

maple to make room, but folks around here allus remembered Nellie, so they got up a petition and had the school-house put over far enough so that the tree could remain a standin'. Thar's a lot of sentiment and romance in that old maple. It's a right perty thought, hain't it? Well, I got to get my milkin' done. Hope to see you again if you ever come around these parts. What did you say yore name was?"

The tall, silent stranger turned to the old farmer. In a scarcely audible voice, came the answer, "I guess you don't remember me. I'm Herb Carewe."

Night Life on the River

By

Jane Colsher

A great chasm of black separated us from the multi-colored glow of the city—a gigantic dragon guarding its treasure. A chain of flickering lights made a feeble attempt to span the darkness, and lone red and green orbs sparkled here and there among the white ones like tiny rubies and emeralds giving opulence to the mighty river's crown. We plunged ahead toward the city with its illuminated skyscrapers and silhouetted towers; suddenly a giant network of steel and cement loomed ahead of us, barely discernible against the evening sky. Another moment and we were a part of the Mississippi's regal splendor.

Above the locomotives roaring into the distance and the dirty freighters chugging upstream, we heard the rush and gush of the turbulent muddy water. Like eternity the river stretched beneath us—bottomless. Who would trust those treacherous depths for life and livelihood? Yet, a colony of miserable houseboats, enlivened by occasional lanterns, huddled near the bank, keeping faith in God's protection.

Street lights shot wavering gleams far out into the broadening stream. The glints and sparkles of night cast eerie reflections on the ripples, while weird lights played on the warehouse windows.

Suddenly, with an incandescent blaze of glory, the pleasure steamer, "J. S.", appeared against the still, black night and slithered toward her dock. The waters gleamed and flashed; the sky was shot with color, and the air was rent with the blaring strains of a jazz orchestra and the riotous laughter of life that has had another thrill. The levee became alive with honking horns, flashing lights, and clattering crowds. A cock on a nearby boat decided it was morning and began to crow; a sleeping hound stirred lazily on his mat; and a weary watchman shuffled swiftly on his rounds.

Then, as suddenly as it had come, the joyous influence of the steamer disappeared. The lights were darkened; the crowd had passed on its way, and the gaiety was gone. Silent night took possession of the waterfront, and life resumed its usual course. Without warning we became a part of the multi-colored glow of the city; we had conquered the great black chasm.

Fog at Midnight

By

Aliceruth Johnson

A deserted city street. Midnight. Fog pressing against my eyes. The echoing clank of my heels on the hard pavement. I peer into the gloom, straining to assemble the blending shades of gray into some familiar object. Behind that dark and clammy curtain—what? I wave my hand, hoping to rend and tear it away. I glance about furtively, to catch some illusive shadow before it dissolves into the gloom. Heat surges up into my body and ends in a chill shudder. I open my mouth

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 linoleumed 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 row-boat, 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 to gether 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