

That's What They Say Down to Sho-Fly

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ferred back to his record book and found that I had been in court four times the very week the deal was made.

Of course at first, I was dead sure it was another man, but I soon had to either own up guilty or have those chattering lawyers talk me to the undertaker's shop, but I still maintained that the bill was only fourteen dollars and eighty-seven cents instead of ninety cents. A hot argument followed, but I let the two lawyers do the fighting. I had about convinced the Judge that it was eighty-seven cents, when he arose from a nap of two short hours and pronounced my bill as the company had stated, and demanded that I pay the amount over to him and he would transpose it to the company.

Of course I obeyed. I payed him with one dollar bills. I saw he was half-asleep so I counted one twice and was thinking pretty sharply of slipping three bogus pennies over to him, when I saw the sheriff's keen eye peaking over the Judges shoulder. So I took the money back and recounted it and gave him the correct amount. But, evidently, the Judges glasses were the multiplying kind, for he insited that I had counted the money wrong. He gave me back one dollar. I took the dollar and counted the money again, thinking that maybe it would multiply some more. This time the Judge realized his own mistake and he made me give him the one dollar back. I desired to count the money one more time, but the Judge stuck the money in his pocket and lay back in his chair to take a nap.

My lawyer charged me ten dollars as his fee, but I "jewed" him down to five, (bogus dollars they were) and took his overcoat as I went out of the courtroom to make things even.

Boys, this was a very lucky day for me, but I'll advise you not to try the same stunt—I'm an exceptional fellow, you know; leastwise, that's what the folks down to Shoofly say.—Nady Cates.

The largest boys' camp in the world is conducted by the Boy Scouts of America on Bear Mountain Reservation, New York. It accommodates 1,250 boys.

THE MAGNITUDE OF SMALL DEFECTS

For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost.—Franklin.

These are most certainly practical words from the pen of that great statesman. They can be applied to all phases, and conditions in the human life, for all destruction is due to the failure or weakness of small things. The lack of a small thing will hamper the progress of larger ones.

To prove this statement we will consider a crumbled building, or a wrecked automobile, or a diseased man. Buildings fall from the decay of a single brick, automobiles are put out of working commission from the lack of a spark plug, and men are thrown into a most pitiful agony from the strain of a single nerve.

Yet, men do not take steps to repair these small defects, until after it is too late. They do not make "the stitch in time which saves nine," but rather they wait and take the nine. This is one cause of the present high cost of living.

BOYS! LINE UP FOR BOXING!

Say, what's the use of being behind times; get in the line. Boxing at the present is the most popular sport in the world. It seems that this sport is leading the day in England and France, and it soon will be in the U. S., for athletic organizations and the press have gotten behind it and are boosting it very highly. It is prophesied that in 1921 boxing will be "all the go," and New York will be the leader of this great sport.

This sport can not be boosted too much, for besides being a "manly art of self-defense," it is a mighty developer of the body, that is, if not excessively practised. It strengthens the legs, arms and back. The various positions as assumed in attack and defense, also, serve to increase the agility of the boxer, make him light on his feet, and develop control of his body. Moreover, he received training in mental alertness as he practices the art of "hitting without getting hit."

Boys, if you want to practice this sport, here are a few rules which you should observe in order to have a mutual understanding with your opponent. These are the Marquis of Queensbury Rules, or rather a part

of them, which are accepted throughout the world; (1) no wresting or clinching. (2) Each round is 3 minutes long. (3) If boxer falls to floor, he is allowed 10 seconds in which to rise. (4) Intermission between rounds is 1 minute. (5) Maximum weight of gloves is eight ounces, and size of ring from sixteen to twenty feet square.—By Nady Cates.

THE FIRST HAIR CUT

I walked into a barber shop of the city the other day and told the first man who had on a white coat that I wanted a hair cut.

I said, "Where do you want me to sit?"

"Right over here, son."

"I did not want my tooth pulled. I only wanted a hair-cut."

"Well, that's what I'm going to give you."

"But that's a tooth-pullin' chair."

The man convinced me that the chair was for no other purpose than for cutting hair, so I climbed into it. He spread a large apron around my neck, and then a towel.

"Do you want it cut all round or just down the sides?" he asked.

"I want the whole thing while I'm here."

He took a little thing off a rack over in the corner, pushed a button and started toward my head.

I said, "Hey! Stop there! I wanted a hair-cut."

He told me that that was what he was preparing to give me and that the thing which made the noise was only the shears (or clippers, I believe he called 'em.) Well, I let him use 'em. Then he came toward me with a little thing which had fire to it and said, "Don't you want a 'singe?'" I told him that I did not. He then asked me if I wanted a tonic and I ask him what that was. He told me that it was a liquid to make your hair greasy and also make it comb well. I told him I would take one. After he did this he said, "All right." And I said "What? Are you through?" He told me that he was so I got down. I paid him and left that place. I think one of those machines were to cut your ears off with.

"How you gettin' on wid youah 'rithmetic, Lou?"

"Well, I done learned to add up de oughts, but de figgers bodder me."—Selected.