

The Last Call; or, Daughters of Despair

"Hello, is Doris there? Hello, Doris, this is Aileen speaking. Yes, dear, Theta Phi Alpha. But I'm not calling you on business this time. No rushing allowed any more. I just had a few minutes free and thought I'd call you—just wanted to talk to you, Doris. Well, how've you been lately? That's fine. Really I'm glad to hear that. So many of our girls haven't been well, you know it's awful. Virginia McCue for instance. She's had an awful cold, and it's really a shame because she's supposed to be practicing for her lead in the Musical Comedy. Yes, dear, Virginia's a Theta Phi Alpha.

"How's school? Really? My dear, that's wonderful. Keep it up and pretty soon you'll hit Flossie Sudhoff's mark. Flossie will make Phi Beta Kappa, you know. We girls are so proud of her—another distinction for our sorority. Just keep up the good work, Doris.

"Isn't this frightful weather we've been having? Positively horrid. It's so inconvenient when you have to come to school in weather like this. Of course, we don't find it so bad because our house is located so near the campus. We always appreciate our house more in weather like this. Not that we don't appreciate it otherwise, though. You know we have about the finest house on the campus. Everyone admits that.

"Have you seen the latest edition of the 'News'? Did you read that article by Marian McMillan? Yes, wasn't it the cleverest thing you ever saw? Well, it's to be expected of Marian. You know she has the reputation of being one of the most original girls in just ages. She's done skads of the most unique work of all sorts. How do you

suppose she got her job as society editor on the 'News'? Er, yes, you know, she's a sorority sister of mine.

"Did you see Kate Heckel's new roadster? Isn't it simply divine? I have always admired Kate's chic and snap. Actually, my dear, that girl is one step ahead of Paris itself. I don't see how she does it. Why, she has the reputation of being the best-dressed girl on the campus, and, you know, she dates with Frank Gusweiler. Yes, the good-looking man with the mustache. She was with Mary T. Bolger. Mary T. sure did look sweet, too. Honest, I could just sit back and look at her all day. Isn't she stunning? She was Prom Queen last year, you know. Without doubt she's the most popular girl on the campus. Say, uh . . . by the way, did you know that both Kate and Mary T. are Theta Phi Alphas.

"Oh, we were talking about you the other day. I oughtn't to tell you really, but they were saying that they like you awfully well. Pat Sharkey, our president—you know, she practically runs Student Council—was saying that you were just our type of girl. We pick a classy type as you've noticed. All of our girls rate the St. X. Prom. Well, I'd better hang up now; it's getting late. Tomorrow's pledge day, and we're not supposed to do any rushing these last coupla weeks. I'm sure I wouldn't want to try and influence you now. This was a pleasure call only, my dear. Absolutely no business. Well, goodbye dear, I'll see you soon. Yes, goodbye."

H. R. GRAD.

(Names interposed by ye Ed. Sock him if you can find him.)