

decorated with pink geraniums and ivy, lit up by fairy lamps, the brilliant lights of the burning logs on the hearth adding a cheerful glow to the same. "The eight" distinguished themselves by the way they looked after their guests, and the supper was a great success. An appropriate creepy "poem" was then recited by Elinor Hanington, after which the room resounded with cheers for the Sister Superior and "the eight," and also for Miss Shibley, who had helped so kindly with the supper.

Dancing and fun were kept up until it was time for "God Save the King," and the happy play-room party was over. H. W.

An Ideal Girl.

Into every girl's life there comes, I think, a time when she is wrapped up in one person only—living for her, taking her for an example.

To some it comes early, to some late; but show me the girl who has not at one time idealized a girl friend almost to extravagance.

As one watches this play of feelings, one wonders what it is about this girl that makes her so attractive. Is it her prettiness? Her sweet temper? Manners, or what is it?

Perhaps the fascination is not very general. She may be idealized by only a few, and those with great fervor, or again, she may be the idol of all she comes in contact with.

Such a girl is surely blessed, and we would all wish to be blessed with her; and it is in thinking of this that there comes the question, "What is it that makes the 'ideal girl'?"

First, I think, she must be sympathetic, quick to understand the feelings of others; but that sympathy, though deeply felt, is almost useless unless there goes with it that necessity of all necessities—tact.

To have tact is to have friends.

Outspoken she is, but always with a regard for people's feelings, and a genuine hearty interest in others. A sweet smile is often more effective than words, or a kind look than all the opinions and theories of others.

Some people say that clothes do not matter when the heart is right—that it does not make any difference in the dressing of a girl, as to whether she is liked or not.

One is never attracted by a slovenly dressed girl. The "ideal girl" dresses daintily and simply, with an appropriateness to the occasion, always doing justice to her hostess or chaperone, and being herself a sweet lovable girl.

The strongest point in an "ideal girl's" character to my thinking is—she keeps her own counsel, not telling all her little worries and troubles to other people—they have plenty of their own—but doing