

By R. H. WILKINSON  
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The day before he left Dad sat on the porch and heard them talking. He heard Ross say, "Billie, it's a wild country; mountains and unexplored rivers. Primitive people . . . Snakes and spiders. Climate might be hard on white folks. Expect to stay four years." Silence. Then Billie's voice, eager and thrilling: "Oh, Ross, I'd love it!" The states marking the site of the swimming pool shone white in the dusk. Dad pulled them up on a tray and tossed them into the stream. He glanced around wistfully and filled his pipe with anger that trembled a little. "If I were young," he muttered. "If I were young . . . Darned if I wouldn't

Subconsciously, I knew that so day, during one of Gall's long & lengthy effusions, Martha would blow up and make a few caustic marks on her own hook that would probably result in dissension between the two families.

I dreaded this moment, though I couldn't blame Martha, and I sought to postpone its advent as long as possible. We were new in Brooklyn; it would not help our standing any to have trouble with our new door neighbors.

The climax came sooner than expected, though it was of a nature that was wholly surprising.

We were spending the evening with the Ollises, and Martha

**Use Old Stone Shaft**

A stone shaft which served the Pilgrim Fathers more than three centuries ago still serves a useful purpose at Plainville, Mass. It is the Old Angle Tree monument, dating back to 1828. The shaft, 14 feet high, once divided the Massachusetts Bay colony from the Plymouth colony. Now it marks the southern boundary of the town of Plainville.

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