

CHAPTER IV

FROGS LEGS

In his reading one day Grandfather learned that "frog legs" were an expensive delicacy at New York restaurants. Now the marshes were full of frogs and why could not our crowd enjoy this expensive delicacy? Hurrah for the marshes! We soon returned with a pail full of frogs and prepared the legs for cooking. But who would know how to cook them? It was unanimously agreed that Grandfather's mother would be the best one to ask, for she was an excellent cook and inclined to humor us boys in our odd requests.

Your great grandmother at first demurred; she did not think them fit to eat and she had no idea how to cook them, but after some coaxing she melted some butter in a skillet, dropped the frog legs in and sprinkled them with salt. Whereupon what do you suppose happened? Why, the frog legs began to twitch and to jump about in the pan. We thought your great grandmother would have hysterics. With great difficulty was she calmed sufficiently to finish cooking the frog legs.

My, but were they not wonderful to eat! Such a delicacy we had indeed never had. But, alas, your great grandmother flatly refused to cook a frog's leg again until your grandfather by some intensive research on the lives of frogs was able to prove from the printed page that frogs once dead remained dead, and did not come to life again, but that since frogs are a low order of creation, when salt is applied to the exposed nerves in the legs of a dead frog, the legs will twitch.

Thereafter we had many feasts on frogs legs, as long as that