

## CHAPTER II

### THE COLLEGE



ALMOST everybody in Amity was excited about the building of The College.

Phebe and Janet were talking gravely about it one day.

“What is it for?” Janet asked, “are all the people going to live together in it when it is finished?”

Phebe shook her head sagely and replied:

“It isn’t for people; it’s for knowledge.”

“Anyway,” Janet said, “we may go to The Supper to-morrow night.

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There'll be things to eat—some of 'em nice."

"Yes. The Supper is to sell and get money to finish The College. There'll be a brass band from Hawleyville."

"What's a brass band?"

"An insterment that plays a whole hymn 'most all at once, and sometimes two of them."

"Then I'll go," Janet announced. "I never did hear enough tunes; two at once'd give me a kind of a chance to catch up. You go, too! You get on your pink dress and I'll have on my blue ribbon and we'll hold hands and hear the brass band and may be, then, we'll see angels, because, of course, it'll be some like heaven."

Again Phebe shook her head until the

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long brown braids danced about her shoulders. "Angels don't go where there's quarreling. My father and your father got up and talked about The College in the meeting last night. I went. You know father always takes me. And my father said your father is An Ignor'mus, and your father said my father is a 'Postate. They both talked loud. It sounded cross. It was quarreling. They tell little girls not to quarrel."

"Which is worstest, then, your father, or mine?"

"I s'pose," Phebe said reflectively, "I s'pose they're both pretty bad."

"Not to us—not to me, Phebe."

"No; good to us, but bad really, for an Ignor'mus doesn't know anything,

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which shows he was too lazy to study in school, and a 'Postate used to be good and got wicked."

"I don't know, ever, how we are so good, you and I."

"There's our mothers, you know."

"Yes, Phebe, but we thought all along 't our fathers were good, so—now——"

"So now you think may be mothers are bad, too? Mothers can't be bad; they're only womans," Phebe answered with decision. "They're too busy with the cooking to go to meetings and be 'Postates and things."

"Yes, so they are," Janet assented.

"My mother's making a pyramid cake," Janet continued, "a funny kind—big at the bottom and small on top—

made in a whole lot of parts. It's for The Supper. The first cake is baked in mother's biggest milk-pan, the next in the sieve—with paper over the holes. There's one baked in the pudding-dish and one in the quart measure and the top in my drinking-gourd with a bit of tin inside to keep the bottom flat. Oh, and it is sugared till it looks like a little snow-bank with steps shoveled around."

"Pyramids ought to have sand on them, not snow."

"Why, Phebe?"

"You'll know when you're as old as I am," Phebe returned gently, as became her superior years—Janet was ten years and one month, and Phebe eleven years of age.