

their minds to worry about this silly four o'clock. For once you get your mind full of pleasant things, there's just no room for any thing that's sad. You see that, Rusty, don't you?" C198635

Old Mrs. Rust did not answer Emma Davis' question. She began instead to look puzzled and distraught, as though she were mightily concerned about an idea that had just occurred to her.

"About that four o'clock," she whispered. "People sometimes steal notions from others, that is, if they get queer and notional like Mrs. Christianson and Annie Tiddle. Perhaps—I don't like to think they would—but just perhaps—they've stolen four o'clock from me."

Emma Davis rose to her feet and stood, strong and dependable, by old Mrs. Rust's chair.

"Nonsense!" she said, her voice full of strength and assurance. "Stuff and nonsense, Rusty! Your four o'clock is yours, and their four o'clock is theirs, and it's all quite clear and simple. Now, dear, if you'll lend me that key, which I'll be careful to return to you, I'll get going. And as I'm passing right by their doors anyway, I'll pop in and invite Annie Tiddle and Mrs. Christianson to your party at just