

"The matter? Nothing," Eliza answered, her voice glad and content. "Only, I guess I have found out what Radcliffe spirit is. I thought it was just a place to study in; but I went down the Idler—"

Miss Fairfax sought for Eliza's hand, and shook it warmly. "Remember my first Idler, too," she mused aloud. "I'd been put hard put to it in History—I. conference the day before. Down at the Idler I forgot all about it. Oh, honey, isn't it nice to be one of a lot?"

Eliza murmured, "Yes." But what she really had in mind was how comfortably near her the senior sat and the thought, she's called me 'honey' twice."

## II.

The Japanese lanterns strung thickly above the grass patch beside Fay House swung back and forth with the wind; they made a sort of umbrella of colored twinklings over the field of tables set out for tea. Most of the Class-Day guests had come, cloaked groups passed down the steps and rolled away in carriages, through the gateway and along Garden Street. Louisa Fairfax and Anne Oliver, free at last from guests, had come out to get a bit of salad and some confections. The salad was long in coming and Louisa forgot it, abstractedly thinking that next Thursday she would get her degree and go home for good.

Anne Oliver spread out her arms contentedly. "Aren't you glad to see them going out the gate?" she asked.

"Yes," Louisa said absently. "Anne, honey! Do you realize that we're going home next week?"

"O, my Appleton Marshes, the lazy sea, the funny little pink-and-yellow flowers that stick up in the sand!" Anne exclaimed delightedly.

"What! You're glad that the college days are over?"

"I don't think I am," Anne mused aloud. "I'm such a cheerful body. I think I like to sit by and watch myself live, like a smoker watching his pipe."

"But, honey," persisted Louisa, "that's just it. The serene belongs here, and we'll have to leave it behind. And what shall I do with my Anglo-Saxon and Philosophy when I get home? It's as if you took your furs to Florida."

The salad finally made its appearance, but Anne pushed it aside. "Do you really mean, Dixey," she began, "that every life clashes?"

Louisa nodded gravely above her ruffles.

"I am sorry," was Anne's only comment. Her comely, good-tured face was knit into unusual wrinkles.

The whispering of silk skirts and the babel of talk and laughter all about had for a moment ceased, and they talked on the silence.

"There's one thing," Anne began at length in her placid tone, "that carries away all vestiges of your Anglo-Saxon."

"Do you mean—?"

"Love," said Anne demurely.

Louisa's ears tingled at the word. She leaned her head back, and fixed her eyes upon the stars that seemed to float on the black seas of sky. Her thoughts danced about Marlow Brown. There was always a consideration of him in her mind, but sometimes it surged forward, covering her with confusion. She was still in the tide of felicity. The representations of his look and speech flushed her consciousness. The pleasure of the moment unconsciously led her away from the chatter and lights, she forgot Anne Oliver, fair in her pale-purple dress, across the table. The charm of moment passed presently, and Louisa came aware of a sense of discomfort in the proximity of the dining crowd. She pushed back from the table.

"Don't go, Dixey," Anne called to her. "Stay and get melancholy, as they do after Harvard Class Day."

"I am right tired, Annie, honey," Louisa answered. She walked along in the wet grass toward Fay House. She tried to shut in her thoughts as she went but they galloped off promiscuously, set agog by the June night weather and the electrical pulses of her nature.

She began pacing up and down in front of the clumped lilac bushes, their sprays tapping the frills on her shoulders. She tried to realize that this rare ardor was bound to cool presently, tomorrow, without doubt, she would be put back into her daily, many-sided, reasonable life—the Louisa Fairfax all the while liked for merriment and courtesy. One would be glad to see the week-day mood again after this Sunday of the young. Of a sudden turning toward the lights of Fay House she saw Ruth Garden and a young man come down the steps. Then, she saw Ruth's feeling brown eyes shine up toward him.

When he had put her into the waiting carriage she put her head and rosy silk shoulders out, murmuring a question. He kissed her wrist as it rested on the carriage door.

Louisa said a prayer under her breath, turning away from the lighted steps: "I want to stay in love." It seemed to content and quiet her. She thought that now she would go home, and turned her back on the dusk of the lilac bushes.

Marlow Brown was coming from the gateway, his eyes fell upon her. A current of delight set in her veins; she stood still, warm at heart, to wait for him.

"It's well you hadn't gone home," he said. "You sent me a long way up Brattle Street with that Miss—never mind her name."

"I was just going up for my fan and things," Louisa murmured. "My brother is waiting for me, somewhere, inside."

"Don't you think he might find his way home alone?" suggested the young man. They climbed the steps together and loitered upstairs to the library. It was deserted: the long-legged errand boy was lowering the gas at one end of the room. He went out and downstairs, with loud clicking boots.

"My last Class-Day," Louisa said, amusingly. She looked about at the book-shelves, the tables and cushioned wicker chairs, and at the fireplace, that had been so cheerful on many a Winter afternoon. It blazed differently now—with a giant Radcliffe seal cut out of cardboard placed just above it.

"*Veritas, Veritas*," repeated Marlow Brown, looking at the seal. "*Christo et ecclesia*. What do you think the Latin means to me? I am like John, the Orange-man. I translate freely."

Louisa stood tremulously marvelling to the core of her heart at the rare beauty of his voice, kept low and continent.

"It means just love—that we should love each other," he said quietly. Louisa turned to him with upward shining eyes. The motion recalled to her, deep as she was in wells of joy, Ruth Garden's look as she passed down the steps in her rosy-shimmering dress. He put out his arm and she slipped into the circle of it, her white ruffles crumpling rustlingly. A line she had once thought awkward in the "Last Ride Together" came to mind, and she quoted it: "Who knows but the world may end to-night?"

A little while afterward a book half-dislodged from the shelf behind toppled over and fell loudly.

"It's that new Berlin professor's book," said Marlow Brown, picking it up. "Did you ever go in for Philosophy—XI?"

"Oh, I've forgotten," Louisa answered happily. "After all those things do the Gentiles seek."

## III.

Mary Mark passed along Harvard Square beside tiers of windows ruddy with crimson cheesecloth and dozens of crimson flags offered for sale. The gray, leafless street was alive with whirling trolley cars and throngs of whistling and chattering young men. Mary felt under the lapel of her coat for the bit of crimson ribbon pinned there, that she meant to flaunt that afternoon at the football game with Yale.

It was good football weather—cloudily-fair, bracing, a smell of frost in the air. At Amee's and Sever's, as placards in the windows declared, the tickets were all sold, and small boys were already down chasing each other the narrow street that led to Soldier's Field. Mary heard disjointed gossip about the quarter-back and tackle and captain as she passed the earnestly talking students. Some of them appeared on the point of quarrelling, though in low tones. A wiry, shabby youth was gesticulating at a pink-complexioned one he was walking with. "Why man alive, we haven't won in years! Harkness alone, with his blundering and fumbling—" They passed out of earshot.

"Cheer like thunder; there's more in it than you think, you lazy rascals." It was a hulking fellow in a jersey that said that. "I used to like it better than dinner when I was on the freshman eleven."

Mary's heart warmed with the palpable excitement all about; her cheeks under her brown veil burned. All the way along Garden Street, beside the sleepy churchyard and brown Christ Church, the sense of momentous issues being at stake followed and electrified her. She had spent her scant pocket-money high-heartedly to see this afternoon's game, and it was for the present of more account to her feelings than the scholarship she meant to win next year.

In the hall corner at Fay House a knot of girls listened while one read aloud *The Crimson's* prophecies for the game. Mary passed them by, going in to read the notices on the bulletin board. Here were advertised the club meetings and dues, various notices from professors, and miscellaneous bits of college