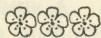


able, to suggest a remedy for so great a problem. It is a social problem, and, therefore, requires the united action of the whole community. It was my purpose merely to draw attention to the necessity of combating the trend of youth towards crime, and my only hope is that these few paragraphs will cause other people to take a greater interest in the problem of Juvenile Delinquency.



The Dress

Anonymous

"Louise, you don't mean to say you can't go to the dance tonight," protested the taller of the two girls who walked along the shaded street, swinging their tennis racquets.

"No Mary, I can't go; I have no evening dress. I did get one started, but it won't be finished in time. I don't mind so very much," she forced a resigned smile.

"But you can wear your blue silk dress? It is just as nice as an evening gown. I don't know why they insist on having them anyway." Her eye brightened with enthusiasm: "Mine is all finished; it's sweet too, white silk, with a pink sash and little puff sleeves," she rambled on, not noticing the wistful look on her friend's face.

"I couldn't go without one. Well, you can tell me all about it in the morning. It will be swell too, the whole high-school will be there."

"Yes, and everyone will be asking for you."

"Oh, no they won't. If anyone asks for me, tell him I sprained my ankle playing tennis."

Louise walked slowly up to her room, throwing her tennis racquet into a corner. She gazed out the window idly tapping one heel on the rug. Suddenly she turned round, took two hesitating steps, and crossed the room to the clothes closet.

The school "hop" was in full swing at ten o'clock. Everywhere youthfulness overflowed, and went gaily dancing round the hall. Triumphant the school orchestra was turning out reels of "Wa-hoo;" the floor swayed with laughing couples. Those who knew it were singing "Wa-hoo," "wa-hoo," the others hummed the air in their part-

ner's ear. All were happy, and what was lacking in gracefulness was atoned for by enthusiasm.

The chaperones smiled with good natured toleration at the girls in their stiff evening gowns, and the boys in best serges and worsteds. Mary was dancing with a tall athlete, whose slower, somewhat dignified step marked him as a senior. Intent on their dancing, both were silent.

She moved quickly to one side to avoid a collision with an advancing couple. A singing freshman bore down on them, good naturedly smiling on whomever he jostled, carrying his partner along in a rapid series of strides, side-steps and about turns.

"Here comes Thucidides," Mary's partner deftly moved out of range.

"He's just ambitious, Phil," she laughed.

"Well, he's anxious to get ahead all right."

The music stopped.

"I thought Louise wasn't coming."

"She isn't."

"Then who is that?"

Mary, following his direction, saw her friend in the centre of a group of laughing students.

"I didn't know she was coming." She hurried over. Louise was in highest spirits, receiving bantering questions about her ankle. Mary was slightly puzzled; but she couldn't ask Louise there where she got the dress.

She was wearing a pink chiffon gown that swept gracefully down almost covering her white shoes; a small white and pink sash gathered the folds neatly about her waist. A single rose adorned the neck. She was beautiful; the boys were all clamouring for a dance. She smiled on them all, and danced with Phil.

"Where did you get that dress, Louise?" Mary had called as soon as she was rightly awake the next morning.

"Where did I get it? Now, that sash, you must have recognized it?"

"The sash? No."

"That was one of my brother's new summer ties." She brought it out.

"You're a wonder Louise."

"And the dress. I was busy all the afternoon making some alterations, starching and ironing. You must have recognized it. There was a roguish twinkle in her eye.

"That was Grandmother's night-dress."