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n her face.

"I'm goin' away, ma," he an-
nounced, "an' I jes' want to say
good-by."

She threw her apron over her head
and sat down suddenly and wept. He
waited patiently.

"I might a-known it," she was
sobbing.

"Where?" she finally asked, remov-
ing the apron from her head and
gazing up at him with a stricken face
in which there was little curiosity.

"I don't know—anywhere."
As he spoke the tree across the
street appeared with dazzling bright-
ness on his inner vision. It seemed
to lurk just under his eyelids, and he
could see it whenever he wished.

"An' your job?" she quavered.
"I ain't never goin' to work
again."

"My God, Johnny!" she wailed,
"don't say that!"

What he had said was blasphemy
to her. As a mother who hears her
child deny God, was Johnny's mother
shocked by his words.

"What's got into you, anyway?" she
demanded, with a lame attempt at im-
perativeness.

"Figures," he answered. "Jes'
figures. I've ben doin' a lot of figur-
in this week, an' it's most surpris-
in."

"I don't see what that's got to do
with it," she sniffed.

Johnny smiled patiently, and his
mother was aware of a distinct shock
at the persistent absence of his pee-
ishness and irritability.

"I'll show you," he said, "I'm plum
tired out. What makes me tired?

Moves. I've ben movin' ever since
I was born. I'm tired of movin', an'
I ain't goin' to move any more. Re-
member when I worked in the glass-
house? I used to do three hundred
dozen a day. Now I reckon I made
about ten different moves on each
bottle. That's thirty-six thousand
moves a day. Ten days, three
hundred an' sixty thousand moves.
One month, one million an' eighty
thousand moves. Chuck out the eighty
thousand—"

he spoke with the com-
placent beneficence of a philantrop-
ist—"chuck out the eighty thousand,"
that leaves a million moves a month
—twelve million moves a year.

"At the looms I'm movin' twic'est
as much. That makes, twenty-four
million moves a year, an' it seems to
me I've ben a-movin' that way 'most
a million years."

"Now this week I ain't moved at
all. I ain't made one move in hours
an' hours. I tell you it was swell,
jes' settin' there, hours an' hours, an'
doin' nothin'. I ain't never ben happy
before. I never had any time. I've
ben movin' all the time. That ain't
no way to be happy. An' I ain't goin'
to do it any more. I'm jes' goin' to
set, an' set, an' rest, an' rest, an' then
rest some more."

"But what's goin' to come of Will
an' the children?" she asked despair-
ingly.

"That's it, 'Will an' the children,'"
he repeated.

But there was no bitterness in his
voice. He had long known his
mother's ambition for the younger

boy, but the thought of it no longer
rankled. Nothing mattered any
more. Not even that.

"I know, ma, what you've ben plan-
nin' for Will—keepin' him in school to
make a book-keeper out of him. But
it ain't no use. I've quit. He's got
to go to work."

"An' after I have brung you up the
way I have," she wept, starting to
cover her head with the apron and
changing her mind.

"You never brung me up," he an-
swered with sad kindness. "I brung
myself up, ma, an' I brung up Will.
He's bigger'n me, an' heavier, an'
taller. When I was a kid I reckon I
didn't git enough to eat. When I
came along an' was a kid, I was
workin' and earnin' grub for him,
too. But that's done with. Will can
go to work, same as me, or he can
go to hell, I don't care which. I'm
tired. I'm goin' now. Ain't you
goin' to say good-by?"

She made no reply. The apron
had gone over her head again and
she was crying. He paused a mo-
ment in the doorway.

"I'm sure I done the best I knew
how," she was sobbing.

He passed out of the house and
down the street. A wad of delight came
into his face at the sight of the lone
tree. "Jes' ain't goin' to do nothin',"
he said to himself, half aloud, in a
crooning tone. He glanced wistful-
ly at the sky, but the bright sun
dazzled and blinded him.

It was a long walk he took, and he
did not walk fast. It took him past
the jute mill. The muffled roar of
the loom-room came to his ears, and
he smiled. It was a gentle, placid
smile. He hated no one, not even
the pounding, shrieking machines.
There was no bitterness in him,
nothing but an inordinate hunger for
rest.

The houses and factories thinned
out and the open spaces increased
as he approached the country. At last
the city was behind him, and he was
walking down a leafy lane beside the
railway track. He did not walk like
a man. He did not look like a man.

He was a travesty of the human. It
was a twisted and stunted and name-
less piece of life that shambled like
a sickly ape, arms loose-hanging,
stoop-shouldered, narrow-chested,
grotesque and terrible.

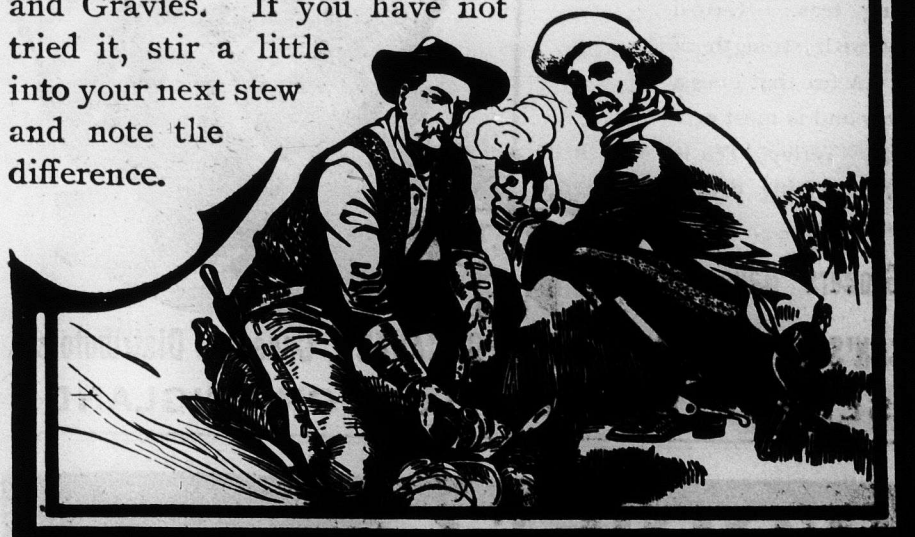
He passed by a small railroad
station and lay down in the grass un-
der a tree. All afternoon he lay there
Sometimes he dozed, with muscles
that twitched in his sleep. When
awake, he lay without movement,
watching the birds or looking up at
the sky through the branches of the
tree above him. Once or twice he
laughed aloud, but without relevance
to anything he had seen or felt.

After twilight had gone, in the first
darkness of the night, a freight train
rumbled into the station. While the
engine was switching cars onto the
side track, Johnny crept along the
side of the train. He pulled open the
side-door of an empty box-car and
awkwardly and laboriously climbed
in. He closed the door. The engine
whistled. Johnny was lying down,
and in the darkness he smiled.

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into your next stew
and note the
difference.



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In Apple - Picking Time.

Long in apple-pickin' time there is
Somethin' in the weather
That'll set your spirits dancin' till they're
lighter than a feather;
You can hear it in the music o' the
neighborin' rooster's call,
You can see it in the squirrel carryin'
nuts along the wall;
An' the rustle,
An' the bustle,
An' the hurryin' in o' crops,
An' the weedin',
An' the seedin',
An' the dryin' o' the hops;
There's a busy feelin' in the air that
sets your soul a-rime
In the hearty, healthy workin' days o'
apple-pickin' time.

In the mowin'
Where you turned the cows to browse,
An' the hurry,
An' the flurry,
An' the bankin' up the house;
An' you'll laugh at wind an' weather
when the snow's a driftin' in
If the mows are full o' fodder an' there's
apples in the bin.

Every critter is astir with the news o'
changin' weather,
You can hear the wild goose honk as
he calls his flock together,
An' the hounds are on the mountain an'
the wood-chuck's in his lair,
An' the squirrel fills his cellar in the
hollow hemlock there;

An the singin',
An the ringin'
O' the axes on the hill;
Gettin' ready,
Workin' steady,
All the empty bins to fill;
An' when youth has crept behind you
an' your life is past its prime,
You will feel your boyhood comin'
back in apple-pickin' time.

When the crib is full o' corn an' the
oat-bin runnin' over,
An' the crickets finish chirpin' in the
straw stack an' the clover,
Then the echo on the mountain sends
your voice a callin' back,
An' you hear the far-off rumblin' o' the
freight train on the track;
An the lowin'