

LOVE in a HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.
Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

Hall laughed jeeringly. "Can't he? You don't know Uncle John! He was the most unmitigated bore that ever breathed. Talk about cranks! He never did approve of me—too 'artistic.' And I was fool enough to try to be independent. Result: I have to take photographs for a living. Why, Flodie, he's just as likely to have left me a dime with a hole in it, and let it go at that!"

Flodie sighed in sympathy, and said: "Well, those bills must be paid in any case! And there's just seventy-seven cents in the cash box!"

"Good Lord, is it as bad as that? Well, we'll have to collect a few bills in a hurry." Hall appeared to dismiss the subject.

But Flodie was not to be dismissed. Well she knew his procrastination. "They're all collected, Mr. Bonistelle!" she protested; "every last one! You can trust me to attend to that! And I've had to sit up and beg like a French poodle, too!"

Hall, walking back and forth, seemed not to be listening, but suddenly he turned to his assistant with a queer expression. He walked up to her and put his hand on her shoulder.

"See here, Flodie, have you taken out your salary regularly every week? Now, don't you try to fib!"

Flodie tried to pull away but it was too delicious. "Oh, I don't know," she mumbled. "Not for two or three weeks, perhaps. That's all right." Now it was she who caught hold of his arm.

"But I wanted to tell you something, Mr. Bonistelle—if you wouldn't mind—if you just let me—"

"What?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Oh, only—if you'd be willing—really I'd like to, you know—you know I've saved up a little money, Mr. Bonistelle—and, well, it might help you temporarily—till you could—"

Hall threatened her with savage playfulness. "Flodie Fisher," he said determinedly, "if you ever dare to mention such a thing to me again, I'll—I'll discharge you!" He took a turn up and down the room as she waited, watching him. "By jove, it does look as if I'd have to go to work!" Then he turned to her gloomily. "Well, anything else for this afternoon?"

"No," said Flodie, "but you have to develop and print, you know. There's lots of work for you in the dark room. And then, we've got to get ready for that expensive old party."

Hall scratched his head. "Heavens, I'd forgotten all about it."

"Of course you have, but I haven't! I've attended to everything: Music, caterer—and decorations—furious old nonsense it was too. I don't see how you can afford it, Mr. Bonistelle. Really I don't!" Flodie was very stern.

"It's business, Flodie—keeps the women curious. Makes 'em talk! Oh, well," Hall tossed it off his mind. "We'll get along somehow. Well, run along, Flo, now; I suppose I've got to get ready to preside at this altar of vanity. Good Lord! How I dread it! Flo, I honestly believe a photographer knows more of the actual truth about women than a doctor or a priest!"

Flodie gave him an indulgent smile. "Mr. Bonistelle, I want to tell you something. All three of them put together know mighty little!" So saying, she gave him a prim curtsy and retired to the office.

CHAPTER II.

Hall laughed and then stood thoughtful for a few moments, smoking airily, blowing rings. Then he took off his dressing gown, put on his coat, and had turned to his camera when Flodie came back.

"There's a desperate old flirt out there to see you, Mr. Bonistelle—Mr. Doremus."

"Doremus?" Hall searched his memory. "What does he look like—a bill collector?"

"No, he's just a nice old man with a side-whisker effect, trimmed with a gold chain, and he stares at you over the top of his glasses."

Hall sighed. "Well, have him in. I'll settle him!"

Mr. Doremus, grave and precise, looked about for a chair, and sat down deliberately. He searched in the inside pocket of his frock coat as he said pompously: "H'm, I took the first opportunity to communicate with you, Mr. Bonistelle. Unluckily, however, I could not get you on the telephone this morning." Still his hand groped in his pocket, like a dog at a woodchuck's hole.

"No?" Hall remarked impatiently. "I suppose I wasn't up."

Doremus brought forth a long envelope. Solemnly he spoke, looking over the tops of the rubber bows: "Mr. Bonistelle, I have the honor of being the attorney for the estate of your uncle, the late John Beasley Bonistelle."

A mental thunderbolt struck the room, and Hall, shocked and fright-

ened, could only gasp. "Er—is there any news about the will, Mr. Doremus? Here, have a cigar!"

Doremus looked up and nodded gravely. "Yes, the will has been found, Mr. Bonistelle, at last!" He tapped the paper in his hand. "It was discovered this morning at eight twenty-seven o'clock. You see I have been prompt, sir."

Hall restrained an overwhelming curiosity. "Where did you find it?" he asked faintly.

"Ah, curious. Most curious. An eccentric man, your uncle, Mr. Bonistelle. It was found in his library. In fact, if you will believe me, between the leaves of his own book—I mean, of course, the one he wrote himself—'Race Suicide and How to Prevent It.' I believe it is called. I have not yet had the pleasure of reading it."

Mr. Doremus stopped, and gave the young man a steady inspection. "I understand that you will be twenty-eight upon the fourth of May, Mr. Bonistelle. Am I correct?"

"Yes, tomorrow, why?"

Mr. Doremus solemnly held up his hand. "Wait!" he commanded. "Let me, before I go through the whole document, read this one clause."

Flodie, peeping through the door, was breathlessly listening. Hall was growing white.

"Er—here it is," Mr. Doremus proceeded to read soberly. "The residue of my estate I leave to my beloved nephew, Hall Cutler Bonistelle, on condition that he is married before he reaches the age of twenty-eight years."

"Oh, I know it! Well, it's all up then—just my luck!"

"If, however, at the beginning of his twenty-eighth birthday he is still unmarried, this residue shall be the property of my beloved cousin, Jonas Hassingbury, as a testimony to our youthful friendship," Mr. Doremus looked up.

Hall was scowling. "Let's see it!" he demanded, and he took the instrument, and read the clause over to himself, while Mr. Doremus' eyes drifted slowly about the apartment. "How



excitement, tiptoed back into the office.

Mr. Doremus deposited the paper upon the table. "Well, I shall leave you this copy to inspect at your leisure. You may not be aware that I am a justice of the peace, Mr. Bonistelle. I shall be quite willing to accommodate you, should you find a bride. I think I could perform as creditable a ceremony as any clergyman—at half price!" He chuckled at the idea.

Hall, in no mood for jests, rose and followed him. "Where's Cousin Jonas—Mr. Hassingbury?" he asked. "Lord, he ought to be a happy man, about now!"

Mr. Doremus paused. "I took the first opportunity of telegraphing to Mr. Hassingbury," he said, "informing him of the provisions of J. B. Bonistelle's will. I requested his immediate appearance in town, and I have no doubt that he will arrive here some time during the day."

"Think of that old hypocrite getting all that money!" Hall exclaimed. "Lord, it makes me ill—he'll be a thousand times more disgusting than ever, with his religious bosh and his charity talk!"

Mr. Doremus lifted an eloquent finger. "As an executor, you understand I must preserve an attitude of strict impartiality," he admonished. "At the same time, in my private capacity, I confess that I am on the side of your Four millions—ah, one could indulge one's youthful dreams!" He shook his head sentimentally. "Si la jeunesse savait, si la vieillesse pouvait!"

Hall watched him, half-amused. "Say, Doremus, you're all right!" Mr. Doremus was looking over his shoulder to get a glimpse of Flodie. Hall had an idea. "I say," he suggested, "why not come around here tonight, and we'll have a wake over my lost inheritance. I'm giving a small party, you know, just a few of my clients, and an actress or two—"

"Well, well! It might remind me of old times," Mr. Doremus offered his hand. "I think I shall come. It may renew my youth. Ah, Mr. Bonistelle, you might not believe it, but I've waited at the stage door myself, in my time!"

"I'll bet you have, old sport! and got away with it, too," said Hall, laughing. "Come along, then, I'll set them on you!"

"But meanwhile, don't forget that I'm a justice of the peace!" Mr. Doremus gave Hall a poke in the ribs, grinned, bowed and went out, with a youngish smile at Flodie as he flourished through the office.

No sooner was the door shut than Hall Bonistelle exploded. "Well, Flodie, it's all up! It's back to the farm for mine! Isn't that just my luck?"

A lively hope had blossomed in Flodie's heart. She was pale and trepid. "I couldn't quite hear," she answered, dissembling; "what was it?"

"Four and a half million dollars gone to the devil just by a fluke—that's all! By jove, it's an outrage!"

Flodie stood twisting her hands nervously. "You don't mean you're going to let that—?" Flodie stopped just in time; her mind had run away with her lips. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle, I mean you don't mean that mean old Jonas Hassingbury's going to get that money."

"Yes, confound him! The psalm-singing, boiler-throbber old hypocrite! Four millions, Flodie! Think of it! Good Lord, isn't it ferocious? And if that will had only been found when Uncle John died—but Lord, what's the use of talking. He walked doggedly back into the studio, and gave a vicious swing to his camera.

Flodie followed him in, then stood looking at him pensively. She spoke slowly, softly, deliberately. "Why don't you go ahead and get the money, Mr. Bonistelle?"

"Get the money? How?"

"Why, get married!" Flodie turned suddenly crimson.

"Why, who in the world would have me?"

Flodie swallowed down a lump in her throat. "Oh," she said, "I'm sure there's some nice girl who'd be so proud to marry you, Mr. Bonistelle!"

"Well, I don't know how I'm to find her—and I've got dented little time to look. Why, do you realize that I've only got till midnight to do the whole thing in?" He went up to her. "And do you imagine that any woman would want to be married in that way?"

"Oh, when you're in love, it doesn't matter how soon—"

"A hurr, no wooing, eh? By jove, I wonder—" He stared at her with a new light in his eyes. "Say, you really think I could get away with it? Why, I never—"

"Oh, you could do anything, Mr. Bonistelle. I'm certain you could!"

"Do you know of any woman who'd have me—that quick?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"I Took the First Opportunity to Communicate With You."

much will the residuary legate receive?" Hall asked weakly.

"Oh, upward of four millions, I expect," said Mr. Doremus with unctuousness.

"And I lose all that, just because I'm a single man!" Hall dropped, limp and gloomy, into a chair.

Mr. Doremus bowed soberly. "Your uncle held strong views, Mr. Bonistelle. He firmly believed in marriage. He thought it a duty. He maintained high ideals for the future of the race."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" cried Hall. "I know all about that. Didn't Uncle John talk me to death on the subject? Why didn't he get married himself?"

"An unfortunate love-affair, I understand, prevented his putting his own theories into practice," said Doremus. "I think—mind, I do not say so positively—but it is possible that, had you—knowing, you understand, his peculiar theories—"

"Acted accordingly?" said Hall. "Married on the chance of becoming his heir? Bright idea! But it's too late now. Lord!"

"It is, as you say, too late, practically, I presume," Mr. Doremus remarked, "but, legally, I must remind you that the time has not yet expired. You have until midnight, you understand, in which to qualify for the inheritance. Much has been done in fourteen hours, Mr. Bonistelle."

"Fourteen hours!" Hall repeated. "Why, fourteen days would be little enough time. You can't put a thing like marriage through on a time schedule, you know, can you?"

"I confess I do not know," said Mr. Doremus, rising.

Hall sat in a brown study, regarding his boots, as Mr. Doremus prepared to leave. Flodie, her eyes bright with

so late that my mother had to call from the top of the stairs and tell him it was nearly twelve o'clock."

"That is interesting," said the reporter, "but it is hardly worth giving to the public. It seems to lack point."

"But I haven't come to the point, and I can't come to it unless you ask me for the reason for his late staying."

"Well, what was the reason?" the reporter asked.

"I am," she replied.

Lofty Stelvio Pass

THE entrance of Italy into the European war and the gains she has made thus far on some of the Alpine roads connecting her with the Austrian Tyrol brings into prominent view one of the highest and most popular of all the Alpine post-roads—the Stelvio.

Although this road may not possess the strategic value of some of the other highways of the Alps which the Italians early in the fighting secured control, to hold and fortify this, one of the best built roads and the highest between Austria and Italy, has long been Italy's ambition, for the reason that it would give her a dominating power over a most convenient route to Landeck and Innsbruck, as well as a clutch on the upper reaches of the valley of the Adige, west of Meran.

Her engineers foresaw that the almost perfect construction of the Stelvio, with its easy grades and excellent roadbed, would enable Italy, once the master of this highway, to rush great quantities of troops and mountain artillery into the extreme western part of the Tyrol, where the natural possibilities for intrenchment are such that it might be hard for the Austrian troops to dislodge her.

The military experts of Austria were not behind Italy in placing a high value on the road and it has long been Austria's determination to hold it at all hazards.

The Stelvio road—called by the Germans the "Stilleschneise"—is familiar to many American tourists who have motored over it in traveling from Bolzen and Meran, in the Austrian

Tyrol, or from the Bavarian Tyrol, via Innsbruck and Landeck, to the Italian lakes, as it presents a very accessible and picturesque route from either of those tourist centers to Lake Garda or Lake Como.

"Highest Street in Europe."

The road ascends from the Austrian side of the great chain of mountains dividing that country from Italy, through the beautiful valley of Trafoi and then by an amazing series of zigzag turns or loops in the road—a really marvelous example of roadbuilding and engineering—brings the traveler up over four thousand feet in eight miles and a half, at a very easy and comfortable grade. At the top, or the "pass" itself—where these roads cross the crest of the mountain this point is called the "pass"—it reaches the remarkable altitude of 9,655 feet above the sea, making it the highest carriage road on the continent, or, as a German tourist has aptly put it, "the highest street in Europe!"

Of all the post roads of the Alps the Stelvio has always been the most popular among tourists during the summer months. Almost any noonday from the middle of June until the first of September one would find clustered around a barnlike hotel at the top of the pass called the "Hotel Ferdinandsheide" a vast collection of every conceivable kind of vehicle from the most expensive motor car to the lumbering old but picturesque mountain diligence, as well as innumerable "einspanner" and "drespanner," the comfortable little one and two horse victorias so much in evidence on every Alpine road. Clustered in the none too spacious dining hall of this hotel one would find an equally odd assortment of tourists from every part of the globe, chattering in every known language, making a veritable babel of tongues, with here and there an occasional tinted personage accompanied by a retinue of servants, adding a little luster to the gathering, and a

offered his seat to a lady. "Oh, thank you so much," she gushed. "So good of you to give me your seat, but I don't like you to stand up." The gentleman replied with a suspicion of heightened color on his apple-cheek, "Madam, I should like to oblige you in both respects, but what would people say if you were to sit on my lap!"—London Chronicle.

City's Eight Pension Funds.

New York city has eight pension funds. They are the public school teachers' retirement fund, the police pension fund, the fire department relief fund, the department of health fund, the College of the City of New York fund, the supreme court appellate division fund, the street cleaning department fund, and the city of New York employees' retirement fund.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

"De man dat sells do dice," said Uncle Eben, "is de only one dat makes sure money out'n a crap game."

The man who takes himself too seriously soon becomes a joke.

GOOD AND SUFFICIENT REASON

Fair Co-ed's Explanation of Caller's Late Stay Seemed Eminently Satisfactory.

The telephone rang, and the voice of an Ohio State university "co-ed" said, "Hello! Do you know who is talking?"

"Of course," was the reply. "I recognize the charming qualities of your voice."

"Huh!" she said.



LOOKING DOWN THE STELVIO

the road becomes a Y, the left branch turning abruptly and leading down to Bormio in Italy, while the right branch, turning to the north, crosses the crest of the mountains by the Unbrall Pass and following soft rolling hills of the valley of Murazza carries the traveler by the new road, the Wormser Pass, down to the Munster-Thal, in Switzerland.

Zigzag Road on Austrian Side.

Standing at the top of the pass and looking back toward the Austrian side one sees the curious zigzags or loops in the road, twisting down the sloping side of the valley to the left as if some giant painter had taken an immense whitewash brush and drawn an irregular streak down the side of the mountain. This is the most difficult part of the pass. Mount Ortler, the dominating peak of the mountain range surrounding the Stelvio, rises in majestic dignity at the right side of the road to a height of almost 13,000 feet.

The Stelvio is rarely open for traffic much before the middle of June in any year, as the snow clings affectionately to all of these post roads of the Alps until well into the late spring. Particularly is this the case with the Stelvio. A late or severe winter keeps the upper reaches of this road blocked to all carriage traffic up to the end of June. Perhaps the Italians had this in mind when they held back their declaration of war against Austria until the latter part of May. Although the Alpine regiments of the Italian army are noted for their prowess and cleverness in "snow work," this kind of surface does not invite the easy transit of heavy artillery.



Everybody knows that the Chinese and Japanese are the great lantern makers. In fact, a lantern seems to be an essential adjunct to a Chinaman, and there is a story told of a night attack on a Chinese fort by the English, when every Chinaman took to his heels and mounted the hill behind with all speed. But every man carried his lighted lantern slung over his shoulder, and so formed the best of target for the enemy.

Many nations of the East, besides those more closely connected with Scriptural history, and notably the Chinese and Japanese, carry a lantern at the end of a stick—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Only Way.

Most of us think of the smart retort about ten minutes too late. The spare, apple-faced gentleman in the tube that was bearing its clerical freight to the city was not one of these. When the train pulled up with a jerk and a human avalanche fell into the compartment he rose with some difficulty and

That Came Afterward.

"Clara," said a mother to her four-year-old daughter, "did you peel your apple before eating it, as I told you?"

"Yes, mamma," was the reply.

"And what did you do with the peeling?" she was asked.

"Oh," answered the little miss, "I ate that afterward."

Use of Spare Hours.

A boy climbs up and makes something of himself in life or sows his wild oats and goes to the bad largely as a result of the use he makes of his spare hours. Success and happiness as well as failure and misery are wrapped up in them, and the thoughtful lad will have a care how he spends them.

Didn't Fancy It All.

"Yes, mam'am," said little Eric in reply to a query, "I like going to school, also coming from school. But what I don't like is staying there between times."

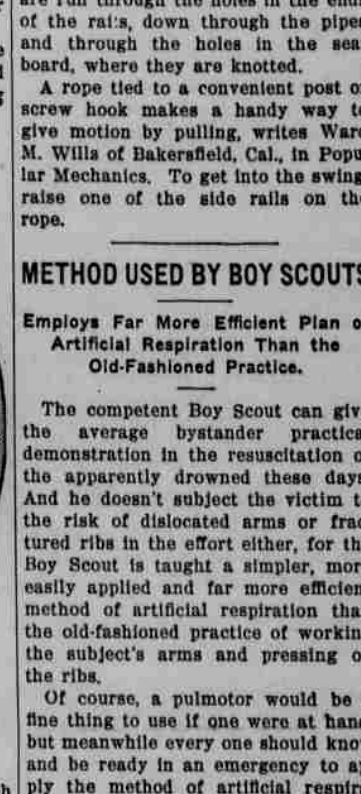
Old Lady in River.

What is an old lady in the middle of a river like? Like to be drowned.

OUTLINE OF A PORCH SWING

Rail is Arranged at Top to Enclose Persons Who Are Sitting in It—How It is Made.

The seat of the swing consists of a board, 20 inches long, 14 inches wide, and one inch thick, with holes bored in each corner for the ropes. The rail at the top is made of four oak pieces, two of them 30 inches long, for the sides, and the other two 18 inches long, for the ends; all three inches wide and 3/4 inch thick. The ends of these pieces are finished rounding, and holes are bored in them for the supporting ropes. The supports for the rails consist of four pieces of 3/4-inch pipe, 15 inches long. The ropes



A Porch Swing.

are run through the holes in the ends of the rails, down through the pipes and through the holes in the seat board, where they are knotted.

A rope tied to a convenient post or screw hook makes a handy way to give motion by pulling, writes Ward M. Wills of Bakersfield, Cal., in Popular Mechanics. To get into the swing, raise one of the side rails on the rope.

METHOD USED BY BOY SCOUTS

Employs Far More Efficient Plan of Artificial Respiration Than the Old-Fashioned Practice.

The competent Boy Scout can give the average bystander practical demonstration in the resuscitation of the apparently drowned these days. And he doesn't subject the victim to the risk of dislocated arms or fractured ribs in the effort either, for the Boy Scout is taught a simpler, more easily applied and far more efficient method of artificial respiration than the old-fashioned practice of working the subject's arms and pressing on the ribs.

Of course, a pulmotor would be a fine thing to use if one were at hand, but meanwhile every one should know and be ready in an emergency to apply the method of artificial respiration used by Boy Scouts, writes William Brady, M. D., in Chicago News.

It is performed as follows:

Place the subject prone on the ground or on any flat surface—that is to say, "on his stomach"—with the palms of his hands on the ground beside his head and his face turned to the right or left. Now kneel beside or astride his hips and press directly downward upon the lower ribs above the small of the back, by simply rocking the weight of your body forward on your rigid arms. This movement forces air (and water if there be any) out of the subject's chest. The next movement is still easier—simply release your pressure and lean back and wait a few seconds; the natural elasticity of the chest will then cause sufficient rebound or expansion to draw in fresh air.

Repeat this maneuver at the rate of eighteen or less times per minute by the watch, and you may be sure that no other known means, unless it be the pulmotor machine, will offer the drowned person such good chances of recovery. Never give up your efforts within half an hour, no matter how hopeless the case may seem.

AMUSING PAPER DOLL PARTY

Morning's Occupation for Youngster and One Which Will Keep Her Out of Mischief.

"A Paper Doll Party" is a morning's occupation for the youngster, and one which will delight her. There are several duties on her part that this function calls for. First, the invitations must be written and dispatched to the various dolls. Second, the refreshments have to be drawn, colored and cut out. This includes plates, spoons, dishes of fruit, cake, candy and tea cream, and a souvenir for each doll. Third, the dollies have to be dressed in their best bibs and tuckers and introduced to one another, before dancing and eating. Another morning may be spent in drawing a Noah's Ark, and coloring the animals.

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SNOWBALL WINS NINA KITTEN.

Snowball, Puff and Kit were doing up the sun—that is, Kit and Snowball were. Every once in a while Puff would open one eye and look at Kit and Snowball to see if they were asleep.

By and by he crept very carefully out of the barn and went down the road. Snowball opened his eyes just in time to see him go through the gateway.

"Where is Puff going?" he asked Kit. "I have noticed lately that he runs down the road very often and he does not ask either of us to go with him."

Kit licked his paws before he answered, and then he looked at Snowball. "With your knowledge of the world," he said, "I should think you would know where he goes, and why. He is in love. Have you not noticed how he sits around and dreams? He never runs about with us any more."

"Yes," said Snowball. "I have noticed that, but I thought it was because he was so tired; he is out so late at night hunting rats."

"Rats," said Kit; "he isn't hunting rats; he is out walking with Gray Tabble's daughter, Nina. They sit on the fence and talk and look at the moon all night. That is the reason he sleeps so much days."

"You do not tell me!" said Snowball. "I never thought of a love affair. Well, Nina is a very sleek-looking kitten," he said; "very sleek, indeed."

It was some time after Snowball learned of Puff's love affair that he was walking down the road one afternoon and heard a dog barking. The dog was dancing around a tree and seemed to be barking at something in the tree. On the fence sat Nina Kitten with her back humped up and looking very fierce, but the dog did not look at her.

Snowball hurried to the tree, for he half suspected what had happened, and there sat Puff on a limb looking very much frightened. Snowball flew at the dog and drove him away, for all the dogs in the neighborhood stood in fear of him. Then he jumped to the fence beside Nina Kitten.

"Miss Nina," he said, "very sweetly, 'come with me; I'll see you safely home.'"

Nina Kitten hung her head and looked very shy. Then she smiled and said: "Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Snowball! I was so frightened."

Snowball helped her to the ground and then he said: "It is such a lovely day, don't you think we might hunt for catnip? I can assure you that no dog will molest you while I am here."

Nina Kitten said she should feel quite safe anywhere with Snowball, and off they walked leaving poor Puff

gazing after them from his perch in the tree.

After a while he came slowly down and walked toward the house. He met Kit just as he was going into the yard.

"You look as solemn as an owl," said Kit. "What has happened?"

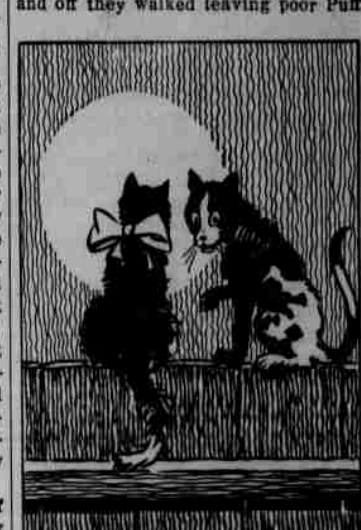
"Have you seen Snowball?" asked Puff.

"No," answered Kit. "Where is he?"

"He is out walking with Nina Kitten," said Puff.

"He is a rascal," replied Kit, "to take your girl out walking. How did it happen and where were you?" he asked.

Puff did not reply to this question, for he was ashamed that he had been afraid of the dog; so he walked away.



"They Sit on the Fence and Talk."

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Nuggets From Georgia.

Nothing like hoping you'll get to the brighter side—if you can work and wait till the world turns round.

Some folks complain of having too much to do, when it's so hard to pull through the holidays that come to us.

There will be no fault to find with the winters of the world if you only keep life's summers singing in your soul.

Believing that the world is all right has a tendency to make it ashamed to act otherwise.—Atlanta Constitution.

Use of Spare Hours.

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