

## A RED CROSS CAT

"Have to do what?" asked mother.

"Sell Huff to Mr. Connor. But I don't want Huff to go," and Marjorie sniffed back something that might have been a tear.

"Well, dear," said mother, "it's too bad when you care so much for him, but Huff and Puff are getting to be big fellows now, and father says one cat is enough in the house. Besides, Huff will be a Red Cross cat. He ought to be proud to help."

"Why, so he will," cried Marjorie, jumping up, "if I give the money next week! Do you hear that, Huff? Come on!"

So mother got out a wicker basket, Marjorie settled Huff comfortably down in it, and together they tied on the cover. Then away Marjorie went to the store at the corner.

"Well, well, that's a big basket you've got there, Marjorie," said Mr. Connor as Marjorie came in, rather red in the face from her heavy load. "Guess you're going to buy me out."

"No, sir," answered Marjorie. "I'm not going to buy anything. I've come to sell something."

"You have!" exclaimed Mr. Connor. "Well, now, what can it be? Let me guess. Can't be a cat, can it?"

"It is, it is! You guessed right off! It's Huff!"

Mr. Connor stepped over to his cash register. In a minute he was back again. "How would that do?" he said. Marjorie looked down. A shining half dollar lay in her hand.

It took only five minutes to run home that time! "O mother, mother, look what Mr. Connor gave me!" she cried. "Isn't he the nicest man! And now, if I take my two twenty centses and this fifty cents and earn ten cents more, I'll have a whole dollar for the Red Cross, shan't I?" And mother said, "Yes."

That is how Huff came to be a Red Cross cat