

"Oh, well," Anne consoled him, "as fools are judged they're partly right. After all, what *have* you got out of it?"

"I've got myself; that's something." It was, indeed, Anne thought, seeing him lathy and full-chested, young stubble on his chin, clear-eyed, but being his sister said nothing.

"And I've got a lot of things settled," he argued, "what I think, and all that."

"You have n't," — Anne insisted, — "you have n't settled *anything*. You've just escaped."

"But — escaped?"

"If you want to have it that way, — escaped the necessity of settling anything, of having to decide things that are important to be decided. You like this, don't you?"

She could bet he liked it! He liked ploughing through the mesa because it turned up soft and crumbly, he liked cutting through the basalt because it was n't soft, and he liked the smell of sheep and getting up with the sun and being all sweaty and as tired as a dog. Anne said he need n't tell her all this because it was perfectly apparent to the observer.

But it was no sign, because he liked going without shaving oftener than twice a week, that anybody else liked it. Nor that, having dropped by a fluke into the kind of thing he liked, anything on earth was settled by it. It was a mistake, she said, that women had always made, thinking that, because they enjoyed being ordered about by their husbands and cuddling their babies, it was their God-appointed destiny and they were therefore excused from any further responsibilities. So that if it was a notion he had of being a Heaven-built farmer, he could be one, just