

The Story Club

by Edmund Vance Cowley

HE WANTED TO LEARN HOW TO CRY

Rob Robinson wanted to learn how to cry, but you can't cry without a reason and he had no reason.

His father was not poor, so he had plenty to wear in the winter, and his father was not rich, so Rob could go barefooted in the summer. He went swimming with the full consent of his moth-

could muss up as much as he pleased and nobody complained. No wonder he was happy and never cried.

You say he was silly to want to learn to cry, and maybe he was, but if so, he was a great deal like some other folks. For example, some boys want to learn to—well, this is what they do: They take some pieces of weed, roll them up into a paper and set fire to one end of it. That would



er, and when he got into a fight, his father only asked him two questions: "Was there any reason why you had to?" and "Did you fight fair?"

He was never good enough to be called a "teacher's pet," or bad enough to be sent up to the principal. His folks weren't so proud that he couldn't make some money when he had a chance and he had a room at home which he

be useless enough, but not content with that, they put the other end into their mouths and keep the thing burning by sucking at it, like a baby at a bottle. Foolish? Well, it usually makes them sick to begin with, wastes money, gives them bad breaths and makes them not quite so strong and not quite so smart. Foolish! Why learning to cry is sensible alongside learning to smoke.