

## *The* Romance of the Disappointed Freshman

**W**HEN the Freshman returned in the fall and started to make out his program, he found that he was still a Freshman. Being young, however, and having a sufficiency of worldly goods, as well as plenty of time, he was not worried, and allowed himself a goodly number of hours for "rest and recreation," planning to finish up all his freshman work in the two years. Being fond of ease and luxury, the Freshman secured a third story room on Wabash, which had a nicely upholstered window seat in front, and soon became so enamoured of the combination of soft cushions and his pipe that he spent most of his study hours in that one spot.

Naturally, having so many vacant periods, the Freshman was often visible in his window seat, and he soon noticed a female face in the second story of the house across the street, which was on duty as much, or more than he was. After noticing the lady every day for a week, he made bold to wave his hand, and was duly elated when the signal was returned. From then on, he never sought his nook and pipe without glancing across the street to see if his "girl" as he familiarly spoke of her to visitors, was there, and greeting her with a wave. She always acknowledged his salute, and he grew to think himself quite intimate with her.

It so happened that one day, a bright warm day in Indian summer, the Freshman felt in need of exercise. The young kids of the block were kicking a football about in the street below, so he went down and joined them. The day was so exceedingly pleasant that nearly all the windows in the neighborhood, including also those of the "girl" across the street, were open. He saw her leaning on the window sill, and wished for some excuse to go up close and see what she looked like. Finally it came. Some one kicked the ball right under her window, and of course he started after it.