

# North Country

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

ANITA came up to the West Channel in July on the half promise she'd be given an Indian School in September, salary fifty dollars, a bonus of one hundred and seventy-five, a house of two rooms, twenty-five dollars for the care of the schoolhouse, and a servant. Not so bad this, if it came to pass, for a girl who herself went down to get her Institute diploma only four short years ago.

Her half-brother, who went from the north country when Anita was a wee 'un, and who had done well for himself, saw her through these four years. The students at the Institute were there on their own for the most, however, the girls as well as the boys making their ways through, planning their lives for themselves and—living them!

She had come face to face with herself in a mirror in the cabin of the steamer which plowed these inland seas, bringing her here to West Channel two days ago; and it had seemed too amazing to be true that the girl reflected there, the young creature in the mail-order suit, hat, shoes, scarf—Anita had met the mail-order catalogue at the Institute along with the rest of it—was herself, a co-ed graduate, her diploma entitling her to teach, with her suit case, ribbon, seal, and all.

She was come back, but in a sense only, for her Indian school, if she obtained it, was fifty miles beyond, on back, as the West Channel saying is, a day's journey by boat and portage by way of Trader's Inlet.

She was stopping for the month with Peter Lalonde and Olivine, his wife, the parents of Leda, who was her oldest and her best girl friend here in West Channel.

Leda was two years married—these things come early in the north country—and with her husband, Hippolyte Petronella, and her baby, lived with her parents in the Lalonde homestead.

Leda and wee old Father La Haye met Anita as the steamer docked, and the three had walked up through the village, a century and a quarter old it is, and no better than five hundred souls to-day.

In front, the channel, and behind, the village with its church, its school, its store, the mountains, perpetual barriers, low range behind low range, their silica outcroppings gleaming like snow amid the timber. And back of the mountains over the passes, the lumber camps and the reservation.

As Anita walked up from the dock with the two, she drew a breath, a long, quivering, a grateful breath. She had gone down from West Channel the child of ancient creed and custom, the daughter of this north country that resists progress by the simple expedient of not desiring it. She was come back to open the slower wits of her birthplace to the fallacies of its supposed verities.

She turned to Father La Haye now. Anita was earnest from her cradle, as the little old priest could have told her, sweetly and passionately earnest. She was not changed in these regards.

"Manners and customs and morals, yes, and fashions too, must move up from time to time," she told him. She had heard this pronunciamiento first herself at her Philodemic Society at the Institute, and had been stirred by it profoundly. Her gaze, resting on Leda at the moment, led her to stress the word fashions.

"Co-ed morals and manners you're speaking of maybe, Anita? And mail-order fashions?" The eyes of Father La Haye twinkled.

She reproached him with look and voice. Time was when he would not have failed her. He had aided and sustained her in her determination to get away and fit herself for something better. He had kept in touch with her through her letters. He had secured this promise of the Indian school for her. She spoke again and with warmth.

"You must know we've moved on in the world, Father. Where I've been these co-ed morals and manners and mail-order fashions as you choose to call them, are received in *the best society!*"

"Co-ed society, 'Nita?"

Father La Haye was seventy-odd. He had known the world himself before he came here, repute said the great world, the over-seas world. But he'd been here forty years, and forty years is a great while. Because there was sweetness in his smile, however, and tenderness too, Anita could not quite resent it.

"Last year's roots weren't killed by the frost, as we say here in our north country, little 'Nita. Look to it that your new friends haven't got a wolf by the ears. Tell them for me when you write to 'em next, that the wild goose still carries his nature with him."

"Ha!" said Anita.

They had reached the Lalonde gate. The church in its yard came next, and next that the wee house of Father La Haye. He paused here with the two for the moment, and again his eyes twinkled.

"I've seen the old age of an eagle, as the saying with us is again, and Solomon's wisdom still is wisdom. In fine, 'Nita, nothing is said by your new friends that hasn't been said before."

Mrs. Lalonde was here at the gate, holding it open for Leda and Anita. She was heavy set and comely and smiling, the mother of five sons and three daughters, all married, and all

gone but Leda, and believed if a woman did right, loved her husband, and bore her babies cheerfully, she'd have her reward both here on earth, and in heaven.

"The sight of youse to our eyes is like savor to the tongue, Anita."

She led the way. The house in its little yard, of stone and logs, four rooms, one of these under the roof, was built ninety and one years before by a Lalonde, just arrived.

The kitchen, clear fire, clean hearth, is the heart of the home in this north country—*pot-au-feu* simmering in its kettle, the cradle drawn beside the hearthstone, a hooked rug on the needles laid down on the stool beside the chair.

"La, la!"

Anita found it hard to believe, hard to accept, that nothing, *nothing*, had changed.

Leda, going to the cradle and lifting her son in her arms the better to exhibit him, remembered that she had a message for Anita.

"Adam is grieved he couldn't be at the boat to welcome you. He came by to say so. 'Out and back, to and from the nets, is the way of it,' he asked me to say to you."

"The nets first," said Anita, herself the child of a father who had lived by his nets.

She colored nevertheless at Leda's words, an upwelling warm color. It was sweet to be home, so it was. Sweet to have Adam concerned about her as of old, *the* young man of the village, one might say.

It would seem that Mrs. Lalonde read Anita's thoughts.

"Nothing of his own yet," she was saying meaningly. "On wages on his uncle's boat during the summers, and in the winters gone to the bush and the logging."

"Yes," Leda agreed, meaningly in her turn, "but *good* wages. It's the understanding that he's put his bit away."

The second day of Anita's return, following supper, she stepped out the

Lalonde's gate and in at the churchyard gate and made her way to the graves behind the small white church building.

She stood here now among these graves. They, like the soil about them, were of sand and gravel, but brightly appareled for all of this, some mantled with creeping portulaca, some with periwinkle, and others, these the remote and lonely ones, grown over with wild morning-glory. The plots about the graves were gay too, with their scarlet and yellow, purple and white, zinnias, phlox, alyssum, asters and—aye, Anita was slipping into the north country speech, in every plot—tiger lilies. She wondered that she'd never noticed this before, in every plot—aye—tiger lilies.

The wooden cross at her feet bore the names of her parents,

Beaver and Evalina Oakes.

She noted, and this for the first time, too, that the N in Evalina was upside down, as thus, N, and the S in Oakes was fashioned backward, 2.

Leda's voice, calling to her, carried across the churchyard. She answered and turned to go.

Leda's dead lying here also bore French names, Zepherine, Genevieve, Cesare, Louis. In the days gone by she and Anita, grown tired of their play, would creep to Father La Haye's door. He would look up from his untidy, cluttered desk.

"*Occupé*," he'd call to Leda.

"Busy," to Anita.

"*Eglise, école, bateau*," said Leda among her own people to this day.

"Church, school, boat," said Anita then and now to everybody.

Father La Haye on his part, spoke according to the needs of each, English, French, Chippewa, Ojibway, as the case be.

Leda called again.

"Adam is here and waiting. His boat's at the dock ready for your disposition."

The churchyard gate clicked, and Adam, coming in, joined Anita.

Adam McPherson was tall and straight built, a masterfine looker, as the saying is in West Channel. His teeth gleamed in the clear tan of his face, and his eyes, keen with gazing across water and through bush, were brightly blue. In feats of strength among the young men he excelled. He had a grave and earnest courteousness with women.

"It's something back of seven o'clock, the sun's at the moment to drop, and we should be starting," he said.

Anita glanced at her wrist watch, her mail-order watch, and nodded in assent. She nodded again, this time toward the graves she was leaving, and again slipped into the speech of her birthplace.

"I'm thinkin' they were good to me, Adam. I mind the day I come six year old, and Daddy went up to the Key and got me a bunch o' books. Same when he gets home, he drops in my lap, I a little thing. 'School takes in on Monday,' says he."

Anita's eyes raised now to Adam's, were tender with her recollections.

"The next year he brought me a box of lead pencils an' a scribbler. Says he, 'On'y th' babbies uses slates.'"

Adam in his turn nodded.

"Beaver Oakes believed in the book. I'm thinkin' contrary of it myself, full o' trouble now we've got youse back among us, youse'll not stay. Four years gone on the outside makes me fearful can we keep youse?"

He put it direct, looking at her. It was his way. Adam took his bulls by the horns and promptly always. He wasted no time in roundabouts. Anita colored again, the same upwelling warm color. It was sweet to be home, yes, sweet to be going with Adam over to the Channel Light this very evening to the dance at the Pylons along with the rest of the young people, sweet to have Adam—still *her* Adam—look at her as he looked now, humbleness, obeisance, imploration in his eyes. But there was *this*;

She wasn't come to lose herself in the backwaters of this north country.

She wasn't here to take her place beside Adam. She was here, if such it came to be, to lift Adam to a place beside *her*!

She walked with him along the churchyard path and out the gate, waving a hand to Father La Haye, standing in his doorway, across the wooden sidewalk, across the road, and down the rocky slope to the shore.

Two women and three youths were standing here. Anita called them gaily by name.

"Mrs. Renan, Mrs. Legros, good evening. Andrew, Jean, Ferdinand, hey!"

The young men joined Adam, going with him on the dock to stand and watch as he brought his motor boat alongside.

The women paused. Mrs. Renan, twelve times a mother and twenty-one times a grandmother, small, dark, keen, and dry, viewed Anita with a glance up and down, pride in her as a West Channel asset and doubts commingled.

"Youse come to us like the robins after winter, Anita, an' your sweet new gew-gaws an' your pretties, like his gay breast, cheer us up. It's said about, youse learned more than was supposed a girl could hold."

Mrs. Legros, heavily built, a down on her upper lip, broke in. Not too bright as wits go, she in her young days to marry at all had married a ne'er-do-well. She had had no children and, widowed long since, had brooded over it until pity for herself and resentment toward women who had achieved motherhood were become her life. She found comfort in her bodily afflictions, real and imagined.

"Jesus suffered, and so must I suffer. See where I burned my arm, Anita?"

'Nita was solicitous. "How's your cough these days?"

"Not *too* bad. My *cough's* not *too* bad."

"What then? What's the ailment now?"

"It's goin' to take all I make wi' my berry pickin' this season to fix my stummick up right."

A young woman came in sight, picking her way down over the rocks, buckets hanging from the yoke on her shoulders, and a child, a wee boy with a head of Jovian black curls, clinging to her skirt. The bell in the belfry of the church above them pealed, striking seven. The sun now dropped out of sight across the water, sent up fiery rays. Anita cried out,

"Why, it's Heppie, Heppie Snow! Heppie's got a child? No creature wrote me the word, nobody told me Heppie married!"

Mrs. Legros laughed loudly, and checked the outburst.

"She ain't got a husband, only the child. Heppie's a—what is it youse call it?"

"Tut, Octave, with your clack and tongue," thus Mrs. Renan.

Mrs. Legros had found her word, or with her oftentimes twisted wits, thought she had.

"Heppie's a bastard. Or is it Heppie's child's the bastard? An' Heppie then is what? I forget. I'll light a candle to our blessed Lady, an' pray for her."

Anita ran forward and, throwing her arms about Heppie as she stepped to the strip of level shore, kissed her on one cheek, and the other. Heppie was older than Anita and had been ahead of her at school.

"I'm staying the month with Leda before I take over my teaching, Heppie. Come and see me."

Heppie stood passive, her fingers only moving, smoothing the head of her child. Two tears, however, welled and rolled down her face.

"Better not line up for me, Anita. It'll make trouble for youse even for the while youse're here."

"Ai-e-e!" Adam called from the dock. "The boat is ready for your disposition, Anita."

The education of Adam at the hands of Anita began on the way to Channel Light, chugging across McDugan's bay. The color was gone from the sky but the twilight would last to nine o'clock.

"A shallow, Adam?" One must begin somewhere.

"Shallow?" Adam flung back the West Channelman's jest. "It be the bottom that's too near the top."

"I'm this moment thinking of Heppie Snow, Adam."

In the north country sin and sinners of this variety are not mentioned between maidens and gallants.

"Aye." Thus Adam after a prolonged, a terrible pause. "Heppie."

"Heppie's a brave grand creature."

"Pardon?" Plainly Adam was bewildered.

"Heppie stands by her child and abides by her sin, since sin it be in the opinion of youse who make the judgment for her."

Adam was held by the justice of this. "She does that. Since youse point it out, I'll say it be so."

"The father of Heppie's child is the craven. Happen there was such a case where I been at the Institute. We co-eds run it to earth and found the father of the child was of ourselves, a student at the Institute. We posted him, we students wrote him and his fatherhood on the bulletin board on the campus. We published him."

"Aye?"

"We did that. A new world and a new ruling's come to be. Things must move up from time to time."

Mr. Pilon sat in his straight wooden chair, fiddle in hand, prepared to fiddle as only a Pilon fiddles, swaying, bowing, tapping a foot, nodding the head—Jean Henri Pilon, keeper of the lights, Department of Marine and Fisheries, host of the evening, sixty-two years old, father of ten living children, and five dead.

Celeste Pilon, mother of the fifteen, small, quick, fifty-nine, and the best dancer among the lot, clapped her hands. "Adam McPherson will call."

It takes a nice skill to call acceptably, a skill coming from practice. And more, it takes joyousness and zest along with a

nimble wit and a quick eye. Adam by common consent, habitually called.

He declined to-night; shook his head; said no. It was clear to all here this evening that Adam was troubled. He stood against the wall.

"His thoughts are with the eagle, and he's gone after 'em."

"His wits are gone for wool."

"He's looking for fish in last year's pots."

"Sing away sorrow, Adam."

"Never a word for any of us. Thank youse for nothing, Adam."

"Court the day's trouble, Adam, or to-morrow's trouble'll court youse."

They twitted him, but to no avail. Sebastien Paradis consented to call.

Adam crossed the room, approaching the women gathered on their side. He scraped a foot before Anita, as was expected, since he had brought her.

"Youse're my lady."

Whereupon he went forward upon the floor and took his place with the other men, young and old.

At the scrape of Mr. Pilon's bow, and the call of Sebastien, the women folk went forward and took their stands beside their lords and gallants.

Anita protested with warmth. "It's not so where I've been. It's fetch your lady there, and lead her to her—"

"Hist," said Mrs. Pilon, "Sebastien calls."

"Sa-lute your lady, corner lady the same."

There were swift footfalls on bare boards, swishing skirts, quick breathings.

"*Allemain around,*

*Swing about and allemain;*

*Youse done it so well*

*Youse can do it again —"*

The bow of Mr. Pilon scraped, and Sebastien called:

"*Birdie fly out*

*Hawk bide in,*

*Hawk fly out*

*And give birdie a spin.*

*Grab-b-b your lady and roll-l-l her aroun',*

*Back to your places an' tamerack her down!"*

Barney McPherson, the uncle of Adam, stopped Anita in the entry between the parlor and the porch.

"Youse think about it before youse sign up to teach come September, Anita. Adam wants youse turrible. Youse mind the house I set together on the headland for my Timmy? He since being gone up in the copper country and settled there. I told Adam comin' in from the nets to-day, 'Take the house. I've sons and daughters of my own, but youse my brother's child, my orphan nephew.'"

The moon came up as Adam and Anita chugged home. It was striking two as they came alongside the dock.

Anita prepared to spring.

"Wait," commanded Adam, approaching.

She sprang, and he caught her as the boat slid from the dock. It saved her a ducking.

A quiver shook him as he set her upon her feet, and his voice when he spoke was unsteady.

"Did youse see me hawk you back? It were near a spill, an' youse in your finery."

They climbed the shore. They came to the Lalonde gate. Adam was concerned.

"How do youse feel?"

"Not too bad."

"How then is it youse feel?"

"Just right."

He was looking at her as she looked up at him. They came together, arms clasping, lips clinging. She broke away and fled up the path to the house.

Octave Legros came by the Lalondes the next forenoon. She had a bucket in her hand and was on her way to the bush to pick berries.

"I'm late. I slept in, the morning was an hour gone when I woke," she complained.

Heppie Snow passed, returning from the bush, her child by her side, her two buckets heaped with berries.

Octave was aggrieved that Heppie should be ahead of her. She shook her head as she stood and watched her go.

"Where's the stamp o' sin, I'm asking? Heppie's boy's the sight for eyes as youse look about, yards and doorsteps my witness, calves, colts, kittens, puppies, goslings, children, where's the like o' he? Well, I must be on my going. I'm as bad as these summer creatures, touristing as if I'd nothing to do."

That evening Anita stood at the gate with Adam.

"Youse'll walk along the headland and look at the house, 'Nita? Yours and mine, if youse'll consider it."

Heppie and her child went by with yoke and pails, on their way to the channel for water. Anita was emphatic.

"I say again the man's the craven who fathers a child and forbears to own it."

"Youse believe this?"

"I hold it."

"Youse advise it?"

"I require it."

Along, a silent moment. Then Adam, "Come to the churchyard, 'Nita. Come and see our dead, youse and me."

"The headland, Adam? The little house?"

"The house another time."

He brought up in the churchyard, his graves and hers on each hand.

"Youse'll find me here four days from this day and this hour. I'll tell youse no more now."

Anita was here at the hour. It was sweet to be here, sweet to be awaiting Adam.

The gate clicked and he came toward her along the path between the plots with their zinnias and phlox and—tiger lilies. He wore a lumberman's garb, boots, mackinaw, and the rest of it. His stride was a weary man's, come to a journey's end.

More—strapped to his back, papoose-wise, was a wee creature, a hardly more than weaned child. It stared at Anita across Adam's shoulder as he reached her, its skin tawny velvet beneath the shadow of its blue-black hair, its brooding big eyes fathomless.





*Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover*

"AS THESE WOMENKIND ARE, GOD FASHIONED 'EM, ADAM"





With dextrous swiftness and a swing about, Adam had the tiny creature free and standing on its moccasined feet on the path between them.

"It be Miss Essie McPherson, my daughter."

Anita stood, staring at Adam, distended eyes of the utmost horror set wide in a rigid young face.

"I stand by my child as youse required I do, 'Nita."

Miss Essie McPherson, clutching Adam's knee with a velvet brown hand, uplifted a chirping bleat. Dusk and its chill were here. Wee Miss McPherson felt it was supper time and also bedtime, and said so.

"She be my daughter, I'm telling youse, Anita."

A sound broke from Anita now, an innocent, heartbroken wail not unlike wee Miss McPherson's own, and as she pushed by Adam, fleeing along the path and out the gate, his gaze in its astonishment followed her.

Miss McPherson, calling passionately for attention, recalled him. He stooped and lifted the velvet soft little creature in his arms.

Steamers going down from the north country put in at West Channel for fish and passengers at sunup. Adam McPherson came plunging across the dock the following morning as the *Island Queen* moved out, Anita Oakes at the railing. He had heard the news of her going, had been forced to believe it, and was here making his way between his neighbors, around piles of fish boxes, an anchor chain, and the like.

His face beneath its brown was drawn. His eyes uplifted to the rail were on Anita, incredulity and astoundment in them. Trapped and undone, he stood calling to her mutely. Tears dripped down his cheeks.

Father La Haye's hand fell on Adam's shoulder, and Father La Haye's voice spoke here.

"She finds it's a dear collop that's cut out of th' own flesh, Adam."

If Adam heard he gave no sign.

The ice that spring went out in May. Anita Oakes stood against the rail of the first steamer in. She was down the stairs and at the gangway as the boat touched.

"Ai-e-e!" The cry of her north country broke from her, joyous, treble.

Leda Petronella and her mother were here to meet her. Octave Legros, who in the history of the boats had not missed half a dozen arrivals or departures, was on hand. Anita's gaze swept the dock.

"Adam? Where's Adam? I wrote him I was coming, when I wrote you."

Leda slow to reply, was grave, triste.

Mrs. Legros answered in her stead. "Adam's not been seen since the village came down from the bush and the sugar-making in the spring, and found him gone."

"Gone where?"

"When the first frog called in the bush I said to the camp, 'Pick up your buckets and let's get home, the sap never runs after a frog calls,' and packed my blankets and took up my buckets and started. I went down through the bush to the shore and the sheds, got out my mare, Doll, and my sled, and tackled up. On my way down over the ice, at Channel Light, I met Adam with his pack, walking.

"I'll hawk youse back to the sugar bush, or take youse with me to West Channel," I told him.

"I'm travellin' on, I'll not be back," he said."

She turned to the Lalondes, mother and daughter. "We'll take Anita to the churchyard. We'll let her see for herself."

She was trotting along with the three, talking as she went.

"The village was worked up over Adam, I'll say that, Anita. Never was a man in this north country shamed his village as Adam shamed us here. The women were more affronted than the men. We left him to himself in his house on the headland, him and his squaw breed. Barney McPherson was scan-

dalized along with us rest, but being his uncle, he didn't go back on his word. Father La Haye, as the priest must with the transgressors, stood by him."

They came to the Lalonde's gate. They passed it. Octave led the way in the churchyard, her talk flowing on.

"Eve blessed her daughters, and Adam the sons. Mother wit and the bear's cubs arrive together. Show me a man at the woman's task and I'll show youse a dabster. Twice at Adam's sending, the doctor came the forty miles on the ice from the Key. Father La Haye was there days and nights with Adam at the last. Not that us women away at our sugar-making knew this till after. The bastard wee creature was starved, they do say. Adam nor Father La Haye could find nothing to nourish it."

She had led them to a little mound removed and alone. The wooden cross marking the infinitesimal bit of ground said:

Miss Essie McPherson  
aGed 23 mo

Little Father La Haye and Anita had journeyed afoot two days northward. The first stop was made at Hurley where they spent the night at the Mission house. Crossing Little Chief Pass, they spent the second night with the rangers at the station. The third day saw them into the bush at sunup. They would sleep to-night at the rangers' station again, returning.

"And if Adam's condoned his sin and married the Indian girl, Anita?"

She lifted mute eyes to his.

"Eh, well, set your own house in order, and Adam set his. Ye begged me to this end, and I brought ye. This Chippewa girl died when the wee 'un came. Adam fetched the child from her people."

"We'll find him here?"

"He's in charge here, he's tending the lumber company's property till the men come up again in the fall."

They were standing at the edge of a tamerack clearing. "Yonder's smoke out the cook-house chimney. Go knock. If he's not at hand, he will be."

Adam opened the door. He was in his lumberman's garb, and he wore a yellow beard.

"I came to you and Miss Essie McPherson soon as the ice broke, Adam. Whether you got my letter, I don't know. I didn't know wee Essie was dead till they took me to the churchyard. And now I've told you, we'll start back."

Adam listened, looking at her, plainly troubled. He dwarfed the tamaracks—this young man.

"I didn't get youse that youse went away and left me, Anita. Neither did I get youse when youse wrote me youse were coming back."

Father La Haye had come up. "You're not the first man among us to confess to it, and you'll not be the last. As these womenkind are, God fashioned 'em, Adam." He smote palm on palm abruptly,

"Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Clearing weather comes from the bitter north, and a right spirit through chastening. Read Anita through yourself, Adam McPherson. Like you, like me, like the rest of men and women, she's better than the least, and she's less than the best that's in her."

Anita was clinging to Adam now, and his arms had closed upon her.

"Youse're meaning, 'Nita, that when I come down the day I'm released from here, youse'll marry me?"

"On your knees, both o' ye," thundered Father La Haye, "on your knees."

He stood above them.

"The sinned against, the weaker creatures pay. God in His own way exacts the price. Let us pray for the repose of the souls of Marie Commander, and Miss Essie McPherson, her daughter."

# Two Poems

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

## THE BIRDS

**M**ONTH of triumph, month of mirth,  
May doth repossess the earth.  
Hillsides of a dazzling green  
Against the clearest heavens are seen.  
Naked forests don a pale  
Empurpled palpitating veil.  
The very dandelions hold  
A fresh, intense, celestial gold;  
While the cloudlets as they rise  
Blush like blossoms in the skies.  
May is brightness, May is splendor,  
Fire ethereal, fierce and tender,  
Living in the liquid blue,  
With every color in its hue;  
Touching everything we see  
Into immortality.

What wonder if the birds give throat  
To see the silvery vapors float,  
Loiter, drift, and pass along?  
The wren cannot contain his song—  
Rippling into ecstasy  
That the world so bright should be.  
Robins revel as they roam  
Drunk with new elysium;  
While the songster-sparrow sits  
Seized with sudden music fits.  
Uncontrollably they sing,  
Mad with joy at everything.  
Round about, above and under.  
May's a great white-thoughted wonder,  
All creation's holiday,  
Liquid, tender, brilliant May.

## UP COUNTRY

**B**Y the farmer's shallow pond  
Country children are at play,  
Hatless, busy, Dutch and blond,  
In the cloudless morn of May;  
And the willows cast no shade  
By the little white cascade  
Where the ducklings boldly swimming  
Brave the rivulet's o'er-brimming;  
And the farmer's wife is spreading  
Aprons, tablecloths and bedding,  
Till the season of the year  
Shouts aloud in household gear.