

# Tale Of An Interrupted Wooing

The Old Grad Relates Tale of Unrequited Love and Affection

As the Old Grad took his accustomed place before the Sophomore's stove, and lowered the light to his satisfaction, and clasped his hands once more in moody reminiscence, the Sophomore also settled himself in his chair and patiently awaited the tale which he already detected from the significant actions of his companion.

At length the Old Grad squared himself deliberately in his chair, and carefully crossed his legs. "As this is the close of the semester's work," he began, slowly, "I suppose your mind is already occupied with problems of great weight, the story I am about to relate to you will contain no obscure lesson or moral on which you need puzzle your already overworked faculties. In fact, I am relating it solely that you may enjoy a short respite from the inevitable cares and worries of examination week.

"It happened during my last year at the University. During the previous four years of my college career, I had, of course, formed various intense attachments for various young ladies of the Uni., yet I found myself in my Senior year with heart still intact, though marred and scarred through various encounters with Cupid's arrows.

"It was about this time that I first became acquainted with Mary — the Mary who has subjected me to such frequent joshings from my friends. For the purposes of my story, and in strict confidence, of course, I will admit that I completely lost my heart to her. In her I thought I saw the embodiment of all my former ideals and fancies of true womanhood. She was beautiful and tall, and was possessed of many accomplishments. She used to sing to me in a high, trembling soprano, that I thought was charming. She could, with considerable muscular effort, pound out 'The Battle of Prague,' on an old tin-pan of a piano in the parlor of her boarding house. Sometimes she wrote heart-rending love stories for 'Scarlet and Cream,' over which I pondered in ecstatic misery, trying to discover a plot. I was thoroughly enraptured.

"But her dominion was not limited to my devotions. There was a miserable sap-head of a fellow by the name of Tidmarsh, who also was her humble servant, and whom I despised with all the animosity of a jealous lover. His fishy, little eyes used to haunt me in my dreams, and his greasy yellow hair was the bane of my life. I could not openly snub him for fear of offending my sweetheart, and my existence at last seemed wholly taken up with the contending forces of love and hate — the one for my goddess, the other for my rival.

"But, through strange streak of fortune, it happened that we seldom came into actual contact with each other. He usually called on her on Wednesday and Friday evenings, while my chance came on Tuesday and Thursday. We had never made any special arrangements, but we had just fallen into the habit of calling on those evenings, so that finally it came to be a matter of course.

"But finally my devotion reached such a height that I was determined to crowd an extra evening into my usual schedule. I went around to her house on Sunday afternoon. Tidmarsh was there. I greeted him politely and then utterly ignored me. He gave me a curt 'good afternoon,' and thereafter devoted his attention to Mary. I remained in the hopeful expectancy that he would soon take his departure. I suppose he had the same idea as to me.

"But the situation at last became unendurable. I rose, 'Well, Mr. Tid-

marsh,' I said, pointedly; 'it's nearly supper time. Going my way?'

"Of course there was nothing for him to do but come along. We descended to the street without a word. A car was just approaching. I had an idea. "Shall we take the car?" I said.

"He agreed.

"I got on first, made my way quickly through the car, and before he noticed what I was doing got off at the next corner. By this time it was so dark that I felt he could not see me leave the car, and I was immensely pleased at my stratagem. I imagined my late companion searching the car in perplexed surprise. I pictured to myself his mad indignation when he at length discovered how I had duped him. With quick, delighted steps I made my way back to recommence the tete a tete which he had so rudely spoiled. I fairly flew up the six flights of stairs to my sweetheart's apartments. I scarcely waited for an answer to my knock, but burst open the door in glad anticipation. I stumbled inside and—stopped in amazement. There sat Tidmarsh."

### Plutarch's Lives

"How many lives did Plutarch have?" The Co-Ed asked, naively. The wise professor looked aghast. And shook his head and believe me. There was amazement in his soul. As well as grief, despair and dole.

"One. Don't ask foolish questions, please." He answered with a dark look. The Co-ed's feelings were aroused. She held on high a large book. Then proudly raised her drooping head. "It says here, 'Plutarch's lives,'" she said.

LETA S.

### Y. M. C. A. Reception Today

Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the University Y. M. C. A. rooms, will be a reception tendered by the local association to the college delegates in attendance at the state convention now in session in this city. A good program has been arranged and light refreshments will be served. It is earnestly urged that every member of the local association will consider himself host on this occasion, and that if he is not present the reception will undoubtedly be a failure. Every member who reads this notice is personally requested to do his own duty in this instance in order that the host will not be found wanting. This does not exclude any University man, and, in fact, a most cordial invitation is extended to University men to assist in making this event a pleasant one, both to the entertained and those entertaining. Remember the program and refreshments and don't forget the host.

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—VIA—

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