



The Secretary Goes Home

"What station is this?" she asked deliberately.

"Rahway," he said, leaning close to her in order to see the name on the station.

"I think I'll have a holiday on Christmas," he ventured carefully. "That's next week, you know. May I come down to Princeton for the afternoon and evening?"

"To see me?" She seemed surprised.

"Yes," he said simply. She had expected some frivolous reply. Her gaze wavered ever so slightly as it met his.

"It will be a very dull way to spend Christmas," she said.

"Christmas is always a dull day," he said, so imploringly that she laughed. He came very near to adding, irrelevantly, that she was prettier than ever when she smiled. "When there are no children about," he succeeded in saying, as an amend for his slip.

"There are two in our house, besides myself," she said gayly.

"Splendid!" he cried enthusiastically. "Can't we have a tree?"

On the platform at Princeton he was introduced to two small and very pretty young ladies, six and eight, and to a resentful gallant aged nine, who seemed to look upon him with disfavor. It afterwards developed that he was the characteristic neighbor boy who loves beyond his years. He adored Miss Pembroke.

"Mr. Van Pycke is coming down for Christmas," announced Miss Pembroke, in course of time, drawing her little sisters close to her side and smiling upon the dazzled gallant, aged nine.