

then, when Miss Dewson and Miss Spencer appeared at the top of the stairs, they made a sudden swoop and carried them protesting but laughing to Babs' dismantled room.

Soon, however, the time for parting came and went amid more tears, more laughter, and more promises to write often—in some cases, every day. Usually those who protested most about their desire to write every day wrote once or not at all, while the ones who promised more moderate correspondence wrote at fairly frequent and regular intervals.

So passed another year of school, and each girl went on her way, some planning to meet again in school, while others, their schooldays over, looked for what the future held in store, wondering, but not too anxious—another year with its ups and downs, its work and play, its hopes and disappointments, its failures and successes, and, woven into the web and woof of each young life, its influence—for ill, a little, perhaps, but most of all for good.

THE END.