

quick if you don't want to be Tossed," said his Parent. "Folks around here won't stand for any such fool Regalia, and if you walk like a frozen-toed Heron you'll get some Hot Shots, or I miss my Calculations."

"Bay, Poppy, I've been eating Raw Meat and drinking Blood at the Training Table and I'm Edged and I'm experienced in pulling my Chest until it bulged out like a Thornton Squash. "If any of these low Georgie Glues try to shoot their Pink Conversation at me, I'll throw them into the lake, let them hang there. "If the Gazabo that Pule the Shot. Any man who can trim a Policeman up and chuck a Hack and dance " with him, doesn't ask for any sweeter Taploca than one of these Gaffer Greens. The Plow-Boy who has muscle-bound and full of energy will straddle the time that he struts across my Pathway. In my Trunks I have eight suits a little warmer than this one and if pairs of passionate Rose, I'll put out the time that I have a Town of High Life. It's about time that you Chaws had a Glimpse of the Great Out side World. Any one who gets Fuss about the Cuckoo Clocks, I'll throw the spring from Day to Day, will be chased up and served for Lunch. To begin with I'm going to teach you and Mother to play Golf of these Muttie Cakes, I'll show you the Fence and start to get of their Colored Weekly Jokes, we'll gain the Hillside with them."

"What they teach up at your School besides Murder?" inquired Father. "I thought you would be County Superintendent of Schools."

"What's that?" asked those two-by-two Ambitions, was the Reply. "I'm going to be on the Eleven next Fall. What more could you ask?"

"That very week you had organized a Band and the wall-popped Hickory Crick, Sam Tootle and Sozainsville. He had the power Township with him. Every Cub at Pew Township began to wear a Turkish Towel for Collar and practice the Harvard Walk."

MORAL: A Boy never blossoms into his full Possibilities until he strikes an Atmosphere of Culture.

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During the Quarrel—Hark!—But if you will allow me to— She—Oh! I don't know what you mean, I'm not a girl, I'm a man, I'm a man, I'm a man, and I can prove It—Brooklyn, I'll