

GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL

FOUND
TREASURE



*A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,
and loving favor rather than silver and gold.*

Proverbs 22:1

Chapter 1

New York City, Summer 1928

The younger set was meeting in Ethel Garner's summerhouse to make plans for an automobile ride and an all-day picnic that was arranged for the next week.

They fluttered in by ones and twos in their little bright dresses, looking like a lot of dressy dolls on the Garner lawn. They hovered about awaiting a few more arrivals, chattering like a flock of birds just alighted.

"Oh Ethel!" screamed her special chum Janet Chipley, "isn't that a darling new dress! Did your mother make it or did you get it in the city?"

"This?" said Ethel, with a conscious look at the dainty little blue-and-white voile she was wearing. "Oh, it's a little imported frock Mother picked up. It is rather good, isn't it?"

"Imported!" exclaimed Maud Bradley, dashing into the conversation with a gusto. "My goodness! They don't import *cotton* dresses do they? Aren't you stylish, wearing imported dresses in the afternoon? Say, Ethel, you look precious in it, though, don't you? That's a pastel shade of blue, isn't it? You ought to save it for the ride. It's awfully becoming. Jessie Heath said she was getting a new dress, too, her mother ordered it in

New York from that great dressmaker she goes to every spring. It's some new kind of pink they're wearing in Paris. But I'm sure it won't be any prettier than yours."

"You've got a pretty dress, too, Maud," said Ethel, somewhat patronizingly. "Did you make it yourself?"

"Yes," said Maud with a grimace, "sat up till after midnight last night to finish the hemstitching."

"Aren't you clever! You don't mean to say you did all that hemstitching? Why, it looks just like the imported things. I think you are simply great to be able to do it!"

"Oh, that's nothing," said Maud. "I'd much rather do it than study Latin. You know I flunked the exam this year. I get more and more disgusted with it. Say, girls, what do you think? I heard Miss House wasn't going to teach Latin next year. Wouldn't that be great? I'd almost be willing to go back to school another year just to be rid of her. My, she was a pain! How anybody could get like that puzzles me! But isn't it great that we're done with high school? You couldn't drag me to college. Emily Morehouse says she's going, and Reitha Kent. But they always were grinds."

"Well, I'm going," said Ethel with satisfaction.

"You're going!" screamed her friend in dismay. "Why, I thought you said you weren't."

"Well, so I did, but Mother has persuaded me. She says she wants me to get the *atmosphere!* And you really aren't *anywhere* if you haven't been to college these days!"

"Mercy!" said Janet. "Then I suppose I'll have to go, too! I only begged off by telling Dad and Mother you weren't going."

"Oh, come on, Jan, of course you'll go! I couldn't leave you behind. And besides, we'll have heaps of fun."

"But we aren't signed up anywhere."

"Yes we are; that is, I am, and I know Dad can get you in at my college. He's something on the board. Get your father and

mother to come over tonight and talk it over with Dad. He'll fix it. There comes Gladys Harper. Come on, girls, let's go back to the summerhouse. The rest will know where to find us, and it's too hot to stay here in the sun. Was that the phone, Flora?" called Ethel as her younger sister came out on the porch. "Who called? I hope nobody is staying away."

"It was Eleanor Martin. She can't come till half past four. They've got the dressmaker there and she has to be fitted."

"I know," said Ethel. "Come on, we're going around to the summerhouse. I wonder what she had to telephone for. She told me that this morning."

Flora, in her bright pink organdy, followed the girls around to the summerhouse.

"Why, it was about Effie," she admitted with a troubled look as they drifted into the big rustic arbor against its background of tall privet hedge and settled down among the cushions with which it was amply furnished. "You know Effie Martin wants to go with us on the picnic. Eleanor is taking their big new car, and Effie wants to drive it part of the time. She asked me to get her an invitation. But Eleanor has found it out, and she doesn't want her to go."

"The very idea!" said Janet Chipley sharply. "Why, that would be ridiculous! Why, *she* doesn't belong to our crowd at all!"

"Well, she evidently wants to," said Flora with a troubled sigh, "and I promised her I'd do my best to get her an invitation. She's simply wild to go. And it's really the first time she's ever seemed to care much. What could I do but promise?"

"Well, she's not going to get any invitation if *I'm* on the committee," announced Maud Bradley. "I'll tell you that! Why, she's *unbearable*. Nobody else would want to go if she went, that's certain! Just tell her we had our list all made up and there wasn't room, Flora!"

“But she’d say she could ride on the running board,” said Flora, still troubled. Flora did not like to be unkind.

“Yes, that’s just what she would do!” asserted Ethel. “Anything to make a sensation! And she doesn’t seem to know how disgusting she is. She has a disagreeable habit for every minute in the day, I believe. She bites her nails continually. It sends shivers down my back. I sat behind her in church last Sunday and I nearly went wild! She just took each finger in turn and chewed right around them, and then she put one knee over the other and swung her foot, jarring her knee against the pew in front where that meek little Mrs. Elder sits. I thought I should shriek she made me so nervous. Mrs. Elder kept turning her head just a little and looking distressed, but she couldn’t get the courage to turn clear around and look her in the face and make her stop. I almost disgraced myself sighing with nervousness. I’m sure she heard me, but it didn’t make any difference. She didn’t even know what it was all about. She turned and stared at me a minute with those great, black eyes of hers and kept right on. I don’t want any worse punishment than to be obliged to sit beside her in any gathering again.”

“Yes, I know just how she is,” chimed in Maud Bradley. “She just fidgets and fidgets. She’s for all the world as bad as her eight-year-old brother, and he is the most disagreeable little kid in the whole town. I sat beside her in church one Sunday when our seat was full, and I was glad when the service was over. She kept turning and twisting and fixing her hat and smoothing her gloves. She had gloves on, so she couldn’t bite her nails then. She hummed the tunes while the minister was reading the hymns, and she tore a paper into small bits while the prayer was going on. I didn’t have a minute’s peace. I’m sure I don’t know how anybody could be expected to enjoy her company. She’s enough to spoil things wherever she goes. By

all means, don't let us invite her. Don't you say so, Cornelia? Wouldn't it simply spoil everything if Effie Martin went along with us?"

Cornelia Gilson, a flashy little girl with copper-colored bobbed hair and a yellow frock, had come in while they were talking and listened with an indignant frown.

"What! That Martin girl? Eleanor's kid sister? Well, I should say so," she answered quickly. "What are you all thinking about? Why should *she* be invited? She never was before!"

Janet Chipley ventured to explain.

"Why, Flora Garner says she told her she wanted to go just awfully, and now they have the new car, and Eleanor is to be allowed to take it, and she thinks the girls will ask her."

"Well, we certainly will not!" declared Cornelia indignantly. "She'll find she is mistaken. I should think her own sister would make her understand that. She is not old enough for our crowd. She's only fourteen."

"Well, I guess she's fifteen," admitted Maud reluctantly, "but she doesn't act like it."

"Girls, you're all mistaken about her age; she's sixteen. Her birthday was last week," spoke up Flora Garner timidly. "She wants to go dreadfully. Her sister doesn't want her to, one bit, and she didn't want to ask her to secure an invitation, so she asked me. I felt awfully embarrassed, for I didn't know what to say."

"Sixteen! Well, I should think she would be ashamed! Why, she acts like a big, tough boy. Last summer at the shore, she came tearing down the boardwalk with her hair flying, chasing Tom Moore, and bound to catch him before they reached the bathhouses. I felt awfully humiliated to have her come up to me a few minutes after, when I was talking to Mrs. Earle and her son, and say, 'Hello, Jan!' She was chewing gum, too; and

think of it, I had to introduce her! Mrs. Earle is so sweet, she takes in everybody, and she put out her hand and said, 'Is this your cousin, Janet?' Then, after I told who she was, Mrs. Earle drew her aside and told her softly, so that her son would not hear, and with a great many 'my dears,' that there was a big tear in her skirt; and what do you think that poor fish did? She just laughed out loud and pulled the tear around and stuck her finger in it and said, so that Lawrence Earle couldn't help hearing, 'Oh yes, I know it. That's been there two weeks. Most everybody's told me of it now. It's too much trouble to mend it down here. It's bad enough to have to sew when I'm at home.' Just then Tom Moore came in sight again, and without saying goodbye or anything, she started and ran, calling, 'Ho, Tom, you can't catch me again! I dare you to!' I was so mortified I could have sunk down into the sand with a good will and never come up again. Lawrence Earle looked after her with the most curious expression. If she could have seen him she would never have held up her head again."

"Oh yes, she would, Janet," said Maud, laughingly. "You don't suppose a little thing like that would bother her! Why, she's got brass enough to make a pair of candlesticks. The thing I don't understand is how she happened to be so utterly ill-mannered, with so lovely a mother."

"Well, surely, girls," said Ethel Garner, "if her own sister doesn't want her, we can't ask her to go along. What is the use of discussing her any further? I, for one, am tired of the subject. She is full of disagreeableness, and apparently has not a single virtue."

"You're forgetting, Ethel," put in Janet Chipley sarcastically, "she can ride a bicycle!"

"Oh yes, she can ride a wheel," laughed Ethel with a sneer and a curl of her lip, "but she does even that like a clown. She

would rather stand on the saddle with one toe and go flying down Main Street than anything else in the world. She just wants to show off her acrobatic feats! I can't understand why her mother lets her. She's too old to ride a bicycle. None of the other girls do."

"You were just saying she wasn't old enough to go with us," urged Flora mischievously.

"Well, you know perfectly what I mean, Flo. Don't try to be clever! She acts just like a great big overgrown small boy. And the way she plays baseball and tries to get in with the boys! She thinks she's so smart because they praise the way she pitches. She thinks it's so wonderful to be able to pitch like a boy! I think it's unladylike. And she goes whistling through the streets, and she never looks even *neat*! Her clothes are simply a mess! And her hair is a fright! If she went along she'd be sure to disgrace us all in some way. Decidedly, no! She's a flat tire if there ever was one. Don't you all say so, girls?"

"Yes I do," said Maud Bradley. "Come, let's drop her and get to work. There's the route, and the time, and the lunch to plan for, and the afternoon is going fast."

The little company of gaily-dressed girls, settled themselves in the hammocks and chairs that were plentiful in the summerhouse and went to work in earnest.

Meantime, on the other side of the carefully trimmed hedge, stretched full length on the soft springy, sweet-smelling earth, her elbows on a mossy bank, her face in her hands, her cheeks very red, her eyes on an open book, lay Effie Martin, the subject of all this conversation. She had taken her book after dinner and slipped off to this group of trees between her father's lawn and that of Mr. Garner's. It was a favorite retreat for her, away from the noise of her teasing brother, and the possible calls of conscience, when she heard the work of the

house going on and knew that she ought to be helping. She did not like to work, and she did love to read. She often came here when she wanted to be alone. She had found this particular bit of mossy turf, covered by clean spicy, pine needles. She did not know that in the summer arbor, opposite, Ethel and Flora Garner would receive their friends that day.

She would not have hesitated on that account if she had known. It did not occur to her that she would be liable to hear conversations not meant for her ears. When she had first heard voices approaching the hedge on the other side, she had paid little heed to them, but had read on until she suddenly heard her own name and became aware that she was the subject of much unpleasant remark. Her cheeks flamed with anger, and her big, black eyes sparkled dangerously. It did not occur to her that she was an eavesdropper, or that she ought to get up and go away. She would probably not have gone if it had occurred to her. It had never been fully impressed upon her that there was anything wrong in listening to what is not intended for one's ears, especially when the theme is one's self.

The girls on the other side of the hedge went on discussing her personal habits. It had never occurred to her that she had personal habits before, or that those habits could be agreeable or disagreeable to others. There was something startling in hearing them portrayed in such unpleasant tones. Her heart beat fast with indignation. So this was what they thought of her. Her first impulse was to start to her feet and rush into their midst; but what could she do? They were but stating their opinions.

She had half started to get up, but now she sank back again. Alas! she could not deny the statements they had made about her, either. She glanced down at her stubby fingers whose nails, worn to the quick, gave sad evidence of being daily

bitten. Now that she recalled it, she supposed she did bite her nails in church. She was tired and longed to get out of doors, and that seemed to give her relief from what seemed to her a dull meeting. She glanced down at her dress. It was even now torn and spotted in many places. She had never paid much attention to her clothes before. She had not minded a few spots or rents, more or less. Now she suddenly saw what others thought of her. How they went on scorning her—those girls of whose circle she had so earnestly aspired to be one! How she hated them for it! What a hateful world she was in! How could they talk that way? Those pretty, simpering girls who could not ride as she could—not one of them, nor pitch a ball so that the boys would as soon have her in the game as one of themselves! They had nothing but nonsense in their heads and were very silly. Why should she care what they said? But all the time, as the talk went on, her cheeks burned redder and redder and her heart throbbed with its painful mingling of emotions.

Meanwhile the girls, unaware of the angry little listener on the other side of the hedge, arranged their program. They were to rest and refresh themselves at a farmhouse, a pleasant distance from home, and return in the evening by moonlight, if the night was clear. Then came the question of the chosen guests. All the usual girls were named, Eleanor Martin, Effie's older sister, among the rest. A spasm of almost hatred again passed over Effie, as she thought of the selfishness of her sister, who was unwilling that she should take part in the coming pleasure. Eleanor could have managed it for her if she had chosen, but Eleanor was nineteen, and did not care to be troubled by "kids," as she chose to designate her sister, albeit she never breathed this in the presence of their mother. Mrs. Martin disliked slang, and endeavored, as much as in her power, to bring up her daughters properly; but it was a hard

task with so many feet to guide, so many mouths to feed, so little in the family treasury. This was, perhaps, the reason that poor Effie had been so often obliged to shift for herself.

The letters in the book before her were blurred into one long word. Effie felt no further interest in the hero of the historical novel that she had been reading. History was empty and void. Her own life had loomed up and eclipsed the ages; so that there was nothing of interest outside it. She felt that no one had ever been so miserable, so helpless, so disliked, so ill-treated, so utterly unhappy as herself. How could she go on living after today? She had suddenly seen herself as others saw her. Her feelings must have had a little touch of what Eve felt when she had eaten of that forbidden fruit and no longer saw the world about her fair. How could she ever endure it? Her thoughts surged through her brain without beginning or end; and through it all she longed to jump through that hedge, with vengeance in her eyes, and pounce upon those hateful girls and make them take it all back; make them suffer for what they had said, or do something that should assuage this dreadful feeling that oppressed her.

The planning on the other side of the hedge went on. The anticipated pleasure was discussed with animation. This was heightened somewhat by the arrival of a little sister of Janet Chipley, who brought a book her sister had sent her after and contributed this information as she was running away again to play: "Say, Janet, did you know Lawrence Earle had come home? I saw him just now coming from the station in the car with his mother, and he's going to be home all summer, for he said so, and he's going to play tennis with me a lot, for he's promised. Isn't that lovely? And he isn't a bit different from a year ago if he *has* been to college. I thought perhaps you'd like to ask him to your ride," and Bessie Chipley flew away to

her game, leaving the girls in high glee over the arrival of the young man, who had won a most brilliant record in a noted college, and for whose society the girls were all eager.

“Oh, isn’t that lovely!” “Of course we’ll ask him!” were some of the exclamations from the delighted girls. But the listener, on the other side of the hedge, only felt the blood burn hotter in her cheeks as she remembered what the girls had said she had done the year before at the seashore; and that this young man had been a witness. She really felt humiliation on her own account now, as she realized how she must have appeared in his eyes, tearing along like a boy, and careless about the great rent in her gown. A year ago she would scarcely have understood why this should have been embarrassing, so much of a child had she been; but now young womanhood was stirring in her heart, with a sense of pride, self-consciousness, and the fitness of things. Self-consciousness had been very slight indeed, until now, but her eyes had been opened and she was ashamed—and Lawrence Earle, of all people! The boy who had taught her to pitch a ball when she was a mere infant. Of course, he was a great deal older than she was—five or six years at least and had probably forgotten all about her. But she had always remembered him as an ideal hero!

“We must have another girl to make even couples,” they were saying, and Effie’s humiliation was so complete that she scarcely felt the pang of disappointment that she could not be chosen for that vacant place. No; rather stay at home forever, than that she should be of the same company with that immaculate youth who had witnessed her degradation. This was what she felt. Suddenly her feelings rose to such a pitch she could no longer keep still, and scrambling to her feet, she fairly fled from the place where she had so suffered. The tears had gathered in her eyes, and once she fell with a stinging

thud to the ground, having tripped over a hidden root. This only brought the tears the faster, and when she reached the house she threw her book upon the floor, ran through the house, slamming all the doors after her, tore up the stairs to her own room, where she locked herself in, and threw herself upon the bed in an agony of weeping such as she had very seldom experienced.

And her patient mother, who had been trying to take a nap with the fretful, teething baby, was awakened by her rushing through the house and sighed, "Oh, there goes Effie. What shall we do with that child?"

Chapter 2

Effie had cried perhaps half an hour. Hers was too vehement a nature to do things by halves, and her weeping was so violent that she was thoroughly exhausted. Then she lay still and began to think things over. Why was it that those girls disliked her, and that she seemed to be so unwelcome everywhere? For now that she thought of it, she saw there were quite a number of people in the world who did not care to have her around. Her mother loved her, she felt sure, but somehow her mother always sighed when she came into the room. Why was that? Was she not wanted in the world? She could not help it, she supposed, or, could she? What the girls had said about some things was quite true, though she had never felt before they were things that mattered to others. If she wanted to bite her fingernails, what business was it of theirs? She never troubled their fingernails. She had a right to do with her own as she pleased, so long as she let other people's alone. But here it seemed that these personal habits of hers did trouble other people, and she must not expect to be wanted if she could not make herself pleasant. She looked at her stumpy fingers through her tear-dimmed eyes. They certainly did not look pretty. But it had never occurred to her that biting them had anything to do with that.

The girls had said she made them nervous. She hardly understood why, but if it was so, why, of course, it was. The

question was, could she stop doing it? And if she could, and should, would that make any difference in the feelings of those girls for her? But then, she did not intend to try to please those girls! No, indeed! They were not worth pleasing. But there were people in the world to whom she would like to seem lovely—her mother, for instance, and perhaps Flora Garner, for she had been nice and sweet about asking to have her invited to the ride. Everybody said Flora Garner was sweet. She had that reputation wherever she was known. It was a great thing to have people feel that way about you and say nice things. And then her poor swollen cheeks burned again at the thought of the hateful things that had been said about her. But would it be worthwhile to try to make things better so that people might think well of her? A fierce desire to get on her bicycle and fly away, into the gathering shades of the dusky night that was drawing on, seized her. It was supper time, but she wanted no supper. She would go, and she jerked herself up from the bed, caught her hat, and without waiting to wash the tear stains from her face, dashed downstairs. It was like her. Effie always did everything without thinking. As she went out the door she heard her mother sigh and say to her baby brother: “Oh baby, baby, if you would only just sit still on the floor for ten minutes longer till I finish this seam. My back aches so that I cannot hold you and sew any longer.”

Effie went straight on out the door, feeling sorry for her mother, having a dim sense that the baby was unreasonable, and life hard, anyway; but it never occurred to her that she had anything to do with it until she was flying along the south road fully a mile from home, and the fresh breeze fanning her face had somewhat cooled the tempest in her heart. She was beginning to feel more like herself and trying to decide if there was any way in which she might change that would affect the

feelings of others toward her. There was Mother, for instance, again—yes, Mother, sitting in the gathering shadows at this moment, stealing the last rays of light to sew the dark garment that she expected to wear on the morrow, to pay her last tribute to a dear old school friend who was done with his life. Mother's little excursions and holidays, somehow, were almost always set apart for last sad rites and duties of neighborly kindness. It was strange about Mother, how she never seemed to have any good times for her own. Effie never thought of it before. How nice it would be if Mother was on a bicycle, flying along by her side! But Mother on a bicycle! How funny it would be! She couldn't learn to ride in the first place, she was so timid. And then how could she get time? She was at this minute doing two things at once, and that baby was very hard to take care of. It was hard that Mother couldn't even get her dress done without being hindered! Well! There was something! Why had she not thought of that before?

She turned her bicycle so suddenly that a little dog that was trotting along in the road, thinking he knew just where she was going, almost got his tail cut off.

Back she flew faster than she had come and bursting in at the door threw her hat on a chair and grabbed the baby from the floor at his mother's feet where he was vainly endeavoring to pull himself up to a standing posture by her skirt. Mrs. Martin gave a nervous jump as Effie entered, and another anxious "Oh, take care, Effie!" as the baby was tossed into the air. But Effie, intent on doing good for once in her life, was doing it as she did everything else, with a vengeance, and she went on tossing the baby higher and higher, regardless of her mother's protests. Each crow of the baby made Effie more eager to amuse him. She whirled around the room with him in her arms, tumbling over a chair occasionally, but not

minding that in the least, she danced along to the middle of the room under the gas fixture, and just as her mother rose hastily, and dropped her sewing, saying, "Effie, I insist—" she tossed the excited baby high into the air, and brought the curly head sharp against the chandelier. Then the fun ceased. The baby screamed, and the mother rushed and caught him to her breast, and with reproachful looks at the penitent Effie, sent for hot water and Pond's Extract. The others coming in gathered around the darling of the house, and hesitated not to reproach Effie for her part in the mischief until her anger flamed forth, and seeing that the baby had recovered, and was apparently not seriously injured, she rushed from the room to her own in another torrent of weeping. This time she knelt before the open window and watched the lights through her tears as they peeped out here and there over the village and felt bitter toward them and toward everything. Why should she be the one always to blame for everything that happened? Here she had given up her ride when she was having a good time and had come home to help Mother and was greeted only with an exclamation of fear, and then this had happened—a thing that might have happened if he had been with any of the others, she thought; she was scolded for what she had intended should be a relief and a help to Mother, and that was all the good she had done. Much progress she had made in her own reformation! She would not be likely to go on in it very far if this was the result of her first trial, and her heart grew hard and bitter again.

By and by, the dinner bell rang and she went sulkily down and took her place and ate in silence, until Eleanor, full of her afternoon, put another sting in the already very sore heart of her sister. It appeared that she had gone to the committee meeting at the Garner's, probably after her sister had left the hedge.

“Mamma,” she said, with the haughtiness of her lately acquired young ladyhood, “I do wish you would reprove Effie. She is forever making herself obnoxious. I found out that she had been poking around trying to get in with our crowd. She’s nothing but a child!”

“It’s an awful pity you and Eff have to live in the same town with each other, Nell, she gives you so much trouble,” put in Johnnie, the outspoken younger brother.

“Johnnie, you’re very saucy, and that isn’t smart at all,” responded Eleanor, flattening her eyelids down in a way she had that she fancied was very reproving to her brother.

“Mamma, I wish you would tell Effie that you won’t allow her, under any circumstances, to go with us next week on our ride. She is getting very troublesome. I—”

But Eleanor was interrupted by Effie, whose black eyes flashed fire and tears as she rose from the table, her dinner only half finished.

“It isn’t in the least necessary for you to ask Mamma to do any such thing. I wouldn’t go if you dragged me! I know exactly every word those precious girls of yours have said about me this afternoon, and they are a mean, selfish lot, who care nothing about anything but clothes! I only hope you’ll enjoy the company of those who speak that way about your sister. I should not, not even if they had been talking about *you*. But you may rest easy about me, I shall not trouble you anymore. I’ve been made to understand most thoroughly that nobody in this world wants me. I’m sure I can’t tell what I was made for, anyway,” and with a voice that trembled with her utter humiliation and defeat she stalked from the room, her lifted chin and haughty manner barely lasting till the dining-room door shut her from the family gaze, when she burst into uncontrolled tears and rushed upstairs for the third time that day to her own little room.

“Why, what does she mean, Eleanor?” asked the pained voice of the father, laying down the evening paper behind which he had been somewhat shielded from the avalanche of talk around him. “What have you done to the child? Why hasn’t she as much right to go riding as the rest of you? I thought that was why we bought the seven-passenger car, so there would be plenty of room for anybody that wanted to go?”

“You don’t understand,” said Eleanor with reddening cheeks, and she attempted to explain to her father the fine distinction of age and class in the society in which she moved, but somehow her father could not be made to understand, and the end of it was that Eleanor was told that if her sister was not welcomed on the ride, then she could not go. Rebellious and angrier than ever at Effie, she declared she would stay at home then. So it came about that the Martin household was not in a happy frame of mind that evening at the close of their evening meal. And the two sisters lay down to rest with hard thoughts of each other.

Effie, as she turned her light out, knelt a moment beside her window to look at the stars and murmur the form of prayer that had been so much a part of her bringing up that she scarcely realized what it all meant. “Help me to be good,” was one of the oft-repeated sentences, and Effie no longer felt it necessary for her thoughts to stay by to see that these words were spoken to the One above who was supposed to be her guard and guide. She fancied herself on the whole rather good as goodness in girls went. Now, tonight, as she finished her petition, which was rather a repetition, she looked up to the stars she loved, and thought of a scrap of poetry she had picked up in her reading, which she was not well enough taught to know was wonderful. It ran thus:

*All that I know
Of a certain star*

*Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower hangs furled:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.*

Poor little, lonely, disagreeable Effie wished as she looked out into the night that she could be like a star and be able to dartle red and blue for someone, so that others might hear of it and want to see her and know her. How nice that would be! That star language evidently meant people, and it meant there was someone somewhere who could see beauties in some star that everybody could not see. She wondered if ever anybody would think they saw anything good like dartles of red and blue in her and would feel that they didn't care after that whether other people's worlds were great or not so long as they had her red and blue dartles.

But how silly such thoughts were! If those hateful girls who had talked about her that afternoon had known she had thoughts like this, how they would have screeched with laughter! Her cheeks burned hotly in the darkness at the very thought, and she arose and slammed the window down, warm night though it was, and went to bed feeling utterly miserable. How was it possible for her ever to be different? She could not. She had tried that afternoon, and failed most miserably, and she was not one who was likely to try again in the same direction.

Was there anywhere else to turn? Oh, if she but had some wise and good helper who would tell what the matter was, and if she must go on being hated all her life as she had begun.

Then the thought of what the girls had said about her clothes came and drowned all other thoughts, and she drifted off to sleep planning how she would fix up an old dress that should be the envy of all the town.

Poor child, she was only a little girl yet at heart, and was just waking up to the fact that she was growing up and a great deal more would be expected of her.

Perchance her guardian angel standing by, remembering that she was dear to her Heavenly Father, and knowing for a surety there was light coming to her darkened pathway, brushed the tears in pity from her young face, for she dreamed that a soft hand touched her forehead and cooled and comforted her.

But downstairs, Effie's father and mother were having a serious conference about her.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do with her," her anxious mother was saying. "She grows more heartless and careless every day. Today she nearly killed the baby with her impetuosity, and when I tried to stop her before she hit his head against the chandelier, she simply ignored my commands. I wonder if it would do any good to send her away to school. I never believed much in finishing schools, but Effie really needs something to tone her down. She goes rushing through life, without any idea of manners or any thought of others. I'm sure I don't see how we came to have a child like that!"

"I am afraid nobody understands her," said her father, with troubled brows. "She seems to me so much like my own little sister Euphemia for whom she is named, and she was a wild

little loving thing like Effie, but she would fly up into flinders if people were unjust to her—”

“Nobody has been unjust to Effie,” said her mother coldly. “Everybody would love her if she would be less selfish and rude. I have tried to tell her but she doesn’t even seem to hear me. And Sam, she isn’t in the least like your sister Euphemia. She was mild and gentle and lovely as I remember her. We should have named Effie Joan of Arc or some outlandish masculine name, for she never will be anything but a disgrace to your sister’s name, I’m afraid.”

“Oh, don’t say that, Hester,” said the father in a pained voice. “I’m sure our little Euphemia will grow up some day and understand. If you would just try to talk with her a little about—”

“Talk with her!” said her mother wearily. “I’ve talked and talked and it rolls right off from her. She goes tearing in one door and out the other on her own affairs, and never minds whether I have a headache or whether the baby is asleep, or whether there are dishes to be washed on the maid’s day out! She seems a hopeless case!”

“Now, now, Mother. You mustn’t talk that way about our little girl. I sometimes think perhaps the other children put upon her. Eleanor now is a bit overbearing since she has grown up, and she wants to have the whole right to the car. That really isn’t just to Euphemia. The child has as good a right to go on that ride as she.”

“Not if the other girls don’t want her,” said the mother. “They feel themselves older, you know—”

“But they’re not much older, are they? Eleanor is only two years older than Euphemia. That ought not to be such a great difference. And those Garner girls, why the youngest one was born two days later than Euphemia, for I remember congratulating her father on her birth. There is something

wrong somewhere. Why don't they want Euphemia? Aren't her clothes right?"

"Why, yes—" said her mother hesitantly, a new trouble gathering in her eyes. "She is as well dressed for her age as need be. She has never complained. She doesn't care much for dress. She always preferred getting out and away to play ball or hockey or skate, no matter what she had on."

"Well, perhaps that's it," said the pitying father. "Perhaps she needs something a little fancier, Mother. We haven't realized that she was growing up too and needed things. She ought to be dressed right, of course. I know you've been trying to economize so we could get the car, but things are beginning to look up at the office a little, and I think pretty soon we'll have things a little easier. You get Euphemia what she wants, Mother. I can't bear to have her look the way she did tonight. It isn't right for a child."

"But she really has never expressed a desire for new clothes," said her mother thoughtfully. "All she wants is to get off on that bicycle of hers. I'm afraid she'll never grow up."

"There are worse faults than that, Mother, worse faults. I believe it might be worse to grow up too soon."

"Yes," sighed the mother. "I'm afraid Eleanor has done that. She seems really hard on her sister sometimes, although I think it's just because she's so sensitive about what the other girls think. Eleanor is a good girl."

"Well she is all wrong in this matter. She really has no right to cut her sister out of going on a ride."

"Now, Father, I'm not so sure," said the mother. "You know Eleanor didn't get it up. The girls invited her, and they didn't ask Effie."

"Well they should have! They asked for the car, didn't they?"

“Well, but that didn’t make it necessary for them to ask all of the children, and Effie has never been in that crowd.”

“Well, if she wants to go now I think she has a right!” declared the father.

“No, not unless she has made herself welcome. I’m afraid it is Effie’s own fault that she is not invited.”

“Well, Mother, you look into the matter and see if there can’t be something done for Euphemia. I can’t have my sister’s namesake turning out a failure in life, and that’s what she’ll be if something isn’t done for her. I’m afraid I will never forget her face when she said she didn’t know what she was born for anyway, and that she had found out there wasn’t any place in the world where she was wanted. That’s a pretty serious thing for a girl to get into her head, I think!”

“It isn’t likely that she really meant all that,” said her mother. “She was just angry. She’ll likely have forgotten it all by tomorrow. I never heard her say anything like that before. She usually doesn’t care in the least what people think about her. She is utterly independent and goes her own way, no matter what anybody says. She is more like a boy than a girl.”

“I can’t think that, Mother,” said Effie’s father, shaking his head. “There was a real depth to her tones. You look into it and see if you can’t get at the inwardness of this thing. Somebody must have done something pretty ugly to her to make her look as she did at the dinner table tonight.”

But the next morning Effie came swinging downstairs whistling in loud piercing tones and waking the baby who had had a bad night with two teeth he was cutting and had just dropped off to sleep. Both father and mother looked at her with stern eyes and sharp reproofs. Indeed, to the newly awakened Effie their words were so unjust and cutting that she slammed out of the back door without her breakfast and jumping on her

bicycle rode off into the country and spent a furious two hours pedaling away and thinking hard thoughts of her parents, her sisters, all the girls in town, and her world in general, finally working off the surplus fury, and coasting back down the hills toward home another way around, whistling to keep up her courage. No one should know how hard she was hit and how much she cared that no one loved her. Let them all be hateful to her if they would. She could stand it, and she would see if she could not beat them all in spite of everything. Maybe if she got her dress fixed up they would think more of her. Now that she thought about it everybody was always loving and nice to Nell when she had a new dress on. Nell could get anything out of her father when she was dressed up. Dress must make a great difference in this world. She had always scorned it as among the necessary bothers of living. Now she began to see that it might be a desirable accessory. At least she would try it.

She rode into the yard with grim determination upon her face, skirted the driveway, and entered by way of the kitchen. She secured a few crackers, an orange, and some cake and stole up the back stairs to her room, where she set herself to examine her wardrobe and see what could be done with it.

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