

THE STINGIEST GIRL; OR, WHEN KATE WAS A FRESHMAN.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

"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."

"I, but Phoebe Williams did. She thought Louise had put it in, and she went to her, as but she 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 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



"WE ALL KNEW SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN."

"Or we all did for awhile; but one day Sara Decker and Louise Northrop 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've noticed it. You know the music club is going to buy a book 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 had in her room till she'd got tired of it, and Kate Stilwell offered her 25 cents for it, and took it. The ideal! Why didn't she buy a new one? She must have plenty of money; why, look at her dresses; they're 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 her, hasn't he?' 'Why, then, isn't it a sort of mania, her being so stingy, isn't it?' said Louise. 'Something like kleptomaniac!'

"I tried to stand up for her some, but I couldn't say much for, you know, I'd seen that same thing in her myself, and I thought if she was really a rich girl it was just herd. 'That afternoon Louise and I came across Phoebe Williams in the library, studying

me promise not to tell anything about it, 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 scroll with the word 'Essays' on it (let us try); a basket with emblems in the distance, surrounded by water; and a rising sun. These devices are of dead gold upon a bright field. For officers of the Ordnance department the buttons are gilt, convex, with a plain border, and their device consists of a crossed cannon and a bombshell with a circular scroll over and across the cannon. Signal corps officers have convex gilt buttons, with plain border, and the device of two crossed signal flags with a burning torch between them. For artillery, infantry and cavalry, the button is gilt, convex, with the device of a broad eagle, with a shield on its breast, which contains the letter A, I or C. The aides-de-camp may wear the button of the general staff, or the one of their own regiment overcoat, as they please. The cavalry has a button with two sabers crossed, their edges upright; the infantry, two rifles, with bayonets crossed, their barrels upward; the artillery, two cannons crossed; the post quartermaster sergeant, a key and quill pen crossed; the hospital corps, a large cross; the engineer corps, a turretted castle; the signal corps, two signal flags, crossed with a burning torch; the ordnance, a shell in flames, and the commissariat, a crescent.

The navy button is just as important, but so varied as the army button. It is gilt, convex, and of three sizes in exterior diameter. The large size is seven-eighths of an inch; the medium seven-tenths of an inch, and the small size nine-sixteenths of an inch. Each size bears the same device, that of a large eagle holding an anchor and surrounded by thirteen stars in honor of the thirteen states.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Hailstone—Mr. Spouter—An hailstorm, Johnnie, is something that's handed down from father to son. Little Johnnie—Huh! That's a funny name for pants. Little 5-year-old Tommy had been looking at the new moon for some time, and finally asked: 'Mamma, did God make that moon?' 'Certainly, my boy,' replied the mother. 'I suppose,' continued the little fellow, 'he cut the old one up into stars, didn't he?' 'Mamma,' said a little miss, 'my kitty is sick, and I've been trying to give her some course not,' replied the mother, 'cats never take medicine when they are ill.' 'Well, I declare!' exclaimed the small lady. 'Why, would think a little kitten like that would trust to the faith cure?'

Willie, the little 5-year-old son of a minister, had been playing in the yard, and, becoming thirsty, he ran into the house and asked for some water. His mother was engaged at some task and said: 'Can't you wait awhile, Willie! I'm busy just now.' 'Well, I suppose I'll have to wait,' he replied, 'but if I die remember I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink.' He got the drink.

A woman who has a club of New York small boys under her charge took them for an outing the other day, says the New York Times. They traveled by elevated train, and then, looking from the windows, one of the boys made a discovery. It was something that he had never seen before. It was of a dark reddish brown color, 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 roses; they've seen it, and she picked up her dumbbells 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 to make it a lovely affair. There was a great big committee on arrangements, about fifteen of us. I was in it, and Sara and Louise, and Kate Stilwell and a lot of others. O, 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 to have a spread—what we call a spread; we had cake and olives and oranges and we made riddle. 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 in the old newspapers and books, and we read them out loud, in turn. They were hits, mostly; Ruth Morrill is a great 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 around 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 little redder, and then she read it; and this was her verse: 'O, yes, I am kinder savin' and clus; Wal, yes, I know I be. But I tell ye I'd s'pose consider'ble wuss To spend my good money, says 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 round, 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 still as it could be. 'I'm going to speak out,' said she. 'I can't hear it any longer. You girls have thrown out hints like this before, hints about Kate Stilwell being stingy, and I've 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 sparrows to the gladiators, or Horatio 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've always been friends at home,' said she, 'though I'm poor and she is rich; and so Kate has known all about me. She knew I wanted to be a teacher, a governess and she brought me home, and the academy at Hawley is not considered very good, and Kate said 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 knew all about it, of course, but she didn't tell anybody else, and she wouldn't let me. And she made

don't know whether Miss Chase knew about Kate and Phoebe or not, but I rather think somebody told her all about it, for she appointed Kate to make the speech of welcome to the general at the reception. Kate wore her white swan's down, but she looked handsome, just the same. Sara and Louise—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 meant. It meant the best girl and the biggest hearted girl.'

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 school that didn't do something to let Kate Stilwell know how fine she thought she was. Ruth Morrill couldn't hold in; she went and bought her a silver belt set with blue stones, and she invited her to go to the 'Theat' and make 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, too. We let her manage the decorations for the general's reception, and she did well. I



It had horns. 'What is it?' he asked of the boys who crowded around, most interested at his discovery. 'What is it for?' 'The child had actually never seen a cow before,' said the projector of the excursion. 'This one was about the color of a bay horse, and I really think the boy thought it was some kind of a horse with horns.' An amusing incident occurred in an A. B. & C. car on the afternoon of the Fourth, relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Four young couples, evidently out for an enjoyable day, were seated on one side of the car having a decidedly good time. While their merriment was at its height a 7-year-old boy across the aisle suddenly leaned forward. 'Say, mister,' he called to one of the young men, 'why don't you kiss your girl?' The young man looked up in surprise, and the girl—a pretty girl, too—blushed. 'Talmage,' said the boy's father, 'what do you mean by such talk?' The boy looked at his father in surprised disgust. 'What's the matter with you, dad?' he cried. 'You told me you'd do it if you was him!' And the father found the landscape decidedly interesting until the young people left the car.

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Flannel Wasted. Cleveland Leader: Mrs. Bromley looked up with a shudder. Her eyes met those of the professor, her brother. 'Archibald,' she said, severely, 'have you seen the pictures in this illustrated paper of the—' and she pointed to the women of the Philippines. 'No,' said the professor, 'let me see them.' She drew the paper hastily away. 'Certainly not,' she cried. 'I only wanted to say that they are simply dreadful, and I think—' 'Well, what?' 'That as long as we have people costumed like these depend upon us for guidance and advice there is altogether too much flannel wasted on soldiers' hands.' And she went on from the room, taking the paper with her.

CLIMBS WITH THE MAZAMAS

Woman Who Goes with the Portland Mountain Scalers.

FIRST OF HER SEX TO ASCEND RANIER

Miss Fay Fuller, Writer, Explorer and Harbor Master, Now Doing the Expedition for Her Western Magazine.

Miss Fay Fuller, the well known newspaper editor of Tacoma, Wash., who is doing the expedition in the interests of 'The State,' a new and 'swell' magazine of Pacific northwest literature, has achieved distinction in several ways during several years of newspaper work. First and foremost of her out-of-the-ordinary achievements is that she was the first woman to climb Mount Ranier with the Portland Mazamas. Mount Ranier is the king of the snow peaks on the Pacific coast, and it is Miss Fuller who has accomplished the hazardous journey with her fellow Mazamas, carrying her own camping equipment and enduring the cold and fatigue, speaks much for her grit. The Mazama society—an association of mountain climbers—is proud of her.

"I think I undertook the trip," she says, "just because I wanted to prove that it could be done by a woman. They attempted to dissuade me, saying that I would never endure the fatigue of such a journey. But I was determined to try it. The summit of old Ranier was reached August 10, 1890. We were led by Rev. E. C. Smith of Seattle. There were four men besides myself, and we spent the night on the mountain top, 14,510 feet above the sea in a cave of ice. 'I have always taken a great deal of interest in the explorations of the Mazamas. The society came into existence on the summit of Mount Hood, July 15, 1884, at which time nearly 200 persons participated in the exercises. The society pursues a line of scientific study, and we promote mountain climbing, for one thing, because our mountains in the greater west are so beautiful, and it is something to recognize this fact. Very little was known of our great peaks until the Mazama society directed general attention to them. 'There is no grander, nobler inspiration'—these words Miss Fuller's eyes sparkled with delight and enthusiasm as she thought of it—"than the satisfaction one feels in having actually mounted clear to the summit, up above the clouds—the very top! Where, if you could touch them, you would fall all night to shifting clouds and the thunder storm. 'Some Advice to Amateurs. 'Mountain climbing should be undertaken by only men and women who have the courage. The fatigue from climbing is to carry one's pack. Each must carry his or her own pack. While the men are always kind and helpful and all that, you are certainly not to expect them to help you up along rough places and to carry things for you. Camping out is a very fully jolly. We build a great big campfire in the wilderness and around it we gather to hear a scientific talk on mountains, singing by some one who has brought instruments at least a part of the way, and then the society transacts business. 'You leave the timber line at between 6,000 and 7,000 feet, and from that on up for twelve hours it is a hard and exceedingly trying climb until the topmost peak is reached. One should not imagine there is lack of room, however, for it is nearly two miles between the two peaks on the summit. 'Last summer a large number of people successfully scaled Ranier, which is the most difficult mountain of any of them. It was a day and two nights' journey. The expedition was marked by the first tragedy on that mountain. Prof. Edward McClure of Oregon was dashed to death over a precipice, having some great deal of nerve and energy, but she did it, and when Tacoma's harbor master became ill he sent for Miss Fuller and appointed her his successor during his illness. She drew the salary and did the work, and Miss Fuller blushes when she recalls the notoriety of San Francisco paper gave her as the 'only woman harbor master in the world.' The position, it should be remembered, is an important one. Tacoma annually exports about 1,000,000 bushels of wheat.

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General, Sir Evelyn Wood.



SIR EVELYN WOOD Says: "Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manoeuvres, it was best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine, the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue." From "The London Sketch."

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