

# *The Romance of the Melodious Whistle*

**H**E WAS tall and good to look upon, in the words of the up-to-date novelist, and having successfully passed through two strenuous years at Tech, His idea of His own importance was exaggerated, to say the least. It so happened that in his Junior year, He was inflicted with that most terrible of all woes, an 8:30 class every morning, and it also happened that in going to and from the car line He had to pass a certain flat building, which struggled under the euphonious name of "Irma."

Now, some time during the summer previous to His Junior year, He had attended a performance of "Babes in Toyland," and having a musical ear (He sang in the Glee Club), He was struck with the "Toyland" song. It might be added in this connection, that, having also an eye for beauty, He was as much struck by the beauty of the singer as by the song. However this may be, there is one certain fact, and that is, that He adopted the song as His own, and whistled it on all occasions.

So much for the preliminaries. It came to pass that in the early part of September a new family moved into the "Irma" and were firmly established when He began His regular morning journey to the street car line. On several successive mornings as He went by the newly occupied flat He noticed that some vigorous personage in it was performing runs, scales, and arpeggios on a clear toned piano in a manner which indicated at least a desire to learn. Not being particularly keen for this sort of amusement, and being still rather fond of "Toyland," He started to whistle it in competition, on the fourth morning of the practice. He was very particular to put in all the trills and quavers that he knew, in order to show there was no hard feeling, and flattered himself that He made a very good job of it. The same program occurred for nearly a week, He whistling "Toyland," and the personage at the piano playing the scales. Then, one morning, the scales suddenly stopped, and He caught a fleeting vision of a girl looking out of the window. After that the personage became She.

Time passed, and every morning as He came into view, the piano stopped for an instant, and then began again—with "Toyland." On His part, the trills and quavers became more numerous with constant practice, so that, to His mind at least, the duet became very pleasing. Winter wore on, and still the duet continued. He did not even try to change the tune,