

## IN BY-GONE DAYS

Ah, faded buds, that once were bright,  
 What memories of pure delight  
 Come stealing over me in bliss,  
 As once again thy lips I kiss,  
 As oft I kissed them on that night.

On wings of love my thoughts take flight,  
 I see thee in the fading light,  
 As thou did'st rest  
 Upon her breast,  
 O, faded buds.

She held thee out with timid grasp,  
 And over thee our hands did clasp;  
 She pressed my hand with finger tips,  
 Her hand I pressed unto my lips,  
 Our love was told;  
 And now I hold  
 These faded buds.

—*F. T. C.*, '00.



## “MY FIANCEE, MISS CROFT”

IT was a Friday night. The “Star Chamber,” which was a name that had long been associated with Ted Halliday’s room, on account, perhaps, of the number of bright lights who were wont to congregate there, was filled. The council, to a man, was present. No, there was one absentee—Rab Connor, the most lively member of the set.

“Well,” drawled Halliday from the divan where he lay, idly blowing smoke rings into the air, “we can’t begin until Rab comes. Ostermann, go find him. I’ll wager a match to a toothpick he’s in the library.”

As lord of the mansion, Halliday’s word was law, so Ostermann started to obey. But just as he reached the door, it was suddenly thrown open from the outside and the missing Connor rushed in, precipitating the corpulent Sid into the corner, to that worthy’s extreme amazement.

“Well,” he blurted out, “can’t you look where you’re going? I’ve half a mind to—”

“Shut up, Fats!” yelled Hagley, somewhat uncivilly. “Don’t you see Rab has a new joke to spring on us?”