The Bree Press Short Story

AN ANCIENT DELUSION

HARRY HARRISON KROLL

must of necessity be one who could daily to college. whistle all the time except in class; a search written all over him.

lapse of mind and asked him to go fish- they were off. ing with me to-morrow!"

Doctor Simeson cleared his throat with excessive deliberation and laid the bit serge coat and trousers. Dr. Simeson arrived at the island. Sam Bill ran same noiselessness.

in question," he said with crisp precision. gave them safe conduct fifteen yards "It discusses. I have the feeling, a dry out into the chute of the river. topic in a most interesting matter. vinced we are getting permanently away there a ways in one place. Then we'll from the earlier stress upon style, the get back on the other end of the island four types of discourse, and artificial and try our luck." matters of that sort."

The youthful doctor of philosophy gazed gravely upon his class. "It was that smile!" lamented Sam Bill Edwards inwardly. "That smile tricked me. not fair! It was the only one he even smiled, as far as I know, and I was knocked out that before I thought asked him if he didn't want to go fishing with me on Hat Island, and I reckor before he thought he said 'yes.' Think of that!"

"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."

Sam Bill gasped. How could one make a fishing trip with a doctor of philosophy easy and graceful? "You might," added the professor, "give your theme gator!" flavor and zest by the use of humor or

nearly tickled him silly. He raised his your shoes," interrupted Sam Bill. hand. Professor Simeson nodded per- will have to wade out on a flat mission to speak. "May I prepare an outline on outline making?"

"Assuredly!"

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

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 th brains of-

A. The professors (look at 'em). B. The students (look at me). III. Can an outline-minded brain

amputated? A. It ought to be done:

1. For the good of the owner.

2. For the good of the students. 3. For the world in general. B. Can it be done?

1. It never has been done. 2. So, if it hasn't been done.

3. Why, it can't be done! C. May the powers of good help us

IV. Therefore, an epitaph for outline makers:

He lived and labored with no other

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. milked the six cows and fed the mules.

Professor Simeson, Maw. We're going the doctor of philosophy had come to fishing together."

HERE could be no question about | running more to mending than to makit. It was a fatal mistake, and ing formal theme outlines, he had con-Sam Bill Edwards realized trived a car that closely resembled his vaguely that even his name and the red head and illogical, though goodprofessor's should have warned him. A natured brain. It was the car he used young fellow by the name of Sam Bill in making the nineteen miles into town

At ten minutes after eight he rolled stately professor by the name of Ran- around to the stately colonial mansion dolph Blassinggame Simeson, A. M., Ph. slightly the worse now for the wear and D., by no human elasticity could ever be tear of time and dedicated to housing different from the way Randolph Blas- severe young professors instead of harsinggame Simeson, A. M., Ph. D., really boring balls for governors. Sam Bill was asutere, learned, with the word re- sounded his horn, and instantly Professor Simeson emerged from the austere door-"And," groaned Sam Bill, as the pro- way, his face grave. Sam Bill made room fessor wrote in a small, odd hand upon | for the teacher, and when Doctor Simethe blackboard the following day's as- son was seated, he let in the clutch. signment in Freshman rhetoric, "I had a The car hiccoughed once or twice, and the swirl, as though two horsefish were

"We'll make it to Hat Island in In due time, having left the main of chalk noiselessly upon his desk, at highway for a winding dirt road that right angles with his freshly pressed blue pursued the bank of the stream, they always laid his crayon on the desk just car off the road into the bushes, dragged like that, in the same spot, with the out his collection of lines and bait, and the two of them descended the bank to "You will read with care the chapter the fragments of a natural bridge which

"We'll have to drop down now and namely, the use of one's personal ex- wade," said Sam Bill. "Better pull off periences, emotions, impressions, and your shoes and socks and roll up your feelings for theme material. I am con- pants for the water's a little deep out

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. For this gesture was just exactly the same as country boys do all over the world; although no one has ever heard of a city boy stuffing his socks into his shoes. Sam Bill thereupon collected the pole under his

arm, and started down into the water. "Come right on in!" called Sam Bill over his shoulder. "The first immersion's the worst!"

He had to wait every few steps for the professor to catch up. Simeson was catching his breath now and then as he stepped into some hole and the chill climbed his legs, Soon, however, Sam Bill saw he was gritting his teeth and saying nothing, as a boy would certainly have done. "Any big fish in here?" chattered the doctor.

"Sometimes we hook a horsefish. They pull like a mule. Not so big, but they make you think you've caught an alli-

At last they reached the main body of Hat Island. The professor started to Sam Bill abruptly had an idea. It sit to put on his shoes: "Just put on good hole." He himself put his fee into his shoes, no socks, leaving strings loose, and the professor did-like-They made their way through brush and tangled undergrowth to the

end of the island. In the sunshine a darkish patch of water ran out in a sloping manner until the junction of the main current and the chute mingled to tangle the reflection of the sun. Sam Bill baited bota hooks. "Come on." he said, and led the way out into the water which was barely above his ankles. The professor followed When they came close to the edge of the flat rock, Sam Bill gave the teacher his pole. "See that dark water right over

there?" he pointed. "Good hole there Drop 'er in and see what happens." For himself. Sam Bill chose the dark water

on the left. Both cast in their hooks. In a moment Sam Bill felt a gentle pull. At first he could not tell whether the bite was from a goggle-eye perch or a horsefish. 1 must be a "horse," however, for when he ferked his hook out, he had nothing. A perch never turns loose once he bites. but a "horse" is a mulish customer, and likes to tease the angler. Sam Bill became so absorbed in his labors that he forgot about the professor. All of sudden he heard a shout and turned just in time to see the professor's feet fly from under him on the slippery rock, his body bounce into the slack water.

and then all of him, including what must have been a monster horsefish, glige off the stone into the deep water, the professor holding tight to his line and yelling as he sank into the deep current! Sam Bill yelled on his own account. Could the professor swim? Sam Bill did not know, and the current was stiff.

out into the stream. He was a good quick in action and does not scar the Bill rose at his accustomed hour of five, swimmer, and though the water was good skin or burn the flesh. and cold, he took the shock, recovered his in a quick reaction, and started out, hand over hand, towards the place where

the surface. Sam Bill ran out the small car which . "Hold your breath!" shouted Sam Bill, he had put together out of odds and wondering in the back of his brain if a ends mostly by himself. He had bought man with as many letters after his name a wrecked car cheap, and his hands as Randolph Blassinggame Simeson, him but he mustn't stay out late again." enjoy the glow.—Evelyn Howe.

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 phil-

Young Simeson did just the right thing, however. He heaved his body with an instinctive motion, kept his nose out of the water to the last, and caught a deep breath. It was without art, too, for Sam Bill could tell that the man was not a swimmer. The inhalation kept him affoat, gave hm a chance to exhale and inhale again, and probably went a long way towards saving his life Sam Bill soon reached him, grabbed him by the hair then started in a lateral direction down-stream, making for the easy water which filled the chute. After a brief conflict, the two reached shallow water, where they could stand on their feet. Randolph Blassinggame Simeson laughed, just a little giddily, and shook the water out of his ears. "That was one whale of a fish, and it got away

plague take the low-down luck!" Sam Bill could not avoid a lament of his own. "I lost mine at the same

They looked gloomily down the river. Away down stream they fancled they could make out two poles performing in having a bad time with a new experience. They then looked at each other, laughed riefly, and the professor held out his hand to Sam Bill. Sam Bill hoped he would make no mention of the rescue. and sure enough the teacher uttered not a solitary word, but fust shook hands and let it go at that. This was a fine display of restraint, and it made Sam Bill like the man all the more. Suddenly Professor Simeson grabbed Sam Bill's sleeve and pointed madly down stream. "Sam Bill! That pole's hung, sure

as the world!" "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 i for his feet were bare and the skin altogether too tender for such rough travel. Nor was there time enough for Sam Bill to go back on the island for his shoes. Only one solution presented

that horsefish got loose! "Keep going!" the professor shouted

made a dive and the water parted.

itself. Sam Bill was wet anyhow. He

encouragement. "She's still hung!" -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. The boy reached the tangle just in time to grab the pole and in all likelihood save the poor fish for supper: then commenced the scrap. The pole proved to be the professor's instead of his own, and when Sam Bill took hold materially with the absorption of food. of it, he understood very well why the philosopher's feet had slipped. horsefish was a whopper! It began to look for a moment, as angler and fish thrashed around. Sam Bill trying snatch a hold on the willow, as though a trace would break. Just then a shoutcame near. The professor was pursuing in many cases, and the pigs which sur-

in his bare feet. "Here, here!" he yelled. "Take this!" He threw something to Sam Bill. rope! Where had the professor found rope? Sam Bill did not take time to nose and eyes, and show signs of general worry about that. He grabbed the end and held on while the doctor of osophy used a tree for a snubber and the pig raiser to spend considerable time dragged captor and fish to land. It took fight to pull the "horse" out, but the two managed that, both panting from the udder of the sow or from the floor their labors. They had no scales to or walls of the pen, probably within a weigh him, but he must have been ounce of twenty-five pounds. Such a fish could exert the pulling power medium, fresh grass-fed horse. rope was an old plow line from a near-by start at the time the sow is prepared for

When the two drove home that even log, the rescue was forgotten as befitted friends. Sam Bill felt a glow of fraternity for the professor he never would have experienced but for the day's fishing. Why, the man was just a boy, just a hearty young fellow like himself. There was no outline mind in Simeson's head

Simeson sighed. "This has been dandy day, I declare it has! Say, 'didn' You know what, I haven't enjoyed a day like this in a coon's age. Been in college so long, then have to fall right into were straight ahead. He become abruptly vehement. "That's it! You have to go around posing all the time, pro fessional austerity, traditions of calling-bosh! I wasn't made for it. love teaching, but this eternal formality that comes between teacher and students kills all the spirit of adventure in the hunt for knowledge! I'm not going on with it another day! I'm going to enjoy being myself to see if the Freshmen won't profit more-"

"They will!" interrupted Sam Bill. 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. Anyhow. found out we're closer kin than thought. We're buddles under the hide. after all, aren't we?"

A Prime Dressing for Wounds. some factories and workshops carbolic acid is kept for use in cauterizing wounds and cuts sustained by the workmen. Far better to keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It is just as

WAYS OF EXPRESSION



Today Betty Says: WHAT do you know about the

When you order a dozen oranges, for example, do you know enough about this fruit to tell the grocer what kind to bring? Knowledge of what are the best orange varieties in season will help you get the most and best for your money.

Thus winter and early spring find the seedless California Navel orange shipped to you ripe from the tree, when other tresh fruits are out of season. You may know it by the navel formation at one end. skin and deep golden

Besides being seedless the fruit bas little or none of the white rag found in other oranges on the market at this season. Fruit slices and segments easily, therefore, without waste for salads and desserts: especially reasonable this year.

A little knowledge is a valuable aid to economical buying for oranges and for other foods

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? Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy dissipates the cloud by removing the cause. It does relieve. does restore the sufferer to normal bodily trim and mental happiness.

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 harm?u parasite affecting swine is the round in testinal worm. These worms interfere irritate the lungs and stunt the growh In the early stages of their development they travel through the blood stream to the lungs, are coughed up, then swallowed and pass to the intestines. Infection with worms causes coughing, pneumonia. or other lung congestions, which are fatal vive are apt to be stunted and prove unprofitable feeders. Pigs heavily infested with worms become paunchy, have rough-coats, may snuffle and run at the unthriftiness. The losses from worms are great enough to make it advisable for and effort in avoiding them.

Small pigs get the worm eggs from sures will go a long way in eliminating the trouble, and cleanliness cannot be too strongly recommeded. This should farrowing. At the Dominion Experimental Station, Lacombe, Alberta, before the sows are put into their farrowing house, the house is thoroughly washed with a strong hot lye solution (1 pound of lye to 30 gallons of water), scrubbing the floors, troughs and walls well. The lye solution is best for the removal of worm eggs. Needless to say, the work must be well done. If cracks and corners are neglected, bad results are almost sure to follow. Three weeks-previous-to farrowing, the sow is well starved and given a reliable worm remedy in order to rid the intestinal tract of worms. Just previous to putting the sow in the clean. farrowing pen she is washed off with warm soapsuds ond a stiff brush to remove any worm eggs which may be adhering to the skin or hair. These measures protect the pigs to weaning age At weaning time the pigs are given access to a clean lot or pasture which is known to be uncontaminated.

At Lacombe every yard and lot in whch pigs run to any considerable extent is ploughed and seeded to a temporary parsture crop at least once every

THE GLEAM

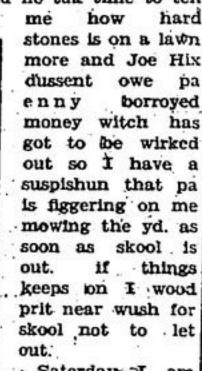
A person without a worthy objective is almost sure to miss the glow in life. I firm hand on the rudder is essential: drifting is fatal.

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 pitled. 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 be ours; but lovely things abound if we Eddie: "She tell daddy she'll forgive to appreciate them. Let us look for and

SLATS' DIARY BY ROSS PARQUEAR

Friday-well I seen pa sharpening the lawnmore today, and he tuk time to tell



· Saterday-I am envited to a party nex Teusday nite and I thot mebby I mite tawk ma

into leaveing me pospone my bath intil nex Teusday nite but I gess she is in bad Mood today becauz she has got the Water heater turned up pritty high. I gess when fokes gets to be that old they get un reasonibble.

Sunday-we got a new Sunday skool eecher and she is pritty dum. Today she give each 1 of us a Card and told then when she read them over she looked at me and ast me if I wood be so Kind as to tell her my name. I wander whut she thinks that is that I rote down on the Card.

Munday-Sissk Brooks wants to get on are Base ball team but they issent a while a bumper crop makes prices chance. Blister and Jake and me has tawked it over and we dissided 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.

Teusday-Jane and me wood of got a long all rite at the party tonite oney I boughten sum Peanuts and then when I ketched a nice fat Fish wirm I fergot and put it in the pocket with the Peanuts and Janes ben 1/2 sore ever sence she eat a handfull of Peanuts & then seen the Fish wirm drop onto the floor. mashed it on the Rug real quick so her ma woodent see it. It was a very very nice party. if you like partys...

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

Thirday-Caleb Quint sed he, was afrade he was going to dye so they brung his muther & law to the house and now

BORROWERS

Charles Lamb, tired of lending his books, threatened to chain Wordsworth's your good points. That is your fault. Few poems to his shelves, adding: "For of people have the sort of second-sight those who borrow, some read slow; some which makes it possible to discover kindmean to read, but don't read; and some ness of heart hidden under a gruff manneither read nor mean to read, but bor- ner, and good intentions concealed by row, to leave you an opinion of their thoughtlessness and blundering. If you sagacity. I must do my money-borrowing have anything in you which other people friends the justice to say that there is ought to like and respect, it is your bus-

ONLY THOUGHT SO

"How long had you known your husand before you mere married?" "I didn't know him at all. I only ition. If you want to "sell" yourself, you thought I did."

nothing of this caprice or wantonness of iness to put it in evidence. You have no alienation in them. When they borrow right to hide your admirable qualities and my money they never fail to make use so mislead others as to your real nature. Some of you young people act as though life were a game of hide-and-seek and it were part of the game to hide your real self and face others to hunt for your good qualities. Life is not so much a game, however, as a business propos-

must display the qualities that attract.

YOUR FAULT

Do not blame people for not finding out

Turtle For Two.



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 30.000 mile cruise, only went part way.

A. H. Hellogg

