

with class-mates and professors, a splendid student and the best natured fellow in College — hence the consternation at his unusual conduct.

As a matter of fact, Jack was, to put it mildly, worried. He was in about as hard a place as a fellow could be. He had fully made up his mind to enlist with the Third Contingent, but when he had broached the matter at home it had met with only discouragement. His mother and father were most emphatic in their disapproval, and his sister Betty, his chum, the one in whom he had placed the greatest trust, had failed him. She "could not bear to have him go," she had written. What had happened to Betty, he couldn't imagine. She had never been like this before; she was never like other boys' sisters; a fellow could always depend on her; why had she flunked now?

He had thought the whole matter over from every side. He was of age, he could go without consent from home. Then he thought of his father and mother. No, he could never do that. But getting their consent seemed impossible, and give up the idea he would not. They had said, "if you were really needed, but you are not." He could not see it, he felt he was needed and that it was his duty as a loyal subject of Great Britain to go and fight for his country in the face of every obstacle.

He was tired, and he was desperate. If he only had someone to turn to and consult. If only Betty would be reasonable. But no — she had failed him and he couldn't get over that. There must be some mistake, she never — but there was her letter. He put his hand up and felt the paper crackle under his coat. Yes, it was no mistake. Thus his tired brain ran on and on, over and over the same ground, and his tired legs moved mechanically — away from the public streets and toward the wood.

How far he wandered he never knew, but suddenly he was pelted with snow-balls. He stopped, surprised, he had made a complete circle and had come out almost where he started. He was in the middle of a trap that he himself had helped lay for unwary passers-by. As he looked up he was greeted by friendly voices, "Hi, Jack, that you, why don't you look where you're going."

"Walked into your own trap, old man," called Reddie, the same he had told to shut up earlier in the day.

"Oh, I say, Jack — a sporty looking girl has been hunting for you all the afternoon — came on the 2.15 I guess." This from Bob, his room-