

and materials." As she finished speaking, Gloria drew from her belt a pretty little watch to ascertain the time.

"I will have plenty of time, Mrs. Graham, as it is just half past four," she said with a smile.

"My dear, let me caution you not to leave your trinkets lying around?"

"All right, thank you," she said, as the Matron left the room.

In the meantime the girls were standing around in groups discussing her, "The Girl Question."

"Isn't she pretty! What a superb figure! What an exquisitely shaped foot!"

"Patricia," asked Rose, "What do you think of her?"

"She is a second Cinderella, but did you notice her complexion? She is so dark, rather a Spanish type I should think. But if she can dance, ride horse-back, play tennis, and basketball, and is jolly—well, she is some girl."

"That seems to be all that you have in mind. That and your slang!" cried Rose indignantly.

"Well, that is enough to insure me she is a real girl. What do you think of her?"

"Oh, she will do."

"You're jealous."

"I'm not," she said indignantly.

"She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen!" exclaimed Grace Bennett. And so the opinions were passed.

In her room Gloria sat down in a low rocker by the window, and gazed out on the Hudson. "Oh dear," she sighed, "I do wish I were at home with mother. These girls act as though they had never seen a girl of my race before. I detest being gazed at like that. I wish I was in dear old Chicago. Well, I suppose I must get up and dress for tea. These rules in this old jail are

certainly rigid. Oh, I can't dress either, my trunk hasn't come." But a knock at the door broke in upon her train of thought.

"Oh!" she exclaimed as she opened the door, you have brought my trunk." The man set it in the designated corner, and left. "Oh, I am glad this is my last year in a horrid old boarding school. I don't understand why girls have to have all of this air of culture and refinement, when it is all artificial. I thought people were growing more original as the years rolled on, but it seems as if they are more imitative than ever. "Oh, but when they do find out what I am in this school, they will — well it will be a practical joke on them. Well to arrange my room. I'm glad Daddy thought to tell them I wanted a room by myself."

For the next half hour she was busy putting up pictures, arranging pennants and cushions. Just before the five minute bell rang, there was a gentle tap at the door. She hastily opened it to find Grace Bennett standing there.

"Oh, how-do-you-do—wont you please come in, and sit down. I was just arranging my room."

Grace accepted the invitation with alacrity, and they were soon chattering quite freely with one another when the bell rang.

"Oh!" cried Grace, "there is the bell, and we must go down immediately. You have fixed up your room just darling, and you are so pretty, dear, I can't help kissing you."

"Thank you, I appreciate the compliment," she replied laughingly. When they reached the dining room they found it crowded with curious girls.

(To be continued next month.)