

wheat was commenced. Though I had an interest in the wheat, I was not responsible for it, and could pitch the sheaves without worrying. The mood left by having poured all my problems into a book was apparently the same as that enjoyed by Kipling's devil when he "blew upon his nails, for his heart was free from care."

Along in the forenoon a thunderstorm began to gather in the west, and I was in the right mood to realize what a care-free and irresponsible storm it was. Even though it was harvest-time, this storm was not obliged to take any thought about what it was doing. It did n't have to pick the just from the unjust and distribute the rain as a reward — or punishment. It rained on both alike. Though it was such a care-free storm, I confessed to a feeling of relief when I saw it sheering off to the south. There are all kinds of just and unjust men living down that way, and though they may not have wanted rain any more than