

AMARILLY IN LOVE

of the Jenkinses. When she was old enough to work, she helped clean at a theater. Flamingus (Flam and Flammy for short) was a telegraph boy. Gus milked the grocer's cow. Bobby and Bud sold papers, or Bud did, till he found his voice would bring in. I wiped dishes at a boarding-house. We had hard sleddin' and then our fortunes come all to once. First we got the Boarder. We didn't have room nor dishes enough for ourselves, but Amarilly thought out a way of having double-decker. Half of us set to the table and the rest stood behind those settin' and took what was handed them. Then Amarilly got Ma some swell washings. She went to a guild school, and the young lady who taught her brought us her washin's and got us all the surpluses from the choir at St. Mark's to do. Her name was Colette King then, but the minister to St. Mark's, Mr. Meredith — we always called him Mr. St. John 'cause we got his names mixed up with saints — married her. Sure you ain't in no hurry?"

"Quite sure. Are you?"

"No; that's why I think it's time to eat."