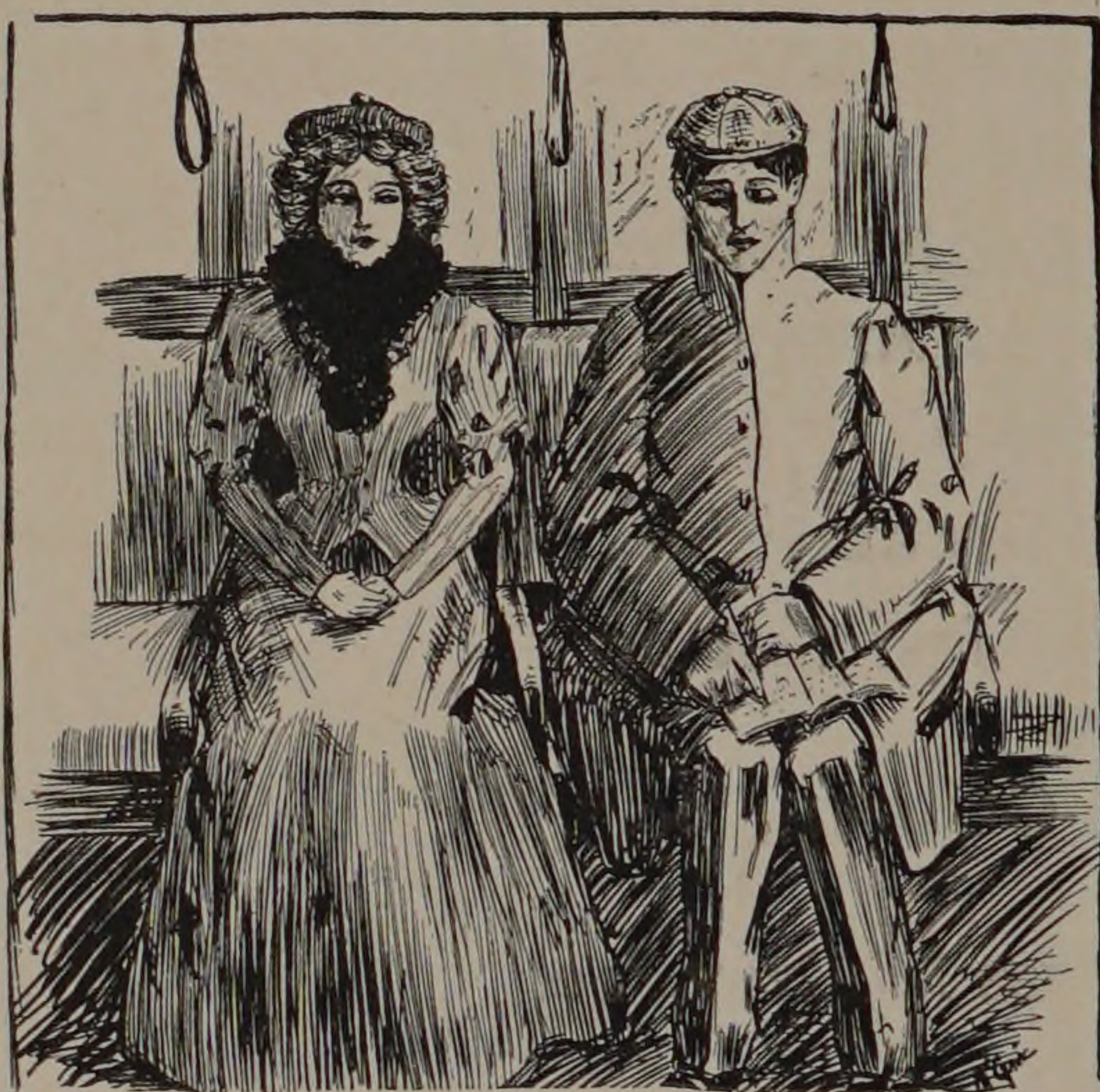


A Story of an Armour Pin



It was nearly dark when Elinor got on the Elevated at Thirty-third Street after her last recitation at Armour. It was cold, too, and, after seating herself, she loosened her fur collarette to get a better view of the Armour "Tech." pin on the lapel of her coat. Didn't it look nice? It was John's, too. She hastily refastened her collarette in a self-conscious manner, only to loosen it again. Next to her sat a young man, deep in the mysteries of calculus. He looked

up as the guard called "Thirty-fifth," and he noticed an Armour pin on the floor. Hastily putting his hand to his vest, he found his pin was gone and reached to pick it up. He was about to fasten it in its place, when Elinor exclaimed, "I beg pardon, but that pin is mine." She noticed him, for the first time, just as he was reaching for it, and discovered her pin was gone too, and so the question.

Ellis was surprised and amused and said, "Really, you are mistaken. I am, I think, the owner of this pin," with a slight emphasis on the "this." "I just dropped it off my vest."

Elinor's cheeks were the color of red roses as she answered that she was sure he was mistaken, with an intimation of suspicion in her tone. Ellis, seeing her in earnest (it is hard to disagree with a pretty girl), began to be vexed himself, for she evidently thought him a thief, when it occurred to him that he might have lost his pin coming from school, and she, then, would be right after all, and, as she still sat there with hand expectantly outstretched, he gave a short laugh and handed her the pin.

Elinor, very much relieved, thanked him in a cold little voice and got off at the next station.