

All for a Co-ed

Graham Randall was very thoughtful that morning in early fall as he walked toward the institute. He was then at the beginning of his junior year at college and his finances were exhausted. Old Judge Randall, his father, had died two years before, leaving Graham barely enough money with which to complete his education. Now, at the outset of his third year his widowed mother had been taken very ill, and Graham cheerfully gave up the balance of his school money that she might go to a hospital where she could receive the expert treatment that she needed. He told her as he did so that he could easily make his expenses at school by working on the outside. "Why," he said, "lots of other fellows do it and so can I."

Still reflecting on this problem, he turned west on 33d street. He knew that it would not be "easy" though he had persuaded his mother that it would be, thinking thus to cheer her.

As he walked along he came to the "L" station and joined the throng that had just left there on their way to school. He crossed Dearborn Street and was conscious of the familiar outlines of the "flats" passing on his left, while across the street were the same old frame shanties; yet his mind was centered in himself. At the corner of Armour Avenue, he was aroused from his thoughtful mood by a cheery voice behind him, saying, "Good morning, Graham." He turned to look into the smiling face of Truth Huntington, as she and two other coeds came up to him.

"Why so thoughtful this bright morning," Truth queried. Graham hesitated a moment, then remarked that he did not think that he was more thoughtful than usual, and after exchanging greetings with the other girls, he went into the main building, while the girls went into the basement of the Mission for their first hour class in biology.

At the end of his eight-thirty lecture in economics, Graham went into the library. There he sat in the large leather settee in the southeast corner, thinking what might be best for him to do. In his hands he held an open book though his eyes were not upon it. He gazed out of the window where across Thirty-third Street he could see the new machinery Hall nearing completion. The warm sunshine of a perfect Indian summer shone on everything and the world seemed at peace, yet in his heart, Graham Randall was worried and sad. He was recalled from his reveries by the ringing of a bell and he turned his gaze back to the room where students were filing in and out. It was with a listless eye that he watched them, until a number of girls came in together, among whom was the same girl who had greeted him earlier in the morning. Their eyes met and she smiled sympathetically. "I wonder if she cares," said Graham inwardly. Then, as if he had received his answer, as she sat down near him, he opened the book in front of him and for two hours buried himself in study, for he knew that *she* was watching.

CHAPTER II.

The following week Graham was fortunate enough to obtain a position with a real estate firm near school. Here his work consisted of filing, a little bookkeeping, and miscellaneous clerical duties. It was of such a nature that he could do it at his leisure time