

ailment is not physical. He tries a new dodge. Going to the window he gazes silently on the moonlit landscape, and after a few moments, remarks that it is a "beautiful night." No reply to this challenge comes from the figure on the lounge. After a few more minutes silence, Berg addresses his companion and proposes a walk in the college wood. This last shot is enough, and his room-mate jumps to his feet, his eyes in a "fine frenzy, rolling," and tears up and down the room, flapping his arms about and orating thus:— Walk, walk; thunder; moonlight; yes, he better walk, walk, till he busts; by the great horn spoon; walk, whoop, poor girl, you walk—and his forensic effort ends with a fierce howl of despair, and plump down he goes on his lounge.

Berg walks over to the window and looks out softly chuckling to himself the while. Nothing is heard save the softly hummed notes of Clementine which float idly from Berg's lips, until Porter interrupts him by saying:—

"Say, Chet, were you ever stuck?"

"Eh, how, what?"

"Stuck, spooney, in — you know."

"No, jiminey, why?"

"Why," with withering irony; "why, blitzen, why; well I am."

With difficulty Berg maintains a straight face, encourages his chum to make a full breast of the whole business, and settles down on the window-sill to listen to the yarn.

Thus confronted, and having confessed so much, the unfortunate Robert proceeds, beginning with a question.

"Say, you know Prof. B——'s niece?"

"Um, yes, nice girl, well?"

"Well, I met her last summer and she said she was coming up here to visit her uncle, and asked me to call, and when she came of course I went, and she seemed delighted to see me."

"Of course, of course, couldn't well help it"—encouragingly from Berg.

With a disdainful glance Bob proceeds,

"Well, I called at the Prof.'s two or three times, rushed her to a couple of concerts, played tennis, did it up slick."—

"A little too slick it seems, got a terrible case, loafed all the time, flunked straight through, and never heeded my warning; alas, poor Bobbie."

"Yes, I know, but I thought she liked *me* pretty well, anyhow I made up my mind to ask her, and I got her to take a ramble to-night. Beautiful night, soft balmy winds were blowing, moving the tree tops gently, and the pale moon shining through, making dim wavering shadows, and golly, she was pretty."—

"Who, the moon?" "Moon, naw, had on a white dress, and looked like—

"Whoop don't say it, might be sorry sometime."

"Well, I was pretty shaky, but finally I braced myself and said:—'Miss B——, do you like m—usic?' Why yes, certainly, Mr. Porter, you know I just dote on Mozart and Chopin, but what put that in your head." O, I was just thinking how nice it would sound out here, I said, and we walked on a little farther. Well, after a while I got braced up again, and out I blurted, Miss B——, do you like me—I spit it out awful quick I tell you," and he paused all out of breath for he rattled off his yarn, as though it were distasteful.

Not continuing, Berg asks, "Well, what did she say?" "Say, say, blazes, she just looked at me and laughed, and then turned away and said:—O, Mr. Porter, I'm so sorry, but do let us go in and have some whist," and here Berg actually laughed long and loud, not ceasing until sharply admonished to cease his insane cackling." "Well we came, but nary a whist, Oh, no. Well she is going home next week," and with a sigh, he declares himself ready for bed, and soon sleep heals his heart wounds.

"'Twere ever thus with a Junior's loves."