

over by the corral. She does'nt invite me to help her get dinner, nor make any odious comments anent my lazy life. So I hum the same tune too, swagger upstairs, am out of my riding togs, have a nice cold dip---for ours is a modern ranch, and we like baths just as well as city folk do, ~~and i have a theory that ranch people ought to have~~--- am into fresh clothes, and, though I have an almost grown up son-(at least he says he is), I feel like a two year old, and as I pull up to the table, I smile in approval at the hearty words of that new cowpuncher who says emphatically as he looks at that piece of odorous pig's liver on his plate:

"Gee ! this is the life!"