

"‘Fudge,’ did you say? Yes, I’m very fond of nut fudge, with plenty of chocolate, too.

"To make a long story short, the man finally figured out this explanation: When, after several days, the girl ventured to ask who the occupant of room 14 was, a strange individual, old and rather decrepit, was pointed out to her, as the Dorm janitor. It *was* puzzling; for though she had not been able to see plainly, she knew from the general atmosphere of the room that the inhabitant was no janitor. Too much pleasant disarray for that. She could never make the girls believe her story. They insisted that she had had a slight touch of insanity or something, and advised her to carry a chaperone with her on her next trip to the college book store.

"How did I make this up? How does anyone invent these immortal fairy tales? But you interrupt the muse.

"Transfer your thoughts now, several hundred miles from the college town. A cool lake and wooded hills make a beautiful spot for summer cottages. Behold the girl, at the end of June, steaming in that direction. Need you ask it? Be-

hold the man, a few days later, doing likewise. Pass over the next few weeks. Some things are so full of joy that only the imagination can picture them. In the middle of the lake there floats an enchanted isle. The dark woods—

"Don’t, Ruth, please. You said you would listen. Let me finish.

"One day they paddled out to this island, and somehow, while they talked, the gray eyes, the hair, the dainty mouth—the girl—went to his head like wine, intoxicating, sweet.

"He knew they could not go away until he had told her everything, so he tried to show her by a foolish story how a little girl, flushed, embarrassed, adorable, had come into his life, and would not leave it. But the story failed miserably because he—

"Oh, Ruth, dear, don’t you see? Won’t you finish the story?"

Neither spoke for a minute. Then, with a look that only the man could understand, she held out her hands to him with a little smile.

"And they lived happily ever afterward," she said.

