

same features. The only real difference aside from Jim's slightly larger physique were their individualities. Jim was strong and generous in soul. What a brave, fearless fellow he was. John was quiet and reserved; but how kind and affectionate he had been to her while she was so weak. Harry was clever and versatile. How much he knew and what a brilliant entertainer and companion he was. With such thoughts as these she pondered long. She was determined to fight it out with herself that same day.

She looked seaward and as her glance ran over the water she saw a rowboat approaching the island. The three men had placed a signal on a cliff above the beach and this had at last attracted attention.

The little boat was almost to shore. She was thinking hard. There was one of the three whom she thought she loved. Yes, she was sure of it. Her decision was made.

She ran lightly up the beach to where she saw her three companions waiting for the arrival of the little boat. A short distance from shore she saw the great white sides of a vessel anchored. Relief at last. Was she glad or sorry?

She opened her arms and threw them about a man's neck. "I have reached my decision," she said. The other two looked sadly on yet each bravely came forward and grasped the two outstretched right hands.

Now, gentle reader, which of the three do you think she took? What is it that woman admires in man? Is it strength and attractive appearance, dignity and learning or breadth and versatility? What would you have done if you had been in her place?

—Thos. R. Townsend, '09.

