

and Don had fired the last "Boom" of imaginary cannon over the soldier's grave, she said abruptly: "You ought to give me one."

"One what?"

"Picture. A picture of yourself."

He shook his head. "Have n't any." He was erecting a tomb of building-blocks over the grave. She watched him moodily. When he came to put on the roof, he found himself in difficulties; he had no blocks long enough to reach from wall to wall. He looked around him for a substitute and saw her photograph. He tried it; it could be made to fit exactly if the back wall were moved in an inch—

She snatched it from him. "No!"

He caught at it. "Give me that."

She shook her head, her doll's eyes big with indignation. "No!"

"I want it," he said angrily.

"No." She backed away from him. "No. You sha' n't. No!" She stamped her foot to stop him as he got up from his knees. When he clutched at her arm, impatiently, she turned and ran, screaming "You sha' n't! You sha' n't!"

Well, there were other building materials as good as her old photograph. There was the cover of the tin box in which he kept his marbles. He tried it, and broke down a side of his mausoleum. He brushed the ruins away and began a towering monument of solid blocks.

But Miss Margaret did not come back, and he began to miss her. He went nonchalantly around the

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