

brick-and-stone realities of the street into the sunset glow and horizon clouds of fairyland and "Terra Incognita." When she heard him describe a void of hunger by saying that his legs were empty, and explained to him the tubular construction of his insides, it did not prevent him from keeping his legs as straight as possible under the dinner table so that his food might have an easy passage down to his hollow feet. And although she denied that the crust of the earth floated on water, he watched with as much anxiety as ever how the men dug in the street—afraid that the bottoms would fall out of the drain pits which they were making, and drop them all into the under ocean.

Then, one morning, when she was coming upstairs to teach him, he heard her say to his mother: "He has such babyish fancies about so many things."

His mother replied: "Babyish fancies?" in a tone that resented the criticism of her boy as a reflection on herself.

"Like Santa Claus," Miss Morris added hastily. "Only about other things."

"Well," his mother said, "I think I should leave the child his Santa Claus."

Miss Morris came up to the playroom in high color. As soon as their books were opened, she said to Donald: "I suppose you believe in Santa Claus?"

She smiled as she said it; but he knew that smile.

"Is n't he?" he faltered.

"Is n't he what?"

"Is n't he—really?"