



"WITH THE COLORS"



(3)

slightest attempt to even put my arm around you or anything else. When the day did come that I was sure you trusted me, and cared a little for me, and would not misunderstand, I asked you to come to me.

When you said "No" it did hurt but I respected you more because I felt you weren't quite sure.

When you finally did yield, you didn't lose a whit in my respect for you, for then I thought that you were at last sure that I was worthy of a good girl. And Marie you were right, then, weren't you?