

But the mouth and throat of a downy woodpecker are small, too small to contain so extensive an organ. The tongue is not throat-rooted. The root is deep in a muscular sheath which curves up over the woodpecker's skull.

It is not intended to write here a whole natural history of downy woodpeckers. Whoever would know more of them has only to open his eyes and mind, and perhaps disburse a dime for a lump of suet, and be off upon his own exploration of the downies of his dooryard. But the coming back to feeding-stations, now, of the downy woodpeckers serves as reminder of the whole large matter of dooryard natural history in general, by which is meant the natural history of here-and-now, the natural history of the commonplace, the natural history of everyday. It is an interest that can fill

all a man's days with new enthusiasm, and light them with wonder. It is available to each of us, in this degree, to be a naturalist. For wherever we are, there is nature; and it is necessary only that we open our eyes to see it and stretch out our hand to touch it.

WE CANNOT all go to Africa to stalk elephants. But we can all see a downy woodpecker . . . or a cricket or a fruit-fly or a house-mouse or a gray squirrel or whatever it may be. And, if we watch closely, there is not any explorer in exotic places who can have more exciting revelations than become available to us. For it is true that the whole creation is all cast in the same mould of miraculousness; and it is true that indeed nothing within it is any stranger than anything else.



NO RECALL

BY DAVID MORTON

THE heart, that has no gift for taking back
 What it has given,
 Nor any gift for living in long lack
 Of a glimpsed heaven,

May be resigned, and still, and nearly brave,
 But restored, never,
 Knowing full well, at last, that what it gave
 Is given forever.

HONOR

A Story

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

I WALKED right through the ante-room without stopping. Miss West says, "He's in conference now," but I didn't stop. I didn't knock, either. They were talking and he quit and looked up across the desk at me.

"How much notice do you want to write me off?" I said.

"Write you off?" he said.

"I'm quitting," I said. "Will one day be notice enough?"

He looked at me, frog-eyed. "Isn't our car good enough for you to demonstrate?" he said. His hand lay on the desk, holding the cigar. He's got a ruby ring the size of a tail-light. "You've been with us three weeks," he says. "Not long enough to learn what that word on the door means."

He don't know it, but three weeks is pretty good; it's within two days of the record. And if three weeks is a record with him, he could have shaken

hands with the new champion without moving.

II

THE trouble is, I had never learned to do anything. You know how it was in those days, with even the college campuses full of British and French uniforms, and us all scared to death it would be over before we could get in and swank a pair of pilot's wings ourselves. And then to get in and find something that suited you right down to the ground, you see.

So after the Armistice I stayed in for a couple of years as a test pilot. That was when I took up wing-walking, to relieve the monotony. A fellow named Waldrip and I used to hide out at about three thousand on a Nine while I muscled around on top of it. Because Army life is pretty dull in peacetime: nothing to do but lay

WILLIAM FAULKNER, *one of the most eminent American short story writers and novelists, appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY at the very beginning of his career. This magazine, indeed, was perhaps the first national periodical of its class to print his fiction. This story, first published in the issue for July 1930, is the second in a series of reprints of outstanding material from past issues of the MERCURY. (Copyright, 1934, by Random House, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.)*