

THE SUGAR BUSH

Spring had come! All the children felt it in the flow of vitality seeming to burst their veins - in the desire to run and jump and shout for no apparent reason at all!

Teachers complained, "They're like a bunch of wild Indians! How will we ever calm them down enough to get any work done!" They looked over their school rooms with weary eyes, suddenly conscious of the grimy windows, the scratched desks, the scuffed floors, on which dirt was constantly tracked from the muddy playgrounds outside. Marbles appeared over night, and on every corner, little girls were jumping rope.

At home the busy mothers tore down the curtains, put all the winter bedding on the clothes line, and set the children to pulling out the tacks which held down the edges of the ingrain carpet. The children worked painfully on their knees, using the claw-end of the hammer handle, until the carpet was free and could be rolled and taken to the shed to wait for a hard beating out of doors, later in the week. The large red flowers on the brown background which had looked so cheerful last spring were now dusty and faded.

"Henry," directed his mother, "throw all that old straw out where we can burn it."

Henry, gathering up the dusty straw, sneezed and sneezed and SNEEZED!

"I declare to goodness," said his mother, "I hope the day will come when I can have a real Wilton!" she sighed. Wilton carpets didn't require a straw base but they did cost a great