



His First Holiday

"You won't say so when you see this one," she said gayly. Together they collected the bundles, large and small, and hurried off to the waiting cab. There was some doubt as to which should go in first, the passengers or the parcels.

"If we get in first, there will be no room for the bundles," said he. "And if we put them in first, there'll be no room for us." The venerable driver scratched his head in perplexity.

"We could make two loads of it, sir," he said. "I c'n take your wife and half the bundles up first and come back—"

"It isn't to be thought off," interrupted Bosworth, quickly. "Don't you remember me, Tobias?"

"It—it ain't Mr. Van Pycke? Well, by gracious! It beats the—"

Bosworth checked him in time. To Miss Pembroke he said: "Tobias drove me all the way from the freshman class to the senior."

"I knew it, Mr. Van Pycke. That's why I engaged him."

Tobias was suddenly confused. "Excuse me, I was thinking of another gentleman when I said wife, sir. My mistake, sir. It sha'n't happen again."

"Don't make rash statements like that, Tobias," said Bosworth, boldly. "You can't tell what will happen."

"Put the bundles in, Tobias," said Miss Pembroke quietly, far from amused. "Mr. Van Pycke must ride on the seat with you. He has done it a great many times, if tradition is to be trusted."