college world

van Rensselaer and I stopped in at the Elia Lounge for a
scotch and water before the dance. We came across a
really wizened group; and there were too many boys getting
drunk that looked as if they were only fifteen or sixteen years old. It
seemed as though the Elia lounge was to be a fashionable forty-five minutes late for the prom, and
it looked the connoisseurs in our way as we motored away in Van's Ailsa Romeo.

When we arrived, even outside the hotel Van and I could
hear the band playing, and a pang of sorrow tere at my
heart. Peter Levi had been over-worked at the New
York全力以赴, and already the passons had turned the affir to an argy. But woe, how much more
wrong could it be than here?

Van and I edged our way across the crowded dance floor. Champagne aboundes, and the splatters of sparkling gals sang lively over the music. A
wonderful sight, oh joy! Lester was running through "Just One Of Those Things" for the fourth time; there was a repre-
sentative group of boister red and Sherwood Forest green
dinner jackets; and the whole thing was . . . well, just a
heartwarming libation to the good life!

And then I saw Evelyn. I could sense her charm and
attraction a mile away: sympathetic smile, delicately invit-
ing eyes that seemed to say, "Oh Ralphie. It's so grand to see you!"

"Yes," I said, tugging madly at his sleeve—he was standing at some young debonair who was obviously print-
ing on an act—"to come and meet Evelyn. Old friend, I
know—one of the prettiest of them all. They say, being
mattered something about his bashfliyakd and we sped to
Evelyn's side.

Like hungry wolves they were poked around her, but
easily parted when Evelyn rose to day's call. "Oh Ralphie, it's so grand to see you!"

"Yes," I said, Dionysian and alluring as usual to all those
dear girls that surrounded the prettiest of them all. They say,
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