

when we again passed "Old Walt". The sun was in fact nearing the horizon, and already the shore line of the big rock was in shadow, while a claret light bathed the top.

We watched the line of dimness creep up and up. We were jealous of each inch of splendid color, but before we were half along its face, all had become grey and loomed almost forbidding in the fast fading twilight. Mystical shadows in many places took on shape and form.

Lights began to appear in the Inn, a perfect day was nearing its close. Floppit with youth and beauty, with thoughtless selfishness, with joyous giggle had become part of that day to remain a part of us.

Will she become wise and useful and helpful? Will she realize that it is best to be of service, or will she join that vast sisterhood of idle parasites, whose highest ambition is to rope in the man with the coin, and use and abuse the wealth earned by others.

We landed by the boat-house in the harbor.

At Whitman Cottage we parted, and as Floppit went up the path to the Inn, she gaily called back:—

"Thanks so much, I've had a perfectly lovely day."



## POEM

By MARGARET L. MILLER (Nine years old)

With the bullets flying o'er our head,  
You are dreaming of home,  
Home, sweet home.

There comes a vision of perfect life,  
When you dream of home,  
Sweet home.

And then you awake to find yourself  
In the middle of the fray,  
And home, sweet home is banished from sight,  
Away—away—away.