



Once upon a time there were two little kittens who were as near alike as your two little fingers. Each was as black as a piece of coal, each had a long, fluffy tail, a funny, black nose, and bright, yellow eyes; and one's name was Huff and the other's was Puff. Marjorie's big brother Jim had named them.

Now on this particular Saturday morning Huff and Puff were playing under the kitchen table, while Marjorie sat rubbing away at the silver as hard as she could. "But I'll never have enough," she said, wrinkling up her forehead. "I'll get twenty cents for the silver, and father'll give me twenty more for helping with the dishes. But what's a stingy old forty cents for the Red Cross?"

Huff and Puff still played under the table, and Marjorie stared at them absently as she said to herself over and over, "How shall I get that money?" Then all at once her eyes brightened, and she sprang down from her chair. "Why, there's Mr. Connor!" she cried right out loud, even though there was no one to listen. "He wanted Huff the last time he came with the groceries. He said he'd buy him!" Then her face grew sober. "But I don't want to lose Huff or Puff, either one," she said, picking them both up. "But I'll have to," she sighed as her mother came into the kitchen.