behalf that perhaps even a St. Bernard might suffer from my full weight, being classed in the language of the hoi polloi, as a two-hundred-and-fifty "pounder."

This animal is not only king while on his daily jaunts, but he also is dictator while in the house. If he and someone else wish the easy chair, there are no questions and there is no arguing—he reclines while others use the straight-back chairs. The only consolation is that he can only fill the corner of one easy chair at a time. When a bed spread is marked with his cute little foot-marks it is quite a joke and as a reward for taking him out, it is my spread that is thus "finger" printed. He also likes to chew on things, not, however, his toys which consist of a rubber bone, an old tennis ball, and rubber imitation rat. He is afraid of the whistle in the rat, the bone is too large, and the hall is too old. As a consequence, he selects a new tennis ball or a O'love. The new tennis ball no longer interests him as soon as he has succeeded in puncturing its periphery with his needle-like incisors. One finger of a glove is all that he likes. He is like a person who relects a center stamp out of a block of one hundred.

All days are dog days for me. One can see with half an eye that I am a martyr to the cause of this cerberus. I am one because I feel sorry for him and "willy-nilly," I can't get out of it.

**Pinkie**

*By Grace Ferguson*

There has been more than one Pinkie; yet the original has dominated the line, and his personality has shone forth in his successors—Pinkie II, III, and IV. But with Pinkie V and VI came drastic changes. They didn't possess that subtle similarity to the original; one might almost say that they were "outside the pale."

First there was, very naturally, Pinkie I. Before him there was no royal line; infidel Blues and Browns are scattered through the history of the rulers. But Pinkie was a great character. He had two beautiful black ink eyes and a tiny little round nose. Dignified, despite his rounded shape, he was kindness itself, and he guaranteed to soothe away all "tummy" aches, rheumatism, head pains and, in fact, any kind of ailment. He was generous to a fault, especially when the water in him was too hot for comfort, but it must be admitted that he had a heart of gold. He was the prince of hot-water-bottles.

Hot-water-bottles! You are laughing! Oh, you have not a proper respect and appreciation for the virtues of the hot-water-bottle. It has been the faithful servant of the human race for many, many years. Its predecessor, the warming pan is now highly venerated, drawing high prices in all antique shops.

Yes, the hot-water-bottle is an all-sacrificing friend. It has no wish but to share its heat with you, nay, more than share—to give you its heat till it becomes lukewarm and bereft of the only wealth life gives to it. Then we no longer have any use for it; so we put it from us, push it to the bottom of the bed, or drop it to the floor. We have all it can give us. That reminds me of a woman I once knew, who used her friends that way; kept
them close to her till they had no more to give her; then she threw them aside. But that is morbid, and the Pinkies are not morbid, so let us talk about the Pinkies.

Pinkie II meant well, but he was not in perfect agreement with his stopper. He leaked, a fatal smell

hot-water-bottle. Pinkie III rotted on a hook in the bath room. Pinkie IV suffered with me through many a long night before my appendectomy. The last of this family, Pinkie IV, was a creel to all.

But with Pinkie V came a strange revolution. The other Pinkies had been roundly rectangular with stoppers at one of the ends. Pinkie V was quite round and flat, with his stopper in the middle. Cold, he was; and yet there was a pleasure in his very coldness. He numbed the pain into oblivion.

Then, stranger than ever was Pinkie VI. Unlike the patriarch of the Pinkies, he was not filled with water. Unlike Pinkie V, he was not filled with ice. When his cord was attached to an electric socket, he became hot; when it was detached, he slowly cooled off. One day his hot temper got the better of him, and he rebelled. Blue flashes shot out from him, and he rumbled threateningly. I banished him to a closet where he has sulked ever since.

I fear an even greater revolution in the Pinkies. The claimant to the throne is a perverse and most unusual sort of Pinkie. When given two cold drops of water—he became hot! He has many supporters, and I may give in to him. However, this one concession I make to that long and honorable line of faithful servants—he must be pink, or out he goes.

Where the Heart Is

By Mary Catherine Funkhouser

It is the pleasantest thing in the world to be awakened from slumber each morning in my sun-flooded, delightfully cluttered-up room by a series of muffled “house noises.” They are comfortable, wholesome sounds, brought about by the normal stir and awakening of things that have been quiet and unmoved throughout the long black night. They begin with my first realization of consciousness, follow me throughout an average day, and are always there at bedtime to lull me to sleep.

The first of our house’s morning greetings comes from two of the friendliest windows imaginable which are directly above my bed. These windows greet me in a variety of pleasing ways. On sharp, cold days they creak a bleak good morning while little feathers of snow cling desperately to their sills and casements. When it is raining, they are sure to weep a wet warning for me to wear a waterproof. If the day is windy, they whistle me out of bed with a mournful, quivering little whisper, delightful to the ear.

The next sound is that of my mother whose footsteps I can hear in the hall. I hear her voice, gentle and persuasive but firm, saying, “Dad, it’s after six.” Without so much as opening my eyes, I can lie in bed a moment and gather bits of domestic data that are sure to be useful as the day advances. If I am able to hear the steady purr of gas in the upstairs sitting room, I know that it is a cold day; the spatter of grease in a hot skillet tells me to expect pancakes for breakfast. Whenever the soothing sounds of the morning are profaned by the sudden shrill jangling of an old farm dinner bell, I am aware that the previous night has been unusually hilarious for my older brother and that mother has resorted