

The Sophomore Hop



Stanley Taylor ran up the stairs to his attic room his heart was lighter than it had been for weeks. To be sure it was reckless extravagance on his part, this toggerly for the Sophomore Hop, but he had worked so hard, and had denied himself so many pleasures, surely it was not criminal to indulge his hunger for society this once, and he would work overtime to make his account balance at the end of the month. Besides he had high hopes that Lucile York would accompany him and that of itself was enough to make any man's heart glad. Lucile was so sweet and intelligent: all the boys liked her.

As he opened the door he forgot to notice the shabby furnishings that usually vexed his aesthetic taste, but his eager eyes sought at once the dainty wearing apparel that covered the cheap little cot which stood in one corner of the room. He advanced, and picked up each garment almost caressingly. Nothing had been overlooked: the handkerchief, tie, gloves and suit, all were in keeping. He actually felt guilty when he thought of himself arrayed in all this fine linen, and yet, why not? No one but he knew how many weary hours of toil they represented, but he should feel fully repaid if Lucile honored him with her company and he meant to settle that question within an hour.

He made a careful toilet and ran lightly down the steps. It seemed that everything was happy. He was afraid the passersby would hear the beating of his heart, so great was his ecstasy. It was fully a mile and a half to where Miss York resided, but the distance seemed short.

As he neared the house he noticed Billy Allen's machine at the door and Billy lounging at the gate as if he were waiting for some one. Nothing escaped him—Allen's rich suit, elegant in every detail; the touring car, which everyone knew had made the record