Now, having given the term a definition, the second step is to perceive how the pursuit of a hobby can give satisfaction and yet ease tension. Perhaps, just perhaps, part of the soothing ability can be accredited to the individual’s privilege to be prejudiced in his reasoning, if he so desires, without having to answer to any superior. This would be particularly true in areas of interest such as reading, hunting, and golfing where the enthusiast is a prime participant in the action. One may enjoy the writing of the majority of American poets and yet be free to dislike that of Walt Whitman without putting forth any logical argument in defense of his views. The sportsman who prefers to hunt deer with a replica of a black-powder rifle rather than any of the fine modern firearms available may do so without offering any explanation.

In his essay “Four Kinds of Thinking” Mr. James H. Robinson says concerning our opinions: “We may surrender, but rarely confess ourselves vanquished. In the intellectual world at least peace is without victory.” In the opinion of this writer Mr. Robinson’s statement holds true most readily in the world of politics and big-business today. A man must be ready to state his own opinions and the logic behind them and then be ready to yield to arguments of greater weight or sway to meet the demands and fancies of the powers that be. Here, in this high-speed world, where all personal feelings seemingly must give way for the good of the corporation or of the party or of the alliance, one can derive much comfort from a hobby which allows the participant unquestioning freedom of action, no matter how undeniably partisan or how unlikely that action may be.

The Jungle

Evelyn Jones

The door stood ajar. I hesitated. Cautiously I stepped into the room. A canary sat quietly on the wooden rod in its cage. It chirped, waited, chirped again. I slipped past a shelf of horizontal glass cases. The world was watching. I edged along the aisle passing big ones, small ones, fat ones. Pairs of staring, apprehensive eyes followed me from one place to the next as I studied the occupants of the cages. The even, concentrated breathing rose and fell rhythmically. I could not make a mistake this time.

Slowly my hand moved along the leg of my trousers, turned the edge of my pocket, and reached downward. I stopped. Behind a row of narrow compartments, lying on the floor, was mine. I was sure. It stretched and yawned. Sensitive brown eyes peered from behind two drooping lids. A spot—one black spot—marked the white forehead and neck. The ears twitched instinctively. I fingered the crisp, thin pieces of paper in my pocket. Yes, I was sure! I grabbed—enclosing them into my hand. I turned and faced the man behind the counter.

“The black and white puppy, please.”