

interest.

And as I told her the story the years rolled back and we were again school children in the small rural town of Vermontville.

It was an age when boys began to look sheepishly at girls and when girls become conscious of boys as boys and not just another classmate with whom to compete. In due time a boy's roving eye would (eventually) settle on some particular Miss, and after that he singled her out for valentines; sent her little notes or offerings of new maple sugar. She was selected as his partner for games, and always called in for "letters" when they played "post-office."

The rest of the group of girls whose interest changed daily (well, at least weekly) were annoyed at these developing steady affairs.

Was it a little jealousy, perhaps? In any event the matter was under constant discussion and the subjects made the object of ridicule, to which they were apparently entirely oblivious. Sometimes there appeared on the school blackboard in the early morning such slogans as "Henry loves Mary," "Hannah loves Hank," which would elicit gusts of laughter from arriving pupils, and disciplinary action by a red faced, outraged teacher.

If the love-lorn were caught visiting in a corner or passing notes under desk tops, cat-calls and hoots would be forthcoming from the observers. Once a bag of candy hearts with an amorous sentiment in red on each heart, sent to me, was intercepted- and those sentiments were bandied about from one gleeful prankster to another for my benefit at all times and in all places, until I wanted to run and hide. I was especially annoyed because I didn't