

suddenly touched his, and then the monsters that had imprisoned him rushed in and drove her away and prodded him with hot needles until he tossed about in pain. Then came the voyage home on the transport, and she—— His thoughts were interrupted by some one rapping at his door, and in answer to his summons a young man of about thirty years entered the room.

“Ralph La Fere!” cried Bob. “You of all men. What are you doing here? Glad to see you, old man; take a chair.”

“Came down to visit my uncle, Prof. Carter, and to see the old place where I acquired my wisdom,” replied La Fere. “Heavens, man! why are you not enjoying yourself?”

“Luck or fate or both are against me,” answered Bob. “Here’s a letter from my father that might amuse you.”

Ralph took the letter and read.

Dear Sir:—Your president has informed me that you have failed in elementary mechanics and chemistry. To say that I am angered would be putting it too mild. You have evidently been wasting your time over literature and such trash and you are now reaping the harvest. Literature is all right for women, but men should not bother with it, they have enough to do keeping track of the markets.

From the time that you were a mere boy I have been training you to take my place at the head of the great business which I have built up. When you graduated from the high school I was thunder-struck that you should want to go to college and waste your time in a literary course. I offered to give you a course in engineering and you refused. You went into newspaper work and like a fool went to Cuba as a correspondent when the war broke out. After the war Miss Marie La Fere and I apparently managed to drum some common sense into you, and you accepted my offer of a technical education. I now see the reason of your acceptance, you simply wanted to loaf, to live off of my money. You have wasted, squandered your time. What are you now? A failure pure and simple.

From henceforth my house shall no longer be your home. I