

Stranger Than Fiction

ON the evening of Thanksgiving Day, a jolly crowd of girls and boys gathered on the hill for a "Dorm" party. Not the least among the enjoyments of that delightful evening were the amusing stories told by their absent-minded chaperon, at her own expense. Little did she think that that evening would see the beginning of the most embarrassing episode of her life.

As usual on such occasions, time flew by unheeded, and when at half past nine, the fair maidens were forced to take their leave, they left behind them the choicest part of the spread. Their entertainers, in their generous souls, did not for a moment hesitate as to their duty, but burned their candles low while they most carefully packed a basket with all sorts of good things to eat. Nor did they forget to put in visiting cards, each with the name of one of the girls written across the back, also poems and menus, and even bunches of Sophomore hair, trophies of the recent class scrap—all sufficient in number for each of the girls.

Early in the morning they drew lots to see who should deliver the basket, and then the unfortunate victim was accompanied down the hill by the cheering crowd, and such unearthly calls through a megaphone as aroused even the drowsy "co-eds" from their peaceful dreams. The messenger handed the basket in at the "New Dorm" for the chaperon, and the precious spread disappeared inside, followed by the expectant eyes of the girls, who never saw it again. The teacher was surprised and incredulous, yet delighted; why should one "be so favored?" The souvenirs were interesting, and were dispatched to the waste basket. Then, she did not know what to do with "so many cards!" The menus were puzzling, so they were laid aside into the drawer with the vague hope that, perhaps, some day she might know why they were so lavishly wasted upon her. A book sent down for some of the girls to read was "just the one she had wanted for a long time," and was gratefully accepted. The markings and other signs of use, and the name on the fly-leaf were rather puzzling, but unimportant, and to celebrate the acquiring of such a treasure she scratched out the name already there and wrote her own in ink. But the spread—! How the deeply-disappointed girls wondered over the disappearance of that!

Soon a rumor spread that a select crowd of teachers had banqueted on a feast sent down to one of them by some young men as a sign of their gratitude for her good chaperoning. And quite a light broke upon the perplexed minds of all concerned when the boys received a poem expressing the thanks of "the favored one." How cruel to rouse that dear little lady from such blissful dreams!

Soon the news of this latest experience of her eventful life had spread over the whole school, and all agreed that this time our teacher had reached the climax of her absent-minded career.

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