THE THRASHING OF THE EDITOR






 Sid




## 

SCRAPPLE
the padded cell

farmer smith,





|  |
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Adreses
School 1 attend .........................................

## Your Workroom

This corner belongs to you-you are
to write the articles that fill its space.

at Doings in Henville
went Mister Rooster one
but Mrs. Leghorn thid not
hut. She went on by him into

| the "L" he was so surprised th exclaimed, "How did you know an ' $L$ ' on the egg I laid for you," "I didn't know it," answered "I didn't know it," answered Leghorn. "I put that ' $L$ ' there self." $\qquad$ then lie about it," said Mr. Ro as he skeedaddled away. |
| :---: |
| Our Postoffice Box Some good angel must have guided these two letters to our box. Read them-they will tell you more plainly than any words of your editor just how each one of you may help the other. <br> Dear Ratnbow Santa Claus-My Sunday school teacher told me to write to you to see if you will come to our house Christmas Eve, as my papa io sick and is not able to work. 1 hope you won't torget us. Sinco our papa is sick, Christmas doesn't mean anything to us. Please do not forget anything RAYAOND KAFFER, P. $\mathrm{S}-1$ am 10 years old and have four little brothen and disters. Dear Furmer Smith- 1 would like to Club. 1 have many toys that I would |
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