

## OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

A stone that is rolling will gather no moss.  
What's sauce for the goose, for the gander is sauce.  
Each cloud in the sky has a silvery lining.  
First capture the hare, before on it you're dining.  
Don't leave till to-morrow what now can be done,  
And always make hay while it is shining the sun.  
Never count up your chickens before they are hatched.  
When horses are stolen the barn door is latched.  
There are fish in the ocean as good as are caught.  
A child ne'er departs from right ways that are taught.  
As a twig is first bent so the tree is inclined.  
For sheep that are shorn God doth temper the wind.  
Save not at the spigot and lose at the bung.  
A man born for drowning will never be hung.  
Never borrow nor lend, if you would keep a friend.  
The sword is less mighty than words that are penned.  
A stitch done in time will save ninety and nine.  
Fine feathers, they say, will make birds that are fine.  
A bird in the hand is, in the bushes, worth two.  
Don't ever bite more than you're able to chew.  
Take care of the pence—of themselves pence take care.  
A child will (won't) spoil if the rod you should spare.  
The truth is but spoken by children and fools.  
And children are cut when they handle edged tools.  
There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.  
A stone wears away by continuous drip.  
A fool and his money will certainly part.  
And never fair lady is won by faint heart.  
Whoever sows the wind will a whirlwind soon reap.  
Don't buy what's not needed because it is cheap.  
Fools rush in where angels are fearful to tread.  
And o'er us a sword often hangs by a thread.  
In every closet do skeletons hide.  
If wishes were horses a beggar might ride.

—Detroit Free Press.

## EMPTY HOUSE.

Jerome Baird, at thirty-two, was chief chemist in the laboratories of the C. H. Mueller Company, manufacturers of printers' ink and dyes. And his devotion to the interests of that corporation was such that Jane, after eighteen months of marriage, declared that it indicated a complex and threatened to call in a psychiatrist unless he abated somewhat his ardor for work.  
He not only drove himself ruthlessly, but supplied a sort of moral momentum that acted as an accelerator upon the minds of his associates in laboratory and factory. Jane, whose father was an engineer, said it was like being married to an electric generating plant.  
However, the dynamo had been slowed down in November. Influenza, aggravated by fatigue, had first confined Baird to the house for six weeks and later had sent him South to recuperate, with Jane in attendance. There they stayed nearly two months.  
In the weeks since their return this was the fourth evening he had spent, either at the laboratory or in conferences lasting until midnight, trying to familiarize himself with the problems accumulated during his absence, and as he emerged from the subway into a February blizzard he realized that he was very tired.  
He was discouraged, too. The president of the Mueller Company, with whom he had been dining, was an autocrat who conceived that the way to get the best service from employees was to demand the impossible and to be consistently dissatisfied with results. He rode his heads of departments with whip, spur, and snaffle, and was chary of commendation, holding it to be weakness in an employer and enervating to employees.  
Baird, sensitive, conscientious, unable to give less than his best to any task, found this attitude of perpetual urgency and criticism always trying and sometimes maddening. More than once he had been on the point of resigning his position, and was restrained only by his keen interest in the professional problems it offered and his unwillingness to subject Jane to the discomfort entailed in giving up his present satisfactory salary, with a possible period of no salary at all to follow. Tonight, however, anything looked more attractive than continued endurance of Mueller's carping demands.  
The snow, which had been falling for hours, had turned into sleet that stung his face, driven by a high gale. He pulled his hat low over his eyes, turned up his coat collar, and started west along a deserted street.  
At the first crossing where swift air currents eddied and whirling spirals of sleet blinded him he was doing acrobatic feats to retain his footing on the icy pavement, when a taxicab materialized suddenly out

of the storm and missed him only by inches. The driver cursed, and Baird delivered himself of certain scathing comments before starting again toward home, his usually equable temper still further shaken.  
A year before, the Bairds had rented one of the tiny two-story brick houses still to be found here and there in the backwaters of that elderly section of New York known as Greenwich Village. A mellow old house it was, breathing the serenity that comes only with age and is its most precious gift, whether to houses or to human beings.  
As he struggled within a few steps of it now, Jane, bareheaded and coatless, came skimming along the ice and precipitated herself upon him, the impact of her small body almost tumbling him off his precarious balance.  
"Jerry!" she cried. "Oh, Jerry, where have you been? Are you all right?" Under a street lamp she clung to him, scanning his face with anxious eyes.  
"For Pete's sake!" he ejaculated. "Of course I'm all right. What's the matter?"  
"Matter! Do you know what time it is?—Half past three!"  
"Good lord! I had no idea.—But you shouldn't be out in this. You'll catch your death! Come along." He took firm hold of her arm, and they made their way, slipping and sliding, toward the haven of their home.  
"Where have you been?" she repeated.  
"With Mueller, of course. I telephoned you I was dining with him."  
"But you said he was leaving for Florida at eleven-something."  
"Well, he didn't. He's going to-morrow."  
"I see." By the mysterious alchemy transmitting emotion, Jane's anxiety, now that the tension was released, was rapidly being converted into indignation. "I suppose you were discussing about dyes, as usual?"  
"And, as usual, he was absolutely unreasonable. Two of the Feinburg men were with us at dinner. They're a bunch of crooks. Both they and Hereford are still after Mueller for those new pastel shades for their rubber and vulcanite stuff, and he seems to think I could produce 'em overnight if I really used my head a little. For three cents I'd chuck the whole game and get a job teaching rudimentary chemistry in some high school!"  
Then they gained their own door and he closed it behind them, shutting out the storm.  
"Golly, it's good to get home! Hello!" His glance was arrested by an appearance of disorder in the usually tidy hall. Jane's hat, coat, and purse lay on the table and her overshoes were set before a chair.  
"Been out?"  
"No." She was brushing particles of ice from her gown, and others glistened in her short, dark hair.  
"But I thought I might go out any minute—hurriedly. So I got ready."  
"In a storm like this? Why?"  
"Well—I didn't know." She achieved a certain detachment of manner and the break in her voice might be attributed to the fact that she was shivering. "I thought they might telephone from whatever hospital you'd been taken to."  
"Hospital? What in the name of—?" Baird paused, overcoat half off, to stare at her, and discovered that her face was colorless, except for dark circles under her eyes, and that she was shaking in every muscle.  
"Why—why, dear! Were you frightened?"  
"Frightened!" The gray eyes blazed at him. "I nearly lost my mind! I was sure something had happened this time."  
"But what could happen?" Being a perfectly normal male, no memory of that hairbrained escape from the taxicab occurred to him.  
She gave him another scornful glance before turning into the living room, as she said, over her shoulder: "You knew where you were, didn't you? Unfortunately, I'm not clairvoyant!"  
Baird sighed. It was between three and four in the morning. He had had a long and particularly trying day and faced another promising to be equally difficult, and now he was in for a scene with Jane—by no means the first to follow one of his unexpectedly late sessions. Reluctantly following her into the living room, he was cheered by the sight of blazing logs. Jane sat huddled near them on the floor.  
"It wasn't thoughtfulness. By two o'clock I was so frantic I had to do something, so I made a fire. It helped a little—for a while."  
"I'm so sorry." He nodded down at her miserably, truly distressed because she had suffered, and at the same time annoyed that her common sense had not intervened to save them both this unnecessary and unreasonable strain.  
"You're always sorry—afterward. I wish I were a chemical!"  
"What?"  
"If I were only something chemical, you'd remember about the ounce of prevention and be careful not to mess things up this way."  
"But I had no idea I'd be so late," he said, a trifle testily. "Mueller was grouter than usual, and I had to mollify him a little—By the way, I have a new idea for that lavender—"  
"There's a perfectly good telephone in the house." He pulled himself back to the question in hand with an effort. "I thought you'd be in bed and asleep, and I didn't want to wake you."  
Jane arose and looked him in the eye, tipping back her head to do so. Their friends called them "the long and the short of it."  
"Jerry, you never remembered me at all. Honestly now, did one thought of me cross your mind after you telephoned at five o'clock?"  
"No. But I never thought of the time either. The Feinburg men, Mueller—that reminds me." He reached for his notebook. "I mustn't forget tomorrow—"  
"That's my point," she interrupted.

"If I'd been some chemical stew, you were concocting, you would have remembered. You'd have taken every conceivable precaution to make sure nothing was going wrong with me."  
"But you're supposed to be a reasoning quantity," he countered, and the ghost of a twinkle in his eye, "and nothing should have gone wrong with you. Nothing would have, if you had exercised your mind instead of your emotions. I'm not a child, you know, and I'm moderately able to take care of myself, even after dark."  
"Yes, but—things do happen!" A little spasm contracted her face. "They've been happening all day," she went on.  
"What, for example?" He pulled a big chair near the fire and drew her down into his arms. The storm raging outside, the cheerful warmth and sparkle of the logs, his relief that she did not indulge in tears and recriminations, and hers that Jerry was safe at home, the strength of their love for each other, and the serene happiness of the little house reaching in to touch their spirits, all combined to steady them both.  
"Tell me about it."  
"Well, first there was Katie." Katie was their maid. "Her sister telephoned that their father had been hurt—something fell on him in the machine shop—and they thought he was dying. Katie went all to pieces, and I had to pack her suitcase and get her off for Brooklyn."  
"And you've been alone here all this time?" To Baird, whose female relatives were timid, this was unthinkable and sufficient excuse for any aberration.  
"Oh, I didn't mind that. I sent for Bridget." This was a woman who she employed as waitress when he was in the city. "She can cook a little, and she'll come in by the day until Katie gets back, but she'll have to go home nights so she can get her husband's breakfast in the morning. That's all right. It's the only thing that has gone all right all day—until you came home."  
This he punctuated for her with a kiss.  
"What else happened?"  
"Oh, well—Jerry's face, like her own, was haggard, and there were hollows under his brown eyes, and she had no intention of burdening him at that hour with her annoyances. "The worst was a bad accident at the corner and ambulances clanging around. A cab and a truck collided—it was snowing hard and they couldn't see far—and two or three people were hurt. There must have been a lot of accidents today, for the ambulance has gone tearing past every few minutes."  
He chuckled and gave her a little squeeze. "So when I didn't show up by ten o'clock you immediately saw me stretched in an ambulance, waiting in my own gore."  
"No, I went to bed. I didn't begin to worry until I woke about one and you weren't here. I thought Mr. Mueller had taken a train before midnight, and—well, half past three, Jerry—on a night like this!"  
"But, you little nut!" irritation had given place to an indulgent masculine amusement. "You might have known I was talking dyes!"  
"To yourself? I supposed you had started home, and anything might happen in this storm. You might fall and hit your head against something, or break a bone. You might be run down by a taxi—or a truck. I walked the floor and thought of—everything!"  
Baird had a swift vision of what might have happened had that cab at the corner been traveling on a line ten inches farther west. Still, the point was that it had not struck him. Accidents might be numerous, but their proportion to the narrow escapes from them was small, and he always escaped. Most persons did. Probably the lack of stirring incident in the life of a woman like Jane accounted for the occasional lurid fragments of her imagination—a sort of compensatory psychological jolt, he reflected, with no premonition that this complacent theory was soon to be tested.  
He kissed her again, still somewhat amused, but with a little clearer perception of what she had been through and a deepening appreciation of her restraint. Most women would have wept and raised the deuce when he did show up, but Jane had some sense. She certainly was a good sport.  
"I'm awfully sorry, darling, and I'll never do this again."  
"Until next time," she replied, quietly.  
"I'm not promising never to stay out late because sometimes it's necessary. Next time I'll telephone. Now, get this into your head, young woman, and keep it there. When I am out nights, I'm not cavorting about the streets trying to beat the traffic laws. I'm doing my job. And nothing worse than losing sleep is going to happen to me. You might also remember, when you're feeling abused, that I'm doing it for you!"  
A little smile twisted her lips.  
"You're doing it because you'd rather create a new dye, or solve a difficult chemical problem, than be President of these United States!"  
"Well, I admit I've never felt any strong urge toward the presidency," he said, laughing. "But that's true, dearest. The reason I'm trying so hard to make good is that I want to give you all you want—and all you deserve, you blessing!"  
"Has it ever occurred to you, Jerry, that I'd rather have you—just you, fresh and unjaded and yourself—than anything else you can ever give me?"  
He gathered her close and there was no more talk for a while, until she said remorsefully:  
"Jerry dear, go to bed! You're so tired!"  
"That's right, I am. And I've another whale of a day coming." They arose, switched off the lights and started upstairs.  
"Hereford's in town, too; but he's going back to Boston tomorrow night, and I've got to manage somehow to make time to see him. I don't like that Feinburg gang, and

I discovered tonight that they're after an exclusive contract for dyes Hereford needs. I may be able to give him a useful tip."  
"You like him, don't you?"  
"A lot. Better than he likes me, I'm afraid. He's wanted some things Mueller wouldn't bother with, and I've had to take the blame more or less, so he probably has an idea I'm narrow-minded and stubborn."  
"Mr. Mueller's perfectly hateful! He has no right to put you in a false position, just because he's cantankerous himself!"  
"Oh, well, that's part of the game. If the chief chemist says a thing is impossible, it lets Mueller out without offending a customer. But I like Hereford. There's a rumor that he and some other people are getting fed up with Mueller's methods, and Hereford may start a little plant of his own to take care of that business. If he does, I'd like to work with him—but there's not a chance."  
"Why not? Why don't you bring him home to dinner some night and let him see that you're—well, what you are?"  
"We're not on that sort of terms. But he's straight and clean, and while in my position I can't say too much—contracts are none of my business anyway—I don't intend to let that dirty Feinburg gang put anything over on him if I can help it. Wow, I'm sleepy! And tomorrow will be another day!"  
It was. It proved to be even more of a day than he had anticipated. Not the least of a series of mischances was missing Hereford, who called while Baird was out for a late lunch, and left word that he would take the five-o'clock train for Boston.  
Doggishly refusing to admit defeat, late in the afternoon he called upon the house to tell Jane that he must spend the evening at the laboratory experimenting with a new formula. Bridget, the substitute maid, said that Mrs. Baird was out, so he gave the woman his message.  
This time he kept his promise. At half past eleven he opened the door with his latch key, wondering why the windows were dark, and when Jane neither came to meet him nor called out, he whistled their special signal.  
Silence. Could she be ill. Dropping hat and coat in the hall, he ran upstairs, to find the rooms orderly and deserted. Evidently she had gone out, unless—Was it possible that she had not returned since afternoon? The pavements were still coated with ice, and Jane had a way of diving through street traffic with a sublime certainty that she would emerge unscathed.  
No philosophical reflection that accidents were far outnumbered by escapes from them occurred to him now. Frowning, he ran down stairs again, switched on the light in the living room, and stopped short, appalled by what he saw:  
A small table at the end of the sofa was denuded. The strip of old brocade usually covering it trailed from the seat of an adjacent chair, and a glass bowl that had stood on the table was in fragments on the floor.  
Jane's hat, gloves, and fur coat lay on the sofa. On a larger table across the room was a tray containing a siphon, a silver dish full of water that had once been ice, and an empty pint bottle of a shade associated with potent liquids.  
Baird surveyed the scene blankly. The stripped table, the empty bottle, the broken bowl—suggesting a struggle—Jane's hat and coat—the mercury outside making a record plunge—she wouldn't have gone out without her fur coat—She must be somewhere in the house, insensible.  
Swiftly he searched from cellar to roof, investigating every closet and even making a round of the small, dark back yard. But not a trace of trouble did he find, except in that dismaying living-room.  
Besides, she knew he was at the laboratory—she would have telephoned him, as she had several times before—and the fur coat here on so sold a night belied her voluntary absence. Panicky thoughts of kidnapping surged through his mind. Jane was so tiny—and so adorable! An hour at the telephone proved that none of their acquaintances had seen or heard from his wife. Thereafter a highly developed imagination had its way with him. He strode from one to another of Jane's beloved rooms in a frenzy of impotence, fear, and rage. Half past one—two o'clock—What was there that a man could do?  
It happened that he was in the kitchen when vague sounds outside caught his attention; the street door opened and closed, and he sprang for the front of the house. In the littered living-room he came face to face with Jane and stopped, staring at her as at an apparition—Jane, rosy, bright-eyed, smiling, wearing a long white evening coat.  
"Hello," she hailed blithely.  
"Where have you been?" he demanded, hoarse from conflicting emotions.  
"Dancing. I've had such a wonderful time!" She came close, turning up her face to be kissed. He caught her in his arms then and nearly crushed her.  
"Jerry!" she gasped. "Jerry darling! What's the matter with you?"  
At that he released her as quickly as he had seized her, swept by the recollection of his agonized hours. And Jane had been dancing!  
"I want to know what this means!" he announced, all the lord of creation in him suddenly paramount.  
She gave him an incredulous glance. "What on earth—Jerry, you weren't scared?"  
"Scared? I've been crazy!"  
"But, you've just come home yourself!"  
"Just come? I've been here for hours—walking the floor—telephoning all over town trying to find you—"  
"But, Jerry—Jerry!" Overcome by gales of laughter, Jane collapsed in to a chair.

"That's right—laugh! I suppose you did it to get even with me!"  
"No, I didn't—truly I didn't," she managed to say, between gusts. "I telephoned twice; and you weren't here."  
"Once about a quarter past eleven." "Just before I came in."  
"And again about one."  
"That must have been while I was down in the cellar looking for the remains—"  
"Well, why not?" he demanded, for Jane, after one astonished stare, had gone off again into spasms of mirth. "It looked as if there had been a riot here—broken glass and things all over the place!"  
"What!" She weakly wiped her eyes and looked about. "Mercy! I thought Bridget would come in before she left and clear that up."  
"How did it get that way? How did that bowl get broken? Who dragged off that silk 'hing'?" Convinced again, she made no attempt to reply to that she went on grimly. "I'm glad you find it amusing. I've been walking the floor here for hours—no slightest notion where you were—thinking of everything that could have happened—crazy for fear you'd been hurt—or worse—and you—Jane, it is not funny!"  
Gasping in the throes of laughter, Jane gave a little squeal and wagged a hand at him, as if this were more than she could bear. When she could sufficiently control her vocal organs she sat up, wiping away tears, to say, through recurring gurgles:  
"Don't you see, dear, that's what is so funny? When I think of the hours I've walked the floor wondering where you were, and what had happened to you—and your lofty superiority about it when you got here—and now—now you—"  
"That's a very different matter."  
"Yes!" said Jane. "Tremendous difference between tweedledum and tweedledee! Reminds you of the other ox that got gored, and sauce for the gander, and—oh, all those old saws. Sort of a bromide."  
"I believe you did do it on purpose."  
"I didn't. But of course," she chuckled and twinkled. "I did think you were a reasoning quantity."  
"Oh, cut it out! I come home at half past eleven, and the house empty—your hat and coat here and you gone. Broken glass all over the place—an empty whisky bottle—Well, anyway, it looked as if there had been a riot."  
"I suppose it did." Jane chuckled again. "I'm awfully sorry, dear, but I was in a hurry, and it never occurred to me that Bridget wouldn't come in here and clean up. We had engaged a table for dinner, and they wouldn't hold it after seven—"  
"Who's we?"  
"Who? When I picked up my bag off that table, the chain must have caught in a loose thread of the brocade or something. Anyway, the whole thing came off and the bowl smashed; but it was late and the cab was waiting, so I just left it. After dinner we danced a while, and then we thought maybe you'd join us—anyway, I wanted to tell you where I was—so I called up and you weren't here. We danced some more, and after a while I called up again."  
"I did the kidnapping." She smiled, drolly, adding, with an impish gleam.  
"And the next time anything like this happens, I hope you'll remember that I'm not a child."  
"That will do. Don't rub it in." Baird dropped wearily into a corner of the sofa and passed his fingers through his hair. "I'm about all in now."  
"Poor darling! I'm so sorry! I meant to come home after I telephoned the last time; but he was hungry, and things had gone so well I didn't want to spoil it, so we stopped to get something to eat and—perhaps it took longer than I thought."  
"It's about half past two."  
"Not really! Oh, Jerry, I am sorry! I wouldn't have had you worry that way for anything!"  
"Quite incidentally," he remarked, "you might tell me who the fascinating male it was with whom you have been gallivanting."  
"Oh, didn't I tell you?" Again she twinkled. "Mr. Hereford."  
"What? Hereford! He said he was leaving for Boston at five."  
"Well he called up at quarter to five, and said if you were here and free he'd put off going until midnight—come down. I just said you were usually here before six and I was sure you'd be glad to see him."  
"I thought maybe he'd stay to dinner, even if you weren't here, and wait until you came, so I rushed out to get sumptuous food. It took longer than I expected, and when I got back he was here, rather bewildered because Bridget had just told him you weren't coming home. I—well, perhaps I gave him an impression that you had telephoned after he did. Anyway, he was cold and tired and disappointed, and I knew you wanted him to like us, so I coaxed him to stay, and tore around getting him cigars and things and lighting the fire. That's the reason my coat and hat were here. I just shed them on the spot. He was so chilled that I let him make a highball out of some whisky someone had given him, and he emptied the bottle into his flask. Then we talked, and when he found I liked to dance he asked me to go to dinner with him—he's a marvelous dancer, Jerry, and a perfect dear!—and said we'd telephone you to join us. So we did. We're great friends now."  
"Well, I'll be darned!" said Jerry. Then, uneasily, "Jane, you didn't tell him—"  
"I didn't tell him a thing. He told me. He is going to manufacture dyes himself. He said a lot of nice things about you, and hinted around to find out whether you'd consider leaving the Mueller Company."  
"Did you—?"  
"No, I didn't. But you'd evidently been awfully cautious and reserved, and he had an idea you didn't like him very well, so I just let him see that I must have had a very

pleasant impression of him before I ever saw him, and—well, what an exceptionally sensible and attractive young couple we are, anyway. Then he canceled his reservation on the midnight train. Oh, I did tell him one thing, dear. I said you would surely lunch with him tomorrow. Don't forget!"  
Her husband held her off and regarded her solemnly.  
"Jane, you're a marvel!"  
"Now, young man," said the wicked Jane, "get this into your head and keep it there: When I am out late nights, it's all for you."  
To this there was only one possible reply. Jerry made it fervently. —The American Magazine.

## DEAD DOG'S EARS GET CONSTABLE IN TROUBLE.

Percy Zinn, constable in Shiremanstown, Cumberland county, charged with obtaining money from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania under false pretenses, was prosecuted recently and required to pay a heavy fine and costs of prosecution, in addition to receiving a suspended jail sentence and being forced to resign his office, according to the bureau of animal industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture.  
Zinn obtained the money from the Commonwealth in the following way. A lady in Shiremanstown had an old dog which she desired to dispose of. She asked two boys in the town to take the dog away, shoot and bury it. The boys did so and received remuneration for their work. Zinn hearing of this, told one of the boys that if he, (the boy) would bring an inch of the tip of each ear of the dead dog to the constable, the latter in turn would send these tips to the bureau of animal industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture and collect \$2 under the Dog Law of 1921. The boy dug up the dog, clipped the ears and brought them to Zinn. Zinn filled in the regular form, swearing that he himself had fully killed the dog, that the dog was found running at large, that it was not killed at the request of the owner and that his claim as made, was legitimate in all respects. He signed an affidavit which was sworn to before a notary public.  
Some time later, this violation of the Dog Law was brought to the attention of the bureau of animal industry, and John E. Nicholas, Jr., special investigator, was assigned to prosecute the case. The case was brought before Justice of the Peace J. L. Boyer, of Carlisle. Zinn waived a hearing and entered a plea of guilty before the district attorney.

## PRODUCTION OF UNITED STATES PAPER CURRENCY

The paper used in making United States paper money is the toughest linen and is made by a secret process protected by statute penalizing its manufacture for other purposes. Supplies of blank paper are guarded as carefully as the finished money, for if a counterfeiter can obtain this distinctive paper he has made a good start toward producing spurious currency. The plates from which money is printed are made with utmost care. The public is not permitted to see the engravers at work, nor does any one engraver prepare an entire plate. It usually takes about a year of continuous work to complete one of the original plates. The money is never printed from the finished originals, but from duplicates made by a mechanical process. The fine lines on paper money are made upon the original plates by a geometric machine which has as many combinations as the best safe lock, each combination producing a different design. Each bill contains many symbols which tell the initiated from what plate it was printed, who engraved the plate and who printed the bill. It requires about 20 days to complete the intricate process of getting a piece of paper money ready for circulation, during which period it is counted about 50 times. The average life of paper money in the United States is less than two years.

## OHIO STATE TO HAVE CLASSES FOR ALL AGES

When Ohio State University's model high school is opened in the fall of 1932, a child may start to school at one and a half years and continue his education on the Ohio State campus until he has received a degree of doctor of philosophy. This will be possible by attending the nursery school, conducted by the school of home economics, the university demonstration school for elementary pupils, the model high school, and finally the university proper.  
These schools are conducted by the college of education, Ohio State University, for practical teaching purposes. Expert teachers have charge of the classes, giving the students the advantages of the latest model instructions.  
Any child may be admitted to any of these auxiliary schools upon application. No fee is charged but the number of pupils is limited.

## SHE WAS STILL ALIVE.

The census taker approached a little tumbledown shanty on the outskirts of Savannah and pushed his way through a bunch of little pickaninny who were playing in front of the door. He knocked. The door was opened by a large lady of color. After the usual preliminary questions the statistics gatherer asked:  
"What is your husband's occupation, Liza?"  
"He ain't got no occupation. He's dead. He done passed away fo-teen yeas ago, suh," replied the negress.  
"Then who do all these little children belong to?"  
"Days mine, suh."  
"Why, I thought you said your husband was dead?"  
"He is, but 'ah'aint."  
—Jack-O-Lantern.

—The Watchman is without a peer in the newspaper field.