

takes away the joy of life like feeling that nobody wants you. It was a very sober-looking little girl who went slowly out of the house, and sat down on the grassy terrace near the sidewalk. Her doll had been thrown on the lounge, while passing through the hall. It was a delightful morning in May, and not quite ten o'clock ; but, for this little maid of six, the world was a howling wilderness. A caterpillar, moving slowly and humpily along, attracted her attention ; and her face lighted with a defiant resolve, which she began at once to carry out.

When Bobbie Harper came along, about half an hour later, she was again sitting dejectedly on the grass, her chin resting between her hands.

“ Hello, Marjorie ! ”

“ Hello, ”—sadly.

A squirming heap of caterpillars on a handkerchief caught his eye. “ What are you doing with the caterpillars ? ” he asked.

“ Eating them ”—calmly

Bobbie looked interested : “ Are they nice ? ”

“ No ! ” then in explanation : “ Mother was cross, and I wanted to do something horrid. I ate one smooth one, and two woolly ones. ”

Bobbie sat down, and kicked his heels thoughtfully. He wanted very much to sympathize, but didn't know how to begin. He and Marjorie were the best of chums. She was almost as good as a boy ; didn't cry, nor “ tell ” if he hurt her, and had such heaps of good ideas to “ make believe. ” They went to the Kindergarten. Bobby was just two months older than Marjorie. In the games he always chose her to help him. One day when asked why he didn't sometimes choose Maisy Black, another little neighbor of five, he had replied, scornfully : “ She is too easy ; she is always wanting to kiss a fellow ! ” So now he sat looking almost as gloomily as Marjorie.

Up the hill came the Dean, and she stopped to greet the children, with whom she was on excellent terms. “ Good morning, ” she said, pleasantly. Bobbie rose politely, and took off his hat. Miss Maxwell quickly noted the sad