

## EVENTS.

want me. An'—an' you needn't pay me nothin'!"

The student straightened his shoulders, looking down at her curiously. There was something uncomfortable in the gaze of her greenish eyes, fixed on him imploringly like those of a small dog. He put his hands in his pockets.

"Why, that's very good of you," he said.

"I'll remember if I ever need you. They've got your address downstairs, haven't they? I'll remember."

"I'll come anytime you want me," Liz repeated.

It was the only gift she could lay at the feet of her idol.

The janitor, treading heavily came along the corridor and looked in at the door. Seeing the student still there, he switched half the lights off and went on his way.

"Get your coat on, kiddie," said the student, "and I'll see you to a car."

So it happened that for the first and last time Liz passed out of the class room side by side with her hero.

Charwomen were at work on the lower floors. The long corridors and bare staircase echoed to the clatter of brooms and pails. The familiar plaster casts loomed ghostly in the dusk of the big entrance hall. They passed under the shadow of the winged shadow of Victory, at the foot of the stairs, to the glass swing-doors. Outside it was snowing still, a fine driven flour, caught and held by the wind. Street and sidewalk were muffled inch deep in a white stillness. The student paused in the vestibule to turn his collar up.

"Whew, it's a night!" he said. "Where do you get your car—on the corner?"

They had a street to walk. Liz kept up with his big strides, her feet sinking at each step into the half frozen snow, which creaked like silk to the tread. The keen night air, after the closeness of steam heated rooms, reacted upon her exhilaratingly. She walked upon air.

At the corner they halted under the circle of the big electric lamp, against which snow flakes whirled black. The car was

a good while coming. They could hear its approach, muffled and remote, a long way up the deserted street. The student stamped his feet to keep them warm. He touched Liz's cheek. It was burning, but her hands were purple with cold, and she shivered.

"Frozen, are you?"

"No-no," said Liz.

Her voice quivered. He glanced down at her small freckled face under the lamp and saw that she was crying, swallowing down sob after sob.

"Why, what's the matter, kiddie?" he said. "What are you crying for? Are you very cold?"

Liz clenched her hands glaring down at the trodden snow.

"Nothin'," she gulped. "An' I ain't cryin' neither!"

The car drew inexorably nearer; its headlight grew like a large unwinking eye out of the dusk. To Liz it was the engine of fate. The student felt in his pocket, doubtfully. He was poor, but it was near Christmas. He stepped out and hailed the car from the roadway.

He felt vaguely sorry as he helped her up the steps; she was such a bit of a thing to be travelling by herself at night. The inside of the car was cheerful with lights and advertisements.

The conductor waited impatiently with his hand on the bell cord. Liz lifted a small white face appealingly. The tall student half stooped towards it, then drew back. His warm fingers felt her tears and folded them over a half crown.

The car started on. For a moment Liz stood there, transfixed, and her face burned slowly from pink to scarlet. She stared out into the night of whirling snowflakes, which engulfed rapidly the student, the street lamp, the big square outline of the building they left behind. She drew in her breath and hurled the coin from her passionately. It gleamed a second in mid-air, then sank noiselessly from sight into the soft drifted snow of the gutter.