Aemocratic Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., October 7, 1927.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Only the same old story in a different strain:

Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain;

Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain. Sometimes it seems to borrow from the

rose its crimson hue: Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a brilliant blue; Sometimes as false as Satan, sometimes as Heaven true.

Only the same old story, but oh, how the changes ring! Prophet and priest, peasant, soldier and

scholar, and king: Sometimes the warmest hand clasp leaves in the palm a sting.

Sometimes in the hush of even sometimes in the mid-day strife; Sometimes with dove-like calmness, some-

times with passions rife,

We dream it, write it, live it—this weird wild story of life. By the Boston Transcript.

A RICH MAN'S GAME.

Tommy Sherdel was one of the three best polo players in the world. And he was so poor that he had to work in a broker's office in Santa Barbara, during those hours he could spare from the game, for just enough to keep soul and body together.

If you know anything at all about high-class polo, you will realize that these two facts in juxtaposition were bound to be productive of something or other. Because polo is the most expensive game known to a sport-mad universe and a man must have good horses if he is to exercise his skill. Good polo-ponies cost money, have enormous appetites, require personal valets and must have private cars when they travel.

You have heard of very few poor polo players. They exist, but they never get out of the minor leagues. Tommy's case was the exception. He

was so good it had to be.

Now polo and poverty had existed side by side for Tommy ever since he could remember. His very first memory had to do

with a horse. He had risen very early in the morning and gone to his mother's room. He could still remember the big bare room. He loved it because it had a bright, shiny look and smelled so sweet.

On this particular morning the early sun was very bright in that room, drifting naturally toward the stables.

And sure enough when he was halfway across the practise-field that di- this. vided the big brick house from the rambling brick barns, he saw her coming through the clover with old black Eb at her heels. She had a heavy and her pretty brown hair was blown midnight oil, they had discussed polo. every which way. Her face was white

mother excessively when she laughed. "We pulled 'em through, Sonny-anny," she said, catching him up and bunny," kissing him all over his rough curly head in the way he particularly liked. "It was touch and go, but Eb and I won. And I tell you we've got the finest colt out there ever was bred in the State of Kentucky. That colt ought to go considerable ways toward redeemin' our falen fortunes, ought'nt he, Eb?"

Eb said, "Suttinly ought. No colt in these yere parts got any better blood fum bofe his daddy and his mammy 'an what that colt's got."

Tommy didn't know anything about fallen fortunes, but he did about colts the Branches looked more or less and begged so hard to see this one that aike to Tommy, he went. at last his mother took him back and allowed him to peep for a second at the unbelievably skinny, startled, little white cooler.

In time, Tommy became more familiar with fallen fortunes and the colts for the International. that were to remedy them and sometimes did-for a little while. There was only himself and his mother, and as he grew older Tommy helped Eb and little back Hector around the stables and when he was ten he could else you've got, if you don't love the ride anything on the place and jump any fence or ditch in the county. "Your father was the finest horse-

man in the South," his mother used to say, looking straight at the boy, straight through him, as though on the other side of him she saw the tall, handsome, reckless man she loved and married and lost all in a brief six months when she was very young —"don't you ever forget that."

And indeed, Tommy Sherdel's father had been a fine figure of a man on a horse. It was the best his friends could say for him and his worst en-

emy never denied it. For the matter of that, his mother rode like a demon. Tommy remembered how once, when he was about eleven, a big bay gelding went on the rampage with her. The picture persisted in his mind, his mother in her old brown riding-habit on the back of the bright bay, who stood up in his hind legs squealing madly and striking in that pony himself. It brought about all directions with his forefeet.

They fought it out for half an hour, the bay with his ears back, his eyes gleaming and rolling, his teeth bared, but Tommy's mother never gave an inch. At last he stood still, sweating, foaming, but licked.

So you see it is but natural that Thomas Sherdel III should grow up thinking that to be a fine horseman was the most important and magnificent thing on earth.

His mother clung to the horses above everything, when folks said she was a fool and that it was no business for a woman. Oddly enough, though. she would have done well if she could have stayed on the track and away from the books. If she had stuck to horses-breeding, selling, even racing she had a genius for breeding. She produced three great celts. With one

of them, she actually won the Kentucky Derby. But every time the book-makers cleaned her out.

When racing became illegal in the United States, she went in for polo. Only the unfortunate accident of her sex kept Tommy's mother from being what Tommy was eventually to become—a ten-goal man.

The polo games that took place on the practice field at the Branches must have been a strange sight for neighbors passing on the country road the sturdy boy, hardly big enough to hold a mallet, the old darky in overalls and the young one in white mand. jockey pants, and the brown woman Sitti who laughed aloud in sheer delight as her pony tore down after the ball.

By the time Tommy was ready to go to college, his mother had lost all her prettiness; even the brown curls were cropped as short as his own.

The woman Tommy kissed good-by on the steps of the Branches when he left for Princeton—all the Sherdels

Sald studenty, "My dear, who is world is that boy on the black is that boy on the black is the boy of the black is the boy on the black is the boy of the black is the boy on the black is the boy of the black is the boy on the black is the boy of the black is the boy of the black is the boy of the black is th went to Princeton—was a tiny, wiry, leather-skinned person who might have been any age or sex.

When he came back at the end of his junior year he took one look at her and knew instantly that something

momentous had happened.

Across the breakfast table on the second morning he made her face it. Everything was gone. His mother had kept on for the last three years in the face of insurmountable odds, always hoping with that gambler's opbreak had come, but in the wrong direction. They were wiped out. Peo-ple from the North had taken over the Branches and were going to remodel it for a country home.

At that, Tommy winced as though delighted thrill. a surgeon had suggested remodeling

But the only thing that seemed desperately to concern his mother was Tommy's polo. She knew just how good he was going to be and she had planned to raise him ponies sec-ond to none. Now, her great dreams of him as an international polo star were ended. And over that, and that

only, her eyes grew wet.

When he had fully absorbed all this, Tommy gave his mother a rare kissthey were not demonstrative people —and went out to the stables to con-sider it. He held his head high, be-most blase spectator stand up and cause that was the way a Sherdel al- |yell. ways held his head.

But, within, his heart was quaking. He couldn't, just at first, see how he was going to survive pulling up his roots

He did. But his mother didn't. So Tommy Sherdel at twenty-two started life quite alone in Santa Barbara with nothing to offer but a but his mother wasn't there, so he went in search of her, his little feet feetly conditioned bone and muscle

The manner of his going West was

At Princeton he had known and tremendously liked a dark-eyed youth called—for no apparent reason overcoat over her flannel night-dress, things, over the flowing bowl and the Doc played polo, but without enthuand drawn-it often was-but she siasm. Doc had little enough enthuswas laughing, and Tommy immediate- iasm for anything and least of all for days of long skirts when faces mat-

He played it entirely because his father, to see his own phraseology, doted on it. Having seen Tommy play, Doc invited him to come out to Santa Barbara to spend the summer.

"Father," said Doc, "will dote on you, my lad. You are what I ought to be. And if he has you to pester, maybe he'll let me alone to follow more congenial pastimes, such as yatching and a lot of constructive drinking."

When the end of all existing things came for Tommy Sherdel, Doc renewed the invitation and reenforced it with the offer of a job in a broker's office. And since all places outside

Old man Camberwell offered the young Southerner the use of his poloponies, which were a fair lot, and thing, wrapped in an old blue and after he had seen him play for an afternoon said bitterly to Doc, boy's a polo player. He's got to stand for the International. Never saw such horsemanship and his judgment's uncanny. By gad, he doesn't know the meaning of fear. And let me tell you something right now, my son. He loves the game. Doesn't matter what game, you'll never make a great polo player

"I expect you're right, Father," said Doc.

Certainly, as time went on, it was plain enough that only one thing stood between Tommy Sherdel and all the highest honors and all the greatest

too good, too valuable to the team to ever admitted to any living soul.

But that involved, as it always does involve, endless complications and petty jealousies and inconveniences and much wounded pride. It resulted, as it always does reslt, in only partial efficiency for Tommy, since he never had the same mounts and not always first-class ones. Half the time, just as he got a pony to its highest playing point, its owner decided to

friction on the team. They were good sportsmen, of course. But there are few sportsmen anywhere in any game who will spend thousands of dollars to give another man a better chance than they have to win something they themselves

want very much. After all, outside of sheer impersonal love of the game, Tommy Sherdel was nothing at all in their lives. Polo players all know that this is crude flapper nor the sex-conscious true, though most of them will deny married woman.

it with their last breath. Most of them will also deny that social standing and position have any-

thing to do with goal ratings.

Perhaps they are right. But this

per cent. of the famous polo players and his great handicap. have more than average bank-accounts. Whereas Tommy Sherdel usually paid the fifty cents a month the bank charges you if your balance is regularly under a hundred dollars. Thus there came a time when the West believed that Sherdel was the best polo player in America. And yet it looked as though he were going to give up the game because he couldn't afford it and because his hot

the makeshifts and expedients to which he was put. Which brings us without any further explanation to Mrs. Conie van Nor-

Sitting in her gorgeous car in the space reserved for members at the Midwick Country Club one bright Sunday afternoon watching the Midwick Big Four play a picked team from Santa Barbara, Mrs. van Normand said suddenly, "My dear, who in the world is that boy on the black pony?

She hadn't. California never saw a great deal of Mrs. van Normand, in spite of all the oil-wells she owned there.

Somebody told her that the boy was one Tommy Sherdel, of much polo fame, and Mrs. van Normand shaded her eyes and stared at him.

A more eye-filling picture of a young man than Tommy Sherdel presented on a horse it would be difficult to imagine. He had magnificent shoulders and a slim, supple waist and he sat his horse as though he had been timism of hers for the break that would put everything right. The and purposes, he had. His face was tanned to the color of mahogany and made an exciting background for his intensely blue eyes and his very white teeth. And he gave to the first bucks of his big black pony with a sort of

Four plays polo and the presence of Tommy Sherdel on the Santa Barbara team brought that otherwise inferior aggregation up to their level. No use talking, the boy played like a demon; he was everywhere at once, he made impossible strokes that caused even his ponies to blink in amazement. And once, toward the end of the game, when the score was eight all, he stood up in his stirrups and swiped the ball in the air, sending it straight between

Now, one thing must be said for Connie van Normand. She was frank.
"What a perfectly gorgeous creature!" she said. "Why has no one ever told me about him before?"

And everybody laughed. People always laughed at Connie van Normand, and it wasn't altogether because her husband had left her ninety million dollars.

She was really frightfully amusing and she was always doing exciting things and she knew everybody worth knowing on two continents and some

It was Pell Atherton who once remarked that short skirts had made Connie van Normand what she was. And he was probably right. In the tered more, nobody would have paid much attention to little Constance Mesmer, least of all the fastidious Jack van Normand. But nobody could help paying attention to Connie's feet and legs.

And now, what with having the most divine lipsticks straight from Paris and one of those figures never expect to see except in the illustrations of fashion magazines, Connie van Normand had become a fascinating personality, much more important in our day than a mere beau-

As soon as the polo game was over she said, "Pell, fetch me that adorable youth. It is a long time since I have had a real thrill but I feel one coming on. I didn't think there was anything like that left outside the movies-and one can hardly associate socially with those lovely young men in the movies. My own table man-ners are bad enough."

The last thing in the world anybody expected, including Connie herself, was that she would fall seriously in love with Tommy Sherdel. For the dashing and notorious and frightfully rich and important Mrs. van Normand never did anything seriously.

But she fell in love with Tommy Sherdel. So much in love that nothing else in the world mattered, not yachts, nor trips to Arabia, nor jewels, nor house-parties, nor famous and amusing people, nor the latest gowns. nor Paris in the spring, nor New York in the fall. Everything but love was as flat and insipid as bootlegger's

sport in the game he adored, and that one thing was money.

Oh, they mounted him. Somebody always had ponies for him. He was

Tommy liked her awfully. He liked her better than any woman he had ever known. True, he hadn't known many. But while with some men women are a cultivated taste, like olives, others have a natural flair in that direction. Tommy had inherited more from his father, it appeared, than a genius for horsemanship.

Up to this time he had, to the amazement of his men friends and the annoyance of feminine Santa Bar-bara, fought shy of entangling alliances. He didn't like his riding interfered with, and as every spare horse of his time was spent in the saddle, it left little for women. At night he preferred to get his sleep so he could be

out at daylight. Mrs. van Normand dazzled and infinitely amused him. She had great social charm and much experience of life. She was, in a word, neither the

There was little she didn't know about men and how to please them. a fearful disappointment." She made a pal of Tommy. She made him laugh. She was terribly interested in everything he said and much is certain. A man who can't did. In the end, he overcame a cerbuy his own polo-ponies is very much tain shyness and poured into her ears ly.

-they might have won through, for out of luck, and at least ninety-nine the whole tale of his polo ambitions

"After all," he said hotly, "a chap can't be forever under obligations to somebody else. Besides, there are plenty of other players just as good as I am that could expect the club to mount them if they mount me. Mr. Camberwell has been marvelous, but he can't really afford it. So I'm not going to let him any more. And

I'm just no good at making money."
Mrs. van Normand put down her young pride rebelled continually at coffee cup—they were having coffee on the terrace after dinner. The

For she had barely caught herself in time. It did seem ridiculous at a moment like that to have ninety million dollars and not be able to offer part of them to this boy.

"I wanted a chance to try for the international team," he said slowly,

"I wanted a chance to try lot international team," he said slowly, "Maybe I looking across at her. "Maybe couldn't do it. But my mother wanted me to, awfully. My mother was the finest horsewoman in America." He grew shy after that, and got up and walked back and forth across the

"Things never broke right for my mother," he said, coming to stand beside Mrs. van Normand's chair. "She wanted me to make the American team. But I guess I'll have to forget about that. Polo is a rich man's game."

When he had gone, Connie van Normand sent for her friend and prime minister, Pell Atherton. He came at

"Pell," said Mrs. van Normand, her The game was a hot one, for every-body knows how the Midwick Big plain to me about Tommy's polo. voice cold with concentration, "exwant to get this straight. Is he as good as they say he is? You've played in England and on Long Island. You ought to know."

"He's the best I've ever seen," said

"Why don't they give him horses?"
"Why should they?" Mrs van Normand sat very still, her eyes on the toe of one black and silver slipper. "How," she said at last, "does one go about buying polo-pon-

Pell Atherton gave her a sharp and slightly amused glance. "There are a number of ways. I can handle it for you, if you like."

"How many ponies ought a man to "When her cousins returned, the four of them were blissfully digging."

"Eight or ten—eight, anyway."
"I want," said Mrs. van Normand, and the way she said the two words conveyed the instant impression that conveyed the grant what she was to get what she was she was accustomed to get what she wanted. "I want the ten best wanted." I want the ten best wanted?" wanted, "I want the ten best poloponies money will buy. I want the best string you can get together. Nev-

er mind the cost. Get 'em." Pell Atherton got them.

in the country.

And the rivalry from that time forth was never really between Mrs. very best picture show, they reported van Normand and Sybil Raynes, as the matter without delay. And Convan Normand and Sybil Raynes, as the matter without delay. And Conmost people thought, but between nie van Normand, estimating affairs Dutch and Sybil.

Sybil and Dutch came into Tommy Sherdel's life at about the same time. Dutch came first.

Mrs. van Normand asked Tommy to play the pony to see how good he really was. Tommy played him once at Santa Barbara and then took him to Coronado for a series of three tournament games. When they came back Tommy was as utterly lost as a man can be. For Dutch knew more about polo than Tommy did. He was the perfect polo-pony, the one Tommy had dreamed about, the one he and his mother had planned for and talked about. He was past master of the game. Moreover, he was very wise and gentle and had a sense of humor, and recognized Tommy instantly as the man-god to whom he had been waiting to belong.

Tommy loved Dutch with all his heart. He loved him as such men do sometimes love a horse or a dog, with a love second only to that which they give the one woman or the first-born child.

He liked the other horses Mrs. van Normand had bought and wanted him to ride. They were great ponies. But Dutch he loved.

As for Sybil Raynes, Tommy met her at Mrs. van Normand's at a small dinner-party.

Now Mrs. van Normand wasn't entertaining much that season and her parties were noticeable, according to her enemies of whom she had plenty, all of them women-for the absence of young and pretty girls. Connie van Normand, they said, was no fool.

She wasn't taking any chances.

The mere fact that Sybill was there, brought by some young married cou-sins, argued that she wasn't consid-

ered pretty.

But—this happens every now and then—she reminded Tommy Sherdel of his mother. Sybil Raynes hadn't specially wanted to come to Mrs. van Normand's

much rather stay home and read," she said to her cousin, when him terribly! the royal command was conveyed to

"Don't be silly," said her cousin sharply. "Mrs. van Normand is the most important person in Santa Barbara. And you'll probably meet Tommy Sherdel there.

Sybil, with a slight grin. "And who Tommy Sherdel? When told, her brown eyes show-

ed a flicker of interest. "But I'd much rather see him on a polo field than in a drawing-room," she said. "Most men you adore when they are playing polo or football are

Her cousin stared at her disapprovingly. That was no way for a plain girl like Sybil to talk. "Have you

"Probably not," said Sybil cheerfully. "I never have. But it doesn't

matter. I look just as bad dressed up." Nevertheless, when Tommy Sherdel saw her standing there in her dowdy little dinner frock, without jewels and with no make-up except a little rice powder on her nose, he was stopped by a sudden sweet pang, as at some remembered melody or some old, dear

Sybil Raynes had brown curls all over her head—they were her one beauty—and she had a funny brown little face and a certain brightness in glorious view of the ocean was fram-ed blackly by a fresco of eucalyptus-trees and a soft, sprawling mass of live-oaks. Over the marble balustrade at all, her talk was music to Tommy. hung great cascades of roses. Against Tommy, being rather slow of Mrs. van Normand's white shoulder thought and action except on the polo nestled a great bunch of fluttering field, had no idea that he had fallen orchids. They quivered now to the quick breath she drew.

For she had havely For she had barely caught herself sang in his breast all that night, and

> It was several days before he thought of calling her up. He kept hoping he would see her. Santa Barbara isn't such a big place, and he took to walking up and down its charming main street, glancing quickly at every woman who appeared. But though he saw all the rest of

When he called up, she sounded glad to hea! from him. It never occurred to Tommy Sherdel that nearly every girl in Santa Barbara had given him every chance to call her up. He didn't care for girls and now he had all the true lover's humility.

As for going riding with him as he suggested, that she couldn't do. The nurse was out and she was taking care of Pat and Junior. But if he cared to come out and play on the beach with them, he might. The house was beyond Montecito, just off the highway, a rambling white-stucco affair with a thatched shingle roof and bright blue trimmings.

Tommy never forgot the sight of her as she came across the sand to meet him, a small and very dirty boy in a bathing suit clinging to each hand. She looked much younger than she had looked in Mrs. van Normand's stately drawing-room, and she was laughing so hard she could scarcely

clams, in open defiance of a law which says clams must be allowed to grow up before they may be digged.

"Well," said the male cousin brusk-"Have you, Sybil?" said Tommy.
"U-mmm," said Sybil.
"Don't go, Tommy," said Pat and

Junior in chours. know more polo than any other horse Tommy's visit to the little Raynes grl, and when he took her, on the following evening, to Santa Barbara's through half-closed eyes, moved in-

stantly into battle. The next afternoon she drove Tommy out to the stables where her horses were kept and together they made the rounds, ending with Dutch, who greeted his master with every mark

of adoration known to a horse. Mrs. van Normand had never looked so dashing in all her life. She had left waste and destruction behind her, in the shape of two hysterical maids and a devastated dressing-room, but the results were worth it. Oh, a very dashing lady in a sport suit of some subtle shade of green, with a sable collar that rolled up over the chin in just the smartest and most flattering way, and a cream sport hat whose mere simple lines cost more than a bird of paradise. The cunning little sport sandals with the enormous heels had been created especially for her. Her gauntlets had cuffs of bright silver and around her tiny ankle, under her sheer stockings, she wore the most fetching slave-bracelet of emeralds.

"Aren't they a pretty good string?"

she said.
"They're marvelous," said Tommy
the nose of Dutch, Sherdel, stroking the nose of Dutch, who was rooting in his pocket for car-

"What do you suppose I bought them for?" she asked, with cool directness.

Young Sherdel looked at her. He had been wondering.
"They ought to be played at the international tryouts next month," said Mrs. van Normand, her eyes on his.

"Do you want to take them?" Tommy Sherdel flushed hotly darkly. Partly with excitement, partly with some new embarassment caused by the directness of her gaze. He towered above her, and Mrs. van Normand found her heart beating hard, harder than she liked, for he was so young and strong and slim, and she loved his wide-open blue eyes in his dark face, and the sunburned edges of his hair, and—oh, she really loved

That made it more difficult than she had anticipated. "Do you want them?" said Mrs. van Normand, and just then Dutch gave a low whinny, as though he felt he was not getting his share of attention. Tommy Sherdel was silent, startled. "She isn't important to me," said He knew now that something unusual

was actually happening. The air was tense with it. This woman's eyes were hot with emotion. "I got them for you," said Mrs. van Normand. "But-I couldn't take such a gift,"

said Tommy gravely. Mrs. van Normand knew how to drive a bargain. And she knew the moment when cards must be laid on the table.

"You could take such a gift fromanything fit to wear?" she asked cold- from your wife, couldn't you, Tom-ly.

The boy's face had gone white beneath his tan.

whinnied again, Dutch pleadingly. The lilac bushes near the gravel walk gave out a sweet perfume. The sound of things buzzing filling the air.

He stared at her. Then Connie van Normand laughed, and put her hand on his arm and gave it a quick squeeze. Connie never re-fused any of the jumps. She was in this now, she would see it through to the last ditch.

"I'm proposing to you, my dear boy," she said impudently. "I know it isn't done, but that never stopped me doing anything. Moreover, I am trying quite openly and shamelessly to bribe you with a string of poloponies, and a chance to devote your life to the game. It's a sort of reversal of the old days when rich gentlemen induced young girls to marry them for their money. The world's upside down nowadays, anyway. I am actually trying to get you to marry me for money, Daring, but—I think you're a little fond of me, too, and we could have such a lot of fun and I—I adore you, Tommy. I do really."

He found himself alone, after that. There was the hum of a motor, and a flash of a small and very elegant town car and of a lady in green going away from him, her sparkling face framed in the little jewel-like window. She even waved a green and silver feminine Santa Barbara, he didn't see gauntlet at him, and grinned, but not very steadily.

He found himself alone with the

perfume of the lilacs beating sickeningly in his nostrils, like waves of ether as a man comes out from an anesthetic. She had said something, during the conversation, about think-

ing it over.

He thought it over all night. He walked his room and the perspiration stood out on his brow. Gosh, what a position for a man to

Seemed simple enough at first, but it wasn't so simple, really. There

were so many angles. Now that he had been forced to it. he knew that he loved Sybil. But he had no reason to believe that she loved him, and even if she did, what had he to offer her? Literally nothing but himself and his love, and he wasn't conceited enough to think that was much of an offer.

Then there was Connie van Normand. Had he been fair to her? Had she believed that he-loved her? Had she believed he couldn't speak, because of her great wealth Things came back to him now—idiot that he was—things she had said

about a rich woman being denied happiness if the man she loved happened to be poor. He liked Connie. She had actually asked him to marry her. And everything kind and chivalrous and tender in the boy shrank from inflicting the hurt of a refusal. That would be a tough thing for a woman to take.

that weren't.

Connie was really one of those people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say, "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say," "What is thousand dollars and who was said to the people you mean when you say," "What is the people you mean when you say," "What is the people you mean when you say," "What is the people you mean when you say," "What is the people you mean when Besides, he was tempted, horribly him. He thought of having all the money he wanted for polo, of that string she had got together, he thought of Dutch. He thought of the game, which had been his first and for many years only love. If he married Connie van Normand, he could devote his life to it. She was a good pal,

"What shall I do?" said Tommy Sherdel wretchedly, in the dawn. After all, if she loved him, it was a fair bargain.

Then he groaned. He was thinking of Dutch. Because if he said no to this startling proposal, he would never ride Dutch again. He would have to give up polo. Gosh, what would life be like without polo? He balanced them, very humanly. young and haggard, in a pearly, fogladen dawn.

On one side, a plain girl with brown curls-whom he loved and who might some day grow to love him. And on the other polo, and Dutch, and the fascinating Connie van Normand.

Not the simplest choice in the world. And then, quite suddenly, for no reason at all, he had a vision of his mother. He couldn't see her very clearly, her face and body were hidden in a mist. Only her eyes were clear and brave. He had seen that same expression in them the morning Ravenwood's great colt died-brave and clear and without tears in the face of defeat.

Polo had been her game. She had taught him to play it and love it. He must do now what he knew she would want him to do. First of all, it being now daylight, he went down to the stables where Dutch was kept. He was there a

long time. Then he went up to Connie van Normand's great house, amid its acres of marvelous gardens and groves of live-oak trees.

She kept him waiting quite a long time, but she had made good use of it. "Please take good care of Dutch." said Tommy Sherdel simply. "He's the best polo-pony in the world." "Am I to take it that you are rejecting my heart and hand?" said

Connie. Tommy took her hand and kissed it. "Gosh, I'm sorry," he said, and left the lady with her ninety million dollars and eyes that for the first time in her life were utterly blind

with tears. The house by the sea was shuttered and silent. But Tommy rang the bell violently. A man can stand just so much.

"It's terribly early," he said, when the gir came out, "but I've been up all night." "Have you?" said Sybil Raynes in-

terestedly.
"Syoil," said Tommy Sherdel, in the most commonplace manner, without my frills at all, unless the throb in his voice and the light in his eyes and the tenseness of his whole fine body might be called frills by a young

girl in a sea-scented veranda, "do you think you could ever love me and if (Continued on page 3, Col. 5.)