

as Spaghetti compared with the unyielding Ultimata of the moon-faced Matrons.

Luella and Chester loved to sit by the Fireplace and watch the Persian Kitten fall asleep.

Consequently they had their Home crowded a few Nights every week with Human Piccolos.

Having a natural preference for deep Calm, they found themselves jumping sideways, in emulation of Hectic Homer and Hysterical Hattie.

After the Children arrived and surveyed their Surroundings with a Disappointment not artfully concealed, Luella thought it was her Duty to stick around Home a good part of the Time so as to let the Kiddies know that she was related to them.

However, it was not being Done.

The Olive Branches were turned over to imported Police Officers.

They were permitted to breathe a delightful third-rate Foreign Atmosphere.

An occasional Echo of War in the region of the Nursery reminded Luella and Chester that they were not childless.

Chester heard the Call of the Woods every Summer.

Sitting at his Desk, he day-dreamed of cool Lakes that never had been fished.

To wear Corduroys and a Flannel Shirt, to get out in a Rowboat with a Guide who never heard of Galsworthy, to taunt the tricky Bass and induce them to Strike, and then to land on some Island enveloped

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