

Moff and Jeff, or Love's Young Dream

PURELY romantic happenings are to be expected at Bon Echo.

The first year of its life Alice Hegan Rice, author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, met her fate on the south shore of the North Lake and Bon Echo library is indebted to her for its beginning. It is a quaint library, being a huge tree trunk, with the bark on.

A slab off one side forms the door, the trunk is hollowed out and shelves put in.

Many authors' autographed copies have since found their way to the heart of the tree as well as to the hearts of all of us.

Moff and Jeff are the very latest Affinity Rock graduates who have stormed the citadel of cupid's domain and captured bow, quiver and arrows.

It was a terrible case.

Both were fair and as good looking as a Midsummer Night's Dream. He tall and straight as a young sapling, she charmingly vivacious.

"Familiarity breeds contempt."

"Distance lends enchantment" and "Far off birds have fine feathers," were old adages given the merry ha ha, for Moff and Jeff clung to each other with ever increasing admiration morning noon and night with a devotion unsurpassed by any clinging vine and sturdy oak ever grown in our hardy north before.

A remarkable phenomenon that takes place in the brain of lovers is that they imagine they are never noticed by curious onlookers, that they are immune from ordinary civilities to others, that they are positively the first and only pair who have ever been in love in just that particular ecstatic heaven of bliss.

The great surging sea of human passion ebbs and flows through the race and each pair caught when the tide is in feels singled out and blessed beyond compare as by a special dispensation of Providence.

Another phase is the assumption of complete ownership one by the other. And here the rub generally comes in. Judgment is scouted, commonsense hides her head and Green-Eyed