

THE PROSPECTOR

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A SOCIAL IMPOSSIBILITY

IT was one of November's rare days. The kindly air, vital with the breath of the north wind and mellow with the genial sun, was full of purple haze; the grass, still vividly green, gave no hint of the coming winter; the trees, bony and bare but for a few rags of summer dress, russet-brown and gold, stood softened of all their harshness in the purple haze and slanting, yellow light of the autumn afternoon. Nature wore a face of content. She had fulfilled her course for another year, and, satisfied with her achievement, was obviously thinking of settling herself into her winter's sleep.

It was a good day to be alive. The tingle in the air somehow got into the blood.

So it felt to a young girl who danced out from under the trees on the west boundary of the University campus.

"Oh!" she cried to her statelier, taller sister, who with a young man followed more sedately into the open. "Oh, what a day! What a picture!"

She was a bonny maid just out of her teens, and, with her brown gown, brown hair and eyes, red