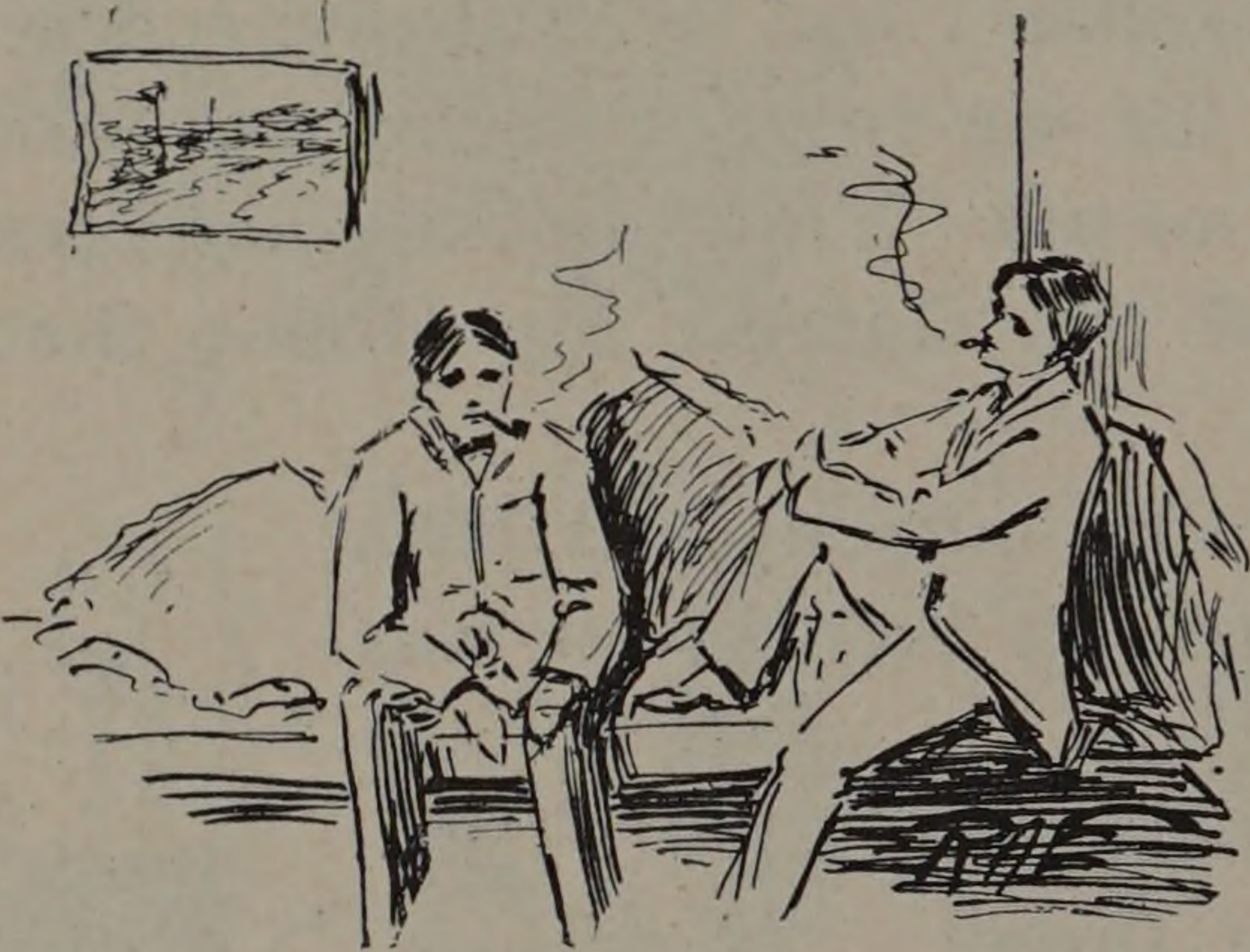


dodged off to a "what-not" and came back with his last year's briar, and from the way he and Jay settled themselves it would be easy to see that they knew some lengthy epic was on my tongue.

"Boys, you missed school life most awfully when you passed the usual college life and came straight to Lincoln. Here we are just a grinding, droning, uninteresting lot of young engineers. Of course, this sort of seclusion is best suited for the final touches a man needs before entering his specialty; yet there is a proper time for living in the real college atmosphere, and few indeed pass through even a smattering of it without the consciousness of touching novel, exciting, yet withal most pleasant, experiences. So the little story I have to weave about that picture is an unwritten chapter common to the lives of several characters at old Bateman.

"I entered that school, without doubt, the humblest Freshman who ever dared to look in the eyes of a Senior. For two years there was not a quieter, more retiring student at the institution. Attention to my necessary studies was my only task. Yet during the second year I was fortunate enough to be spiked by every 'Frat' in the school. I say 'fortunate' though I joined not, because it seemed to me I could not stand the publicity, the change from my quiet life into that of the gay Greek world.



"By the Fall term of our Junior year my baggage was surely growing more burdensome. During that summer there had been visiting in my little country village a young lady from the very seat of Bateman. Somehow I took charge of her and indeed the task was a most welcome one. Her nature was as charming as her face. I was at least three years older, but minded not that difference. We were inseparable the entire time of her stay. Immediately upon my return for the Junior year the first act was a call upon the aforesaid young lady. She was not one of our college girls and hence I was thrown in with a town crowd.

"Shortly before the World's Fair closed I took a train for the city by the lake to get a final glimpse of the fading wonders of the White City. The journey took up the entire day. On the way I fell in with a young fellow bound for the same destination as myself. His name was Eugene Rowe, his occupation was not important, indeed, he intended going away to some higher school very soon. Now you know fellows, that I've always most loyally contended for 'Old Bateman' so here was my opportunity. The result was that the next term saw my chance friend Gene a regularly registered student. I kept a kindly lookout over him and he got well settled in a short time. All the while your humble servant was enjoying the company of his town girl, Clara.

"The social position of her parents in the city made my 'find' even the more valuable. Clara was of a most loving and lovable temperament. I soon found myself becoming attached to her in bonds of strongest friendship, even of love. But for any feelings I entertained for the young lady I knew they were reciprocated.

"By the way, that's her picture over there; that square card. Yes, it's a face tender and full of meaning. My college mates all concluded that my fate was sealed. My attentions to the girl were regular and most persistent. I found I could help her in many ways and these very acts riveted us together the more firmly. I was only a Junior and yet so rapidly was I falling in love with this girl that I knew not where another vacation would land me.

"And so passed the first two terms of the Junior year. Young Rowe was progressing and was making a good name for himself in the affairs of the Freshman class. An excellent baritone voice had won him a place on the Y. M. C. A. quartette and his indoor athletic work gave promise of some point work in the field meets of the Spring. And Clara and I were a happy pair in a beautiful world. Spring came, school work lessened. The evening bicycle rides, the Saturday excursions to the woods and the open air parties were our never ending amusements. Affairs between us were of the same happy order, though I was constantly worried at the precipitate love tendencies of the girl. Commencement season returned once more. According to all college traditions my class was the one in charge of the chief events of the week. Among them was the Junior Farewell Hop to the Seniors, a classic event. There were several in my own large class totally unknown to me, and as this