

posited her, breathless in a cozy nook, half screened by huge palms, he thought she looked absolutely divine with the radiant happiness that shown on her face. He was first to start the conversation.

"Miss Graham, I have been looking forward to meeting you for a long time. It is not only because you are Jack's little sister; but the instinct of attraction between fellow journalists has had a great deal to do with it, for I have had the steering of the University *Herald* in my charge for some time past and I wanted to meet the girl who writes those great editorials for the *Miscellany*.

"But, Mr. Armstrong, I am not the only editor."

"Oh, you can't get out of it that way," he replied laughingly, "aren't you the girl who wrote that article on intercollegiate football in the December number. Come now, 'fess up."

"We—el, yes, I suppose I did; but what of it? I hope I have not criticised you players too freely?"

"Oh that's not half as bad as some of the rubs we get. What I wanted to say was that I always admired your editorials and enjoyed reading them. They were so forcible and fearless and they seemed to show the hand of a true New Woman."

"How do you know that I like being called a New Woman? Football man that you are, you might have to get down on your knees and beg my pardon."

"Please don't think I mean the bloomer variety?" he replied. "She's as old as the hills, only at present in a new form. You are one of the true New Women, aren't you? With new and fearless ideas, but nevertheless a woman at heart. * * * * * Oh, hang it! here comes a partner to claim you and we will have to continue this talk in our next." Rising, Tom Armstrong greeted his successor with a cheery remark and bowed himself away.

"What is the peculiar influence this man has over me?" was the question Miss Elizabeth asked herself time and again that evening as she strolled through the brilliantly-lighted rooms or floated around to the strains of dreamy waltzes. Had she been there to make a favorable impression she would have failed dismally. More than one young fellow over his convivial cigar in the hallways spoke of her absolute indifference and coldness. Fortunately she did not care what her partners thought, and, as her eyes followed Tom Armstrong around, watching his every movement, she puzzled herself in vain for an explanation. No