

ing, and she understood that this was to be revenge; in fact, Jim Crow was chanting his war-song:

“—rats, rats, rats!
Sometimes rats eat things;
Sometimes they don’t!”

A quick, angry voice from the next room suddenly cried:

“You Jim Crow, come in yere!”

But Jim Crow sang sweetly though somewhat hurriedly on:

“Rats eats some chicken-pies, not ours.”

Voice: “Jim Crow, are yer coming?”

“Rats did n’t eat *our* chicken-pie!”

A large brown hand was thrust through the doorway; it grasped Jim Crow by the back of his wee shirt and dragged him out of the room backward; but even as he made that unwilling and ignominious exit, he shouted loud and clear his last line:

“Naygars eat dat pie! Naygars eat it all!”