
GRANNIE FOR GRANTED

the look Patricia gave Ian as she paused there for one second, and I knew it was of her Grannie-Man she was thinking, and I blessed her for the thought that was uppermost in my mind. How he would have loved to see her happiness.

I stood on the doorstep at Winthorpe and watched Patricia, a bride, drive away from the home to which, as a bride, I had come.

Far into the night I sat and watched the young people dancing in the big hall. I saw beautiful girls and splendid young men. (Cynthia says I think all girls beautiful and all young men splendid—and she is right. Youth to me is both splendid and beautiful—and most wonderfully kind.) Many of the boys and girls stopped to speak to me, and one girl, prettier than the rest, entertained me charmingly for quite five minutes. Then she whispered to a young man who was passing, ‘Please come and talk to this dear old lady, I’ve been *so* good,’ and I, knowing that she wanted the young man to dance with her and not to talk to me, said, ‘You *have* been good, now dance with him. I am most grateful to you,’ as indeed I was.

‘I loved it,’ she said blushing, and I knew she