

and the boys, arguing that it is a part of a man's education to see the world, finally persuaded him to go.

The next day a jolly group of boys boarded the Chicago train. They joked and laughed and sang, as a group of college boys always does on a train, excepting Tom, who had a worried air.

"Come, cheer up, old fellow. What's the matter with you to-night, Tom?" said Brown, who had taken his seat beside Tom.

"I don't feel just right about this trip, Rusty. I haven't as much money at my disposal as you have, and I really cannot afford it."

"O, that's it, is it? Another economical attack. I was afraid you'd been caught ponying at the quiz this morning. You'd better go down and get that office job at Lawyer Cox's. He ran an ad in the paper to-night—\$6 a week and not many errands either."

Tom had read this advertisement, but he smiled at the suggestion that he, a Junior in college, might take such a position. However, it was not his nature to be quiet long, and soon he had resumed his usual post as leader of the merriment and did his best to make the trip a pleasant one.

A few hours later the boys emerged from one of the largest theatres in Chicago, filled with raptures over the success of grand opera. Tom Belden for nearly three hours had felt himself living in the triumph of the music, and now he felt like going home and thinking about it all over again, but it was not train time. After luncheon there was still an hour which must be utilized, and they started to walk about the streets, gazing at the show windows, so brilliant in their holiday decorations, and stopping often for a warm drink at some soda fountain, for the night was cold.

After a few minutes they left State street, and, winding through the maze of the great, dark city, they walked about until they began to get tired, and, although not one of them would have admitted it, the black alleys, the strange noises made by the wind around the high buildings and the other unaccustomed circumstances produced a feeling of timidity very unusual to them. There is something mysterious about a sleeping city, and at the midnight hour, when the great, struggling mass is approaching its quietest tranquility, the clanging of a cable car, the suspicious glance of a burly policeman and the sidewise look of some questionable prowler give to a stranger a queerly uncomfortable feeling.