

"Papa said Mrs. Outings made a perfect show of herself in her new spring bonnet," Harry added suggestively. Jack Jenkins remembered his father remarking one Sunday morning, the tall thing on his mother's hat was too showy for a church member.

These suggestions bore fruit, inasmuch as each exhibitor privately formed the determination not to be outdone in the matter of head-gear for his dog.

The completed plan included a band to enliven the proceedings of the show. Tin pans were to be improvised into drums and clanging cymbals. Survivals of Christmas-day wreckage, in the form of horns and whistles, took on a new interest, and were valuable to the degree of noise they made. The combination of medley and chaos was melodious in the extreme to the juvenile ear.

The following Saturday afternoon a miscellaneous collection of boys and dogs were gathered in the parsonage garden.

To accomplish his object each boy had wriggled, dodged, and squeezed through difficulties which would have daunted older heads. Various strange bundles bespoke a triumph of intrigue.

As Sammy Wellman slipped out of the back gate, his mother observed, self-complacently,