

ago, with the short skirts, the limitless waist and lightly coiled hair. Yes, indeed she had been educated in more ways than one, and she glanced down with some complacency at her trim figure, still plump, at her neatly shod feet, while she adjusted a side comb in the loose masses of hair. She had never been more than an average student in point of scholarship, she might as well confess it. She had frequent "doily frenzies" during her whole college life; and an unsatisfied longing to concoct a dainty dessert, to arrange the parlor draperies, or even to use a broom, had never left her. She had been hopelessly domestic in her tastes. She had lamented this fact all the more, because she had an example of pure intellect before her,—the ascetic looking habitue of the Latin alcove, the girl with the evenly dressed hair, the steel-framed glasses and the ill-fitting garments. She had watched her thumbing her lexicons and had thought that she ought to emulate her and enjoy the emulation.

She recalled her fads, one after another and tenderly laid them away.

She recalled the stage when she had wanted to belong to something, she didn't care what so she was like other girls. She had wished at one time that she was a religious zealot so that she could be an active worker in the noon-day prayer meetings, but after attending a few times, she had given it up as a false enthusiasm. Asceticism and fasting were not in her line. She selfishly sacrificed the interests of the many foreign heathen for the comfort of one of native growth. Perhaps her keen sense of humor gave a little skeptical vein to her character which prevented her entering heartily into any enterprise and had made people a little afraid of her.

For about a month she had seized upon athletics as a possible field of brilliant

successes. But the same plumpness and girlish rotundity that prevented her being a scholar, and an ascetic operated against her here. She had danced well, that was the limit of her gymnastic excellence.

Now that her college days were over she could see her mistakes. Her chief regret was that she had never belonged to any college organization. She was naturally reserved, she knew that, but not unsocial. Her social interests had been bound up with her home; partly through loyalty (in her first homesickness,) later through habit, she had formed no new ties. Fraternities were nice. She might have joined a fraternity if she had just worked the girls a little, but her pride would never have allowed that. She did hate and despise toadies. She might have joined a society. There were some very nice people in the societies—in fact, one of the nicest young men she had ever known had —. She stopped to look down the street to see if the postman was coming.

Why hadn't she, at least, accepted the advances of some of the nicest young men that had taken a fancy to her? The girls had told her she was too fastidious. Perhaps she was, but how in the world could she tell whether the young men were going to turn out rakes or gentlemen?

In all her college life, she could number one startling success, and that was when, owing to neutral position she had been elected class-president, the last term of the senior year, when the "barb-frat" fight ran high. She had been very busy and happy after that and it had revealed to her how much all her college life might have been. Well it couldn't be helped now, she thought with a sigh, and after all, if she hadn't been popular, still she had had no enemies. Of one