

Red was soon at home in his new surroundings, and was noted for being the fattest and dirtiest little boy in town, who took a special delight in rolling in the dirt when a clean dress was put on, so that he had to be washed and dressed all over. This soon became monotonous to the cleanly fisherman's wife, so she let him go dirty. When the boy was four years old he was so used to dirt and filth that his little red hands and face were almost black. He seemed to think that the harsh words, kicks, cuffs and beatings given him by both his playmates and their elders were made especially for him, so he took them all in good humor—never whimpering or thinking about them after they were over. Red was never allowed to go with the larger children when they went down to the small bayou on the east side of town, to sail their toy boats, but he had often seen those little skiffs of his cousins' when they were brought home, and he was longing for the time to come when he could have one of his own.

One day Red wandered farther away from home than he had ever been before by himself, and found that he was on the beach—a place that he knew nothing of, except that he, his aunt and her children sometimes walked there on Sunday afternoons, and that once, a long time back, his uncle had taken him in the pretty little boat he saw before him to sail on the bay. He thought, "I'll just turn this boat loose and let people see it sail, to show them that I can sail a boat. But no, once Uncle took me in this boat and we went a long way out on the water; so why can't I get in and go by myself?" He got in and soon had the rope that fastened the