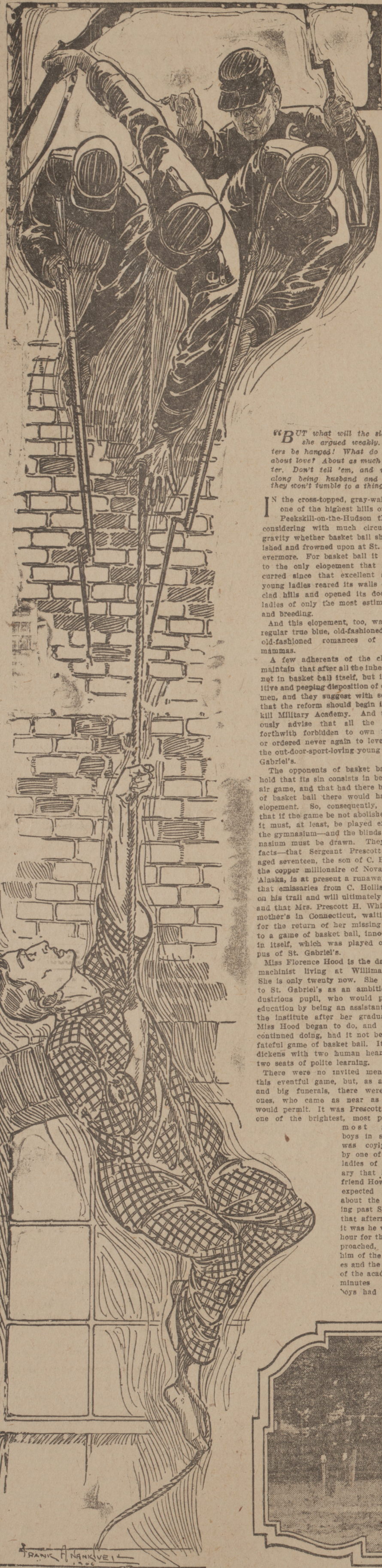


HE ESCAPED IN HIS NIGHTIE

Where Is Millionaire White's Schoolboy Son, Who Married a Basket Ball Girl, Was Promptly Put Under Military Guard in the Peekskill Military Academy, Escaped from the School at Midnight, Jumped Into the Automobile Papa Gave Him and Scooted Away in His Pajamas?



"BUT what will the sisters say?" she argued weakly. "The sisters be hanged! What do they know about love? About as much as an oyster. Don't tell 'em, and we can go along being husband and wife, and they won't tumble to a thing."

IN the cross-topped, gray-walled school on one of the highest hills of New York's Peekskill-on-the-Hudson the faculty is considering with much circumstance and gravity whether basket ball should be abolished and frowned upon at St. Gabriel's forevermore. For basket ball it was that led to the only elopement that has ever occurred since that excellent academy for young ladies reared its walls on the wooded hills and opened its doors to young ladies of only the most estimable families and breeding.

And this elopement, too, was one of the regular true blue, old-fashioned sort, in the old-fashioned romances of our grandmothers.

A few adherents of the cheerful game maintain that after all the inherent fault lay not in basket ball itself, but in the inquisitive and peeping disposition of certain young men, and they suggest with some acerbity that the reform should begin in the Peekskill Military Academy. And they gratuitously advise that all the students be forthwith forbidden to own field glasses, or ordered never again to level them upon the out-door-sport-loving young ladies of St. Gabriel's.

The opponents of basket ball, however, hold that its sin consists in being an open-air game, and that had there been no game of basket ball there would have been no elopement. So, consequently, they insist that if the game be not abolished absolutely the gymnasium—and the blinds of the gymnasium must be drawn. They blame the facts—that Sergeant Prescott H. White, aged seventeen, the son of C. Hollis White, the copper millionaire of Nova Scotia and Alaska, is at present a runaway in hiding; the fiancée from C. Hollis White are on his trail and will ultimately arrest him, and that Mrs. Prescott H. White is at her mother's in Connecticut, waiting in tears for the return of her missing bridegroom to a game of basket ball, innocent enough in itself, which was played on the campus of St. Gabriel's.

Miss Florence Hood is the daughter of a machinist living at Willimantic, Conn. She is only twenty now. She was entered to St. Gabriel's as an ambitious and industrious pupil, who would pay for her education by being an assistant teacher in the institute after her graduation. This Miss Hood began to do, and would have continued doing, had it not been for that fateful game of basket ball. It played the dickens with two human hearts and the two seats of polite learning.

There were no invited men guests at this eventful game, but, as at weddings and big funerals, there were uninvited ones, who came as near as the police would permit. It was Prescott H. White, one of the brightest, most popular and most mischievous boys in school, who was coyly "tipped" by one of the young ladies of the seminary that he and his friend Howe were not expected to leave about the road leading past St. Gabriel's that afternoon. And it was he who, as the hour for the game approached, betthought him of the field glasses and the high tower of the academy. Two minutes later the boys had climbed to

the observatory and White focused his lenses. The fair girl student's warning had acted only as a whet to their high spirits.

"They say those girls play a splendid game. I don't believe it. Who ever saw a girl who could throw a ball?" He passed the glasses to Howe, who tested them. "Why, they can't even shoot a hen. That's a classic fact."

Just a Peep and Lots of Mischief.

"They're not a bad looking lot of gymnasts," commented Howe, whose interest was purely that of the sportsman. "There's one fine refreshing looking girl," responded White. "She's going to play centre. First time I've ever seen a pair of really black-black eyes. Who can she be, I wonder?"

"But she's a good runner—she's light as a bird." Howe was still the athlete, while White was the sentimentalist. "Cute little feet, all right. Sandals heap too big for her. Why, her tootsies are like little mice!"

"Squint!" ordered Howe. "They're beginning."

A about in shrill staccato floated from the hill occupied by St. Gabriel's to that crowned by the "P. M. A." The girls' slender-blond figures arranged themselves in regular geometric order. A silence fell. The friends of the whites, the girls on whose sailor collars and sandals were embroidered the white initial letter of their fraternity, were coolly calculating their chances against the reds. Their signal of defiance blazed upon shoulder and sandals in red rosettes.

"If the reds didn't have Miss Hood," whispered one in the preceding hush, only the peepers couldn't hear that.

"They shouldn't let a teacher play. It isn't fair."

The eyes of the youthful academicians were glued to their glasses. The battle began. From their watch-tower White and Howe scanned the bloused figures surge forward, and saw a large, white ball soar upward, hang a tau-like second over the basket, and fall on the other side.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" the friends of the whites jeered derisively. The reds jeered back.

"We haven't begun. Wait till we warm up to the play. Watch Miss Hood."

"By Jove. That's a neat one." Howe looked admiringly at the ball so skillfully landed in the basket. "Hurrah for Hood. Hurrah!"

"Hood, Hood, Hood! Good, good, good! Give the Whites another. Good, Hood, good!"

"Ah! her name is Hood. My! her hair

is coming down. Gee, isn't it beautiful!" ever faithful in drinking tea with her friend—the friend always poured for three now. Howe, in whom romance had not even budded, admitted a preference for cigarettes with the boys.

One evening the friend arranged her tea table and waited—but in vain. But while she waited and waited a motor car was tearing its way like a mad thing toward New York.

And two madcap runaways were in it protesting that never before had two loved like this. "But what will the sisters say?" she argued weakly.

"The sisters be hanged! What do they know about love? About as much as an oyster. Don't tell 'em, and we can go along being husband and wife, and they won't tumble to a thing."

A sigh, a little whisper of a kiss, the anxious young sergeant had won his point. And he thought it o'clock to punctuate every jolt of the machine with an embrace.

What a Pair of Field Glasses Did. Three cheers for Miss Hood. Rah! Rah! Rah! The boys in the academy joined in the cheering. The reds looked frightened. A few of them giggled. The sister looked sad and drove her lambs inside the wall.

"Howe," said White. "I want to know that girl. She's a whippersnapper!" "Rats!" exclaimed Howe, to whom girls were still nothing but weaker vessels.

"But I do, old man. Help me out. You live here. You can arrange it."

"But what's the use? The rules!" Hang the rules. Rules are made to be broken. Won't you, Howe, in the name of the fraternity?"

And Howe somewhat peevishly consented. "We'll drive down town the next time we're on leave. She runs in nearly every day at five to have tea with a friend of ours who lives across the street."

Twenty years hence the non-commissioned officer would be subtler in his wooing. But Prescott White is not yet eighteen. When the reds' centre—a trim girl in a crushed strawberry gown that made her black eyes a shade darker and her shining hair more lustrous—appeared at the door opposite Howe's home he fairly dragged Howe across the street.

"Miss Hood, allow me to present Prescott White. He's—"

White broke in upon his friend's breathless utterances. "I saw you play, you know. Your work was so neat and fast that I made Howe promise to introduce me. I want to compliment you. Your playing was great."

Miss Hood blushed and hesitated and a servant admitted the trio. Thereafter Sergeant White always managed to get leave at five, and Miss Hood was more than



Miss Florence Hood Practising Basket-Ball in the Gymnasium at St. Gabriel's Girls' School.

son, answered the telephone himself. The bride, still ingenious, again told the story of the elopement. The wily Mr. Robinson hastily promised to confer with her husband instantly, and hung up the receiver. He strode out to the campus where the young sergeant was drilling his men. He waited calmly until the drill was finished and then ordered the bridegroom to his room. Next he placed four of his school-mates on guard. The principal, his duty done, sent a long telegram to C. Hollis White, of Nova Scotia.

Prescott White intimately knew his father. He was familiar with every angle of his character. Lying in bed that night he reflected that he must act quickly.

"George," he called to his lay-outted classmate, "I'm nearly dead of thirst. Will you let me go down the hall for a glass of water?"

A Sad Romeo in Pink Pajamas.

The guard, who had never been on real military duty, nodded. In the darkness he saw young White hurrying past in his pink pajamas. Alas, for discipline and the youthful guard! There was a gridding noise. They all ran to the window and saw a figure, ghostlike, bound among the trees. It had reached the highway before the guards hoarsely sounded the alarm.

"White's escaped. He's run away in his nightie."

The manner of his escape was manifest from the torn shreds of pink silk that clung to the copings. He had slid down the wall and dashed through the bushes, where also were tatters of pink silk, telling a story of flight, and ran to the house of a friend.

The friend heard a repeated scratching on the window pane. He prepared to hurl something deadly at the intruding cat. Looking out he was startled to see White grinning and shivering in his torn pajamas.

"Lend me your overcoat, old man. I'll send it back. Don't ask me any questions. I'm off."

Out fell the long overcoat. In an instant the young bridegroom was wrapped in it and running to the garage.

In the moonlight five minutes later an automobile was seen heading toward Willimantic, where the time was less than a week had cried herself to sleep.

But the automobile and its owner never reached Willimantic. No word came from him to the waiting bride. The police who have been ordered to meet him on sight, vain G. Hollis White declares by all the ends in the calendar that he will have his marriage annulled because his son was under the marriage age. But in the moonlight night the fleeing bridegroom disappeared as wholly as Ichabod Crane did in the same romantic region.

The Signal Corps to Which Young White Belonged and Where He Became Skilled in the Use of Field Glasses.



Miss Florence Hood

The automobile, which C. Hollis White had sent to Peekskill for his son's use, tore back through the hills as madly as it came, and in another hour his bride was in the dormitory at St. Gabriel's, while her young husband coolly made his way to the Academy barracks. The next day Mrs. White told the principal she was married.

"It is such a good joke, I simply could not help telling you, although Prescott

She was dazed at the suddenness with which the amiable smile froze upon the principal's features. She was stunned by the principal's words:

"Since you have chosen to marry clandestinely your usefulness here is at an end. Your example to the pupils would be pernicious. You must go home at once."

The principal was inexorable. The bride weepingly obeyed. The next day from her mother's home at Willimantic she sobbingly telephoned her husband. It was the irony of fate that the principal, Alexander Robin-



Academy Drill of the Students of the Peekskill Academy, Which Miss Hood Used to Watch With Tender Emotions When Young White Was in the Corps.

