



HENDERSON AVENUE SCENE

white coats. It was some time before he felt Proboscis' nose in his coat pocket. Too late he thought of his roll of bills! It was disappearing down the goat's throat before he could grab after it!

The words which followed may have conveyed nothing to Proboscis' ears, but the tone did, and the gestures were those of a man angered to madness. Soon, however, his passion was spent, and Farmer Stott started a slow return to his boarding-house.

The day, which had been gray and cold, grew more threatening as he proceeded, and snow commenced to fall. Farmer immediately thought of the kids, exposed to the cold. "Let 'em freeze! Serves 'em right for having such a mammy. Darn her; she never has brought me anything but trouble, anyway." Thus soliloquizing, he proceeded on his way. But the appeal of helplessness proved too strong, and he retraced his steps, more rapidly now, until he reached the spot where the kids lay, cowering under Proboscis' shaggy coat for the protection it gave. Proboscis fled at his approach, keeping her eyes on him, but at a safe distance.

With a kid under each arm, Stotty made for the tumble-down farmhouse which had become his property when he bought the land on which it stood. Its use as a human habitation had long passed, but it would do for the goats. Proboscis followed, far enough in the rear to be out of danger. The snow was falling faster by this time, and already a fleecy mantle covered the ground.

Into what had once been the library of the old house, the kids were carried, Proboscis coming in too, after eyeing the door suspiciously.

Fifty years ago this had been a room reflecting taste and the means to gratify it. Even now it showed traces of its elegance in the carved mantelpiece and paneled woodwork. Rotting shingles provided the fuel for a fire that soon blazed in the open fireplace, while without the storm raged and the wind grew stronger, shaking the old house to its foundations. It grew dark, and Farmer Stott decided to spend the night there rather than risk the three-mile trip in the storm.

Crash! crash! the plaster on the wall was shaken loose by the impact of a limb driven against the house by the force of the wind. Stotty, who had been dozing, awoke with a start.

Proboscis roamed restlessly' around.

Clink, clink, clink! Proboscis had found the hole in the wall, left by a portion of the falling plaster, and was making a meal from what appeared to be a piece of canvas, while a metallic sound resulted from each pull at the cloth.

A stronger tug brought out a canvas sack, and gold coins poured out on the floor. Farmer Stott's hasty but thoro search revealed five bags in all, each with two thousand dollars in gold.

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One who has not seen the old Cotton place, now known as Stott's Farm, would never recognize the desolate place of

two years' ago. A handsome house occupies the site of the dilapidated building that was once the Cotton homestead.

Blooded cows graze in the fields, while Mr. and Mrs. Stott happily dwell there. Needless to say, Proboscis roams the place at will, monarch of all she surveys.

### Spare Time

As a general rule, we may judge the character and quality and usefulness of a man by the way in which he spends his "spare time." It is understood, of course, that "spare time" is all of the time not spent in the regular vocation or task or labor of earning his daily bread.

The wise King Alfred is said to have divided his day into three equal parts—eight hours for work, eight hours for play or recreation, and eight hours for sleep. Many thousands of American king-alfreds might do the same thing today, if they would, for there is no one to say that they must do this or that with sixteen hours out of every twenty-four—not to mention about twenty on Saturday, and every hour of Sunday.

As recreation is a very broad term it may not be too much to give a third of every day to it. Recreation means anything that will re-create, that is, rebuild, revivify, rejuvenate body and mind to fit them for the tasks of a coming day. The best of recreation, we believe, comes in a change of occupation. A blacksmith may find healthful recreation in a judicious game of baseball; but he must be careful not to overdo his activity, for muscles are not re-created while they are active. Likewise, a professor of mathematics may find recreation in a game of chess. The chief thing is that, no matter what the recreation chosen, it should conform to the Izaak Walton formula, and "not give offense to God or man."

Your spare time is your own, to do with as you see fit. How are you using it? If an hour or two additional in this line has come to you of late, what are you doing with this extra spare time? Are you making yourself and those around you better because of your greater leisure, your greater time for thought, your greater time for useful social effort?

Or are you simply adding this extra spare time to the hours of spare time you may have been wasting for years? If you are spending your spare time and your extra spare time wisely, thoughtfully, judiciously, usefully, then you are