

Well, they lasted about a month. Of course us fellers kind of kept things lively for 'em; that there buckin' affair was only one of the things happened to 'em. But they was good-natured kids, once they got took down a ways. We liked 'em real well. And when their families sent 'em the money to come home with, I think they come pretty near being sorry to leave, bad as they wanted to go. So me and another feller there fixed up that song to tell their story. They come all the way from Brooklyn, New York, if I remember right; used the money they was s'posed to go off to school with. But they got plumb tired of the wild West."

Charlie smiled reminiscently.

"Of course that song did n't just foller the same trail as they took. And

of course they could n't of told it that way, because they did n't know none of the words right. But it hits the main points, anyhow. It was sure some horse we put 'em on to. If I was green like them, I would n't of rode her for thirty cents, bad as I need the money."

When jazz music and the radio win the West and when Charlie is the stout father of a family on a comfortable homestead, that song may find honorable burial in the pages of a thick book, with the name of the author and the date of its composition all complete. But Charlie will say that such a fate is far ahead; that for many a day the West will belong to him and the cattle and the mountain sheep, and that the cow-boy songs will still be made and sung.

Bonnet Sonnet

BY JACQUELINE EMBRY

What lady knows a hat as well as I?
 Let her come forward with a finer flair!
 I like them small, sophisticated, sly,
 Or gravely drooping with a trustful air;
 I like them lined with white and rather pure;
 Or dangerous, and dark as any crow;
 I like them reckless, mocking, never sure;
 I like a sailor—strictly yes or no.

A pirate turban 's priceless for a talk;
 A rose-wreathed leghorn when one 's feeling vain;
 I fancy tricornes for the morning walk,
 And a little leather London slouch for rain;
 Wide, wistful tulles for tea; for windy weather,
 A tam o' shanter with a wicked feather.

The Schools of the Future

What Sort of Schools Are We Likely to Have in 1950?

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I VENTURE the guess that by 1950 the common schools of the world will be history schools in a far more fundamental sense than they ever were Latin schools, or, as we are still old-fashioned enough to call them, grammar schools. And just as now, in the United States, a child's advance from grade to grade depends on his understanding of arithmetic, so in the schools of the future I think the willingness of a maturer group to admit any young person to its intellectual adventures will depend largely on the range and vividness of that young person's historical perceptions. By talking about historical perceptions, I mean quite concrete things. For one thing, I mean his power to discover fresh and meaningful analogies between the present and the past; I am thinking of such an analogy, for instance, as Mr. Leiserson's when he called the rising labor-unions the "new House of Commons"; only I suppose I mean a younger, less embracing comparison.

Much more, though, I am thinking of a person's power to feel the present flowing on in a stream of change like the past; to feel history moving along under us, carrying us along,

"Freshening its current, and spotted with foam."

And, finally, when I say "historical perceptions," I am thinking of the perception that history consists of a blend of cultures—a skein of major human interests as international as arithmetic.

For these future schools will spend, I believe, little or no time on compartmental history. These divisions and subdivisions which we call "English history," "French history," "ancient history," will begin, I am sure, to look quite old-fashioned by 1950. Or if the national histories are still in use, I am sure they will have been completely re-scaled, all their proportions overhauled and subordinated to those of earth history as a whole. Of course there is nothing to prevent our descendants from using national histories like pieces of a picture puzzle, fitting them together into that whole, in which a meaning and coordination can be discerned. Our own history, for example, might afford a clue to the other pieces in its neighborhood. But we should then find the French Revolution taking up more room than the American one; we should find the discoveries of Darwin bulking larger than the Missouri Compromise.

So, in a well proportioned English history, the discoveries of Copernicus would take up most of the room now accorded to the fourth, fifth, and sixth