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whining of the children is so nerve rack-
ing that I would rather drop my work
and run to the grocer's myself. Seem's
to me that children now-a-days don't
want to do a thing but play."

The sound of crockery, glass and silver
clashing together in angry warfare came
from Mrs. Blair's kitchen. But at the
same moment a motherly, little woman
with cool, smiling face rose from the
hammock swung on the vine-covered
porch of the cottage on Mrs. Blair's
right.

"Betty—Oh, Betty!" she called softly,
her eyes searching the stretch of lawn,
"train's in, and I guess it is time the
mail was opened. There are some let-
ters in the mail that will need answering
before the next mail goes out. Ah,
here's the post-mistress," she added gaily
as the little blue-eyed, sunny faced girl
came running up the walk. Hand in
hand they went into the kitchen.

"Shall I help sort the mail?" ques-
tioned Mrs. Summer, eying the formid-
able array of dishes crowding the table.
"No mother, the post-mistress has
plenty of time," answered Betty, gather-
ing the dinner plates and rinsing them
at the sink. This process was continued
until all the dishes were rinsed ready
for the pan of hot, soap suds.

"Six big envelopes, that look like
official letters," called Betty as she put
the dinner plates on the china closet
shelf.

"They might be story manuscripts,
Betty, they are just the size," suggested
Mrs. Summer, running a blue lace string
in Betty's middy blouse.

"Oh, mother that is a lovely new play.
They are all stories sent out by a pretty
college girl, and I'm not going to have
any come back. You always have a new
play every day, mother dear," declared
Betty depositing a handful of letters, in
reality desert plates, in their proper
boxes.

"These parcels are boxes of candy and
fruit cakes sent into the Red Cross
Society for the Christmas boxes going
overseas," commented Betty carrying the
platter and vegetable dishes to the china
closet, adding as she gathered up the
shining, flat silver, "my, the registered
letters to-day!"

Mrs. Summer smiled happily for she
realized that the dinner dishes were
washed and there was not a cloud on
her little daughter's face. She could
still hear Mrs. Blair's scolding voice and
by other sounds she knew that Dorothy
was still drudging along at her labor.
Above this discordant music there sound-
ed the shrill cry of Mrs. Green.

"Children, I must have some molasses
right away. Now one of you run over
to Barker's and get the jug filled. Now
mind, I'm not going to wait long."

"Bud, you go. I've got to finish this
here aeroplane," grumbled Terry.

"Always errands to do—the whole live
long day," snapped Bud, "what's holi-
day's for, if we can't have any fun."

"Hunt up Kitty. Errands are for
girls, anyhow," suggested Terry, as Bud
made no movement toward the molasses
jug.

"You will either get that molasses,
Terry Green, or you'll not get any ginger
bread for supper," Mrs. Green cut in
sharply.

The threat produced the effect that the
command had failed to accomplish.
Terry jumped to his feet and seized the
jug, grumbling sullenly to his younger
brother, "you dare let me catch you
monkeying with that machine while I'm
gone."

Mrs. Summer's bright eyes looked over
the kitchen smilingly, then commented,
"I declare we have the finest postmis-
tress in this section of the country.
She knows that sorting the mail is not
everything and keeping the post office
tidy counts a lot."

She stooped and kissed Betty's flushed
cheeks, then turned into the pantry.
"I believe I'll make some rocks for a
five-o'clock tea," she exclaimed, "hello,
where is, oh yes I remember now, that
I used all for the pie yesterday. Betty,
run call Gerald. See, who wins the
game."

Then as Gerald came panting into the
kitchen eager for any new kind of game
the mother explained, "there is some-
thing missing from the pantry shelf,
that should go into the rocks. Read
over the receipt then look over the pan-

try shelf. When you discover the article
that is missing, run to Barker's grocery
store for it. The one who arrives with
it first wins the game."

Together, Betty's voice in the lead,
they read over the receipt. Then stand-
ing on chairs, they studied the pantry
shelves.

"Oh, I know!" piped Betty, springing
from her perch and rushing out of the
back door.

"No you don't," called Gerald, jump-
ing to the floor and sliding along the
linoleum of the hall in his mad rush to
cut across Betty's path.

Five minutes later the two children
burst into the kitchen, Betty bearing a
package of currants and Gerald tossing
a pound of butter on the table.

"Betty won that time," laughed Mrs.
Summer, adding: "you see, Gerald, we
keep butter in the refrigerator not on
the pantry shelf. But you are always a
game loser."

Both Betty and Gerald lau ghed over
the joke, and Mrs. Summer remarked
thoughtfully, "now, I have more butter
than I can possibly make use of, but I
shall need lard tomorrow. So if you
don't mind changing your prechase, I'll
be much obliged. By the way, how is
that auto truck you were making pro-
gressing? I want to see it working."

A few moments later as Mrs. Summer
shut the oven door on her first batch of
rocks, she glanced out of the door and
spied Betty and Gerald overtake Terry
Green and offer to carry his molasses
jug on their automobile truck. Outside
she could hear Mrs. Green talking in
exasperated tones, "more time wasted
in waiting for those children. Could
have done it in half the time myself.
Now the oven has cooled off and the
gingerbread won't be fit to eat."

Later when all the folks of the neigh-
borhood were seated on the front
porches, Mr. Blair laid down his evening
paper and called sharply to Reggie, "see
here, it is time you got to work with
the lawn mower. Look how the grass
is growing. It won't be any fun mowing
all of that at once. You just make
work twice as hard for yourself. If you
would only do it without me having to
keep at you. Hurry now or the dark-
ness will beat you."

Sullenly, disinterestedly, Reggie Blair
jerked the lawn mower across the lawn.

"Lorne," commented Mr. Summer in a
brotherly tone, "What do you think
about our lawn? How does it compare
with Billy Ruggles? Competition is
running pretty close, isn't it?"

"Perhaps I'd better trim her up a little
on the terrace. It sure keeps a chap
hustling to keep ahead of Billy Ruggles,"
Lorne responded, with a shrewd glance
at the grass as he ran to the basement
for the lawn mower. Running it
smoothly yet energetically over the
grass, he eyed the opposite lawn. Billy
Ruggles came bounding across the street
and called across the hedge.

"Some fellows going up street to-day
said they never saw finer looking lawns
than Summer's and Ruggles'," he re-
marked, "they said that they knew it
meant work for somebody and that the
folks certainly had pride in their places."

"A pretty close tie between the two of
you," announced Mr. Summer, "so close
that I shouldn't wonder if we had to
take the two of you on that hunting
party, what do you say, Ruggles?" he
questioned the neighbor, who had joined
Billy at the hedge.

"Well, I've gone so far as to speak
for two extra berths along in the hunt-
ing party," responded Mr. Ruggles.

Above the whoops of joy shrieked out
by Lorne and Billy, sounded the vexed
tones of Mr. Blair.

"If you don't put a little more elbow
grease into that job, Reggie Blair, I'll go
down there and mow my own lawn."

And Mrs. Blair's tired, plaintive re-
frain echoed dully, "I don't see why we
can't get work out of our children."

Mamma came in just in time to catch
Marjory in the act.

"What would you do," she cried, "if
you had a little girl that ate one or two
boxes of fruit her mother had bought for
company?"

"I know," said Marjory, eagerly grasp-
ing at opportunity's forelock: "I'd make
her eat the other box."

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