

then the purple of wisteria, and lastly the orange, red and green of fall.

But most of all, I loved the cupids. When the low garret roof of this part of the house was raised to make a room for me, a slanting panel about twelve inches wide was set in between wall and ceiling around the room. On this panel, my mother, who was an artist, had painted cupids in a field of flowers, mostly violets. Cupids were dancing, flying, swinging or just lying looking up at the clouds in the sky. Many were taken from old masters in Europe. No two were alike. There must have been forty and I loved every one.

It was a tremendous labor of love, to paint day after day for weeks or months standing on a high stool or step ladder. When I first saw the finished product I wept with emotion. The magnificent decorations in the boudoirs of famous French queens could not have given them any more pleasure than my cupids gave to me. So I was near to tears when I knew that I was leaving my little friends for a long long time.

At three o'clock the big laundry tub with three pitchers of hot water had been carried upstairs for my bath before I dressed when someone called to me, "We can't find any ribbon for the ribbon bearers!" An aisle was to be formed by two girls carrying ribbons between the stairs and the bay window where the bridal party would stand. I realized that in the confusion of the past few days, the ribbon had been forgotten.