

"What's that?" asked Aunt Em, with shining eyes.

"If you'd just let me take my new commencement suit back to the Clothes Shop and change my 'knickers' to long pants."

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The *Pride of the South Limited* did not ordinarily stop at Stoneville, but this Monday morning, flagged by the station agent, it paused long enough to pick up two boys who piled on, bags and suit cases swinging, turning to wave an excited good-bye as the engine picked up its stride again and quickly pulled the lone figure on the platform out of sight.

"Aunt Em's all right," vowed Phil, a bit tearfully, as he sank back into a seat.

"In spite of the knickers?" chuckled Rod, pulling Phil's suit case from the opposite seat and putting his feet comfortably on the cushions.

Phil snickered in reply and then turned suddenly to his chum. "Got a knife?" The knife was produced. "Aunt Em's all right. I graduated in domestic science and sewing under her teaching! Oh, Aunt Em's the practical teacher, you bet."