

blind date with anyone but me. Says he came up here with that understanding and he won't accept substitutes. So I guess I'll have to take it. But look, I'll fix it up with you and Jack. OK?"

Then she called Jack.

"Listen, Jack," she wailed, "I broke my leg or something. What I mean is, I can't keep our date this evening. I'm awfully sorry; I know it's awfully late to let you know, but I just found out myself—I'll explain later. But look, Jack—Hazel's big date fell through and I happen to know she's without one tonight. Why don't you call her? Oh that will be fine for both of you. And you're a dear for being so nice. Thanks just heaps. So long."

With the stage again set for action Dottie met Dick after the game. It had been a grand game. They had won—gloriously. Everyone was shouting at his friends and laughing uproariously. Excitement was at fever pitch. Dottie, huddled against Dick's shoulder in a booth at the favorite student haunt, had never been so thrilled in her life. This was more than existence—this was the way college should be!

"Dottie, your mother told you that I had big ideas and all—plans—for tonight, didn't she?"

"Yes, Dick," said Dottie softly. The big moment was at hand!

"I told her to tell you so you could go ahead with your plans; I didn't want to butt in on you, you know." He smiled. "I'm really getting excited about it. I'm going to the dance with a girl I used to go with when I was in school."



Where Second Growth Is Old

Frances Flint Hamerstrom

I WANT to be once more where second growth is old,
 Where towering trees grow tall
 Though man had cleared the woods.
 I want to be once more on land that's rich and old,
 Where man and all his goods
 Have been, yet seem so small
 —Rotting away in mould.