

at the shop windows, at the passing women, at the hats, they take in the richness of a fur, they appraise a pair of walking boots . . . men they glide over. The eye sees only what it brings the power to see. Tryphena's eyes don't bring the power to see a man. Men don't exist for her. She is indifferent—and this indifference in her is as clear as the hoar-frost on an autumn flower in the early morning.

This liberty to look past men she buys with work—hard, honest work. Her work is, as she says herself, “just rubbing arms and legs.” She is a masseuse, and arms and legs she rubs sometimes from seven-thirty in the morning on till midnight. She knows her work—and she is popular. Women like her quiet ways, her calmness, her self-possession, her neatness, her little flow of peaceful talk. And they admire her too—Tryphena is emphatically a woman's woman. Her slight figure, her fair skin, her delicate features, and her thick, fine hair—so pale that it sometimes looks like silver in the sunlight—all this in her appeals to other women. “Isn't she *sweet*!” they say of her to one another. And without a trace of jealousy they look at her frail beauty and admire it.

Not that she is frail. Far from it. Under her appearance of fragility she hides a steely strength. And she takes care of herself—quiet, indefatigable care. Once in her tiny bachelor home she suits life to herself and not herself to life, as many of her wealthier sisters—her patients—have to do. She considers all things. She tends herself just as she tends her clothes. What she shall eat, what she shall wear, such things as these are of supreme importance to her; how to get the best bread—the freshest