



IN THE SCHOOL SHOPS. THIS IS WHERE WORK BECOMES GOOD FUN

for the Bizzells. My dear, she positively *cackled*—there isn't any other word for it. And her with that speckled complexion, too, and bumble feet from shimmying around at all hours with some of those wild young Maple Street pullets, that haven't done a day's scratching since their coming out. I don't understand what the men can see in her. Mike always admired the blond type like me, medium height and all. You know, with all my trouble, I still have my figure. Bill Wyandotte told me it makes 'em all take a second look; but you can't believe half what those Henderson Avenue birds tell you. Bill has been so nice to me since Mike's death—I'm really getting fond of him, My Dear. He has the cutest comb, and it keeps getting into his eyes in the most adorable manner. I just long to be brushing it back; but folks talk so about widows. I tell Bill he needs someone to look after him; but he says he doesn't need anyone to look after him when I am in front of him. Isn't he the silly old dear? I hear they are doing some painting and remodeling up and down the street, and we may have some new families in, and lose some of our old friends. I am satisfied with my old place and my own biddies, if it weren't for poor Mike. This is a nice apartment, Dear; tho I could do with another room sometimes when visitors come—the children are into everything, you know. Still, I'm glad we don't have the new style trap nests. I never could get accustomed to them. They must be so embarrassing to sensitive natures like mine. I don't believe in making capital out of one's talent that way, do you, Dear? As it is now, I feel so silly, and blush and stammer like a perfect ninny every time anyone comes in and

finds me on the nest with some old rag of a house dress on. And just imagine not being able to get out when one wanted to, and having one's eggs counted, and so on. Of course some of those bold Henderson Avenue society pullets just glory in that sort of thing. They are just the kind that will answer advertisements, and write testimonials saying, 'Since trying one package of "Make 'Em Lay" my feathers are coming in a beautiful creamy white, I feel years younger; and Dr. Rainey (the man I work for) has bought two new inner tubes and a baby boy with his egg money'—just to get their pictures in *The Poultry Journal*. I don't mind Minnie Minorca. She has some nice ways, altho I do think Dr. Rainey gives her a shot of hop or something, to make her lay as much as she does; but I just can't stand the Rhode Island Red set. They say that they use henna, and paint up something scandalous. You know how frightfully they were made up when we saw them that morning I introduced you to the Early birds—picking their teeth publicly; and you know they don't know what a nail file is. They are so different from Bill Wyandotte. His picture was in *The Poultry Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, in connection with an article about his family. Honestly, Dear, isn't he just the best-looking old thing you ever laid your eyes on? And not at all uppish about being so prominent socially. And white is so becoming to a middle-aged rooster, don't you think? Such a cultured look, you know—but Bill was college bred, and he would have that anyhow. Listen, Dear; have you heard about some of those rowdy Book hens coming home in a beastly state the other evening? Quite all plipped to the ninth hole.

I heard they had been hanging in the Giersch-Pannill back yard. You know Giersch bought scuppernong grapes in the hugest quantities, and there's no telling what he has been doing with them. I know I took a few pecks at some in a jar over there one day, and it gave me the queerest feeling. I felt so shaky and wobbly, and started home saying, "I'm a Jazz Baby;" and you know I loathe ragtime and common music. He came along about that time. He was furious after he smelled my hair. He threw away his cigar, took my wing, and helped me home—wouldn't say a word. When we got home, he looked at me funny, and made me promise not to drink that I didn't know anything. Girlie, it wasn't my fault, because I was over there with one of those A. J. boys who stays with Parks, and he made me do it. I know he is a fast setter, a bird, but I didn't think he would take advantage of a widow with four chicks to look after. Bill has had several fights with Ancona since he forbade him to come over on Tall Street Avenue any more. They are a shabby lot, anyhow; that ratty looking sister of his certainly has no modesty. Her tail bobbed, and tells everyone she is on account of the flu making her feathers drop out; and you know she is too dumb to learn to moult properly. I think graceful moult is an accomplishment to be proud of, don't you, Dear? It is so hard to appear attractive under the circumstances. You know I met Mike in the morning time, and I know I looked a fright, but the old dear just would follow me around. Bill says since seeing me at my moulting time he believes it takes more than fine feathers to make fine birds. Bill says, 'You got to have something to hang the feathers on; and believe me, Kid, you've got it.' Here he comes—oh, Bill—good bye, Girlie!"

J. G.

Averages for the Season

Badin Club Batting Averages

	AB	H
Rees	90	31
H. Austin	9	3
Smith	62	18
Yountz	38	11
Wagner	91	26
Stratton	74	21
Norwood	50	13
T. Vann	71	18
Wincoff	8	2
Swift	20	5