



The Secretary Goes Home

its natural sanctity, but they agreed that she was a lovely bride.

"And now you must go home," she said at last. The clock chimed a quarter after two.

"That reminds me," he said. "You said you were going to your own home in the morning, early enough to avoid the reporters, who are to be managed by Stokes. May I inquire where your own home is, Miss Pembroke?"

"We live in Princeton, Mr. Van Pycke."

"Princeton? Why, I was there four years, you know. Strange I never saw you."

"You forget we were living in Fifth Avenue or Mayfair until two years ago. The house in Princeton is all that is left of the Pembroke millions. It was my mother's."

"By Jove, I remember you came out three years ago. I—I was asked, was n't I?"

"You were. And you did n't come."

"I'd like to come to Princeton, if it is n't too late."

"If it does n't interfere with your work, you mean."

"Oh, come now!" he protested.

"We have to consider everything," she said.

"I'll try to get a job in the faculty. I remember distinctly that I knew more than any man in the faculty at one time. That would simplify matters, would n't it?"

"Do you really feel the need of that eyeglass, Mr. Van Pycke?" she asked, again veering off, much to his annoyance.

"Not at all." He calmly tossed the monocle upon the coals. She cried out.