

man to whom he remarked: "You look just about the way I feel. Receptions of this kind are certainly the most tiresome things ever invented."

"Yes," the tired-looking man admitted, rather sadly, "they really are a little tiresome at times."

"Why, they bore you to death," went on Jones, glad to have found a fellow sufferer. "Say, why don't you go home?"

"Me? Oh, I am home. This is my house, you know," the other bored one answered.

SOME TREE

"You fellows never saw big trees," said the stranger to the loafers in the village tavern. "Why, when I was out in California they felled a hollow tree over a ravine that was too deep and would cost too much to build a bridge across. One day when I was coming through this tree with a load of hay I met another man with a load of hay coming through the other end. I couldn't back out nor go ahead; neither could he."

"What did you do?" they asked breathlessly.

"Why, he stammered, "I backed into a hollow branch and let him pass by."

BUCKLE DOWN

Buckle down and meet it whatever it
may be,
Nothing's very easy, though we make
it so with glee,
Buckle down and face it, with the sun-
shine on your shield.
If you buckle down and meet it,
there's a chance that it will yield.