of Washburn's query how he happened to know so much of his sister's doings.

Jack was in high feather. His pretty Shore Line inconnue was found out, and her identity with his friend's sister firmly established. So he branched boldly upon the topic he had all along been leading up to, and said abruptly: "Well, see here, old man, why can't you and I get up a little matinee party. You might take your sister," he suggested artlessly, "and I'll ask my cousin Jess. We can lunch at the Victoria, and go down town from there. You can introduce me to your sister at the Junior Prom. to-morrow night," was his concluding concession to the proprieties.

Washburn listened to Jack's diaphanous theater party scheme in evident amusement.

"My sister wouldn't go, I'm afraid," he said, after a brief pause. "In the first place she's in Europe, and in the second place she's engaged to Tom Sheridan. Going to marry him as soon as she gets back."

Poor Jack couldn't say a word, and by the time he had regained his composure they had gotten to the Rogers Building. "Come on across the street," he said to Washburn. "I can't spin out the whole of my yarn here, but I can tell you later perhaps how a very smart man once got left."

"Two Manhattans, Robert, please."

Course XIV. ('96!)

Though toward a different course degree
Each Senior now is steering,
Yet all could take a high S. B.
In Political Engineering.

Then and Now.

I used to say, on Christmas Day,
The choicest present that you get
(And yet the last), the rest you pass,
Waits for you in the stocking toe.

But now I say, on Christmas Day,
The choicest present I shall get.
Nor yet the last, is from a lass—
And waits beneath the mistletoe.

In the Station.

If the truth of the matter must be told, Marion was going to New York for some Christmas shopping, and I promptly discovered that I had business in New York, too. It was easily arranged that I was to accompany her, and I walked down to the station feeling very much at peace with the world, for I was in just deeply enough to make the trip in her company a very pleasant anticipation. I placed her small bag upon a seat in the waiting-room, and went across to the little flower-stall. It took me a good while to decide whether to get roses to match her dress, or violets, her favorite flower. At last I chose the violets, and finding that the time had come when I should meet her, I snatched up the bag in passing, and ran out to the platform. Marion was nowhere to be seen, and I was carelessly watching the people crowding out from an incoming train, when a little blonde girl rushed up to me from among the crowd, and cried out, with the prettiest Southern inflection: "How do you do? I'm so glad to see you! Such a frightful journey! Violets! O, how dear of you!" And before I knew where I was, my flowers were in her hand, her wraps were over my arm. I was beginning rather awkwardly to disclaim my right to this warm greeting, when a disturbance behind made me turn around, and an excited little man, with a pink in his button-hole, hastened up, followed by a policeman and a crowd of loafers. "There he is! There he is!" shouted the former, pointing, to my amazement, at me. "What do you want?" I cried, in astonishment.

"That's my bag!"

"No such thing," I replied.

"What is your name?" asked the officer.