

## “ONE ON THE BOYS.”

---

WITH a package under my arm I strolled into the cobbler shop on a frosty morning. The old man was sitting on his low bench whistling away while he kept time with his hammer on the old shoe which he held between his knees.

He looked up as I entered and a smile spread over his wrinkled face. “Well if here isn’t Squire Crondel’s son. Home from college aren’t you? Glad to see you Tom, I am by gum!” And he extended his hand in a manner truly welcoming.

After an exchange of greetings, I opened the package and gave him the shoes. On looking at them, he exclaimed, “Been kicking a foot ball a good bit haven’t you?”—I laughingly nodded.

“Boys will be boys” he ha-haed.

“Why aren’t you sitting down?” in a tone of vexation.

“Have a chair and I will do this job in short order.”

“Home for Christmas vacation, hey?”

“I suppose you boys are pretty glad to get home. But no gladder than your mas are glad to see you.” Again he ha-haed.

“I never saw a young fellow yet who couldn’t enjoy Christmas and his ma’s cooking.”

“You can eat your fill and stuff your pockets full, but us old guys haven’t got any teeth.”

“But then we enjoy seeing the young folks having a good time.”

“Christmas don’t seem like what it used to be.”

“Folks are all scattered now like the flocks of Abraham.”

“We used to be altogether and could enjoy ourselves.”

“Those were good old days, I tell you.”

“Whenever I see boys gathering in like this at Christmas time, it always reminds me, of the good old times we used to have.”

“Boys used to be pretty wild in those days, but I spose they had more time then.”

“They weren’t kept busy then like they are now behind the counter or working around for their pas.”

“Especially along in the winter they had a lot of spare time.”

“Devilment was no name for some of their doings.”