



# "HAM" BURR at GRANDMA'S PARTY

TOLD by "CHIMMIE FADDEN"—EDWARD W. TOWNSEND ILLUSTRATED by W. H. GALLAWAY



AS SHE MADE A LEAP WHICH LANDED HER IN THE BOWL OF POPCORN

TELL you that a boy has a lot of trouble in this world. It isn't all play nor all work, not even all school, but sometimes it's even worse than that, if you can believe me.

Grandma gave us a party out at the farm Saturday afternoon, and if anything ought to be all joy for a fellow it's what his grandmother does for him, for somehow a fellow's grandma wants him to have a good time always, and doesn't get the fidgets over verbs and such things which make life a double trouble, especially irregular verbs, which I hope Mr. Roosevelt will attend to when he has time to think of little folks. Mothers are always fussing over what you will be when you grow up, and they even don't tell you to turn your toes out and your chin up for the difference it makes to you now but the difference it will make when you see a grown-up. I don't see what difference it will make, any way, for when I am grown up I am going to be a broker like dad, and separate the country people from their income, and Cousin Bob says that if your own income is big most nits from, and how the crier mill worked, and where the pond is we are going to skate on, we passed a meadow with a herd of pigs rooting around and dad said—"There's some lambs now. How good they do look!"

I had never before seen my mamma with grandma, and it was good fun to hear her bossed about just as much as she bosses me about. Grandma told mamma that she wanted her and dad to lead the Virginia reel, and mamma said she had forgot it. Grandma looked surprised, and said—"I should just as soon think of your forgetting your prayers. You sit right down there and call over the figures to me until you eat them up."

And, by gee! mamma did, looking as scared as Pussy Wentworth when she gets hauled up at school for making eyes across aisle, instead of studying to find out where Troy is, which everybody ought to know is near Albany, and I'd like to have been there when they had all that row about Helen.

Well, grandpa told dad to string some apples and hang them up in front of the log fire to roast. I asked dad if he knew how, and he said he was considered one of the finest roasters on the Street. He's no good. He tied strings to the stems of the big red apples all right and hung them from tacks in front of the fire and then went away because he said he had to find out if all the things were true that they said about grandpa's hard cider, and when I went in to see how the apples were getting on all the strings were burned through and they had fallen onto the hearth. One, which was oozing red hot juice, fell on the cat's back, and she made a leap which landed her in the bowl of popcorn, and there I was, master of ceremonies, with no roasted apples and the popcorn to do all over again. I'll never go in for social leadership when I'm grown up.

I set Eggy at work on a new lot of popping some more corn, and when I got around to her again she said it burned her hands to hold the popper over the coals, so she put it on them, and when I got back all the corn in the popper was burning merrily and Eggy had made a sneak to bear mamma playing Broadway tunes.

After that everything I wanted done I did myself, and I got so hot from the popping and so sticky with the apple juice that when I went to help pull the molasses candy mamma ordered me to scrub up for half an hour or else I'd form untidy habits, which would be fixed on me when I was a grown up. But grandma told her to let me alone, for if I didn't see to the candy pulling it wouldn't be pulled.

I'm just telling you this to let you see what a lot of trouble a fellow has in life; but there was good fun, too, for when it came to the Virginia reel, with grandpa playing his flute and Mary the piano, you didn't have to know how to dance it to dance it all right. I think that was a bluff of mamma's about not knowing how, because when she and dad got started they whooped it up and down, crosswise and the march ground until the littlest kids were screaming with delight.

All the afternoon and during the dance I saw dad and mamma looking at Pussy Wentworth as if she might be a Turkish rug they were thinking of buying, and when candy mamma ordered me to scrub up for curtains and furniture in the parlor. After supper, when the grown ups were getting the kids ready for the wagon to drive back into town, I heard dad say to Pussy, "Well, my young lady, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

Pussy looked him over, not a bit afraid, and said, "I had been thinking some of being your daughter-in-law, but if I would have to go to New York and live I don't believe I'll marry Ham."

"Really, now," said dad, "that might disappoint Ham. What's the matter with New York?"

"I'll tell you," said Pussy, slowly and solemnly, "I don't believe I'd like to be a New York lady if I had to wear a princess gown that buttons up in the back like your wife's; the principal thing I want to be grown up for is not to have to wear a frock that I can't button myself."

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