

formed resolutions. Over a year had elapsed since he had been graduated from Rychyster university. He had been unable to secure a position, and what was more he had cared very little about anything which might possibly draw his attention elsewhere, as long as he continued to be well received at the beautiful home of Cornelia Osmont.

Harry Burdette was now in his twenty-first year. Endowed with a charming personality—a handsome, athletic looking fellow with a frank, open manner—he had been very popular in college. He had been, also, a zealous “frat,” man, indeed, it was at one of those delightful social functions at the chapter house of his fraternity, when he was a junior at Rychyster, and when *she* was attending the Rychyster Park “Sem,” that he first met Cornelia Osmont. She being a resident of the same city, he had been very attentive to her since that first meeting, and thus it was that he was received with such favor at her home.

The purpose of Harry Burdette's call on this evening, however, was vastly different from that of the ordinary. He was impelled by motives on this particular evening which were to be, for him, the making of an enviable career. He now fully realized that although he might continue to be as greatly favored as in the past he hadn't any reason to expect sincere encouragement, inadequately equipped as he was for the battle of life. At the same time he realized the folly of entering any worldly contest, intending thereby to win fame or fortune, unless his armor was such that would not be penetrable by the arrows of Eros. He had decided that the safest provision against any such attack was to completely hide himself for a period of years—to succeed, or if failure was to be his fate that no one of those whom he now counted as friends should be cognizant of such failure.

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She was standing in the center of the drawing room and a pleased, happy smile lighted up her face, which was as a mirror to her heart. “I knew that was you by your step, Harry. How good of you to come after the weary round of New Year's calls.” He took the hand she extended as she spoke, and with a squeeze and a smile he said: “You know Cornelia, I have been waiting for this hour all day—and you?” he said interrogatively. “I am very glad to see you, Harry,” and under his intense gaze her face flushed slightly. “Cornelia,” he continued, and there was a manly ring in his voice which she could not help but admire;