

He represents in this country a large English land syndicate and it was while he was in England on business that he met my very dear friend, Helene Castleton; later on, they were married and near the outbreak of the War I came to New York to visit them. One afternoon Mr. Coombs telephoned from his office that a collegemate had come in on the troopship *Warrior* and he was going to bring him up to dine with us. Well—you know there was so much in the papers—with a smile to the Doctor—it was then that my hero-worship began. That evening I was introduced to Lieutenant-Surgeon Walker Thomas and he took me in to dinner. All during the time we were at the table he seemed to be studying me, although he tried not to appear that way, I could not help noticing it, nevertheless. Well, he told me the story of the trooper's death and of the photograph and I carelessly remarked, 'Poor fellow, I suppose that she was some flirt.' 'Well,' said he, 'you may judge for yourself,' and he handed me the miniature. I took one look and, well—just like a woman—fainted.

"The photograph recalled at once two incidents which had deeply impressed me years before. One day, when about fifteen, I was looking over some old photographs and I came across one striking one, and I asked abruptly, 'Mother who is this fine looking soldier?' She started perceptibly and replied, 'Oh! an old playmate, daughter! Give it to me, please!' and she put it away. A little later, after mother's death, I found the photograph (I have kept it close by ever since) and I said to Grandpa Hampson, 'Can you tell me about this, Grandpapa?' 'My child the mistake of my life, the mistake of my life! P-o-o-r Bessie! I hope she has forgiven me in her happy home above,' and he would say no more upon the subject. You may imagine how I felt."

She did not finish—but retiring, her husband interposed: "It was all clear to me when I saw the photograph for, on the back in a clear, bold hand was written, '*Frederick S. Gray, '74.*'"

HINKS SEZI, '97.