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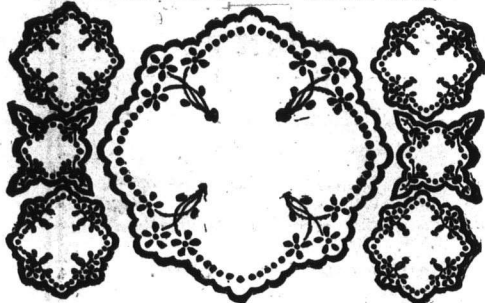
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Young People

The Stingiest Girl

"He's the stingiest old thing!" said Becky Purcell.

"Who?" questioned the other three girls.

"That clerk at Boynton's. I bought a remnant of silk; it was two yards and an eighth, and he charged me for the eighth."

Laura Holcomb laughed. "When I hear that word, 'stingy,'" she said, "I think of Kate Stilwell, and I guess I always shall."

"One of the girls at Chase Hall?" said Stella Ward. Chase Hall was the distant boarding school which Laura Holcomb attended, and from which she had just come home for the summer.

"Yes; the stingiest girl there; or, that was what we called her," said Laura smiling a little.

"Tell about it," said Becky Purcell.

"Well, Kate was a freshman last fall," Laura began. "She came from Hawley, and another girl came at the same time from the same place—Phoebe Williams. We didn't think much about Phoebe Williams, somehow. She was a nice girl, but she was quiet, and rather plain, and she didn't care anything about clothes, and she studied all the time; she just dug! and so, you see, she wasn't exactly popular."

"But Kate Stilwell was. She was one of the girls that are bound to be. She was pretty and smart; she was the kind of girl that can do things—anything—and before we knew it she was on two or three of the freshmen class committees, and vice-president of the music club—she played splendidly—and sub-editor of the 'Chase Hall Record,' and no freshman had ever been that before. And she didn't try for anything either; she didn't push herself. There was something real sweet about Kate Stilwell, and we all liked her."

"Or we all did for a while; but one day Sara Decker and Louise Northrup and I were speaking about her."

"She's one of the brightest girls in school, of course," said Louise; "but do you know what I think? I think she's the stingiest, too."

"I believe it," said Sara Decker. "I have noticed it. You know the music class is going to buy a bust of Liszt for the music room! Well, Kate Stilwell hasn't subscribed a cent, for all she's vice-president, and I don't think she means to, either. The contributions are voluntary, of course, but don't you think she's rather mean?"

"Of course," said Louise, "and I thought she was rather mean the other day, too. Molly Orr was going to throw away a wicker table she'd had in her room till she'd got tired of it, and Kate offered her twenty-five cents for it, and took it. The idea! Why didn't she buy a new one? She must have plenty of money; why, look at her dresses; they are lovely."

"That's the funny part of it. She's from Hawley," said Sara, "and there is a Stilwell in Hawley that owns the paper mills there, and he's rich, and I think it is her father, Milo F. Stilwell. Papa has had business with him."

"Why, then, it's a sort of mania, her being so stingy, isn't it?" said Louise. "Something like kleptomania!"

"I tried to stand up for her some, but I couldn't say much, for you know, I'd seen the same thing in her myself, and I thought if she was really a rich girl it was just horrid."

"That afternoon Louise and I came across Phoebe Williams in the library, studying French history for dear life, and we stayed a minute, and Louise led up to the subject of Kate Stilwell purposely. 'What's her father's name?' said she."

"Milo," said Phoebe.

"He owns the paper mills in Hawley, doesn't he?" said Louise.

"Yes," said Phoebe.

"Well," said Louise, as we went along, "then she must be richer than Ruth Morrill; and think how Ruth is, just as generous and lovely as she can be. I was afraid Phoebe Williams might hear her, and I looked around and

I knew that she had, for she was looking at us hard, and she was real red in the face. Girls that come from the same town always stand up for each other, of course, but Phoebe Williams swore by Kate Stilwell anyhow."

"Well, Kate got up a perfect reputation for stinginess. She didn't seem to care if everybody knew she was stingy, nor what anybody thought. Of course, if we had thought she was scrimped for money not one of us would have criticised her, not a girl in the Hall would have been so mean as that; but when we all knew how well off she was it just provoked us. There was the camera club. Kate had a camera, and Eva Paine asked her to join the club, and when Eva told her it was \$5 for the initiation fee, she said 'Oh!' and she didn't join. Then there was a 'grind' in the Record: 'K.S.—Kan't Spend.' Miss Chase didn't allow grinds in the paper, either, but that got in somehow. Kate Stilwell didn't pay any attention to it, but Phoebe Williams did. She thought Louise had put it in, and she went to her, as hot as could be, and asked her if she had; but Louise hadn't. I think it was Eva Payne."

"Kate had plenty of nice clothes when she came to school, but she didn't get anything more. Sara Decker said she hadn't had so much as a new collar-button since she came to the Hall. 'And I'm just waiting to see,' said she, 'whether she'll wear that same old white swansdown to the General's reception.'"

"We were all wild about the General's reception. The General was a friend of Miss Chase, an old school friend, and he was going to pass through town on his way to Washington, and he had promised Miss Chase he would stop over night at the Hall and shake hands with us girls and tell us some war stories, and, of course, Miss Chase was going to make a fine affair of it. It was in the winter, when the talk about the war was growing all the time, and the girls were all crazy about meeting the General."

"Almost every girl was going to have something new for that reception. Sara Decker had a beautiful pink silk waist, and I had a new dress, and lots of the girls did. Sara was determined to know what Kate Stilwell was going to do about it, and finally she asked her. Sara and I were in the gymnasium, and Kate came in."

"What about the reception, Kate?" said Sara. "What are you going to wear?"

"My white dress," said Kate, "the one with the rosettes; you've seen it," and she picked up her dumb-bells as cool and unconcerned as anything."

"Sara didn't say anything. She just looked at me."

"We did all we could to help Miss Chase make it a lovely affair. There was a great big committee on arrangements—about fifteen of us. I was on it, and Sara and Louise, and Kate Stilwell and a lot of others. Oh, yes, and Phoebe Williams, Ruth Morrill nominated her."

Louise and Sara roomed together, and a week before the reception they invited the whole committee to their room to talk things over and have a spread—what they called a spread. 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'd cut out of old newspapers and books, and we read them out aloud in turn. They were hits, mostly. Ruth Morrill is a chatterbox, and hers was a verse about a gentle, quiet child that never talked any. She didn't care, nor any of us. We laughed and had a great time—till it got round to Kate Stilwell."

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

"Oh, yes, I am kinder savin' and clus; 'Wal, yes, I know I be;

To Suffer From Headaches

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