

September

can remember—saw it every time I took the train—and yet I never once thought of grandma.”

“My, Dwight,” said Ina, “how good you are!”

“Nonsense!” said he.

“Well, you are. Why don’t I send her over a baked apple? Monona, you take Grandma Gates a baked apple—no. You shan’t go till you drink your milk.”

“I don’t want it.”

“Drink it or mamma won’t let you go.”

Monona drank it, made a piteous face, took the baked apple, ran.

“The apple isn’t very good,” said Ina, “but it shows my good will.”

“Also,” said Dwight, “it teaches Monona a life of thoughtfulness for others.”

“That’s what I always think,” his Ina said.

“Can’t you get mother to come out?” Dwight inquired.

“I had so much to do getting dinner onto the table, I didn’t try,” Ina confessed.