

"Dear Rufus:—We are going for a drive this afternoon at three, and mother wishes you to come, if you care to. I too wish it, if you care to. Yours,

"MARJORY."

With a radiant face, Coleman gave the note a little crackling flourish in the air. "Oh, you don't know what life is, kid."

"S-steady the Blues," said Peter Tounley seriously. "You'll lose your head if you don't watch out."

"Not I," cried Coleman with irritation. "But a man must turn loose some times, mustn't he?"

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When the four students had separated in the corridor, Coke had posted at once to Nora Black's sitting room. His entrance was somewhat precipitate, but he cooled down almost at once, for he reflected that he was not bearing good news. He ended by perching in awkward fashion on the brink of his chair and fumbling his hat uneasily. Nora floated to him in a cloud of a white dressing gown. She gave him a plump hand. "Well, young man?" she said, with a glowing smile. She took a chair, and the stuff of her gown fell in curves over the arms of it.

Coke looked hot and bothered, as if he could have more than half wanted to retract his visit. "I—aw—we haven't seen much of you lately," he began, sparing. He had expected to tell his news at once.

"No," said Nora, languidly. "I have been resting