



and go with him. It stayed right under that tree where it was cool.”

“I’m thinking of getting me one of those new electric iceboxes,” Jimmy said. “If I get one I’m going to keep the door open and sit right in front of it all day.”

“I heard that some rich folks got two or three of them refrigerators in their house so they can have a cool glass of water in whatever room they’re in,” Mr. Mills said. “That’s what you call high living.”

“I still don’t see why you need an electric icebox when all it does is make the same kind of ice that the iceman brings,” Jimmy said.

“Don’t pay him no stead, Mark.” Mr. Mills turned toward me and jerked his thumb toward Jimmy. “He don’t realize this is 1925. He’s still living back in the old days when they used to feed Christians to the lions and whatnot.”

“This conversation don’t have a thing to do with no Christians and lions,” Jimmy answered. “It’s okay being modern but you can’t let it go to your head. That’s what’s wrong with that teacher down in Tennessee talking about how people come from monkeys. He’s trying to be modern but what he’s talking about don’t make a bit of sense.”

“I read in the paper where they interviewed a monkey and asked his opinion on the subject,” Mr. Mills said.

“Now you know you lying, Mr. Mills,” Jimmy said. “Nobody asked no monkey nothing!”