

It was late when they woke next morning and a soft rain was falling, so that play, anywhere but in the house, was quite out of the question. Sister was very weary from the previous day's pleasure, and sat most of the morning with her beloved white kitten sleeping on her lap. Brother went away to the library, where grandfather found him "printing" in very neat letters with a pencil.

"What are you writing, Brother?" he asked.

"I am writing a fable, grandfather. I will read it to you. It is about a party, and it is named, 'The Two Dogs.'"

"One day two dogs went to a farmer's to visit some other dogs that were giving a tea-party. They were not invited to it. The dogs that were giving it made a row because they invited themselves. At the table, the host upset a glass of water he was so furious. Then he said, 'Bad dogs, get you out. You shall never put your foot in this feasting yard again.'"