all, because there are so many boxes they can open, there are wrapping
desk clerks who talk to them, and there are containers full of paper to
burrow into until their parents find them.

There are quiet children everywhere, and the shoe department is
no exception. However, the fact that they sit still does not mean that
these children are less interesting than their noisy contemporaries.
Some spend the entire waiting period sitting very still and moving
their eyes quickly from side to side to survey the entire scene. The
comic books, which are passed out as favors in a futile effort to main-
tain order, seem to have been made for such children. A few young-
sters are able to read them in silence, but the majority must either
read aloud or have one fond parent read the story to them. The style
of reading varies from the faltering of second graders to the dramatic
style of some parents who fancy themselves actors or radio com-
mentators.

Noisy little boys, whooping like Indians in a western movie, and
small girls pretending to be space ships add to the confusion. Chairs
easily become stockades, and harassed clerks may be used as shields
against an imaginary ray gun. Other children add to the noise by
squealing, screaming and crying when they are waited on. Clerks,
with the aid of parents, eventually succeed in fitting the shoes, but
these youngsters try hard to prevent any action by making as much
noise as possible.

Then there are the parents. There are doting mothers who laugh
at the pranks of their own children and complain about the behavior
of other boys and girls; there are fathers who become angry when
their children stray and drag them back with a sharp slap where it
does the most good; there are parents who argue over which pair of
shoes to buy until everyone in the department hears their comments;
there are parents who look at half a dozen kinds of shoes and buy
none, and there are parents who delight the salespeople by quiet and
co-operative action.

The children’s shoe department is a wonderful place for an ob-
server to see basic types of personality in action. It seems that at no
other time or place do adults and children show their inherent charac-
ter so clearly as they do while waiting amid the confusion of a busy
store.

Pastoral

B. E. Vanderbilt

The day was warm. Through the soft blue haze of the valley
came the sound of rifle shot. Jim would be after rabbits again,
thought Jane. Hmph! Can’t be any rabbits left with the Nelson’s
hungry hounds loose all the time. Why would Jim waste so much
shot after shadows.
Jane rested a shoulder against the solid post of the porch and watched the wren flitting among the dusty leaves of the lilac by the shed.

"You're a busy little thing for such still weather."

Startled at the sound of her voice the wren scolded loudly and darted around the dilapidated building out of sight. Jane followed it as far as the small brook. A sudden "chirk" made her jump back.

"Oh! I keep forgetting the green frog."

She watched it as it plunged into a quiet pool in the brook and swam across. It stopped and blinked at her near a round shallow hole at the other side of the pool. Something stirred the mud of the hole. The small sleepy-eyed head of a turtle rose inquiringly above the water.

"Jim will find you, Turtle, you and your pretty yellow stripes."

She laughed softly and straightened up as a sudden coolness breathed through the pines on the ridge above the house. Jane pushed the hair back from her damp forehead as she watched the firm dark line of front move across the sky. She breathed deeply of the cool air. As she walked slowly toward the porch a feeling of exhilaration filled her so that she forgot to notice the dry and dusty grass of the earth beneath her feet.

"Autumn is not far away," she sighed, watching the vermillion underleaves of the sassafrass flap gently in the breeze.

The frenzied yelping of a surprised hound neared the house. The snapping of twigs and dead weeds meant that something was prey to the hound's sensitive nose. Jane stepped up onto the porch and listened. She heard the sharp crack of the twenty-two. Another. And another. Then silence.

"Hey, Jane!" Jim called as he came tramping around the house, "I got a copperhead! Come and look!"

**The Midway**

Ray Stewart

It was a welcome rest to sink onto the low, white stools of the large concession stand at the triple intersection of Georgetown Road, 16th Street, and Crawfordsville Road. This was the first stand on the midway, and a soft drink quickly drove away the thirst that we had acquired by going both ways along the line of stands on the south side of 16th Street. The night was hot and humid, but we could not be particular about the weather or the night, for the midway lives only one night—the eve of the 500 Mile Race Classic. And the thrill and excitement of the eventful period is well worth the sleep that is lost during this brief period.