

problem of life. But, no I am one of the town's '400' and must keep my head up in the air and spend my time in gayety and wearing good clothes. I can almost sympathize with these new women. They, of course, go to extremes with their Woman's Bible and their "bloomers" and masculine costumes, but their fundamental idea is right. Woman has been oppressed, and especially in the higher walks of life."

"There is one thing I *will* do. I *will* make a literary career for myself, and as for my ever getting married the idea is preposterous. I don't ever expect to see the man I would be willing to surrender my independence to and marry. Falling in love is absolutely out of the question. My nature is too hard and calculating. I know this is rank treason to Papa and Jack. Jack always laughs at me when I talk this way, and holds up Miss Smythe as an awful example of the old maid. Dear old Jack, I might consent to marry a man who was as good and kind as he is. Did ever a girl have such a brother? I know he would rather have taken one of those pretty Virginians visiting Mrs. Roberts; but he knew I would not go unless he took me, and so he gave up the idea. I'm real ungrateful, and must get myself in better humor or I will spoil his evening for him. I will have to stop this rebellious train of thought."

"Jack says that big brute half back and captain of the university football team, the lion of the hour, is to be there to-night, and he is going to introduce me first thing. Lion—forsooth, I think it is ridiculous the way people are raving over football. It is a brutal game, fit only for savages and barbarians. I know very few agree with me. Jack says it is a noble sport, and he would have played when at college but his health wouldn't stand it. I know that was not so. He was too much of a gentleman to engage in such a rough uncivilized contest. I admire track athletics, and I enjoy baseball or a cricket match; but I will never get me to another football game as long as I live. To please him I accompanied him on Thanksgiving Day to the greatest battle of the year. If I didn't have another single reason, I would condemn the game for the effect it had on my usually well-behaved and decorous brother. He yelled and howled like a red Indian, and jumped up and down and waved his flag so violently that I would have been mortified had not all the men and half the girls around us been doing the same thing. And then this hero, this lion that I am to meet to-night, was the arch-brute of them all. He did