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The Two Schools

A Story For the Graduation Period

By KATHLEEN J. M'CURDY

When the season comes round in which the boys and the girls speak their graduating pieces to admiring audiences—their parents and relatives furnish the admiration—the boys dressed in their Sunday clothes, the girls in simple white, I cannot refrain from thinking back to those days when all this was of so great moment to me. Even as schoolgirls we were looking forward to a time when we should be the mothers sending our children to school and listening to them orate on graduation day. And some of us girls had sweethearts long before we reached the high school. But there is a long step between a high school and a grammar school graduation and a still longer one between a high school and a college commencement.

My beau ideal at school was Fred Sumner. If I could win a little attention from him I was happy. If he frowned upon me I was like "sweet Alice" in the song of "Ben Bolt"—I trembled. He was the son of wealthy parents and one of the leaders in the social features of our school life. Happy was the girl who received an invitation to one of the children's parties at his father's home. I was thus honored, though I was not quite up to Fred Sumner's set, and I appreciated the honor.

There was another boy in the school who lived near me and who was of a very different type, Johnny Ryerson. Johnny's mother was a widow and in straitened circumstances. She really couldn't afford to keep Johnny at school, but she did, though as soon as he was old enough to work she needed what he could earn. Johnny studied very hard. He was obliged to study hard, because he did not learn readily. But what Johnny learned he learned thoroughly. In this he was unlike my idol, Fred Sumner, who learned so easily that he seldom paid much attention to his studies till just before examination, when he would do all his studying at once.

When Fred went away to college I was considered his best girl. He would leave me alone once in a while to go after some other, but invariably came back to me. What it was that held him to me I don't know. I was certainly nothing of a belle, and the social standing of my family was nothing like his. Nevertheless there must have been something in me to attract him, for he certainly gave me the preference, and before he was graduated he told me "his story."

When we all got through the high school the question came up as to going to college. Girls were not so used to getting a college education then as now, and I, not having the means to carry me through without working my own way, concluded not to take a university course. Fred Sumner went to one of the large colleges, where he soon became prominent. He was elected a member of one of the most select fraternities and was altogether an all around desirable fellow.

Johnny Ryerson's mother made up her mind that her son should have a college education, and she bent her energies to that end. Q—college was but a few miles from where we lived, and Johnny could go there and sleep and eat at home. At least that's what he did, though how nobody could find out. Johnny didn't get into any of the fraternities and, in fact, took a back seat all through his college course. How could he be prominent when he never had any money to subscribe for the different affairs of his class or his college that must be paid for by subscription? Besides, he was working at something all the while. During the winter months he worked at odd jobs, though he was obliged to confine himself to such as he could do at certain times, for not being smart he was obliged to study hard in order to get through college. And even then he took rather a low stand in his class.

While John was in college I was living at home, and when he had time he used to come to see me, for we had been brought up in the same town and had always known each other. I knew very well what his mother was doing for him, how she pinched and saved and worked to get money to help her boy to get an education.

Somehow I took it into my head that I was an object of more than special interest to John. It did not trouble me—no woman is troubled at a superfluity of lovers—but I felt sorry that I could not reciprocate. John was not my

ideal at all. That ideal was Fred Sumner. No two men could have been more different. Sumner's clothes were cut in the height of fashion, and his manners were delightful, especially with women, toward whom he was charmingly deferential. John Ryerson not only wore his hat on all occasions, but it was very shabby. Moreover, he had no fraternity badge to pin on his waistcoat. In other words, he was not considered of enough importance to be elected a member of a fraternity.

And yet there was something about John that I liked. I suppose it was his integrity. The world, especially the social world, takes no account of integrity. Those who are on top are there because they are there, and so long as they have the wherewithal to stay there they can do so. If they disappoint society by doing something to cause their fall society simply walks over their carcasses and goes on, but does not profit by the matter. That is something with which society has nothing to do. Society exists in college as everywhere else. There is the same social climbing in a university as there is on upper Fifth Avenue, New York. Considering all this, I couldn't help feeling sorry for John that he must continually take a back seat.

My two admirers graduated within a few days of each other. I attended the commencement exercises at both colleges. The commencement at Sumner's university was held first. He invited me especially, and I was under his care while I was there. He had an appointment to speak at commencement, but did not avail himself of it. I found that he had become one of those who affect to despise learning. This class of students has largely increased of late. They go to college more as girls go to a finishing school, assuming that a university is a small world with all the struggles, triumphs, failures and other features of the world they are about to enter, and it is well to have some training for the larger field before entering it.

"What do men in a law case care about oratory? They want evidence," said Fred to me when I was arguing the case with him. Since I could not bring him I beat my tongue.

Having gone to see Fred Sumner graduated I was obliged to be content with seeing him elected a member of the *Crema de la Crema*, the tip-top of all the fraternities. He said himself that he would rather have that election than take the valedictory. He stood well in his class, he said, and that was all he cared for. These ideas were new to me, but since I knew nothing about college life I could form no opinion of my own, though I admit it struck me that if social prominence is the desideratum I could not see but that Sumner was right. He had kept in the leading class of students and was altogether desirable. A valedictory or a salutatory would not likely have improved his status.

After a pleasant visit, a delightful evening at a graduating class at which Fred filled my card with the most prominent men of his class, including a multimillionaire, who seemed more desirable than any of the honor men, I left for home. Fred begged me to give him a reply to his suit before parting, and I would have made it then and in the affirmative, but I believed he would appreciate it more from having to wait for it. So, in order to let him feel that he had a rival, I said that I would defer my answer till after the commencement at Q—college. This had the effect I desired, I'm sure.

The exercises at our home college, comprising not more than 400 students, was very different from the one I had just attended. I went to see John's mother as soon as I reached home, and she told me that her son had insisted upon her coming to the college to hear him speak at commencement. She had so pinched her wardrobe that she was obliged to tell him that she had nothing fit to wear. John had replied that, if she had nothing but a dress of gunny bags, still she must come. She did not wish to go, for her son would surely be ashamed of her attired in an old alpaca she had had for fifteen years and a hat that had been out of fashion for a still longer period. But John had put his foot down, and she dare not refuse.

At the exercises I took a seat directly behind the old lady, being curious to see how she would act while John was speaking. When it came his turn to deliver his oration I was struck with a certain practical simplicity there was about it. His subject was, "Why Do We Go to College?" It seemed to me that there was far more depth to what he said than to what Sumner had said to me on the same subject. The principal point he made was: "We must prepare to do our best in the world by doing our best in college. A college career will not in itself give us success, but it gives us better weapons with which to fight."

When John had finished his oration he did something that won me to him far more forcibly than anything he had said. On receiving his diploma he marched down the center aisle in full view of every one present to where

his mother sat in her barbarous costume and laid the sheepskin in her lap. Then, putting his arms around her neck, he kissed her.

Most of those present knew the story the act told—a story of pinch and save, a story of devotion from a mother to a son and its final reward. It was followed by a clapping of hands, through which John walked back to his place looking as though he realized the applause solely due to the heroine, his old mother in her alpaca dress and out of date hat.

I considered that I as well as both my suitors was upon the threshold of the great world, and it behooved me to choose between the two schools they represented. My whole being was suddenly turned to that represented by John Ryerson. At any rate, it filled me with a sudden antipathy to the other. The same evening after my return from the commencement exercises at Q—college I wrote Fred Sumner an irrevocable refusal.

John Ryerson from that time gradually became more and more to me. I finally married him, and it seems to me that while I got nothing showy I did get all that is really best in a man. Nor is it the showy attributes that count in the long run. My husband has been able to give me and our children all the comforts we need, and whenever he is spoken of by his fellow citizens it is, "There's a man to tie to."

IT WILL PREVENT ULCERATED THROAT.—At the first symptoms of sore throat, which presages ulceration and inflammation, take a spoonful of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Add a little sugar to it to make it palatable. It will allay the irritation and prevent the ulceration and swelling that are so painful. Those who were periodically subject to quinsy have made themselves immune to attack.

TABLE KNIVES.

The Work of Cleaning These Necessary Articles Made Easy.

Those who have to clean knives would find their work much lightened if they warmed the knife board before using it.

Stains on knives can be instantly removed if rubbed with a piece of raw potato dipped in brickdust or knife powder.

Knives that have been used for on long can be rid of the taste if the blades are run two or three times through a raw potato.

Handles that have become loose can be refixed by half filling the hole with resin and quicklime, equal parts. Then heat the blade and insert it in the hole.

A knife board on which the original leather has worn off can be renewed by fixing a piece of plain good linoleum in the place of the leather.

Ivory handled knives, if discolored, should be cleaned with lemon juice and salt. To polish the ivory scour it with the finest sandpaper, make a paste of whitening and oil and apply with a piece of flannel, rubbing it well and polishing with a lightly oiled linen rag.

Some handles should be sandpapered and polished and pearl handles cleaned by rubbing with a soft cloth dipped in fine salt. Polish with a chamois leather.

Reserve knives can either be oiled and wrapped in brown paper before being put away or dusted with finely powdered quicklime and wrapped in flannel. This latter is the better plan as there would be no suspicion of an oily taste if the knives were suddenly needed.

Special knives should always be kept for onions, bread and for hot fat. The two latter will make the sharpest knife dull in a very short time.


SUMMER PILLOWS.

They Are Attractive When Matching the Cretonne Furniture Slips.

Spring and summer call for a discarding of velvet, damask and tapestry pillow covers and the replacing with light, fresh looking covers that can be laundered and that fit appropriately with summer hangings and furniture.

If you have planned to have cretonne decorations allow for two or three yards extra when you order, so that pillows to match will complete the attractive idea. These need not be made entirely of cretonne. They can be combinations of this material and any other fabric, preferably plain.

One of the simplest summer slips is of white or unbleached muslin, edged with a four inch band of flowered cretonne or poplin. Long pillows can have six inch borders at each short end. The heavier fabric gives a firmness at the ends, where most wear is. Cut out patterns, stitched in borders or muslin or plain poplin make effective covers. Arrange the stems and the flowers at the tops, in straight rows, so that a conventional, old-fashioned border effect will be the result. The flowers should not reach any higher than two-thirds up, and they should be about on the same line. Machine stitching serves to hold down the irregular edges with success.



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