

I have the right place, I left school so early — seems even when I refer to it I ought to — well, as I said, make a sort of joke. . . .”

“But this is no joke,” said Abbott, kissing her again.

“Yes,” said Fran, happily, “we can talk about it in *that* way. Isn’t Bill Smookins a dear to keep us up here so long?”

It was a good while later that Abbott said, “As to why I left Littleburg: Bob knew of a private school that has just been incorporated as a college. A teacher’s needed, one with ideas of the new education — the education that teaches us how to make books useful to life, and not life to books — the education that teaches happiness as well as words and figures; just the kind that you didn’t find at my school, little rebel! Bob was an old chum of the man who owns the property so he recommended me, and I went. It’s a great chance, a magnificent opening. The man was so pleased with the way I talked — he’s new to the business, so that must be his excuse — that I am to be the president.”

Fran’s voice came rather faintly — “Hurrah! But you are to be far, far above my reach, just as I prophesied. Don’t you remember what I said