came to himself with a start.

"Beg pardon, dad; my mind must have been wandering. What were you saying?"

"Do — do you mean to tell me you have n't heard what I've been saying to you?" roared the old gentleman, coming to his feet.

"I'm sorry; but, you see, this new undertaking is on my mind all the time. It's a rather serious step I'm taking and I can't help giving it a good deal of thought. Mr. Krosson says he'll raise my salary at the end of —"

But Mr. Van Pycke was standing over him, his face red with anger.

"I brought you up as a gentleman, sir, and this is what comes of it. What would your poor mother say? She, too, expected you to be a gentleman, sir. Your grandfather expected it. All Van Pyckes are gentlemen. You are the first to forget yourself, sir. By Gad, sir, I suppose you'll marry a shop girl or a stenographer. That's what you'll do! After the way in which I've brought you up and educated you and all that. And with the Van Pycke name and traditions at your command! It's so demmed preposterous that I can't express myself adequately. It's —"

"It's no use, dad," said Bosworth, simply. "I'm lost."

"You could marry that little Hebbins girl next week if you —"