

Dorothy had been reading Puck of Pook's Hill and was somewhat slow in answering her father's call.

"I wish", Daddy, " she said, "that we lived in England!"

"Why, Dot? Isn't Texas good enough for you?"

"It's the Old Roman Roads that I want to see, and the magic of the thorn and the ash and Puck.Daddy, are ever going to England?"

"Oh, I see," said her father, and without answering her question, "Dot, bring me your geography."

With the book in his hand, opened at a large map of the United States, he began drawing slowly a line across the lower part of the country.

"But Daddy why are you marking my map all up?" she asked in distress.

He did not answer for a moment, but continued to trace a line from St. Augustine, in Florida, across Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, and on through New Mexico, Arizona, And California, clear to the Pacific Coast. "I am just showing you, Sweetheart, that we have here in Texas, one of the most famous highways of the world, longer than any road that the Roman ever built, and just as picturesque. How would you like to take a trip over it this summer?"

"That would be lovely!" was the enthusiastic reply. "Don't you wish, Daddy, that we could make magic, that would call up someone like Puck to tell us about the people who have passed over this road."

"Why not?"

"Because we don't know how, and beside we don't have the thorn and ash."

"We have plenty of mesquite and cactus; learn to use native