



## THE POET

asked Mrs. Redfield, looking from one to the other, while thwarting Marjorie in a forbidden attack upon the cookies. "It seems to me that you've been talking for years about this story, and I don't know yet what it's all about."

"Hims witing books like the funny poetry man, and hims told me if I'm good and nice to you and Aunt Marian he'll wite a book all about me, and my dollies, and how we builded shotums by the lake and in our yard; and Marian can't be in any more books, but just be sitting on a wock by the lake, having ums picture painted."

"Thank you, Marjorie; I knew he was a deceiver and that proves it," laughed Marian, avoiding her sister's eyes. "Let's all go out and see the sun go down."

Marjorie toddled off along the walk that bisected what had once been a kitchen-garden.

The sun was resting his fiery burden on the dark edge of a wood on the western horizon.