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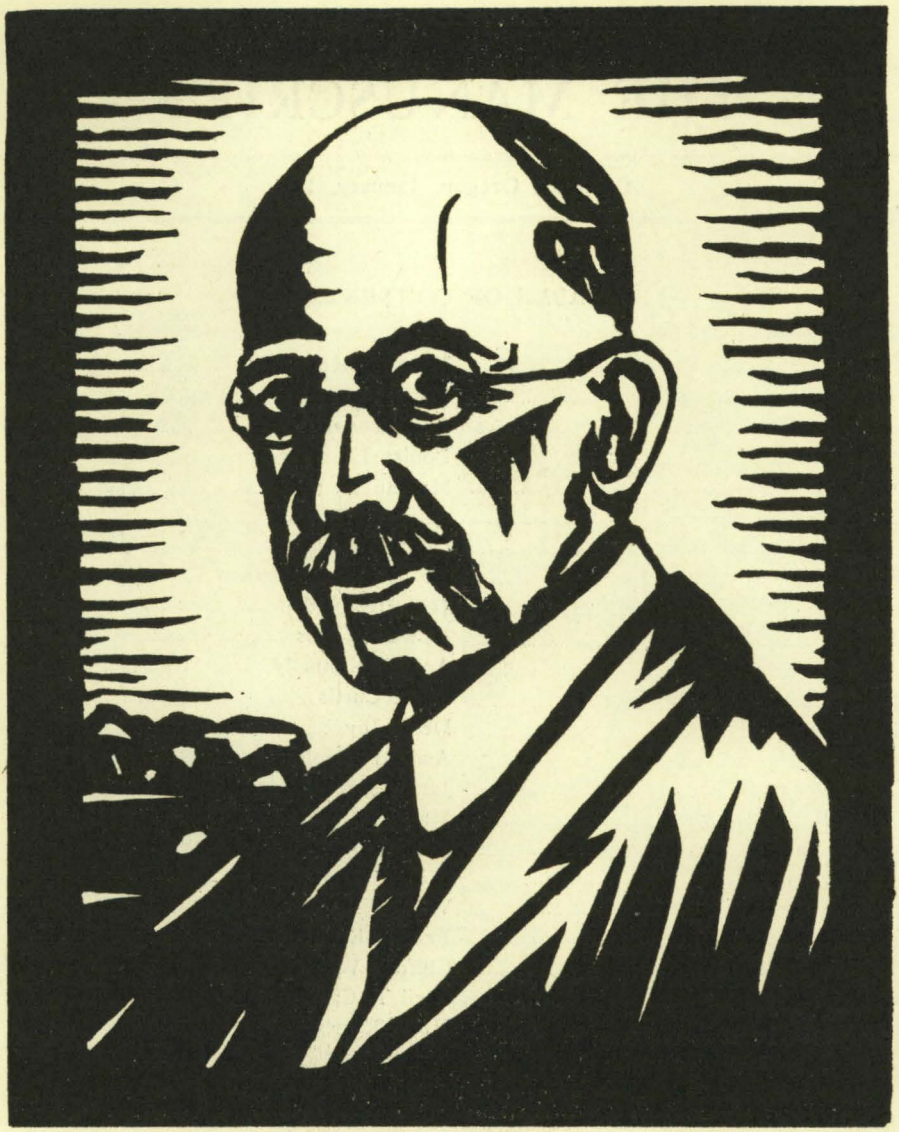
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Portrait	Kenneth Kutch	2
Matches Plus	Norman Rudd	3
Miserere	Audred Arnold	6
Poor Buzzard	Louise Homewood	7
Hog-Wild	Maxine Bennett	8
Tennis Before Sunrise	Maurice K. Fox	9
Live Bait Fishing for Bass	Donald Prentiss	11
Crescendo	Dorothy L. Anderson	12
Rattlesnake	Joel Hedgpeth	14
Spooks	Howard Gibbs	15
This Is Where I Live	Ardyth Kennelly	17
Stung	A. R. Curtis	19
Lowly Missions	Dena Joy	21
Lullaby	Audred Arnold	22
The Late Departed	James Byron Adams	23
Broken Doll	Margaret E. Holmes	24
Division of Labor	Artha Olin	26
The Sunday Walk	Wilma Post	27
A Quest for Beauty	Wilford Emmel	28
Forgotten	Bertha Eicher	29
The Monsters	Clifford Wyckoff	30
No Man's Land	Cecil T. Carroll	31
I Think I Will Sell You a Horse	Hugh Kerwin	33
Almost an Accident	Anita Post	34
Courage and Daring	Lawrence Chapman	35
Courtesy and Manners	Fletcher Walker	35
The Gadget	Walter Hanthorn	36
Manners	Bert Evans	37
To a City Dweller	Helen Hawkes Battey	38
Two View the Campus	Audred Arnold	38
Business in Idaho	Omar M. Lloyd	39



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Professor of English Language and Literature

(Portrait and Linoleum Block Print by Kenneth Kutch, Junior in Commerce, Done in a Class in Commercial Art at Oregon State College.)

MATCHES PLUS

By NORMAN RUDD

"WHERE did you get those matches?" Wayne tossed his unruly black locks from his eyes, and glared with all the parental authority a fifth grader can muster over little brother who is still in the fourth reader. "You know what Ma said."

"Yeth, but I found thethe." Billy, with bare feet a-spread, gazed speculatively at the pile of fluffy, dry prairie wool which was to be the last three layers around the top of our grass wigwam, and dropped three grimy, pocket-worn matches from one scaly hand to the other. He pondered, half to himself, "The'd never know if we built jutht a little fire."

That was an idea! Even Wayne offered no more objections. The seven of us, the total male population of the little Canadian country school of Battle Heights, far northwest of Edmonton, had been working on that old wigwam ever since we'd studied about Chief Tecumseh, leader of all the northern Crees. In our history book the picture showed him smoking his great pipe, feathered head-dress drooping down his back, gazing out over the wide Assiniboin, while his squaws toiled at his tepee of poles and grass. Those sissified girls wouldn't be the squaws, but had had to start a pole of their own behind the barn. We had cast aside our dignity and our peace pipe, an ancient nicotine-coated corncob with a section of water grass for the stem, and built our own, up in the far corner of the school yard. The long, tinder-dry prairie wool stretched as far as one could see to the north along the gorge of the Battle River, except where the deep gash of Buffalo Coulee cut off, three miles away, to wind snakelike through the gray, level carpet of grass over the western horizon towards distant Edmonton.

With covert glances over our shoulders in the direction of those shirking pig-tails who had failed to realize the honor of being the squaws of a great chief, we silently gathered a pile of dry grass and twigs, careful to keep the unfinished wigwam between us and those three square eyes in the north side of the weather-beaten school where that pesky teacher might be watching. To Billy went the honor of scraping the grimy match on a nearby boulder and touching off the peace pyre. Charlie Benoit, the new French boy who had furnished the pipe, solemnly mixed a handful of willow leaves, crunched them, quite expertly to our amateur eyes, into the bowl, and, after much effort with a smoking, green poplar stub, succeeded in lighting them.

Drawing a deep puff from the insecure stem, he miraculously blew two streams of smoke from his nostrils like the snorting bull on Bill Deidrich's Bull Durham bag, and passed the pipe on to Billy. With the solemn face of an Indian stoic, Billy took a long draw of the smoking leaves. He gasped and choked; tears ran down his face, leaving a muddy rivulet through the dirt and smudge on one check. With a weak grunt, supposed to mean "heap good," he hurriedly shoved the treacherous token of peace at Jack Headen, who, fascinated, crouched next, rather hesitant upon risking his well-being even in the cause of peace.

"There's the bell!" It was a life saver to Jack, who dropped the pipe as if it were hot, and raced us all down the hill into the bare, one-room school, past the water-can with battered dipper hanging at its side, sliding around the great stove at the back of the room surround-

ed by a high black tin guard, into the two rows of carved, battered double seats with aisle between. The few half-smoldering coals of our fire had been completely forgotten in our anxiety to escape the blood-shot, watering eyes that Billy had acquired from the pipe of peace.

"Fire," shrieked some one who raced past the school, almost before the two Marchand twins in the first grade had started their sing-song tale of "I see the cat." An image of "jutht a little fire" and of a smoking corncob pipe flashed before the eyes of seven livid little boys, as frightened eye met the glance of frightened eye, and a shivery feeling wafted the back of my cotton shirt all the way up to the hairs on my neck at the thought of what Dad would have to say if we really had started a fire. With a rush we stampeded outside, in time to behold the flames sweep to the top of and envelope the seat of all our war-like hopes and big-chief aspirations. On the other side, the fire had crept under the fence into that vast field of waving prairie grass, which fairly cried to be burned, and was now rapidly spreading in spite of the futile efforts of Pat O'Reilly and Mr. Headen, Jack's father, before a brisk northwest breeze which had sprung up from nowhere. For an instant we stood paralyzed, undecided whether to run for the deepest gully and hide or stay and see the glorious fire we had started.

"Grab some sacks and kill that back fire!" roared Pat. "We can't stop it out here."

It was all we needed. Any fear of punishment gave way to excitement as we grabbed oat sacks, blankets out of the rigs, anything to help tame the monster which we had unleashed, beating, pounding, whipping the creeping tongues of flame that had burned slowly back against the wind, threatening the barn and school house.

"Nothing can stop this but Buffalo Coulee," gasped Mr. Headen, wiping the sweat from his face with the back of his dirty, blackened hand. "If we can get a fire guard through from here to Pollard's, we'll have her unless it can jump the Coulee. Nothin'll stop her from here to the North Saskatchewan if it does jump. Break up in two groups and work each way beating out the back fire, 'cause no telling when the wind will change. I'll get out all the ploughs I can from here to the Coulee," and he was running for his horse.

The fire by now covered two acres or more. The first dull grumbles of the fire demon's deep, roaring voice began to sound over the crackling, snapping laughter of the burning grass and the whine of the sizzling, green willows; thickly whirling gray smoke began to cover the rapidly spreading vanguard of flame, which surged into the north prairie as fast as a man could walk.

"Here comes Al Simmons!"

Down the side of the road came six plunging four-year-olds, pulling a gang plough which threw a double furrow three feet to the side like a pair of satin ribbons tossed out behind a running boy. Never stopping, only giving a wave of the hand, he plunged on, turning the first furrow that was to save the whole country from devastation. Buggies and horses began to appear in all directions. Neighbors, fathers, and brothers, with thick red bandannas tied over mouth and nose, with shovels, wet sacks and blankets, piled into the fight.

"About half of us better head for the Coulee to stop it if it jumps," shouted Pat, heading for an empty wagon with an impatient, frightened team jerking at the tie chains. In some manner I squeezed in with ten or fifteen of the men and headed towards the Coulee, which was now invisible under the thick smoke screen, to help beat out any flame that might jump the fifteen-

foot-deep little stream. Right into the midst of the thickest of the rolling, billowing cloud of smoke dashed the terrified horses, following the road without driver's aid, while men and boys held their eyes from the choking, acrid fumes, which penetrated wet handkerchiefs and blankets, seared throats and lungs, doubled men into knots gasping for breath. Past Dad with sweating horses on our sulky, past Walter Grey and his hired man on two more single ploughs, past Dave Vesey with his double disk, ripping and tearing up a guard before the advancing flames, we rushed on through the smoke, the lathering, heaving team finally racing over the crest of Pollard's hill, down into the Coulee and across the rude log bridge. We were none too soon, for the first crest of flame had just tipped the ridge to the east near the mouth of the Coulee. Like a great tidal wave, the flames broke over the edge, a yellow wave four feet high, washing down like a choppy sea, with here and there a flick of flame licking to the top of a rose bush or dry willow as a foamy billow breaks over a submerged rock. In some places a stream of fire rushed ahead of the slower moving main wave, like water dashing down a steep gully, faster than that on the level. Rabbits darted in and out of the smoke, rushing from their rose bush homes only to race back into the dull sullen roar of the flames and be submerged beneath the licking yellow torrent. Leaping and cavorting, with a roar it rushed down upon the pitifully little stream; nothing could stop its mad progress! We waited in tense silence, with burning eyes and parched throats, for the first flame to hit the creek. A scant fifteen feet stood between us and the unchained demon. T-s-s-s-s-s! P-s-s-s-s-s!- The first wave licked at the edge of the creek, sizzled high in rage and stretched long tongues half way across at the dry grass around our knees, failed, and fell back defeated. On up the line the fire burned to the water's edge, sizzled, steamed, and then died—whipped. Here and there sparks lit, smoldered in the deep grass, to be frenziedly beaten into the ground with sopping sacks and blankets. One or two small fires broke out, only to fall back before the desperate sweeps of shovel and fork. Foot after foot of fire burnt itself out at the side of the creek until only one small corner between the stream and the now wide fire-guard remained. With a last futile effort the fire god threw himself through a tangle of rose bushes and service berries at the barrier, only to be beaten back by its countless enemies. A deep smoke-laden breath was taken by every one as the last flame died under the sweep of a huge, soaking horse blanket, leaving behind it a great expanse of blackened, smoking terrain, covered by scattered piles of smoking horse dung, with here and there a burning clump of willows or rose bushes. Red, smoke-swollen eyes washed in the cool stream, seared throats wet by the brackish, ash-filled water, a weariness replaced the excitement of the moment before. The red disk of the sun was sinking over the horizon; stomachs were complaining of the out-of-the-ordinary exertion. Suddenly even my aches and pains disappeared. The same cold chill ran up my back as I remembered a smoking peace pipe going the rounds of seven little boys, seemingly so long before. I had not seen Dad, but he surely knew the cause of all the trouble. A chill foreboding persisted, as the slow-moving returning wagon neared our gate. As I climbed off at the gate, I saw Dad lead a steaming team of horses into the barn and head for the house and supper. My stomach was fairly shouting to be fed, but even over visions of steaming-hot mashed potatoes and brown gravy, a picture of a long, tough razor strap,

which hung beside the glass in the kitchen, made its way. I softly opened the door and sneaked in to my place at the table. Nothing was said of my part in the afternoon's excitement.

"Maybe they don't know how it got started," I thought. "If they did, Clayton (that's my brother) wouldn't have waited this long to congratulate me at my prowess on starting fires. H-m-m! Spuds and brown gravy — much more important."

As Dad finished the last forkful of custard pie, he cleared his throat, "Well young man!"

I knew what was coming; I glanced in the general direction of that razor strap. It hadn't vanished.

"You've caused about enough trouble for today. Better hit for bed."

What, no razor strap? I hesitated, but turned before any change of heart might take place and shot for the stairs.

"And if I ever catch you with any more matches—"

I waited to hear no more, but dashed up to bed with a solemn vow never to touch a match or peace pipe again. I wearily climbed out of my old smoke-scented clothes, thanking my lucky stars for such a Dad, and crawled in between velvety-soft sheets to dream of great four-legged matches with red heads and yellow faces who hung me up by the toes and burnt my ears to a crisp, then stuffed them in a huge, yellow corn cob pipe, lit it with a flaming brand and passed it around a circle of coughing, green-headed matches about a seething sulphur wigwam.

MISERERE

The frogs are croaking in the frenzied rain;
They are the 'cellists of the winter night.
I'll buy a ticket at my window-pane,
And flurry out to join the erudite.

Assembled are the trees, the flowing ditch;
And in an opera wrap the wind arrives.
And here is pasture-gate, a very witch,
And last year's weeds are scrambling in by fives.

An orchestra of frogs sits in the pit,
And I am trembling at the strumming score.
If this is death, I am afraid of it,
I cannot bear a single 'cello more

Of this theatrical I came to hear,
The sad, defenseless waning of the year.

—Audred Arnold.

POOR BUZZARD

By Louise Homewood

The weary sun had removed the last garment of her golden-colored washing from her line of snow-covered hills, and night, like a cautious traveller, settled protectingly over her brood of lonely Eastern Oregon ranches.

Within our small house, the husky farm hands, resembling hungry animals, noisily devoured the slighted Sunday evening meal and then slipped like pebbles into the deep water-like darkness to perform the remaining chores. The singular odor of the hog pen, mingling with the steaming smell of fresh, warm milk, announced their noisy return. Then, as the last discordant rattle of tarnished silver echoed in the drawers of the musty kitchen cabinet, the day's work was declared done.

Some of the men shuffled wearily up the creaking, uneven steps of the old wooden stairway, and lurched across the room to the row of narrow steel cots silhouetted in the partial darkness. As they flung themselves upon the hard beds, we could first hear the rustle of the straw in the mattresses, and then the loud, rhythmical snores, which announced that all activities, as far as the men were concerned, were at an end. Others preferred joining our family circle to listen to a Sunday night story for us children — a much anticipated event—for it seemed that mother and daddy were either too tired, or too busy to bother with us at any other time.

After selecting "Tales of Uncle Remus" from the well-stocked bookcase, the one valuable piece of furniture in the house, mother settled back in the worn leather rocking chair. When she began to read, all the tired lines in her patient face removed themselves, and a contented smile animated her features. Her soft voice stencilled a vivid picture of the story on our minds, for in the gloomy semi-darkened room, we could imagine ourselves as Uncle Remus's audience. Through the tiny windows, the sickly-colored lamplight flickered hesitatingly on the ghost-like fence and sifted gently on the exhausted snow banks huddled nursingly against the unsympathetic earth. Darkened forms of poplar trees, like sturdy knights on treasure guard, boldly cast their inky shadows across our imaginative view.

From our position on the rough floor, we studied the hired men as they listened to the story about Bre'r Rabbit, Bre'r Fox and the Buzzard. When their stubbled faces wreathed in smiles, we glimpsed stubs of yellow teeth stained by tobacco juice. As they leaned back contentedly and put their large, coarse-shod feet upon the battered heating stove, we wondered if their mothers had ever read stories to them, and if we would ever be as ugly as they when we were old.

My father sat by the sturdy, badly scratched table, idly glancing at week-old news items. At intervals he would listen to the story and illustrate it with his long fingers, which made shadows of pudgy rabbits, lean foxes, and comical birds upon the wall. My sister and I giggled hysterically at such antics because we wanted to show our appreciation to our dignified - by - the - week father.

As the cold wind whipped around the corners of the frail house, and hurled itself in its anger against the swaying chimney, the deep, peculiar hoo-hoo sound of the stove sent chills through us and made us cuddle closer to mother. We stared dreamily at the light of the stove as it shimmered like a faulty searchlight on the dingy ceiling. The sneaking shadow of the clock sidled across the hunched form of my father. Dim, amber rays from the lamp threw deadening colors on the faces of the sleepy men, causing them to look like

drunken soldiers. How we did love the story of Uncle Remus! Wasn't Bre'r Rabbit cunning? Why was poor Buzzard such an old fool?

As the lamp flickered, a hired man snored. "I fooly, I fooly poor Buzzard," read mother. My sister's brown, pigtailed head drooped sleepily, and I found myself counting the patches of freckles on her tiny snub nose. Soon the freckles blurred, and I forgot what happened to poor old Buzzard. I was lifted gently into some one's arms and carried to my bedroom. As in a faraway dream, I'd hear Uncle Remus, in my mother's voice, say, "I fooly poor Buzzard." As I felt my father's roughened cheek close to mine, I'd drift to sleep, hearing, "Little missy, too much play—poor Buzzard—next Saturday night—."

HOG WILD

By MAXINE BENNETT

Pete, the sheep-herding half-breed, raised pigs. Now Pete did not have a large, well-stocked farm with bins of corn, a silo, and a herd of cows; he had a rickety, tumble-down cabin at the mouth of Coffee Creek canyon. Under a cliff in a pen of heavy fir logs, the pigs starved their lives away. As Pete knew sheep, but not hogs, he one day wrapped up his meagre belongings in a musty blanket, turned the pigs out into the bad lands, and returned to his sheep. That was in the spring. The hogs rooted up the ground with their horny snouts, and managed to live all summer; but with the winter came the frost, freezing the ground, killing green things, and making pig life miserable. The swine became as wild and scrubby as the sage brush in which they hunted. Their bones protruded from their hides like poles in a tent. Bristly razorbacks they were, their skin mangy and their flesh stringy. No hams nor bacon backs had those pigs. As the winter progressed, they grew still leaner, and, as they were not fleet enough to catch any jack rabbits, they began to frequent the ranch buildings, fighting over everything edible that they found. The dog, an old enemy, would drive them away. By the time February had arrived, they were mad with starvation.

It was a day in February when the sun burst through the gloom, suddenly, like a great warm ball, and the world woke up to stretch itself before the frost returned as suddenly as it left. The trees dripped and the mud oozed up through the partly frozen earth. The wheels of the wagon, filled with frozen sugar beets, sank into the road that led from the root cellar to the barn. The chickens in their pen cackled and ran crazily and flapped. The cat sought a sunny place on the bunk house roof, stretched, and purred. A calf bawled to its mother in another pen. It was the first thaw, and the world was responding. Perhaps even the pigs were reacting, but they were not to be seen.

Out of the house came Jack, with his stocking cap pulled down over his ears and his scrubbed cheeks glowing. Fastened to a green cord around his neck were his pride and joy, his Christmas mittens. His little hands fluttered like two bright red leaves as he greeted his dog, Nix, with all the enthusiasm of a four-year-old boy turned out in a shining world. Placing his hand on Nix's head, he started down the road, watching the mud squish out around his feet. Oh, it was a good day, a great day, and his heart sang. He shouted to the hired man, Sam, who was pitching hay into the corral to the horses. Sam shifted his quid to the other cheek and shouted back. His face was red and hard, and there were little wrinkles around his eyes when he smiled. His hat had been chewed by the cows and trampled by the horses, but still he wore it. His

lank form bent as he picked up a load of hay, and straightened as he shoved it into the rack. He, too, was aware of life bubbling forth in the sun.

Jack went on by the barn to the bunk house. Nix, with exuberant joy, began to bark and make muddy little paths around the boy. Suddenly a wild angry squeal was heard, and then another, and before either dog or boy could move, over the hill rushed, pushed, and stumbled a pack of starving hogs. Mad they were, and wild. Desperate with hunger as they were, the sun had removed their stupor. The bark of the dog had thrown them into a frenzy. No sign of domestication was found in them; they were as savage as their original ancestors. Down they came like a blast of ill wind, their tusks bared, their evil eyes glinting, their bodies heaving. A roaring, terrible mass of life went straight at the dog; and behind the dog, Jack, cowering against the wall, raised his little mittened hands over his eyes. The dog never flinched as this living tide swept down upon him. He guarded the boy with his body until he was hurled over as a flood sweeps down an oak. Tearing, slashing, like a pack of snarling wolves, the pigs closed in upon their prey. The place rang with their enraged cries. The dog fought them, but it was a feeble attempt. He was suddenly crushed on top of the boy, the sharp hoofs beating his life out in the mud. A stout single-tree swung down, and above it was the frantic face of Sam. A hog, ripped open the whole length of its body, shrieked in agony and fled. Sam, his shirt nearly torn from his body, beat his way to the boy and dog; both were lying bloody and inert. The dog's body, slashed to ribbons, nearly covered Jack. Sam hurriedly snatched up the boy, the hogs fighting madly around him, and rushed to the barn with him. When he returned with his club, the pigs had completed their work. The dog's body was rigid and growing cold, but on his head a red mitten rested lightly.

TENNIS BEFORE SUNRISE

By MAURICE K. FOX

TENNIS at four in the morning. What a horrible thought. Any one is a fool, you think, to kick aside those warm covers, hop out of a protesting bed, and dress on an icy floor to play tennis before even the sun is up. Lazybones, you are missing a treat which is well worth losing a few hours of sleep.

Not only is the hour ideal for playing the game itself, but also, in my opinion, this is the hour at which the surrounding country is most picturesque. North, east, and south are rolled out in front of our eyes like a huge map. From the courts, which are cut into the side of Mt. Tabor, the country stretches out on three sides, the west being hidden by the crown of the hill.

It is not very well, however, for one to look for long at these things, or the object of getting up at such an hour—a set or two of tennis—may be forgotten. Although being alone is much to be desired, it is quite impossible to get along without the cooperation of some other person. The sort to seek is one who plays about the same quality of game as you do, keeps his mouth shut, and is sympathetic with your moods. I am very lucky in this respect, for one of my pals is just this kind. He seems to fit into any atmosphere or mood. All I need besides him is my police dog,

Major, for these morning excursions.

I worry very little over the clothes I will wear. Usually I pick out a pair of "cords," which couldn't possibly be worn for anything but bathing the dog, an old sweat shirt, a pair of wool socks, and a foot-soothing pair of ancient tennis sneakers. Attired in this fashion, I am ready for battle, on the court or on the grass.

The net is soon adjusted to the proper height, and my opponent and I forget all about everything else and concentrate on the game. The "pung" of the gut against the white pills is sweeter to me than the sound of any harp. My racket becomes a part of my body; every shot I hit sends a thrill through me, a gentle electric current. The white pellets seem alive as they jump from one side of the net to the other and roll away when slammed into the net. We finish one set and play another that's close; this is usually the extent of our playing for a while. Fifty feet away bubbles a drinking fountain; our faces snap out of their sphinx-like masks, and we prance madly to the water, wrestling and fighting as we go. Thirstily we gulp down the water, so cold it takes our breath away and makes our teeth ache. We lie about on the ground for some little time, drinking in the clean air unspoiled by the odor of burning gasoline or wood. After having satisfied the animal in us with water and rest, we return once more to the tennis courts for two more fast sets.

These last two convince us that we deserve a rest; and we retreat from the field of conflict to the grassy slope overlooking the courts, where we flop down weary of limb but content. It is some time before we can rouse ourselves and begin to take interest in our surroundings. Perhaps the first thing we notice is the pungent air. If you close your eyes, you can imagine yourself sleeping on a bed of fir boughs, so close are the trees. A tennis court seems incongruous to this place, for it is no more than a chunk of wilderness slightly thinned. As the expensive-looking sun clears the top of Mt. Hood, the beams creep between our eyelids and pry them open, demanding that we pay attention to the stage they light. We sit up and take notice of the scene which stretches silently before us. A full square mile of houses, kept in line by strips of gray pavement, squat domestically at our feet. Two slivers of steel run far out beyond the dwellings, linking the drab metropolis to the green of the wilderness. Far to the northeast sits Mt. St. Helens like a mighty monarch, old and proud, his head snowy and crowned with bright blue. In the foreground are Kelly's Butte and Rocky Butte, apparently kneeling so submissively before their lord, Mt. Hood. He is young in appearance, rugged and untiring; but he lacks the serenity of the old man, for bare shoulders of rock stick out at most unexpected places. It has always seemed to me as if this youngster is continually challenging man to conquer him; whereas, the older one merely ignores every one. Like a jester, a small cloud floats merrily around Hood. On the horizon the Three Sisters poke inquisitive heads into the blue.

From those far off points back home is a long jump, but it only takes the chattering of a couple of gray squirrels to bring me all that distance. I turn to watch them scamper about between the evergreens, their long soft tails floating lazily along behind them. The scream of the brakes on a milk truck and the cold nose of my "pooch" prod me on the path towards home. As I thoughtfully walk, I begin to realize how satisfying it must be to be able to put a part of nature on a piece of canvas in a realistic and colorful way, but I must take the next best, the picture which I have etched in my memory.

LIVE BAIT FISHING FOR BASS

By Donald Prentiss

IT is a late September evening. Old Sol is taking a last lingering glimpse of Spring Lake, and the huge old fir trees, the huckleberry bushes, salal bushes, ferns, and alders that border the lake. The dark hue of the lake itself is made still more attractive by its decorative fringe of deep green reeds and lily pads, dotted here and there with the bright yellow flowers of water lilies. On the placid surface of the lake a green-painted skiff lies anchored close to the shore, enabling its two occupants to cast with comparative ease to the weeds and snags along shore, the favorite haunts of the large-mouth bass. In a boat is a bucket filled with mudcats, the "minnows" to be used as bait. Carefully one of the fishermen hooks a minnow through the fin on its back. Then, with a graceful sidewise sweep of his bamboo casting rod, the angler shoots the bait twenty feet away beside an old snag, where it hits with a gentle slap on the surface. While the mudcat causes the bobber four feet above its head to move in short jiggling runs, the fisher thinks to himself, "What luck this time? Gee, I hope an old 'granddaddy' nabs the bait. If I do hook a big fellow, can I keep him from tangling my line around those reeds?"

But enough of such thoughts. The bobber dives entirely under the water; then bobs buoyantly to the surface again. A bass! Again the bobber drops abruptly under water, this time to remain submerged. The line tightens as the bass moves off with the struggling minnow in the cavern of its mouth. The angler knows that to get excited and jerk as soon as the bobber disappears means failure. He waits alert but calm, realizing that to assure setting the keen Cincinnati bass hook, number 21, in the mouth of the bass, he must let the fish get its food well into its mouth. Now the fisherman strikes. Splosh! In response to the bite of the hook a dull greenish-yellow body leaps and gleams in the waning rays of the sun. As the line cuts the water in zigzagging streaks of spray, the fisherman skilfully forces the fish to fight the resilient rod. The bass tires in its frantic lunges to regain freedom, the angler shortens his line. Never allowing the slack which might cause the loss of the fish, he brings the defeated bass alongside. The sporty creature splashes valiantly in a last vain attempt to shake loose the tormenting hook; then sullenly lessens its endeavors to be lifted into the boat by the conquering fisherman. A beautiful and worthy prize, indeed, is this fighting large-mouth of Spring Lake.

So are the bass caught by the live bait method. An aged and experienced fisherman, "Old Timer," who taught me how to catch the large large-mouth bass of Spring Lake, told me this:

"I've seen many an expert bait caster try his artificial lures without producing even a strike from the bass here. Practically the only way to catch them is to feed them their natural food—live mudcats."

That the bass subsist largely on live minnows and other small fish-life in the lake is true, for several times I have witnessed a group of bass in search of food. A school of eight or ten bass cruise just outside of the weeds and reeds along shore. One of the group, acting as scout, is sent ahead into the weed-beds. Here the fish noses and butts its way among the weeds literally rooting out from their hiding places the mudcats and crayfish. These scurry for safety from this dreaded foe, only to be

THE MANUSCRIPT

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CRESCENDO

Winter, wicked step-brother of hills,
Has given back at last
Their coat of many colors;
Spring's pleading won.
And now that that is done
She begs a loan, from out God's treasury,
Of gold to throw upon the valley;
Her own bright dress she casts
To tear in shreds and strew about the land
That there be green
To complement the gold;
In places, turns the gray sod up-side-down
That there be brown,
And steals a sunset's red
And part of heaven's blue
To paint a mauve tone in the hollows.
Then,
Herself, director of this vernal symphony—
Glorious in her gleaming stark undress—
Stands in the midst of all,
Flings wide her supple arms,
Throws back her flaming auburn head,
And calls, with voice at once entreating and imperative,
Calls to the farthest reaches of the universe,
Bidding the birds come home again
And sing.

—Dorothy L. Anderson.

gulped down by the waiting bass on the edge of the weed-beds. It is only reasonable to expect, then, that the bass will seize with eagerness a squirming minnow on the end of an invisible leader, rather than a queerly acting piece of painted wood bristling with its triple hooks.

To be successful in catching bass, the fisher must be well acquainted with the time factor of fishing. One hot July day, a little after noon, as I was passing by the lake I noticed two persons fishing. I went down to see if they had had any luck and was not surprised to find that they had no bass, though they said they had been fishing since ten o'clock. Rather discouragedly one of them remarked, "I think somebody was playing a joke on us. Jim Samson told me there were lots of bass in this lake, and here we haven't even seen one, let alone catch one."

I answered that we fished in the evening and early morning, and that probably they would "snag onto" some bass if they fished during the early or late hours. The "Old Timer" had lectured me several years before when I had been in the same plight, "Boy, the only times you'll catch bass is early morning or late evening. Be fishing by five o'clock in the morning. That's the best time of all. If you have to fish at night, start fishing about an hour before sundown and fish until nearly dark. And remember, too, that September is the month when the bass are biting best."

I distinctly recall how, about sunup, one morning shortly after I had received the "Old Timer's" advice on the proper times to fish, I again gained some valuable information. The sun was just appearing through the spire-like tops of the gigantic fir trees of the Coast Range foothills which sloped upward from the farther edge of the lake. On the side of the road which bordered the lake on the west, perched on an improvised seat of grass-covered stones, I was gazing thoughtfully at the fir tree images which the smooth lake surface so perfectly reflected.

"What luck, fisherman?" asked an inquiring voice behind me.

Startled and chagrined that I had not paid attention to my fishing, I told the "Old Timer," "I—er—guess the bass aren't biting very well this morning."

He asked if he might examine my tackle, to which, of course, I consented. Soon he began to tell how to improve my tackle and methods:

"I would have a leader, and put the bobber about four feet from the hook. This will hold the mudcat but a few inches above the floor of the lake, and cause the minnow to strive to reach its natural resting position, the lake bottom. Such movement attracts the bass.

"Although a long cane pole does its duty well, a heavy fly rod or a casting rod equipped with a reel furnishes far more sport and chance both to the fish and fisherman.

"And cast gently. The minnow must not be injured, and too loud a slap on the water may scare the bass.

"Pick out logical places—in among the lily pads, beside that snag yonder, not in deep water—then cast your minnow there in the easiest way possible."

He took the pole from my hands, hooked a lively minnow through the back fin instead of the lip as I had been doing, (he said the fin method permitted the minnow to swim naturally) and cast to one of the likely spots he had pointed out. In ten minutes he was handing me the chunky form a three-pound bass. Amazed, I took the bass and with it all of the information so willingly given me.

By following the "Old Timer's" instructions I have since caught many bass. There is no recreation which I enjoy more than catching fish. It takes one into the open to the freshness and

realness of Nature. It carries with it the elements of hope and chance. In fact, I still have hopes of emerging victorious over a big bass—one weighing, say, five or six pounds. There is variety in fishing. One fish may fight on the surface; another may dive to the snags along the bottom, there to entangle your line. The fisherman must consider each fish as an individual and play it accordingly. The sport demands that you match your skill against the skill of the bass, your cunning against their cunning, the strength of your tackle against the strength of their bodies. During your fishing experiences you will make new friends who will mean much to you. There is no better way to test a man's true character than to go fishing with him. You will find out whether he is honest in his methods, or whether he is a game hog; whether he has perseverance, or easily gives up; whether he is cheerful, or dull. You will learn his philosophy of life and of living.

RATTLESNAKE

By Joel Hedgpeth

High-heeled boots dug into the hard earth and held, as the rope became taut. Loud, boisterous voices advised and warned the roper in the handling of the horse that stood with feet braced and head outstretched, every muscle quivering. After several attempts to settle the noose around his elusive neck had failed, Rattlesnake, the wiry bay gelding, was caught. He had been caught before and was acquainted with every trick that man possesses in the art of catching horses. He had been a bucker in Jack Kelly's string of outlaws, but had refused to buck at times. Horses to be of use to the showman must be consistent performers. Bucking horses must buck and the cowboys must ride, for, as ever, the public must be satisfied.

Since Rattlesnake had failed to act his part in these spectacles of the West, called by their Spanish name, rodeos, which are contests between man and man, and between men and horses, we amateur riders had purchased him.

This was our first encounter with the horse. He had bucked men off at all the principal rodeos from Coarsegold to Bakersfield. He acted and looked the outlaw that he was, his head lowered in a fierce, determined manner, and every muscle of his body quivering as though he would spring any moment.

Walking quietly toward the horse, the roper placed a blindfold over his white-rimmed eyes. The bronc saddle was placed on his powerful, quivering back. The blind was left over his eyes, and we four vaqueros matched pennies in an elimination contest to see which would be the lucky, or rather unlucky, one to climb aboard the hurricane deck. Each of us acted as though he was anxious to ride, but beneath the bold front he hoped the other would be the chosen one. My heart approached the upper part of my throat as two were eliminated, leaving two of us to decide who would be the participant. Up went the coin, spinning over and over, shining as it caught the sunlight, lighting on the ground—"heads." The other coin was "heads," and I had won in one sense of the word and lost in another. I was to be the first to ride Rattlesnake!

My head seemed to swim as I adjusted my spurs. My hands were trembling as they fastened the buckles. The chaparejos felt cold to my legs. The two herders, or men who were to keep the horse from running into the fence, mounted and sat their saddles in readiness. I was the only person apparently who seemed to have no desire for haste. The legs that carried me to the side of the horse were surely not my legs, for my legs had never taken such long

steps before. I was now at the horse's side. The stirrup was in my hand and I swung aboard. I adjusted myself into the saddle and the blindfold was jerked off. With a spring, Rattlesnake soared into the air, only to light with legs stiffened, his body twisted at a sixty-degree angle with the ground. Again this outlaw jumped, to come down in a similar fashion, each time shaking me loose from my seat. This seat was very insecure, and I grabbed for the horn as I felt him jump. I closed my hand and very firmly grasped a clod. Rattlesnake and I had parted company.

After all, the biggest and most exciting moments of life are in anticipation.

SPOOKS

By Howard Gibbs

"Lawsy mass! Jus' look a' dem lichens a-hangin' all obah mah bes' trablin' pants!" I was delighted to hear Zeek'l's voice again, and his broad, friendly smile sent a warm feeling clear down my back.

"Lawd, but it am good t'be back in de ol' home place agin. Yo' all don' know how bad ah hates dem city niggahs, Brassy. Dey is plum foulin' wid all deir jazzin' an' carryin'ons wif dem sick-lookin' gals as has flouah splashed all obah deyah black faces, an' promelade all up an' down slingin' big wuhds twixt one to nuthah!"

In reality, Zeek'l had been away only three weeks, but it seemed as though he had been gone that many months.

"Jus' de same, Brassy, ah done lissen to de bran' lates' spook yahns tol' b' mah cun Goahge, an' ah remembehs dem all."

"Swell, Zeek'l. Let's save 'em for tonight. When the others have all retired we can move your bed in beside mine and tell spook yarns—all night, maybe."

"Sho', Brassy. Dat am de bes' time. In de night when it am all black an' creepy an' de ol' ghos' jas' walk an' make de boahds squeal."

That evening, after dinner, we all gathered in the drawing room with Zeek'l, his sisters, and two older brothers who sang for us—sang beautiful, haunting melodies of the Old South. The gaunt old clock, standing brownly in the hall, whispered the minutes and boomed the hours—as it had done for so many colorful years. He was striking away the hour of twelve just as everything else in the house had become ghastly silent.

Outside, the wind was howling fiercely, and huge drops of rain fell helplessly through the blackest of black nights.

"Brassy, yo' come open dis yeah do'. Ah's mos' paehzile wif dis heap undah mah ahm."

With a jerk I opened the door upon which I knew Zeek'l was leaning, as usual, and dumped him and an enormous pile of bedding into the middle of my room.

"Do Jedus! Brassy! Yo' all knows we is gotta be noisesless. Yo' pappy sho' will slaugtah we bofe."

"Come on, Zeek'l. We'll have to get your bed before we can start telling stories."

The storm had turned on a fresh volume of wrath, which made the shutters and window panes shiver violently.

Zeek'l was in the midst of a particularly hair-raising story and was gesticulating quite dramatically. Suddenly he stopped. He gasped and clenched my arm in a frenzied grasp.

"Brassy, did yo' al heah dat?"

"I didn't hear a thing, Zeek'l."

"L-l-listen close. Heah dem bells a-ringin'? Heah dem, Brassy? Dey's down staihs!"

"I hear 'em, Zeek'l. But it must be something outside in the wind."

"No, it ain't not out deah! It am

right down deah undahneaf um we! Ah, Lawd, what is we all gwine a-do? Brassy, dey is comin'. Ah heahs dem plain!"

"It has stopped now. It sounded like something in the hall, didn't it?"

"Wheah is yo' all a-goin'? Jedus Lawd! Dey is at it agin!"

"Yes, Zeek'l. What the deuce can it be? I've got to slip down there and see."

"No, no, Brassy, no. Yo' all wouldn't go an' leave yo' ol' fren' Zeek'l. Stay heah wif me, Brassy. Brassy, Brassy, come back heah now!"

"Zeek'l, come on, please."

"N-n-no, suh!"

"Then I'll go alone and you can stay here."

"Ah's stayin'. Yas-suh!"

A long peal of thunder shuddered through the blackness. A gust of wind tore loose a shutter and sent it crashing to the ground. Then a hushed, dismal silence reigned.

Scratch, scratch, scratch, tingle, ting-a-ling, bong, bong, bong, r-r-rip!

Again, silence—

A slim streak of lightning illuminated the clouds for a moment—then it struck a tree somewhere out across the swamp.

I tiptoed through my door and cautiously felt my way along the side of the hall to the stairs. I had that uneasy feeling of something uncanny watching my every move—something unknown and strangely monstrous.

Something had me in its clutches. I was being pulled backward by something!

"Sh-h-h — it'm Zeek'l. Ah's comin' wif yo' all—Oh, Lawd Jedus, help mah soul! Ah's sorry fo' whut ah is been. Ah's a good niggah now—dey ain't but one fing as'll come ob tamperin' wid de spirits, Brassy, an' dat am sho—e-e-e-e-e-e-e-you!!!"

Zeek'l was gone like a shot. Wheeling about, I saw what had frightened him so—there stood Mother and Dad dressed in shimmering white night clothes and surrounded by the misty glow of a tallow candle.

"For the Lord's sake, son, was that you making all that unearthly racket?"

Dad was a bit furious—a little worried, too. Mother was quite obviously frightened.

"Out with it! What's the meaning of all this?"

"Well, sir — we — that is, us — or I mean I was in bed and I thought I heard strange sounds down there in the lower hall or the drawing room."

"We'll see."

We blew out the candle and crept noiselessly down the long stairway. At the foot of the stairs, he switched on the hall light. We carefully searched the hall from end to end—even opened the old clock and peered in the case. Every thing was as it should be.

"Open those portieres, son."

I pulled the cord and the heavy silk drapes swung back gracefuly, permitting a pathway of golden light to fall across the wine-colored rug to the foot of the comfortable old divan that had belonged to Dad's great-aunt Lucia—an aunt who had long ago disappeared in great mystery.

After a moment of hesitation, Dad crept shakily through the entrance and was lost in the silent darkness. In a moment he had found the switch and flooded the room with welcome brightness.

"Oh, James! The piano drape—torn to shreds!"

Mother stood horrified at the sight.

Dad knowingly stepped to the piano and felt behind the music stand.

"Um-h-um-h!"

Then he turned to us. There, one in each hand, he held two stubborn, blue kittens blinking their pansy eyes at the rudeness of the chandelier.

THIS IS WHERE I LIVE

By ARDYTH KENNELLY

I CAN remember the girl very well; the boy — only that his name was Bud and that he had a bright handkerchief in his pocket. I can remember looking at it in a strange detached sort of way while I was talking to them. But, having something very serious to think about, I was not especially observant.

They were sitting on a bench under a hawthorne tree near the little lake. I can remember standing by the shrubbery just back of them. I was very near to tears, and my heart ached in my breast. I was lost, you know, in the park, and it was getting dark. Unless you have been lost — oh, say for an hour—in a city park, you have no idea how completely hopeless you feel. Especially at seven years. You feel as though the bottom had suddenly fallen out of the universe and left you standing there on nothing at all. I know I would have given my life, my soul, yes, even my doll with the pink silk dress, to have seen my mother's hat.

There was a fuzzy little bug crawling on a twig. I stooped, sat back on my heels, and surveyed it thoughtfully. It was very little, so I knew it must be young. Maybe it was lost. I looked at it closer. Yes, I knew it must be lost. Tears came to my eyes. Poor, fuzzy little yellow bug! Lost. Forever and ever lost. I wondered if little yellow bugs felt the same as little girls did about it.

And then came the policeman. Imagine, if you can, seeing an extravagantly large policeman, with a million gold buttons lined up and down his chest, come down the gravel path. That was the last straw. If there was anything in the world I was more afraid of than spiders and headless goblins, it was policemen.

"Policemen," my mother had told me, "are nice. They protect you. They help you."

Perhaps. But I wasn't taking any chances. Not with a big blue policeman with a club, no matter how nice and helpful he was. I crouched down in the bushes. I stared out furtively.

Crunch, crunch, crunch—flat-footedly he went by me. And then I decided that I must have help. I looked at the backs of the couple sitting on the bench under the hawthorne tree. They had nice shoulders. His were broad and black, and hers were slim and straight, and there was a fur around her neck. I went up slowly and stood in front of them.

"My name," I informed them most gravely, "is Janet. And I'm seven years old. I can't find my mother any place. I think I am lost." Something was thick in my throat and my eyes began to sting.

He laughed. A nice laugh. I knew that if he ever had a little girl he would toss her up and catch her, and rock her to sleep sometimes. "Well, Janet," he said, "when did you discover this predicament?"

I told him very carefully that I had not discovered anything at all — only that it was getting dark and that I was afraid. I thought I'd tell him about the little yellow bug, too. But later. There was time for that.

"Well," he said, "sit down while we decide what to do with you. What does one do with babies that wander about in the dark? This, Janet," he said, and his voice got all soft, "is Adele. And I'm Bud."

The girl took my hand. Then she put her arms around me and hugged me close to her. Her blouse was frilly and soft, and smelled like apple blossoms.

"Poor baby—" she whispered and then smoothed back my hair.

Nobody said anything for a moment. I saw some stars blinking in the sky. I can remember wondering if they tinkled, when you got close to them, like those Chinese glass things you hang out on your porch in the summer time.

"Where do you live?"

I stirred in her arms Here, now, was a question.

"Well," I offered after a moment's hesitation, "you know where the grocery store is, don't you?"

"Yes," and he paused. "I think I know."

"Well," I said, "it isn't that."

There was a silence.

"You know that big house on the corner, don't you?" I went on. "The one with a lot of steps to get up to the front walk and little pointed roof over the porch, and the curly things over the windows?"

"I think I've seen it, Bud," the girl said. "It's on Sixteenth and Eighth South."

"Well," I put in, "it isn't that."

The girl laughed a little. "Go on," she said.

"No," I continued,"Bertha and Sarah Jew live there."

"Bertha and Sarah who?" he asked me.

"Jew," I said, for everybody called them that. "Their father has a shop down town. They have a big sister named Goldie, and lice. They have lice. Anyway, Geraldine said so. And their brother Eddie is in love with the soda fountain lady. She's got real yellow hair," I said, "and I named my doll after her. Bessie," I explained, "is her name."

He was very patient. "Do you live any place," he asked me, "at all? Or do you flutter around like a butterfly all day and curl up in a bird's nest at night?"

"Oh, no," I said, "I live some place. In a white house."

"At last!" he murmured. "Light."

I looked around. It was very dark. There wasn't even a sign of light.

"In a white house, baby?" she asked me.

"Yes," I said. "You know the three houses all alike down by the big house where Sarah and Bertha Jew live?"

"I think so," she answered.

"Well," I said, "it isn't any of those. It's next door to the last one. Not the last one by the pink house. The last one by the white house. The white house is ours. Where Mother and Patsy and I live."

They each took me by the hand. "Come on, then," the man said. "Home again, home again, jiggedy jig. . . ."

Right foot, left foot, right foot, left foot. I looked up. My, he was tall! She had some bracelets on her arm. They jingled. Her fingers were nice and warm. Right foot, left foot. . . . I half forgot them. I knew they would get me safely home. I began thinking about the little sewing machine I'd got for my birthday, and about my doll with the pink silk dress.

They talked, 'way up high where their heads were.

"But I can't, Bud," she said, "my Mother—"

The word drifted down to me. Mother! Now there was somebody. She bathed you and fed you and made you say your prayers. She loved you and made little frosty cakes and warmed your nightie and red felt slippers.

"Mother doesn't want us to," her voice trembled.

"I'm not—I'm not good enough!" he said.

"Oh, Bud—Bud. . . ."

Right foot, left foot, right foot, left foot. To market, to market, to buy a fat pig . . home again, home again, jiggedy jig.

We came to the corner. It was light there. "Look, Bud," she said, " look at her eyelashes."

We walked and walked and walked.

"Tired, baby?" Bud leaned down to me.

"Yes," I said, "tired." Oh, the white peacefulness of my bed!

So he carried me in his arms. Like Mother carried Patsy. Right foot, left foot. To market, to market. . . . His coat was rough against my cheek. But it smelled good. Like wind does in the fall when it's a little bit smoky. I felt myself going to sleep.

"But you know I love you, Bud. . ." There she was beside us. I thought drowsily that I was going to name my next doll Adele.

He was saying words. My ear could hear his heart beat—fast, fast. Words. "Then marry me. Tonight."

To buy a fat pig . . . home again, home again, jiggedy jig. We stopped. "Here," she said, "is a feed store. Finnegan's feed store. With puppies in the window."

I looked at them sidelong, but I did not move.

"And there," Bud said, "is the grocery store."

I was a little bit sorry to be so near home.

"And down there," he went on, "is the house with curly windows. Where Sarah and Bertha Jew live."

We went along—past houses I knew. I was very sleepy, but I roused myself. "There," I said, pointing, "I live in that house."

They stopped at the gate. "We'll wait here," they told me, "until you get in the house."

And I'm so glad I can remember that they kissed me.

STUNG

By A. R. CURTIS

"Buzz-z-z-z!" A sweet honey bee encircled my head and sat down very hard with great acceleration. "Oh, what the @!*?*!," I cried, somewhat startled and surprised. How hot that stinger felt as it wriggled into the cauliflower and sent its feverish poison surging throughout the more immediate parts.

"Hey," some one yelled from over the fence. "What the 'ell's goin' on there?"

"Some of your dirty, lousy bees that you've kicked out of those hives," I sassed back. "And furthermore, if—." The sentence was never finished, because at that moment five or nine more bees got mixed up in my hair, and I made a headlong dive into an overgrowth of buck brush just in time to evade the onslaught of the rest of the apiary.

The man from over the fence approached the spot where I had taken refuge. He carried in his gloved hand a can that proved to be a bee smoker. A wire screen, sewed to his hat and shirt, covered his face. Using the bee smoker, he puffed great clouds of smoke down on me to drive the bees away. At the same time he laughed at my crouching attitude and my misfortune.

"Don't fight them," he said, "or you'll 'ave the whole bunch stingin' you like they did my old black 'orse. Just stand still or fall on the ground and be dead for a while, and any bee will leave you alone."

As the bees retreated, I crawled out of the huddle I had gone into, still being screened by the clouds of smoke that belched from that glorious smoker.

" 'Ere, you better put this on," he said as he stripped his veil off and handed it to me.

"But," I protested as I took the awkward thing, "what will you do without it?"

He laughed and said that any one who had worked among bees for thirty years didn't need a veil.

My amazed expression seemed to amuse him; therefore he made things clearer.

"You see," he said, "I'm so full of bee poison that it don't hurt any more to be stung. And today is a warm, sunny day; so all the bees are out working among the fall flowers. Those that 'ave stayed 'ome are so 'appy about the warm weather that they won't sting."

"Oh, yeah. How about the one that sat so hard on my ear a while ago and those that got into my hair? What's the matter with them?"

"They were the guards," he mumbled. "Every 'ive keeps a bunch of guards that keep moths and other bees from coming in and eating the young brood and 'oney. The reason that they got after you was because I smoked them out of the 'ive I just robbed. They 'ad to get after somethin'."

"Keep it on," he implored as I began to pull the veil off. "You can watch me rob another 'ive." So I went over to the apiary.

"Now," he commanded, "move slow and easy; don't jerk, jump, or run; and by all means don't squeeze the bees or you'll be stung again."

He puffed a few clouds of smoke around the hive to keep all the bees away; then carefully and deliberately he forced a flat hive tool under the lid and pried it loose. The bees roared inside. Before taking the lid off he puffed quantities of smoke down into the hive under the lid, driving all the bees into the bottom chamber and out through the entrance.

He then removed the lid and carefully leaned it against the hive.

In a few seconds he had lifted out some square combs loaded with golden yellow honey and replaced them with empty ones. He put the lid back on as softly and easily as he had lifted it off, and, much to my comfort, not a single bee tried to drive us away.

"If you 'andle women as cautiously and smoothly as I do the bees," he said, "you'll never 'ave trouble."

"Speaking of females," I laughed, "where is the old lady of the hive?"

"Oh, she runs down into the lower chamber whenever there is any danger. She's always protected by a bodyguard of the fiercest bees in the colony. She lays all the eggs and is larger than the drones or the workers."

"What are the drones good for?" I asked, after we had gone through five or six hives.

"Oh, there is a big difference of opinion on that subject, big fellow," he said thoughtfully. "Some people think the drone bee is lazy, but I think that in case of busy seasons the drone fans the 'oney and 'elps the young bees feed the brood. Of course, in the fall the workers kill nearly all of them because there is nothing for them to do but eat all winter.

"There must be drones on 'and when the new queens are 'atched. Mr. Drone is then the 'usband for a brief 'oney-moon trip up in the air. After the two come down the drone dies a 'orrible death, and the queen from then on lays the eggs already fertilized.

"The difference in the development of drones, queens, and workers lies in the type of food they are given while in the larvae stage.

"When the bees in a colony become

so numerous that they need more room, a new queen is made. The old queen then takes 'alf the colony and swarms. They fly away like a cloud of dust, 'umming like a buzz saw, to the new 'ome that the bee scouts have found.

"The queen bee is the whole law, and if she is a good 'ousekeeper the colony will thrive and grow. If she isn't a good 'ousekeeper the colony gradually dies out, unless the beekeeper kills 'er and puts a good queen in 'er place.

"Sometimes an excluder must be put over the second chamber to keep 'er from coming up in the top supers and laying eggs in the comb 'oney that is to be sold.

"Many beekeepers will not use the queen excluder because they wear the workers' wings out as they crawl in through the 'oles that are made for them."

"What kind of flowers make the best honey, and why is some honey darker than other honey that is out of the same kind of flowers?" I asked.

"Well," he continued, "there is a difference of opinion as to the best 'oney. I find in my experience that the dandelion 'oney from Wyoming, the catclaw 'oney from Arizona, and the pure sage 'oney of the desert taste and sell the best. In fact, any desert 'oney sells for more in any market. Of course the pure 'oney of most flowers is very good.

"The principal reason that 'oney from the same flower is often different in color is due to the soil. Dark, heavy soil produces light 'oney in the alfalfa plant. Alfalfa growing on light sandy soil produces dark 'oney."

"Thanks for all the kind consideration and information," I managed to say after I had eaten a whole section of honeycomb. "Now, if you will just answer one more question I will consider the interview a huge success and be on my way."

"Interview!" he yelled, "'ave you been interviewin' me?"

"Why, y-yes," I foolishly stuttered after seeing my mistake.

"No," he breathed with rage as the crimson crept into his face. "I'll not say another bloody word, even if you were in 'ell I wouldn't. That college 'as been trying to get me to tell 'em things ever since I've been 'ere. Now you come and pump me for two hours! Go to Davy's with you!"

I left all right, squelched and embarrassed, with an interview on my stinging conscience and an itching double ear, wondering if bees digested and produced honey the same as cows produce milk.

LOWLY MISSIONS

By DENA JOY

"WHAT may I serve you?" A Swiss steak, fresh strawberry shortcake, coffee? Yes, but you who flock into the chalet at the Oregon Caves resort, desire much more than that. There in a corner shrinks a mouse-like little woman who hungers for a smile or friendly word to assure her that she need not fear the squadrons of cold silver on the linen before her or the silken ladies sitting at the next table. There is a man, cold and gray as tempered steel, who needs a gay laugh and a quick retort to remind him that life holds youth and happy friends as well as contracts and strong bridges. The squealing baby in the high chair, or the grave government of-

ficial desires something from life, something perhaps I can give. The work of a waitress is a mission of love, like the toiling of a brooklet that sings to the flowers as it waters their thirsty roots.

People fascinate me. They are so noble and so petty, so kind and so selfish, so gay and so gloomy. From the moment they thrust their silver aside to rest their elbows on the table, until they slide the tip under their napkin, their characters are naked to the waitresses. We laugh at the fat man's anger over cold coffee, we rebel at the rich lady's insistence that she be served before any one else, we cry over the young chauffeur who must eat all alone in a corner. We share their joys and sorrows, we are a part of their lives—and then they are gone, and we are forgotten.

A summer resort is a playground, frolicked upon for a day, and left forever. Each day promises the delightful surprises of a tinsel-wrapped Christmas package. We serve a man with a braying laugh, who calls us "sister," and drinks four cups of coffee. The next day brings us a tall girl, proud and handsome, who has glazed, sightless eyes, or an insipid young man who orders his fried eggs as if he were reciting poetry, and asks each waitress to go riding with him.

In human nature I have always discovered humor and often pathos. Tears would moisten my eyes as I laughed at an old German whom we served for several days. He would plod slowly into the dining room, like an old blind dog. Without a glance at the guests or a smile for familiar waitresses, he would shamble to his accustomed seat. Then the dog in him would be transformed into a sly cat. He would snap open a bulging green bag he carried, and snatch out a red book and a spectacle case. In one flashing gesture he would unsnap the case and adjust his glasses. Jerking his book open to the marked page, he would rest it upon the table, slump over it with his eyes close to the lines, which he would follow rapidly with his finger. Although he would be very impatient if he did not receive immediate service, he was generally averse to laying aside his book. He apparently felt that it was pure stupidity on the part of the waitress that she need interrupt his reading to ask for his order. She should know he never ate pork and must always have his eggs scrambled. We were always very careful to arrange his food around his book without disturbing him. If glancing up from his reading, he saw a pineapple salad or a dish of tomatoes which he did not like, he would wave his hand toward the kitchen and mumble, "Take it away. I don't want it." With rapid, systematic jerks he would stuff the food into his mouth, and in a distressingly few minutes he would again be hidden behind his book. One of his most interesting incongruities was his straight black hair and curly red beard. I could stay behind his chair and laugh at them without tears, for I suspected that he was proud of the ridiculous combination.

Breathless, heart-bumping moments come to a waitress when the opening dining room doors admit an unexpected flood of hungry guests. Serving these

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LULLABY

If it is time to sleep,
    The mole has not been told;
The owl is also staying up,
    And he is not so old.

My cat is prowling somewhere,
    And only I, it seems,
Must have you tell me when it's time
    To go and don my dreams.

—Audred Arnold.

ravenous crowds provides for us the enjoyment and suspense of an actual contest. A party is ready to enter the caves. The guide is leaving soon. They want their meal at once. They do not consider that a waitress has human limitations, or that another party at the next table is as anxious to leave as they are. The waitress must play a hide-and-seek game with promises and diplomacy when at one table they insist that their dessert be brought immediately, while the father of a family of six demands that the little children's soup be served at once, and a woman sitting near the door whispers shrilly as you rush by that she must leave in five minutes. The waitress always wins the game. She sends each person off with his party, well served, well filled, and happy. Her prize is the realization that she has served five tables at once and made no mistake greater than to ask a man if she could serve him more coffee, when he was drinking tea.

I should not like to work with girls whom I saw only during the working hours. When you have curled up on the foot of their beds and talked until midnight, or hiked with them up to the Point to see the sunset, or been pulled out of bed by them just in time to get down to breakfast, you do not mind at all when they put their trays on your service table, or take the bread you have cut, or leave your water jug empty. A dish of spinach accidentally inverted on the dining room floor, would seem at first a tragedy fit for tears, but the sympathetic laughter of the others converts it into a comedy to be enjoyed together.

Wearied of the demanding public, we scramble up the rugged mountain side and spend an hour in thought and dreaming and talking to one's self beneath the understanding pines. Among these silent thoughts of God's we find peace and rest.

THE LATE DEPARTED

By James Byron Adams

Humor and satire are two elements that are rarely linked with deaths and funerals. Therein lies the interest of the following story told me by a friend who found them closely coupled with his father's death and burial.

It was poor Mrs. Dalton this, and poor Mrs. Dalton that. We were poor, but not in the manner that the neighbors meant. You see, the neighbors were expressing their sympathy.

They would shake their heads and say, "You never can tell. Today we are here; tomorrow we're gone. You never know when you are going to pass on."

The cause for all the tear-shedding was my father's death. We, my family, not expecting it, were, of course, very much surprised when the fatal accident occurred.

Poor father! He lost his balance and fell out of a second story window. He was past sixty years of age, and life had not been kind to him. Father owed it no debt when he made his rather sudden exit.

A small town has one recreation that is patronized by every one — funerals. They never suffer poor attendance. Everybody attends in a body to see the body.

Father was "laid out" in his cheap, black coffin in the front bedroom. I stationed myself on the front porch, and when any one would enter the yard, I would rush up to him and inquire if he would care to see father.

My question was always answered in the affirmative. Thereupon, I would usher the spectator into the chamber of death and proudly show him the remains of the lately departed parent. One sympathizer would run in with a black hat or a mourner's veil to loan; another would bring in a pie or a cake.

Neighbors are like that. I have always wondered why people insist on

"lugging" food into a house that death has visited. I have never seen a corpse yet that didn't spoil my appetite!

The day of the burial dawned bright and clear. People from miles around drove to town to take in the event. The men gathered around the saloon to talk over old times while their wives bustled about getting lunch ready.

When every one was in readiness to depart for the cemetery, I became melodramatic and refused to go. I cried for no reason at all. I was really too young to understand the full significance of our calamity.

The trip to the cemetery was made behind a team of horses. Only the very rich owned automobiles, and no one was rich in South Bend.

I have always blamed the neighbors for mother's fainting act. She was indeed buxom enough to stand several funerals, but the weepy-eyed old "crepe hangers" of the town sobbed on her shoulders until she thought that she had really suffered an irreparable loss. The result was her "passing out" at the graveside. I never did hold it against her though, because things like that always add zest to the occasion.

The floral pieces were pathetic. Garden roses suffering from many diseases, worm-eaten ferns, and several other varieties of home-grown flowers made up the offerings.

When the last shovel of dirt had been thrown in on father, we departed for home. The neighbors bade us farewell, saying the lunch was delicious, the day perfect, and that it had been a mighty fine funeral. The last remark was a great comfort to us!

From that time on I have certainly hated funerals.

BROKEN DOLL

By MARGARET E. HOLMES

IT was my second acquaintance with death. Once before, in mid-winter, a sleigh with a long box on it had dragged past our house, and mother had explained to me that the man who had lived on the corner was dead. They were taking him to the cemetery to bury him. I thought how cold it must be in a box under the snow without a fire, and I had shivered. The window pane was aching-cold on my flattened nose.

Now death had come to our friend's house, and while the former sensation of its detached coldness had awed me as I watched the sleigh scrape slowly by, this closer acquaintance sent my six-year-old thoughts into a confused milling. I understood from my mother that little Mildred was better off dead. To me it had never seemed strange that she was so long dressed in tiny baby clothes, that she had never reached the stage where her little legs would carry her in an uncertain baby-stagger about the house after the manner of other babies that I had known. It had never seemed unusual that at three years she had uttered none of the piping chatter I had heard from other babies. I listened to my mother's explanation — something about a clot on the brain which had kept the child from growing—but to me she had always seemed a normal, small bundle to be loved and protected from drafts during her bath. Now she was dead, and I was glad that the snow was gone, so that her little feet and hands wouldn't get cold down in the ground.

When the baby had grown dangerously ill, my mother and I made a hurried trip to the neighboring town where Mrs. Merrill lived. There was a night or two of sitting up and listening to mother and a woman I had never seen before talk softly until I fell asleep. A white-capped woman padded briskly through the rooms. Everything was subdued, and I had to content myself with wandering quietly through the house and in the yard, talking very little. When Mildred died she disappeared, and I never saw her again. I wondered vaguely where she was, and how there could be a funeral when there was no baby to bury.

When we were visiting the Merrills the winter before, the mother, standing with child cuddled against her shoulder, has asked pensively, "I wonder what baby will be doing next year? Sitting in her high chair, maybe, or walking alone." I didn't think before I answered. It was as if some one else spoke the words which I felt vibrating in my throat.

"In her grave, probably." And then I was aghast at what I had said, so that I hardly noticed my mother's grieved dismay.

Now the baby was dead, and the mother sat on in the big rocker before the fireplace looking small, and dark, and withered, and very, very tired. And the tall young father paced softly about the house like a restless Great Dane. Everything was dreary, heavy, so that one didn't care to play much or laugh at all; and one wondered when it would be time to board the interurban car and go home. I was sorry about the baby, for it had been rather fun when her mother had let me hold her, ever so carefully, her little soft body warm on my shoulder through the blankets. And once I had had my picture taken with her. Her great, dark eyes dominated the snapshot. I think as I look at the picture now that they are old eyes, eyes which seemed to have already reflected much upon this world, which her parents feared she would never know.

The mother rocked restlessly to and fro, wrapped in a soft, white shawl. Rain whisked in under the porch roof and washed in sheets over the window pane. The wind beat a naked branch of an apple tree against the side of the house with a slow, sad rhythm, like the feet of weary men. The flames only emphasized the dark of the room beyond their reach, and the gloom seemed to crowd, flickering, about the small light they made.

Mrs. Merrill left her chair to go to her room, closing the door after her, gently. I recalled my fatal prophecy of nearly a year ago. Young as I was, the words stood clearly and freshly in my mind. "In her grave, probably." I felt almost responsible for Mildred's death. Almost a murderer. Something heavy tightened on my breath, and I went out to sit on the back porch. I laced my fingers together and did "here is the church; here is the steeple" very hard to take my thoughts away from the dead baby. Shortly my sense of responsibility for the calamity left me, and I fell to wondering about the poor mother.

Why was Mrs. Merrill sorry her baby had died, when mother said it was better so? Did she, perhaps, feel as I had felt when I had fallen two months ago and broken my big doll? I saddened as I remembered my own recent heartbreak. I hadn't loved any of my new dolls since, loyalty to the broken toy-baby smothering any mother instincts the new dolls they brought me might have aroused. I wondered if they would bring Mrs. Merrill a new baby, now, and if she would resent its prettiness as I had resented the crisp-curled successors to my favorite child.

Feeling a huge sympathy spreading over me, I got to my feet and went into the house. Mrs. Merrill had returned to her chair before the fire. I crouched on a big pillow beside her, all sense of guilt quenched by a wave of fellowship with her quiet suffering. I watched the flames, thinking of the dead baby and wondering what the funeral would be like, for mother and I were not to attend. We would stay in the house to await Mrs. Merrill's return. The fire was warm on my eyeballs, and my head felt heavy, held in a strained position as I leaned on my elbows. I put it down on the pillow, my cheek to the blaze. Soon I slept.

DIVISION OF LABOR

By ARTHA OLIN

"Beth! Oh, Beth!"

"Yes—I've been awake for two hours, but Patty wouldn't get up so I wouldn't either."

"Dear me, I overslept and it's nearly eight o'clock. You tell Patty, if she expects to get to Sunday school before the benediction, she better get a wiggle on. Call the kids, too."

"Patty, Mama says for you to get a wiggle on. Irene! Dorothy! Harry! Glen! You kids get up!"

We always slept late on the Sunday mornings—that is, all but Papa. Then was his chance to make up for lost time at the garden; or if a knife needed to be sharpened, a hinge screw on the screen door to be tightened, it was always "let Papa do it Sunday morning." In spite of a late start, there was enough work for everybody to do. Papa built a fire in the kitchen range when he got up, so the teakettle was boiling. Mama made the coffee, put the oatmeal to cook in the double boiler, and was stirring up the hotcake batter when Patty, fourteen, appeared in the kitchen, sleepy-eyed, but ready to set the table.

"Mama! Make Harry hook my overalls." This distress call came from Glen in his and Harry's bedroom. Harry was eleven and Glen only five, and why should an eleven-year-old have to be bothered by a five-year-old?

"Harry, please fasten Glen's overalls and call Papa to breakfast, will you?" (The voice was mild, but Harry understood that he was to fasten Glen's overalls and call Papa to breakfast.)

By the time Papa was ready for his breakfast, Beth, sixteen, had Irene and Dorothy, seven and six, buttoned, laced, hooked, and washed, ready to eat their meal. Everybody sat down to breakfast except Patty. She cooked the hot cakes while Beth and Mama poured glasses of milk, creamed and sugared oatmeal, or buttered and syruped hotcakes for Irene, Dorothy, and Glen.

"Why, Glen, you never washed your face for breakfast."

"Well, Dorothy, how could I when Papa was?"

Somebody would have to tell on him, and here he was nearly ready for hotcakes. Besides, he had had his bath last night. Nevertheless, poor Glen had to climb down and go wash his hands and face under Patty's supervision.

With another meal finished, Mama outlined the morning's program:

"Beth, while Patty and I do dishes, you see if Irene and Dorothy aren't big enough to help you straighten up the living room and dining room. They can take care of their playthings and put their pajamas where they can find them tonight. Patty will be through in time to help you make the beds while I finish up the kitchen and see that Harry gets his bath. All of you must hurry, so you can get ready for Sunday school on time."

There was the bustle of business all through the house. Within an hour,

books, chairs, floors, and tables were dusted and in order; the beds were all made; and the dishes were washed, dried, and put away. Even Glen had done his part. While Harry had helped Papa load corn stalks on the wheelbarrow and taken them to the cow, Glen perched on top of the load or bumped along in the empty wheelbarrow.

By the time the first Sunday school bell rang, Beth, Patty, Irene, Dorothy, Harry, and Glen were ready to go. Mama had had nothing to do but get Glen ready. She dressed him, fastened Dorothy's dress, combed Harry's hair, buttoned Irene's slippers, sewed up a runner in Patty's stocking, supplied each of the six with a nickel for collection, saw that each one had a hankerchief, and heaved a sigh of real relief as they started off to Sunday school.

She would take her Sunday rest just as soon as she dressed two chickens and prepared the vegetables and dessert for dinner. Patty and Beth could help her with dinner and the dishes. Then for a quiet afternoon to finish her school district financial report for the county superintendent.

That evening when lunch was over, Mama cleared the table and did the dishes by herself, so that Patty and Beth could go to Epworth league meeting. When that was finished, she wrote her letters in peace at the dining room table while Irene, Dorothy, and Glen played bear and made a passenger train around the table by laying chairs on the floor. Starting to bed at ten o'clock, Mama should have drawn this conclusion: "Six days shalt thou labor, and on the seventh day, catch up."

Death is a tinder box—
Where souls are kept until
The Maker needs new flames
To light new fires.
—Dorothy L. Anderson.

THE SUNDAY WALK

By WILMA POST

As far back as I can remember we have had our Sunday walks. My first memory of them is, as first memories so often are, brief but detailed distinctly, like a series of accurate but incompleted sketches — the pink clusters of mountain laurel crouched between the brown rocks, my father's hard, smooth hands that smelled pleasantly of tobacco and soap, my mother's brown hair, not light nor dark, not touched with red or gold, just a plain brown. I have never seen any other hair just that color. I remember she was wearing a white shirt-waist that day—it was still the shirt-waist period—and a blue velvet ribbon about her throat. On our way home we passed a neighbor's ice house, and I wanted some ice cream.

Our walks were strictly a family affair; I do not recall even our dearest acquaintances ever going with us. In very early spring when the rains and melting snows had swollen the creek until it boiled over its banks, we walked among naked, red willows, and made impromptu boats with soggy, brown leaf sails to launch recklessly across the whirling waters. We always brought something home with us, and because spring still slept too soundly for even yellow violets to be in bloom, we cut willow wands to fashion into bows and arrows.

Young summer, I still think, was the pleasantest, when the open fields shone brightly green under the drenching sun and briar roses lagged along the dusty roads. If we started early enough, we could hear the larks. My father would imitate them for us with a curiously lilting whistle which I was never able to master, and which always moved me to a child's intense admiration. At first we would hold to the meadows beautifully splashed with orange tiger lilies, finding, now and then, a few late col-

umbines which we soberly divided and sucked for their thin honey; but later when we began to drowse under the heat, we cut back into the woods. My sister always brought a blade of grass with her to place between her two thumbs and blow upon raucously. It was another feat which I could never accomplish, and which stirred me to a wistful envy. We never walked very far into the woods; we were usually too tired; but we settled ourselves on the first fallen log or flung down in the first patch of cool green ferns and clamored for a story. The murmuring silence of the woods closed down over us to be broken by my sister's and my giggles. A quick "hush" from my mother, and my father began, "Once upon a time—" Sometimes he told us folk tales, or the more familiar fairy stories, but more frequently it was a moment's fancy enlarged and illustrated by a trillium, which had shaded to an apoplectic lavendar in its old age, a handful of pine cones, or a green frog. I do not remember what any of them were about, but at the time it all seemed unspeakably perfect.

A QUEST FOR BEAUTY

By WILFORD EMMEL

A love of natural beauty is a dominating influence in my life. My earliest recollection is of enjoying the odor of hyacinths. They grew on the south side of the porch of our farm home near Portland. Their fragrance must have made a deep impression upon me, because every time I smell hyacinths I am at once transported to that humble scene. The time or place of smelling them has no effect; I am back on the south porch at home. It is pure delight.

Of course my brother and I gathered wild flowers for mother. She is gone now, but the memory of her happiness is dear.

When the first hint of spring came, we quickly sought the places where the earliest flowers were to bloom. A playful rivalry developed between us to obtain the first of each wild flower we knew. I can see the very spot, on the sunny side of a group of firs, where the first spring beauty was likely to appear. These first flowers were often picked when only a few buds of the cluster were open. Our joy in their simple beauty was genuine.

Sometimes we forced budded peach and pear branches to bloom by placing them in vases of water. However, this seemed a bit unfair, and we later abandoned the idea. Anyway, pear blossoms have a very peculiar odor which I did not enjoy. However, the fragrance of Easter lilies, lady slippers, wood violets, and bird bills was intoxicatingly exhilirating.

After obtaining these delights from the flowers we, in pagan reaction, felt somehow indebted to them. We were very careful in early spring to leave some spring beauties for seed; we had a good laugh about it later when thousands of them appeared where we had been so careful. This sense of debt and of atonement was evidence of a perfectly normal human trait, but we knew nothing of psychology in those happy years. This sense of flower worship expressed itself in transplanting flowers from the woods to the house area, saving the bulbs by careful picking and leaving some for seed among the disturbed groups.

After finishing grade school, I took my turn helping father on the farm for two years. Again, it was only sheer delight to be walking behind a plow on a bright fall day. I hated to see the colorful weeds turned under by the plow. The soft gray of spider webs on the grain stubble was elusive and be-

witching. I have a clear recollection of a vivid splash of color of vine maple crimsoned against the dark fir woods in the fall. Once a meadow-lark sat on a gray fence post and sang a medley of tunes. His song, which lasted for several minutes, was a continuous composition of several other birds' songs. It struck me with wonder, and I have not since heard anything like it.

In the winter, of course, I had to cut the domestic supply of wood. The fir trunks became my temple pillars—such stately ones, too. There was something of quiet majesty about them—noble of size and proportion — strong and balanced of effect. At times in ecstasy I threw my arms about their mighty trunks.

There were many experiences too lengthy to portray: exulting in the rain with outstretched arms and bared head, bathing alone in cool September in a tree-banked river, solitary Sunday trips to "my brook," building my own wild garden, and rejoicing over the fairy scenes of a snowfall.

After high school, I worked in Salem as an amateur flower gardener. Then I obtained a position as florist for the state tuberculosis hospital. This was the work I liked, and the usual ninety per cent of drudgery was more than balanced by the ten per cent of delight. My knowledge of gardening broadened and I prepared the grounds plan of the new state tuberculosis hospital at The Dalles. This plan located roads, buildings, and tree and flower groups, and determined the irrigation system and grading of the grounds. Trips to Seattle, Victoria, Oakland, and Los Angeles helped me to see beauty in larger masses and forms.

Through the years I have not forgotten my pagan debt to nature's beauty. I am determined to keep faith with my plant acquaintances. Some day, I shall design and plant a garden in which my old friends of early youth will reign.

FORGOTTEN

By BERTHA EICHER

Shafts of sunlight, slanting from a blue sky misted with the rainclouds of April, radiate in a mellow glow from a cabin, a few rough boards and some nails flung together by some shifting miner. Here a place had been cleared, now matted with vegetation, there a now ragged bush had been left. A sightless window, a hungry door, and a crumbling man-made gash in the mountainside to the west of the shack, complete a mute story that is all too characteristic of a mining district, the story of being no longer needed, of being discarded, forgotten — left to harbor the scurrying pack-rat, the horny beetle—left defenseless to the continuous seasons. In sentimental solitude it props itself on a slithering rise among the careless growth of service, currant, and vine maple.

The aloneness — the utter loneliness of the twisted, contorted thing that has so little to offer, yet holds open house for whoever or whatever may choose to enter—grasped me when I first saw it, and I advanced toward it as one would approach a hallowed spot, for there were a sereneness and a peace about the place in spite of the desolation that hovered about the mountain and the glen. I turned to a shed that had been added on to the south side of the main cabin, evidently for the purpose of cooking, for a stovepipe hole had been thrust roughly through its shake roof. Wherever a jagged opening had not permitted the April showers to enter, dust sent forth a voluminous salutation of my presence as I stepped on the hard earth floor. A crude stool and an overturned box were also there to greet me, but I turned from them, and with some misgivings as to the safety of my next venture I climbed four steps that led through the twisted doorway into the cabin. Gloaming and mist closed in

about me, ebbing and flowing with the breeze that oozed through the cracks and fissures of the walls and roof of a single room. Rough, grayish building paper, torn and splotched, hung in grotesque draperies from ceiling and wall. A rusted, sagging bedspring was set upon four blocks of wood, and a meager fireplace, whose squat hearth had been completely demolished, likely by some truant school boy, emerged from the blackness and trash.

Three peeling and mildewing shoes hid in the dark corners. Twigs and old leaves carried in by winds or woodrats were scattered over the hand-hewn, undulating floor. Solitude crammed the spaces and drenched each object with the dust of vacancy.

I quietly turned and retraced my steps to find April in her most characteristic mood. Thankful that I had a roof over my head, I perched on the stool under the shed and watched the primrose-yellow sunbeams filter between the April clouds and weave like spider webbing down the mountainside. Full-blown dogwood from its gallery seat tossed a gay applause to the rain and sunbeams in appreciation of their lively contest, and currant with rose-hued crystals in its headdress bowed in quiet enjoyment from its shy secluded seat. But presently the stray sunbeams blinked in growing surprise at the numbers of their gray-robed contestants, and the dogwood drooped and fluttered a distressed, sodden flag of white, while the currant, no longer jewel-flecked, dripped deep rose. And I, shivering in determination, lighted a fire in the shed from some of the scattered twigs and leaves, and then sank in contentment on the box.

Swirls of dusty smoke, sputters of raindrops in the fire, patter of showers on the roof, and a continuous drain of water from the dog-eared eaves and through the torn openings, livened the habitual quietness of the place. Here and there a scurrying sunbeam collided with another sunbeam and lighted the graying raindrops to a crystal sheen until the whole glen was lighted, and the shower paused in awe to see that on its misty veil the sun had pitched a rainbow that spanned the glen and rested near the gaping opening in the mountainside. And the falling silence crooned to the cabin and glen. Though the earthly gold had been drained from the mountainside, the truer gold, its beauty, had never been realized.

THE MONSTERS

By CLIFFORD WYCKOFF

About the paper mill, as with many modern industrial plants, arose a peculiar type of beauty. Perhaps it developed from the contrast of the extreme bareness of the plain concrete walls, the absolute simplicity of the buildings, and the complete lack of ornamentation, to the usual concept of beautiful buildings with their intricate designs and more pretentious exteriors of fine stones.

Out of this group of buildings came a myriad of noises, all blending into a sort of rhythm and harmony which to me represented the personality of the plant while in operation. The vibration of swiftly pounding screens, the whine of the jordans, and the low rumble of the huge calendar rolls all seemed to form the base of the sound just as the tubas of a band form the foundation of the tune. Then the chippers, as they ground whole logs into tiny chips, lent their snappy clatter as the drums. The hum of the press rolls and wire of the paper machine, the generators, the motors, and the beaters might have been likened to the intermediate horns. And then the splashing water, honking jit-

ney horns, the twang of the saws as they bit into the logs, and the squeaking conveyors all added their little bit just as the piccolos and clarinets do their share toward producing the final effect in the band. To the newcomer this rhythm was meaningless, just as it seemed impossible to him for a small sawmill; an acid plant; a full-sized power plant; the huge cooking vessels, five stories high; the series of screens, each with a current of splashing, sloshing water as large as that of a rushing mountain brook; the battery of bleaching engines, resembling a small tank farm; the filtering plant; the washers producing a seemingly unlimited supply of white pulp, at this stage much like slushy snow; the mass of complicated rolls and felts and vats comprising the paper machine; the machine shops; the beater room and jordans; and the two huge concrete tanks — a jumble of a dozen apparently unrelated operations — to produce that continuously flowing sheet of paper, but to me that harmony seemed to be the very heart and existence of the whole mill.

When the machines were shut down, the lights put out, and all was dark, this rhythm was stilled, and with it went the friendliness of the plant. A gloom permeated the buildings. The sound of the dripping water echoing through the buildings assumed the unnatural, and an ordinary noise reverberating back and forth through the spaces acquired an uncanny, hollow character. The huge machines all stood about in seeming readiness to turn their enormous potential energy upon you, making you feel that they are about to leave their accustomed places and chase you out of their domain. So intense does this feeling become that it soon seems as though these ferocious monsters was actually chasing you until you find yourself outside and away from them, but even the outside appearance of the plant seems to have changed without its rhythm of noise. It now seems cold and forbidding instead of presenting the friendly aspect of the morning.

NO MAN'S LAND

By Cecil T. Carroll

ALONE, possessed with the sensations of a monk thrust into a strange monastery of nuns, and aware of the cold hardness of a bench-like seat, I waited. Why? I cannot readily explain. From the dining room at the end of the hall issued familiar, nourishing sounds—sounds of famished people reveling in appetizing feast, the sounds of hungry knives gnawing into leather-tough steaks, the tinkle of thin glass, the dull clatter of thick blades against heavy crockery, a mixture of jumbled jargon bitten off between big bites—all the distorted jangle of noises that go to make a meal a sound success. Time lingered in the leaden hands of the starchy-faced clock that stared at me from its high seat on the west wall. Here it was almost seven, and still these women reveled over their food.

Suddenly all clamor ceased; chairs grated; the dining room portals sprang ajar, flooding with a sea of faces, some white, some pink, some red, some blue, some speckled, some green with envy, others tickled into laughing waves, others singing with joy, tumultuous, pushing, thronging, growing ever louder and louder, swelling to the bold fortis-

simo of an organ, sweeping everything in its wake. Some floated along like driftwood swept with the tide. Others, spurred in ambitious struggle, forged like white caps against a storm-cast coast.

As this human tide surged about me, closing and swirling nearer and nearer, fear overwhelmed me, and my thoughts escaped through a thousand avenues. The storm broke, and part of it thundered upstairs. My timid eyes searched the deluge for some indication of the sunny face for which I had patiently waited. A smiling gleam flashed across the waves. At last, rescued! The storm subsided as quickly as it had struck, and only the sibilant sound of a corner radiator broke the dead calm of the room.

My eyes sought those beside me, and I talked as if inspired. How long? I care not to remember. I was in a reverie. Time floated on soft wings.

Suddenly my reverie was broken, for a cloak of jack rabbit fur blotted out my vision. Its owner stretched herself over a dark mahogany table only a short distance away. Unexpectedly she turned, and her sly-looking eyes drew beads on mine. Her sharp features and slinking gait as she passed made me feel as if I were in the presence of a fox.

A timid little butterfly flitted by—exquisite as the breath of a morning flower. The sound of lily pads lapping on disturbed waters. A door slammed. I lost sight of her, but my nose trailed her out into the rain. My brain walked on thin air. The image of her slowly faded, yet her perfumes lingered. A pair of farm-fed twins, teamed together like well-mated plow horses, chatted by as if hungering for the fields and flocks.

One little girl brought back childhood fancies—characters from Mother Goose rhymes. She was little Red Riding Hood, but where was her wolf? Maybe he'd meet her outside. There was little Bo Beep. How she puttered over the mahogany desk, seemingly lost in calculation among the folds of a ledger, only betraying the anxious look of her face as each glance at the clock punctuated her work. How many sheep she had lost I could not estimate. Then there was little Goldielocks with flaming cheeks of rouge, trailed close at heel by the three bears. She buttoned for the rain outside like an old sea captain pushing into a southeaster. I drew tighter into my own weather protector. Others mingled before me.

The hall lights went blind. The room became a dungeon. Twice the room slept, only to awaken with lights. A bale of hemp steamed by like a Mississippi stern wheeler. I like blondes better with a grain of salt.

A benevolent looking creature slipped from her prison-like cage and shooed us outside. The open air refreshed me. We lingered in the shadow-deepened portico salted down by the invisible rain which drove against the stone walls with the muffle of a blotter applied to paper. The sidewalks ran slick and black with their incessant beatings. Thin voices sliced the cold sound of the rain. Umbrellas burst open like little colored bombs. The squash of nimble feet fainted up the slick avenue, flopping on the wings of galoshes.

A shaft of light penetrated our semi-darkened corner. A kitchen knave, laden with a basket of pantry stuff, absorbed the shaft. She spoke, and windmills fanned my mind with her native accent. Under the protecting archway, she peered up into the rain, which she couldn't see, drawing a stubby neck into her turtle-like body. Her umbrella popped open with a business-like air, and she waddled up the sidewalk like a happy goose under a toadstool.

Dark shadows dribbled out into the downpour which the glare of the corner lamp revealed in slanting cords of sil-

ver. The crouching phantom-like form of a roadster reeled to a squealing stop between two parked relics of the automotive world.

"Good night, girls," sang the two male occupants remaining in the car as an umbrella zipped open, and two lean bodies in filmy gauze, which flared like feather dusters at the bottom, united into one under the gray shield. At the doorway amber ribs blocked my vision. A kiss; one duster was gobbled up in the mouth of the open doorway; the other swept back to the car. Its door slammed; gears munched; an engine raced; headlamps glared in shafted rays of sparkling rain, tracing an arc in the night, then lurched against the deluge. The tail light melted away with the fainting echoes of the engine like a vanishing ruby.

I THINK I WILL SELL YOU A HORSE

By HUGH KERWIN

Methods of selling have changed a great deal within the last decade. There was a time when Jack Jones could amicably and peaceably purchase a horse from Bill Brown. He would simply climb into his rig and drive over to the latter's ranch and ask him if he had a horse for sale. Bill would probably take him down to the corral, and there, as the two perched on the top pole of the fence, the negotiations would take place.

Jones might inquire what the "robbery" on the spavined, lame sorrel nag amounted to. A hurt expression would come over Bill's face, and he would explain the beast's sterling qualities. If Brown could not be beaten down, Jack would either pay the price, or, squirting some tobacco juice through his teeth, tell the world how he felt about the "dirty holdup."

Yes, things have surely changed in the last decade. Now, if Mr. Jones did want a horse, Mr. Brown would probably know of it as soon as or sooner than Mr. Jones did. He would heave a sigh of keen satisfaction and settle an epidemic of selling campaigns upon the latter's head.

The following Monday, Jack would come to breakfast, blithe, happy, and gay, to enjoy some choice grapefruit and incidentally read the morning's mail.

"What's this?" he exlaims. A headline is glaring at him from the beginning of a typewritten letter. "We Can Take You for a Ride," it reads, or, "A Horse in Your Stall Is Worth Two in Our Barn." Slightly intrigued, he reads further to find himself reminded of the boyhood days on the farm, and Dobbin. (Good old Dobbin, who, wise and patient, carried him over the fields to the little school house on the hill.) No matter if the recipient had never been out of the city limits of Hoboken in his forty-five years, and had been instructed by a private tutor, he might as well write out a check. As long as he is within reach of a two-cent stamp, he is going to be sold a horse.

If the first epistle arrived on Monday, upon Wednesday another comes, carrying a testimonial. This states that "horses of Brown's barn" eat less oats, are easier on horseshoes, and, in general, are as docile as Aunt Patsy's parrot. These statements are signed by Hoot Gibson and Tom Mix. (Insert shows Senator Whozzis of Podunk on "Lamelegs" riding to make a speech before the cowpunchers' convention.)

His desire will be excited Thursday by a barrage of the strongest arguments possible. Duke's Mixture's pedigree arrives and shows that on his sire's side he is a direct descendant of the

horse on Noah's ark, and the cousin of a nag that didn't throw the Prince of Wales. He can, so this testimonial avers, stand on his head, jump rope, and in spare hours can be stood in the corner and used as a hatrack. A man of such keen business acumen as Mr. Jones cannot afford to pass up such a chance.

Saturday rolls around and with it the daily epistle from Brown's Barn. This one is supposed to have the same effect as a long, sharp tack on the actions of a corpulent person attempting to sit in a chair. Prices are going up. The supply is limited, and a horse famine is pending. Old chestnuts such as "Opportunity knocks but once," and "He who hesitates is lost," make their appearance fresh from their discarded coat of moth balls. This is kept up until the recipient is like a hunting hound at the leash, straining for a chance to buy.

With a picture of a time-worn horse tethered to a clothesline in the backyard of an urban dwelling and looking dolefully around at the scanty grass; with another picture of a shipping clerk looking out of a window with a slightly dazed expression on his face, one becomes puzzled. What chance has a buyer nowadays, or even what chance a horse?

ALMOST AN ACCIDENT

By ANITA POST

Death—unpleasant thought! Would we all die horrible, messy deaths when our motor crashed, as it inevitably would? Many gruesome details flashed through our minds as the wind whistled shrilly by our racing motor plunging swiftly down the dark hill. We might be pinned beneath the wreck and burn to death when the gasoline exploded. If we should die, "How many carriages will there be?" as the old rhyme goes. What sweet flowers would cover our premature graves? Who would mourn our sad demise? But, oh, to leave our beloved kitten, our dear pony, our darling old house! Pray we do not die and leave all the loveliness in the world!

We might go blind, our sad sightless eyes open wide, but seeing only darkness, and be led gently from place to place or, perhaps, be guided by a great shaggy dog as our faithful companion. We might lose our memories and become but shells of ourselves, wandering hazily through the rest of life. Perhaps our limbs would be torn from our mutilated bodies and be found yards away from our gory torsos! Or, we might be fearfully lacerated and mangled; then we would hide ourselves from the inquiring pity of others. We might become raving maniacs from shock and injury and become dependents on civilization. Or, it might be, our hair would turn silvery white from the intensity of the strain and fear. Rather interesting that thought—to be snowy haired at sixteen. And all would sorrow for us in the mark of our supreme mental anguish.

Anything could happen in this whirling darkness, rushing helplessly to destruction. What power could guide our driver's trembling hands through this Stygian blackness? Down, down—trees swished by; pebbles flew wildly from under the wheels. With a sickening swerve to the right, brakes screaming, and brush crashing, the car jerked to a shuddering stop. Safe, thanks be! Certainly nothing is more to be desired than a whole body, a sound mind, and the wonderful world to be enjoyed a while longer.

Home is a mystic place—
Where food and drink and love
And joy and grief pour forth
From the same cup.

—Dorothy L. Anderson.

DEFINITIONS

COURAGE AND DARING

By LAWRENCE CHAPMAN

When a "rook" wearing a green "lid" deliberately walks on the grass in front of a Beaver Knight, he is exhibiting daring. The "rook," if he realizes the consequences, must have courage to do this, but since the act is wholly unnecessary, it is not so much a display of bravery as it is a show of defiance. Every one recognizes the expression "I dare yuh!" This is the accepted form of challenge for "kids." If a kid's word or ability is in doubt, the only way to remove that doubt is to dare that person to go alone into the woods at night, or to stand on his head for five minutes, or to dive head first off the haymow. In the more sophisticated world the custom of "daring" is not in evidence, but let some one boast that he can climb as well as a steeplejack, his statement will be greeted with raised eyebrows. The boaster will be, figuratively speaking, "burned up." He will then do some daring deed in order to regain his self-esteem. Simple courage is like the narrow place between two rocks in a stream. The water flows between the rocks with a deceptive smoothness; there is no frothy disturbance; there is no energy wasted by boiling and foaming while going through the narrow space. It makes no big show of going through, but there is more actual force there than there is in an equal amount of "white water." The courageous person does his job with as little fuss as possible, and as efficiently as he can without deliberately attracting attention; the daredevil will usually play to the grandstand even though there is no grandstand to play to. Since he wants some publicity, he does things in a spectacular manner. The physical and moral bravery may be exactly equal in these two qualities, but one is innately more showy than the other.

COURTESY AND MANNERS

By FLETCHER WALKER

When one of our own species meets a fellow man for the first time, to make a favorable impression he brings forth his manners, a set of actions prescribed for the occasion. Should this same man meet an old friend he would adopt no superficial airs but instead act naturally and exemplify the true spirit of courtesy. Courtesies are the doors which open into a man's soul, revealing his true nature; manners are the shades drawn across the windows of the soul in the attempt to frustrate the gaze and inspection of others. When a man thinks he is being watched, he uses manners, but if he knows he is unobserved he is courteous. Manners are assumed; courtesy is natural. Manners are obvious; courtesy is subtle. The distance between the two is the distance between East and West, but the point of their separation is imperceptible. Actions remain manners so long as they are performed consciously, but when they become instinctive they are courtesies. A youth of twelve at a party is embarrassed. He has been told at home that he must remember his manners. The same youth at eighteen is courteous under similar circumstances, but at a formal dance he remembers his manners. At twenty-five the boy has become a man of courtesy. Before his thirtieth year he has been married. From two years after his marriage until the end of his life this man will have manners, because he has a wife who will not let him forget them. Have you ever passed a florist's window and no-

ticed the flowers there? They are very pretty, but they are so showy and so obviously displayed that they seem unconvincing and insincere. Manners, too, may look nice, but they are so noticeable that they leave the impression of artificiality. High upon the snow-covered slopes of the Alps there grows a hardy flower of indescribable beauty. It is rarely noticed, because it blends so perfectly with its surroundings that one must search diligently to be rewarded with a glimpse of its beauty. This is courtesy, enduring, beautiful, and blending into human nature itself so completely that it is unobserved.

THE GADGET

By WALTER HANTHORN

There is a word in our language which was originated by the laziest man in the world; that word is "gadget." Now, precisely what is a gadget? Ah, would that I knew! In my short lifetime I have heard animals, velocipedes, light machinery, Fords, a man's wife, a threshing machine, and a few rare antiques designated by this lugubrious, bisyllabic appellation. I have observed men with contorted features and furrowed brows, agonizingly groping for a "tip-of-the-tongue-but-can't-quite-say-it" word, emerge from their mental furor with sheer happiness in their hearts as they pronounce the word "gadget," with a lilting melody in their voices and a loving caress in their eyes. I have seen others with heavy lids and suspended jaws mumble the word as a sterling indication of their vocabulary when a dozen simple synonyms lay in the dismal, dank corridors of their musty brains, too distant for discovery. This slothful noun has been employed equally to describe the devil's trident and the key to the pearly gates. The new-born babe probably is the proud owner of half a hundred "gadgets" located around various parts of its person, and the man of the world likely would lose all count before he finished enumerating those of even one classification. Imagine, if you will, that I sit here on a gadget with a gadget in my hand writing on a gadget about a gadget. My grade for this work is not unlikely to be one of those gadgets with a hole in the center. Why go on? The dullest mentality should instantly perceive the enormity of the proposition. What, I ask you, would man amount to without his various gadgets? Where, in fact, would our world be if gadgets were eliminated? Would it be a terrific strain on the fancy to imagine that the sun's shining warm and bright after the thunder-shower is man's sign of the fact that God, forgetting for the moment the name of our infinitesimal planet, has stumbled upon the word "gadget," and is at peace with Himself again? Mankind, little do you realize the potency of that meek word!

Without egotism, I may say that only one man has ever been able to define the word successfully. That man is myself. I feel that in this, my most recent study of the subject, I have discovered the very definition which has puzzled our best lexicographers. Only one other man ever compiled a comparable definition, and, before his work could be published, he went insane trying to remember the name of the third bone of the flounder's dorsal fin. Therefore, friends, I am the sole remaining person able to inscribe for the immeasurable benefit of man the only simple, concrete, and easily rememberd definition of the word "gadget;" and this I shall do before I have a chance to lose the proper word (on the tip of my tongue—have it in a second) to make clear the exact meaning of this mysterious noun. My friends, a gadget is a gimcrack.

MANNERS

By BERT EVANS

Just why I (who know only that it isn't correct to get a piece of meat down upon the floor and put a foot on it) should try to write an essay on the subject "Manners," is, I suppose, rather difficult to explain; but perhaps I can justify my purpose.

I have observed that many people, while they manipulate a knife with admirable correctness, while they are utterly without flaw in the formal technique of introductions, while they fly high in the art of courtesy—while they perform all those actions that are to be regarded as remarkable attributes in a good robot and which are complete determinates, by the way, of prestige —while they follow those culture forms with the religious fervor—or fever— of a fanatic, have omitted, often, a portion that certainly is contained in the term "Manners" as I see it, and which, being omitted, is to me like the omission of the man Hamlet from the play Hamlet, or the coffee from the cup of coffee; in short, it is often forgotten that "Manners" is something more than how to hold a knife.

And now, the omitted portion. No matter how hard I might try, I could not tell it half so well in a dozen pages as it is told in a few lines by Edward Rowland Sill:

"These hard, well-meaning hands
We thrust among the heartstrings of a friend."

And again:

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?"

I have known men, poor men, whom the gods of the social world would not lower themselves to tread upon—would not suffer to permit the image of them to flash across their important eyes (notice sometime in the eyes of a snob, the expression of importance; can you grasp the idiocy in any eye seeming more important than all others, when all eyes are but to see with in everything from the tadpole to the trained ape?) without thinking as they did it "this is charitable of me"— I have known such men, with their heads in the slime of the gutter, who come nearer to satisfying the complete meaning of that word "Manners" than do all the starched shirts, mechanical robots, trained apes that ever muttered "Charmed," and had in their face and eyes all the sincerity that starch is capable of, and twice the expression to be found on a door-knob—and the reason is that these men have retained, throughout all these ages, some symptoms of living animals; their methods are crude, without doubt, but I had rather have some one make a crude attempt not to injure me than have myself handled in a scientific way—but with gloves.

I have known men, rich men, who dine in waist-coats, but who, in vain effort to live entirely within the narrow limits of high manners, forget entirely that there is more to manners than the prescribed starch—just as there is more to a fish than a backbone; they have forgotten that starch is a rasping substance; they have forgotten to use human or humane intelligence in discretion—or they have no such attribute; their words and actions are stardardized, formal, harsh to the nearly extinct type of human being that has a heart; they are not men— they are robots, their words and actions are thin, long blades in the hands of some one who (having never himself been wounded by them, perhaps) does not realize the pain the weapons may bring.

And that is the addition which I would make to "Manners": the using

of discretion in each word and action, the asking whether that word may possibly insult or injure, the using of that word (sometimes) if it be insult—for an insult and the insulter may be forgiven and all forgotten and no harm done—but if it be injury, never—for any injury (as when, say, you carve a finger off your hand, the hand may forgive you, but is, nevertheless, minus a finger) takes away, and what it takes away cannot be restored.

TO A CITY DWELLER

If you've not walked
Through desert sage and rain
Or after rain, when sun is near to shine,

If you've not smelled
The cedar, heard the train
Of thunder rumble over it in time

To drowse and dream
Beneath the monotone
The rain taps out upon your shingle board,

You must come back.
You will not come alone;
We shall be waiting though we speak no word.

We shall return.
Who cannot pay the fee
Must help the boatman hoist his phantom sails;

But we shall come.
Though others may not see,
The rain will know we walk the desert trails.

—Helen Hawkes Battey.

TWO VIEW THE CAMPUS FROM THE SAME WINDOW

One eye cannot use up the whole of beauty.
Two eyes, perceiving hills,
Cannot diminish them.
Two pair of eyes cannot rob each other.
All there is in this world of beauty
Belongs to those who have swallowed, sighed, and forgotten it,
And to those who in the future shall swallow, sigh, and forget it again.

—Audred Arnold.

BUSINESS IN IDAHO

By OMAR M. LLOYD

CAUTIOUSLY, Cactus seated himself before the enormous iron heater in Wilson's General Merchandise store. In fact, Cactus used so much caution in seating himself that he attracted the attention of everyone in the store—all old acquaintances of his. For it could easily be seen by his manner of sitting down that Cactus was not in good health. When he finally relaxed into the arm chair by the great stove with a sigh of relief —as if he had just finished a stern duty —his right leg was stretched out stiff. He laboriously placed his foot on a stick of stove-wood and uttered another sigh of relief.

"You look like you was all laid up, Cactus," ventured the storekeeper, "what in thunder happened to you?"

"Nine kids, a bull, and a woman are responsible fer the shape I'm in," said Cactus. He jabbed with his fore-finger in a red can to loosen the tobacco in it. "I jus' got back from Idaho, y'know. Been up there on business." Painfully, he reached forward with a match and added another mark to the rusty stove. He lit his pipe. "On the way back (puff) I stopped over around Idaho City to visit my sister (puff, puff)."

Cactus sighed again—this time with contentment. "Well, confound it, my sister declared she had to go to town on account of a terrible bad tooth.

" 'Doug,' says she, 'you'd be doin' me a great favor to stay an' mind the kids while me an' Steward goes to town to have my tooth fixed.'

'Sure I will, Ivy,' says I, 'th' kids and me will get along great.'

'Ever had any experience?' says she.

'Never had any kids,' says I 'but a young feller named Bud, who stayed on my place four years while he went to high school.'

'Well,' says she, 'ain't none of mine old enough fer high school yet, but there's nine of 'em, an' it's all I can do to keep 'em on the place.'

"The whole nine of 'em kep' a-yellin' an' beggin' an' quarrelin' about who was goin' along, but their Ma says, 'Keep still, childr'n, you ain't none of you a-goin' along.' I never realized till later what a masterful woman my sister Ivy is. She convinced 'em all except one that they wasn't a-goin'. This one little devil—Eddy, they called him—jumped on without his folks knowin' it, an' I had to sprint like mischief before I caught the car an' peeled him off the spare tire.

"Well, Jim, y' never want to git mixed up with a worse bunch of young imps than them kids of my sister's. I done my best to be good to 'em, them bein' my own kin, an' me bein' a guest of Ivy's. But I'll be danged, boys, if I didn't have to lock myself in th' bedroom an' let 'em have the place, before Ivy got back.

"As soon as their Ma was gone, the nine kids rush the pantry and start to forage. After a half hour or so I got 'em all out.

'C'mon, kids,' says I, 'you be good, now, an' I'll tell you about the time me an' Webster ate the rattlesnake meat.'

"Pshaw! I never even got to the place where the snake breaks off his fangs in my shoe. While one half listened, the better half scrapped an' squalled.

'Uncle Doug,' says one, 'feel my muscle.'

"When I take hold of his arm, he straightens it out an' pops me one on th' nose. Then they dragged me outside to play with 'em. They play like a herd of catamounts. They had a confounded ol' raft down on the crik, an'

I was supposed to let them pole me across so as they could show me their saddle pony. Well, we got nearly acrost, when part of the raft floats off with my foot on it. The next thing I knew I was blowin' bubbles in th' gosh-darned muddy water.

"The kids said they was awful sorry, an' built me a good fire in the stove. Then they put pepper in my pipe, an' tied the cat an' the dog together. Pretty soon, somebody brings in some toads an' throws 'em on the stove. I swear, boys, it weren't long before I was plumb off my bean. If I hadn't ha' ben, I wouldn't-a ben in such a rage when young Eddy puts on my boots an' runs outside.

"Well, out I goes after him, in my bare feet. I was so mad I didn't notice th' rocks an' glass I stepped on. I shagged him clean out into the pasture, an' the bull took after me. Well, sir, I done some runnin', but the danged bull bowled me over an' charged on past. Then he turned around an' made fer me again, but I was up a tree.

"I hollered fer help an' cussed fer half an hour, an' the bull tore up the shrubbery an' cussed back. The kids was tryin' to sick the dog onto the bull, but the confounded beast wouldn't sick, an' I had to hang there in that tree an' suffer. Finally young Pete comes out with a red handkerchief, an' the bull charges him. The rascal was under the fence, though, an' the bull got tangled up in the barb' wire. Well, I managed to limp up to the house, after I recovered my boots. Believe me, when I got in I locked myself in the bedroom an' let the place go hang.

"The bull kep' up a roar fer ten minutes, an' I found out later that the kids tied tin cans an' scrap iron to the poor critter b'fore he could get loose from the wire. After a while I hears a heck of a lot of hollerin' an' squealin', an' the kids dash into th' house after me. It seems they were playin' down by the pig-pen, an' one of the little girls falls into the pen an' the sows eat her up.

"Well, by the time I got down to the pig-pen the kid was all et up but one arm. I don't know why I done it, but I lep in an' grabbed the arm. It was the little girl's arm, all right, but I didn't see no use in keepin' it, so I threw it back for the pigs to finish.

"Boys, gentlemans, when Ivy got home that night they was hell a-poppin'. Course, I told her how it was that I couldn't mind the kids when I was so sick I oughta been in bed. Why, I nearly had my death o' cold, an' a sprained knee; an' then I was black an' blue from a wallop that bull gave me, an' my feet was cut raw from runin' barefoot. She understood that, though, an' so did Steward, m' brother-in-law. The remainder of the kids was licked good an' put to bed.

"Course, she felt bad about the kid gettin' killed, an' so did I; so did Steward. But what made her r'ar up an' lam me with a platter was when I told her about the kid's arm bein' left, an' how I fed it to the hogs. I can't understand it. I didn't dare ask her why she wanted the arm, but I says to myself, 'A body'd think she cares more for the arm than she does fer the kid'."