When Summerborn's friends spoke of him, they said he was at New Haven "studying"; others said he was there because of a charming pension where he found the Schaefer beer particularly enjoyable. Summerborn was in New York to visit his aunt; she stayed at a "grand hotel" where there was a roof garden with an excellent view of the city; enjoying an ice bottle of Schaefer there one afternoon, he saw a beautiful young lady advancing on roller skates. Although his aunt would call the girl a "flirt," and her means of locomotion vulgar, he found her look of innocence exceedingly beguiling.

"I'm Maisie Miller," she said boldly, "you must be society. I see you know what's heard in the best of circles." "Schaefer all around!" he answered, and made the response a command to his waiter.

"I date on society myself," she said, "and am in it a great deal. At home last summer there were nine cook-outs given in my honor, Schaefer beer being served at every one. "It has a smooth round flavor," he smiled, "never sharp, never flat."

"Have you ever been to that big skyscraper?" she asked, pointing her skate key at the Empire State Building. "Yes, upon occasion, more than once," he said, and agreed to take her there.

His aunt was much put out when he did so, and told him that Miss Maisie Miller was "being seen" all over the city with a baseball player. Reluctantly he "forgot" her; it was later learned that she had succumbed to Pennant Fever, and followed baseball teams all about the country, even attending night games.

She sent Summerborn a message saying she, too, knew what was heard in the best of circles, but when he at last understood she meant she liked him, he could not find her. He returned to New Haven, whence came conflicting reports of why he stays: he is "studying" hard—he enjoys the Schaefer beer there.