

"The hell I am," shouted Bill. "Listen, I'm a he-man, I can *take* it, I can—!"

The doctor smiled. He hadn't heard the twisted voice that trailed off in agony. Gently he patted the hot shoulder, and as he turned away, smiled again at the nurse.



## Creamery Fever

(With apologies to Mr. Masefield)

By Boyd M. Hakes

I Must go down to the plant again, to that  
place of ceaseless din,  
And all I ask is some good, sweet cream, and a  
churn to churn her in,  
And the wheels' click, and the motor's hum,  
and the white churns' shaking,  
And the yellow specks upon the "spy" when at  
last the butter's breaking.

I must go down to the plant again, for the  
call of the "cream run"  
Is a steady call, a clear call, when once  
it is begun;  
And all I ask is a busy day, with the  
cream cans rolling in,  
The smell of cream, the blow of steam,  
All part of the merry din.

I must go down to the plant again, to that  
hard and busy strife,  
To the wet floors and the damp air, where one  
works to maintain his life;  
And all I ask is a "tall, tall" tale, from some  
jolly farmer friend,  
And a quiet home, and refreshing sleep, at the  
hard day's end.