

over tales of boyish frolic at which she would have frowned a month ago. All unknown, even to her husband, she had been doing some deep thinking since Parents' Day at camp, and had arrived at a definite conclusion. When Sandy outlined his plans for the new patrol of boy scouts, of which he was to be leader, she electrified him by saying:

"I have had the attic arranged so that you may use it for your headquarters."

For a moment Sandy stared at her speechlessly. This was the most unheard of thing yet. "Why—the fellows would have to go up the stairs"—he faltered at last.

"Yes, I know, but I want them to come," she rejoined, and Sandy felt that his cup of joy was full.

Ahead of him was a fall and winter filled with the most delightful prospects of scoutcraft, work, and companionships. As he threw out his arms, and stretched himself to his full height, feeling so strong and so physically fit, he wished that he might be called upon to do something hard and really worth while.

The next evening as he and his father were in the library, the maid brought to him a package and a letter, both from camp.

The package contained a beautiful Honor pennant, specially decorated with the crest of the Central Young Men's Christian Association, and the initials C. C. S., standing, the letter explained, for "Camp Couchiching Spirit." The letter was from the Chief and said that by universal consent, the