

Lord Loveland Discovers America

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON

Copyright, 1910, by Doubleday, Page & Company. Copyright, 1908, by The McClure Company



"Oh, because I'm a woman myself." And then she would say no more on that subject, but she talked eagerly of Bill Willing and his star, Sidney Cremer.

"But my lane is blocked." "Mr. Gordon's word for Lillie de Lislo's ability as a soubrette and would offer her a part shortly to be open owing to the marriage of the girl now playing it. As for that perfect lamb of a Bill, a place should be found for him in the same company—that Lesley would promise—and they could marry at once.

"You had better wait and hear what Mr. Cremer says," suggested Loveland, almost bitterly, when Lesley had instructed him to write the good news at once to Lillie and Bill. Ed Binney was also to be provided for, sent to a convalescent home and given hope for a chance as "property man" with one of Sidney's plays when he should be strong enough to go on tour again.

"Oh, Sidney and I always think alike. Haven't I told you that before?" was Lesley's answer. "There's no need to wait. I know all about Sidney's business. And I thought it would be a pleasure to you to write and be the means of making your friends happy."

"So it would if I were the means," muttered Loveland. "But I'm not it. Mr. Sidney Cremer. Everything is Sidney Cremer, and he is everything."

"Some day I may remind you of that speech," said Lesley. Then she laughed in a mysterious little way she had. But she was determined that Loveland should write the letters she desired written, and, learning the lesson of unselfishness, he tried to rejoice in his friend's good luck.

"It's a long lane that has no turning," he said to himself as he sealed letters which would change the face of the world for three persons. "Their turning has come at last, and I'm glad. But my lane is blocked. Whatever happens, that brute Sidney Cremer will always stand at the end and bar my way out."

CHAPTER XXV. IN THE CAR TOGETHER. It was the day after Val had sent off the joyous tidings to his friends in the big world beyond the Hill Farm that tidings from the big world came to him.

Thanks to Miss Moon, the letters from home were lost. But, greatly as that lady would have delighted in so sweeping a measure, it was impossible to keep P. Gordon forever in the dark by destroying whole issues of New York journals.

Uncle Wally was in the habit of bringing the gentleman chauffeur his breakfast and with that meal, which consisted of delicious southern dishes, the morning paper.

Loveland did not find American news particularly exciting and as a rule merely glanced through the paper as he ate. But the New York Light had a special interest for him.

Val laid aside the Louisville Monday paper and began to read the New York Light.

Suddenly he cried out an excited "By Jove!" and forgot that he had not finished his breakfast, but as by this time Uncle Wally had gone there was nobody to be surprised by his emotion.

of the several sensational headlines with which Tony had ornamented his two column article, for, though Bill Willing had told of the barnstorming episode, he did not yet know and therefore could not tell, even if he would, his "awful" friends' present address.

Now that he had come into his own Loveland could no doubt somehow get money almost at once on that unlucky letter of credit, pay back the advance Miss Deamer had made him, cease to be a gentleman chauffeur, leave the Hill Farm and return to New York to be a gentleman at large.

But there was no joy in the thought of ceasing to be a chauffeur and still less in that of leaving the Hill Farm. The play was played out, and the adventure was over, but life could not be as it had been for Loveland. He could not take up the old life or the old self where he had dropped both one night in Central park. He was a different man in these days, caring for different things, and unfortunately the thing he cared for most was the one thing he could not have—Lesley Deamer's love. Being once more Lord Loveland and having a repentant New York at his feet would not give him Lesley Deamer. While he was thinking how good it would have been were fate a better stage manager to justify himself to Lesley, Lesley sent for him by Uncle Wally.

To her he was still the chauffeur, and the darky who politely delivered the message announced that "young miss would be obliged to Massah Gordon if he would take her out in the car as quick as possible."

As Loveland looked over the Gloria, making her purr pleasantly in preparation for the run, he tried to decide definitely what to do next. Face to face with the certainty of separation and her marriage with another man, every hour spent with the loved one became a priceless treasure. He resolved not only to be silent about the article in the New York Light, but to go back to his room and carefully hide the newspaper.

This he did, delighted to find the big budget lying on the floor where he had left it.

When Cremer was in the house he would be glad to go and glad to prove to Lesley before going that he was all he had once claimed to be.

When the car was ready he drove to the front door and found Lesley tying on her motor veil, a charming picture set in a rustic frame.

Loveland's spirits rose when he saw that she was alone. Auntie in the limousine was the least obtrusive of chaperons. Still, there was joy in having the girl to himself.

"For a wonder I couldn't sleep last night," said Lesley, "and I thought an early spin in the car would clear my brain of cobwebs."

Loveland said he was sorry to hear Miss Deamer had not slept. "Uncle Wally told me," he added, "that you'd been writing late last night."

"Not exactly writing," explained Lesley, finishing the chiffon bow under her chin with delicate elaboration. "I was looking over an act of a new play which Sidney has begun. Perhaps that excited me. And then I was waked at 7 by a telegram and could not sleep again."

Something in her eyes, gleaming like fairy jewels under an enchanted lake as she shone through the flimsy veil, made Val miserably sure that Cremer had sent the telegram.

But he was becoming outwardly quite a well trained servant, and only under the greatest provocation could he be goaded into asking impudent questions.

"You've heard nothing from your people yet?" asked Lesley after a few minutes' silence while they flew along a road smooth as if it had been made for generations.

"Not yet," replied Val. "But I dare say something will be forwarded from Bonnerston theater in a day or two. I told you I'd written to the manager there, giving this address, for Bill would have sent on to Bonnerston anything that came for me to his care in New York."

"Yes, you told me," said Lesley. "But I was wondering if you'd had good news, because—"

when so soon you'll have the person you care for most sitting beside you where I sit now? Oh, I ought to beg your pardon for saying such things. Miss Deamer! But, you see, you and I were once friends, not employer and servant, so I forget myself sometimes. And, besides, I can't help thinking this morning that you're leading up to saying something which perhaps you find it a little difficult to say. Yet why should it be difficult for you to tell me if you've heard that Mr. Cremer is coming at once and bringing another chauffeur?"

"My telegram didn't say that, but it made me feel that I shouldn't be able to keep you very long at the Hill Farm," said Lesley.

Gone was the elaborate scheme for staying on at any cost. She wanted him to go. She was hinting for him to go.

"I can leave whenever you like to get rid of me," returned Val, his tone roughened, made almost brutal, by his effort to hide the sharp pain he suffered.

"Oh, don't think I feel like that!" exclaimed Lesley eagerly—so eagerly that in her excitement she did the very thing she had reproached Loveland for doing. She forgot that a person controlling a powerful motorcar is ill advised to be in earnest about anything except the business in hand.

They were approaching a somewhat abrupt turn in the road at the moment Lesley chose to assure Loveland that she didn't mean to hurt his feelings. Being genuinely sorry for the effect her words produced, she did not realize until too late that the corner would expect her to slow down before turning it. She tried to make up for her mistake by a feat of accurate steering, but the task was beyond her powers.

The big Gloria swung round the curve on two wheels, refused to take the new direction and bounded gayly off the road, across a ditch and into a meadow.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON. THE next thing that Loveland knew he was sitting in a bog, which felt quite soft and comfortable—so comfortable that he at first believed himself to be in bed, waking out of a bad dream. Then with a flash he remembered all that had happened and scrambled up in a cold sweat of fear for Lesley.

A catarrh of sparks which showered before his eyes dimmed his sight at first, but in a moment he saw a slight gray clad figure lying on the ground not far away.

"Lesley!" he cried. "Lesley!" But she neither stirred nor answered.

Down he dropped on both knees beside her and raised her upon his arm. Her eyes were closed, and through the chiffon veil he could see the long lashes dark on the pallor of her cheeks.

The ground where she lay was spongy after a day of heavy rain, which had soaked through the thick carpet of dead grass deeply into the earth. The girl's position was easy, giving Loveland the hope that no bones were broken, and there was no stain of blood on the white face of the soft brown hair. But she lay very still. There was no flutter of the eyelashes, no faint gasping for breath.

Sick with fear that she might be dead, Loveland's memory refused the barrier between them. He was conscious only of his love for her.

"Dearest—precious one—darling!" he called her. "For God's sake, wake up! Speak to me—only speak to me! I love you so!"

Instantly she opened her eyes wide, shivering a little in his arms, and looked up at him, half dazedly at first, then smiling as a woman might who has dreamed of a distant lover and wakes to find him near.

"Thank God you're not dead!" he stammered.

"And that you're not!" she answered faintly. "You—you're not much hurt?" "Not at all, and if I were it wouldn't matter," Loveland assured her fervently. "If only I hadn't let you drive or if I hadn't talked to you! It's all my fault. What shall I do if you're injured?"

ry me, anyway," said Lesley. "I wouldn't have wanted to—when it's the thing I'd give all but one year of my life for—the one year I'd keep to be happy in with you."

"Just a poor little humble story writer, and you would really like to marry her?" "Don't torture me," said Loveland. "I've had about all I can stand. If I were the impostor you think me—"

"I don't think you an impostor," replied Lesley, beginning to speak in quite a natural tone of voice again, though she kept the support of Loveland's arm. "I never said I did. I only asked you once why I should have more faith in you than others had. But I'd be ready to take you on faith if you were ready to take me without a fortune."

The blood rushed to Loveland's face, which had been pale and drawn. "Is it true—do you mean it?" he stammered. "Do you care for me a little?" "A great deal," said Lesley, "too much, I used to think on the ship, but I don't think so now, because you're different. It's the real you I loved all the time. The miracle's happened, you know. I'm seeing the other side of the moon. But wouldn't it be doing you an injury to marry you when you and your family counted on a great heiress?"

"It was the other me who hadn't the sense to see what a beastly, childish thing it would be to marry a girl just because she was rich—a girl I didn't love," Val hurried on. "Oh, Lesley, you're not playing with me, are you? I couldn't marry any other woman but you."

"What about the old family home that's tumbling to ruin?" "It will have to tumble." "And your family?" "There's only my mother, and what she wants most is my happiness. My love for you has somehow shown me how to appreciate her more. But, Lesley, what about Sidney Cremer? Do you care enough for me—a man you say you're taking on faith—to give up all Cremer's money and to throw him over for my sake?"

"I can't throw him over." "Then how can we be married?" "And I can't give up his money," she added.

"Lesley, have you raised me up only to let me fall deeper into the pit than ever?" "We both fell into the pit together, didn't we?" she said, laughing a little. "If you go deeper I'll go deeper, too, for we're going to stand or fall together now."

"Then what do you mean?" asked Val. "You'll have to send one of us away—me or Sidney Cremer." "Let me sit up and we'll talk it over," said Lesley, with a quaint cheerfulness and matter-of-factness that utterly bewildered Loveland. "I feel so, well, and so happy now that I believe I can find my way out of any entanglement so long as we go hand in hand."

Val, resting on one knee, took the little gray mitten that she held out to him and pressed the hand in it. But there was bitterness in his voice as he answered: "This is an entanglement that you'll find no way out of. You can't keep us both."

"You don't trust me," Lesley reproached him. "Just wait before deciding to give me up until we've thoroughly thrashed things out, beginning at the beginning and going right on to the end."

"I shan't decide to give you up. Nothing can make me do that now," Loveland said. "It's Cremer who'll have to go to the wall."

Lesley laughed. "Like his motor. Poor, poor car! I'm sorry for it, but it hasn't sacrificed itself in vain. I was beginning to wonder how on earth to bring all this about. That was what kept me awake last night. If I'm to tell the whole truth, it had to come some way, and it had to come soon. Well, Sidney's motorcar has solved the difficulty, and Sidney will be glad, for my happiness is the same to him as his own. And now I've gone so far I may as well confess that from the very minute I saw you play Lord Bob in that dingy little hall at Ashville I hoped—oh, but hoped more than anything that you would ask me to marry you! Please, please, don't be shocked, but I invited you to come here just for that."

"You were engaged to Sidney Cremer," he said, half to himself. "I was bound to Sidney just as I am now and just as I have been for the last three years. And I wasn't tired of him then, not a bit, and I'm not even at this minute. But I love you—the real you."

"Darling!" exclaimed Loveland. Yet he marvelled at her. This was a phase of the girl's character—her true and noble character—which he was at a loss to understand.

"You were very cold to me that night at Ashville," he ventured to say. "I was trying you. I wasn't quite sure, you see, which side of the moon I was looking at, and if, after all, it was only the same old side I didn't want to let myself be dazzled by it, as I couldn't help being at first. I was in love with you on the boat, even when I laughed at your talk of love. I felt more like crying than laughing, though, because the sort of love you gave me in return for mine wasn't worth my having."

"Heaven knows it," Val admitted humbly. "But I'm delighted that Sidney's motor jumped over conventionalities instead of my having to take the leap myself. Instead I just leaped with the car, and you leaped, too, and everything is going to be heavenly for all the rest of our lives."

you felt. It was fun for me, and I thought it was good for you. But now it's different. I'm sure—sure—the other side of the moon, and I want you to be as happy as I am. Oh, don't speak yet! I must go on a little further. You know, I told you I had a telegram this morning?"

"Yes, yes." "Well, you thought it was from Sidney Cremer, and I didn't contradict. Lots of things you've thought lately; I let you go on thinking without contradicting. The telegram was from little Fanny Milton—about you."

"About me?" "She knew from a journalist who is a friend of hers that you'd come to this part of the country with a theatrical troupe, and they'd found out that the actors were playing pieces of Sidney Cremer's at Ashville. They talked it over together—Fanny and this Mr. Kidd. He wanted to know for his paper's sake where you'd disappeared to when the company broke up. Last evening he suggested that she should telegraph to me. They both thought I might have heard about you. So that's why I felt that you wouldn't be stopping on as my chauffeur very long."

"Did Miss Milton say in the telegram that New York had discovered its mistake about me?" "No, she didn't say that, though it was a long telegram. I expect she thought I would have seen the newspapers. Well, I haven't. But I can put two and two together quite nicely, and I was sure that you'd come into your own again with the great American public, perhaps partly through Fanny Milton's Mr. Kidd. I'd be willing to wager all the profits of Sidney Cremer's next play or novel, if I had them, that you can now go back, if you like, and get without any difficulty the betroth you came across the water for."

"I'm sick of the very word betroth," protested Loveland, with complete sincerity. "That's the new you. And what a very new you it is when one comes to think of it—only a few weeks old! But it's the only real one. The other was a shell, which has broken."

"You broke it," said Val. "I cracked it, a little maybe on the boat, but it took a big hammer to smash it, and now I've swept all the fragments away. There's just the real you and the real me in the world, with the wonderful light from the other side of the moon shining on us two—and Sidney Cremer."

"Oh, Sidney Cremer?" cried Loveland. "He still stands between us?" "No, he doesn't. If you love me you'll have to love Sidney, too, because Sidney Cremer and I are one, and his money is mine, because I earn it. And don't I enjoy it too! Have I not enjoyed it for three whole years, since all of a sudden from a girl, dependent on Aunt Barbara, I waked up to find myself a rich one—oh, not rich in your meaning of the word, not rich enough to line castle walls with gold and diamonds, but rich enough to do nice little things for an old Kentucky farmhouse and perhaps even to help restore ancient British strongholds if the lord of them and of my heart will give me so much happiness."

"You—you are Sidney Cremer?" Loveland could only stammer the words stupidly.

"Yes. Are you so surprised that I'm clever enough to make a success with my brain and my pen? I often wondered when you'd begin to suspect, but you never did. And I was wondering, too, whether Sidney Cremer would have to propose to you in the end. It's been great fun keeping my secret from the world, never letting any one know the real truth except auntie and the Ashville cousins, though Fanny Milton and lots of other acquaintances thought I was a friend of Sidney Cremer—perhaps even a poor relation of his. But the most fun of all has been keeping the secret from you till the time was ripe to tell. Do you remember saying the other day, 'Sidney Cremer is everything?' I told you I'd remind you of that some time and ask if you could say it again. Can you now?"

"Sidney Cremer is everything," repeated Loveland, whereupon Lesley gave one of her little soft, cooing sighs and let him take her into his arms.

Quite possibly a boggy field with no shelter save a motorcar lying rakishly on one side was a queer place for an engagement between a young English marquis and a celebrated American novelist-playwright. But for Lesley and Loveland it was perfect. Sidney Cremer's vivid fancy had never created a more enchanting scene for the love-making of hero and heroine. And, though, if there had been an audience, it would have seen the stage lit up only with pale rays of wintry sunshine, for the girl and the man it was illumined with ineffable light from the other side of the moon.

Printed Paragraphs. Every man has his price—and a woman is apt to fix his value at 50 cents. Keep your desires down to the limit of your abilities and you will be happy. Ambition often turns out to be a balloon, without a parachute attachment.

If a woman breaks a man's heart, the first to suspect her husband is usually the last to distrust her minister.

NEW COLLEGE OPEN MONDAY FOR OPENING.

The new school of the Southern Commercial college will open in this city Monday and Tuesday of next week in the Wright building, West Main street. Prof. C. L. Padgett, of Winston-Salem, president of this system of schools, is here making the necessary preparations for the opening and the enlarging of the school, since the purchase was made consolidating the two Durham business colleges with the Rocky Mount school.

The study rooms will occupy the entire third floor of the Wright building, while the school office will be on the second floor. New equipment will be installed as soon as it arrives, and the school will be in line with the other progressive schools of this college in North and South Carolina, and everything will be so arranged as to facilitate the modern methods taught.

Some of the many who have endorsed these schools are represented in the following testimonials: Ex-Governor, R. B. Glenn, Representative Assembly's Home Missions, Presbyterian church, says: "From what I know of the Commercial School and Business Colleges conducted by Prof. Charles L. Padgett, I am able to heartily endorse the work of these colleges in fitting our boys and girls for useful and profitable lives, and I expect to show my faith by my works by entering in the near future a pupil in the school."

What the Governor Says. Hon. W. W. Kitchin, Governor of North Carolina, says: "I take pleasure in stating that Prof. Charles L. Padgett enjoys the reputation of a gentleman of high character. He is doing faithful work in his Commercial school and has been successful. I commend his school to those seeking an education in commercial lines."

What the Senator Says. Senator Robert L. Taylor, ex-Governor, State of Tennessee, Taylor-Trotwood Magazine says: "Prof. Charles L. Padgett is a man of broad ideas, keen insight and sound judgment. His one purpose is to fit young people for the best they are capable of in life and this he is doing royally. Students from his schools are trained in all that is broadest and best in the development of personal talent and intellectual endowment and are filling responsible positions all over the country."

Wadesboro, Dec. 28.—Several hundred gypsies are encamped six miles east of Wadesboro and during Monday night a riot was precipitated in the camp when one, who claimed to be Chief Mitchell, forcibly entered the tent of another man and forced a woman. In the fight that followed a number of men and women were badly injured. Yesterday morning when the news first reached Wadesboro, it was reported that two were dead, but when this correspondent went to the scene it appeared that the rumor was false.

Several men and women had been tied to trees and badly beaten, and in some instances the injuries are serious, but not necessarily fatal. Mitchell was given a preliminary hearing yesterday afternoon on a charge of criminal assault and held for trial in the superior court without bail. Three others were bound over, charged with assault with intent.

From the hearing it seems that there were two bands and each claims that he has committed no crime and does not seem to realize the enormity of the offense which he is charged with. The gypsies are enraged, and each band is threatening the other. In the meantime the citizens of that section of the county are demanding that these undesirable citizens be made to move on. Sheriff Lowry has the situation well in hand and will keep the peace.

Here With His Bride. Mr. J. Y. Monk, a tobacconist, of Farmville, N. C., is in the city on a visit to his brother, W. J. Monk, and other relatives. He is here on his bridal trip, having just married Miss Lord Lang of Farmville. His many Durham friends, and he has many, having lived here until four years ago, extend a cordial greeting and the very best of wishes for him and his fair and charming bride.

Elon College Notes. Elon College, Dec. 28.—An east-bound freight was wrecked between here and Gibsonville Monday about 1 p. m. Four cars were derailed but no one was hurt. The track was not cleared until last night about 8 o'clock. There have been four wrecks near this place within two years. The cause is unknown. The track, to all appearance, was in fine condition, having recently been repaired on account of a previous wreck.

Rev. J. D. Wicker and wife, of Sandford, N. C., and Miss Vallie Dowdy of Durham, N. C., relatives of Prof. W. C. Wicker, are visiting him during the Christmas holidays.

Prof. W. P. Lawrence, M. A., of the chair of English and Rev. J. U. Newman, D. D., of the chair of Biblical literature and Greek are spending their holidays, entertaining visiting friends of the College. The other members of the faculty are having a good time with friends at home.

Miss Blanche Newman, of Holland, Va., a student here, is spending Christmas holidays with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. N. Clendenen, Graham, N. C.

Mr. Moss Atkinson and family are visiting Mr. S. M. Hobby and family of Raleigh, N. C.

The fall term of the college was the best in the history of the institution and the heavy correspondence and the applications for admission would indicate a largely increased patronage after the holidays. The term opens January 2 for the matriculation of the new students.

Mr. Bunn Hearne, our athletic coach, has given the students excellent practice and developed fine talent and ability among the students for greater interest in athletics for the spring term.

LOOKS LIKE RETRIBUTION WITH THE GOODS ON HIM.

"Any Christmas news with you this afternoon?" inquired a Sun reporter of Capt. W. S. Powell, of the Seaboard from here to Henderson, yesterday afternoon as the genial captain came in with his train.

"Nope," not a thing. "This has been the quietest Christmas I have ever seen. Have handled large crowds, which have been very orderly and quiet. But I can tell you of the most remarkable thing I ever heard of—never knew any incident like it. It looks like retribution of the wildest kind. A few days ago a negro down at Norlina, on the main line, and \$65 of the conductor's clean cash, also, and then robbed a fireman of his watch. I did not learn the negro's name or the circumstances of the thefts. But this same negro undertook to beat his way on a freight train that passed Norlina a short time after he had done the stealing. The freight had hardly gotten ten miles from Norlina before there was a wreck and three or four freight cars were badly smashed up. The negro was under one of them and was killed. The conductor got his watch and every cent of money back, and the fireman got his watch, too. I never heard of such a thing before. Did you?"

We told him that we had not, and thanked him for giving us a good item when he thought that he did not have a thing to tell. There is a very practical lesson in this incident to men who steal and undertake to beat their way on railroad trains. A decided warning.

GYPSY FACTION START RIOT

Wadesboro, Dec. 28.—Several hundred gypsies are encamped six miles east of Wadesboro and during Monday night a riot was precipitated in the camp when one, who claimed to be Chief Mitchell, forcibly entered the tent of another man and forced a woman. In the fight that followed a number of men and women were badly injured. Yesterday morning when the news first reached Wadesboro, it was reported that two were dead, but when this correspondent went to the scene it appeared that the rumor was false.

Several men and women had been tied to trees and badly beaten, and in some instances the injuries are serious, but not necessarily fatal. Mitchell was given a preliminary hearing yesterday afternoon on a charge of criminal assault and held for trial in the superior court without bail. Three others were bound over, charged with assault with intent.

From the hearing it seems that there were two bands and each claims that he has committed no crime and does not seem to realize the enormity of the offense which he is charged with. The gypsies are enraged, and each band is threatening the other. In the meantime the citizens of that section of the county are demanding that these undesirable citizens be made to move on. Sheriff Lowry has the situation well in hand and will keep the peace.

Here With His Bride. Mr. J. Y. Monk, a tobacconist, of Farmville, N. C., is in the city on a visit to his brother, W. J. Monk, and other relatives. He is here on his bridal trip, having just married Miss Lord Lang of Farmville. His many Durham friends, and he has many, having lived here until four years ago, extend a cordial greeting and the very best of wishes for him and his fair and charming bride.

Elon College Notes. Elon College, Dec. 28.—An east-bound freight was wrecked between here and Gibsonville Monday about 1 p. m. Four cars were derailed but no one was hurt. The track was not cleared until last night about 8 o'clock. There have been four wrecks near this place within two years. The cause is unknown. The track, to all appearance, was in fine condition, having recently been repaired on account of a previous wreck.

Rev. J. D. Wicker and wife, of Sandford, N. C., and Miss Vallie Dowdy of Durham, N. C., relatives of Prof. W. C. Wicker, are visiting him during the Christmas holidays.

Prof. W. P. Lawrence, M. A., of the chair of English and Rev. J. U. Newman, D. D., of the chair of Biblical literature and Greek are spending their holidays, entertaining visiting friends of the College. The other members of the faculty are having a good time with friends at home.

Miss Blanche Newman, of Holland, Va., a student here, is spending Christmas holidays with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. N. Clendenen, Graham, N. C.

Mr. Moss Atkinson and family are visiting Mr. S. M. Hobby and family of Raleigh, N. C.

The fall term of the college was the best in the history of the institution and the heavy correspondence and the applications for admission would indicate a largely increased patronage after the holidays. The term opens January 2 for the matriculation of the new students.

Mr. Bunn Hearne, our athletic coach, has given the students excellent practice and developed fine talent and ability among the students for greater interest in athletics for the spring term.

Why is it that a woman who is the first to suspect her husband is usually the last to distrust her minister?