and suck in the damp air—heavy air—air from a tomb. The gasp for breath is deafening. My heart pounds. My ears throb. My body feels empty. My footsteps become jerky and somehow far away. I glance down. I am walking on nothing. I am floating. I feel a presence. It is behind me. It is clutching at my heels. I must run—run for my life!

I speed through the air, enveloped by panic. I glance to the right. A black shape looms out and I stop abruptly. It is a garbage can! A garbage can filled with coffee-grounds and orange peels from someone's bright linoleum kitchen. Leftovers from the meals of people—human beings. I feel ashamed and quell the desire to hang my head. Abashed, I look around. I am walking on a sidewalk. It is a foggy night. The vague, shadowy monsters that had struck terror to my heart are the friendly old elm trees that line my street. If I look up I can see stars, and at my side—a garbage can!

How to Catch Salt Water Crabs

By Aliceruth Johnson

Perhaps you believe that a crab is a crab any place in the world. But this is not true. On the contrary, crabs are very intelligent and temperamental, and have their only likeness in the one common end—namely, outwitting the fisherman.

Anyone not acquainted with the peculiarities of a crab may not give him credit for much intelligence, and that is a fatal mistake, as I have learned, much to my sorrow and discomfort.

The actual preparation and the motions of catching a crab are small and insignificant compared to the brain power and strategy that must be employed to outwit such a fellow.

The first requirements are a rowboat, a large bushel basket or baskets, according to how many crabs you expect to catch, a small frame net with a short handle, three or four spools of fishline, about a half pound of raw beef, cut in three-inch chunks, and a large burlap bag to put over the top of each basket to keep the crabs from dying before you reach ashore.

The best time to go “crabbing,” as it is called, is just after high tide. You row out past the sand bar, anchor your boat, bait your lines, cast them over the side, and wait.

How long you will have to wait I am not prepared to say, as it all depends upon the circumstances. If you have prepared sandwiches and have come expecting to stay all day, you will probably find that your line will be heavy with clinging crabs as fast as you can let your lines down and draw them up. If, on the other hand, you are in a great hurry, and need the crabs for next meal, you will probably fish for hours and not get more than five or six small, anemic-looking creatures.

At first I believed that the crabs banded together and cast a vote as to whether it would be a “biting” day or not; but I decided, after seeing that no two fishermen had the same luck on the same day, that I had not given the crab all the credit due him. I finally came to the conclusion that they post lookouts to take inventory of each individual fisherman’s supplies. If they find that he is prepared to make a day of it, they call out their reserves, who clamp their claws on the bait as fast as it is lowered. If on the other hand, they find that the fisherman is in a great hurry, they send up a sickly brother every hour or so. The fisherman gives up after a few hours of this, goes home, and opens up a can of sardines.

The actual drawing in of your lines requires little skill. If you have a
bite you draw your line up slowly and carefully until the prospective catch reaches the surface; then take your net, scoop up the crab, and put it in the basket.

This sounds very simple I know, but it all depends upon one thing—your attitude. If you are anxious and have a smug feeling of satisfaction, when you see the crab come to the surface, he will note your expression, drop off, and go back to his companions below, so I warn you to look very unconcerned, as though catching that crab were the farthest thing from your mind. You may gloat as much as your heart desires after he is safely in the basket, covered with the burlap bag, but not a moment before.

Strategy is what it takes to be a successful "crabber."

Women Shoppers

By

Stephen Bailey

I love my sisters. I am starting with this statement so the reader will realize that I believe women have their place in the world. As housewives they are unsurpassed, as presidents of women's clubs they are superb, as missionary workers, bridge players or school teachers they hold their own. They sew stockings beautifully, wash dishes excellently and as a whole, cook fairly well.

There is a phase of life on this planet, however, which turns the fair sex from the peaceful ways of everyday living to the methods of the insane.

I speak of the gentle art of shopping. Shopping turns the meek housewife into a domineering Mussolini. The department store is her Italy and the husband is temporarily placed in the shoes of King Victor Emanuele, passively tolerating the dictator.

The experience of the hatshop is one of the most tragic from the man's point of view. At nine o'clock the woman elbows her way into the shop, dragging her husband behind her. She seats herself before a mirror and motions for him to sit in the small, uncomfortable chair to one side. He tries to be philosophical about the whole thing for he knows that he must sit there for about four or five hours doing absolutely nothing. As the wife begins the order of selecting he thinks about the lovely person she was "yesterday." What beautiful eyes she had that first day at Niagara Falls. Finally he gives up reminiscing and just waits. The terrible monotony is broken every now and then by having a grotesque headpiece poked in front of his nose for approval.

Man's tolerance at a time like this is wonderful to see. He stands and sits for hours while she tries on gloves, shoes, dresses and overcoats, and he never says a word. He gives his rising temper a mental cuff and controls his feelings, no matter what they be.

When it comes time for the man to shop, however, there is a definite change in attitude. The men's department was made for men, (so he thinks.) He strides over to the pajama counter and selects the first two he sees. He is just about to pay for them when his wife comes up and tells him that red pajamas just won't go with the orange bedspread. She, thereupon, selects two green ones that are entirely unacceptable to the man. Pair after pair piles up on the counter while that clerk becomes wearier and wearier. As the fortieth pajama climbs dejectedly to the top of the pile, the husband and clerk interchange sympathetic glances. "Somewhere the sun is shining, somewhere laughing children are at play." The husband finally compromises with his wife and a lavender pair to match the comforter is purchased along with a yellow pair to match the morning cornmeal mush.

Women shoppers not only drive their husbands goofy, they also take ten years from the life charts of