

Three." Well we three are still together. You see Pa rented a cottage up here at Peawankee Lake and rather than have his little boy lonely (I shed copious tears for two hours) he asked "Angel," and "Spider" to come up and keep me company. I am not the least bit lonesome now but sister Marguerite says we are "the bane of her life," or some phrase like that, that she learned at the convent.

It is too bad you are not with us; we just make things hum up here. We had a swell time all week; the fishing and boating are 24 karat fine. We tried hard to be models of sanctity this week, but it seems whenever a fellow tries to be good, everyone gets down on him. Just now, half the people on the lake are sore on us—we are anathema, or something like it that you used to use in catechism class.

You see it happened this way: the yacht-club people up here have a nice club-house, and they were giving a bonnet-hop on Wednesday night. Well, on Wednesday afternoon Pa cruelly spoiled a good fishing trip and sent us up to the club-house to help them decorate. Like Admiral Rojestvensky, we went full of dark and deep thoughts of revenge, and having adjusted our faces to the proper funeral shape (gosh! but we did look like a bunch of undertaker's assistants) we looked up the main squeeze and told him that Pa had sent us over to help them decorate. Of course he bit like a shiner; (I wonder what makes some guys so easy). He put on a winning castor-oil smile and told us to go ahead. Well we certainly did go ahead. They were having a German orchestra for the evening, and a mut, in shirt sleeves, with plate-glass fronts, (the mut not the shirt sleeves) told us to "kindly awange the auchestwa chailis, boys." We arranged the chairs all right but the seats looked dreadfully scratchy—hadn't had a coat of varnish since Washington crossed the Brandywine. Spider said it was a crying shame to make musical artists sit on such chairs as those, and Angel allowed it would be nothing short of a crime. We hadn't any varnish, but I remembered a pot of nice spruce gum that I had at home for mending the bottom of my birch-bark canoe. Angel thought it would be just the thing, so we chased Spider over after it. When he got back we put a medium quantity of gum on each of the seats,—and say, it did make them look fine.

In the evening Angel went over, just before the big show commenced, to inspect things finally. He found the first coat of gum partly dried up, so he undertook a second application. This fixed things in excellent shape for the band who after they arrived *stuck*