

# A Hundred Yard Dash

By HONORE WILLISIE  
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Harwell looked along the lake shore path. The spring wind blew in his face. A mating blackbird trilled in the greening marsh. Harwell in his running pants and jersey, with his bare legs and sandaled feet, with his fine head tucked back and the muscles of his back rippling beneath his jersey, was as beautiful in his perfection of youth as the spring landscape through which he ran.

It was getting a little warm for the daily cross country trot, but the spring meads were not in another week, and after that cap and gown in exchange for jersey during commencement week.

Until then Harwell had only three things to remember. First, he was not to overdo. He was so near the perfection point now that with the least



TO HIS ARMPITS IN HAND, WITH HIS FACE WHITE AND RENDERSLESS.

extra work he would be stale. Second, he must be careful of that right thigh muscle. He had strained it in the fall as quarterback. And, lastly, this third necessity being unknown to the trainer, he must win the hundred yard dash in the Colwell-Wilton meet. The rivalry between Harwell and Small had become more than physical. To win first place in the meet was to win first place in Alice Summer's eyes—at least, this was the conclusion reached by Harwell.

He bundled the pasture bars into the meadow. It was rather wet and the smell of bruised cowslips and tender new spring mint followed the soft pad of his sandals. At the sand pits Harwell halted at the sound of his name shouted at the top of lusty lungs. Small, in knickerbockers, was pounding away with his geological hammer at a huge boulder.

"I'll call it 'L stop,'" called Harwell merrily. "Why aren't you running?"

"Get this bloom! Five-fifths geology to make up this week."

"Too bad!" shouted Harwell, bounding with his long strides toward the far side of the pits.

Small looked after him, then a malicious look crossed his eyes. If Harwell should get chilled! He sprang to his feet.

"Wait! Wait!" he cried. "I want"—then "Great heavens!" he cried. Then there was silence.

Harwell did not turn his head at Small's call. He grinned appreciatively to himself. "Can't work me that way," he thought. "A chill for me would be very valuable to Small. He crossed the little meadow brook with a careless bound. Then a vague sense of apprehension entered his mind. Small's roar had stopped very suddenly. He wondered why. Perhaps he ought to go back, yet he kept on.

But the sense of apprehension grew until it would not go. Finally, with a little groan at his own foolishness, Harwell turned and retraced his course to the sand pits, his stride never breaking. At the brow of the slope he gave a startled ejaculation. In springing to his feet Small had dislodged a great slice of the sand pit wall. To his alarm in sand, with a face white and senseless and the cold creeping constantly down to sift higher and higher about him, was Small.

Harwell dashed toward him. As he ran he snatched up an old tin can half full of rain water and dashed it in Small's face. Small opened his eyes.

"In suffocating, Harwell," he said. "Oh, no, you're not, not by a long chalk. Here, take this can and dig to beat the band. I'll use this piece of shovel, and we'll have you out in a jiffy."

He set to work feverishly. The bit of shovel proved very efficient welded by Harwell's sinewy arm, and the tin can in Small's hands was not to be despised. Harwell worked with one eye on the edge of the pit. The sand layers, one by one, were loosening. If he did not get Small free before they fell—well, there was no use in thinking of that. Now Small was free to his waist line, now to his thighs, now—silently, swiftly, a great wedge of sand gave way, and Small was again buried to his shoulders.

Harwell looked about. The pits had been so long deserted that there was not a board in sight. Yes, half buried and black with age, there was one. He peered across the pit, gave a great groan and was back again with the board, which he placed as a bulwark against further sand slides. Then to work again with the broken shovel, feverishly, for Small was growing faint and limp.

At last, panting, Harwell helped the blind unconscious Small to his feet. Then he was smiling and waiting for his hands were blistered, that his feet dragged, that his right thigh muscle ached wearily. But he put his arm about Small and led him slowly from the sand pit down to the turnpike road that was the straightest course to the college dormitory. It was nearing sunset, and a damp, cool wind blew from the marshes. Harwell shivered, but he closed his lips firmly and hurried Small on as best he could.

There was the sound of hoof beats behind them. The two weary figures drew to the roadside and waited for the smart little dogcart to pass them. But it stopped, and its solitary occupant gave an exclamation of surprise.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked Alice Summers.

"Small got caught in the sand pit," replied

# Alicia's Home Coming

By Cecilia A. Loizeaux  
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"It isn't even as if you needed to do this, Alice," Bob Kendal held his voice to a cool, argumentative tone that made the girl before him still more judgment.

"Who are you that you should decide whether I need to do anything at all?" she blazed indignantly.

"I am your fiance, and"—he was beginning when she interrupted him.

"If that is your excuse for such unjust interference with my wishes, I can at least relieve you of your duty."

And she placed her engagement ring on the table between them. The young man glanced at it without seeming to see it. Then he looked sharply at the angry girl who was drawn to her full height.

"Alicia," he said gently, "you are too angry to realize what you are doing. Put the ring on your finger again. You don't mean this."

"Parson me, I do mean it," said the girl firmly.

The young man's face whitened, and a hurt look sprang into his steady brown eyes. Then he straightened up and squared his shoulders and set his strong chin firmly. When he spoke there was a note of hardness in his voice which the girl had never heard from him before and from which she shrank mentally.

"Alicia, do you realize what you are doing? We were to be married in May. You know that. I know, and you've given me every reason to believe you cared for me as much as I do for you. And now, because I ask you to do this one thing—for your sake as well as mine—you are going to give all this up?"

The girl turned suddenly and went to the window, where she stood looking out into the dripping garden. She felt her lips quivering, and she must not let Bob see.

Bob looked at the crown of dark red hair against the deep green of the window draperies, and his voice softened.

"This is all I've ever asked of you, Alicia. I've been too confident of your love for me after you confessed it; I've believed in you too utterly ever to be jealous of your flirtations, as many another man would have been—and rightly too. I've submitted cheerfully to being 'trailed' in public because it was you who did the trailing."

Alicia turned and faced him again, her foot tapping the floor impatiently.

"Is the list of your virtues a long one, sir?" she asked.

"I shall not name them all," he answered calmly. "The only thing I've ever insisted upon your doing is this one thing—be true to me. Give up this silly concert tour. I've never said a word when you're going for sweet charity's sake or for any society affair, even when the publicity of the events has often made me writhe. This time you haven't any real reason. You are not in need of money, and you're not doing it for charity. It isn't even the necessary ambition of the professional woman who has to please her clients. You will get flattery from the critics who do not think it worth the effort to spend real criticism on society amateurs. If they should criticize you honestly—the way they do professionals—to whom it means bread and butter—you'd see the point I'm trying to make. I appreciate the charm of you and your voice as no one else who looks and listens to you possibly can, and, Alicia Fairall, I don't want to see you 'damned with faint praise' or humiliated by any conscientious critic. Can't you see that?"

"When you are quite through," interrupted Alicia, "you can doubtless find your way out. I must go now to excuse me. And she swept from the room, pausing once in the curtained doorway as if to speak.

Unconsciously she assumed a theatrical attitude. Her face was turned back over her shoulder, and her lips were parted a little. With her glowing head and her soft green dress between the

columns of the entrance she looked like a tall, beautiful dahlia, and Bob involuntarily started forward. But she closed her lips to a thin red line and went on dropping the curtains behind her. Presently he heard the tapping of her slippers upon the stairs and then the bang of a door.

He did not leave the house at once, but stood at the window where Alicia had stood and looked out into the gray twilight. It was early spring. As he looked wearily at the spray of the soiled lawn Bob felt his throat tighten and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"She couldn't mean it," he muttered as he turned and picked up the emerald ring and slipped it into his vest pocket. "It is too close to May for her to mean that. Then he sought for paper and pen and sat down at the table. He wrote:

My Dear Mr. Courtenay—I have decided, as I promised I would by today, about the concert tour. You may depend upon me for your approval. And as I have been the only one to object to the longer trip you planned I withdraw my objections to that also. Under your management I feel sure we shall be successful. Sincerely,  
ALICIA LEE FAIRALL.

When she had heard the closing of the outer door she gave the note to the butler and took from him the envelope Bob had left. With it in her hand she went slowly upstairs and sat down before her grate fire. She felt her anger melting away, and by the ache in her throat knew that tears were not far off. She tore open the envelope, hoping to find some stimulus to her indignation, but at the gentleness of the words and the sight of the key to the home she and Bob had so eagerly, carefully planned the tears came with a rush, and, burying her face in the arm of her easy chair, she cried herself to sleep.

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# Bribing Georgie

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"I think I had better take you to the train," said Ethel coldly. "I do not care to advertise to the whole family the fact that my affections were bestowed upon a man so utterly unworthy of them."

"You will have to announce the breaking of the engagement some time," suggested Castron, "but I guess it's better this way. We'll talk it over on the way into town. You have not given me a chance to defend myself yet. It will be all right when I get a chance to talk to you quietly."

Ethel smiled. That was precisely what she wished to avoid. She would take the dog cart and have the little



"I'LL MAKE IT FIVE," HE OFFERED.

groom to accompany Castron noticed the smile and guessed her thoughts. When the cart was brought around the back seat was unoccupied.

"James said he had to send the boy to town," was the explanation. "He will be waiting for you at the station."

Ethel frowned and turned and walked to where her small brother was trying to coax the poodle from the fountain basin with a bent pin and a bit of bread. He looked up guiltily at her approach, but was visibly relieved when he saw who it was.

"Don't you want to ride into town with Mr. Castron and me?" she said.

"None," he said decidedly.

"I'll give you that air gun if you will," she said.

"It costs \$2," he warned.

"I know," she agreed. "Hurry, or Mr. Castron will miss his train."

Georgie raced across the lawn and climbed into the back seat. "I'm going, too," he announced gleefully. Frank Castron said something beneath the cover of his mustache and scowled as he helped Ethel into her seat on the line.

It was apparent that Ethel was determined not to afford him any opportunity for a tete-a-tete. He thought that he had bribed the head coachman to send the train to town, but he had not counted on Georgie. He settled himself in his seat, and Ethel took up the line.

They covered the first half mile in silence. Then he broke the quiet. "I want to tell you," he began, "that that

Georgie will hear," she whispered.

"Having more me the annoyance of having the wretched story spread all over the house."

"But if only you would listen for a moment," he pleaded. "Let Georgie drop out and walk back. He won't mind."

"I don't know," she said. "I don't make up my mind any worse of you than I do of Georgie."

"But it is all such a miserable mistake," he pleaded, "and you have not given me a chance for a single word since it happened."

For answer Ethel turned to speak to the boy, and Castron grinned his teeth. Just five minutes and the whole miserable mistake would be explained. If he could not get this chance, there was no hope. She would return his letters unread, just as she had sent back the note he had written last night. A bit of paper blowing across the road frightened the horses and demanded her attention. Castron leaned over the back of the seat.

"I'll give you a dollar to fall off and never be the same," he said.

"I'm going to give me two," he explained.

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# The Wailing Woman

A Queer Old Legend of the City of Mexico.

As is generally known, senior, many bad things are met with at night in the streets of the city, but this wailing woman, La Llorona, is the very worst of them all. She is worse by far than the Yaca de Lumbré, that at midnight comes forth from the potrero of San Sebastian and goes galloping through the streets like a blazing whirlwind, breathing forth from her nostrils smoke and flames, because the fiery cow, so

and, while a dangerous animal to look at, really does nobody any harm, and La Llorona is as harmful as she can be.

Seeing her walking along quietly—at the times when she is not running and shrieking for her lost children—she seems a respectable person, only odd looking because of her white skirt and the white rebozo with which her head is covered, and anybody might speak to her. But whoever does speak to her in that very same moment dies!

No one who has stopped her to talk with her ever has lived to tell what happens at that terrible encounter, but it is generally known that what does happen is this: Slowly she turns toward the one who has spoken, and slowly she opens the folds of her white rebozo, and there is seen a bare grinning skull set fast to a bare skeleton, and from her fleshless jaws come one single icy cold breath that freezes into instant death whoever feels it. After that, shrieking again for her lost children, she rushes onward, the white gleam of her gashing the darkness, and in the morning the one who spoke to her is found lying dead there with a look of despairing horror frozen fast in his dead eyes.

What is most wonderful is that she is seen in the same hour by different people in places widely apart, one seeing her hurrying across the atrium of the cathedral, another beside the Arcos de San Cosme and a third near the Salto del Agua, over by the prison of Belen, and all in the very same moment of time.

She is so generally known, senior, and so greatly feared that nowadays few people stop her to speak with her, and that is fortunate. But her loud, keen wailing and the sound of her running feet are heard often and especially on nights of storm. I myself have heard them, senior, but I have never seen her, and I don't think I ever shall.—Thomas Lawrence in *Illustrated*.

# LACKAWANNA RAILROAD

—BLOOMSBURG DIVISION  
Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

In Effect Jan. 1, 1925.  
TRAINS LEAVE DANVILLE EASTWARD.