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LOVE and LEARN By Peter Clark Macfarlane

If Your Soul Spectrum Happens to Be Overshot With Blue Today, Try This Lively, Humorous Yarn of College Life as a Remedy.

He was in his sophomore year and eked out meager resources by waiting four hours a day in the co-op dining hall. She was a freshman and came there to eat. He was lank of figure, but of an open countenance and a hopeful disposition. She was timid, pate and cheaply sarbed, with little to commend her to the masculine eye except golden braids, which in her diffidence she tried to conceal, and two soft. blue eyes with a wistful light in them that could not be concealed at all. When she could get it she took the most inconspicuous table. This happened to be one of his, and a waiter learns to read human nature. She studied the bill of fare critically, frowningly, as if consulting a very fastidious taste, but he knew as a matter of fact that she was doing "math"-figuring three ways from the soup or two from the dessert to get a combination that would give her the greatest sense of fullness for the slightest depletion of her purse.

The second time she honored one of his tables Joseph Hancock smuggled an extra pat of butter to her under cover of some excess bread. The girl noticed it, of course, and gave him a shy, grateful look. That was the first time that knew that her eyes, besides being blue and wistful, had mines of polished diamonds in the depths of them. The kindling of those sparkling lights gave Joe some kind of thrill, the exact duplicate of which he had never before known.

"Gosh!" he gasped out in the entryway, and consulted the mirror in the washroom to make sure his hair was slicked back as smooth as glass and as shiny as onyx.

When for dinner the girl again chose one of his tables Joe felt flattered and encouraged to speak, but kept the remark carefully within the line of his professional relation to her by suggesting, "Coffee's poor tonight, but I can recommend the milk." He said this in an undertone necessarily, and undertones almost inevitably have a note of the confidential in them. To this not the girl responded. "I prefer

milk," she admitted, lifting the soft, blue eyes, 'only-only it doesn't taste like the milk we used to get down on the farm." "This will," assured Joe, proudly. "Leave it

to ourself." At the ice box he dexterously manipulated

the pitchers and the glasses under the very eye of the Jap custodian, and the girl got a glass that was half cream.

"O!" she sighed, after taking a sip, and glowed upon him. "On the q. t.," he warned, not with his lips,

but by lowering the screen of an eyelid for a second, the accidental presence of the head waiter in the vicinage having compelled such discretion. The girl caught the import of the signal and bowed her face to her food, dlushing slightly. This was the first time Joe knew there could be color in those transparent cheeks

"The girl's anaemic, run down, starved!" he diagnosed, and satisfied some impulse of his heart by smuggling two pats of butter to the side of her plate. She acknowledged them with & grateful look.

"My name's Joe Hancock," he confided, rearranging the salt, pepper and sauce bottles, and pretending to brush imaginary crumbs from the other side of the table as excusing his lingering presence.

"That's a good name," the girl said, smiling at the sound as if it gave her pleasure. "Like it?" remarked Joe, beaming.

ock is-is so classic-in American

her hot cakes upon the table which had not been there before. Joe must have been carrying that pitcher around in his hip pocket till the opportune moment arrived: yet how he had done it without disaster was more than she could ever understand.

As for the benignant sleight of hand performer, by the end of the very first week he began to get an unwifish man's reward in seeing that Lela's hollow cheeks were filling, the first faint blush of a rose color that was to be permanent growing upon them.

"She's fattening up! She's fattening up!" he chuckled, exuberantly. Then his mood became rapt and sober. "Bless her little heart!" he breathed softly.

This utterance was follow ed by a peculiar dissolving sensation in his breast. Joe did not understand this. It was a feeling that embar-rassed him. He obtained relief from it by approaching Lela with a bold suggestion, for practice had made him skillful and success had made him daring.

"Don't do any more 'math' over the menu card," he told her, seizing a moment when such confidence was possible. know what we've got, and I'll kno wwhat we've got, and I'll see you get the best there is each time, and I'll fix the check.

"But-is it right?" gasped the girl, with round, worried eyes, for conscience has been troubling her.

"Right!" ejaculated Joe, pursing his lips and frown-"Of course it's right. This is a co-op hall, isn't it?" Lela did not see just why this should make a differ-ence, but Joe said at did, and he was a sophomore; she was only a freshman. Besides, the world had dealt rather skimplly with her hitherto, and hers was not a nature to fly in the face of Providence. With Joe the casuistries re-solved themselves quite as easily. He was getting so interested in this girl, so fascinated by the growing round of cheek and increasing shapeliness of arm and shoulder, that his appetite diminished. He was eating very little himself. Whatever the co-op lost on Lela Mason, Joe was sure it made up on him; and yet he felt no pange of starvation. It was food and drink to him just to stand off and gaze at her when she did not

know that he was gazing; and it was positively thrilling to observe her delighted flush at discovering his glance upon her. She was still sparing of conversation, but such eloquent messages of thanks and grateful appreciation

as she sent to him across that old dining hall! And pretty? Why, the girl was going to be beautiful-was beautiful already. In his own absorption with that bright spectacle it did not occur to him that others might be discovering that nascent beauty also. That "Fat" Franklin, for instance, a proud junior, possessor of an automobile and such wealth that he could fare sumptuously on T-bone steak three times a day if he so minded, and who got creams and

volved a complete surprise, forbade him to offer any explanation of what he was doing with his afternoons. This was a vital error. It pemitted Lela to infer that Joe Hancock's interest in her was merely benevolent. More dangerous still, it left her with ample time in which to receive the now proffered attentions of "Fat" Franklin. which she did with a good conscience and a woman's natural pride in having attracted one of the bigger fish in the pool.

But blissfully unconscious of these errors. Joe loaded and wheeled and piled in hope, finding full compensation for all his labors and deprivation in the increasing pulchritude of Miss Mason and the ever-beaming warmth of out of the window of the dining hall as the midday meal was in swing, he observed the girl ing down the graveled path chatting gaily COD with Milton Franklin. Now it must be explained at this point that Milton Franklin had the faculty of rubbing certain kinds of people the wrong way, people m, for one reason or another, "Fat" conwho sidered less than his equals. He was not popular with waiters. The mere sight of him with Leis gave Joe an incipient case of dispositional pip. Joe was not even aware that they knew each other, yet from their manner they seemed painfully well acquainted. The sudden stoppage of his heart passed, however, with Lela's cheery greeting, and that organ thumped proudly as the girl started toward her accustomed table. But there followed to her place the obese and self-assertive young Franklin person. "Allow me!" "Fat" said grandly, and pushed in Lela's chair for her; then took the opposite one.

features wreathed themselves in a heavenly smile. Sweet revenge and sweeter reward had floated to his ears in a single speech. "He's rotten, I'll say," declared "Fat" grumpfly.

"Control yourself, Mr. Franklin," she said with dignity to "Fat."

At the words fresh rage got up in the heart of Joe, rage and a further thirst for revenge that parched and constricted his throat like a consuming fire, while kindly fate immediately afforded the opportunity for retaliation. The fidgety young freshie just behind "Fat," for whom the soup was destined, not noticing the near approach of the first item of the luncheon, chose this particular fraction of time in which to half rise and readjust his chair. In so doing

set his barrow down and give way to fits of uncontrollable laughter.

It was in the midst of one of these attacks of the risibles that he turned the new page, when right before his eyes a huge open automobile, full of merry "studes" of both sexes, came whirling down the street and was held up momentarily by the passing of an electric train. In that moment Joe discerned that "Fat" Franklin was at the wheel ,and that the merriest of the party was the girl who sat beside him, a girl in a blue sweater, with a knitted cap of the same color pushed to one side by a wealth of golden braids, which she seemed as anxious now to display as she once had been to conceal-for it was She was rocking from side to side in sheer exuberance of spirit, allowing the cadences of silvery laughter-over some wit of "Fat's." no doubt-to peal out so that they sounded to the lover's jealous ear even above the rumble of the passing train. In the same instant that he saw all this Joe curled up and dropped behind the screening heap as if one of his own bricks had struck him where his belt buckled. For a moment he was sick with the pain of just such a blow. Then, manfully, he sought to master

took seetful advantage of her opportunities. Yet the bright-faced girl was too full of comradely gratitude to make Joe suffer interminably for his brash rudeness of exasperated youth.

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One night Joe found her sitting screenely at his table. She greeted him with the old frank smile , and his heart plunged like a wild horse n his breast. Hope dwelt once more in him, high hope, because he felt that the times were peculiarly auspicious for him. For one thing, the bricks were almost wheeled, and, for an other, the day of the annual track meet and field sports between Pioneer and Branstetter univerities was at hand. "Fat" Franklin, a man of sporting proclivities, was bound to have his interest in romance swallowed up for a brief interval before and after that field day by absorption in its event, for fierce was the rivalry between the two institutions.

On the very day before the meet Joe wheeled his last brick and declared himself off of wheelbarrows and bricks for life. But the contractor proved that he was a man with a heart by adding somewhat to Joe's stipend.

"You did a neat job," he confessed. "Here's a bonuse of \$15."

Bonus! The word had never had an adequate meaning to Joe until that minute. "Thank you," he gulped, his eye lighting with gratitude as he perceived how much more lustrous a diamond could be purchased for \$125 than for \$110. But when Joe, after shedding overalls and dolling for the street, coasted into the offing before Roy Lee's jewelry store he encountered the shock of his life. "Fat" Franklin was just entering the place. Through the window Jos saw him purchase a giant sparkler, saw him dig in all his pockets for money, and thereafter write something on a card-an I. O. U. for a balance, no doubt. And "Fat" was no sentimentalist, but cold and practical. If, the day before a loyal PPioneer man would need all the money he could raise, "Fat" Franklin had stripped himself of funds and mortgaged his future allowances, it was because he had already made definite arrangements with the finger which that diamond was to adorn.

The world turned black before Joe's eyes. He crushed the \$125 down deep in his pocket and turned sickly away. In front of him was "Fat's" car, standing at the curb. He recoiled from the car flercely and turned north, when-that his heart wound might be torn afresh-here came Leis Mason, looking, if possible, more sweet and vinsome than he had ever known her to appear before.

But Joe could have no grievance against Lels because he had los ther. The sight of the girl stimulated while it pained him. He was even able to recall that she always came down from "lab" about this time, free for several hours, and instantly grasped the situation. "Fat," with his car conveniently parked at the corner, and his diamond ring in his pocket, was waiting to take her for a ride; and during that ride-

Within Joe's soul was the sound of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the reign of darkness that was outer and terrible as he thought of what was to occur upon that ride. Yet Joe's was no craven spirit, and pride had saved many a face. "Hello, Lela!" he chirped, bluffing mon-

strously. "Gosh, but you're looking snappy this aft.'

The girl stopped dead to gaze with playful surprise.

Is this you, Joe, or somebody else?" she demanded. "Gracious grandmother, but it's a joy to see you on evhibition in the p. m. hours once more. On what sector of the educational front have you been effacing yourself in the afternoons of lato?"

Joe could only flush.

"Still keeping the dark secret, hey?" she rallied. "O, all right; I won't tease. I'll just be thankful for small favors. Whither shall we dawdle for an hour?" She tossed him an armful of books.

Something clicked in Joe's reeling brain. Obviously, then, Lela had no date to ride with "Fat," yet "Fat," Joe was perfectly sure, had in his mind a date for a ride with her.

Now, there is something in the male wooer



tory, you know," she responded, as trying to be very pleasant, "and Joe is such an honest name, don't you think?" Joe blushed beautifully. "What's yours?" he

demanded. interestedly. "Lela-Lela Mason," she responded with

frank simplicity. "Gee!" said Joe, his brows rising. "That's a

peach of a name." "You are awfully kind," she commented, and

then, lest he should misunderstand her meaning, tapped the glass of half and half significantly

'Kind is my middle name-to some people," he boasted.

In the next few minutes, as young Mr. Han-cock busied himself with sundry goings to and fro, occasional irresistible glances were stolen at the meek golden head yonder, and a design and a program began to take form within his mind, a design slightly predatory in one direction, but nobly charitable in another.

"Chef," he began, impressively, when approach and petition might be made to that dark, majestic presence who presided in the kitchen, "when I say 'Small steak' you give me a small steak, don't you?"

"Ah sho' does, college boy," affirmed that sweating lump of ebony with an air of concious rectitude.

"Well, now," proposed Joe in wheedling "from this on, once in a while, you tones, are going to hear me pipe 'Steak small' instead. That's a high sign-take me? When you hear it grab a T-bone, cut the bone out of it and fix it up so it will go by the checker as a piece of round."

The black chef looked thoughtful under his white cap, and increased the measure of his frowning dignity as he weighed the cool suggestion to organize a system of petty larceny. "Ah gits you, Mistah Hancock," he admitted at length, "but what else does Ah git?" The

emphasis was significant. Joe thrust a half dollar into the yellow

palm of a black hand that happened to be mysteriously open and conveniently near.

"I can't keep this up, you understand, Sam," he explained, putting pressure upon the half dollar till it weighed like a golden twenty. 'I'm workin' my way; but it's for a poor little girl, a freshle. She's half starved, and, just as a matter of humanity, I've got to fatten her up till she can do herself justice, in her studies at least."

Joe got a good deal of plea into his tones. and the black man had a sympathetic heart, as well as a paim that itched.

"All right, Mistah Joe," he conceded, grandly. "I'll collide wid you on de proposition; and, once in a while when you-all's finances will stand it, you collide wid me," and he tapped his pocket and rolled his eyes, both significantly. "You're on." declared Joe, with a croak of

emotion in his utterances, and hurried outside to make a suggestion to a certain young lady as he tore off her meal check.

Now, in simple truth, the cheapest steak was beyond Lela's means; yet she could not appear ungrateful, and came the next night stermined recklessly to major on that viand. www a miracle steak that she got-rich, tender, juicy, unbelievably palatable. And as the days went on other miracles were wrought in the old dining hall. Instead of being drowned in a thin blue fluid called by the trade name of milk, her cereal of mornings and her rice puddings for dessert were smothered in a froth of rich cream.

Joe Hancock, too, began to appear more in the role of a prestidigator than a waiter. He could be loitering along the aisle, ostentatiously looking out for the wants of his patrons, and backing up against her table as he made maybe way for some one to pass, or even while he exchanged a few casual words with the head waiter: but, lo, when he moved off there would be a small extra pitcher of maple syrup for

syrups and butter galore by the simple expedient of paying extra for them-that he, who was accounted one of the boldest and most successful "queeners" in the college, should this day for the first time have contemplated with the interest of discovery the reddening roses, the rounding curves, and the soft blue eyes of Lela Mason, was a consideration quite below the

threshold of Joe Hancock's consciousness. "Some queen, I'll say!" murmured "Fat" into his coffee cup, and assayed her boldly with an

expert eye. For Joe to have known about this would have disquieted him greatly, and today nothing disquieted him, because, a second week of their casual acquaintanceship having passed, he had vontured to ask Lela to step out with him, and she had consented modestly. It was a blissfully boy and girl time they had together. They exchanged life stories and found several pleasant parallels. Joe heard with sympathetic admiration how Lela-mind hungering for an educa--living with a maiden aunt poor almost as herself, had scraped and pinched her way through high school and was at last here, pinching her way through the university and haring the expenses and the discomforts of an attic chamber in Mrs. Mcliheney's rooming house with Irma Woods, a girl as poor and as ambitious as herself.

And on the very next occasion of their stepping out together-perhaps because it was in the moonlight this time and under the grand old campus oaks-Joe Hancock found himself desperately in love with Lela Mason, but when he tried to strangely put the new, the supreme emotion into words his tongue was tied, though his heart pounded and tore at its fastenings.

The next afternoon he stood before a jewelry op, gazing upon trays of rings, diamond rings. And then a great idea occurred to him. A ring would break the ice. The production, the proffering of the golden circlet with its tiny eye of fire would disclose his heart and high intent in a single gesture. Thereafter all would be easy-casy. Daringly, as Hobson into the bottleneck at Santiago, he went in and priced the rings. But here disappointment couched. The only ones he would have considered adequate were tagged at from \$500 up. Mercifully, however, some diamonds are smaller than others There were diamond rings as low in price as \$25, yet the one which was the very smallest that it seemed to him his self-respect could offer and, at the same time, the very largest to which his impecuniosity could aspire, was priced at \$110.

To be sure, Joseph Hancock had not \$110 nor any portion thereof to spare above the raw necessities of his life, yet in his days of struggle he had learned one lesson surely. Money was be got by working for it. He strolled about the town and found a pile of bricks that was to be moved a half block from where they had been dumped off the flat cars to the spot upon which they were to be built into a pottery kiln. It was a wheelbarrow job, and the contractor confessed he was in no hurry to have the bricks moved, construction being delayed by other elements. Joe engaged himself to move the bricks, working two hours a day, for the sum of \$110. How the unusual toll tired him! And how

his fingers stiffened until he was no longer a successful juggler. Once he was nearly detected by the Jap at the ice chest. Another time he capsized a pitcher of maple syrup in his pocket and had to go through the duties of the breakfast hour with the goozy stuff saturating trous-ers and crawling maddeningly down his leg. Pride, of course, kept him from disclosing a mishap like this to the only person who could have regarded it sympathetically and not humorously.

But the greatest disadvantage of all was that the brick contract made such inroads upon his already overmortgaged hours as left him now no time at all for Lela except on Friday nights. Moreover, his strategy of the ring, which in-

"I'd like to push his face in-the slob!" growled Joe away down in his larynx. "Walter!" "Fat" called with an authoritative

voice. "Waiter!" Joseph Hancock was instantly furious. Duty

compelled him to take Mr. Franklin's pompously given order, but even while doing so he was planning to provide that presumptious interloper with an experience and a dinner he could never forget. By the time Joe actually reached the purlieus of cookery his specifications were complete.

"One steak-sma-a-ll!" he bawled, and, drawing near enough for the purpose, he slipped the chef one of those rare half dollars, whereat the whites of the dark eyes rolled and a black face nodded alert comprehension. "And, say, Joe's eyes narrowed to that tense and Sam! eager whisper in which dark plots are laid. "Besides that, have you got a steak in the house so tough a dog couldn't eat it? If you have, and can do anything to make it tougher than it is already, do it; then camouflage it with onions and slip it to me."

"He-he-he-he!" laughed the chef as he read the gloomy tracery upon the boy's face as one reads headlines in a newspaper. "Some guy done buttin' in on dat lil gal, huh!" he gurgled. "Butt-in is r-r-right!" growled Joe, grinding his teeth.

Face beaming, throat chuckling, hands conspiring, the black chef "collided" with enthusiasm, and the contrast between the two dinners served at one table that night was a malicious triumph. The perspiration stood out on Milton Franklin's face as he sawed at his steak. Lela's cut easily, and she lifted the fulcy morsels to her lips with the consciousness that she had never had a finer.

"Say," "Fat" protested to her as his exaspera-tion and his meal reached their climax together, "this is the soggiest potato I ever saw in my life. Not even the co-op hall can make 'em any soggier. This bread is positively petrified. No bride ever baked a harder loaf. And, furthermore, I'd like to meet the guy that put hair oil on my rice pudding."

He fumed a moment while Lela looked embarrassed and murmured: "O, I am so sorry, Mr. Franklin.*

"Most delightful company I've ever had in this hall, Miss Mason," mumbled Milt, "and poorest dinner! Miserable waiter you've got. We'll eat at my table tonight, and we'll get some service."

The last sentence of this speech was framed particularly for the ears of young Joseph Hancock, just then bringing the soup to the next , but it was Lela who answered it, flushing tabl with indignant surprise.

"Why no!" she negatived loyally and turned her blue eyes up to bestow a glance of eloquent comfort upon Joe. "I've had a delightful dinner. I think I have the best waiter in the hall. I wouldn't leave him for anything."

Without appearing to have overheard, Joe's

the ministering hand of Joe, or seemed to. Anyway, the soup plate was tilted and sent a small Niagara of rice-tomato fluid cascading in a hot douche down the back of the Franklin neck and inside the Franklin semester shirt, thereby, in fact, debarring that garment being a semester shirt at all, since it would now lose its right to that title through having to be laundered at a time when the semester was only well under way.

"Wow! What in blinking blazes? I'm scalded!" These and other phrases, ideas and ejaculations did Milton Franklin erupt as he leaped violently into the air. "You-you clumsy idiot!" he cried, and lifted

his hand to strike. A rather mighty hand it was; for, despite his fatness, Franklin was something of an athlete and noted for his strength of arm

But already Joe Hancock's next strategy was developing. His glance was bent upon the fidgety, embarrassed froshie who, guilty or not guilty, was to furnish the alibi demanded by the exigencies of the waiter's situation.

"Now, see what you did!" he exclaimed, hotly. When you sit down, why don't you stay down? If you're going to get up under a plate of soup, why don't you' ring a bell or something? You better apologize to Mr. Franklin now."

"Him apologize!" snorted "Fat," sarcasm and anger mingling. "Not him! You! And apologies won't let you off, either."

Actually "Fat" was drawing back that brutal fist of his and going to swing it against the smooth but now slightly tanned cheek of Joe Hancock; and Joe, full of fight, was ready for him. He was younger by a year-he was slighter by 20 pounds-but all that trundling of wheelbarrow loads of bricks had given him arms of steel, and it is possible that when he swung his fists it would have been as if he had a brick in each hand, and that one of these, landing conveniently on the rotund target of a stomach which "Fat" presented first, and the other following to the chin, might have made wreck of Milton Franklin. But nothing of this kind happened, for instantly the little girl was standing between them, straight, taller than she had ever appeared before, her cheek glowing, her eye expressing indignation, resentment and blazing rebuke.

"Control yourself, Mr. Franklin!" she said, with dignity. "I could see it was a pure accident. Mr. Hancock was not in the least to

"An accident?" queried "Fat," incredulously. "Not much it wasnt any accident. This fellow's taken a dislike to me, 'sall." But "Fat's" fist had ceased to menace. The girl's eye had cowed him, or elapsing seconds had given him time to

"Why, Mr. Franklin! How could you say that?" reproached the girl, and Milton began to feel ashamed for his brashness and to be more immediately conscious of the embarrass-

Besides, the head waiter was on the scene by this time, rebuking Joe, staring severely at the fidgety freshman, and assisting, by the sacrifice of many paper napkins, in wiping off the neck of Mr. Franklin's person and the back of his coat. But no amount of wipings and no sacrifice of napkins could make Mr. Franklin presentable for the street or the lecture room. He had to depart ignominously for his rooms, a bath and a new set of garments from the skin out. He

Gloating and exulting in the discomfiture of "Fat"-and before her-Joe, unaware how soon he was to turn a new page in the book of his knowledge of womankind, started out to have a happy afternoon with his bricks. Never had the toil seemed so light. Never had a panorama of such entertaining memory pictures recled before his mind. Whenever these reached their climax, with "Fat" red-faced and deluged.

himself. "Didn't take her long to make up with him!" he groaned in a hollow voice, and then raised his head cautiously. They were gone. "Me wheeling bricks and her joy riding!" he muttered, sickly.

The afternoon was spoiled for Joe. But, luckily-or unluckily-it was Friday afternoon, and Friday afternoon had always been succeeded so far by Friday night. Friday night was his night to be with Lela, when he could see her, step out with her, talk with her, with no "Fat" Franklins, no automobiles, no anything else to make the slightest claim upon her attention. Yet he decided this evening, when she came in to dinner to be distant.

But he couldn't manage being distant with her. For one thing, it was plain that Lela had been discovered. Half the seniors in the place were tossing goo-goo glances in her direction tonight. Humbly, confidentially, Joe communicated his intention to visit her tonight "as per usual." To his consternation, she confessed : "previous."

Jos was hurt, and showed it: whereupon the young lady reproached him with:

"I didn't suppose you'd mind if I got the chance for a ride. They have come so seldom. you know; and, besides, the visibility has been kind of low of late as far as you were concerned."

The remark was without emphasis and purely by way of explanation, but it stung-it piercedand the gall sack of a young heart's bitterness was suddenly filled.

"Mind? Sure not. Go ahead. I'm glad you can get 'em. Get all you can of 'em," Joe urged, and was careful to urge it cuttingly. "And don't mind me, I'm nobody. You don't need me any

The girl stared with round-eyed astonishment and then resentment curled her beautiful lips. "O, all right," she retorted, "if you want to be selfish!" and switched her golden braids.

Selfish! He-selfish, after all this sleight o hand! Could she, after accepting his uncounted pitchers of cream and boneless T-bones, turn about and coolly accept another fellow's autobile rides? And on his night, too? If it were so, elastic indeed was the conscience of a woman.

Joe turned scornfully from her presence, but some time during the ensuing sleepless nights perceived that the fault was all his, that he had been a fool. He had argued that because she accepted T-bones so radiantly she loved him. Were the other young fellows to infer that because she accepted their automobile rides with equal radiance she therefore loved them? Un thinkable! Quite unthinkable. But the beans were already spilled, for next morning Lela Mason did not sit at his table. Upon the other side of the room she ate cereal with thin, blue watery fluid upon it, and hot cakes lubricated with one little pat of butter per cake and sweetened with one lonesome tiny pitcher of syrup. Joe was mad for Lela to know that his resentment had melted, that his heart was bathed in the bitter waters of remorse and his soul environed in an atmosphere of deep contrition but she would not even look in his direction. Days went by like this, and even weeks weeks of agony for Joe, but weeks of giddy happiness for Lela Mason. A hard, skimpy life had become suddenly rich, varied and joyous. Half a dozen of the best known men in college contended for her idle hours, others among them ides Franklin owning automobiles, and she

that can make hi mendure with stoic fortitude his own excruciating agony while finding a grim pleasure in tantalizing, at the moment of victory. the rival who has beaten him. Joe saw a chance to spoil "Fat's" plan for a ride and the firation of a diamond ring, and eagerly he leaped at it. He had the time, he had the girl, and yonder at the curb stood a shiny new touring car with upon it a sign: "For hire, \$2 per hour." In Joe's pockets were \$125 that were now of no use to him whatever.

"What say to a ride, Leia?" he proposed, and jerked his head in the direction of the public car.

"O, I would love it!" she exclaimed, eyes sparkling.

Joe gazed at those eyes enviously. Looking at them so near, so cordial and so warm, it was difficult to realize that he had lost them; yet within him, carefully concealed, was the knowledge of the truth, and sorrowfully, as one takes flowers to a funeral, he was paying his last respects.

Outwardly, Joe was a game sport.

"Jump in!" he said to Lela, and held open he door for her.

"Where to, sir?" inquired the mahout. "Down the line," said Joe in a big way. "Give

her the gun." Lela shot a little glance of admiration. It was astonishing how well he did it. She had never felt admiration for Joe before, only gratitude; now she nestled close to his side, looking

up at him with a vague, new kind of emotion. As they rolled slowly down the street, past the service station, there was "Fat" Franklin filling his tanks. Lels did not see him, but Joe lid, and it was worth a million dollars to observe

'Fat's" start, his stare, the drop of his jaw. They passed out of town, and the car swung on and on over long miles of polished boulevarded surface between a verdant panorama of field und garden and orchard, Lela manifesting her injoyment in many ways.

"Going to the track meet tomorrow?" inutired Joe.

"I think so," Lela answered, but a bit doubttully.

Joe's mind seized instantly upon this doubtful note. She thought so ! It had not been settled efinitely then, but she was depending upon "Fat."

Now, it could knock an awful hole in a man's pocketbook, taking a girl to that shindig tomorrow and seeing her through on it all the way round, and "Fat"-well, Joe had reason to know that just now "Fat" was guite denuded of funds; in terser English, he was broke,

"I'm just crazy to go!" the girl confessed with shining eyes.

From under his lids Joe peered down sidewise and assayed the woman critically, then asked himself a man's question about this soft little thing. Would she, engaged to Milton Franklin, coolly abandon the possibility with her accepted lover for a sure-thing trip with one who was a rank outsider so far as her real affections were concerned? The eager, wistful face gave immediate answer. Joe could not be left in doubt for a minute. "The little vamp!" he murmured under his breath. "The little salamander!"

The girl went down in his estimation. He had been reverently afraid to touch her before. Now he threw an arm around her and drew her to him. He believed that he could have kissed her. a thing he had once wanted painfully to do, but that all at once he did not care about particularly. If he had kissed her it would have been to crush his lips against hers and then fling her down like a plucked flower.

"The little vamp! Working us all for T-bones, auto rides, for whatever she can get out of us!"

Joe saw that his love for the girl was dying a quick and merciful death. It seemed as must have read his thoughts. Turning and (Turn to Page Tan.)

ments of his physical condition.

went dripping soup from two heels and with a lowering glance at Joseph Hancock.

sputtering and squawking. Joe was compelled to

cool off.

blame."