TWO SUMMER GIRLS AND I

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Two Summer Girls and I by Theodore Burt Sayre

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THEODORE BURT SAYRE

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"Shall I pick up your train?" I asked.

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CHAPTER I

IN DORA'S MAMA'S HAMMOCK

I AM incorrigible—at least that is what Dora says. Dora also says that she likes me so I am satisfied to be as above described since it seems to imply a general satisfaction with the world at large and a cheerful spirit. I smoke cigarettes,—the only real cure for the tobacco habit,—and smile when Dora lectures me. We were sitting in a hammock on the veranda of Dora's mama's cottage at Westhampton. Mama was not present,—a needless statement if you were acquainted with Dora's mama—and the hammock. As the vines screened our corner of the porch from view, we were quite

content; Dora with her book, I with my cigarette and Dora's book—and Dora.

She is religious;—that is she says she is, but I have my doubts and do not regard her as a hopeless case. You see I heard what she said when a barbed wire fence became attached to her with more than a platonic ardor.

"To-morrow will be Sunday," said Dora, moving one of her feet so that the hammock hid from view the inch or two or three of openwork ankle which I had been secretly admiring for several minutes.

I heaved a sigh. I really could not help it.

"What ails you?" she asked, suspiciously. I took the only way that offered a means of escape and laid it on the calendar.

"To-morrow will be Sunday," I admitted, sadly; "even on Long Island there is no denying it."

"How absurd," she said, "why should you deny it?"

"Why should it be Sunday?" I answered, on the defensive at once. "Why shouldn't it be Monday or Friday?" I added, in an injured tone. I had suspicions that Dora intended to make me go to church, and that is one thing I object to doing on Sunday. Any other day I didn't mind so much but I drew the line firmly on the first day of the week.

"To-morrow is Sunday," she said, very seriously, "because to-day is Saturday."

I hate the intrusion of facts into a discussion. Any fool can talk if he has facts to back him up, but it takes a really intelligent person to argue without them. It also is a healthful stimulant for the imagination.

"Your ideas of logic are truly feminine," I said in a superior tone, "I shan't argue with you."

"It will be Sunday"—she began.

"You said that before," I remarked. "There is no use twitting on facts," and I groaned dismally.

"Because we need it," she went on, resolutely.

"We need rain, but it isn't sure to fall tomorrow," said I.

"Theodore!"

This was said in her sternest accents. It was about as stern as the cooing of a turtle dove. If you have never heard a turtle dove coo, you have only yourself to blame for your ignorance.

"I am *afraid* you are trifling."

"On my honor," I protested.

"You are talking nonsense," she continued.

"I object. How can you decide as to the intellectual calibre of my conversation when you can't say 'twelve times twelve' correctly without a pencil and paper? You can't tell a Democrat from a Presbyterian at ten paces, yet you presume to weigh the value of my remarks. Get thee to a nunnery." I really became quite indignant.

"I know it is nonsense," she said, firmly, "because it is so entertaining."

"Oh, that is different," I answered in a mollified tone.

"I wonder how it would feel to be a nun?"

"Never having been a nun,"—I began,—

"Silly! You might be a monk."

"I possess possibilities, I admit; but, I give you my word, I am not," I said, sincerely.

"That is quite obvious."

"How is that?"

"If you were a monk you would not be sitting in this hammock with me."

"Judging from the way certain guileless clergymen have been favored of late, I have my doubts," I said.

"You wouldn't want to."

"Excuse me," said I, "I, too, have read about monks."

"Why do they call it a nunnery?"