

III

The Laurence Boy

“Jo! Jo! where are you?” cried Meg, at the foot of the garret stairs.

“Here!” answered a husky voice from above; and, running up, Meg found her sister eating apples and crying over the *Heir of Redclyffe*, wrapped up in a comforter on an old three-legged sofa by the sunny window. This was Jo’s favorite refuge; and here she loved to retire with half a dozen russets and a nice book, to enjoy the quiet and the society of a pet rat who lived near by, and didn’t mind her a particle. As Meg appeared, Scrabble whisked into his hole. Jo shook the tears off her cheeks, and waited to hear the news.

“Such fun! only see! a regular note of invitation from Mrs. Gardiner for tomorrow night!” cried Meg, waving the precious paper, and then proceeding to read it, with girlish delight.

“‘Mrs. Gardiner would be happy to see Miss March and Miss Josephine at a little dance on New-Year’s Eve.’ Marmee is willing we should go; now what shall we wear?”

“What’s the use of asking that, when you know we shall wear our poplins, because we haven’t got anything else?” answered Jo, with her mouth full.

“If I only had a silk!” sighed Meg. “Mother says I may when I’m eighteen, perhaps; but two years is an everlasting time to wait.”

“I’m sure our pops look like silk, and they are nice enough for us. Yours is as good as new, but I forgot the burn and the tear in mine. Whatever shall I do? the burn shows badly, and I can’t take any out.”

“You must sit still all you can, and keep your back out of sight; the front is all right. I shall have a new ribbon for my hair, and Marmee will lend me her little pearl pin, and my new slippers are lovely, and my gloves will do, though they aren’t as nice as I’d like.”

“Mine are spoilt with lemonade, and I can’t get any new ones, so I shall have to go without,” said Jo, who never troubled herself much about dress.

“You must have gloves, or I won’t go,” cried Meg decidedly. “Gloves are more important than anything else; you can’t dance without them, and if you don’t I should be so mortified.”

“Then I’ll stay still. I don’t care much for company dancing; it’s no fun to go sailing round; I like to fly about and cut capers.”

“You can’t ask mother for new ones, they are so expensive, and you are so careless. She said, when you spoilt the others, that she shouldn’t get you any more this winter. Can’t you make them do?” asked Meg anxiously.

"I can hold them crumpled up in my hand, so no one will know how stained they are: that's all I can do. No! I'll tell you how we can manage—each wear one good one and carry a bad one; don't you see?"

"Your hands are bigger than mine, and you will stretch my glove dreadfully," began Meg, whose gloves were a tender point with her.

"Then I'll go without. I don't care what people say!" cried Jo, taking up her book.

"You may have it, you may! only don't stain it, and do behave nicely. Don't put your hands behind you, or stare, or say 'Christopher Columbus!' will you?"

"Don't worry about me; I'll be as prim as I can, and not get into any scrapes, if I can help it. Now go and answer your note, and let me finish this splendid story."

So Meg went away to "accept with thanks," look over her dress, and sing blithely as she did up her one real lace frill; while Jo finished her story, her four apples, and had a game of romps with Scrabble.

On New-Year's Eve the parlor was deserted, for the two younger girls played dressing-maids, and the two elder were absorbed in the all-important business of "getting ready for the party." Simple as the toilets were, there was a great deal of running up and down, laughing and talking, and at one time a strong smell of burnt hair pervaded the house. Meg wanted a few curls about her face, and Jo undertook to pinch the papered locks with a pair of hot tongs.

"Ought they to smoke like that?" asked Beth, from her perch on the bed.

"It's the dampness drying," replied Jo.

"What a queer smell! it's like burnt feathers," observed Amy, smoothing her own pretty curls with a superior air.

"There, now I'll take off the papers and you'll see a cloud of little ringlets," said Jo, putting down the tongs.

She did take off the papers, but no cloud of ringlets appeared, for the hair came with the papers, and the horrified hairdresser laid a row of little scorched bundles on the bureau before her victim.

"Oh, oh, oh! what have you done? I'm spoilt! I can't go! My hair, oh, my hair!" wailed Meg, looking with despair at the uneven frizzle on her forehead.

"Just my luck! you shouldn't have asked me to do it; I always spoil everything. I'm so sorry, but the tongs were too hot, and so I've made a mess," groaned poor Jo, regarding the black pancakes with tears of regret.

"It isn't spoilt; just frizzle it, and tie your ribbon so the ends come on your forehead a bit, and it will look like the last fashion. I've seen many girls do it so," said Amy consolingly.

"Serves me right for trying to be fine. I wish I'd let my hair alone," cried Meg petulantly.

“So do I, it was so smooth and pretty. But it will soon grow out again,” said Beth, coming to kiss and comfort the shorn sheep.

After various lesser mishaps, Meg was finished at last, and by the united exertions of the family Jo’s hair was got up and her dress on. They looked very well in their simple suits—Meg in silvery drab, with a blue velvet snood, lace frills, and the pearl pin; Jo in maroon, with a stiff, gentlemanly linen collar, and a white chrysanthemum or two for her only ornament. Each put on one nice light glove, and carried one soiled one, and all pronounced the effect “quite easy and fine.” Meg’s high-heeled slippers were very tight, and hurt her, though she would not own it, and Jo’s nineteen hairpins all seemed stuck straight into her head, which was not exactly comfortable; but, dear me, let us be elegant or die!

“Have a good time, dearies!” said Mrs. March, as the sisters went daintily down the walk. “Don’t eat much supper, and come away at eleven, when I send Hannah for you.” As the gate clashed behind them, a voice cried from a window—

“Girls, girls! have you both got nice pocket-handkerchiefs?”

“Yes, yes, spandy nice, and Meg has cologne on hers,” cried Jo, adding, with a laugh, as they went on, “I do believe Marmee would ask that if we were all running away from an earthquake.”

“It is one of her aristocratic tastes, and quite proper, for a real lady is always known by neat boots, gloves, and handkerchief,” replied Meg, who had a good many little “aristocratic tastes” of her own.

“Now don’t forget to keep the bad breadth out of sight, Jo. Is my sash right? and does my hair look very bad?” said Meg, as she turned from the glass in Mrs. Gardiner’s dressing-room, after a prolonged prink.

“I know I shall forget. If you see me doing anything wrong, just remind me by a wink, will you?” returned Jo, giving her collar a twitch and her head a hasty brush.

“No, winking isn’t ladylike; I’ll lift my eyebrows if anything is wrong, and nod if you are all right. Now hold your shoulders straight, and take short steps, and don’t shake hands if you are introduced to anyone: it isn’t the thing.”

“How do you learn all the proper ways? I never can. Isn’t that music gay?”

Down they went, feeling a trifle timid, for they seldom went to parties, and, informal as this little gathering was, it was an event to them. Mrs. Gardiner, a stately old lady, greeted them kindly, and handed them over to the eldest of her six daughters. Meg knew Sallie, and was at her ease very soon; but Jo, who didn’t care much for girls or girlish gossip, stood about, with her back carefully against the wall, and felt as much out of place as a colt in a flower-garden. Half a dozen jovial lads were talking about skates in another part of the room, and she longed to go and join them, for skating was one of the joys of her life. She telegraphed her wish to Meg, but the eyebrows went up so alarmingly that she dared not stir. No one came to talk to her, and one by

one the group near her dwindled away, till she was left alone. She could not roam about and amuse herself, for the burnt breadth would show, so she stared at people rather forlornly till the dancing began. Meg was asked at once, and the tight slippers tripped about so briskly that none would have guessed the pain their wearer suffered smilingly. Jo saw a big redheaded youth approaching her corner, and fearing he meant to engage her, she slipped into a curtained recess, intending to peep and enjoy herself in peace. Unfortunately, another bashful person had chosen the same refuge; for, as the curtain fell behind her, she found herself face to face with the “Laurence boy.” “Dear me, I didn’t know anyone was here!” stammered Jo, preparing to back out as speedily as she had bounced in.

But the boy laughed, and said pleasantly, though he looked a little startled—

“Don’t mind me; stay, if you like.”

“Shan’t I disturb you?”

“Not a bit; I only came here because I don’t know many people, and felt rather strange at first, you know.”

“So did I. Don’t go away, please, unless you’d rather.”

The boy sat down again and looked at his pumps, till Jo said, trying to be polite and easy—

“I think I’ve had the pleasure of seeing you before; you live near us, don’t you?”

“Next door”; and he looked up and laughed outright, for Jo’s prim manner was rather funny when he remembered how they had chatted about cricket when he brought the cat home.

That put Jo at her ease; and she laughed too, as she said, in her heartiest way—

“We did have such a good time over your nice Christmas present.”

“Grandpa sent it.”

“But you put it into his head, didn’t you, now?”

“How is your cat, Miss March?” asked the boy, trying to look sober, while his black eyes shone with fun.

“Nicely, thank you, Mr. Laurence; but I am not Miss March, I’m only Jo,” returned the young lady.

“I’m not Mr. Laurence, I’m only Laurie.”

“Laurie Laurence—what an odd name!”

“My first name is Theodore, but I don’t like it, for the fellows called me Dora, so I made them say Laurie instead.”

“I hate my name, too—so sentimental! I wish everyone would say Jo, instead of Josephine. How did you make the boys stop calling you Dora?”

“I thrashed ’em.”

“I can’t thrash Aunt March, so I suppose I shall have to bear it”; and Jo resigned herself with a sigh.

“Don’t you like to dance, Miss Jo?” asked Laurie, looking as if he thought the name suited her.

“I like it well enough if there is plenty of room, and everyone is lively. In a place like this I’m sure to upset something, tread on people’s toes, or do something dreadful, so I keep out of mischief, and let Meg sail about. Don’t you dance?”

“Sometimes; you see I’ve been abroad a good many years, and haven’t been into company enough yet to know how you do things here.”

“Abroad!” cried Jo. “Oh, tell me about it! I love dearly to hear people describe their travels.”

Laurie didn’t seem to know where to begin; but Jo’s eager questions soon set him going, and he told her how he had been at school in Vevay, where the boys never wore hats, and had a fleet of boats on the lake, and for holiday fun went walking trips about Switzerland with their teachers.

“Don’t I wish I’d been there!” cried Jo. “Did you go to Paris?”

“We spent last winter there.”

“Can you talk French?”

“We were not allowed to speak anything else at Vevay.”

“Do say some! I can read it, but can’t pronounce.”

“*Quel nom a cette jeune demoiselle en les pantoufles jolis?*” said Laurie good-naturedly.

“How nicely you do it! Let me see—you said, ‘Who is the young lady in the pretty slippers,’ didn’t you?”

“*Oui, mademoiselle.*”

“It’s my sister Margaret, and you knew it was! Do you think she is pretty?”

“Yes; she makes me think of the German girls, she looks so fresh and quiet, and dances like a lady.”

Jo quite glowed with pleasure at this boyish praise of her sister, and stored it up to repeat to Meg. Both peeped and criticised and chatted, till they felt like old acquaintances. Laurie’s bashfulness soon wore off; for Jo’s gentlemanly demeanor amused and set him at his ease, and Jo was her merry self again, because her dress was forgotten, and nobody lifted their eyebrows at her. She liked the “Laurence boy” better than ever, and took several good looks at him, so that she might describe him to the girls; for they had no brothers, very few male cousins, and boys were almost unknown creatures to them.

“Curly black hair; brown skin; big, black eyes; handsome nose; fine teeth; small hands and feet; taller than I am; very polite, for a boy, and altogether jolly. Wonder how old he is?”

It was on the tip of Jo’s tongue to ask; but she checked herself in time, and, with unusual tact, tried to find out in a roundabout way.

“I suppose you are going to college soon? I see you pegging away at your books—no, I mean studying hard”; and Jo blushed at the dreadful “pegging” which had escaped her.

Laurie smiled, but didn’t seem shocked, and answered, with a shrug—

“Not for a year or two; I won’t go before seventeen, anyway.”

“Aren’t you but fifteen?” asked Jo, looking at the tall lad, whom she had imagined seventeen already.

“Sixteen, next month.”

“How I wish I was going to college! You don’t look as if you liked it.”

“I hate it! Nothing but grinding or skylarking. And I don’t like the way fellows do either, in this country.”

“What do you like?”

“To live in Italy, and to enjoy myself in my own way.”

Jo wanted very much to ask what his own way was; but his black brows looked rather threatening as he knit them; so she changed the subject by saying, as her foot kept time, “That’s a splendid polka! Why don’t you go and try it?”

“If you will come too,” he answered, with a gallant little bow.

“I can’t; for I told Meg I wouldn’t, because—” There Jo stopped, and looked undecided whether to tell or to laugh.

“Because what?” asked Laurie curiously.

“You won’t tell?”

“Never!”

“Well, I have a bad trick of standing before the fire, and so I burn my frocks, and I scorched this one; and, though it’s nicely mended, it shows, and Meg told me to keep still, so no one would see it. You may laugh, if you want to; it is funny, I know.”

But Laurie didn’t laugh; he only looked down a minute, and the expression of his face puzzled Jo, when he said very gently—

“Never mind that; I’ll tell you how we can manage: there’s a long hall out there, and we can dance grandly, and no one will see us. Please come?”

Jo thanked him, and gladly went, wishing she had two neat gloves, when she saw the nice, pearl-colored ones her partner wore. The hall was empty, and they had a grand polka; for Laurie danced well, and taught her the German step, which delighted Jo, being full of swing and spring. When the music stopped, they sat down on the stairs to get their breath; and Laurie was in the midst of an account of a students’ festival at Heidelberg, when Meg appeared in search of her sister. She beckoned, and Jo reluctantly followed her into a side-room, where she found her on a sofa, holding her foot, and looking pale.

"I've sprained my ankle. That stupid high heel turned, and gave me a sad wrench. It aches so, I can hardly stand, and I don't know how I'm ever going to get home," she said, rocking to and fro in pain.

"I knew you'd hurt your feet with those silly shoes. I'm sorry. But I don't see what you can do, except get a carriage, or stay here all night," answered Jo, softly rubbing the poor ankle as she spoke.

"I can't have a carriage, without its costing ever so much. I dare say I can't get one at all; for most people come in their own, and it's a long way to the stable, and no one to send."

"I'll go."

"No, indeed! It's past nine, and dark as Egypt. I can't stop here, for the house is full. Sallie has some girls staying with her. I'll rest till Hannah comes, and then do the best I can."

"I'll ask Laurie; he will go," said Jo, looking relieved as the idea occurred to her.

"Mercy, no! Don't ask or tell anyone. Get me my rubbers, and put these slippers with our things. I can't dance any more; but as soon as supper is over, watch for Hannah, and tell me the minute she comes."

"They are going out to supper now. I'll stay with you; I'd rather."

"No, dear, run along, and bring me some coffee. I'm so tired, I can't stir!"

So Meg reclined, with rubbers well hidden, and Jo went blundering away to the dining-room, which she found after going into a china-closet, and opening the door of a room where old Mr. Gardiner was taking a little private refreshment. Making a dart at the table, she secured the coffee, which she immediately spilt, thereby making the front of her dress as bad as the back.

"Oh, dear, what a blunderbuss I am!" exclaimed Jo, finishing Meg's glove by scrubbing her gown with it.

"Can I help you?" said a friendly voice; and there was Laurie, with a full cup in one hand and a plate of ice in the other.

"I was trying to get something for Meg, who is very tired, and someone shook me; and here I am, in a nice state," answered Jo, glancing dismally from the stained skirt to the coffee-colored glove.

"Too bad! I was looking for someone to give this to. May I take it to your sister?"

"Oh, thank you! I'll show you where she is. I don't offer to take it myself, for I should only get into another scrape if I did."

Jo led the way; and, as if used to waiting on ladies, Laurie drew up a little table, brought a second instalment of coffee and ice for Jo, and was so obliging that even particular Meg pronounced him a "nice boy." They had a merry time over the bonbons and mottoes, and were in the midst of a quiet game of "Buzz," with two or three other young people who had strayed in, when Hannah appeared. Meg forgot her

foot, and rose so quickly that she was forced to catch hold of Jo, with an exclamation of pain.

“Hush! Don’t say anything,” she whispered, adding aloud, “It’s nothing. I turned my foot a little, that’s all”; and limped upstairs to put her things on.

Hannah scolded, Meg cried, and Jo was at her wits’ end, till she decided to take things into her own hands. Slipping out, she ran down, and, finding a servant, asked if he could get her a carriage. It happened to be a hired waiter, who knew nothing about the neighborhood; and Jo was looking round for help, when Laurie, who had heard what she said, came up, and offered his grandfather’s carriage, which had just come for him, he said.

“It’s so early! You can’t mean to go yet?” began Jo, looking relieved, but hesitating to accept the offer.

“I always go early—I do, truly! Please let me take you home? It’s all on my way, you know, and it rains, they say.”

That settled it; and, telling him of Meg’s mishap, Jo gratefully accepted, and rushed up to bring down the rest of the party. Hannah hated rain as much as a cat does; so she made no trouble, and they rolled away in the luxurious close carriage, feeling very festive and elegant. Laurie went on the box, so Meg could keep her foot up, and the girls talked over their party in freedom.

“I had a capital time. Did you?” asked Jo, rumpling up her hair, and making herself comfortable.

“Yes, till I hurt myself. Sallie’s friend, Annie Moffat, took a fancy to me, and asked me to come and spend a week with her, when Sallie does. She is going in the spring, when the opera comes; and it will be perfectly splendid, if mother only lets me go,” answered Meg, cheering up at the thought.

“I saw you dancing with the redheaded man I ran away from. Was he nice?”

“Oh, very! His hair is auburn, not red; and he was very polite, and I had a delicious redowa with him.”

“He looked like a grasshopper in a fit, when he did the new step. Laurie and I couldn’t help laughing. Did you hear us?”

“No; but it was very rude. What were you about all that time, hidden away there?”

Jo told her adventures, and, by the time she had finished, they were at home. With many thanks, they said “Good night,” and crept in, hoping to disturb no one; but the instant their door creaked, two little nightcaps bobbed up, and two sleepy but eager voices cried out—

“Tell about the party! tell about the party!”

With what Meg called “a great want of manners,” Jo had saved some bonbons for the little girls; and they soon subsided, after hearing the most thrilling events of the evening.

“I declare, it really seems like being a fine young lady, to come home from the party in a carriage, and sit in my dressing-gown, with a maid to wait on me,” said Meg, as Jo bound up her foot with arnica, and brushed her hair.

“I don’t believe fine young ladies enjoy themselves a bit more than we do, in spite of our burnt hair, old gowns, one glove apiece, and tight slippers that sprain our ankles when we are silly enough to wear them.” And I think Jo was quite right.