

knocked the clothes pole down, and tangled the line, and tore the clothes in the prickly locust hedge. Then the sun was sad, and covered its face with thick black clouds, the sky wept gloomily, and the fickle breezes flew to hide themselves for shame in the hollows of the wood.

But the sun was kind. It soon smiled again, so brightly that every tear was dried, and the earth looked all the brighter for the weeping.

Now, how the merry breezes danced and flew! They chased among the apple and the cherry trees, and teased the modest buds until the blossoms burst out saucily. Then they romped with the shining wasps and bees, and with them tossed the fragrant blossoms until the air was white with falling petals.

But now the breezes are weary of play. They have grown strong and steady. They are now the stern winds that bend the great tree branches, as they sigh sadly through the clustering leaves.

These spring winds make the whole world brothers. At least all of us can imagine that the rest of people are our brothers. We breathe the same air as they do; we must be kin. The wind whisks up from the northwest, and in one brief minute of human sympathy you and I feel as the fur-wrapped Alaskan squaw does. You involuntarily pull up the bear skin under your chin and I cord up some more blubber in the bace-burner. Then the next instant the breeze from Cuba strikes us and we loath bear skins and blubber, and sigh for yams and bananas. But hardly have you yawned out the first "ya" of the "yams," hardly have I bleated out the first "ba" of the "bananas" before your yams change to yaws and my bananas switch off to boats or bilge water. All just because the wind has come up in the east from the Atlantic.

Oh, the feeling of kinship that comes swinging in on the spring breeze. In fact—I speak for myself, you can speak for yourself—in fact, the only time when I feel like

myself is when the breezes are all blowing straight up or straight down. Even then I am conscious that the breezes must be coming from somewhere, good or bad, and I unconsciously adjust myself to the inhabitants of that somewhere—good or bad.

It was a wild night. The wind blew and blew, carrying with it dust and leaves and scraps of paper and refuse from the street, and now and then a fierce umbrella or a rollicking hat. I held my hat on with both hands, and plowed my way through the tumultuous ether. On a corner, where the wind blew up and down and from all four points of the compass at once, with every possible combination and variation known to street corners, a young lady passed me. Just as we came alongside, a sudden gust snatched her sailor hat, and carried it wildly toward me. I sprang forward and grasped it with a force that almost crushed the flimsy straw. The wind carried my own away into the night, but I had saved the maiden's. I held it fast. Then there was a jerk. It was not the wind; it was the tug of a cord! I trembled. I relaxed my fingers and muttered "I beg your pardon;" and the wind blew the words to the maiden. There I stood, with the billowy ether rolling over my cold, perspiring brow, and gazed into the darkness.

"I kind o' like jes' a loiterin' roun'  
When the green gits back in the trees  
Jes' potterin' roun' as I—durn—please—  
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees."

Yes, just sauntering around on the campus looking for dandelions, just sitting down on the grass, just not studying at all. Just standing on the steps watching the boys play tennis, and wondering how they can bear to work so hard on such days. Just feeling how warm it is, how pretty the grass and the trees look, how happy one might be if one were a bird. Just watching things grow, just thinking not at all, just dreaming and dreaming. Trying to forget that one must work to live, trying to imagine how it would be to go sailing on one of those fleecy clouds, sailing on and on forever.