

"Yes, but Theo," replied Angelica gently, "you must not judge all of the new class by the use of a single example such as that which you have just mentioned. That is not fair. Of course, there are some who have fanatical ideas about this subject, as well as about any other universal movement, but you should not take these as the general type of the whole, for they are not true representatives of the generality of the new feminine race."

The discussion might have continued indefinitely had not Angelica turned for a moment from the window and glanced carelessly at the person next to her,—a tall, slender, dark-haired girl, whose lips were parted in a smile at the spirited debate which she had just overheard. There was a glance of mutual recognition, and then the tall girl came forward and greeted Angelica effusively. After the first warm expressions of joy at the meeting of these two girl friends, Theo was formally introduced, and from that moment he was the slave of Beatrice Reynolds. She was, he told himself, the very personification of his ideal, and, being so, it was not at all unnatural that he should become hopelessly in love with her, while she, to all appearances, seemed to encourage his attentions. But one day, near the middle of the season, his idol was rudely shattered. He had been out for a row on the lake, and was returning, when, suddenly he perceived, coming along the lake shore road, a single cyclist. Then, as he recognized the rider, his heart gave one great thump, and almost stopped. It was Beatrice, and in bloomers.

He was intensely surprised, even shocked, at this revelation. He thought it a very unkind freak of fate that his affection should have been given to a girl belonging to a class against which he had said so much; and from that time on there was a marked change in his manner toward Miss Reynolds. Every one noticed it and commented upon it. Some attributed it to a refusal of a proposal, and others to a simple quarrel; but few, if any, knew the real cause of the coldness on Theo's part. As for Beatrice, her manner never changed. In fact, if anything, she became more condescending to him than ever.

He was in a peculiar position and he knew it. He did not doubt his love for Beatrice, oh, no. Yet, as it was, knowing that all the guests knew of his decided antagonism to the new woman—how could he humble his pride so much as to ask one of that hated sect to become his wife?

Thus affairs stood till the season was drawing to a close and yet he had not spoken to her of his love.