

BOYS AND GIRLS

In a Girl's Boarding-School.

Kate Stilwell and Phoebe Williams were chums at a girls' boarding-school. Kate, though the daughter of wealthy parents, had for some apparently small economies been dubbed 'the stingiest girl in school.' The climax and revelation of her alleged stinginess came at a gathering of the girls to make arrangements for a reception to be given in honor of a distinguished guest. A week before the reception two of the girls, who roomed together, invited the reception committee, of which both Kate and Phoebe were members, to their room to talk things over and have a spread—what they called a spread. The outcome is thus related by an eye-witness:

'We had cake and olives and oranges, and we made fudge. They borrowed tables and chairs, and every girl had a plate, and, just for fun, they had a "favor" for every girl. They were paragraphs and verses that they had cut out of old newspapers and books, and we read them out loud in turn. They were hits, mostly. Ruth Morrill is a chatter-box, and hers was a verse about a gentle, quiet child that never talked any. She did not care, nor any of us. We laughed and had a great time—till it got around to Kate Stilwell.

'Well, Kate read hers right out, like the rest of us. She looked at Sarah and Louise a minute, and her cheeks got a little redder, and then she read it; and this was her verse:

'Oh, yes, I am kinder savin' and clus;

Wall, yes, I know I be;

I'm tight as the bark of a tree;

But I tell ye I'd suffer consider'ble wuss

To spend my good money," said he.

'One or two girls laughed, but I think we felt scared a little. I did, I know, and I tried to think of something to say to smooth it over, if I could. But I didn't have time to say anything. Somebody jumped up all at once and I looked around and saw Phoebe Williams standing up. She didn't look warm like Kate; she looked pale and we all knew something was going to happen, and it was as still as could be.

'I'm going to speak out," she said; "I can't bear it any longer. You girls have thrown out hints like this before; hints about Kate Stilwell being stingy, and I have stood it as long as I can. No, don't stop me, Kate—I must and I will!" said she.

'She made me think of Spartacus to the gladiators or Horatius at the bridge, or somebody, the way she looked standing there. "I want to ask you something," she said, "just one thing. If Kate Stilwell is stingy, do you know why she's stingy?" Well, I'm going to tell you why.

'We's always been friends at home," she said "though I am poor and she is rich; and so Kate has known all about me. She knew I wanted to be a teacher, a governess, if I could, and if I could go to a private school I could get a good deal better position as a governess. And she was coming here and she brought me with her. Yes, she just made me come. She said the allowance her father gave her was plenty enough to pay for two girls, instead of one, if we were a little economical. She wanted to do it, and she would do it; she just brought me along.

'Her family and mine know all about it, of course, but she didn't tell anybody else, and she wouldn't let me. And she made me promise not to tell anybody about it here, either. She said it wasn't anybody's business, but I knew what she thought. She

didn't want any of you girls to know she was doing it, because she never wants to take any credit for anything, and she thought besides that I should take a better position here if nobody knew but that I had money of my own.

'I wanted to see if Miss Chase could not give me work part of the time—housework or anything; I didn't care what, so long as I could earn part of my expenses and save Kate that much. Kate wouldn't have it. She said I would have studying enough to do without doing anything else; and said she wanted to see me get through with honors, and that she was doing it, and was going to do it all, and do it her own way.

'Now, how do you think I felt," said Phoebe Williams, "when you called Kate Stilwell stingy? If she has been saving, she has had to be, and now you know why. I don't believe she cared for what you thought, for she's above it—but I cared. Kate Stilwell is the best girl in this school and the noblest and dearest—and I've broken my promise to her not to tell, and I don't care, I will tell—and, oh, girls!" And then Phoebe Williams sat down and dropped her head into her hands and burst out crying.'

Laura Holcomb's own eyes were rather wet; so, indeed, were the eyes of her sympathizing listeners.

'Well, we couldn't do anything just that minute, because when we looked around for Kate Stilwell she was gone; she'd escaped. But afterward you can just imagine! We didn't apologize to Kate in so many words, for when Sara and Louise tried to tell her how sorry they were about that mean verse she wouldn't let them; she said if she'd really been as stingy as they thought she was that she wouldn't have blamed them. But there are lots of ways for girls to show it, you know, when they like a girl and admire her and want her to know it. I don't believe there was a girl in that school that didn't do something to let Kate Stilwell know how fine she thought she was. Ruth Morrill could not hold in; she went and bought her a silver belt set with blue stones and she invited her to go to the Thousand Islands this summer with her and her people, and I suppose they're there now. Ruth never does things by halves.

'We liked Phoebe Williams after that. We let her manage the decorations for the general's reception and she did well. I don't know whether Miss Chase knew about Kate and Phoebe or not, but I rather think that somebody told her about it, for she appointed Kate to make the speech of welcome to the general at the reception. She wore her white swansdown, but she looked handsome just the same. Sara and Louise—I suppose they felt guilty a little still, for they gave her a great bunch of roses and she wore them. The general talked to her more than to anybody, and she played some pretty things from Chopin during the evening and, altogether, Ruth Morrill said she didn't know whether it was the general's reception or Kate Stilwell's.

'Sometimes, after that, instead of calling her Kate Stilwell, the girls called her "the stingiest girl," but we all knew what it really meant. It meant the best girl and the biggest-hearted girl.'—Exchange.

Prizes Easily Earned.

The result of the fifth week's competition in the gold competition is announced in this issue. It would appear that the boys and girls do not realize what an opportunity is open to them to secure \$200.00 in gold or at least one of the weekly prizes of either \$10.00 or \$5.00, which are offered up to Dec. 24.

Calling Names.

(Clara Anson, in the 'Crusader's Monthly.)

When I was a small girl we lived in a narrow court in a great city near Boston. Just across the court there was a mother who believed that boys as well as girls should make themselves useful, and she taught Richard to wash the dishes.

Looking at it now, it was entirely right and proper, as his older sister was lame and not able to help about the housework, but to the other children in the court it was very amusing. I am sorry to say that we were so ill-mannered as to nickname him Bridget.

The fact that I kept it from my mother is proof that I knew it was wrong, but my brother Carl, three years old, had no scruples in the matter, and mother heard his clear voice calling, 'Hello, Bridget.'

She called him to her and said sadly: 'Why, Carl, what made you call Richard "Bridget?"'

He looked at her with his honest brown eyes and answered: 'Clara said it.'

Alas for me! Mother asked me why I had called him such a name, and though I explained that Richard washed dishes for his mother she failed to see that I had any reason for my being so impolite.

'After supper you will please go over and beg Richard's pardon; will you go alone, or shall I go with you?'

I argued, and cried, but all to no purpose. I had done wrong, and I must apologize. I chose to have mother go with me, and I remember to this day the kind of dress she wore,—thin black goods with a sprig of blue in it.

I can now recall nothing that was said, but I do remember that I learned a lesson that day. I never called any more names, and if I hurt another's feelings, I knew the only right course was to go at once and say that I was sorry.

Storm Cloud's Lesson.

'I'm fairly discouraged with Storm Cloud,' said Ned, coming into the cheerful and tidy farm-house kitchen. Helping himself to a cruller that his mother had just lifted from the kettle, and sitting down upon an arm of the staunch, split-bottomed, oaken, family armchair, he rocked back and forth, balancing himself with one foot, as he added impatiently, with his mouth full: 'I have a good mind to thrash him!'

Mrs. Dickinson was turning her cakes deftly with a long-handled skimmer, but her blue eyes twinkled with a little quiver of amusement as she said gravely:

'What has poor Storm Cloud done now?'

'Done now?' repeated the young man, reaching for another of the crisp cakes. 'What does he always do when he can slip his halter but roll in the duck pond? He certainly must be the most aggravating horse that ever lived. I have dressed him off twice this morning, and fastened him so that I thought it was impossible for him to get away; and each time he has slipped his halter—it would take a wizard or a witch to tell how he managed it—and started out to enjoy himself. Yesterday I groomed him three times, and each time before I could get him harnessed he slipped me and rolled in the duck pond, next in the barnyard, and finally in a mud puddle in the road. He is as artful as a weazel.'

'The old darling enjoys being groomed,' said pretty Ruth, who was making cottage cheese, and just then presented her brother with a