

lethal slumbers that have all the qualifications of the  
greenest months besides a few peculiar to themselves to  
impart in a fellow that very happy sensation, the conscious  
joy of being alive. Just such a day was this especially  
the fore noon of it. I was in an excellent position to  
enjoy it as I walked from here over home to meet Frank  
with my load of coal. There was not a breath of wind  
and the sun was not bright which would have been  
sufficing on last night's fresh snow, but diffused a genial  
comfort through the lightest of clouds high floating wreaths  
of smoke. The northern part of the sky was blue, but  
not the steel blue of Winter but the soft hazy appearance  
of late Autumn while the air might have been that of May  
except for a certain energizing zest to it not comparable  
to the chill of Spring nor its congenious warmth which  
has a tendency to promote lethargy. The roads are  
in excellent trim for sleighing and apparently too deep  
for the pesky cars to spaid them. No mud of Spring,  
no bogs of Summer, no rick of work as in the Fall, if  
all Winter weather was like this, tourist resorts in the  
South would have to go out of business, but what  
makes this weather truly appreciated is that it is a  
very small nugget in a large rock of quartz and the

realization that for all we know an 80-mile highway  
may be the programme for to-morrow. When I got to the  
Farm I found Frank had gone down for the coal and Dad  
was preparing the scene for the execution of his pigs  
He was very distressed that I had walked over as he  
said Frank would go right out the side road with the coal  
and I would have to walk back. Frank however had forgotten  
to take a scap shovel and remembering that I didn't have  
one came back by the farm with the coal so I rode out  
with him. He took the team right back so as to be on  
time to help with the pig killing this afternoon. Pick food  
and Bob are going to help. I spent the afternoon lining  
my chicken house with tar paper and at Mary's suggestion  
shifting the roots so that they are not in such a direct  
draft from the window. Ina was here washing to-day  
and she walked home with Mabel who came over for  
awhile after school.

Wednesday January 7<sup>th</sup>

Another very mild day and so nice that Mary wanted to  
go to town. I was anxious to finish fixing my chicken  
pen but as she was afraid we might not get another nice  
day this week. I told her that if she would go over and