

run to Long Beach the previous summer; he saw it all, but he advanced smiling.

Allen greeted him kindly:

"Hello, old boy, glad to see you. Fact is, I was about to hunt you up. We're going to entertain Miss York and a few others for an hour or so before the hop, we'll look in about eleven, you know, and I want you to come up and help round a bit. You're so clever, Stan, you're worth a dozen of the ordinary. I'll consider it no end of a favor and there's five in it besides."

"What, old man, you're not sick, are you? You look all done up. Lucile and I will run you home in the machine."

Stanley smiled bravely:

"No, thanks, Allen, I'm perfectly well; just been dreaming too much of late, and am pining away for lack of exercise. I'll be there without fail. Goodnight."

As Stanley wearily climbed the stairs a second time that night, and opened the little door of the attic room, he was surprised at how cheap and common the little array on the cot looked. He must have been crazy. Why, Allen's automobiling costume was elegant beside it.

Well, it didn't matter anyway. He had come to the University to work and there were twenty in analytical for himself that night and eight pages of German for Kenter. Mechanically he reached for his tablet.

Elizabeth Ferguson.

