

displease her. She was, he thought, like something ethereal, something that did not like to brush against the baser, material world. She admired his tall frame, dark face, and air of studied negligence, the air, she thought fondly, of a man of experience, of a man of resource. Many times before this day, she had thought with vague bitterness of a certain willowy junior maiden, of raven bangs, clear complexion and slightly Roman nose, who was cutting recent wide swaths in college circles; but now, as they two wandered on, she recognized that she stood leagues ahead of that junior maiden, and she exulted. To-day, at least, was hers. Time would tell the rest.

Till a few moments before, they had been seated under the trees with the others. To while away the time, he had drawn from his coat pocket, at her request, a copy of the last edition of the college paper of which he was an editor, and began to read it to her, in a low, thrilling, "conversational" voice, one of his articles. The spell-bound admiration in which this held her, she broke only to listen now and then when he paused to drop an approving word upon her humbler articles on another page, or when he spoke of the gratification of the printers at her neat and accurate "copy," written in the delicate, perpendicular handwriting of which her friends were so proud, and which appeared in such advantage in the new class invitations. So the reading went on, until, as he looked up to point out the peculiar strength of the point he had just made, their eyes met in a look that neither of them could mistake. He read on for a moment, but only for a moment. A common impulse seized them, and soon they arose and began to stroll away from the group, until they were wandering alone on the banks of the Blue, talking commonplaces, watching the frogs leap into the dark-hued water, and listening to the chirping of the birds or to the merry sounds of laughter that they could hear arise now and then from the groups far behind them. But each knew that a tense soul was concealed under this careless

exterior, and each waited breathlessly for The Moment.

At last, throwing his voice into those deep tones which on other occasions had been thought so effective, using the short, pithy sentences he had learned to write from his work in the Analytics class, and beginning firmly, he spoke.

"This is a world of ideals. But these ideals cannot endure always. You know what this week means. It means that we are to move no longer in a doll's world, playing with doll's toys, with doll's surroundings. We are to enter the world of life, to struggle with our equals, men and women. The fight will be hard, but it rests with us whether it will be a lonely or a fortified and happy one."

She did not interrupt him. At this moment she felt that she could not have spoken, were the untold riches of an Aladdin's palace to be her reward. She could not feel certain even of her beloved Greek. She was conscious only of a slight feeling of compression within her, and of an instant's regret that that junior maiden was not near to hear what was to follow.

He continued, raising his voice, and speaking now less firmly.

"This day has been one of peculiar moment to me. I do not know how it may have affected you, but me it has affected strangely. I cannot tell how, but it has made me feel certain of something that has often passed through my mind before. It has made me feel certain that—that—"

He paused a moment to wipe his brow with his handkerchief.

The thought was vibrating through both that The Moment had come now, the moment to which they would both look back in after life as the arbiter of their destinies.

He started afresh, speaking now in a voice agitated with emotion.

"There are times in a man's life when he reads, as if by a flash of intuition, the future before him, when he *knows* that the great step he is about to take is the right one, the right one for himself and for the other. Such a