

With nervous fear they hastened upon the porch to be greeted by several pairs of fleeing heels, which disappeared under the porch. Doubtless the owners supposed that they were unobserved, and that the coast would soon be clear. In fact they hoped it soon would be, for they had no desire to spend a long vacation in their present position with their vest buttons pressed in a bed of soft clay which had about the stickiness of a young girl's pepsin gum. But the *boys* weren't to get out of it so easy." Then turning to me the cobbler smiled.

I nodded showing that I understood his reference, and awaiting anxiously for the end.

"Well," he continued, "the lady of the house, with remarkable fortitude, decided that she would yet scrub the porch before retiring. So calling the hired girl, the two went at it. They dashed the water about with the vigor, which long experience had taught them. Through the cracks in the porch the cold water poured, in streams so scattered that escape from them was impossible to the occupants beneath. While the mistress and her hand-maiden were only warming up to the task in hand, the boys' backbones got cooler than a society girl's smile, and their jeans muddier than a half-back's canvas jacket. But they grinned, no doubt, and bore it, while their teeth chattered themselves almost loose, until a lull in the light of the moon made their departure possible. With a speed astonishing, they lost no time in leaving for the parental domicile.

"One unfortunate left so suddenly that he neglected to take along his father's valuable seal skin cap. In the course of a few minutes he appeared however and in accents wild demanded: 'I want my cap.' His bribing stock consisted of a few prunes and a suspender button, so he didn't get the cap, until he had been paraded before the crowd in all the glory of his mud spattered garments.

"Needless to say there was no turkey roast in the shanty along the river that night. In fact since that day there have existed certain people in the town who have a certain repugnance for a shower bath."

Thus ended the cobbler's story. Soon after the shoes were finished and I started.

"Well, Good Bye," cheerily; "come and see the old man again."