

"I can tell you I was angry! In the first place, I didn't see why she had to disturb me and the fudge to tell us she wanted to be a lady; and in the second place, I didn't see why she wanted Sister Edna to come in. But I kept still for a minute, and she went right on."

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf," she said, "and I want you to go with me to Sister Edna, and tell her about this very minute. I'm afraid to go alone."

"Well," I said, "I should think you would be! What has Sister Edna to do with it? Why don't you wait till morning and tell Sister Imingarde?" But Mabel Muriel shook her head.

"No," she said, "I'm in the humour now, and I'm going to do it now. And I'm going to Sister Edna because Sister Edna is my ideal. I'm going to be just like her before I get through."

I couldn't help smiling, and she saw it and got very red. Sister Edna is the loveliest and most gifted nun at St. Catharine's. She is perfectly charming, but very, very reserved. She is really just like a polished woman of the world in her manner and her opinions of things, but she is very spiritual, too, and "edifying," as the nuns say. Deep in her heart she must have felt those days exactly as we did about Mabel Muriel, for she is such a thoroughbred to her finger tips, and so particular about every little thing in manners and conduct. She teaches the history classes. I can tell you we hold our shoulders back when we meet her on the campus. She walks like a queen, and she is the neatest thing. — Well, I wouldn't like to put down here what she really must have thought about Mabel Muriel's hair and nails. But of course she always treated Mabel Muriel exactly as she did the rest of us, though once or twice she hinted little things to her, very subtly. But you couldn't hint to Mabel Muriel. You had to fix your eyes on her and spell it right out.

I began to get interested. I suppose my artistic instinct woke up. Mabel Muriel must have seen it in my face, though I crawled back into bed and

drew the clothes under my chin, for I was cold. She made herself more comfortable, and took off the cover of the box of chocolates she was carrying, of course, and offered me some. I couldn't eat it—after that fudge! but she didn't mind. She chewed away and talked with her mouth full, just the way she always did.

"You see," she went on, "I've just kind of made up my mind that I'm different from most of you girls, and there isn't any reason why I should be that I know of. My paw's got money enough to get me anything I want. And if I want a special course in manners and all that, I guess he can pay for it."

Then I reminded her that we hadn't any special course in manners at St. Catharine's, and that such training came with the rest. The Sisters, I said, spoke of any little things they noticed—but here Mabel Muriel interrupted me.

"That's just it," she said. "They aren't little things, in my case. They're big ones. The rest of you girls, most of you, anyhow—get trained in such things at home. I don't, and I need a lot of it, and it's going to take all Sister Edna's time to do it. But I bet she can do it, and paw will pay her well. It will be a special, extra course, like music or painting."

Of course my experience of life has been great, and my study of it "broad and thorough," like our courses at St. Catharine's, but even I felt strangely helpless when Mabel Muriel was talking. Still I could see that it was a good idea, and I said so.

"But," I said, "you go back to bed now, and in the morning we'll go together to Sister Imingarde."

"Not on your life!" said Mabel Muriel Murphy. I was deeply shocked, but she said it and she meant it. She had acquired some vulgar expressions in her home town.

"I'm like paw," she went on. "When he makes up his mind to do things he just goes and does them. I've been thinking this over for weeks. Now I

want it settled. Will you come with me to Sister Edna, or won't you?"

I went. I strive to know myself, and to be honest, so I will confess that I went because I wanted to see what would happen. I put on a bath-robe over my nightgown, and slipped my bare feet into my Turkish bedroom slippers with the gold embroidery on them, and I looked in the glass at my hair, and it was all right, and so were my nails.

Sister Edna slept in a dormitory with 20 of the smaller girls. She had a little place in one corner, all enfiladed off, and a bed and a wash-stand. And if the children got sick in the middle of the night it was very convenient to get up and take care of them—it was convenient for them, I mean. It seemed too good to be true, but the ransom over the door showed that a light was burning inside, and we knew she was still up. We tapped, and she came to the door. I wish you could have seen her face when she saw us. Mabel Muriel in her white lace dressing-gown and me in a woolly bath-robe, and both of us scared to death. For it must have dawned on even Mabel Muriel that the situation in which we two young girls were placed was embarrassing.

The very minute Sister Edna turned her big brown eyes on us I remembered that I hadn't put on my stockings. Of course she couldn't really see that, but somehow I felt as if she could, and I just wriggled. As for Mabel Muriel, she snaked behind me and left me to speak for her. That shows, too, the kind of girl she was. Neither of us spoke—I couldn't, and Mabel Muriel wouldn't—and Sister Edna raised her eyebrows a little in a way she had.

"What is it, girls?" she said. "Are you ill?" Then Mabel Muriel gave me a pinch and an awful push, to show me that I was to explain. I hadn't expected it, and I lost my balance and fell against Sister Edna, and I was so angry I just said right out what I thought.

"It's Mabel Muriel Murphy, Sister," I said, "and she wants to be a lady. I tried to make her wait till morning to begin, but she wouldn't; and now I

think myself she'd better begin at once."

Sister Edna stood looking at us for a moment without a word, and then a little twinkle came into her eyes and her lips twitched, and I knew she had grasped the whole situation in the wonderful way they have. They read your very thoughts, you know, and many, many are the hours we girls have to spend in distant haunts in the grounds to keep the Sisters from looking at us and reading our most secret plans in our young faces. I don't know how they do it, but they do. Well, Sister Edna came out and led us into a classroom just across the hall, and motioned to chairs; and, dear me! how I did long for those stockings! But Mabel Muriel Murphy never turned a hair. I forgot to say that of course Sister Edna was as immaculate as if she had been at mass that moment. Not a pin was out of place. You would think, wouldn't you, that they would take off their heavy veils or linen gimpes or other things when they are all alone; but if they ever do, no human eye but their own has rested on the result. Sister Edna turned to Mabel Muriel, and spoke in her cool, exquisite voice, that always makes you feel somehow as if you were 700 miles away from her.

"You know this is very unusual, Miss Murphy," she said. "I hope it is also important enough to justify such a departure from the rules. If it is, you may speak but as briefly and as much to the point as you can, please."

It was not possible to disturb for long the self-content of Mabel Muriel Murphy. She leaned her head against the back of her chair, we were all sitting down by that time, Sister Edna at the desk and we girls in front of her—and she answered in the queer drawl she had.

"Well, Sister Edna," she said, "it's important to me, and it's important to you, too, I guess, because you're going to be in it." And then she told Sister Edna the whole plan, about as she had told it to me. Sister Edna did not interrupt; she waited with beautiful cour-

PEARS

SOAPMAKERS

BY ROYAL WARRANTS



to

Their Majesties



THE KING AND QUEEN.

HOLDER OF THE ONLY GRAND PRIX EVER AWARDED
FOR TOILET SOAP—

IN GREAT BRITAIN—ON THE SEA OR BEYOND THE SEAS.