

or as quick to fetch and carry, or as nimble with his tongue as Hildreth of Hall?

Go along with your talk about solid qualities! Girls must enjoy themselves and have fun, and how can you have the heart to ask them to sit for hours with a chap that mopes or is too bashful to talk fluently, or who looks like he is frightened to death all the time? It is too much to ask. Girls must have a chance, and if you don't give it to them they will take it.

So Mrs. Pruett watched Loorany gallanting around with Hildreth of Hall, and all the other chaps ready to take his place, except John Wesley Millirons, who sat in the shade and made marks in the sand with a twig. Mrs. Pruett watched all this, and gravely shook her head. And yet the head-shaking was good-humored and lenient. If Mrs. Pruett had been asked at the time why she shook her head she could n't have told. She said afterwards that she knew why she shook her head, and she was inclined to plume herself on her foresight. But you know how people are. If matters had gone on smoothly, or even if Loorany had been like other girls, Mrs. Pruett would have forgotten all about