

me for the Sunday School picnic!" they wailed. "Can't we explain why we have to refuse?" But threats and the memory of the oath kept them in line.

I fear that little attention was paid to school work the next week. A tug of war developed with the boys working to pull the girls into their camp, and the girls, without apparent rhyme or reason, refusing to be pulled.

Hallow'en capped the climax. It had long been the custom for couples to make the rounds, ringing door bells, removing fences, tipping over small buildings. This year the girls went alone in one long snake chain, all dressed alike, wearing covering veils and huge straw hats tied under the chin.

One lone damsel might have been snatched out of a group, but not when supported on all sides by a gang like that. One couldn't even identify any certain girl, much less induce her to come forth.

The next day all the members of the F.M.S.M.B. were looking pleased and smug. Especially when they saw what their tactics had accomplished in the ranks of the enemy. The boys were gathering like hornets, puzzled, dismayed, angry. The girls knew that they had the boys "on the run" and they waited placidly for the next move.

It was to come soon. They learned through the grapevine that the boys had held a quick conclave and decided that the only solution was to form on their part a rival organization--something bigger, better, more intriguing and more deadly. They were to perfect details that evening at the Hammond home, in the room of the younger son, upstairs. A large number was rounded up to attend.