

The Free Press Short Story

AN ANCIENT DELUSION

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HERE could be no question about it. It was a fatal mistake, and Sam Bill Edwards realized vaguely that even his name and the professor's should have warned him.

running more to mending than to making formal theme outlines, he had contrived a car that closely resembled his red head and illogical, though good-natured brain.

"And," grinned Sam Bill, as the professor wrote in a small, odd hand upon the blackboard the following day's assignment in Freshman rhetoric, "I had a lapse of mind and asked him to go fishing with me to-morrow!"

"We'll make it to Hat Island in a little while," remarked Sam Bill. In due time, having left the main highway for a winding dirt road that pursued the bank of the stream, they arrived at the island.

"You will read with care the chapter in question," he said with crisp precision. "It discusses, I have the feeling, a dry topic in a most interesting matter, namely, the use of one's personal experiences, emotions, impressions, and feelings for theme material. I am convinced we are getting permanently away from the earlier stress upon style, the four types of discourse, and artificial matters of that sort."

"We'll have to drop down now and wade," said Sam Bill. "Better pull off your shoes and socks and roll up your pants for the water's a little deep out there, guys in one place. Then we'll get back on the other end of the island and try our luck."

"During the class hour," resumed the professor, "we shall continue our routine work upon the outline. Each of you will prepare a topical outline upon any subject which appeals to you. For instance, Mr. Edwards there," referring without a smile to Sam Bill, "anticipating a fishing trip on the morrow, upon which he has kindly invited me, will very probably wish to make an outline upon fishing trips—how to make a fishing trip a success, what to do in case of drowning, how to induce refractory fish to bite. The idea is to make the whole matter personal."

Doctor Simeson grinned very much like a human being and dropped to the ground. He untied his shoes, pulled them off, removed his socks and crammed them into his shoes. Sam Bill almost gasped. He would have said something except for the fact that he had imbibed, after a hard year's work, some of the cultural repression of his magnificent teacher.

"Assuredly!" Sam Bill began to write with all the vigor of a fresh country youth nearing the close of his first college year, who has not yet had completely tutored out of him his rich back-land humor, that most American characteristic to be found in these good hundred and ten millions. When he was through, he read the following creation:

At last they reached the main body of Hat Island. The professor started to sit to pull on his shoes. "Just put on your shoes," interrupted Sam Bill. "We will have to wade out on a flat rock under the water a little if we get to the good hole." He himself put his feet into his shoes, no socks, leaving the strings loose, and the professor did likewise. They made their way through the brush and tangled undergrowth to the end of the island.

I. Why make outlines? A. Search me. B. No use at all. C. But we must walk lightly under the prof's eyes lest we flunk. II. The effect—outlines have upon the brains of— A. The professors (look at 'em). B. The students (look at me).

When the class period was up, Sam Bill hastily crammed the outline into his notebook, drew out one he had prepared the evening before in anticipation of the class exercise, and in passing the professor's desk, substituted this for the hour's requirements.

The next day was Saturday. Sam Bill rose at his accustomed hour of five, milked the six cows and fed the mules, ate his own breakfast, then told his mother, "I'm going to run in to get Professor Simeson, Maw. We're going fishing together."

"Hold your breath!" shouted Sam Bill, wondering in the back of his brain if a man with as many letters after his name as Randolph Blasingsgame Simeson, could by any human possibility have sense enough to know how to act while drowning.

could by any human possibility have sense enough to know how to act while drowning. If it had been a boy, Sam Bill would not have shouted at all, for he would have known the boy had some practical brains. But a doctor of philosophy!

They looked gloomily down the river. Away down stream they fancied they could make out two poles performing in the swirl, as though two horsefish were having a bad time with a new experience. They then looked at each other, laughed briefly, and the professor held out his hand to Sam Bill.

"Well, what do you know about that!" The professor could not swim; so that let him out. The pole was tangled among a snarl of willows, but the professor could not run along the stony river bank to the clump and reach for it for his feet were bare and the skin altogether too tender for such rough travel.

"Keep going!" the professor shouted encouragement. "She's still lunging!" Sam Bill, keeping in the easier water, swam with all his speed. A horsefish would make small business of an ordinary willow once he had his mule mind made up.

"Here, here!" he yelled. "Take this!" He threw something to Sam Bill. A rope? Where had the professor found a rope? Sam Bill did not take time to worry about that.

When the two drove home that evening, the rescue was forgotten as befitted friends. Sam Bill felt a glow of fraternal glory for the professor he never would have experienced but for the day's fishing. Why, the man was just a boy just like the other fellows in his class.

"They will!" interrupted Sam Bill. "I always have said that an outline-minded brain ought to be amputated. It's funny to think it took a horsefish instead of a surgeon to do it, though. Anyway, I found out we're closer kin than I thought. We're buddies under the hide, after all, aren't we?"

WAYS OF EXPRESSION Eadie: "My mamma got a nice present yesterday an' she trow her arms around papa's neck. What does your mamma do when she gets a nice present?" Eadie: "She tell daddy she'll forgive him but he musn't stay out late again."

Betty Barclays HELPFUL HINTS



Today Betty Says: WHAT do you know about the foods you buy? When you order a dozen oranges, for example, do you know enough about this fruit to tell the grocer what kind to bring?

Wretched from Asthma. Strength of body and vigor of mind are inevitably impaired by the visitations of asthma. Who can live under the cloud of recurring attacks and keep body and mind at their full efficiency?

CONTROLLING SWINE PARASITES

All classes of domesticated animals harbor numerous kinds of parasites and swine in particular are liable to infestation with very large numbers of these pests. The chief and most harmful parasite affecting swine is the round intestinal worm.

THE GLEAM A person without a worthy objective is almost sure to miss the glow in life. A firm hand on the rudder is essential; drifting is fatal.

George Elliot evidently knew all about it when she said: "What makes life dreary is the want of motive." Want of motive leads to laziness too, and the person without his own particular work in the world, which will go undone if he does not do it, is to be pitied.

We are much less likely to miss the glow if we cultivate the habit of enjoying even imperfect things. Accepting little happiness as they come is so much more desirable than putting off enjoying things because they are not big or grand. Perfect things are rare and may never be ours; but lovely things abound if we have eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to appreciate them. Let us look for and enjoy the glow.—Sylvia Howe.

SLATS' DIARY BY ROSE FARQUHAR

Friday—well I seen pa sharpening the lawnmower today, and he tuk time to tell me how hard stones is on a lawn more and Joe Hix dussent owe pa enny borrowed money witch has got to be wiked out so I have a suspishun that pa is fignering on me mowing the yd. as soon as skool is out.

into leaving me postpone my bath intill nex Tuesday mite but I gess she is in a bad Mood today because she has got the Water heater turned up pritty high. I gess when fokes gets to be that old they get un'reasonable.

Tuesday—Jane and me wood of got a long all rite at the party tonite onny I boughten sum Peanuts and then when I ketchid a nice fat Fish worm I forgot and put it in the pocket with the Peanuts and James ben 1/2 sere ever sence she eat a handfull of Peanuts & then sence the Fish worm drop out the floor. I mashed it on the Rug real quick so her ma woodent see it. It was a very very nice party. If you like party...

Wednesday—Teacher ast us 1 question that made me sore. she ast us what was the nashunal det of the U. States. women is all ways prying into others a fair like that.

Thursday—Caleb Quint sed he, was afrade he was going to dye so he brung his muther & law to the house and now he dussent care if he does he sed.

BORROWERS

Charles (Lamb) tired of lending his books, threatened to chain Wordsworth's poems to his shelves, adding: "For of those who borrow, some read slow; some mean to read, but don't read; and some neither read nor mean to read, but borrow, to leave you an opinion of their sagacity. I must do my money-borrowing friends the justice to say that there is nothing of this caprice or wantonness of alienation in them. When they borrow my money they never fail to make use of it."

ONLY THOUGHT SO

"How long had you known your husband before you mere married?" "I didn't know him at all. I only thought I did."

YOUR FAULT

Do not blame people for not finding out your good points. That is your fault. Few people have the sort of secpnd-sight which makes it possible to discover kindness of heart hidden under a gruff manner, and good intentions concealed by thoughtlessness and blundering. If you have anything in you which other people ought to like and respect, it is your business to put it in evidence. You have no right to hide your admirable qualities and so mislead others as to your real nature.

Munday—Slask Brooks wants to get on are Base ball team but they isent a chance. Blister and Jake and me has tawked it over and we disided we dont want no kid on are team witch warshes his ears evry day and trims his finger Nales 2 or three times a weak. Blisters says he has herd that he all so wears under close all Summer.

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Turtle For Two.



The turtle was "in clover" when this picture was taken, and "in the soup" shortly after. The background study in black and white is provided by the Misses Marion Webster and Helen MacKay, of Montreal, on board the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Britain", in which they cruised around the world. The turtle, like many other rare and exotic delicacies consumed by four hundred passengers during their 20,000 mile cruise, only went part way.

Advertisement for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Features a woman in a white dress holding a bowl of cereal. Text includes: "Start the day right", "ENJOY a bowl of crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk or cream. Add fruits or berries for variety.", "Kellogg's have that famous 'wonder' flavor that no others equal. Rich in energy. Refreshing and wholesome.", "Serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes for lunch—a late snack. Splendid for children's suppers. So easy to digest.", "Always oven-fresh in the sealed inside WAXTITE bag. You'll like the package that's so 'easy to open.' Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.", "Kellogg's for flavor".