

"It'll get done. Don't you worry about that. I can't let my school work interfere with my regular college course," and off he hurried to dress.

Just after he had left the house there was a ring at the telephone. Mabel answered it.

"Hello, yes, this is Douglas 820. No, he went ten minutes ago. Is that so? I expect he will get them all right. No, I wouldn't worry if I were you. Good-bye."

"Well, of all things," she said as she hung up the receiver, "George should have had the programs at the frat last night and he forgot to get them. He told Allan Douglass he'd be there early to-night. Allan says the boys are crazy because he doesn't show up."

The boys of the fraternity were excited. Some loudly stormed at George's procrastination. Others stood up for him boldly and wanted to know if he didn't usually get there.

When he did arrive and Margaret had gone upstairs with the rest of the girls, they tackled him.

"What's the matter with you Raymond, getting down here so late," they chorused.

"Couldn't help it, boys, Prof. Bates was sore because I didn't pass in more reports this morning and I had to spend nearly an hour, giving him the jolly to make him see my way. Then on the way home, I went into the printers and he hadn't finished the programs; said he couldn't get them finished before eight."

"The deuce," burst in Douglass, "didn't you get 'em, Raymond?"

"Sure, I did," he answered, as he pulled them out of his pocket. "But I had to dig for them. Took off my coat and helped him finish them."

"Hurrah for Raymond," one of the boys shouted, and the girls coming down the stairs, wanted to know what it was all about.

Peter Carberry, the funny man of the crowd, jumped upon a chair and began; "Ladies and gentlemen, we have in our midst a great and wonderful man; a man, who not finding certain program sprinted, rushes to the rescue and prints them himself. Behold our famous printer —." He looked around the group but Raymond had disappeared and he realized the laugh was on himself.

Margeret Delano was perfectly beautiful at the dance. George could have told you so if he had wanted to. She was slender and willowy; her every movement was grace itself. Her wonderful dark hair was piled high on her head, and when her eyes met George's, he thought of the gentle deer in the forest. She wore a white dress, with pink bows in her hair, at her waist, and on her arms. George loved her more than ever to-night and he thought, as they sat on the balcony, that he would write and tell her so to-morrow. Something asked him, "why not to-night," but he paid no heed to that something. To-morrow would do just as well; he didn't want to tell her to-night.

The next day he wrote the letter but tore it up. Then school duties and that back work forced him to put her out of his mind. He worked almost night and day, but by the end of the week the reports were finished, exams were written, and he felt confident that he had got through in everything.

"Now that I have this business off my mind, I will write M—." So he seated himself at his desk and began:

My Dear Margaret: I wanted to tell you a week ago that I loved you but —"