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see word 48*

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FOURTEEN

*get her back
under 112*

By EDYTHE SQUIER DRAPER

Quiet came to the house. It had been shaking and roaring under Mamma's feet on dead Grandmamma's old sewing-machine. The suddenness of the quiet made Lillian, with *Capitola the Madcap* close up to her face, bat her eyes, clear her throat, shuffle her feet, though she did not know she did these things. It made her hear — almost — when Mamma called:

"Lilli-an! Lil-lian!"

Her body shook, like a colt's getting rid of flies. But next time she would answer.

"Lilli-an! Lil-lian!"

"Wha-at?"

"Put the water on for the mush."

"Ye-es —"

"Well, don't forget."

She put out one hand, the hand that did not have *Capitola the Madcap* in it, and felt around. It touched nothing. Her feet took two slow steps. Her hand came to a kettle, to something rough on the kettle's side. Without looking up from the piece of ragged book, she took her hand away, wiped it on her dress. She kept on standing beside the table, reading. Since dinner-time she had been standing there. But she did not know that. She did not know where she had been standing.

"Lil-lian!"

The voice of the woman calling was sharp, tired, now.

"Ye-es—"

"Did you put the water on? Did you?"

"I'm going to."

"Well. Don't forget."

Was — was it supper time? Supper time? Already? Well, pretty soon. As soon as she came to the end of the page. She came to the end of the page. She turned it, came to the end of the next page. She stopped. Because the rest of the book was gone. A woman heard the door open in the night. A man came in. She called. The voice that answered was not the voice of the man she was married to. Well, what was going to happen next? It was bothersome, having the rest of the book gone. She would go over to Martin's barn and look and maybe she would find the end near that old bench with broken harness lying across it, where she had found the beginning. Yawning she began to move dishes on the table, making a place for the dishpan. Well, she was pretty good at finding books to read. She had found a whole cupboard at school that nobody seemed to bother about. She had read some of one called "Views Afoot", about Europe. In one named "The Alhambra", she had picked out the stories and read them. She had read all of the books written by a man named George Eliot. Grandpapa's bookcase and his secretary had a smell. They gave you the same feeling that a table of dishes stuck up with mush and dried prune juice did, or *Partial Payments*, or the middle of the street in this Ohio town, deep yellow mud through which the dray went splashing down to the station to bring the mail sacks from the train to the post-office. Mud, blackness and brownness in winter, in Ohio. Minnesota was better in winter. Minnesota was white. Then suddenly the white was gone and green came.

But Lillian did not think of liking or not liking things. She put off dishes as long as she could and then she did them, working at them, scraping, scraping, scraping, till they did not show any more dirt. But she did not think about dishes. She read in whatever book seemed to have something to read in it, and then she did dishes and found something to read, and read. *wants to escape the bleak reality of her home — like*

The fire was out in the stove now. You could tell. The stove had that look. You didn't need to touch it. She

sent her "old" fruit in min. wishing she was back in min.

wants to escape the bleak reality of her home — like

went out and hunted for the hatchet. After a long time she found it under the tree. Tennyson had been chopping at the tree. She broke up some boards that had fallen away from the porch, brought them in, laid them in the stove, poured in a little coal-oil from the lamp — and there was a fire. Enough water was left in the bucket to prime the well with. So, pretty soon, the water for mush was on, beginning to steam.

She scraped the dinner dishes, the knife squeaking, squeaking. There wasn't any soap. Mamma said her this week's five dollars from Papa wouldn't stretch to buy soap, until washday, and then they'd have to have a bar. Well, this dinner mush was certainly hard. Soap would be some help. She took her hand out of the lukewarm water slipping around the dishes, wiped it on her skirt, got a knife and went out of the kitchen. She crawled through a place in the fence where two pickets were out and came to Martin's back door. Rose and Ella were out in front with two boys. They didn't have any mother and their father was mostly out on the farm. Lillian went into the empty quiet kitchen. There it was, the quite long piece of yellow soap, on a saucer, beside the water-bucket. She hurried and cut off a tiny strip. The strip was so small you couldn't tell any was gone from the cake. She went with it sticky in her warm hand back to the dishpan, full of dishes with hard mush on them. She didn't feel thievish. She didn't feel anything. She had needed the soap. Martins' wouldn't miss it.

Mamma came to make the mush. Mamma did not say anything, did not talk while she worked. She went about in her dark blue wrapper, her face quite white, her blue eyes not seeming to see anything. Mamma sewed, took care of the baby, cooked mush and prunes, sometimes potatoes, and on Monday began the washing she was never strong enough to finish, so that Lillian and Tennyson and Beatrice always washed the big thick ragged dirty stockings and the colored things and hung them out and emptied the tubs, or left them till next washday.

early developed a powerful nature as a defense

A woman had come to stay when the baby was born. Lillian saw Mamma's face, twisted and crying, for a moment when the door was open. She had said, "Burton!" But Burton, Papa, was not there. Lillian did not forget about this. It meant something, something she didn't know about. She did not think about it often.

She did not think about anything. She did not feel anything. She washed dishes, went to school and read all the books in that cupboard between the two rooms of the school. The teacher used to call her when the Arithmetic class was going up front and she would march along with the big girls swinging up the aisle, the points of their pencils in their mouths while they laughed and pushed their elbows against each other and said out loud to the boys, "Naow, you qui-ut!" The girls would go to the board with some of the boys and do partial payments, fill all the blackboard with figures and figures. Lillian wondered — a little — about these figures, wondered what they meant, how anybody could know. The teacher tried to have her recite, but all the boys laughed out loud and all the girls, so he stopped trying and let her read. Her eyes were always red and she had sties and colds.

Mamma come

While they were eating their supper mush — Tennyson and Beatrice and Murillo giggling and playing, Mamma not talking, her face long and not smiling, not noticing what the children did unless they made too much noise — some one came jumping into the kitchen, came on into the dining room. Ella Martin wanted something. Had she noticed that some soap was gone?

No. She said:

"Say, Lillyun, can yuh go to th' revival t'night? I ain't got nobody to go with. Paw says I can go with you if your Maw says so. I can't go if your Maw says you can't."

Mamma did not look at Ella.

Revival. Papa had had revivals. Before he preached that sermon in the Minnesota town that last Sunday night. Papa had left the town that next day to go and *stump* Minnesota for McKinley. The people had come to see Mamma about that sermon. Some of the women cried and said their church was as good as any church. Mamma said, yes, it was, she was sorry. Papa was in New Jersey now, working at Fraternal Insurance. *and they are in Ohio?*

"Aw, leave 'er go," Ella said.

"Well —" Mamma stopped a moment, "I suppose —"

"Awright. I'll be over after yuh, Lillyun." Ella ran out. *perfect child-like observation*

Mamma was not the same as the Martins. Ella's papa was a farmer. He had money to live in town with and Rose and Ella went to school in town. They had pancakes. They had a piano. They had plenty of soap. They stayed up late at night and laughed with boys.

Lillian put on her fez to go to the revival. There was no other hat or cap for her to wear. Papa had bought the fez in Jerusalem. It was a *curio*. It had no seam in it! It was dark red and had a black tassel. The boys and girls at school laughed at it, at first when she wore it, but not much any more. She looked in the mirror to put it on. Her cheeks were quite nice, pink. If her eyes had not been red-rimmed they would have been nice eyes. Sometimes she liked to see herself. Her hair was brown, hung in waves and curls along her cheeks, under the dark red fez. When she was looking at herself now in the mirror of dead Grandmamma's side-board, she saw Mamma's eyes seeing her from the bedroom. Mamma, a woman, seeing her, a girl, looking at her, smiling just a little. Mamma had all the other children in the bedroom. She was going to read *Swiss Family Robinson* to them. *best detail
previous
chapter
now many*

Ella Martin came. She had yellow frizzed bangs and a light blue hat, not very clean, that went up high in front. Her nose was wide. Her blue eyes rather stuck out.

There were low piles of snow that looked like tired white giants asleep here and there on the ground. The stars were low and bright, singing. Out in the dark, going somewhere! Ella squeezed Lillian's arm; Lillian squeezed Ella's. Other people were walking on the board or brick sidewalks in the dark. You could hear them. They were walking to Otterbein University. Otterbein University was a long red building reaching right across a street. It seemed to shut the town up, so that you would have to fly if you wanted to get out of it. Lillian had seen pictures — there were some in *Views Afoot* — of buildings like this, with a high pointy roof and a steeple. She liked Otterbein University.

They went in through the red lighted doorway with its pointed arch. The chapel room was light in spots, several lamps hanging down from the ceiling, some of them smoking, so that a pleasant exciting smell of coal-oil hung in the air. There were old people and young people. The old people sat in the front. As soon as they got in where people were Ella Martin began tossing her head and laughing, as if Lillian said funny things. They sat down and then Ella turned around and looked everywhere. Suddenly she jumped up, pulling Lillian.

"C'mon!" she said, laughing and laughing.

They went over people's knees into another bench. Ella ducked her head and laughed and laughed. She sat down. Lillian sat down. Ella turned half way around and slapped at a boy sitting behind her now. The boy caught her hand and she said, "Qui-ut! Qui-ut!" Lillian thought maybe she would do that way with a boy some time.

People, more and more people, came in until the chapel was full. Some of the people talked; others sat in dark wrinkled clothes not talking, not looking. They had left their comfortable chairs, their beds. They had come to church.

The meeting began. A woman played a small brown organ. A man with a bare yellow chin shining between

black whiskers that streamed away on both sides of it, stood beside the small organ. He sang and hit his book on his hand — smack! — and walked around under the lamp hanging from the ceiling. His black eyes, like big black prunes, went looking at everybody, though not long at the older men and women on the front seats. The big man looked at the back benches where the boys and girls were. He knew the words of the songs without the book. He sang, shouted and sang. He sang and looked at the people, some on his right hand, some on his left, some in front.

good to
make a
company
that fits
with billions
world.

Lillian liked to sing. Ella did not sing. She turned around and she and the boy talked out loud and laughed.

The big preacher began to pray. His voice went shaking up and then down. It was very loud and then it was low, sort of crying, and some women in front cried.

More singing, then, more and more. And then the big man *pushed* the organ away and preached. He yelled and stamped. His voice was the loudest noise Lillian had ever heard, and she had heard 'vangelists before. Old men said, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" The place was full of noise.

Suddenly the preacher stopped. Everybody sat quite still. Then he shouted out:

"Testimonies! Let's have testimonies! Who'll be the first? Of course, if the Lord hasn't done a blamed thing for you, why just sit still and don't say a thing. If he has blessed you, get up; get up, say so, praise his name. Now! Now! Who'll be the first?"

Old women and old men got up. They said things. Some of them were excited, others' voices were sad and low. Many of these you could not hear. The big preacher went walking around, hitting his hands together, saying, "Yes, yes. Glory! Yes!" But his eyes were not on the old men and women. He frowned and looked over their heads. "Yes, yes. Glory! Now, let's hear from some young men. Some young men. How 'bout you, Brother

Summers? Word to say for th' Lord tonight? You've give your self to the Gospel Ministry. Let's hear from you."

A young man got up and cleared his throat and said, "Let us pray!" And a long, long time he prayed. The preacher said, "Glory!" and then "Glory!" After a while he said, "Amen! A-amen!" very loud and he walked and blew his nose and cleared his throat. The young man prayed and prayed. Feet shuffled, people coughed here and there. And then, "Amen!!" very loud indeed the preacher said and clapped his hands and said, "Now, another! Let's hear from another! Now let's hear from one of our new young converts. Brother Harry Olds!"

Brother Harry Olds got slowly up. His Adam's apple went up and down fast in his long red neck. "I'm thankful I'm a Christian," he said. "I b'lieve my soul's saved. I b'lieve I'm safe from hell." He did not sit down, kept standing up holding to the back of the pew in front of him. His mouth moved, but the words seemed stuck in him.

The preacher clapped his hands. "Yes! Yes! Praise the Lord! Amen! Let's hear from some one else. Some one else."

Brother Harry Olds sat down.

But no one else got up. The preacher stamped his foot, whirled, flung himself on the little organ, pushed it to the middle of the platform, banged the stool down behind it and sat on it. His shoulders and his head were above the top of the organ. He began to pump, swaying from side to side. His whiskers waved on each side of the round yellow knob which was his chin. He shut his eyes, began to sing:

"*Why-y-y not*; why-y-y not."

The first *why* was loud, the second soft. He did this several times and then he rolled out:

"Why-y-y not come to him no-o-o-w? Why-y-y not! Why-y-y not! Why not come to him now!"

He stopped pumping and playing, without getting up looked around sadly and said in a low, low voice:

"*Why not? Why not? Why not, beloved? Why not come to him now?*"

Then he slowly got up, covering his eyes with one hand and with trembling steps came close to the front of the platform. Suddenly he uncovered his eyes, lifted them, shook his head slowly.

"Why not, dear Lord?" he said and stood with his eyes upturned to the ceiling, while everything was still.

Ella Martin was still and the boy behind her.

And then a boy in a row of five or six across the aisle from Ella and Lillian sprang to his feet.

"I'm not ashamed, fellows," he said, "I'm not ashamed to say I've decided for the Lord."

He sat down and another jumped up.

"I—I—" his voice was low and deep and trembled, "I—Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief."

The preacher did not say anything. He looked at those young college men sitting there in a row.

Another stood up. "I was in the same boat with Jack here," he said, "I—I doubted. Now—I—believe."

Then the preacher began again. He did not shout. You had to lean forward and keep your ears open to hear him.

"This has been a blessed, a holy hour," he said, "and now in this solemn hush, let us plead with the *sinners*, those who have never surrendered their hearts, to come forward to this blessed altar and give up. Simply say, dearly beloved, 'Lord, I believe', like that blessed young man here tonight, and the Lord will do the rest. Won't you come? Won't you come?" He nodded his head a little and a few women began to sing, "Trust and obey, for there's no other way."

Other women began to come walking down the aisle. Women with plain wrinkled faces and blackish crooked hats. They looked at people, begging them. The singing

went on. The preacher talked, his voice now above, now below the singing.

Suddenly Lillian put her head with the red fez on top of her brown waves of hair down in her hands. Her throat ached. Something was beating, beating, beating, in her body, tearing it, hurting it, warming it, giving it pain that was sweeter than any joy. Now the people were singing, "*Why-y-y not? Why-y-y-not?*" Tears came pouring from her eyes. Sobs tore their way out of her.

An arm came around her, a thin old arm, pulled her up from the bench, drew her along, knees sticking out, walked her up the aisle, pushed her down so that she knelt. "Are you sorry for your sins?" a woman whispered against her ear.

"Yes, oh, yes," Lillian sobbed. The arm held her firmly down over the wooden altar.

Oh, those young men. Oh, those young men, with their trembling lips, their burning eyes, their interlocking hands with the white knuckles sticking out. Oh, their voices quivering. Oh, their eyes, their eyes.

The meeting came to be over. Arms raised Lillian. The big preacher put his great hand out and she laid hers in it and looked up at him. Her face felt suddenly cold, because it had been so hot with her arms over it and her tears on it.

"God bless you!" the preacher said, but he was looking over her head and then he went on and said "God bless you!" to a little grey man and two children sitting on the front bench quietly, not having been crying or anything.

A young man with squinty eyes and a long nose came and said to Lillian:

"Please give me your name and address, your age, your parents' names."

He wrote her name down in a black book with other names. The preacher came and looked over the young man's shoulder and said, "Well, how many does that make?" He frowned. "You counted 'em up right?"

A girl came to the young man. "Aren't you ready to go?" she asked.

"In a minute," he said.

"Well, hurry up!"

An old woman came up to Lillian. The woman kissed her. "I used to know your Grandmother," she said. "Now don't forget to tell your mother. She will be so happy. Tell her tonight."

Lillian nodded. Mother would be — happy?

"Haven't you anybody to go home with?" the woman said.

Lillian looked around the almost empty chapel. Her face felt stiff. It was swollen. "Ella Martin," she began.

"Well, she seems to be gone. Edmund. Oh, Edmund, couldn't you and Rena May take this little girl home? You go right past the house."

The young man hesitated. "Yeah. We can take her home." This was the young man who wrote names down.

The young man walked between Rena May and Lillian. He took hold of Lillian's arm. No one had ever done that before. But this was just the man who wrote names down. Didn't it feel, though — strange?

She went into the dark quiet house. Her mother's door was open.

"Lock the front door," said her mother.

Lillian went back and slipped the bolt across the front door. Then she felt her way to her mother's door again. She stood there. It was dark. The baby made a little snuffling noise.

"I got converted," Lillian said. ✓

Her mother did not say anything. The springs only made a snapping sound. Lillian stood a moment longer in the dark.

Then she went up the narrow dark stairs, being careful about the holes in dead Grandmamma's worn out carpet.

She lighted a little smoky lamp. She looked in the wavy glass of the dresser. She saw a red face, eyes that were bright, almost black. It did not seem quite her own face. Had something happened to it? She turned her head this way and that way, with the fez on and then with the fez off. She bent close and put her chin in her hands.

After a while she took her clothes off and put the light out. She walked on the littered floor over to the bed where Trixie was asleep. She got down beside the bed for her prayers. She said, "Now I lay me down to sleep." She went on and said, as usual, "Bless Papa and Mamma and all my sisters and brothers. Forgive my sins." Sins. Sins. Sins. She was sleepy.

And then she was in bed with her eyes shut. Oh, white faces, burning eyes, voices shaking, shaking, speaking of doubting, of believing.

"Oh, oh, God." She put her arms out — to God.

Wanting to stay awake, she went to sleep.

In school the next day she did not read. She put her head down on the desk and partly shut her eyes. The slamming of books, the shuffling, the droning and whispering, were a wall. Behind that wall she sat, her cheeks feeling warm, her heart shaking her with its hard beating.

She started away from school, alone, as she always did, the fez on her head, her brown waves and curls of hair moving as she went. And then strangely, a girl came and walked with her. The girl put her arm around her! She talked.

"I do think Nellie Clymer 'n' Maggie Benson 're the meanest old things. They're gone on the boys. Don't you say they are? I ain't ever goin' to speak to Nellie Clymer 'n' Maggie again, cross my heart 'n' hope to die I ain't. Are you Lillie?"

"No," Lillian said, but she was thinking about the book under the girl's — Cora Glasscock's — arm. "Cap —" she could see. Could it be *Capitola the Mad-cap*, untorn, all of it?

And then Cora said, "You c'n read my book if you wanta. It's a dandy book." She handed the book over to Lillian and it was *Capitola the Madcap*.

"Co-ra! Co-ra! Wait a minute! C'm here!"

"'lo, Nellie! 'lo, Maggie." Cora's arm dropped from Lillian. She ran toward Nellie Clymer and Maggie Benson.

Lillian waited a moment. Cora hadn't been going to speak to Nellie and Maggie, cross her —. But the girls put their arms around each other, Cora in the middle, and stared at Lillian's *hat*. They began to laugh and ran across the street.

Lillian went along on the bricks toward home.

But some people were on the porch of dead Grand-mamma's house, looking in through the glass of the door. Oh, it was the big preacher, and a woman was with him, a woman with long black skirts and a brown jacket and a big hat with a feather sticking up from it.

Lillian ran up to the porch, her hair streaming over her shoulders. She smiled at the two waiting in front of the door. The preacher said:

"Is your mawther at home?"

Lillian nodded.

"What book is that? Let me see. Ah!"

Lillian felt hot under the black eyes of the preacher, under the small grey eyes of the woman. She gave the preacher *Capitola the Madcap*.

"Is your mother moving today?" the woman asked.

Lillian shook her head, looked into the front room through the glass of the door.

Moving?

Oh, my, a fort. Tennyson and Beatrice and Murillo had made a fort.

"I'll open the door," she said and ran around the house.

How the preacher was frowning about *Capitola the Madcap*. How his wife was frowning about the fort.

Mamma was sewing on the old machine that roared and shook the house so she could not hear knocking on the front door. Lillian ran to the front room, began to lift books: *Concordances*, *Flavius Josephus*, *Night Scenes from the Bible, Illustrated*. She moved chairs down from the great pile, and stools, pulled tables. She smiled through the glass sometimes. But the preacher and the preacher's small wife under her hat with the sticking-up feather did not smile.

Well, the preacher came in, then the preacher's wife. The preacher's wife brushed a chair off a little, sat down, her lips together. The preacher sat in the biggest chair, a base-rocker. This made Lillian feel anxious. The big chair looked strong, but if you leaned back far it would turn a somersault.

The house was not quiet. Somewhere Tennyson and Beatrice were, and that big freckled boy from across the alley. But Lillian did not yet know where they were.

The preacher cleared his throat, loudly. "I would like to speak to your mawtherrr," he said.

Mamma came to the door. She smiled a little. The preacher held his hand out. He did not get out of the base-rocker. Mamma did not see the hand. She sat down on the edge of a chair full of books. She did not say anything, sat looking away, smiling a little.

The preacher said, "Ahem!" He seemed, from the movings of his mouth to be saying more. But Lillian was not sure. Because of Tennyson and Beatrice and Murillo and the freckled boy from across the alley. She knew now where they were. They were in the cellar. The cellar was under the front room. Lillian knew what they were doing. They were being pirates. The cellar had water in it. Some of dead Grandmamma's fruit jars with no fruit in them went bobbing around on the water, were whales and sharks. Rotten apples, brown and squashy, floating, were buoys warning of rocks and reefs. The fruit-cupboard was Yokohama, the steps were New York, a table Calcutta. Tennyson had heard Papa lec-

turing about these. Big steamers sailed between these ports. Tubs were the steamers. The pirates were screaming and laughing and yelling, bumping the tubs against things, howling. They were having a good time,

The preacher took a breath, opened his mouth, tried to down the pirates. "We have come to talk about your daughter's soul."

Lillian heard him say this. But Mamma could not hear him. She smiled a little, shook her head. No, she had not heard.

The preacher took another breath. His face was getting red.

"Your daughter reads novels. She reads this." He held out *Capitola the Madcap*.

Mamma got up and took it, quickly. She sat down farther away.

The preacher looked at Mamma with *Capitola the Madcap* under her blue wrapper arm. He seemed surprised, batted his eyes, his mouth hanging open.

The pirates were having a battle.

The preacher's wife threw up her head. Her nose wiggled. Perhaps she sniffed, but no one could hear because of the pirates. The preacher's wife suddenly jumped up from the chair she was sitting on. Spots of purplish red were on her face. She went and began to pull at the preacher. But the preacher had not finished calling at this house yet. And was a woman, were two women, to be telling him it was time to go on? The preacher reared back from his wife, away back in the base-rocker that turned somersaults. The base-rocker began to go over backward. The preacher's heels beat against it. His hands waved in the air. There was something like a shout, a man's big loud shout, above the noise of the pirates. Well, his wife could not save him. She pulled at his knees, snatched at his trousers, at last got a good hold of his shoes. But the preacher was big and the chair had to go on over, now it had started. Lil-

lian knew that. The preacher's wife did not stop trying to save him. She was pretty strong. She reached up and up and bent over, keeping the big black shoes in her brown mittened hands. The preacher's head was lost down in behind the chair that you could see only the torn red carpet seat of. His head was down among concordances and things. The preacher could stand on his head, his wife helping him so.

At last there was a choked yelling even pirates could not down. "Le'go! Lemme go! Le' go!"

The big black feet kicked hard, kicked the preacher's wife's hands loose. They waved in the air a minute, those long, wide, thick feet, and then they were gone. The chair came slamming back into position again. Pretty soon the preacher crawled out from beside it, a brown apple-core in his mussed up black hair and wads of grey dust in his whiskers. His black necktie was unhooked, his shiny tall collar unbuttoned and getting in the way of his teeth. The preacher's face was red, very red, except the chin of it between the two pieces of black whisker. The chin was yellow and it wiggled. *good*

Shrieking and bumping and laughing and screaming came from the Pacific Ocean under the floor.

The preacher's wife stamped her feet and moved her head up and down, but what she said no one could know.

Well, now the preacher had finished his call. He was ready to go. His wife hunted around and found his high black hat. She took hold of his sleeve and pulled him around books and tipped-over chairs toward the door.

Mamma walked a little way, tall and straight in her long blue wrapper, looking kindly at guests going, her face quite white, her blue eyes pretty, sad.

Mamma pushed the bolt across the door when the preacher and his wife were out. Her lips would not be still and a small spot of red was on each of her cheeks.

The baby was crying in a big rocking-chair in the dining-room with pillows in it, its bed. ✓

The pirates had declared a truce perhaps.

"Is this your book?" Mamma said, holding out *Capitola the Madcap*.

"I — was reading it. Is is — is it — could I finish it?"

"It's trash. But I guess — comparatively — it's innocuous. Go and take the baby up."

Mamma went to the cellar door and called the children. They must come up out of that damp place. She told Tennyson and Beatrice to put the books where they belonged off the floor in the front room.

Lillian took up the baby and held her. What a funny smell a clean, rather new baby had. The baby made little noises against her.

She heard Tennyson shouting:

"Hurrray! Bread 'n' butter 'n' maple syrup for supper if we get this mess cleaned up."

"Oh-h-h! Not mush!" Lillian put her cheek down on the baby's little tickly warm head.

Mamma came.

Lillian smiled at Mamma. Mamma smiled at her. Then Mamma began to laugh, standing close to Lillian. She laughed so much she could not take the baby. And Lillian laughed. They both clutched at the poor baby, their bodies touching, the baby between them while they laughed, hard, till they were weak, looking into each other's eyes.

And Lillian while she laughed thought of something. She thought of going into the front room, to the organ. She wanted to play the organ. She wanted to play that last piece in the Instruction Book. You pulled out all the stops in that piece, and you pushed the knee swells out and you pumped fast. That piece was loud and grand. Its name was "The Gloria from Mozart's Twelfth Mass."

very good!

you can achieve that
excellence in a different
way, in a newer way!