

"Oh, come, Jack, don't grind all the time, and besides—" here he stooped down and whispered something in his companion's ear, something that brought a flush to his cheeks, and with an "I'll go," he jumped to his feet and began to don his bicycle suit. His mission ended, Jim hastened away shouting back, "I knew you would come," as he passed through the door.

The speakers in question were Jack Winters and Jim Ralston, or, more accurately, John Winthrop Winters and James Ralston. The scene of the conversation was a room on the second floor of the main building of Lincoln College. It was now Jack's fourth year at Lincoln, and by his good nature and willingness to oblige his comrades, he had become a general favorite.

Near the college, and with its campus adjoining, was situated a girl's seminary, and many were the attempts of the students of both institutions to elude the vigilance of watchful faculties.

When Jack Winters appeared with his bicycle he found his companions ready, and they immediately set out on their afternoon's pleasure.

The day was as nearly perfect as could be desired. The surrounding country was green with the near approach of summer, while above, the sun was shining brightly and the azure blue of a northern sky was dotted here and there with fleecy patches of white. A gentle breeze was blowing, and as the cyclists emerged from the grounds upon a beaten roadbed they gave vent to their spirits in a yell that only a crowd of collegians know how to emit.

On they sped until a bend of the road hid them from view. And then—was it by accident or design?—they discovered a number of the seminary girls mounted upon their wheels and seeming in nowise astonished at the sudden appearance of the boys.

As they rode up Jack Winters scanned the group until at last his eyes rested on one, the sight of whom brought a flush of pleasure to his face. He pedaled to her side and to his salutation Miss Stratton, for that was her name, responded by a bright nod and a smile that showed her to be more intimately acquainted with the handsome young collegian than might be suspected. He had met her two years before, during his Sophomore year, at a commencement hop, when her merry face with its mischievous blue eyes impressed him more than he cared to admit. She, then, was the cause of Jack Winter's willingness to take a spin this June afternoon. She was the cause of the smiling remark of Jim Ralston, "I knew you would come."