

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while to see youth's visions fade. High hopes and great ambitions droop and die. To see the friends we trusted pass us by...

THE EDGE OF THE DARK.

The big framed man who opened the door of the old house eyed my sketching kit and modest bag of clothes with a look that was vaguely distrustful, even before I had ventured to ask him for a few days' board and lodging.

all set down; all the thing needed was to be "pulled together," when suddenly, right in the midst of my good time, I heard somebody open and shut the door behind me. I supposed it was Brace, and kept at work.

when just after supper I noticed a fresh-looking, eight-ounce bottle standing on the mantel-shelf beside the clock, and idly enough asked what was in it.

"I looked round!" I yelled, hoping against hope. "Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed, tiptoeing on. "You're a chicken! One I caught in the road. One I caught in the yard—a big one with a beard. And I'll catch you, too, chicken. Don't you run away, I'm a comin'."

Benjamin M. Snyder Jr., of Elmira, N. Y., and Wallace B. Porter, of Youngstown, Ohio, won the scholarships in 1909. Young Wolfe is a son of George B. Wolfe, a locomotive engineer on the Cleveland & Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania railroad.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Men of humor are always in some degree men of genius; with are rarely so, although a man of genius may, among other gifts, possess wit, as Shakespeare.—Coleridge.