

a place for him anywhere. It has struck me there are a lot of fields around here, some of them mine, that are about ready for resurrection, and resurrection is my job.

"I don't know exactly how I'm going to start but it may be planting potatoes. You can begin a resurrection with any one of a number of simple things. It does n't matter much which one you pick on as long as you start right down at the bottom and spread yourself in the subsoil of things. Everything that grows starts down deep except your orchids and they are parasites —"

"Easy on orchids," interjected Kemp.

"Sorry, Kemp. Orchids are ornamental but excepting your favorites they're not even beautiful. Look at a *Cypripedium Vexillarium* —"

"Hybrid," grunted Kemp.

"A man in his D. T.'s could n't beat it for gorgeous horror," finished Gerry. "But that's neither here nor there. What I'm driving at is this. If I had never been tossed over the home fence I would have lived and died an ornamental citizen with the girth of a beer barrel. But now my eyes are a bit open and I can see that the simple things of life are the big things. Growth from the roots is the strength of a man and of his people. I've come home in more senses than one. I'm going to send down my roots right here."

Kemp had been whittling. When Gerry had finished he pocketed his knife and gazed thoughtfully down the valley. "It seems to me, Mr. Lansing, that you'nd me have been travelin' diff'rent trails but come together