

The climax of the adventure was over. Conversation seemed pointless and at a low ebb. We started back to the railroad tracks, and turned up the long hill to the village.

I began to worry. I had helped to steal a watermelon. I was a partner in crime. I felt horribly guilty and a little angry at Roy who had roped me into this situation.

"Oh Roy!" I cried. "We ought not to have done it. We stole that melon. We might be put in jail--or our families made to pay big damages--Oh! Oh! and I began to cry.

Roy heard me for some time, apparently not in the least sympathetic. Finally, feeling that he had had his fun and I had suffered enough, he said, "Well, don't worry. This field is right back of our house, it belongs to us. I worked hard all summer raising those melons and I guess I can eat one if I want to. Who's got a better right?"

The Meany!