

**A Loyal Mummy**

By **IZOLA FORRESTER.**

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"Well, all I've got to say is don't get fresh and mix in where you're not wanted, Peggie."

"But I want to," returned Peggie serenely. "She treats him terribly, this summer worse than all, and it's the third summer. If some one doesn't interfere it may go on forever. And he's a splendid boy."

"Better than me?"

"Well," said Peggie kindly, "every one is a type unto himself. I don't think your type clashes with Hadleigh's."

"You darling!"

"Not on the veranda, Billie."

"We're engaged."

"I don't care if we're engaged a hundred times; you can't grab me like that on a hotel veranda in broad daylight."

"There you go. You take up Hadleigh and his troubles and never consider for an instant the way you treat me. We've been engaged four years!"

"Not all the time. Six times separately."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're as bad as Betty Wayne, and yet you turn around and sympathize with Hadleigh. Sympathize with me."

"I won't. And I'm not as bad as Betty. It's ever so much better being engaged six times separately to one than it is six times separately to six, isn't it?"

Billie took refuge in moody silence in the hammock. Through its meshes he could get a good view of the figure seated on the veranda railing. It was a lissome, girlish figure in pinks and turquoise blue, and he shut his eyes contentedly to get the full effect of it against the background of blue sky and sea.

"Betty really thinks the world of him, only she doesn't know it," Peggie announced suddenly after some reflection. "And he considers her so perfectly hopeless that he doesn't dare do a thing but trot around after her like a pet mummy."

"Mummies can't trot."

"Well, I don't care! He trots around as one would trot if it could trot. Billie Ballister, if you treated me like that I'd never marry you in this world."

"Do you think you ever will?"

"Some day," said Peggie hopefully. "All Hadleigh needs is appreciation. He's tagged around after Betty so long that no other girl will look at him."

"Don't appreciate too strenuously. Hadleigh might not see the point."

"Oh, no, he won't." Peggie's scorn rose superior to discretion. "If I treated you like a stray telegraph pole all the time or a C. O. D. express package to be held till called for, wouldn't you see the point if some other girl took you up and delicately and diplomatically intimated to you that you were altogether just right?"

"I wish I had the chance," said Billie gloomily. "What do I do while you're delicately and diplomatically intimating to Hadleigh?"

"Glover," retorted Peggie sweetly; "stalk and glower and look jealous. Then we'll make up and be engaged for the seventh time. Anyway, Hadleigh won't make love to me. I shall merely act as a diversion for the good of the cause."

It was three weeks later that the diversion ceased. It had been a most successful diversion. Even Billie in his desolation admitted that. So did Hadleigh. From being an engaged nonentity he suddenly became featured on the bill, as Peggie would say. There were handsomer girls at Pineta Point, but there was none quite so winsome and lovable and characteristic of the place as Peggie, and when she undertook the act of delicate and diplomatic intimation she did it thoroughly.

The first week Betty Wayne was amused. The second she flatly declined going in the same coaching party with the two. The third she sent Hadleigh back his ring. And Hadleigh accepted condolences gracefully and pensively and became the steady convoy of Peggie's pink parasol in its wanderings around Pineta Point.

Peggie was happy. Every night she assured Billie things were going splendidly. Hadleigh did take so easily to education. He did not flinch a particle when his ring came back. And Billie said nothing.

The day after the return of the ring the pink parasol took its way up on the bluff overlooking the bay.

"Let's sit here," its owner said to Hadleigh. "I like to watch the fort and the islands. There's Billie Ballister's yacht out there, the Poggie O."

"Named for you, isn't it?"

"It was—last summer."

"It was—last summer," Hadleigh let it slip shortly.

"A new name every summer. It will be the Betty W. soon."

Peggie looked down at him with hurt, surprised eyes.

"Billie will never change the name of that boat," she said, with dignity.

"He painted it out yesterday," Hadleigh answered. "I thought you knew."

"Know what?"

"Betty only broke her engagement with me for the sake of Ballister. She is out there with him now."

"Out there with Billie?" Peggie rose to her feet. She dared not look at Hadleigh. The pink parasol shielded her from his gaze as she looked out at the Poggie O. "I want to go back to the hotel."

"Peggie"—Hadleigh's voice was more desperate than tender. "I thought you and Ballister were engaged. Did you quarrel too?"

There was no answer.

"Peggie," he called again, and Betty

wears his ring!—He stopped and moved the pink parasol screen aside. "Peggie, let's be first in this game of choosing partners. Let's!"

Peggie caught her breath and turned her back on the yacht.

"Hadleigh, don't you know I haven't cared for you one bit—not that way? I was sorry for you because Betty treated you like a pet mummy, and you hadn't the courage to rebel. I thought if some one else made the mummy show signs of life she would prize him, but she didn't."

Hadleigh watched the tears in the blue eyes, and the grace of understanding fell on him.

"It was Billie," he said.

Peggie smiled back at him bravely.

"It was all my fault. I interfered. I never thought Billie would mind, and I never dreamed you would be serious. There's only Betty really, isn't there?"

"Only Betty," said Hadleigh sadly.

"Then be a loyal mummy. It's something, you know, even to be loyal when no one cares whether you are or not."

A long whistle came up the bluff path. For a second Peggie hesitated, then she answered it, and the form of Billie appeared over a ledge of rock.

"Hello!" he called. "Betty Wayne wants you, Hadleigh. Rustic seat over near the spring. Said she'd wait three minutes and no longer. I've done the best I could for you."

When Hadleigh had disappeared, Peggie looked up at the figure on the ledge of rock.

"Did she really send?"

"No, she didn't," retorted Billie, happily, "but she'll be glad to see him, all the same. Peggie, for the seventh time!"

"Who's out in the yacht?" asked Peggie severely.

"Betty's brother and my little brother and your little brother. A bunch of angel kids, and they'll get a bully good ducking if they don't ease her up a bit. See her list?"

Peggie sighed as the figure from the rocks slipped down beside her.

"You dear," she said. "You're a loyal mummy, too."

**An Animal Story For Little Folks**

**The Up to Date Bunny**

One day Mr. Rabbit was loping around the woods, looking for what-ever might satisfy his hopeless appetite, when he espied a large trap set by Mr. Man. He walked up cautiously and inspected it. Inside was a luscious looking chestnut. Mr. Rabbit's mouth watered, but being an up to date rabbit he sat on his haunches and considered.



"Huh!" said he. "That sort of thing is played out. Might have fooled my granddaddy, but he's got to play a foxier game than this to catch me."

"Wonder how I'll get that chestnut, though."

It didn't take him long. In a moment he was off on a trot to Mr. Man's cabin in the woods and banging on his back door.

"Ho, Mr. Man, come out here!" Mr. Man stuck his head out.

"What yer want?" he asked.

"Please, Mr. Man, give me a brick."

"What yer want with a brick?"

"Oh, I'm tired of life and want to die. Earth has no joys for me more. I'll tie the brick around my neck and jump in the pond. You'll never be troubled with me again."

Of course Mr. Man wanted to get rid of Mr. Rabbit, as he had done so much harm about the place, so he gave him the brick.

Mr. Rabbit thanked him sadly and started for the pond.

"Now watch me," he grinned, when he got back to where the trap stood. Saying which he tied the brick on to the other end of the lever that held the trapdoor and quietly got his chestnut out without harm. On the inside of the trap next morning Mr. Man found a note which read: "Mr. Man, you are a chestnut!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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