

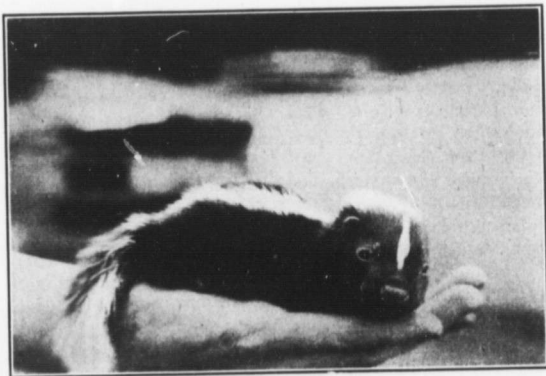
O-Me-O-Mi

By E. V. LAWSON, '17.

THOUGH claiming no special intelligence either of fur or of four footed creatures in general, the writer can in the case of this particular animal demand a hearing on the ground of an intimate personal acquaintance. Therefore the following biography is advanced with a certain degree of confidence.

stripes were placed upon their backs so that the young will be able to follow their parents by sense of sight in case all other senses fail them.

In the course of about two weeks O-Me-O-Mi's eyes opened and a coat of fine silky fur covered his body. In size and unattractiveness at birth he was not unlike a quid of tobacco,



About Half Life Size, at Six Weeks.

Smut and Taffy were pet skunks and so it happened that O-Me-O-Mi was born in captivity in a soap box. He had every right to claim he had royal blood of the great weasel family running in his veins. He was born blind as were his seven other cradle companions. His coat even then was nicely striped in black and white and without fur. He had a long tail not unlike a fish worm, capable of arching into the shape of an upright letter "S". He got these stripes from Smut and Taffy and they got them through adjustment to their environment. Possibly these

now he was almost three inches long.

There were seven other babies in the cradle with O-Me-O-Mi and as Taffy bended over her cradle, she lulled them to sleep with a wild sweet musical purring.

When O-Me-O-Mi curled up to sleep he always left one round little ear exposed. As he grew he learned much regarding courage, natural cunning, and weapons of offence and defence given to his kind. He was bright and cheerful in disposition and because of his fitness to survive was the only one of the litter of eight to ever get