

Mr. Fry: Edith, tell me the principal parts of freeze.
Edith Holt: Freeze, froze, frizen.

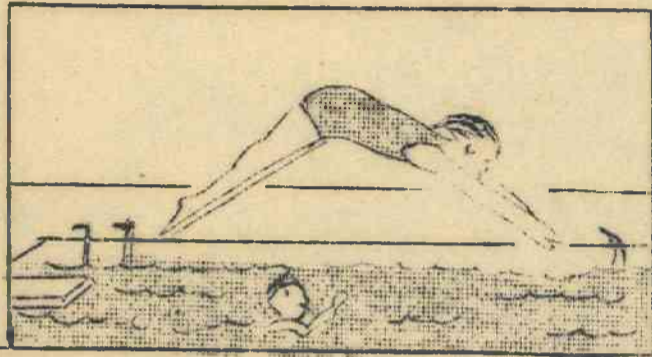
Mr. Canipe was explaining that you can only subtract objects of the same denomination or kind. A hand went up in the back of the room.

Mr. Canipe: "What is it, Orge?"

Orge C.: "Please - can't you subtract twelve quarts of milk from two cows?"

One of Life's Little Comedies

The boys were swimming and splashing around in the "Ole Swirmin' Hole", and laughing and shouting could be heard for a long distance. Butch was showing off as usual.



"I'm going to duck Jimmy, boys! Come on and see the fun!" shouted Butch. Jimmy was a small boy who could not swim.

"Aw, lemme alone, Butch," whined Jimmy.

"Haw, haw! You ain't afraid of a little water are ya, kid?" bellowed Butch. Butch always enjoyed bullying the little Jimmy. He jumped upon Jimmy's shoulders and submerged him three or four times. Jimmy pleaded, but Butch would not let go.

"Can't ya see that the kid's half drowned, Butch?" asked Mose, the new boy. All eyes were focused on Mose.

"Who pulled your chain, buddy?" asked Butch angrily.

"Hands off that kid, Butch," warned Mose.

"Come out on the bank and I'll teach you a thing or four, smart guy," challenged Butch, scrambling out of the water.

"I'm comin' out fightin'," yelled Mose, climbing out of the water. Butch rushed on Mose and landed a haymaker on his chin. Mose went down. He was up again in a second and was hammering Butch in the face. They fought a few minutes, each doing his best to score a K. O. Mose slammed three fast jabs into Butch's face and a hard, straight right into his stomach. Butch, thrown off balance, fell sprawling into the water. The boys howled with delight at his plight. Mose made a dive into the water on top of Butch, carrying them both to the bottom of the pond. Mose ducked Butch ten successive times, and Butch struggled, sputtering and gasping for breath, to the bank.

"Enough! Calf-ropes! Uncle!" shouted Butch, grabbing his clothes and running for home. All the gang congratulated Mose on his victory, and then the laughter and swimming were resumed.

- by-S. A. BOAZ.

One of Life's Little Tragedies

by

W. C. Correll

Little Mary's cat, Toby, was very sick and she didn't know what to do about it for no one was at home. Her mother was visiting and her brother Tom, who was supposed to be taking care of her, had slipped off somewhere. Mary was a very independent little girl, so she decided to cure Toby herself. Going to the bathroom where

