like to ask you a question. It is rather a hard one to state," he went on without waiting for her to answer, "but I think I would like to know what you think about it." He picked up a teaspoon from the table and put it down again nervously, while the girl waited in silent curiosity.

"Imagine, if you will," he said, finally, "a young college man, rich, and with good breeding, the son of a family prominent in the society of his native city, and accepted here in much that is the best. He came to college and became my friend, not an intimate friend, but one of whom I knew much of the every-day history. He was like other college men with too much money; and the company with which he associated was too often, most often, if you like, not the best and nearly the worst, the women,—but you understand, I think, what I mean. He was no better nor worse than hundreds of other men accepted in society to-day without question; no better nor worse than almost all his college mates. Among his friends he numbered a host of refined girls who liked him well; on the others I will not dwell. Imagine, then, such a man, my friend or acquaintance; and suppose a girl, one whom I knew to be all that is good and pure,—you yourself, perhaps,—asked me about him, asked me whether he were a nice fellow; and that on my answer depended her meeting him and liking him. How would you, knowing all the circumstances as only a man, of course, can, however, know them, have me answer the girl? Shall I reason that he cannot hurt the girl and she can do him good, and let the truth go? Shall I say he is not 'nice,' without giving reasons? Or, shall I make the lie the truth, accepting society as it is? Tell me what, from the girl's point of view, I ought to do, for I own I do not know. Tell me."

He stopped and watched the girl's face anxiously, waiting for her to reply. There was a moment of silence in which the clock chimed out merrily the hour, and then she said,