

to their work and played like "Trojans (whatever that means) until twelve o'clock; then they started down to get some refreshments, but they *only started*. Every time they moved, the chairs came with them. Say, Father, I've seen lots of mad Dutchmen, but I never saw a bunch like that band in my life. They cursed straight ahead until they were out of breath and then they turned around and cursed backwards. I shoved my head out the nearest window and laughed until my sides ached, but Angel never raised an eyebrow; he kept a face on him like Brother Joe at prayers. Say, do you know, that fellow actually had the nerve to go up and sympathize with the bandmen. Talk about crust! Say, he's the limit. But I guess neither he nor Spider nor yours truly will ever do any more decorating around that boat club.

But that is not all; I now come to one of the most harrowing incidents of my life. When I think of it my heart aches, and so does another part of my anatomy too. And to think I meant so well. You see it happened this way:—

Pa called our cottage "Washington Cottage" and stuck a big gold label on the front porch. Pa thinks he's a hot patriot, but it's only a false alarm. As a patriot Benedict Arnold makes him look like a frost. But to come back to the cottage: Thursday afternoon I was lying on the grass in front of the house looking up at that gold label and suddenly there came a rush of brains to my head and I thought how nice it would be to be as noble as George Washington when he told his dear pa that he had cut down the cherry-tree. Why couldn't I be like him? I went into the wood-shed and got the ax; then I went down to the walk in front of the house and picked out the easiest tree I could find; it wasn't a cherry-tree but I didn't think that made any difference, (I know now that it did.) Well, I cut the tree down (it wasn't easy either) and then I hid behind another tree to wait for Pa. I didn't have to wait long; in about five minutes he came up the walk. You should have heard him when he saw that tree—he talked in two languages, Dutch, and Profane. Then he gave a fierce look about him and fairly roared." Who in thunder cut down this tree." Now is my time I thought, so I came out from behind the tree, and throwing out my chest like Frank Smith did in the show last winter, I said, "It was I, Pa, I did it with my little ax."

Well, Pa was very quiet about it; he didn't scold a bit. I guess he thought I was too old to be scolded like a child, so he hung me