

Bellefonte, Pa., August 5, 1927.

#### YOU

You are the fellow that has to decide Whether you'll do it or toss it aside. You are the fellow who makes up your

Whether you'll lead or will linger behind Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar Or be contented to stay where you are. Take it or leave it. Here's something to do! Just think it over. It's all up to you!

What do you wish? To be known as shirk. Known as a good man who's willing to

work, Scorned for a loafer or praised by your

chief, Rich man or poor man or beggar or thief? Eager or earnest or dull through the day, Honest or crooked? It's you who must say You must decide in the face of the test Whether you'll shirk or give it your best.

Nobody here will compel you to rise; No one will force you to open your eyes; No one will answer for you yes or no, Whether to stay there or whether to go. Life is a game, but it's you who must say, Whether as cheat or as sportsman you'll

Fate may betray you, but you settle first Whether to live to your best or your worst. By Edgar A. Guest.

#### BEFORE I COME FOR YOU.

"Until the rain in the afternoon prevented the running of the second Grand Prix," read Kit Ellsworth from the latest Paris letter,, "the same crowd of elegantes were later seen returning from Longchamps, stopping at D'Armenonville for tea, or sipping ices beneath the great red umbrellas at Pre Cathalan's-

Virginia Harcourt, advertising manager, reached for her last "ad" on Paris gowns and tore it mercilessly

into shreds. "Oh, don't do that!" protested Kit indignantly. "Oh, why do you? Why, it was one of your masterpieces." "Masterpiece nothing!" flamed the

advertising manager, tossing the tattered bits into the waste basket. it is even trying to do Paris stuff with knowing Paris?"

"I don't see why." Kit took up the cudgels with warmth. "Why, there's nobody in town can write Paris stuff itself in his tone as she made no anthe way you do-"

"Maybe not. But anybody who knows Paris can tell right off it isn't the real Paris stuff: only my feeble little notion of what the real stuff might be. If I were really there—in

Her eyes grew very dreamy. "I-I used to make little plans about it every night," she confessed without shame. "It-it sort of helpherrings and crackers. You can't understand, of course."

"Maybe I can," said Kit, to whom the discovery that she could understand had not yet lost its keen edge of wonder. She rose now and gave her chief an impulsive hug. "And I just bet my boots that you will see Paris some day!" she whispered. "Elizabeth won't stay there always. I've always said she'll be marrying a Russian Prince some day, and they'll send you instead. Wouldn't that be great--you in Paris?"

"Me in Paris? No fear! No such luck, I mean," said Virginia, toying absently with the once unknown now daily bunch of sweet peas at her belt. "Unlikeliest thing in the world that Eizabeth will ever leave. Anyway, even if she did, they'd never send me!" "Who else would they send, pray? You're the very one. Only—" Kit brought her warm young lips very close to the other's ear. "Dou you think you'd go—really?" she challenged. "There's no telephone over there on the Champs Elysees, andit's Thursday, you know. Oh, you needn't blush. There he is now!" as the desk 'phone began to jangle.

Yes, there he was now! "Hello. Yes, it's I. Oh, are you? first-" Yes, yes! About as usual. No, no, not so busy as that. Yes, I can be there. At one-thirty as usual. Oh, I suppose I could make it one. You have something special to tell meoh, have you? As special as all that? -sure. No, I'll try hard not to be late. Good-by!"

softly glowing face to the mirror and studied it with contented eyes-seeing there the copper braids, too creamy skin, and great gray eyes of her abumph, since he had cared for her, defects and all.

is?" came Kit's rebuking voice at her five!

"Why, no. It's ten minutes to twelve. "It's one minute to twelve," said

Kit sternly. "I believe you need guardian. Have you forgotten? Mr. Higby wanted to see you at twelve."
"Why, so he did," she pulled up sharply. "I declare I had forgotten for a moment. I would have remembered, of course." Oh, well, it would not take long,

whatever it was on which the general manager wished to consult her. Whatever it was, it must not interfere with her highly important engagement at twelve-forty-five.

But Higby's face wore unwonted gravity as he motioned her to a chair. When he spoke it was abruptly. "How would you like to live in Paris?"

"Paris!" Her delicate skin flared instantly with eagerness. "You mean you want to send me over for a trip?" "It is possible, Miss Harcourt, we may want more than that." He was viewing her intently, though his tone was casual. "How would you like to consider living in Paris?"

"Living there?" the words came in

He smiled. "Forever is a long time. But on the other hand, Paris is a long

"Three years!" she echoed faintly.
"Why, then I'd be thirty-three."
Ghastly age! "Then—then you don't need me here any more?" she heard herself desperately sparring for time.

"It would be needless to say, Miss Harcourt, how much we need you and your work. If you go abroad, it will only be because we are assured you can be of even greater service to us there."

"Oh," she cried, tingling beneath this unheard-of praise.

He was viewing her very kindly. "Our present representative we are lesing by matrimony—as I foresaw." He frowned sligtly. The highly trained, high-priced business woman of marriageable age is an uncertain quantity, as too often he had found. The question of her successor becomes, of course, a problem of grave importance. There are naturally many views of it to consider." He

was studying her narrowly.
"First of all, salary. I believe we are now paying you three thousand dollars or thereabouts. But living abroad is not living here," he continued in a tone still casual. "The whole scale of expense you will find very different. You will have to live at a hotel at first, certainly. You will have to take cabs when you go out. A woman in Paris does not walk in the street alone. You will have to back—to go to Paris for a time—" dress differently." His keen eye took Her heart was jerking to and fro. in every detail of her simple but ir- He reproachable little one-piece frock, girl," had not once looked at her. with quiet approval.

"The post of our Paris representative is a highly important one. You will have to dress for the position. For all these reasons we are prepared to raise your income to six thousand

"Six thousand dollars!" He could see her lids give a quick throb. "You think I'd be worth all that?" she inquired with characteristic directness. "We are quite willing to take that risk, Miss Sarcour," said Higby quiet-

"But now I come to another point. We would not care to send you to Paris and think of you there as homesick or dissatisfied. If you go, we want you to be happy there—happy enough to want you to stay. For on ourside it is of course highly import-"Haven't you just shown me what rot it is even trying to do Paris stuff stay. Is there anything," he paused significantly, "anybody on this side to prevent it?"

"Oh, I see. You want more time to consider. You are quite right," he conceded reluctantly. "The change is a serious one. If you had a family to consider, we could perhaps scarcely suggest it; but you are, I understand, quite alone?"

"Quite alone," the words were almost steady. ed. I even used to study up on their money,—francs and centimes you know. "You see, that was back when "And can you continue so."

"And can you continue so."

"We are asking for a contract only for three years."

He paused, permitting the words to the paused permitted permitting the words to the paused permitted permitting the words to the paused permitted permitted permitted permitted permitt "And can you continue so?" He sink in. If the offer had come a year before, with what jubilance she would have accepted it then. Ay, there was the rub,-then! It was not then she had to reckon with, but now. Could

she go away now, with happiness so near, so close? She raised pleading eyes. "Oh, must I promise for three years?" she begged desperately. "For one year. yes, I could; but oh. no, not for three! couldn't-" she shivered slightly.

"That's the dickens with a woman," mused the general manager impatiently. "Here she'd fight to the last ditch after every man in the store had lain down; and yet now she'd let some fool man step in and spoil her first big chance.

promise will be enough. And remember, by the end of the first six months I expect you to write me you're so in love with Paris you would not return at any price. Well, it is seettled, then." He pushed back his chair. "You will need a little time for your

"June first-" it was now May twenty-third. She flushed slightly. "It-it seems rather soon."

"If you go, it is highly desirable that you reach Paris before the June races are over," said Higby with quiet At twelve-forty-five then. Yes, indeed decision. "That is a most important season, and the Kaiserin is an excellent boat. I will wire today for your The advertising manager raised a stateroom." He rose, plainly disappointed. "If you still need a little time to consider, we can not refuse that, of course. You will let me know when you can."

horrence a year ago, but viewing these defects now as through a viel of tri- let you know after lunch." She gave pain. He had not even asked her never more could hold? It was not a startled glance at her watch. It was already one, and she had promised to "Have you forgotten what time it be at the Bellevue at twelve forty-

> It was nearer one-thirty when she reached there, and a tall, broadshouldered figure came forward to meet her.

"Oh, I am so sorry to be late!" she faltered. "You don't mind, do you?" "Perhaps I did mind. You see, I've an appointment at three, and I hate to lose a moment. But it's all right now." He looked hastily at his watch. "I was only afraid you couldn't come. Foolish child, to hurry so!" He drew her to a sheltered alcove, and placed a cushion with profound gravity. "Haven't I told you a hundred times

not to rush?" "You'd rush too," said Virginia breathlessly, "if Higby had been tell-ing you all the things he has me." She sank back against the pillow. "Oh what do you suppose he wants me to do? Or rather, I'll give you

three guesses." He viewed her tolerantly. How much it meant to her, this strenuous career-world in which he had so long watched her battle with all a man's zeal and a woman's ardor! That she would be ready to leave it some day, "Living there?" the words came in when the right day came, he had startled gasps. "Do you mean fornever doubted; but now, manlike, he

Some new sale, I suppose. That's sailing. way off. I was about to say for three easy. You've smashed all previous day! records in the May white sale." "Oh, something much bigger than

that."

feature it." "Oh, something much bigger than that. One more—" she drew a long breath.

"Must it be three?" He felt oddly conscious of impatience. After all, he had awaited three quarters of an of news.

"Oh, I see well enough you could me to go to Paris. What do you think of that?" She waited breathlessly for his answer, and, receiving none, "For three years. And they're willing to pay me," for the first time her voice faltered, "six thousand dollars."

A sharp silence. "Oh, I see," said Collins in a voice suddenly strained and formal. "And I suppose you've consented, of course. One can do a great deal, or so I've supposed, with six thousand dollars." The glow in his eyes was suddenly extinguished.

"Yes, indeed," she faltered. "But I-I haven't said I'd go vet. In some ways, I'd like to go. It's something you see, I've wanted always-since had not once called her "little

"It is certainly a very great honor," he was saying with frigid formality. He had picked up the wine list. 'Tell our waiter to add a bottle of Chianti to that order." He gave the order sharply. A strained pause.

"We must certainly drink to your good fortune." "I-I haven't gone yet," said Vir-

ginia, feeling the world's moorings slipping from her. If only he would look at her long enough to melt that awful chill! The palm-sheltered orchestra broke

into jubilant strains as the waiter filled her glass. "To you in Paris."

"Thank you." They barely touched glasses, and he set his down with a sharp click. Hurt pride raised its flag to her cheek. "Sweetbreads? A few, yes, thanks

or no. Just a little of the salad. I haven't so much time, you see." "I can quite see. If you are going soon, of course there are prepara-

"Yes, preparations." She sank back, too benumbed for pain. There followed an endless, strained meal, across an icy chasm. It was only toward its close that she found

the courage to ask wistfully: "But you-didn't you say you had something too rather special?"

"Oh, nothing of any great import-ed judicially.

"B—41," she faltered. "I've not eyes sought hers in a glance quick- on the Kaiser Promenade. Can't say ly withdrawn. "It seems a reasonably good thing. Salary and commissions after the first year. Salary to start-five thousand dollars." jerked out the words with exaggerat-

ed calm. "I shall probably go-" "You are going to South America! to the left." You are going," the words were fragments torn from her heart, "to live there?'

"Call it living, if you like." Again he was studying the card intently. "To be there, in any case, for five years or so, until the business gains

a grip."
She forced a lip-smile. "For five years. As well say forever. Isn't it pale face in the glass and behind it— true that people who go to South what was this? In a glass decanter "I suppose we must make it a year," years. As well say forever. Isn't it he conceded pleasantly, aloud. "I true that people who go to South think we shall not ask you for a con- America never want to live anywhere tract after all. Miss Harcourt. Your else?" She too picked up the card and saw its letters swell and jeer in derision. This, then, was his great piece of news! "And I suppose it's all settled, isn't it? And it's just a and a white-haired stewardess resplendid business chance for you. You've often told me how important that end of the business is. Then sire? preparations. Can you manage in a what can I say," she raised her glass week? The Kaiserin sails June first—" what can I say," she raised her glass desperately, "except to drink," she forced the words from chill lips, "to South America?"

"You are very good." But he set his down as though stung. So this was all she cared!

She dropped her fork. So this was all he cared!

"You will pardon me, if I don't go back with you to your office."
"Yes, indeed." She strugg

She struggled into her coat, disdainful of aid. "I quite understand. You have an engagement at three."

when she was starting to Paris. So fair in the least! With her baggage then he didn't even care enough to lost too! write! If that was so, then indeed better ended! The very paying stones ers or no flowers. She made her way took up the words in a very fury of again down the white-and-gold hall derision as she made her way back of many turns, and found a deck. to her desk-and-

ulation, of last-minute shopping, of forever. farewells—always the sense of what would still write. He must write!

She had not even told him-or had sweep of waters. she—the date of her sailing, June Or, after, did pride count?

message to Arthur Collins, Easton, Pennsylvania:

"Will it take as many as three? there lay but three days now before bottom of this merciless sea for the Two days-one day-the

At nine-thirty of the fatal Thursday that the Kaiserin was to set steam a taxi drew up at the crowded "You've bought out Leffingwell Hoboken pier, and Virginia Harcourt them fast, fast, while the menacing Brothers' stock, and he wants you to sprang out with lips firm set and eyes waters suddenly soothed to calm and suspiciously bright. She was alone, quite alone, in the glory of her smart taffeta traveling suit, and mound of brand-new baggage.

The pier was a scene of wild confusion,— porters darting to and fro, baggage rushed aboard, groups of hour, and she had given yet no sign friends exchanging farewells, tender of interest as to his own great piece partings. With a little choke she followed her baggage up the gangway.

"Good-by-good-by!...Be sure to never guess," she concluded, with a cable from Cherbourg...Yes, I'll quick sigh. "Well, then, they want stand right here and wave. You can tell me by the feathers in my hat....Excuse me, Madam, this is my place....No, a large steamer mistake—" The voice for the first trunk and two small ones. Where has time grew anxious. "Aren't you the that porter gone to? How inferior least bit glad to see me after all? the service is-this should never be permitted!....Good-by!.....What is that officer waving his hands for?... Crash, boom!....Does that mean we have to go ashore?....All off!..... Yes, of course you write too....Good-bye—good-by!....Well, it seems we're out at lsat!"

They were out at last, the gangplanks withdrawn, the orchestra bursting with joy. No longer the faintest excuse to scan that cheerful churning mass of waving hats and handkerchiefs, to wring from it the one face, the one pair of eyes, in all the world that mattered, which wasn't there. So he had not even come to see her off-as in her folly she had dreamed he would! The hope admitted itself only in its death pang. Yet he might still have written; there might even now be-

A letter! Why had she not thought of that? A surge of hope shot through her, as she joined the already lengthy line where mail was being rapidly dis-

"Anything for Harcourt?" brought her eager face close to the

The clerk ran through an imposing package of mail under H with miraculous swiftness and handed out two letters and a telegram. She twitched open the telegram first. It was from

Constant best wishes and the confidence of the house go with you. And from her doctor three closely written pages of advice. "Remember, not a drop of city water in Paris!" How good he was! And this from Kit: "To be opened the second day out." The lines blurred. Well, it was good to know that one had a few friends, true friends who really cared,

even if-"Got your steamer chair lady?" "Why, no. Must I get it so soon?" she consulted the steward vaguely. "It ain't any too soon, Lady, if you want to make sure of your own deck. Where's your stateroom?" he inquir-

Better find it soon, lady. You're South American end of the business right off the Kaiser deck. That's all in Buenos Ayers." For an instant his taken; but maybe I can work you in

for sure, lady." She hastily dug into her purse.
"Thank'ye, lady. See what I can do. Better find your room right off, and make sure your baggage is there.

You're down that way. Keep turning She followed his vaguely waving arm down a narrow white-and-gold hall of many devious turns, reaching at last B-41. It was quite empty. No, her baggage had not arrived.

What if it had not been brought aboard? She sat down on the edge of the berth. and caught a glimpse of her on the stand a bunch of sweet peas! She rose trembling. Oh, who could have put them there? Who in all the world but one? But they bore no card. She pressed the bell violently

sponded. "Quest-ce-que Mademoiselle de-

"Is it the custom of the company to give all the lady passengers flowers?"

she inquired. The stewardess shook her head in puzzled dissent. "Mais, non, Mademoiselle. Je crois qu non.'

"But they have no card." "Could not some friend of Mademoiselle have provided them?" "But I have no friends aboard."

Had Mademoiselle consulted the

ship's list? No, Mademoiselle had not. She could only raise the flowers to her suddenly quivering lips. It was only She was barely conscious that their a hideous coincidence, sweet peas in hands met: conscious only of the fierce her stateroom; but why did she have

The thought steadied her. it was better ended-better ended- must find that baggage at once, flow-

She walked to the end of the deck, There followed racking, derisive and stood grasping the brass rail, days of preparation, of a hastily cleared desk, of new trunks bought and filled, of the formulas of congrat-

"Oh, why did I come? They couldn't was lost laying its blight on what was have made me come. I must have left. Always the secret hope that he thought I wanted to; but I don't—I don't!" It was no advertising manager Yet here the week was speeding to now, but a heartsick girl, lifting its close. He had not written. frightened eyes to an insolent, oily

The last skyscraper had dwindled first. Then he had no possible way of now to a desolately uprised finger knowing that or even her address in pointing—to what? To barren, empty Paris. Surely she might tell him that days in a foreign land, drooping like much without too much loss of pride. a dead bough. After to-day there could be no more than that. All life On her way home that evening she stopped at a telegraph office and sent again one to whisper "little girl!"

She dropped her face suddenly in her hands, quite regardless of who Sailing June first Kaiserin Auguste might see. The world was too heavy. for one year. Address Paris office. Why keep up the farce of pretending Best wishes South America. Goodby. any langer she cared for Paris and all any langer she cared for Paris and all 7. H. Good-by—for if he did not answer life? Why not admit at once that you felt a sudden pang of resentment. | that, it would be good-by indeed! And would gladly see them all sunk to the

sight of one loved face, the sound of

one voice, saying—
"Virginia!" But this was no dream, this grasp of firm, steady hands suddenly seizing her own and holding the whole world swung to peace and

safety. "So you thought I'd let you sail without me," the one voice in all the world was saying. "Foolish child! From the moment I got your wire I've been planning this. Think of it, four days on deck with you!"

He laughed boyishly. "And then four days in London before I sail for Buenos Ayres. But

only for a year. "What's a year? Before I come for you—if you'll just say so—if—if—if—Look up! Tell me—it's not all a mistake—" The voice for the first least bit glad to see me after all? Then why—why? Merciful heavens! you're not crying! Why, Virginia, little girl!"—By Vera Edmondson.

### Desert Animals That Scorpions Can't Harm

One of the most fascinating chapters in animal poisons is the subject of natural immunity, the fact that some animals are immune to the poisons of others and remain unhurt if stung or bitten by the poisonous animal, whereas all other sorts of beaste

succumb. A case in point is that of desert animals which are unharmed by a scorpion's sting. The desert fox, the kangaroo rat and other inhabitants of deserts where scorpions abound are in this happy position. Their cousins, living far away from the desert, would at once be seriously injured by a scorpion's sting, whereas the desert breeds remain unhurt. It is to be supposed that in the far distant past, before the desert animals had this complete immunity to scorpion venom, those which were stung and could not resist died, leaving no offspring. Their luckier brothers, who happened to have a hardier constitution, survived and left behind them a resistant race of descendants.-Prof. H. Munro Fox in the Forum.

### Eskimos Have to Marry

Whenever there has been talk of a tax on bachelors in England, there has been a chorus of protest. Yet their bachelors may consider themselves lucky, for amongst the Eskimos of northern Canada marriage is com-

Christian Leden, the Norwegian explorer, who recently returned from a three years' stay among them, says that no people live a cleaner family life than the Eskimos. Each man has as many wives as he can support, and all are remarkably good natured. Bad temper is consid possessed by a devil, and lying is a crime punished by death.

Leden came across only one woman who was not married, and that was due to the fact that her hair was too short .- London Tit-Bits.

# The Other Man's Job

It is useful to examine our own capabilities when we find ourselves envying the lot of others. Are we making good in our own sphere of work? That is the first test. If we are merely pottering along in an undistinguished way the chances are we should do the same in any other role. In our own work we are very conscious of its difficulties and barriers. Our advancement is slow because we daily encounter the little lets and hindrances that are hidden from the outsider. But these would be much the same in any other job. If we cannot surmount them in our own case, it is unlikely we should be more successful in a position with which we are wholly unacquainted.—Exchange.

# Children's Day

It is not possible to determine when Children's day originated. From early times many pastors devoted a certain Sabbath for special services for children. In 1856, Rev. Charles H. Leonard, pastor of the First Universalist church of Chelsea, Mass., set apart a Sunday for the dedication of children to the Christian life. This was the second Sunday in June. In 1868 the Methodist convention recommended the second Sunday in June to be annually observed as Children's day. In 1881 the Ecumenical Methodist council of London recommended the same day and similar action was taken in 1883 by the Presbyterian General assembly.

#### Schoolboy "Howlers" Extracts from written answers to

English schoolboys' examination papers "The Nile is the only remarkable river in the world. It was discovered by Doctor Livingstone, and it rises in Mungo Park." "Constantinople is on the Golden horn, a strong fortress, has a university, and was the residence of Peter the Great. Its chief building is the Sublime Port." 'Cyprus came into our possession in 1878, and was given to Lord Beacons field." "Julius Caesar invaded Britain 100 B. C. The condition of the Brit ons was in a rude state. The people lived in huts made of straw, and the women wore their hair down the backs with torches in their hands."

#### Guarda Poodle's Body New York .- A white French poodle

struck by an automobile in the Bronx was shot. Before the body could be removed from the street along came mongrel. For 24 hours it stood

### Believe That Stolen

Articles Bring Luck An extraordinary example of the survival of foolish superstition was

disclosed in the case of a Hampshire (England) farmer who was convicted of stealing turnips from a neighbor. He explained to the magistrate that he could easily afford to pay for them, and that, moreover, he had plenty of turnips of his own, but he wanted stolen ones to make a concoction for a cow which had fallen sick, for he firmly believed no other could be so

efficacious. A similar belief is held in many parts of Germany, where practically everyone buys a ticket for one or other of the state lotteries. Many uneducated peasants will tell you they are sure of winning if the ticket they

have was bought with stolen money. In Turkey, copper rings are worn on the fingers to prevent erysipelas. If the ring has been stolen from some one else, it is supposed to answer itpurpose twice as well.

Examples might be multiplied from every quarter of the earth. Most probably the superstition arose from the natural desire of the criminal to find some excuse for his delinquencies

# U. S. Grant Won Bride

While Fording River Ulysses S. Grant selected an odd time to propose marriage to Julia Dent. Lieutenant Grant from West Point had met Julia while on a visit to the home of his chum in St. Louis. He fell in love with her and decided to return to pursue his attentions, relates Edna M. Colman in "White

House Gossip." Their betrothal occurred while they were fording the Gravois river. They were in a light rig, the young man driving. The waters were swollen and the current so swift from the recent heavy rains that they were in grave danger. The manner of her clinging to him in her fear of the water inspired him with the courage to propose to her then and there. In after years she often related to her grandchildren the story of the betrothal, placing special stress on the old superstition that unusual strength and constancy were attributes of many pledges made over running water, says Capper's Weekly.

### Thrift Aid to Courage

Thriftlessness often fosters cowardice. Thrift inspires courage. Shiftless persons rarely have much backbone. They are so dependent upon others for assistance that often they cannot assert themselves to preserve their self-respect. Their wasteful habits sap their self-reliance, their self-assurance. The thrifty individual, of the other hand, has learned to stand on his own feet. He has learned how to take care of himself, how to manage his affairs, how to provide against emergencies. Therefore, he is little inclined to submit to uncalled for indignities. Nor is he afraid to take reasonable risks. His financial backing gives him courage. And without courage few successful careers have been built up. Thus we arrive at this formula: Thrift develops success .-Forbes Magazine.

# Kin to a Mysterious Race

So long ago that it is impossible to say when, there dwelt in Europe or Asia a most remarkable tribe of mankind. These people are not mentioned in any ancient history and no legend gives a hint of their existence. They were the so-called fathers of the Aryans who now people the earth, and the knowledge we have learned about them has been learned through the study of words. Word by word the language of the original Aryans has been exhumed from the descendent modern languages until, pieced together, they tell the story of a vanished people. Historians tell us that words and customs are a great index to the life of any race.-Capper's Weekly.

# Crashing the Gate

A young son came to his mother one day carrying an invitation to a children's party to be given by one of the mothers in the neighborhood. As it carried an R. S. V. P. the mother at once dispatched an acceptance for her son. The boy attended the party as planned and some time afterward the mother asked him where the envelope was in which his invitation had come. The son replied: "Oh, I didn't get any envelope, I traded a marble for the invitation."

# Her Idea of It

How much for this little spool of silk?" asked Audrey, who was shopping in a neighborhood store. "Twenty cents? That is about twice what I usually pay."

"But most of the silkworms died last year," said the proprietor. "I suppose if I wanted a roll of tape

most of the tapeworms would up and die, too?" Thereupon the astute little gir walked dignifiedly out.-Kansas City

# Dinosaur "Revamped"

One of the world's largest dinosaur. (Tornieria), which died about 30,000 000 years ago, is to be put on its legs again at the Natural History museum. South Kensington, England. The Tornieria lived in the estuaries of rivers, laid eggs, and ate floating vegetation. It was about 50 feet long and 30 feet high, and weighed some thing like ten tons. Its bones were ound in Tanganyika.