

I sat long after Tige had finished, thinking over the story that he had told me, and my heart went out in pity to the dead man down stairs.

M. W. STERRETT, '06.

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WHY GEORGE DOWLIN ENTERED COLLEGE.

I was lying half awake on the bank of the Mystic during one of those hot afternoons last summer, when I was suddenly thoroughly aroused by George Dowling, who was as much startled at seeing me as I was at seeing him. We soon, however, overcame our surprise and it did not take my friend long to lead the conversation into a channel in which he seemed especially interested.

"Say, Jack, do you know why I entered college?" George suddenly blurted out at me, as he sat up with his hands crossed on his knees and looked at me with those dark eyes in a way that made me wonder what was to be expected next.

"I haven't the slightest idea," I replied.

"Well, I'm having another spell of the blues brought on by my seeing the very person whom I desired to see the least go gaily by on a tandem with that stuck up chap from Chicago. It was breaking the last straw which had before been bent almost double.

"You remember the state of my mind when I graduated from the high school, how I disliked to have any boy speak to Nellie Carbery, don't you?"

I answered that he had told me the whole story not far from that very spot at the time, and that he need not go into details as to the state of affairs then existing between them.

"Do you remember the night we returned from the camping trip, and the party at Carbery's that very evening?" he asked.

"Only too well," I answered.

"Then you remember how I was cut at that time, how I never had an invitation for that evening, although Nellie knew that I would be at home. Well, to make a long story short, I saw her a few days later in the village with her sister. She called me