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## THE INTEGRAL 1907

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That wouldn't do at all. He couldn't tell her that he had to get his reports in before he wrote to her. So he tore it up and began again.

My Dear Margaret:

Ever since I have known you I have loved you. You are always in my thoughts. I cannot do anything without you. I want you for my very own. I want you to tell me that you love me. If you can tell me this, let me come to you to-morrow. Write me yes or no, and I will understand.

Yours forever,

GEORGE RAYMOND.

He read it through, folded it, put it in the envelope, and went out to mail it.

As he turned the corner, he met Alan Douglass. Alan looked mightily pleased about something.

"Wish me joy, old boy," he exclaimed, slapping George on the back, "I won the dearest girl in the world to-day. I have written to her three times since the dance and to-day she sent for me and gave me the answer I have been begging for. If you want anything, George, you've got to go right after it."

George interrupted him with "I suppose you and Bess are as happy as turtle-doves now."

"Bess!" exclaimed Alan, "Great Scott! you are way off. She and I broke off the night of the dance. As soon as I saw Margaret Delano, it was all up with me. I couldn't wait until I made her promise it should not be later than June. Just as soon as I graduate, we are going to take our little journey. Oh, I tell you, George, I'm as gay as a lark."

He didn't notice that his companion looked dull and downtrodden, but went down the street, whistling merrily.

George stood still, took the letter out of his pocket, tore it into small bits, and dropped them on the ground. Then he turned resolutely toward home, muttering under his breath, "Darn it, I bet I won't let three experiments accumulate again."

A month later Mrs. Raymond remarked to his sisters, "I wonder what is the matter with George. He has kept his lessons up-to-date." But they never found the reason for it even though they all questioned him. He knew the reason for he had had a practical illustration of the sins of procrastination — an illustration that had touched his heart, and his head had resolved never again to postpone important matters.

June came but there was no wedding to interest the fraternity boys. Alan has seen another face and he had broken his engagement with Margaret as easily as though the ties had been daisy chains. George was wild when he heard the news and tackled Alan on the last day of school.

"What's this I hear about you and Margaret, Alan? You ought to be shot for playing with the girls the way you do. I thought you meant what you said this time. What has she done? Nothing but just trusted you through thick and thin. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Oh, George, you don't know Helen. She's great! Margaret can't hold a candle to —."