

believe in and respect a man who has fallen short of her expectations?"

"You needed the sermon, Bob. I'll give you the next installment when you fall down on a story. Come and take a walk down to Prof. Carter's house, Marie and your sister are down there."

"Why the devil didn't you tell me before."

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That night, after the dance, they were sitting in a secluded spot of Professor Carter's veranda, and Bob's face was glowing as he asked.

"And so you do not consider me a failure, Marie?"

"Certainly not, Bobby, but I didn't have time to write, and beside I thought it would be better if we could just get off by ourselves and have a nice little talk. I have so much to tell you and I scarcely know where to begin.

"Do you remember, Bobbie, the first time we met? Papa and I were at Tampa; we had come down to see Ralph off. You and I were introduced, and as the days of waiting passed I began to prefer your company to that of the other men. Davis, Payet, Remington, Whitney and a score of others were there, but you were my hero even if you were an obscure correspondent. Then Ralph had that bad spell with his heart, and we endeavored to persuade him to give up the idea of going to Cuba. He refused, saying that he wanted to see the fun—I should have thought he would have had enough of war after his experiences in the Graeco-Turko war. I finally persuaded papa to give me his permission to go to Cuba as a nurse in order that I might be near Ralph in case he had another bad spell.

"Then that day in the hospital when they brought you and Ralph in from the field, and I saw how ghastly white you were and that great ugly wound, I could scarcely keep from breaking down. That night the old army surgeon's shrewd gray eyes twinkled as he said:

"I detail you to take care of those two men, Miss La Fere. I know you cannot fall in love with your brother, and the other one,