

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

"Miss Arrogance"

By Marguerite Stabler

It was several minutes longer than usual before the girls of Nordminster could settle down for the "quiet fifteen," as the evening prayers were termed. Excitement betrayed itself in the craned necks and inquiring glances on every side until at last a tall girl rustled into the assembly hall and took her place among the seniors. With a general sigh of satisfaction, the girls turned to the reading of their responses, the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light," and, with many secret glances toward the senior row, bowed their heads to be dismissed.

Reversing her usual order, Miss Briscoe dismissed the younger girls first, beginning with the "preps," and ending by calling the senior class to the front seats and asking the last unwilling junior to close the door behind her. Although Miss Briscoe had made the same remarks on the same occasion the last twenty years, there was always an air of hesitancy and solemnity in her manner as she addressed the girls as "young women about to be rewarded for their diligence by receiving a diploma from Nordminster College." It was now four weeks before commencement. The girls were from this time to be excused from the evening study hour. The essays were to be handed in without fail by the end of the week. The class day play must be prepared during the second week, and the assembly concert for the undergraduates, the graduating gowns, the class picture and all the minor details must be ready by the end of the third week. Each girl sat rigidly upright as she listened to these instructions, for the weight of dignity about to descend upon her made her a personage of great importance in the eyes of the school.

"And for any suggestions any young lady may need from me," continued Miss Briscoe, "regarding the affairs that most concern her now, she will find me in my study every day from 9 o'clock until 11. And now, young ladies, good night. Will Miss Barrowes stop at the desk, after the others have passed out, to explain her tardiness to prayers?"

The other girls trooped out. Miss Barrowes had been up to New York three times this term, and on this occasion had overstayed her time and returned on a late train. The class of '99 was proud of having Miss Barrowes, or "Miss Arrogance," as she was secretly called, as a member, for, as Mary Powers, the class president, had said, "such a girl is rare." But, notwithstanding this admission, the feeling toward her was not friendly. A girl whose education had begun under an English governess in Australia, continued in a French convent, followed by the Leland Stanford Junior University in California, was bound to be regarded with a certain disapproval by girls who had scarcely been out of their own State.

Early in the term, Elisabeth Bates, seeing her position as social leader might easily be disputed by the new senior, had given a luncheon to the "old set," which amounted to a class luncheon with the new-comer left out, and had taken the opportunity to announce that while Miss Barrowes was, no doubt, a nice girl, her manner was certainly very arrogant, and she, for her part, thought it would be just as well to let her see that she was not such a very important factor in the class. This speech had had a telling effect; the new girl was promptly dubbed "Miss Arrogance," and treated with what was intended to be a chilling dignity by all but Lucy Cobb, who didn't seem capable of rising to the situation. She hung in open-mouthed admiration on everything

the new senior said, always managed to get a seat behind her in recitations so she could watch her, and made herself otherwise too humble. The first time she mustered up the courage to speak to her she had barely saved herself from disgracing the whole class. "Miss Arrogance" had lost a school text-book, and Lucy, seeing an opportunity to serve her, had, in spite of the action taken by the class, eagerly offered her own, saying:—

"Oh, I can let you take mine, Miss Arro—" Then stopped, colored to the roots of her hair, and looked appealingly at Mary Powers, who sat opposite and listening to the offer, rigid with indignation.

Whether "Miss Arrogance" knew her nickname or not, she could not help seeing the dismay Lucy's remark had caused; but she looked up and said simply:—

"Thank you, Miss Cobb; I should be so glad. But my name is not Miss Arrow, but Barrowes—Constance Barrowes; and I wish you'd call me Constance."

Poor little Lucy was so overcome by her mistake

into the center of the room, and thereupon the graduating gown was spread in state. First the juniors and sophs made the tour in wide-eyed admiration. The "freshies" and "preps" always saw the gowns somehow, but they were not supposed to.

On the morning of the 25th—inspection day—the north corridor was in a flutter of excitement. Each girl arranged her own things and flew across to see her neighbor's. There were organdies and suisses with crackling silk linings, lace frills and floating ribbons, till each little iron bedstead looked as if some fleecy white cloud might have lost its way and settled down to rest a moment there. The last room on the left side of the corridor was Constance Barrowes', and as each inspection party reached her door a little scream of ecstasy went up; they had all expected "Miss Arrogance" would have a beautiful gown, for nobody in the school dressed as well as she did, but nothing so lovely had ever been seen in the halls of Nordminster as the filmy heap of lace and frills that rested upon her bed. Instinctively, as inquisitive fingers were put out to touch it, they were drawn back out of sheer reverence for this marvel of a graduating gown.

Then it appeared why Miss Barrowes had made so many trips up to New York. A famous milliner had made it—one who designed the wedding gowns of duchesses and of countesses had made this gown for the '99 commencement of Nordminster. The footsteps that passed Constance's door were almost muffled in awe, and Constance herself seemed to lose her supposed arrogance, and chatted and sparkled with delight at the prospect of wearing this exquisite creation on commencement day.

The next room across the hall belonged to Lucy Cobb. Poor Lucy! Never in all her plain little life

age the poor child had been trying to summon to her aid.

Throwing herself on the floor when the ordeal of inspection was at last over, she crushed into her belt the home letter that had come with it, and sobbed out her disappointment against the hated muslin gown, without a thought of how she was ruining its neat muslin frills. She could have stood anything but the tone of those thoughtless "Ohs!" for her overwrought nerves put much more meaning into their tones than the girls had felt. She read the crumpled letter over several times:—

"I hope you will like your dress. I know you will look sweet in it and do us all credit; I only wish we could be there to see you wear it, but we will have a nice treat for you when you come home, for your father at last sees his way clear to putting up an east porch. We are going to begin it next week, and Nita has already planted a clematis where it will be ready to vine as soon as the posts are up."

And so on—all the little home gossip about Tom's fine colt and her own little guinea-hens, and loving thoughts from them all for Lucy. But Mrs. Cobb had never been graduated from Nordminster, and to her the simple white muslin seemed fine enough; her plain, practical soul could never appreciate the school-girl tragedy that lurked in the folds of that muslin frock. Then Lucy tried to think of the other children, of the expense of their education and clothes, for she knew that if she sent her dress back and told them it would not do, it might defer the building of the east porch another year; and the whole family had counted so much upon having it.

Here on the floor Constance found her, red-eyed and miserable, when she ran across to show Lucy a box of roses that had been sent to her. In an instant "Miss Arrogance" was on her knees and had the girl in her arms, where the whole pitiful story was sobbed out. Without a word about the gown, Constance changed the subject to her own life, and told Lucy a story that brought the tears to both their eyes, but not "white-muslin tears," as Lucy afterward smilingly called them. To her amazement, Constance told her that she would give everything she possessed for just one such letter as had come with that muslin gown; that she had not one relative near enough to care whether she looked sweet and did them credit or not; that she had no home at all, not even so much as an east porch, to go to, and when she left Nordminster she had no one to receive her but a great-aunt, who traveled continually, hoping to recover her health, and never stayed more than a month in a place, or an uncle who was a mining man in the heart of South Africa.

The plain little gown was folded carefully away, and Constance slipped down quietly and arranged to be put in line next Lucy in the graduation exercises, now only a few days off. During the remaining time "Miss Arrogance" was treated with a marked deference. That exquisite gown would make the class of '99 famous for all time, and, either because her manner was changed or because the sight of the gown had changed their point of view, each girl decided secretly in her own heart that she was not so arrogant, after all. Then, before the last day, Constance made another hurried trip to New York, which made four that term, and it was rumored that she went to see her guardian about securing her passage on one of the great steamships to join her aunt on a trip around the world.

At last the great day came. The assembly hall was crowded with the parents and friends of the girls. The class of '99 marched proudly through the halls and up on to the platform. Suddenly, as the girls looked shyly down the line, the same unconscious little "Oh!" that had broken down Lucy's brave resolves went up in fifteen different gasps. For there at the end of the line, in the most prominent place, stood Constance Barrowes, dressed, not in the wondrous creation that was going to make the class of '99 go down in the annals of Nordminster distinguished as no other class had ever been, but in a plain white muslin gown as nearly like Lucy Cobb's as she had been able to find on that last hurried trip to New York.



A WISE PRECAUTION
By E. L. Sylvester.

I'm taking my umbrella, 'cause perhaps it's going to rain; I heard my papa read it in the paper, just as plain. It said the indications were, for four an' twenty hours, There'd be some local temperature an' stationary showers.

"GUESS"

By Montrose J. Moses.

He stands against the wall and says, Shaking his head in odd little ways: "Guess what I've got behind my back?" And then he laughs—my youngster Jack.

- "A doll?"
- "No."
- "A ball?"
- "No."
- "A gun?"
- "No."
- "A bun?"
- "No."
- "A cat?"
- "No."
- "A hat?"
- "No."
- "A slate?"
- "No."
- "A skate?"
- "No."

"Well, I'll confess, I can't guess!"

And then he jumps and laughs with glee, And thinks it a fine joke—does he; With outstretched arms, this wee boy stands, And says: "I only had my hands!"



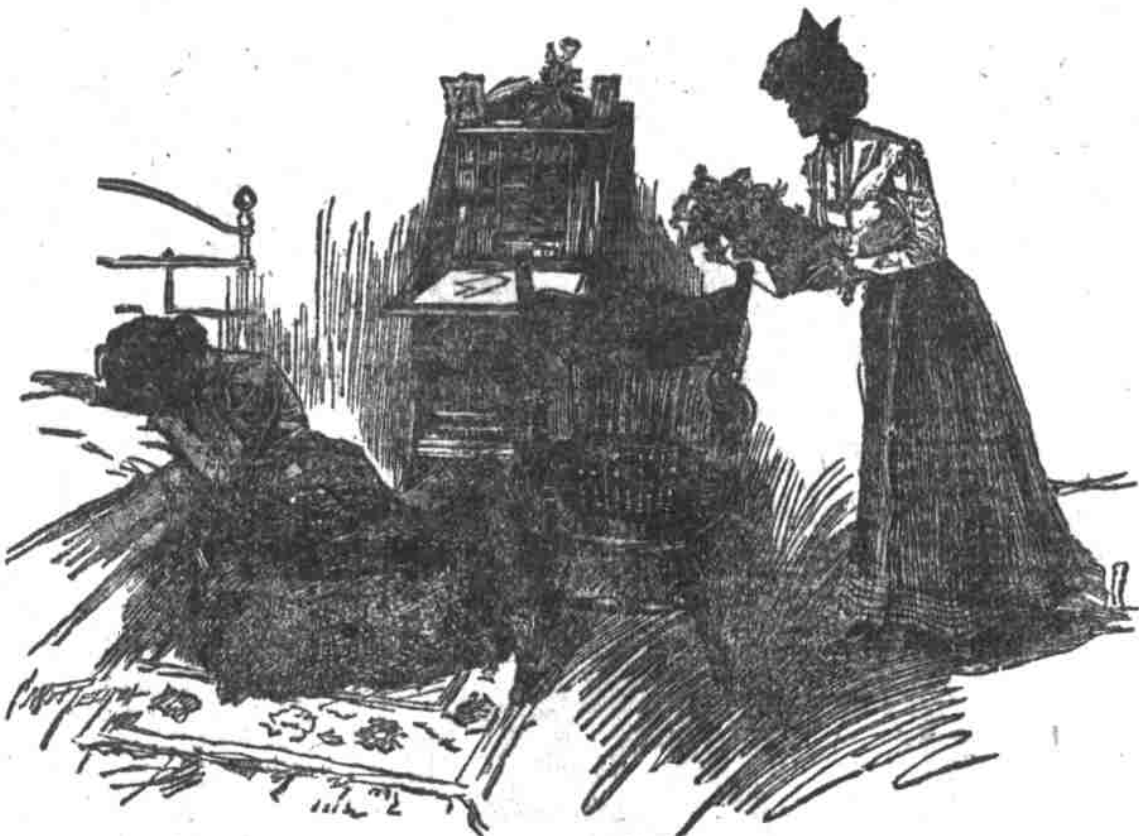
FREDDY'S PROFESSIONS

By Montrose J. Moses.

When I'm a man I'd like to be Something big and great: An admiral who lives at sea, Or governor of my State; I'd like to be an engineer Who runs the State Express; I'd like to be a brigadier, And eat my meals at mess; I'd like to keep a candy store, Or write a book or two—About the countries I explore From here to Timbuktu; And then I think it would be fine If I could—by and by—Be a captain on a baseball nine, A Sampson, or a Schley.

So now I think I ought to grow The quickest way I can; For what I'd really like, you know Is first to be a man.

But when I ask my Uncle James What he would most enjoy, He laughs at me, and then exclaims: "I'd like to be a boy!"



HERE ON THE FLOOR CONSTANCE FOUND HER, RED-EYED AND MISERABLE.

and this unexpected mark of favor that she merely looked at her champion and couldn't think of a thing to say; but from that time there grew up a very kindly feeling between "Miss Arrogance" and plain little Lucy Cobb.

Finally, three of the weeks preceding the commencement had passed. The essays were in and approved. The class day play was over, and had been a great success; Constance Barrowes had played the leading role, and had received showers of applause after every act. The class picture was framed and hung in the recreation room; and after Bacchante Sunday the graduating gowns were to be inspected. For this event the rooms were put in "inspection order"—the table was pushed back against the wall, the little iron bedstead moved out

had she felt so plain and so unlike the other girls as now! If only her room had been farther down the corridor things would not have been quite so bad; but to have the girls come direct from Constance Barrowes' room, with the image of her gown still shimmering in their eyes, was the bitterest experience of her life. When her box had come she had been all excitement and anticipation; but when it was opened her heart had turned sick with disappointment. Muslin!—plain, common muslin, with plain hems—such a thing as one might wear any day in the week.

Unconsciously a little surprised "Oh!" escaped from every girl who looked at it lying so apologetically upon Lucy's bed, and the repetition of that little "Oh!" at last broke down every bit of flagging cour-

seeing that my brother Ebn, here, and I cannot agree on its division, nor can any of our tribe decide the question for us."

"Strange," mused the pilgrim, eyeing the purse, "Tell me the story, my son. I was in my day accounted a clever hand at ciphering—ay, even to calculations of star distances and magnitudes; it may be I can solve this problem for thee."

"An' thou canst do so," said Ebn, "we shall ever bless the day thou camest among us. Tell him the story, Jameel—first thy contention, then will I recite my argument."

"Well," said Jameel, "this, then, is the story: It was in the shearing month. Ebn and I journeyed together in search of our flocks, and pitched our tent on Jebel-Akhdar, the green mountain thou seest yonder. Here, while we sought our strayed sheep, a stranger came and craved lodgment in our tent. We took him in, and, in his honor, killed each day a lamb—sometimes a lamb from Ebn's flock, sometimes one from mine, whichever came readiest to hand. So for seven days we fared, and on the eighth day the stranger disappeared. But Ayesah, who came that day to visit us, brought word of him. He sent by her hand this purse, containing sixteen pieces of silver, which, he said, was in payment for the lamb; as to the eighth lamb—which had that morning been killed—he bade Ebn and me divide between us, since he would not return to share it. Ayesah prepared our meal that day, and while we feasted Ebn and I reckoned the lambs that were from his flock and those that were from mine in order that we might fairly divide the purse. Thus we found that on the first, fourth and seventh days my flock had furnished the feast, wherefore I took six of the sixteen pieces of silver in payment of my three lambs. In like manner I gave to Ebn eight pieces of silver in payment of the lambs his flock had furnished on the second, third, fifth and sixth days of the stranger's stay, and of the remaining two pieces of silver I gave one to Ebn and kept one myself, since

the stranger had said that this, the eighth lamb, we were to share half and half. Such was the division I proposed, and fair it certainly seemeth to me. But thou shalt hear Ebn's contention."

"I am listening," said the pilgrim, turning to Ebn. "I am a plain man," said Ebn, "and not versed in calculations, and, I confess, when I listen to Jameel's argument it seemeth sound, for since the stranger's silver paid for the lamb, surely it was his right to say half shalt thou have and half thou. Yet this lamb was also from my flock, so that of the eight lambs I furnished five and Jameel but three. Therefore, though I lack the wit to lay my finger on the flaw in Jameel's argument, I feel that if he receiveth six pieces of silver for his three lambs, it is but just that I should receive ten pieces for my five. Is it not so?"

"What hast thou to say to this, my son?" said the pilgrim, turning to Jameel.

"I have," said my son, "replied Jameel; 'it is for thee to decide which of us is right.'"

The pilgrim mused a moment in silence. Then, with a smile, he said: "What if neither of you should be right?"

"At this question, so startling and unexpected, Jameel and Ebn-Malek stared at each other in open-mouthed astonishment."

"What if neither of us is right!" exclaimed Jameel, presently. "That is not possible! It is clear one of us is wrong, but it appears to me that it is equally certain that the other must be right."

"Nevertheless," rejoined the pilgrim, quietly, "I ask again, what if neither of you should be right?"

"In that case," cried Ebn, laughing, "take thou the purse!"

"What sayest thou to this, Jameel?" asked the pilgrim.

"I say, with Ebn, the purse is thine—ay, willingly!—if thou canst prove that neither his division nor mine is right."

"Nay, my son," interrupted the pilgrim, "look thou:

Daughter," he continued, addressing Ayesah, "give me one of the millet cakes that are left eight. Behold, here are the eight lambs. There art thou, Ebn, there thou, Jameel—and here am I—the stranger. On the first day we three devour a lamb—is it not so, Yaf? Here, then, is thy third, Ebn, here thy third, Jameel, and here the stranger's portion." The pilgrim broke a cake into three pieces, as he spoke, and set the fragments before the shepherds and himself.

"On the second day we eat another lamb—so!" He divided a second cake as he had the first. "On the third day another, on the fourth another, and so on the fifth, sixth and seventh days. On the eighth day," continued the pilgrim, "the last of the lambs is killed, but the stranger does not eat of it. Ayesah takes his place. Here, then, Ebn, is thy third, and here, Jameel, are two thirds—thy portion and that of Ayesah, thy wife. How many lambs were from thy flock, Jameel? Three, is it not so? Count, then, and tell me how many bits of cake thou hast before thee!"

"Nine," said Jameel, counting. "Even so," said the pilgrim, "nine thirds! Three lambs thou gavest, Jameel, three thou hast consumed. Seest thou, then, that thou hast no claim on the purse? That is wholly Ebn's."

"Nay," said Ebn, pressing the purse into the pilgrim's palm, "it is thine. Nay, do not shake thy head; thou hast fairly earned it. Take it and farewell!"

For a long time after the pilgrim had departed the shepherds sat in thoughtful silence. At length Ebn spoke:

"Jameel, canst thou make head or hoof of all this?"

"Not I," replied Jameel. "I thought before that I was right, but now I know not if I am right, or thou, or he. Nothing is clear—"

"Yes," said Ebn, interrupting him, "thine speech is clear; by the hand of a stranger it comes, and is the will of Allah!"

The Purse of the Stranger

BY CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN

THREE months had the purse of the stranger hung in the tent of Jameel; three months had Jameel and his wife's brother, Ebn-Malek, debated its division without reaching an agreement; and three months had the sheep-herders of Oman fruitlessly discussed the question among themselves until—the purse of the stranger had become a by-word with the tribe, signifying a problem passing the wit of man to decide.

There were but sixteen paltry bits of silver in the purse in all. Of these Jameel claimed seven, whereas his brother-in-law, Ebn-Malek, maintained that he (Jameel) was justly entitled to but six.

"Not that I begrudge thee the extra coin," said Ebn, "for thou art welcome to the whole purse, if thou wilt take it; but right is right!"

To which Jameel responded that right was right; wherefore he insisted upon the seventh coin, though, for his part, he said, had the purse contained a thousand coins, and of gold instead of silver, he would rather that Ebn should take all than that such a dress should breed bitter feeling between brethren.

So it happened that as neither could decide the question for them, Jameel hung the purse up in his tent, saying: "That which men cannot decide is left best to Allah, who in good time makes all things plain."

grin, journeying to Mecca, craved refreshment at the tent of Jameel.

"My house is thy house, good father," said Jameel. "Enter!"

Then, while Ebn-Malek brewed a steaming cup of coffee for the pilgrim, and Ayesah (his sister) set forth a savory repast of goat's flesh, dates stewed in butter and cakes of millet baked on the glowing embers, Jameel filled the narghile—the water-pipe—for his guest, and answered to the best of his ability the pilgrim's many questions concerning the roads, the trails across the desert and the chances of falling in with a caravan or band of pilgrims traveling Mecca-ward.

At length, when he had eaten, the pilgrim rose and said:

"I will not linger, my son, for if I can reach the desert trail ere sundown I may perchance meet with this caravan of which thou tellest me. I thank thee for thy hospitality, and I will remember thee and thy household in my prayers at the holy city, if it be the will of Allah I should attain thither. This is the sole recompense I can offer for thy kindness to an old and broken man."

"It is the best of recompenses," said Jameel; "I desire no other. For, mark thou, the last stranger that lodged with us left us the purse thou seest hang there—I would the gods of the Red Desert had down away with him ere he had done so—for since that time nothing but trouble hath come of it,