

So wid my hoe I go—
 Row on row, row on row—
 Laughin' along;
 Let robin sing at ease
 Whilst I sows corn an' peas:
 Gord plants him cherry-trees
 Jes for his song.

Whilst his slim mate an' him
 Built on de apple-limb,
 I sowed my lan',
 Three grains in every hole:
 One for de shovin' mole,
 One for de devil's toll,
 One for to stan'.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

Joe

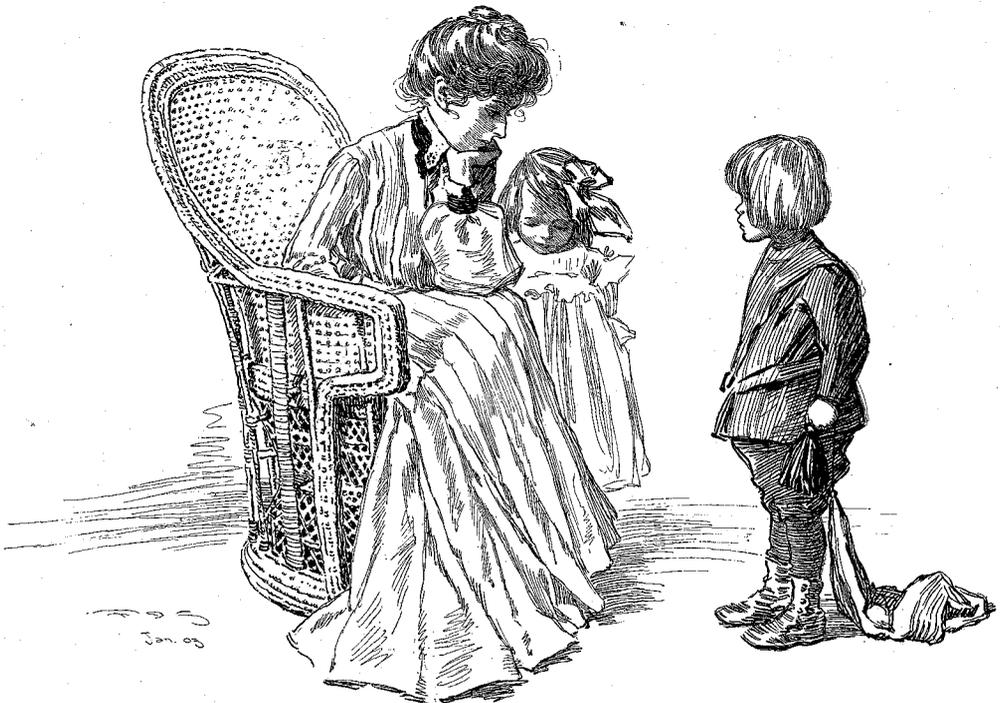
JEST the village fool is Joe
 (Fellers dub him "Wabble Legs"),
 Yet he alluz seems to know
 Where the pa'tridge hides her eggs;
 And when perch begin to run
 By the thousands in the spring,
 Wind or weather, Joe 's the one
 Fetches home the biggest string!

If you want some sassafras,
 Joe 's the chap to get a lot;
 When your hoss is out to grass,
 Joe can ketch him on the spot.
 Wild grapes grow, by hook or crook,
 For *his* pickin', every year;
 And he 's sure to have a nook
 Where the wind-flow'rs first appear.

S'pose you 've got an ailin' pup,
 Or a cow that 's off her feed;
 Joe comès round and cures 'em up
 Slick as shootin'—yes, indeed!
 Cows 'll let him take a calf
 Other hands can't even touch.
 "Don't know 'nough to harm," you laugh;
 Guess *they* sense he knows too *much*.

Oftentimes you 'll see him lay,
 If he reckons folks are n't nigh,
 In the sunshine half a day,
 Watchin' jest the clouds and sky.
 "What you thinkin', Joe?" you 'll call;
 But he 'll only sort o' grin,
 And won't drop a hint at all
 Where that mind o' his has been.

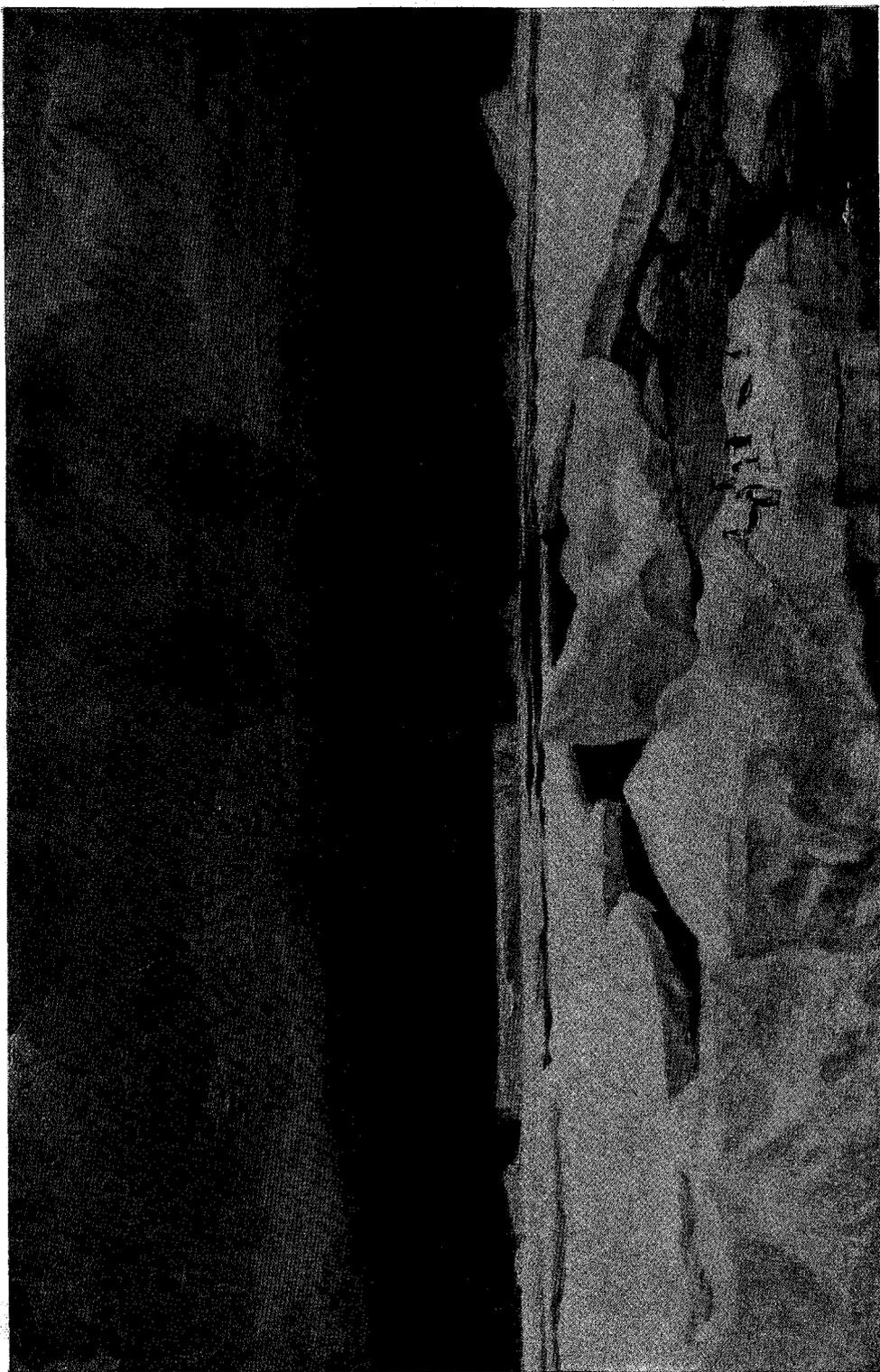
Edwin L. Sabin.



WELL TRAINED

MOTHER: Now, Jack, you and Jill have been so naughty, you must both be punished.

JACK: Ladies first, muvver!



From a painting by F. W. Stokes

AN ANTARCTIC AFTERGLOW, SIDNEY HERBERT BAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1902, ABOUT 9 P.M.
(See page 521)