

EXCURSION TRAIN

I stood on the platform of the station of the Michigan Central railway at Vermontville, sick with frustration and disappointment. The fifteen or twenty people waiting with me were babbling happily about their plans for the next two weeks. Children ran in and out, dropping toys or small luggage.

"Johnny, don't you dare eat those sandwiches now, they're for our lunch."

"Mary, come here immediately, away from that track, do you want the train to come along and cut your head off?"

Mary, apparently, was not concerned about her head, but only at keeping her balance on the narrow rail, as she placed one foot ahead of the other, arms outspread and chanted: "See me go, feet in a row; I walk the rail just like a ---" and the poetic fount seemed to have dried up, as she slipped off, arms wildly flailing.

I pushed my way out of the crowd and made one more effort with the station master.

"Have you heard from Jackson yet? Won't you please PLEASE try again?"

"My dear young woman" said the station master, in bored tones, "I don't own this railroad, I don't even run it! I'll do the best I can for you and that's all I can say. Stop bothering me!" And he turned to his endless reports and papers. I thought I heard a dry aside about "young love."

When, a few weeks before, a very special excursion to Charlevoix, the beautiful Northern resort, had been advertised by the Michigan Central, Lester, my fiance, working on a farm near