

AMARILLY IN LOVE

"Yes," ruminated Mrs. Jenkins aloud, "Amarilly acts like she was skeert of the country."

"No more to hum here than a fish would be in a hot-house," declared the Boarder, "but mebbby the telerphone will help out some."

"You make me tired! Always Amarilly!" growled Milton. "Nuthin's ever done or bought around this place without it's goin' to be pie for Amarilly. We'll hev to be buyin' an auto for her next thing, I suppose."

"Now listen here!" cried Gus hotly. "It's the way, it's always going to be, too. Where'd we be, I'd like to know, if it hadn't been for Amarilly? Back in Clothes-line Alley with Ma taking in washings and us boys doin' odd jobs. Gee! I'd like to buy her an auto and everything else she ought to have."

"Here, too!" chimed in Bud and Bobby.

"Oh, fade away, Milt!" advised Flamingus.

Under the avalanche of disapproval hurled at him, Milton faded.

"I'm jest a leetle mite anxious about Amarilly's comin' this time," said Mrs. Jenkins to Lily Rose when they were washing the dishes, the task that above all others