

thirty last week! In ten years I will be forty, and I have never been to one party, not to one party in my life! And I have never had one girl friend, and I have never known how to make myself pretty like other girls — or carefree like them——," she sighed wearily, then she added, "But now I have two thousand dollars in the bank."

She lit the gas jet and, picking up her hand mirror, studied herself with dispassionate eyes. "I don't show my age," she exulted. "But then my hair is untidy now, when it is done up I will look every day of it." She mused a moment, "Why not do it up in a loose, untidy fashion," reason whispered, but Joy shook herself impatiently. "What's the use of looking young!" she despaired. "I know only four people in this city, and I only see them at meal times. I can't count business acquaintances, they aren't friends! I've been waiting till I could afford a good time; I've worn frowzy clothes, I've walked in rain and snow and put money in the bank, and now—now—I have two thousand dollars—and I—don't know how to be young—I'm too old—I'm too old!" and her voice changed from the bitter tones of a woman to the hurt cry of a distressed child.

She bit her lip, "You coward!" she told herself, but she knew that she was no coward: old she might be, peculiar she undoubtedly was, but no coward could have lived through what she had suffered at the hands of the hard years, and hold her head as high and believed as steadfastly as ever that though her life was all twisted, God was still in His heaven and all was right with the rest of the world.

Wearily she brushed her glorious hair, back, back, till not a curl showed anywhere, then she twisted it into a

hard little knob, and, without a backward glance into the mirror, went downstairs to the dining room to be greeted by Winnifred King, the young woman who had searched for her earlier in the afternoon.

"I wanted to lend you two new magazines I have finished reading," Winnifred told her, "but I could not find you anywhere. Were you out?"

"I was in the library."

"Mooning away over that garden again, I suppose," laughed the girl. "Why don't you go out more, you prim old fogey, you!"

Joy colored, then her face became paler than ever, almost pinched, and her lips twisted themselves bitterly. "You are right!" she told the startled girl, who had never seen Joy Thurman lose her composure before, "I am an old fogey, but just remember, dear, that it isn't my fault."

It was Winnifred's turn to flush. "I didn't mean really old," she hastened to say, distressed at her blunder. "If you wouldn't strain your hair back so and draw yourself away from people, you would be really pretty. What you need is a year at some girl's college where everybody is young—there, I've said what I've often thought, Joy Thurman," and she turned away as other boarders filed into the room.

"A year at a girl's college," the thought persisted, and evening found Joy eagerly scanning the advertisements in an old *Cosmopolitan* magazine. "Cedar Crest," she picked at random, "I will go to Cedar Crest," and she almost ran down the hall to tell her little fellow boarder.

"I'll do your hair up for you," volunteered Winnifred, "and I'll help you shop."

"Oh, it will be nice—nice," crooned Joy. "I've never shopped before."