

Senior O'Donahue

Thos. S. Pierce



IT is with the risk of dire peril to myself that I set down what is to follow : The Senior in question has threatened to take summary vengeance on me, and that means something when you consider the thirty pounds advantage he has over me in muscle. But I was ever a believer in truth for her own sweet sake, so I shall speak out at all hazards.

Of course I dare not give his name, but there's a strain of French blood running in him, so we will call him O'Donahue for short. Then there are the two girls—we can take them in chronological order and call them Miss Alpha and Miss Omega. Miss Alpha, of course, he met first—away back in the dim, half-forgotten prep. school days. He never was much of a hand with the fairies, so he only knew her to speak to, or to play a couple of games of tennis with.

But prep. school dragged into college, and as he rose to the dignity of a Sophomore he yearned for the companionship of petticoats. So the first Sunday in every month found him in Miss Alpha's front parlor, his face polished, almost a clean shave, and his hair a little less like quills upon the fretful porcupine. And toward the end of that winter he was even known to call as often as three times in two months. We who knew him sat aside and wondered.

The summer between his Sophomore and Junior years what desperate flirtations in the park over an ostensible game of tennis! Their trips together sometimes came once a week. We must pass quickly over the following winter—suffice it that he took her to as many as four dances—dances which cost him a cold, hard dollar a piece. And then came spring—and golf—and Miss Omega, the Queen of Clubs.