

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 sin in a 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 credit to all.

But with Pinkie V came a strange revolution. The other Pinkies had been roundedly 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

to this gruesome method of awakening him.

It is the custom for the first one down in the morning to wait in the dining room until the rest of the family has assembled. Here, by heeding the house's sounds, I may discern the family's morning moods. The splashing of the shower upstairs mingled with Dad's wavering baritone to the tune of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," assures me that the male members of the family are in fine spirits, for father only sings when he feels especially good, and brother never aggravates a sour morning mood by a shower bath.

There is a hush about the dining room in early morning that has a most refreshing effect on me. Gleaming things, polished things, copper things, greet me from every side. Sitting there with my back toward the living room, I can tell what kind of a fire is in the hearth. A brisk crackling and snapping announces a green wood fire, while a steady roaring suggests big gnarled logs. A dry, crisp cracking tells me that the hearth is filled with coal.

During the middle of the day I am usually away, but upon my return in the afternoon there are the sounds again. I am aware that there are guests in the pool-room by the cool, calculated click of billiard balls against each other, or I know that there is a teapot by an energetic hissing sound coming from the direction of the kitchen.

Aside from aiding in determining the family's moods and occupations, these precious sounds are a uniting family tie, of common interest to all members. So accustomed is the family to this theme song—this medley of home melodies—that when the least strain is found missing—if even a few notes are unduly flatted or sharpened—there is sure to be trouble. If, for instance, at about eleven o'clock the night symphony lacks the usual creaking of the second step above the

landing, there has most likely been a delay or mishap in brother's arrival home and the day's song is sure to end in a jangling discord of the telephone bell, explaining the absence of the filial measure. There is a variety of unnatural, unexpected noises which add a sort of mysterious harmony in a minor key to the usual songs. They come from such sources as scraping eye-pipes, banging doors, or squeaking hinges. The family is at once interested and attentive to these noises and hasten to investigate and repair them. I shudder when I compare the lack of interest of the apartment dwellers (who live across the street) in their "house noises" as compared to ours. A disturbing sound to them means only that the ice box of the Brown's (who live below) is out of commission again, or that Mrs. Meek's (directly above) Pekingese pup is having an other tantrum.

I think I shall always remember the night that the iron coal window in the basement became unfastened. The cause of the dull, rhythmic beating could not at once be determined and I was reminded of Poe's "Tell Tale Heart," that grew louder and louder until it was finally located and stopped. Our house too, has a heart. Its pulsing beat is heard continually in the every-day sounds of windows, radiators, and curtains. Creaking hinges, rattling shutters, drip, drip, drip of faucets, jangling rings of telephone and door-bell, roaring fireplaces, simmering things on the kitchen stove—all these beloved sounds are combined into one continuous, throbbing heart-beat. This pulsation is steadfast and strong—to be heard perhaps, at the break of day, through the quiet of the long afternoon, or even lasting on past midnight as the old house settles quietly to rest. Always I shall listen for, hark to, and cherish the rhythm of this priceless household heart-beat which assures me of domestic contentment, and indicates the perpetual stirring of spirit and life within the walls of our home.