

Timothy, the Timid.

BY CROMWELL GALPIN.

THE first day of Timothy Farnham at the Los Angeles high school was distinctly uncomfortable...

Timothy found the western boys of his own age no more than his equals in school work...

In the middle of the morning session of the first day Timothy saw on his desk an envelope addressed to him...

Then he discovered it was a "kissing-bug;" that is to say, a hairpin and a piece of rubber so twisted together as to unwind with a buzz...

As the teacher in charge turned toward Timothy, William Peters rose.

"I put a kissing-bug on Mr. Farnham's seat," he said. "I thought he would open the envelope before the class was called to order...

If the matter had ended there it would have been forgotten very soon. But at noon Will, who was a leader of the boys inclined to athletic sports...

Three of his friends, Alf Johnson and Joe and George Brown, were especially ingenious and persistent in inventing alliterative variations of "Timothy, the Timid" and "Famous Timmy"...

Schoolboys as a rule soon tire of any game steadily pursued, and Timothy's plan of non-resistance would in time have secured immunity from persecution at worst only half ill-natured.

On Saturday Will and his three friends rode down to the beach on their bicycles, reaching the seashore at eight o'clock in the morning.

Many people set on the benches, and more on the sand, but there were no bathers in the water. The sea was like a vast mirror.

Under an ordinary wave the light is blue-green; under a double-header there is no light, for water lashed into foam is opaque as a plank ceiling.

The pressure on his lungs became intolerable, and he let out some of the air in them, immediately wishing he had tried to save it a few seconds longer.

He floated slowly to the surface, so nearly unconscious that he hardly knew enough to be glad when he felt the sunshine on his face.

again, he fibed her over. As before, the sheet was held fast; but this time a puff of wind caught the sail and the boat turned over.

A ripple of laughter ran along the shore. At Santa Monica a tip-over is not considered serious, for everybody who goes out in a small boat rather expects a wetting.

So when this boat turned over the crowd looking on laughed, and exchanged good-naturedly contemptuous remarks concerning the skill of the boatmen as they waited for the crew to right the craft and take to the oars to work her out to sea.

But the men made no attempt to right the boat. Clinging to the almost submerged sides, they seemed to be waiting to drift ashore.

"If they let her get into that surf," said the man sitting near Timothy, "that boat'll go to pieces like an egg shell in an ore-crusher."

One of the men clinging to the boat waved his hand to the people on the shore, and Timothy stood up.

"That's a pretty stiff surf," he said, "but I guess I'd better go out and tell them to keep off till the tide turns and the surf goes down."

Timothy was a swimmer, and inured to surf-work by his month at the shore. Although he had never battled with waves so heavy as those before him, he felt little doubt of his ability to make his way through them.

He walked slowly seaward, following a receding wave and meeting another coming, and dived into greenish-brown water, seeming as steep and as high as the wall of a house.

He had taken a good breath and needed it all before he had another opportunity to breathe; but he caught the undertow and felt himself scraped against the sandy bottom as he was swept seaward.

He came to the surface a few seconds later 30 yards from shore, and in the middle of the trough between two waves; thus he had time to empty his lungs and to fill them again before the next roller was upon him.

He dived again, and again the undertow swept him from the shore, and again he rose in the trough of the sea, well in advance of the oncoming wave. He shook the water from his eyes, and then straightened out to take a deep breath as he could force into his lungs.

Timothy admitted that he was afraid of exposing his courage to suspicion.

A double-header is only half as high as the wave series of which it is an integral member, but its menace to the swimmer is much more.

Between two ordinary waves is a trough of flat water, allowing the swimmer a chance to breathe; between the halves of a double-header there is also a trough, but it is filled with lather and foam much too thick for breathing, yet too thin to support the swimmer.

As he went down he had some fear that he might never come up again, together with a feeling of thankfulness for the two seconds of grace that had allowed him to go down with his lungs well-filled with air.

The distance under a double-header is four times that under other waves running at the same time, and the undertow offers no aid to the swimmer, for instead of a current running strongly seaward, it is a mere tangle of swirling water running nowhere.

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breath as a mountain of solid green water advanced toward him from the ocean.

But the sometimes relentless sea is sometimes strangely merciful. The big green wave lifted the exhausted boy tenderly, passed under him, breaking just beyond, and swept roaring to the shore.

Three good breaths restored Timothy's senses and revived his courage; he had not been near enough to drowning to lose his strength. There were still more waves to be passed before the boy was beyond the surf.

Then he heard a cry: "Help! Help!" It was a strident voice, but weak, as of one too frightened to fill his lungs for a good, honest shout.

As Timothy raised himself in the water and turned his eyes in the direction whence the sound seemed to come, he saw the boat he had watched from the shore, and recognized in the persons clinging to her sides Will Peters and the three boys who had so persistently nicknamed him Timorous Timmy.

The boat was right side up, but full of water; the mast, stepped through the bow thwart and without stays, had been unshipped, and with the sail was dragging astern. The wind was light, but the boat was driving slowly shoreward, and the boys clinging to her were not making the slightest effort to keep her off, although they could not but know that if they attempted to reach shore through the heavy surf the destruction of the boat was certain and their death by drowning inevitable.

"Hallo!" shouted Timothy. "Keep her off! Keep her off till the surf goes down!"

As he called, a vagrant wave broke to seaward of the prevailing surf line. Timothy dived, rising close to the overturned boat and seeing three boys wildly clutching for more secure hold on the wreckage.

Within arm's length of the boat, but having altogether lost his hold, Will Peters was thrashing about, arms and legs out of the water half the time and head under all the time. He was not a swimmer.

Timothy with his left hand reached for the gunwale of the boat, and with his right seized Will, who put both arms around Timothy's neck, almost instantly to release his hold and attempt to climb into the boat, which promptly turned bottom upward.

"Hold on!" shouted Timothy. "You can't keep your feet dry here. Hang on to the side and help tow her out!"

Under Timothy's direction the boat was righted and her bow turned away from the shore. Two boys could not swim, and they simply hung on; two could swim a little, and they gave Timothy such aid as they could in working the boat farther from the surf line.

As they dipped the oars for the first stroke another boat drew along side, manned by four fishermen.

"Don't you fellows know enough to keep your boat out of the surf? Want any help?" asked one of the fishermen.

"We do," said Timothy, taking it upon himself to answer both questions; "but we didn't at ten o'clock this morning. We've been in the water long enough to get pretty cold. One of you get in here and give a hand down to Long wharf; let me get into your boat and put me ashore at the Arcadia wharf."

"I'll pay you for your trouble," said Will, speaking for the first time since he had called for help.

The suggested changes were soon made, and in due time the sailing party reached Long wharf.

The boys went ashore, dressed, settled with the fisherman and the boat owner, and rode their bicycles to the bath house, where they expected to see Timothy, but did not. They spent some time looking for him and then regretfully took the bicycle path for home.

Timothy had left the fisherman's boat at the Arcadia wharf, gone to the bath house and dressed. Lacking the 35 cents necessary to pay car fare, he then took the bicycle path for a 16-mile walk to his home.

"Who's afraid of wet feet?" shouted Joe, as he came running back.

"Timothy Farnham's four friends!" bawled the others in chorus, as if practicing a new class yell.

"Into whose heads has some sense soaked?" sang out one of the others. "Heads of Tim Farnham's four friends!" shrieked the chorus.

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Perhaps the most important thing is to observe the manner in which the fruit is borne. For instance, an apple or pear tree bears its fruit mostly on "fruit spurs," and so would not be pruned in the same way as a peach tree, which bears its fruit only on last season's growth.

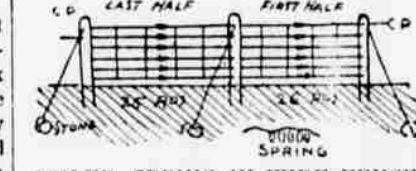
In a general way, it may be said in regard to tree fruits that all dead branches should be removed and the tops of the trees be kept sufficiently open to admit an abundance of sunlight for the coloring of the fruit.

The pruning of the various kinds of small fruits is based on the same general principles as the pruning of fruit trees—that is, the manner in which the fruit is borne and the character of the growth should govern the method of pruning.

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"You wouldn't shoot at any creature out of mere wantonness, would you, Tommy?" said his teacher.

"You bet I wouldn't!" replied the noble boy. "That's why I went to raise chickens when I got my new gun, so I could have a good reason for shootin' the cats when they come into our back yard."

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