

## A Graduate's Honor

**I**T was a beautiful afternoon. Tom Gardiner sat at his desk dreaming a day dream. He saw the door to fame open before him after five years of hard work and late study. To-morrow would see his efforts crowned with success, for to-morrow Tom was to receive the "Lawyer's Gown." His parents, now old and feeble had made a long tiresome trip from the country to see their boy and rejoice with him in his triumph. Not only his parents, but also his friends had collected in the city, among them the fair Alice Kenny, whose favour and esteem Tom coveted above all others. All these things passed before Tom as he sat dreaming, but like all "castles in the air" they were soon shattered and for some time to come, driven from his mind.

Things had not been going well with Tom, of late, someone had been trying to blacken his character and in so doing had succeeded to some extent. Evidently, whoever it was, believed in the old adage "throw enough mud and some will stick." Now it so happened in Tom's case that the mud was striking just where it would do the most harm : that is, in the minds of his professors. Some of them had already gone so far as to throw out veiled hints which were very disquieting to Tom. Only last evening Prof. Moinson, during the course of his lecture, said if "certain boys did not turn a new leaf some names would be struck off the graduating list." Tom paid little attention to this remark at the time, but later, having occasion to go to Prof. Moinson's room, he was astonished to learn that the remark was intended chiefly for himself.

"Tom," said the Prof., "I uttered no idle threat. Your conduct of late has not been up to the standard. Take a friendly warning and change your ways."

"But Prof. Moinson," said Tom, "I cannot understand what you mean. I do not know of anything in my conduct worthy of such blame."

"My dear boy," said the Prof., "We have dealt with such cases as yours, many times before, and the parties concerned all spoke just as you did now. Do

not try to conceal what is already known to us. Just this morning the President advised me of your latest misdemeanors. In justice to yourself, I must say that I could scarcely believe what I heard, and had not the President, himself, told me I would even now discredit such a report as was handed to me. Moreover it is not my duty to ask for, or give explanations on such matters, but, as you have always acted like a gentleman in my classes I will use my influence in your behalf."

"Prof. Moinson," replied Tom, "since I have known you I have never intentionally or otherwise told you anything untrue. This you know. On my honor, I tell you now, I do not know what you mean. Nevertheless I thank you for your kindness to me."

"Can you say you know not what I mean?" asked Prof. Moinson. "When you know I found your room vacant last night at midnight? Tell me, Tom Gardiner, where were you last night?"

Poor Tom taken entirely by surprise could not answer. He knew he could explain his absence satisfactorily but the consequences would fall heavily on someone else.

"Prof. Moinson, I cannot tell you where I was last night," replied Tom.

"Well then, my boy, I can do nothing for you," said the Prof. "Please go to your room."

Thus summarily dismissed from the Professor's presence Tom sought his own quarters. Once inside he shut and locked the door and sat down to think. Now fully alive to his true position he saw the apparent folly of his midnight adventure. True it is he could have stayed in his room. He could have remained unmoved by the call of friendship. But would that have been honorable? Would that be "doing to others as you should like them to do unto you?" No, he had acted for the best, and if now the consequences were to fall heavily he would bear them uncomplainingly. Thus justifying his actions Tom remained in his room for the rest of the evening. There we shall leave him while we investigate the cause of his trouble.

## II

On that memorable night—the events of which now threatened such dire disaster—Tom was hard at work in his room. Many urgent calls had been made on him for theatres, at home, joy-rides, etc. etc., but all were met with a polite refusal. “Not to-night boys,” Tom would say, “I am too busy. Please don’t bother me.” Though all were refused, yet one party of friends almost succeeded in dragging him with them. They had made arrangements for a long spin out to the country, there they would have supper, return to town, go to the theatre and afterwards — — ? It was this “Afterwards” that almost forced Tom to join them. Not that he saw anything attractive in their plans, but their party included one of his young friends, a boy of scarcely nineteen summers, an only son of fond and indulgent parents. From the day of his first appearance among the students, Tom had been irresistibly attracted by the youth. Later a friendship had sprung up between them growing stronger by intimacy, until now they were known as “The Brothers.” During the last holidays Tom had received and accepted an invitation to visit his friend at Palmera Beach. Here new acquaintances were formed, cementing the old friendship still stronger, for it was during this visit that Tom met Alice Kenny, his friend’s sister. At last, September was ushered in, putting an end to parties, picnics and excursions, bringing “partings” and the commencement of Tom’s last college term. The boys were given many friendly warnings, many good counsels, but Tom, being the senior, was appointed the guardian of his younger friend Philip Kenny. Thus a double responsibility rested on his shoulders, for not only was he appointed the guardian of Philip by Mrs. Kenny, but he also suddenly awoke to the fact that he was the self-appointed and personally accepted guardian of Alice. Nevertheless the burdens were not deemed troublesome especially the latter.

Tom and Philip returned to college better friends than ever, but the course of true friendship—like that of true love—never runs smoothly. In time Philip



formed new friendships, not entirely satisfactory to Tom, but remonstrances were in vain. Philip's character, like his friendship, was changing also. He was no longer the bashful easy going youth of a year ago, heeding his friend's wise counsels and following his guidance. On the contrary he was becoming a boisterous boasting, short-grained, uncertain friend. This change was the source of much anxiety to Tom. Time after time he would seek his friend at some tavern or other dive and bring him home under the sheltering cloak of darkness. Once in his room, it would be an almost superhuman task to reduce Philip to a state of sanity or anything near it. Despite this untiring devotion, Philip became more and more antagonistic, complaining of want of liberty, undue interference, jealousy and other motives in his friend. It was, no use appealing to finer feelings, for they were becoming extinct; in vain to appeal to love of relatives and friends for such sentiments had been replaced by a coarse passion for pleasure. Mrs. Kenny was ever insistent in her enquiries about Philip; his neglect of writing and the ever-increasing reports of his bad conduct caused great anxiety in the home circle. Tom was at his wits end for excuses, it was no use pleading sickness for that would bring a visit from home, something to be avoided at any cost. So things went on from bad to worse until the night already alluded to by Prof. Moinson, when events happened that disturbed the tranquility of Tom's life for years to come.

The clock had just announced the hour of midnight: No sound came from within the college walls, all seemed hushed into silence, broken only by the passing of a street-car, or the shout of some straggler returning from a "night-out." Tom had finished his task, was glancing over the pages of a book, undecided as to whether he should go to bed, or seek his friend. That "Afterwards" alluded to by the party when leaving was still ringing in his ears. He could still hear the coarse laugh of the "leaders" as they threw out suggestions about pleasures calculated to convince anyone that life was worth living. There seemed to be some unseen power urging him to don his coat and hat



and go forth. But being heart-sick as well as well as worn out in body and mind he was slow to follow where his devotion would lead him. In future years, when the memory of this indecision passed before him, he never forgot to censure himself for not acting as he should have done. For had he gone even then, he might have averted the fearful calamities that befell himself and friends. From this state of indecision, Tom was aroused by a strange noise outside his window. Raising the window and looking out he saw a man standing a few feet away beckoning to him.

"Who is there?" asked Tom.

"This is Jake, Mr. Gardiner; Will you come to my restaurant? Something has happened."

"I shall be right down" replied Tom as he closed the window. Grasping his hat he hurried to the street where he found the restaurant keeper waiting for him.

"What has happened?" asked Tom as soon as he came up.

"Oh, Mr. Tom, I don't know how to tell you. A dreadful thing has happened. Now I will lose my licence, and me a poor man. Oh, Mr. Tom what shall I do now?"

"For heaven's sake talk sense man and tell me what is wrong," ordered Tom.

"Oh, Mr. Tom, your friend Kenny!" Jake got no farther for Tom waited to hear no more. Breaking into a run he left Jake far behind. As he ran he conjured up many things that might have happened to Philip, but never once did he come near the reality.

Arriving at the tavern, Tom found the place vacated; so quiet did everything seem that Tom began to wonder if he had been dreaming and just woke up. Just then a low moan attracted his attention; following the direction from which it came he entered one of the low dark rooms at the back. Here a sight met his eyes that turned him pale and made his heart stand still. Stretched on the floor was the bleeding body of Hayward Smith the leader of the party which had left the college a few hours ago. Seated at the nearby table was Philip Kenny apparently asleep, but in reality so stupified by fear and drink that he was unable to

move. There was no sign of any of the rest of the party. Apparently some kind of a fight had taken place, for everything in the room was upset,—tables, chairs and broken dishes were scattered here and there, and a stream of blood flowed across the floor from where Smith lay. Stooping over the prostrate body, Tom soon ascertained that life was extinct. Looking around he noticed a knife, familiar indeed, lying on the floor. This he picked up and dropped in his pocket. He next turned to Philip and giving him a shake called him by name. Philip he said, "What are you doing here? How did this happen?" Like a person aroused from a deep sleep Philip slowly raised his head and looked around seeming to recognize nothing until his eyes fell upon the body of Smith lying at his feet. With a loud cry he jumped to feet and would have rushed out of the place like a madman had Tom not interfered.

"Calm yourself Philip," said Tom. "Do you want to alarm the whole street? Brace up and let us get out of here as quickly as possible."

Tom led the way out by a back door and the two were soon back in their quarters.

"Now Philip," began Tom as the latter locked the door, I hope you will tell me all you know about this affair.

"Me tell you;" exclaimed Philip, "why it is more likely that you can tell me."

"Philip, do not let us quarrel; this is too serious a time," begged Tom. "You know we need to do some deep thinking if we are to save our reputation. The police will soon, if not already, be notified, and then a search for the party concerned will commence."

"Well," replied Philip, "I have only this to say, you had better get out of here as quickly as possible. But before you go let me tell you you are some scrapper. You certainly put him out in short time. It was the neatest thing I ever saw. But it beats me how you got the knife out so quickly; no one ever noticed it until you landed him."

Tom, now convinced that Philip was mentally un-



balanced by the events of the last few hours, decided to forego further investigation until morning, hoping that a few hours sleep would restore Philip to his normal condition. So setting the example he retired, gratified to see Philip doing the same.

### III

The next morning when Tom awoke, Philip was gone. Upon inquiring, he learned that Philip had gone out about an hour before. This was nothing unusual, so Tom decided to do nothing until Philip should return. Procuring a morning paper, he returned to his room. As he expected the first thing that met his eyes was the glaring black headline announcing the discovery of the murder in Jake's restaurant. A long account followed as to the probable manner in which the murder had been committed. Great stress was laid on the fact that Jake, his family and servants were missing. Another fact remarked was the peculiar wound left by the murderer's knife. It was also stated that, although no arrest had yet been made, some sensational disclosures might be expected within the next twenty-four hours, as it was known already that those implicated were not of the lower classes. This was the essence of the newspaper report. Just how much was known and how much guessed at, Tom was unable to say; however, he wished Philip would soon return so that they could form some plan for their future actions. Noon came and passed and no Philip was to be seen nor had he sent any word as to his whereabouts. Tom, unable to remain inactive any longer decided to do a little detective work of his own and incidentally hunt up Philip. Hastening down town he obtained the latest reports, all of which, more or less, coincided with the one he had read in the morning. Continuing his walk, Tom took a look into all the old places frequented by Philip but always met with disappointment. Despairing of success, he retraced his steps towards the College, hoping against hope that Philip would be there before him; but again he met with disappointment. Tired and discouraged Tom sank into his chair. Many conflicting thoughts were coursing through his already over-charged brain; he

grieved that he had refused to go with the crowd last night, as he was urged to do. But now it was useless to lament, for what had happened could not be undone; the only thing left was to meet the consequences as best they could. This thought brought another into his mind—tomorrow was graduation day. If he could only keep things quiet until after to-morrow, he would then be able to defend his friend in the only way possible. For then he would be a lawyer.

Thus it was that we find him at the beginning of this narrative, dreaming day dreams. His first great case would let the world see that he had not studied for nothing. He would put up such a defense as was never before heard in a court-room. He would clear his friend and bring the guilty party to justice. For he never for an instant let himself think that Philip had gone so far as to kill a fellow-student in cold blood. He had forgiven the accusations hurled at him last night by the one whom he now decided to save. But alas! poor Tom little knew how the web of circumstantial evidence was being woven around himself. Only one thing was needed and that was to find the knife. A fatal clue had given the detectives the hint they needed. Tom, in his charitable endeavour to aid others, had unwittingly left the handkerchief he had used about Smith, lying on the table in the tavern. This article bearing his name pointed to him as the evident murderer of Smith. Already the detectives were on their way to Tom's room. If now some friend could only warn him there would yet be time to destroy the evidence sought for, or to escape from the clutches of the law; but no such appeared.

A loud knock aroused Tom from his reverie. Opening the door he was confronted by two strange gentlemen, neither of them could he remember ever having seen before. However he was now to make their acquaintance in a manner never to be forgotten.

"Good-afternoon, gentlemen," said Tom. "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"Are you Mr. Gardiner?" asked the elder visitor.

"Yes, sir," replied Tom.



"Well then " continued the speaker, " we wish to consult you on a matter of importance," entering as he spoke. Tom was annoyed to notice that the younger man closed and locked the door.

" Why the precaution of locking my door sir? " asked Tom, " If you have anything to say to me you are at liberty to do so."

" Mr. Gardiner I must inform you " explained the first speaker, " that we are detectives. I am detective Kelly and this is my assistant Bartley. We have come to your room believing you have in your possession an article of much importance to us."

" I am afraid you are mistaken, gentlemen," said Tom. " I have nothing that can be of importance to you."

" Perhaps not " rejoined the detective, " but we have reason to believe that you have a knife in your possession and if you will kindly hand it over it will save us the trouble of searching yourself and your apartments."

Tom suddenly remembering and seeing that it was too late to conceal it, nervously thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth the fatal knife in all its blood-besmeared, guilt-convicting condition. Convinced now that they had their man, they placed Tom under arrest and proceeded back to headquarters.

Thus had fate ensnared Tom in a chain of circumstances credible indeed to the world, but how incredible to his friend. Oh if he had only forced Philip to return that knife, before he left last night all this might have been averted. As he now thought of the hollowed blade, covered with the blood of a fellow-student, he shuddered and, turning away prayed never to see the thing again. Not many minutes did Tom allow his feelings to run riot, but bracing himself up, he determined to carry out his resolution. True he wondered that Philip could let a friend fall under such a calamity without doing something to help him. No, he did not want a confession, he only wanted some sign of gratitude, be it ever so slight: something to show that his sacrifice was not unappreciated. But remembering

Philip's strange words and still stranger conduct at their last meeting, Tom cried from the bottom of his heart for forgiveness for him who apparently "knew not what he did."

Tom's trial was like many others, based on circumstantial evidence. Footprints had been measured, old quarrels rehearsed, the prisoner's unwillingness to explain his actions on that night, above all the finding of the blood-stained handkerchief in the tavern and the discovery of the blood-stained knife in the prisoner's pocket, all went to prove Tom guilty of the crime.

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty but with a strong recommendation for mercy, as the character of the prisoner was shown to be most exemplary up to the time of the murder. The sentence of life imprisonment was then passed and the prisoner was led back to his cell.

Thus were all Tom's laudable ambitions shattered by a series of events in which he took no part, but fell under all the blame. Now the door to fame is closed. A convict could never think of becoming a recognized lawyer. How could he stand up in a court to condemn a man when all could point to himself as a convicted murderer? True he could have escaped by throwing the blame where it belonged, but many things constrained him. Tom had no one depending on him, his parents, though now old, were comfortably settled in life. Not many years were left for them, moreover they knew their boy was innocent. Had he not said so? Who could doubt him? Only those who did not know him. On the other hand Philip had his mother and his sister. He was regarded as an only son and brother generally is; no other boy was so good as Philip, no other so smart, though in justice it must be said that of late Alice Kenny thought someone else almost his equal. Nevertheless Philip continued to hold first place, to be petted and fussed over. The plans for his future career were often discussed. Even now they imagined they could see him, distinguishing himself as a great statesman. His father had won fame and fortune as a politician, Philip could



do the same. All these plans Tom knew ; he realized what a blow it would be to them to see Philip dragged to trial, condemned and sentenced to prison. " However " he thought to himself, " I will bear it all for her sake. Her unbroken faith in me will lighten my burdens. " He wrote them a long last letter, asking them to still think of him as their friend and not as a criminal. " Though circumstances are now against me," he wrote, " Yet I hope a time will come when I can face the world again a free and innocent man. Till then I shall be an outcast from the world."

#### IV.

The Kenny family continued to move in the fashionable world ; their friendship was sought by young and old, rich and poor. Philip succeeded at law ; next year he was to run for member in his own district. Success was already assured for him. He was looked upon as the coming man, the man who would always stand for justice, who would never stoop to a contemptible act. But there is in every human heart a ruling passion. Sometimes it is for riches, or for honors or for some other equally selfish end. Philip, too, had his weak point, he would do anything to insure success.

Hearing that a certain young business man of Rigo was to oppose him in the coming election, Philip saw that his chances of success, against such an opponent were not so good as he would like them to be. Hence he set about to find some means of discrediting his opponent in the eyes of the people. Revolving different schemes in his mind he at last by mere chance hit upon one destined to ruin his opponent and insure his own success. Some time before a party of friends had come to town to spend a few days with the Kenny family. During their stay they made Philip acquainted with the facts of a great robbery which lately had happened in St. Paul. It passed through Philip's mind like many other incident of the same nature, leaving nothing behind; but now that he was looking for some such crime to fasten to the fair name of his opponent, memory

brought the event back to him. He remembered that Lawrence Hennessy formerly came from St. Paul, a very fortunate thing in the present case; so in a few days, with the help of his colleagues, Philip succeeded in arousing the suspicions of the people against Hennessy. Although the story was false, it served the purpose just then, and that was all that was needed. Things went on in this way until the day before the election, when the world was made acquainted with the true facts of the case. Hennessy was exonerated and the wrath of the people was showered on Philip's head. He was hooted, jeered at and almost mobbed. Hennessy's innocence was the war cry of the people; it re-echoed far and wide; even the children on the street joined their childish voices to the hoarse cries of their elder brothers.

Things at last became so uncomfortable for him that he was forced to leave the town, and he sought refuge in a foreign land. In his fight for success, Philip utilized the family money for his own interests. Despite the protests of Mrs. Kenny, he had invested their last dollar for the success of his coming election, meanwhile assuring his mother, who too readily believed him, that success was so certain there could be no failure. But now when the awful consequences of Philip's fatal scheme fell at his own door, Mrs. Kenny realized—all too late—how foolish she had been. Too late indeed, for now she and Alice must henceforth earn their own living. Try as they would, no sign of Philip could they find. He had disappeared like a grain of sand in a wind storm. A strange land had swallowed him completely. We must leave him here, while we go to follow Tom Gardiner.

## V.

The afternoon was fast deepening into evening; the sun was far away in the west, seemingly at a standstill, as though taking a last glance at the earth; the songs of the birds were gradually dying away, as each little feathered individual dropped to sleep under the shelter of some friendly branch. In fact all nature seemed to be falling



into a quiet restful sleep. A passing observer might have been thrown into ecstasies of admiration by the glories of this beautiful spring evening. But it often happens that when nature puts forth her best efforts to please the eye, Providence, at the same time allows some unpleasant memory or circumstance, to cloud the mind so that the eye is unable to appreciate, yea, even unable to realize, the existence of such charms. The present time was no exception. Tom Gardiner stood at his cell window in M --, State Prison, staring vacantly into space : What a miserable existence! Deprived of freedom, shut off from the outside world by thick stone walls with their small openings here and there crossed by iron bars to admit light and air to a dingy interior. None of the usual precautions for guarding such places are lacking here. Surrounding the building and its adjoining court, is a high, well built board fence, surmounted with a row of sharp dagger like spikes about a foot long. A few feet from the top runs a narrow plank walk upon which at regular intervals guards pace to and fro day and night. Hour after hour and day after day their " All's Well " informs the public that peace and evident tranquility reigns within. But this evening a more intimate observer might have noticed some signs of a coming storm. A more sullen look could be noticed on the faces of many, secret signs were being passed around, stolen interviews were being held when possible, leaders elected and posts assigned. One thing was necessary for the completion of the plans, that was unanimity, but so far this had not been obtained. A certain few, led by one more outspoken than his friends, refused to lend their assistance to any scheme involving blood-shed. They looked upon their penalties as just punishments for the crimes they had been convicted of, and rather than involve the life of innocent parties they choose to remain as they were in preference to aiding in any such scheme as was proposed. The plot on foot among the prisoners was to set fire to the prison simultaneously in different places and then in the excitement sure to follow, they would make good their escape. At last as they found No. 1068 immovable in his resolution the

leaders contented themselves with winning over his little band of followers. Finally he stood alone against three hundred and forty criminals. His entreaties were in vain, they would listen to no dissenting voice, they would strike for liberty. That night No. 1068 unable to check the rising storm, planned on how to aid the innocent, who would suffer. No he would not inform on the plotters, for perhaps many of them, like himself were innocent. Night after night had he lain on his straw pallet, listening to the childish voices overhead. These he would assist, but how? He knew he had a friend in his keeper, and of this friendship he now decided to make use. When the keeper was making his usual round on the evening in question No. 1068 startled him by a strange request.

"Pardon me, sir, but would you come to my cell to-night at 12.15? I know it is a strange request, but, sir, I assure you it is of the utmost importance. Make no noise as you come, and don't use a light. Just attract my attention by the word "Friend."

The keeper remained some seconds in thought before replying. He did not know what might be involved in this request; "but hang it all, No. 1068 was a gentleman if he was a prisoner; there could not be much harm coming;" so giving his consent, he finished his duties and returned to his own quarters down stairs. Here he meditated more freely on the promise he had made. What could the fellow want? No. 1068 had always shown himself to be above the common run of criminals. Keeper Harvey had not yet convinced himself that No. 1068 was guilty of the crime for which he now suffered. So kind and gentle had he always shown himself, that many times Harvey had almost quarrelled with the authorities when he found it necessary to speak of No. 1068 as a prisoner.

Being certain, therefore, that no evil was intended, Harvey prepared to fulfill his promise. Freshly loading his "Colts" he left his room and stole noiselessly along the oorridor until he reached the stair. Here it required all his skill to keep from threading on those time-marked squeaking steps. Going up one, two and



even three steps at a time he finally reached the floor above ; from here a few steps brought him to No. 1068's cell. Soon he was in possession of all the facts as known to 1068. It was now too late to do anything to prevent the catastrophe which was about to happen. If they were to save the warden and his family they must act as once. So following the suggestions of the prisoner, Harvey led the way to the stairs leading to the apartments above. But unforeseen obstacles now presented themselves ; two men were already posted at the end of the corridor. Coming upon them thus suddenly, Harvey was unable to use his " Colts " before he was attacked, so grappling with his adversary, a deadly struggle ensued. No. 1068 followed his keeper's example, recognizing as he did so the man who had sworn vengeance on him a few hours previous. Just as No. 1068 had succeeded in silencing his opponent., he was startled by a revolver shot, followed by a heavy thud. Letting go his now helpless victim, he was just in time to grab the other convict who had succeeded in shooting the warden with the latter's revolver. This struggle was also short and decisive, and leaving the two convicts, he dragged the half-lifeless body of his keeper up the stairs and into the warden's apartment. Here all was confusion, nor did the appearance of the prisoner and his helpless keeper add to the peace of the community. Finally aware of their true position, they willingly consented to follow the prisoner. The fire had gained such headway that it was with great difficulty they at least succeeded in escaping from the burning building. Leaving the party safe from further dangers, No. 1068 returned to help wherever assistance was needed, and more than one unfortunate had that night, reason to bless this common state prisoner.

In due time order came from confusion and the usual course of things prevailed once more. Only one prisoner had escaped owing to the fact that at the time the alarm had been rung in, a change of guards was about to take place. Hence it happened that at that time a double guard was on duty.

For his share in the night's work, No. 1068 was awarded with his freedom. Free once more ! Oh God,

what a blessing ! Now that he is about to face the world again, he drops his prison garb and dons the dress of a free man ; drops that hated number which he had so long answered and once again appears before the world as Tom Gardiner. It is indeed our noble hero, once more about to take his place among his fellow-men. But alas, under what changed circumstances since the last time he prepared to take his place in the world,

He immediately sets out to find some employment far away where nobody would know him. After meeting with a great many disappointments, he finally succeeded in securing a position with a contracting firm in Riversdale. It was now almost four years since he had been considered anything but a criminal, so it required some discipline on his part to get use to the many marks of confidence shown him by his employers. But never once did he prove unfaithful, or unequal to the tasks imposed upon him. Three years thus passed, three years of hard work. No thought of social work had entered his mind ; he had carefully avoided all such things, remaining always in fear lest he should meet some old acquaintances. One day a young friend whom he had met three years before burst into the office, "Say Tom," he began, "Sister is having a party of friends to-night and sent me to ask you to come. In fact I am to be kicked out if I go back without your consent. So you need not try to bluff me as you have done with all the others. You have been here three years now and you have never yet shown up at any social event, so we shall be expecting you to-night." With this last remark Bert Brailly left the office not giving any time for a reply.

Well at last it was settled, he was to make his appearance in society. True the people of Riversdale had often wondered why he had kept so much to himself. They little knew that work was the one thing necessary to keep him from brooding over his troubles. Work was his friend ; he had lost all hope of ever seeing his former friends. They had completely disappeared from his life. But now he was to meet new acquaintances ; would any of them seem to him as good and as true as



the old ones? Such thoughts as these passed through his mind as he found himself about to re-enter society.

Presenting himself a few hours later at his friend's home, he received a hearty welcome from his host and hostess. During the course of the evening Tom found himself alone in the garden. Not feeling in the humor for dancing, he had decided to stroll through the grounds and enjoy a cigar. He wandered about like a man without a will, going wherever the path led him. But this very aimless wandering turned out to be the means of bringing about events, the memory of which lasted till the end of his life.

Another person, with a sad beautiful face had also escaped from the ball-room, and was also idly wandering about, drinking in the consolations nature always gives to a broken heart. Idly plucking a flower, stooping over a half open rose, tenderly lifting the head of some drooping daisy or lily, passing from flower to flower like a beautiful bird of the night, musing the while on the checkered course of her past life and wondering where it would all end, she pondered over the weary years that had passed since happiness went out of her life. Contemplating that sorrowful parting, her thoughts now took the form of an audible expression "I wonder if we shall ever meet again."

"I beg your pardon," said a voice near her, "I did not know I was intruding. I was not aware of your presence until you spoke."

"I did not know I was speaking," answered the girl, as she moved forward.

Stepping aside to let her pass, Tom for the first time glanced at her face; that glance became a stare as he muttered the name "Alice."

"How dare you address me thus?" indignantly exclaimed Alice Kenny. for indeed it was she.

"Alice, don't you know me? Look at me! Have I changed so much in eight years?"

One long look and Alice Kenny almost fell to the ground as she exclaimed "Tom is it you?"

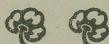
Now recognized by each other, the joyous company within, is forgotten. After many years of separation, they have much to tell each other; Tom, of how he had gained his freedom; Alice, of how through Philip's recklessness she and her mother were forced to begin a new life; how she had secured the position of book-keeper in a large establishment in Riversdale, where she had worked ever since; how her mother died brokenhearted by her son's disgrace leaving her to fight the battle of life alone; how Philip, after his mother's death had returned home and how he met his death in an automobile accident some two weeks later.

While these explanations were being given, both Tom and Alice were oblivious to their surroundings, until they were discovered by a party of friends.

Now more explanations had to be given.

Finally, after all the mystery had been cleared up, and everybody understood everybody else, a silence fell on the party which was suddenly broken by a remark from the impulsive Bert: "I say Tom old chap, the marriage can take place right here."

H. L. M. '18.



A great man is always willing to be little.

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Honour a man according to whom and what he honours.

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All history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few brave and earnest persons.

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The accumulating of a substantial fortune can create a prosperous man, but not necessarily a happy one; a peaceful conscience is the true content, and wealth is but her golden ornament.