



O'Donahue was well into his Junior year—his self-confidence was amazing. The exams. which gave him the rank of Senior made him even more so, however. Each day he and Miss Omega were on the links together; often they lunched at the German House. Her picture rested on his desk, another one in his pocket. Through it all she smiled upon him, till fall came, and frost closed the links and opened the skating house. The chill some how seemed to creep into her smiles for him, finally to such an extent that even he became aware of it. Desperate, he took desperate chances.

Miss Alpha was ice crazy—a diminutive whirlwind on skates; likewise a feather on the dance floor. The latter claimed them every Friday night, the former at least once a week besides. And still Miss Omega did not relent—nothing could make her jealous; however, it must be said that it was not all strategy which held him to Miss Alpha; there was a charm, he admitted, in holding her hand while they slipped over the ice. And it was there he met his Nemesis.

The Christmas vacation—you remember it—was a succession of glorious moonlight nights, and almost every evening saw them skating. The Friday night before college opened was the most brilliant of all, and they were slowly moving among the shadows around the south end of the Wooded Island. She was sculling backward, he pushing her, when her skate caught in a crack and she fell, her head striking heavily. He could not turn, but succeeded in alighting on his hands and knees so that his face was directly over hers, as she lay on her back, and only a few inches from it. She lay as though stunned for a moment, then a quiver of the lips, as if she were about to cry. He told me the whole story afterward.

“She looked so pretty while she lay there in the moonlight,” he said, “I had hard enough trouble before, but when I thought she was going to cry I couldn’t resist, and bent down, with my arm underneath her head, and—kissed her.”