



DECORATED BY HIS ALMA MATER.

[With GRIP's congratulations, and the hope that Mr. Geo. E. Foster, LL.D. will hereafter be able more successfully to Doctor the Laws and Ligatures which now hamper the commerce of the Dominion.]

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

I.

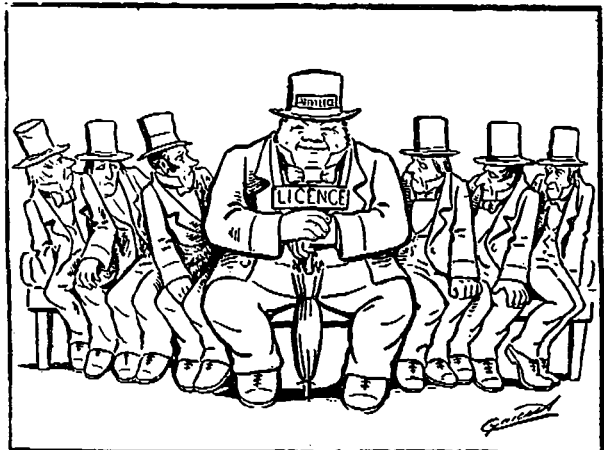
THIS higher eddication of women is a good-sized puzzle to me most of the time I aint asleep. When I looked out of the farm house winders long ago and yearned for something broader than butter-making, I used to think that when I'd read as many books as the young minister kept on his little shelf, I'd be purty well eddicated. When I got 'em read, I had some ideas that was new but most o' my old ones was muddled. Getting muddled and bad spelling is my biggest troubles. I thought somehow that readin' and sech would lead me up to the bran new womanhood we're always hearing of, but it seems you've got to travel on a double track to get there, fur it's expected you'll athletic some—do tennis and swimming and the like of that. It's real queer and it comes hard when you ain't used to it, but no body's any good that aint a summer girl. My nephew's taken me in hand, and so soon's I sot foot in Toronto he says, says he, "Aunt Susannah, you've got to let me teach you to paddle a canoe." "Aint I got time to rest after that three months of Ottawa politics?" "No indeed" says he, "most of the summer's gone." So we went paddling up the Humber. I used to think I'd never resk my life in one of them skittish things, but I've been believing hard at pre-destination sence I've been travelling 'round. It makes me comfortabler myself and not so worrying on those I'm with. "Now be careful, Auntie," says Tom when the thing was brung up, "step right in the middle and set down careful, keep your hands off the sides

and breathe through both your nostrils equal." I minded like a whipped baby, I was so scairt. He paddled off with a cute little smile on his face, me watching him, and breathing as he said, when I wasn't holding my breath, and wishing I hadn't come. Purty soon I got used to it, and begun to look around. There was a little reed jest near and I pulled at it. It didn't come easy, but I held on. Tom did some fancy strokes fur a minute, then he says dreadful solemn, "When folks do that, Auntie, the only thing to do is to boost them right in. It's better to drown one than two, and it keeps the canoe dry." "Well, I never," says I, "do you mean to say we was near upst?" "Yep," says he, "don't do it again," and I didn't.

Bimbye we landed, and I got into the paddling place and begun to take lessons. My, it did look so easy, and it was so hard. There's only two banks to that Humber river, but there was several a minute after I got to steering the thing. Seems there's one way you put to go one way, and the other goes opposite. Ef they're pulled even, you go straight ahead. We didn't, we went into banks and sticks and we'd have run into row-boats too, only Tom yelled to them not to run into the lady. When I kep' perfectly cool we went middlin', but when I got flustered I forgot which way we wanted to go, and how to get there with a simple twist, as Tom says. Of course I splashed a good deal, and Tom he got purty wet. He had his old clothes on, and it didn't hurt my sprigged muslin, so there wasn't no grumbling. The folks we passed by, looked at us curious kind of. I s'pose they hadn't got used to the squaw way o' doing the work. But I guess they could tell by my eye that I could kinder mesmerize that boy till he'd paddle ef I was tired. As long's I didn't look down-trodden I didn't care. Tom says it's only right fair that women should keep on with rowing or paddling, and he likes these mannish women with little white dickeys and ties. He says the women who can row and paddle get asked out oftener. I guess it's true, but I'm scared it's all on account o' the men getting lazy. Seems like 'sef they've clean given up, we women is outstripping 'em so steady—getting into all their goings-on and wearing their clothes.

We wuz talking along nice like this and I kep' paddling steady. There was a burning spot of red on my left hand, and my right collar-bone felt jiggly. "That's fine, Auntie," says Tom, "but now you've got the stroke I guess we'd better tend to your deportment. You want to look nice, don't you?"

I straightened right up. "Elbows in," says he. I elbowed in, and held up my chin and crossed my feet and felt real smart, but it was dreadful wearing to remember to dip down, pull out, keep two banks in mind, watch for boats, elbow in, chin up, chest out, and all that and I got muddled



MONOPOLY.