

"It's always good luck to see the new moon over your right shoulder," he murmured to himself. Then aloud: "Hello, dear, I'm going to war"—might as well get it over.

"Floyd!" "Was she going to make a scene?"

"Floyd!". She found his hand. "It just makes you perfect."
And the moon glided behind a convenient cloud.

G. PAIGE PINNEO, '16.

Bruce of Chester?—Which?

CONSCIOUSNESS slowly came back to me and I attempted to raise my hand to my throbbing head, only to find that my arms were swathed in bandages. Then I realized that my head also was bound with another bandage, and the slightest movement caused me intense pain. What had happened? Everything seemed a blank. While I was striving for full consciousness a nurse came and bent over me; seeing that I was conscious she turned and said something I could not understand. Immediately a beautiful woman came to my bedside and kissed me, saying she was so glad I was better.

"Who are you?" I asked, for though I had no scruples about being caressed by a beautiful woman, I was curious to know who she was. At my question a look of fear came over her face and she said, "Do you not know me, George? I am Helen, your wife."

"Good God! My wife? Why I am not married. Who do you think I am?"

She burst into tears and the nurse led her away telling her I would remember after I had had another sleep. Soon the nurse returned but would not answer my frantic questions, and insisted that I take my medicine. I soon lost consciousness.

When I again opened my eyes it was night and in the dim light I saw the same nurse and begged her to tell me where I was.

"You are in your own home, Mr. Chester."

"My own home? Why I was never in this house before," I said, "and my name is not Chester but Bruce, George Bruce."

She looked worried, but told me not to bother about it, for the doctor would soon be there and I could talk to him. Just then the