

Victor Lee was a fine, manly-looking fellow. He possessed a fine physique. Open air exercise from early boyhood had given him a sinewy, muscular frame of great strength, as well as a finely shaped and perfectly developed figure. His face was a pleasing one. He had a frank, open, merry countenance, with charming brown eyes. Besides, he looked intellectual and was a bright fellow.

That afternoon the *tout ensemble* of Victor Lee was such as would attract the attention of any woman, as he and his chum, Jack Crawford, strolled along on their way to the tea, dressed in their Tuxedo coats and silk beavers, looking perfectly groomed.

His chum grinned maliciously as he noticed his companion's haste, and he began to "jolly" him. "'She's up to de limit an' out o' sight,' but my susceptible young friend she's not a flirt and not one of the kind who falls in love. You'd better get ready for a discussion on literature or social sciences. Gad! I believe those girls at Bryn Mawr dig out more in the course of four years than we do. 'I played light' this morning when we drifted into a discussion on social dynamics!'"

Jack Crawford was wrong in saying that Marion Langford was not the kind of a girl to fall in love. She was much pleased with Victor Lee. During commencement week he had met her constantly—at the Glee Club Concert, the Senior German and at several early morning parties. Of course she was treated like a "queen" by all the men, and Victor was always one of a dozen or more who hovered about her.

She was just the kind of a girl that a college man falls in love with. Beautiful she certainly was, with a crown of black, wavy hair, in charming contrast with her clear blue eyes, veiled by long black lashes; her features almost classical in their outline. She possessed a fine loving nature that enjoyed the best in everything, but back of it, coming to notice every little while in some fearlessly spoken opinion or some thoughtful, gracious act, there appeared a soul that looked unswervingly for the highest and best in a man's nature. "How peerless she is," Victor thought—"this treasure of fragrant womanhood;" withal there was that about her that seemed to be all grace, kindness, courtesy, and many a poor fellow, who was "no farmer," fell down and adored.

Victor Lee had been the lucky man, and a year after he had met Marion Langford at that afternoon tea, cards were out announcing their engagement. Marion Langford had departed for