

They go with the wind and the tide and land on any shore where chance wills. Be that shore rocky and barren they must abide what has befallen them, for they allowed themselves to drift there. It is then too late usually to change to some other course.

A little aim in life is a fine thing. Aim high for there is always some "falling short" to be considered and due allowances should be made. Above all things have a target to shoot at and let that target be large and high rather than little and low—then aim so that you overshoot, rather than undershoot, the mark. Be sure to aim if you would hit the target. You seldom hit the bulls-eye when you shoot aimlessly. To live aimlessly is the same as shooting aimlessly. Aimlessness gets one very little in the long run.

FLY SONG

Ten little flies
 All in a line;
 One got a swat!
 Then there were———
 Nine little flies
 Grimly sedate,
 Licking their chops—
 Swat! There were———
 Eight little flies
 Raising some more—
 Swat! Swat! Swat! Swat!
 Then there were———
 Four little flies
 Colored green-blue;
 Swat! (Ain't it easy!)—
 Then there were———
 Two little flies
 Dodged the civilian—
 Early the next day
 There
 were
 a
 million!