

was the general condition, there was the custom in arranging for class affairs for the boys to draw for company. My name was drawn with a charming little conservatory student from Missouri. But as the girls slightly outnumbered the boys, our names went back for extra company. Mine drew a second prize, and a young lady totally unknown to me, though we had attended the same lectures for a year. Blessed with two girls yet I knew the fellows considered me a lucky man on account of the 'quality' of my company. That same day I called upon my two young ladies, both accepted the outcome of the drawing. My second drawing at the class lottery had indeed given me a prize.

The night of our reception and hop arrived. My two girls were simply delightful. Under ordinary conditions I care little for dancing—enjoy looking on better than the exercise of the floor.

"But that night all was different and the dance was my fascination. Waltz and figure my beautiful prize and myself were whirling through. I was surely enjoying myself in my own free and open style and the close attentions I paid the young lady were only those which a gay nature would call out in a like natured young man. I am sure all attentions were harmless, without thought of anything further. I was at that time reporting for the *Mail*, a friend of my own age was holding a similar position on the *Register* staff. In his rounds that evening he entered our reception quarters and saw just what all the others saw, that Harold Foxhall was apparently in the clutches of another girl.

"The next evening found me calling upon my good town girl. Together we went to the home of a friend for a little porch party. All was as merry as usual in our little crowd. My reporter friend dropped in and at once loosened up over Foxhall's duplicity and I thought the little lady rather enjoyed the teasing and helped it along myself. But I missed my guess, whew! On the way home I got in deeper and deeper, from admonition she turned to pleading and tears; it seemed to sicken me, my nature was as free from jealousy as I had imagined her's to be. You can only guess how glad I was when her home was reached and she was deposited there. I saw that I must quit all attentions to her and I did.

"It was the end of the school year and hence the people did not notice as they ordinarily would. But it was a dead stop. Summer bore on very slowly. Just what I was to do the next year I did not know (that is I mean on the matter of company) for every Senior must have his girl and I had vowed there were none at the Ladies' Hall of my choosing. The fall term opened, Clara and I spoke, were very friendly, but that was all. I was extra busy. The opening reception for all the students came around. I attended in the company of my room-mate. But there at a frappe bowl presided my prize of the spring before. My credit at that stand was likely to be soon exhausted. Just as pretty as a peach and as popular as she was gay. I was free this time to admire and my heart was touched for sure. Soon we were wandering off together and were again acquainted.

"That's the small beginning of a delightful school year. We were as inseparable as my town girl and myself had been. One day while strolling along most happily together a Senior lady caught up with us and remarked: 'You two people do seem to always enjoy yourselves.' So we did. My own home was thrown open to the young lady, Edith Wyeth was her name, at our short vacation times. For when I had carried her picture home early in the Fall my mother and father were glad to welcome her, too. It is needless to say that our comradeship ripened gradually into love and courtship. The bright days of Commencement week were full of sadness for us two.

"Through all that year I had seen little of Clara. Commencement morning from my post on the stage of the Auditorium I saw her in the balcony. Yes, I'll confess I've often wondered whether my course was honorable all through, but it was my only chance to retire from a bad position. But now stepped in my young protege, Gene, and assumed care over Clara, and I gave them my fullest blessing. She entered college again that next Fall, and from all I heard Gene and she were as happy as any of us could expect to be. So I was entirely eased. Why of course, that's Edith's, Miss Wyeth's picture; and fellows, she is to come up at X'mas when we throw the house open to the girls, then you'll see the young lady who brought order out of my chaos of love affairs."

