

AN EXPERIMENT

By Allen Ward.

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When Miss Frances Turner established her hill school for the children of the poor whites of Mill county, unfavorable prophecies concerning it were vented freely.

"You'll never get the parents to send their children to your school, Frances," advised her friends. "Why, what they need is civilization, not book-learning. They get that in the mills, you know. Those mill towns



There Was a General Glance at the Blackboard.

are to them what a trip to New York would be to us."

Miss Turner listened indifferently. To educate the children of the poor mountaineers had always been her ambition. A chance legacy had enabled her to begin this work. And so the school was started.

Contrary to her friends' predictions, it did not lack for pupils. They came from far and near on the opening day, bringing their baggage in assorted grips, corn sacks, and

handkerchiefs, taxing the capacity of the little building.

Later a boys' wing was to be added. For the present only girls could be accommodated. These, ranging in age from seven to seventeen, proved apt pupils. Of course Miss Frances had her favorites. She could not help that. She had already selected in her mind a band of a dozen young women who were to be trained to carry on and extend her work. She chose them from among her studious girls.

The six months' course ended, and when the new term began, Miss Frances, back from New York, where she had been explaining her idea before the Chautauqua conference, discovered to her dismay that nearly every face was new. And it was evident that the parents considered six months ample time in which to acquire a very fair education, as was witnessed by the dozen or more pathetic notes that were received.

"Dear Miss Frances," wrote Sadie Ellison, whom the elderly spinster had selected in her mind for principal of the great school structure which was to succeed the little schoolhouse of the present, "I am sorry to say I shant be able to com back to scool next term Joel Upman has axed me to mary him and as im seventeen I thot it was best to take him besides the corn has to be got in lovingly Sadie."

Another letter was from the mother of Marion Briggs, who was in many ways the particular bright star of Miss Frances' school.

"Dere Mis Turner," it ran, "this is to inform You that Marion cant cum back to scool as her fathers in Jail for likkering the naberhood an she has to tend the still. Resptfly Jane Brigs."

In fact, of the little sisterhood on whom she had built such high and dazzling hopes only Pauline Ditton had remained faithful to her trust. Pauline was sixteen; a quiet, gentle girl, not brilliant, but an enthusiast about the future. Naturally Miss