

his feet under a pile of leaves and when his ma got about twenty feet from him yelled to us fellers.

"No, boys, I promised ma that I wouldn't go in the water at all an' if you coax me any more I'll go home." Then he turned around and saw his ma—golly he was surprised.

Hooty dove down and stuck his head in the mud. I thought Kirky had gone clean daft, 'cause of meetin' his ma so sudden. Why he had been in all afternoon.

Then his ma stopped and said, "Harry, my dear, that little Egerson lad told me he had seen you go swimming, but I knew better than that myself. Come home soon, dear, and don't go in the water."

By the time his ma had reached the top of the hill, Kirky had his shirt off, and when the top of the buggy was out of sight there was a splash—Kirky was showin' how to float, Hooty was learnin' fast an' I was wonderin' how I'd hate to be the Egerson kid the next time Kirky saw him.



## Heimweh

When far away from home and places dear  
 Though many be the joys which you may hold  
 And proven be your friends as precious gold,  
 And all the future seem both bright and clear,  
 Yet ever at some note which you may hear,  
 The closed leaves of past days you unfold,  
 And memory with her troop of longings bold,  
 Steps in and soon obliterates the cheer,  
 Which for a time had blotted out the past.  
 But oh! the "ain folk" and the dear old home!  
 Why do we always yearn to travel fast  
 Down life's hard road and further still to roam?  
 We oft forget when in our hurried strife  
 That home's the best place in this earthly life.

Francis Oberteuffer