

fifths and get another bunny." They agreed, and I ran all the way to the corner store, so that I would get back before the rest of the family. My relief was great when I saw that the store was open. Grandma Leash seemed rather surprised at my buying anything so artistic as a chocolate rabbit; usually we paid more attention to caloric value than to appearance. But I offered no explanation. And though the new bunny was hollow, and probably made of less expensive chocolate than the other, nobody guessed the exchange that had taken place. Our little tragedy turned into a feast.

Mother's teas were as delightful on the back stairs as in the living room. When we were sure that the kitchen was deserted, Roberta and I crept in. We scraped out the crumbs that lay deep in the pan of the devil's-food-cake-with-date-and-nut-filling; we spread the nut bread crusts thick with butter; we rejoiced in the macaroons that had been rejected because they stuck together. We helped ourselves to loaf sugar, lemon ends, and any nut meats that might have fallen on the floor. Halfway up the back stairs we munched daintily, trying not to grimace as we bit into unsugared lemon, and addressing each other in cultured tones as "Mrs." and "Madam," as though we were fine ladies at a fashionable tea. Sometimes we adorned ourselves fittingly with finery from our collection of ribbons and laces. Sometimes we invited a guest or two from across the street. It was really the best way to entertain, for everyone agreed that the food was more important than anything else; and at our own parties the refreshments were hopelessly commonclass.

Ice cream molds remind me of the first wedding at our house. We served them at the reception, and for breakfast, lunch, and dinner during the next few days. Strangely enough I found myself tired of ice cream. It was usually a great treat, and was most frequently offered when we went

riding in the Buick. Ice cream cones were always in the back of my mind when we started out, though I would have been ashamed to mention them. Roberta, however, who sat in the front seat, often whispered in Dad's ear something which caused him to stop at the next drug store, and bring out two handfuls of cones. It was fun to lick the ice cream lightly at first, then to force it deeper into the cone with your tongue; to eat as slowly as you could, so that when everyone else had finished you still had a little left.

I cannot imagine our old basement without a barrel of apples in the corner; or a church supper without meat loaf and soggy pudding; or a fudgeless Sunday afternoon. I hope that concentrated food tablets are never perfected. It would be a shame to deprive childhood of the pleasures of eating.

There Was a Crooked Man

By

M. Eddingfield

"There was a crooked man, and he
went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against
a crooked stile:
He bought a crooked cat, which
caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little
crooked house."

For years I have been vaguely perplexed as to the identity of the Crooked Man, and only recently did I stumble on to a satisfying solution for this question retained from my childhood days. It was quite a surprise, I assure you, to bump into it so suddenly. Of course, I had always cherished a vivid imaginary picture of the fellow. He was small and lean and crooked. His crooked little eyes looked out from beneath crooked brows. He had a

thin, crooked nose and a curious, crooked mouth. On his head he wore a tall, crooked hat and about his shoulders a black, crooked cloak. He supported his thin, crooked legs by a gnarled staff that he clutched in his old, crooked hand.

One evening not long ago I was reading Mother Goose rhymes to my small brother. As I finished the last poem, "There Was a Crooked Man," the evening paper bumped against the front door with its usual peculiarly pleasant sound. I went to get it, and as I walked inside leisurely unfolding it, my eyes fell upon the headlines—"Wealthy Wall Street Magnate and Politician Taken into Custody by Paris Police"—or something to that effect with a sub-head reading "Faces Deportation Charge to U.S. Authorities." Perhaps my mind was still concerned with the last poem I had read, but instantly I knew who the Crooked Man of nursery fame was. The fellow was a politician to be sure!

In a flash it was all very clear! The crooked lane was the Crooked Man's term in office. The crooked six-pence that he found against the crooked stile was the money gained illegally under the guise of public benefit. The crooked cat was his "stuffed shirt"—I've heard that expression somewhere! And the crooked house—ah, yes! That was his influence that protected him from the dubious people.

Suddenly I laughed aloud at my stupidity for not having guessed his identity long ago.

20th Century College Student

By

James Jordan Stewart

A twentieth century college student is a misnomer, for he is, in reality, a student of nothing but folly. His father has sent him to school because it is the conventional thing to do; the qualifications of the institution being either its athletic supremacy, its social superiority or its purported aca-

demical advantages. The first element of his education is initiation into some esoteric society, where he will be first subject of, and then participant in, all kinds of gross barbarities.

After four years of dissipation and debauchery his marks of seniority are a proficiency at cards, drink, sports, and women. His sole serious concern has been to successfully pass his examinations without resorting to actual study, for all things he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar. To this ignoble end he has shown great ingenuity and has learned the manifold method of cheating, oblivious to the fact that had he employed half as much time and effort in honest study he would have reaped a much more prolific harvest.

However, at his graduation he will pass from a brother in the bond to a brother in the "Bond and Trust"; and if he is an "all around good fellow," which he is sure to be, he will become a member in good standing of that great cult of mutual "soft-soapers"; and so his education will have served its end.

Guethary

By

Louise Garrigus

I lived in a small town for several years and I have spent a good many years in Indianapolis, and a few years in large cities. But I lived six months in a village. I knew my circle in that small town, and friends in this Indianapolis, and not so many friends in those larger cities. But I knew everyone in that village.

Its name was Guethary, and it was down in southwestern France, right on the Bay of Biscay, and only a few miles away from the Pyrenees—and Spain. But the sea, while so near, lay always below the village, and the mountains, while so far, loomed always down upon the village; and when I think of Guethary, I think of those mountains first, and then, always after