

strong. Tom, this is my little sister I was always talking about."

Miss Elizabeth was dazed. Was this tall, handsome fellow the same as that dirt besmeared warrior who had torn and struggled and battered that November afternoon, and was his that that soft cultured and well modulated voice that was saying: "I am very glad to meet you, Miss Graham. Really I am very pleasantly disappointed, I had heard your brother talk so much about his 'little sister' that I had expected to find you quite petite. May I find a place on your card? Thank you. Why here are two two steps. May I have this one or may I be real selfish and take both? I hope you will forgive me for wanting everything on sight; but I feel almost like an old friend, for Jack was always talking of you when he was at the 'Varsity—No, Jack, don't try to get out of it. I may have the dances? Thank you. You are very kind, Miss Graham."

He did not appear to notice that the conversation was all one-sided; but Miss Elizabeth could not for the life of her say a thing. This was the man she had called a brute. This was the man she had made up her mind to hate, and now she imagined he could look right into her and read her every thought. Oh, how thankful she was that the music then commenced and Jack led her toward the ballroom. What was the matter she asked herself. No human being had ever caused her so much confusion before. Why her self-control and perfect poise had always been her pride and now a mere introduction had utterly upset her calm front, and she had behaved like a bashful school girl. She was mortified at being unable to even make a remark, and she wondered what Mr. Armstrong thought of her behavior. It was a very much puzzled and confused girl that glided through that waltz on Jack's arm; but the rhythmic motion and the strains of "Nordica" acted as a much needed tonic, and when they had circled once around the room and sat down to rest she was herself again and merely wondering what could have caused her bewilderment. For the same reason she could not take her thoughts away from the incident and its principal figure, nor could the best efforts of her succeeding partners break up the preoccupation that settled upon her.

They one and all set it down to her independence and advanced ideas, and mentally anathematized the new woman and all her kind.

As the dance wore on she got to thinking more and more of