

WAR

come straight down from the ancestor who got the farm in seventeen-ten.

The first born had always the first choice, and so, when it was between my brother Henry and me, I crawled and took the hoe—which, I seem to remember, looked so nice and shiny. I'm fond of shiny things now, yet. Of course, Henry had to take the red Bible, there wasn't anything else. That's how it come that I stayed at home, which was literary, I expect, and Henry went to Virginia, to college, which never liked four walls about him. Anyhow, he learned nothing the first year except

*"Ich liebe,
Du liebst,
Wir lieben—"*

and the second year was married to Evelyn's mother already, a widow with a child! which he met when his class went on its annual tramp from Virginia to Tennessee. He never even came home—he was so in love with Evelyn's mother—but went and lived in Tennessee,