

Miss Elizabeth Graham, as she always insisted upon being addressed—she scorned nicknames—aged twenty-one, Senior at Vassar, and editor-in-chief of the *Vassar Miscellany*, strong-minded girl with advanced ideas, was being dressed for the grand New Year's Assembly to be given that night by the local chapter of the "Daughters of the Revolution." Being strong-minded, Miss Elizabeth was not without her eccentricities, and one of these was her habit of soliloquizing when excited or thinking hard. The remarks that caused the little disaster were the last of a long train that would have tired out anyone but the patient Anne, who was accustomed to her mistress' peculiarities and loved her as only an old servant can love the children of the household where she has spent the best part of her life. When the mother had died, eight years before, she had taken the young girl under her especial care, and now she was proud of the glorious creature she was preparing for the evening's entertainment. Miss Elizabeth herself loved the kind-hearted woman, and was heartily sorry that she had put her to so much extra trouble. She was, therefore, silent for several minutes while the dextrous fingers again arranged the luxurious dark-brown tresses; but her thoughts were busy, and full of the excitement of the coming gayety she began to talk again.

"Yes, if it wasn't that Aunt Martha is such a great 'Daughter,' and if Jack hadn't asked me, I would absolutely refuse to go. I know I shall be bored awfully. I do detest these dapper young fellows in their broad expanses of spotless linen, who cluster around one and beg the gracious lady for the favor of a dance. I wonder if they mean half of what they say, and why they can't talk intelligently instead of rattling off such nonsense as they do."

"And why should I go to a hop? I care nothing for dancing except the exercise it affords. I much prefer tennis, or golf, or cycling. A crowded room is a poor place in which to take exercise, and a woman with a career to live should not waste her time on such frivolities as full-dress balls. Here I am only three days before college opens again, and I to have travel back to Poughkeepsie with not a line written in those articles I was going to prepare for the *Miscellany*. It has been one senseless round of dinner parties and receptions and teas till I am sick of it and almost wish I were one of those independent girls whom one meets down town every day winning her own bread and working out for herself the