

to the dance tonight," Bolton relented, "and I thought I'd drive over and meet this attractive little girl I've been hearing so much about instead of asking her through Alicia. It's a very impromptu fraternity dance too, or I would have sent an invitation."

At this revelation a look of utter dismay and uncertainty spread over her face and she gazed helplessly at him as if to find the answer to her dilemma. How could she confess now? What a silly fool he'd think she was.

At this moment her solution appeared in the form of radiant sister Alicia, who came in breezily, flinging hat and things on the table and followed by her devoted slave, Reggy Reynolds.

"Hel-lo Dick" she chirped, "how ever did you happen to honor us with a call? I suppose Theresa has been entertaining you amply, at least you look entertained enough—but—whatever have you been doing to her? I do believe she is going to cry. Theresa," going over to her sister, "what is it dear? Has Rick Bolton been teasing you? Don't believe a word he says. He's the worst kidder in the whole college."

Theresa shot a hateful glance at Richard, who stood in a mock penitent attitude, and then her torrent of weeping broke.

"I do believe you knew I was Theresa all the time," she stormed at him, "and I think you are a perfectly horrid, mean, beastly—" here words seemed to fail her for a minute, but she went on, "You let me make a perfect fool of myself just to amuse yourself. Well, you may be sure I wouldn't go to the dance for anything in the world now—anyway—the invitation was probably all a joke, too," she added, her eyes blazing.

Richard Bolton stood the fiery assault nobly, and seemed to be enjoying it rather unduly. He turned to her amazed sister Alicia and said: "Would you mind leaving us alone for a while, Alicia, I've got to square myself with your sister!"

"No, indeed, Dick," Alicia responded, tenderly amused at her baby sister's spirit. "All I have to say is you'll have some job. Come on, Reggie, lets leave poor Dick to his fate," and smiling they left the two combatants alone.

As soon as Alicia and Reggie had left, discreetly closing the door after them, Dick walked over to Theresa, who had buried her face in her handkerchief and was now quite dissolved

in tears.

"I have nothing to say to you," came in miffed tones from the depth of the sofa. "I wish you'd leave me alone."

"Theresa, Dick's voice was quite arresting when he wished it to be and at this moment, to his own surprise it seemed he never wanted anything so much as this little girl's forgiveness. "Don't you understand? I want to take you to the dance tonight more than anything I know. I did the moment I set eyes on you in the doorway. I couldn't resist kidding you—you were so funny. I want to take you to this dance—and to the Junior Prom, and to the Senior Prom next year, and Theresa dear, can't you see I'm just crazy about you, and I'll be miserable until you forgive me."

In spite of her beating heart Theresa was gradually becoming mistress of herself. She raised her head, dried her eyes, and silently rearranged her hair while she kept him waiting for his reprieve.

"Of course you can't expect me to believe a word of what you're saying now Mr. Bolton," she said, "after the reputation you have for being the worst jollier in college. I guess I'm game enough to go to the dance with you though—even if the joke is on me." She said this as if she were conferring a favor, instead of realizing one of her dreams.

"But you'll let me call you Theresa, won't you?" he asked, "and you'll let me tell you what a darling you are, even if we both know I don't mean a world of it?" he chided.

"Oh, no," she laughed. "I shall expect you to reform now as a matter of penitence, and tell only the truth to me."

"Agreed," he cried, then taking both her hands he added, "Theresa dear, I'm going to be terribly in love with you."

MYSELF.

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as the days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the
eye;
I don't want to stand, with the setting
sun,
And hate myself for things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will
know

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST.

By Aline Michaelis.

Now the sun was fast descending
and the linnet hushed its song, and
the road stretched out unending from
where Box-Car trudged along. "Faro,
things seem mighty lonely on this
trip, I'll say they do. Seems they
ain't no bummers only One-Eye
Pete an' me an' you. Five years back,
when Spring wuz comin', we wuz
meetin' boys we knowed; now, there
ain't nobody bum'n'; every road's
an empty road." Musing on his fel-
lows' folly, Box-Car Bill his way pur-
sued; but his words were melancholy
and rebellious was his mood. "Yes,"
he said, "in Southern places, jest
along about this time, all the old pals
turned their faces starting for a cold-
er clime. An' they didn't have to
worry, folks wuz sure to feed 'em
some; and they didn't have to hurry,
sein' any place wuz home. Lots o'
spots wuz fine fer 'snoozin', 'specially
an old barn loft, an' the life wuz
quite amusin'; soft, I calls it—mighty
soft. 'Course, we has to keep on
movin'; but gosh ding it, that is good,
fer theres nothin' fine as rovin'
once you get it in your blood. There
ain't no grounds fer compalinin' when
a feller hits the trail, so this thing
needs some explainin', for there ain't
no one in jail. Everywhere the wim-
min greet us: 'You're the only
tramps this Spring,' an' they seem
right glad to meet us, fix us pie an'
everything. This world be a dandy
season an' the weather now is fine;
but say, Faro, what's the reason we're
the last ones uv our line? Where are
all the bummers lurkin'? Cee, Friend
Faro, I am sad! Can it be that they
are workin' an' gone wholly to the
bad?

The kind of a man I really am;
I don't want to dress up myself in
sham.

I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and
pelf

I want to be able to like myself,
I don't want to look at myself and
know

That I'm bluster and bluff and empty
show.

I can never hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self respecting and conscience free.