

# Great in Flavor



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LOOK  
For This

W. K. Kellogg

from the gay house party as she would have fled the pestilence.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said.

"And your hair has become very white, And yet you incessantly stand on your head— Do you think at your age it is right?"

she quoted mirthfully. "That's exactly what they're always saying to me, Merry; though they are a trifle more tactful about it."

Merry tossed her sleek head a bit to show that she was listening, and Miss Penelope cantered on, her heart a little lighter already, through the vivid spring sunshine. The new, young green of the trees was all about her, the ground was lush and springy under Merry's feet, and the country rolled away invitingly before her—hers for the taking. The road was almost articulate in its promises, its lure to follow beyond all known bounds, perhaps to the "Never-Never Land." As she dwelt idly on the phrase, her mind slipped back to the place where she had seen it last, and a single line of the same poem came to stand out vividly against the background of her memory:

Something lost behind the Ranges, Lost and waiting for you. Go!

What an insistent ring the words held! How they might prod one away from placid, usual, daily occupations, on to seek the undiscovered, the unattained! How they must push the seeker forward, holding him unsparingly to his task, cheering him with the promise of a treasure waiting for him alone! Such a field of thought was as unfamiliar to Miss Penelope as was the April road before her; but today she traveled it with the same abandon that made her give free rein to the mare. The habits of a lifetime were beginning to gull her and her heart to keep time with the rippling undertone of the spring chorus. The age that Josephine had thrust upon her dropped from her spirit like the dried calyx of a flower, leaving only a poignant longing for someone to enjoy life with her. But, though alone, she rode gallantly on, a light hand on Merry's neck and her eyes searching the road ahead.

And suddenly that harmless country road did a most astonishing thing. With one wet, splashy leap it cleared a tiny, brawling stream and landed almost in the middle of a miniature meadow, with miniature rocks and little, straight, miniature pines scattered all about it. But the miniature meadow became unimportant in the eyes of Miss Penelope when she saw that on the other side of it rose the hills that she had laughingly threatened to cross. And, more, that friendly, incomprehensible road was wending its way up through them as if it knew quite confidently where it was going, but had already forgotten that it had a companion. So Miss Penelope, who in all her proper, conventional thirty-eight years had never gone so far unattended, nor yielded to one impulse that was not perfectly correct and accountable, lifted her bridle and started eagerly after the road.

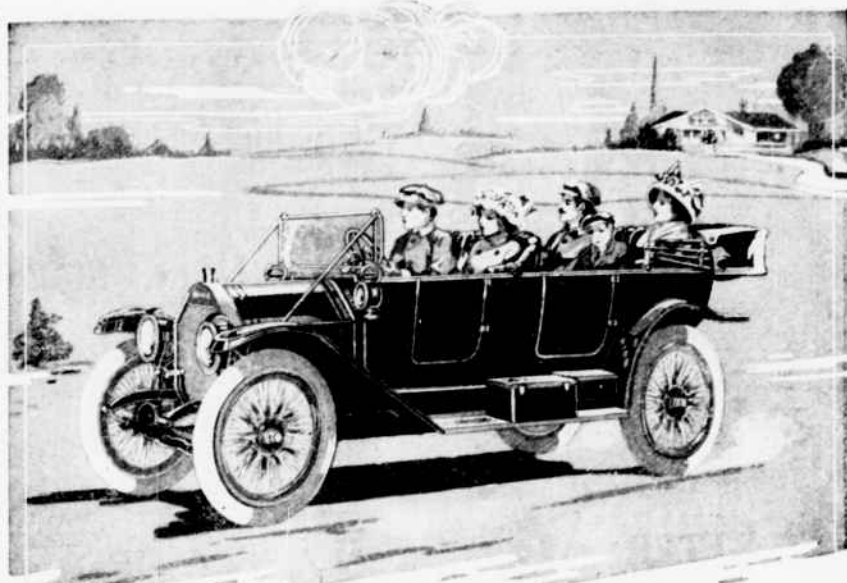
It led her by devious, winding ways among the hillsides, lush green and starred with late violets, with here and there the glint of early buttercups; through little groves of pines, spilled down the slanted border of the road; past huge, unfamiliar boulders that seemed to have paused there to rest in some century long journey. And still the road climbed and climbed and twisted and turned, until just short of the summit it seemed to consider that it had reached an appropriate place to turn and look back, and it accordingly did so. Miss Penelope and Merry, a little out of breath, followed suit, and looked out over miles of rolling meadow land, cut by the green fringe of the road they had traveled. And nearer were the hills, falling away in terrace after terrace of soft green below them, showing clear before the faint, sunlit haze that veiled the distance. An errant, frisky breeze fluffed Miss Penelope's smooth hair, and a bird in a nest nearby stirred softly and lifted up its voice in the tiniest tentative trill.

For many minutes Miss Penelope sat looking into the distance, her breath coming a little quickly and her eyes shining with new eagerness. Suddenly she stretched out her arms with a great happy sigh.

"You beautiful old world!" she murmured. "You wonderful old world!"

SHE was ready to go back. She settled herself in the saddle and spoke softly to Merry, the spell of the outdoors upon her. But she drew rein suddenly; for her motion had alarmed the mother bird on the nest, and her frightened chatter brought her mate to her side in a couple of circling swoops. From the edge of the nest he fixed bright eyes upon the intruder, poised for flight at a hostile movement.

At the sight a great wave of loneliness surged through Miss Penelope, caught in her throat, and choked her until hot, unaccus-



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