

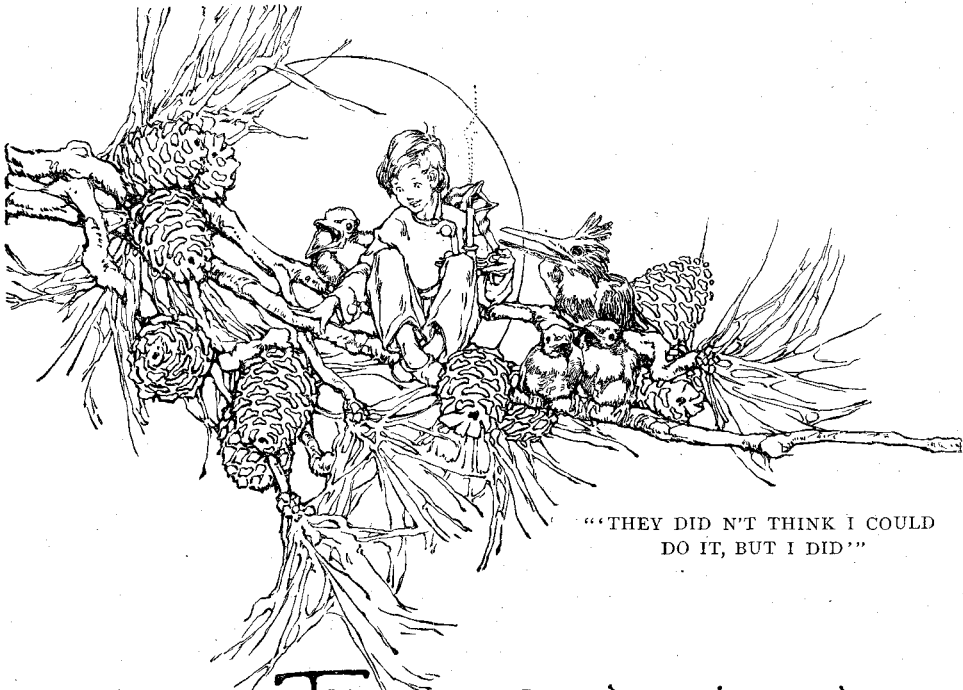


MR. AND MRS. ELLIS PARKER BUTLER AND CHILD

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THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES

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"THEY DID N'T THINK I COULD  
DO IT, BUT I DID"

## THE SONG IN THE TREE-TOPS

• A monologue—by  
• Sonny's Father •

by  
Ruth McEnery Stuart

Decorated by

• Clara • Elsen • Peck •

**W**ELL, Doctor, sence it 's another boy, I s'pose I 'll have to give in to the name, although, to tell the truth, I 've sort o' caught Sonny's obnoxious to Deuteronomy for a Christian title. As he says, it 's too senselessly biblical.

An' so my grandfatherly advice would be ag'inst it. An' yet, we 've shoved it along so often, an', ez you say, a mother ought to have some say in namin' the child'en she brings into the world, an' nothin' 'll do Mary Elizabeth but to pass the name on intact. Pore little baby! I declare, you could put his whole len'th in that name an' have a letter or two left over. Father he give it to me warm out o' the Bible, on account o' him bein' converted th'ough a passage in it—thess befo' my arrival. I 've always felt thet he must

'a' been on the eve of conversion anyway. I 've dutifully tried to enjoy the book o' Deuteronomy, all my life; but the farthest I 've got is to respect it as a po'tion of the revealed Word.

I 've often wished my father had foun' grace th'ough one o' the Christian gospels, or, if not, th'ough Job or Jeremiah—or even Proverbs. I had a' uncle, mother's side, thet was christened Proverbs, an' he always signed John P. I 've had a good many legal papers to sign, buyin' an' sellin' land an' mules an' cotton, an' bein' ez it was the only name I had, I did n't feel free to initial or curtail it; an' it ain't never failed to provoke a smile when it 's been read out in court.

The trouble is, in passin' it down to this helpless infant, he 'll likely be called by it, although Mary Elizabeth has a'ready got it reduced down to Duty,