

# THE SUPERIOR SUN

Volume 4

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Number 9

## CLUB CAMP AT CHATHAM

Mary Trombly, Marie Kallio and I were champions in 1st, 2nd and 3rd year garment making for last year. This honor entitled us to a camping trip at Chatham, August 7, 8, 9 and 10th. On August 7, 1921, three happy girls and five happy boys (club members) left Grand Marais in two cars with Mr. Belknap and Mrs. Belknap driving. The journey to Seney, a distance of 28 miles, was as eventful as a journey to Seney in the morning could be. We waited at Seney for an hour for the train. The ride on the train was very enjoyable because several of our group had never even seen a train before and then because we had one of our old friends, Ellen Pierson, with us, on her way to Munising.

At Slingteton, Miss Moore and about twelve boys, got on our coach. We didn't know they were going to Chatham until we reached Munising Junction, where three cars were waiting to take the Maristons and Grand Marais gangs. Packed about twenty-four people and one and a half dozen suitcases into three cars was the next question. The pleasure of riding on good roads made us forget we were crowded, however. When we arrived at the farm two rows of army tents greeted our eyes and Miss Van Huelen met us and they introduced each one to the state club leader, Mr. Turner. Then we registered at the hotel, paid for our meals, deposited our valuables, were assigned to our tents, were given a club cap and a meal ticket with our names and county thereon and then made our beds and inspected the buildings at the U. P. experimental station until supper time.

Between times we were getting acquainted with our tent mates and everybody, also with our surroundings. A creek separated the boys tents and girls tents. The boys named our side "No Man's Land" because they couldn't come on our side. Soon their side was named "Bachelor's Paradise" which suited it perfectly.

We lined up for supper at the sound of the whistle and we made enough noise at the table, between bites, to disturb all Chatham. After supper at a bonfire, Mr. Bishop and Mr. McMillan, talked to us and then each county was asked to give a yell. We were given a few minutes to get together and decide on one. Alger county made lots of noise. We gave "Rip Saw, Rip Saw, Bang" etc.

Getting used to our hay and board bunks was next. The first night was too cold to really enjoy them and the next night was just the opposite.

After breakfast we tidied our tents and then had a lesson in camp cookery while the boys had a livestock judging demonstration. After dinner Alger county girls washed the dishes and after that we sewed.

Each day at dinner time Mr. Turner gave some announcements and one day he presented several club members with state lencer ribbons or county championship ribbons of which three went to three Grand Marais girls.

Wednesday afternoon the poultry club members had a poultry culling demonstra-

tion. After that the boys played ball at which Alger beat in all but the final games. That afternoon the girls went for a six mile hike to Rock River and back. Miss Hall brought a pail full of oranges out there so not only a Rock River was waiting for us.

Thursday was the big day, though the whole morning was devoted to livestock judging and poultry culling contests. An Alger county girl won the sheep. After an early dinner and I mustn't forget to mention that we never tasted any better meals, we lined up for the big parade, a very picturesque affair. Each club in the U. P. was represented by one or two or three club members carrying a poster, a suitable emblem and wearing the club caps. We posed for our pictures about every two feet. A potato sprayer led the procession changing the dry road into a muddy path which played havoc with our white shoes. After the parade several noted speakers on agriculture talked and then camp began breaking up. Our newly made acquaintances were leaving and only a few were left by night. The few girls that were left made some fudge. We blamed it onto the atmosphere, of course, but the boys ate it anyway. Because we couldn't make very good arrangements for catching the early morning train we remained until Friday afternoon. The journey home was rather solemn the first half but when we neared Seney we were laughing and talking and singing. We couldn't talk fast enough to our companions.

This narrative, if it might be called that, doesn't give any of the in between doings which were as varied as the club members. But we were laughing and talking from one day's end to the other and mingling with other club members and club leaders was really the best part of the whole camp.

We all enjoyed our outing in every way and all wish to thank those who helped make our trip possible.

## A SOB PARTY

A sob party was held at the high school Friday evening in honor of Misses Irene Fisher and Maybel Miller and Mr. Archie Newberg, all three being graduates from this school.

Archie Newberg left next morning for the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, where he shall study electrical engineering. We hope he may be as successful in his greater problems in life as he has been in high school.

Irene Fisher and Maybel Miller left for Ypsilanti where Irene shall prepare for high school teaching and Maybel shall specialize in physical training. Three more of our young generation gone. Each year they leave to attack bigger propositions in life. The party was a success as far as the "sob" goes. Open dishes of onions were set around so if you couldn't shed genuine tears you'd have to shed them some way.

We wish our young friends success in their work and hope to see them return better prepared for better living than before.

"Finis."

## THE TOURIST SEASON

Never has Grand Marais seen as many summer resorters and pleasure seekers as she has this summer. Of course it takes suitable conditions to bring about this condition—such conditions as are found only here.

Being situated right on the banks of Lake Superior and our harbor being right in the midst of it there is excellent swimming, canoeing and boat riding. Fish boats make daily excursions every day and this provides an interesting pastime.

Who doesn't enjoy swimming during those hot summer days? And right here is just where you can swim to your heart's content.

Sable Lake—that lake that abounds in Indian legends—is only two miles out of town and not far from the farm country. An excellent road permits driving there in cars so that it furnishes excellent sport. The lake is an excellent swimming hole and there is a springing board and such apparatus to insure a good time. If you are fond of hiking explore Sable banks which positively abound in interesting features.

Sable falls are also very pretty. They can be reached either by hiking up the beach along the shore of Lake Superior or motoring on the picturesque Schneider road.

Michigan has been improving her roads and enjoyable. Each highway is so easy so that it is unnecessary to stop at every farm house and ask, "Which is the road to there or here?" All you need is a simple map of the state containing the roads and you can get most anywhere. To avoid accidents all dangerous curves are marked. A large signpost is erected at the turn so that you can't help but see it in the day time and your lights are sure to fall on it at night. This signpost shows you the way to turn so that if you carefully follow directions you can't help but be safe.

Most, or a great many of our summer visitors carry their own camp equipment along with them. There are so many beautiful places to camp that who can resist the temptation after coming from the hot city. There are numberless lakes and old camping sites near town where you can enjoy yourself to your heart's content. Our trout fishing cannot be excelled. What man doesn't enjoy carrying to camp a string of lovely trout to fry over an open fire. Oh, don't you wish you had one now!

Many of our visitors have found it so pleasant they have established themselves here for the summer months.

But come, as many as will—Grand Marais welcomes them all and asks them to come again, please!

## THAT ACCOUNTS FOR IT

Customer—That real you sent was spoilt.

Butcher—Spoilt, ma'am? I can't understand that, unless it came from a calf that was petted too much.



# THE SUPERIOR SUN

## DIRECTORS

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Subscription price, 50 cents the year—  
ten copies.

## FOREWORD

Now shines forth our "Sun" again. Help us make it shine brighter this year than it has ever shone before. Make its beams penetrate each home in this vicinity—say nothing of their reaching many other towns and states.

We are prepared to meet criticisms from anyone. In fact, we want criticisms, so we can find our faults, correct them and thereby make our paper better.

If you want anything special published don't fail to tell us. We'll try to accommodate you.

We are resolved to do our best and we'll make this paper better than ever if the people will help.

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

### NOW PLEASE LOOK PLEASANT

"Man is the only animal in the world that laughs!"—Stoic.

It is to be a God-given privilege allowed to every woman, to every man, to every boy, and to every girl. How many cultivate it wisely and well as we should? And what are the results of the laugh habit?

There are many degrees of a laugh. The quietest laugh is a pleasant kindly look. This sort seems least often expressed as it requires earnest, well intentioned thoughts towards the friends and the acquaintances that we meet daily. And we are apt to be too busy with our own affairs to do this. We could extend this gracious courtesy to our worst enemy if we troubled ourselves enough to find out about his heart aches. You are a miser of the worst sort if you do not give many of these looks—these expressions of sympathy. No one prefers to see or to wear a snippy look, an arrogant look, a haughty stare, a blank grin, a glare, a snobby gaze, or an expressionless dandy or doll-like air. Please do not cultivate any of these latter, they dwarf your mind, belittle your sympathies and help to make you miserable.

The next degree of a congenial laugh is a smile—the Irish "smollie." How lovely it is to have mother smile after she has delivered a severe lecture on some topic! How grand to have your friend come along smiling after he has ranted for several days! What a relief to find a twinkle around your father's eyes after you have done something forbidden. A smile is a glorious thing. Why not use one more often? It would clear away a great many clouds. You cannot stay angry long when you begin to turn up the corners of your mouth, not mechanically but genuinely, we mean. For you, it is a cheery tonic. You know where it says "A merry heart doth good as a medicine."

Third and last is the laugh we not only see, but which we can hear as well. A gay, hearty laugh that brings happiness to those in range of its music. Of course this kind will be with people and not at them. The latter is a mean noise often times which reacts laughter and which makes the one laughed at exceedingly miserable. Not that variety of laugh then, nor yet a vacant ha-ha with no delight behind it. Forget the jeer and the mocking laugh. Banish the scoff. Consider the taunting, deriding laugh beneath you.

Back of these good laughs are good thoughts, the kindest, most tolerant thoughts create them. A person who can not speak your language will understand your smile and the genial thought back of it. Benevolent thoughts and their outward expressions blossom out soon into a charitable deed. Charitable deeds accompanied with kind thoughts, together with pleasant looks, smiles or laughter light up our whole world.

"O, who will walk a mile with me,

Along life's merry way?

A comrade blithe and full of glee,

Who dares to laugh out loud and free,

And let his frolic fancy play

Like a happy child, through the flowers

That fill the field and fringe the way

Where he walks a mile with me."

—Henry Van Dyke.

### GOOD-BYE

What a little word it is, still can any one write on paper or tell in words what effect it has on all mankind? This one word always causes a frog to jump from his hiding place into our throat, there he stays, until sufficient tears have flown to make a good cry. What our caregivers and we feel somewhat relieved. Isn't that the case all ways, when some one dear to you comes to say "good-bye"?

You perhaps try with all your might to force the frog back as you wish to be calm so your friend may go away feeling happy instead of heart broken. But, alas, when that last good-bye is said, it causes a feeling of sorrow and loneliness and you can't help but let the frog have his way.

We, that are going away to school, realize that our duty is to prepare ourselves to become more learned so that we may be a guiding light to others in the world. Even though we are working for some good cause, it is hard to part from our loved ones at home and the many friends we have made while attending school in Grand Marais.

Good-bye it must be until we return to see your smiling faces again. Then what a contrast it will be, the sadness of "good-bye" will be forgotten and the wonderful word of "Hello" will be echoed and we will be very happy to be at home.

### WHAT SHE WANTED

The housekeeper walked into the shop and rapped smartly on the counter.

"I want a chicken," she said.

"Do you want a pullet?" asked the shop keeper.

"No," replied the housekeeper, "I want to carry it."

### AN IMPRESSIVE LESSON

"Well, Willie, what lesson was most impressive on you today by your teacher?"

"That I need a thicker pair of pants," was the sincere reply.

### THE BOY OR GIRL THAT QUILTS SCHOOL

By Frank Crane

Don't hustle. Think!

An ounce of intelligent getting ready is worth a pound of fussing.

Time spent in sharpening your accounts as ten times of hacking and hewing.

There is some good in keeping everlasting at it, but a deal of humbug, too.

Nine-tenths of efficiency is preparedness.

If you are a boy, go through school. I have met thousands of men in my time—I never knew one to say he was sorry he went to school. I never knew one who had failed to finish his school that did not say he was sorry for it.

Of all fools on earth the boy who will not take an education when he has a chance is the most sickening. He is deliberately handicapping himself in a race where he needs every advantage.

He is giving the other fellow odds when he needs for himself all the favorable conditions he can get.

### SAFETY FIRST

Accidents can be guarded by different "Safety First" guards. Many accidents can be prevented by such signs.

For instance, the cross roads by the Plank hill, there are four roads on which cars run and all pass this crossing. This is a dangerous crossing because cars coming on one road, the driver cannot see around the corner if any one else is coming until they are very near each other.

If a sign were posted on a corner post by Mr. Schneider's residence reading, "Turn to Your Right," this may prevent accidents. For a car coming down the hill will turn to see and another coming on a different road, each will go on different sides.

Another safeguard would be to put a fence along the sidewalk by Ostrander's drug store and by the postoffice so that cars parking here will not be in the way of the cars coming and going on the road.

Swimming seems to have been the only sport this summer. There are many dangerous places in the bay and accidents may occur unless something is done to prevent them, such as appointing someone to act as guard.

"Five cents worth of liniment and five five cents worth of cement," asked the boy at the druggist's.

"Want them tied in separate packages," asked the druggist.

"Yes, I guess so," answered the boy. "One is for mother—the cement, I guess, she wants to mend the teapot."

"And the liniment for father?" coaxed the druggist.

"Yes," said the boy. "He is what mother broke the teapot on."

A Milwaukee boy told the teacher that his sister had the measles.

"You go right home, Johnny," she said, "and don't come back until your sister is well."

Johnny left in a hurry. After he was gone another little boy held up his hand and said:

"Teacher, Johnny Dolany's sister what has the measles lives in Philadelphia."

There was an old man from Trenton. He gnashed his false teeth till he bentem. When asked what he'd lost and what they had cost,

He replied, "I don't know, I just Rentem."



Not the least of our several departments of high school work are the manual training department for boys and the home economics department for girls. The work of these departments is being systematized to meet our needs as rapidly as the classes advance to new stages of the work. We are not jumping at conclusions, nor are we backward in taking the new steps necessary to keep up with the needs of the classes.

The boys work begins with the simplest wood work making use of planed surfaces, straight sawing and correct measuring. Fine of good quality is used in this stage and much attention is given to laying out the work. This part of the work begins with a working, drawing and a list of the materials needed. The simplest joints are used for beginning work.

As the boys become able to manage work of a more advanced nature the use of curves, circular and more complicated joints are introduced. Some use of hardwood is made in the advanced classes and wood finishing is then taken up in connection with the work. The work throughout maintains the use of working drawings.

The earlier grades get some drawing work in the regular art department which is adapted to their needs but beginning with the ninth grade, regular instructions is given in shop drawing. The nature of this work is largely determined by the needs of the individuals who make up the particular class.

From the first the boys are encouraged to make things for which they have some use. Home conditions determine, to some extent, what the articles will be.

Careful handling of tools is insisted upon and the more advanced boys are given some real training in the care of tools such as grinding and edging planes, setting them for best results and for the greatest life of the tool concerned.

As the boys become dependable exercises including the use of the band saw and wood lathe are taken up. Our boys have had no bad accidents of any kind in the shop and very few of even a minor character.

The girls work includes a three year course in cooking the same being taken up both in the kitchen and in the class room for discussion. A well arranged text is best considered. The work not only includes ways of cooking and things to be cooked, but it includes a consideration of how to serve, Table manners are emphasized.

The sewing classes begin with the simple needle work and advance through plain sewing and fancy work, practice garment making and the care of the same after being made.

The operation of the sewing machine is learned by actual use under proper guidance.

The advanced girls give proper consideration and time to the study of household management both by studies of a text on the subject and by reading suitable magazine articles and by class discussion. As regards the courses for boys the end is not yet and in regard to the girls they have opportunity to learn how to properly care for the home.

The boy or girl who finds the work uninteresting is a rare specimen. In fact if either is not interested in his or her work there is something radically wrong with the individual. Of course there are occasions when one must choose between courses and

then the most interesting must sometimes be passed up for some other essential.

The departments are proving very beneficial and there is no lack of proper interest on the part of right minded boys and girls. To become able to care for all of one's needs without having to call for assistance once seems to be the object in view. Either department is a very busy one. The money necessary to carry on the work is well invested.

### ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF TWO BOYS

Labor Day was far from being a merry day in Grand Marais. On that day two young boys met their death while playing on the bank where the railroad track used to be. The children, Charles Vandreuil and Johnnie Dreyer, had dug a cave in the bank. At the time of the accident they were inside the cave. Suddenly it caved in on them, burying them in the sand. It is thought that someone walked over the top of the cave and cracked it. No one knows just how long the boys were covered there, but it could not have been very long. They were found by James VaVandreuil, who could see John's feet protruding from the sand. He quickly called his father and uncle, who carried the boys up to Vandreuils. The doctor was called and all the neighbors ran over to where the boys were. Two coastguards soon came along and, with the help of some other men, tried every way possible to restore life to the little fellows. Little Johnnie was dead, but Charles showed signs of life. Everything possible was done to save his life, but he was too far gone. After about two hours of fruitless efforts to bring him to they cut working over him. The funeral was held on Monday morning at the Catholic church, Rev. Fr. Drenge being summoned from Munising. The floral offerings were beautiful and showed how well liked the children were. We extend our most heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved families.

### HE LED IN PRAYER

An old railroad man was converted as the story goes, and was asked to lead in prayer. Here is the way he worked it:

"Oh, Lord, now that I have flagged Thee, lift my feet off the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp known as prudence, make all couplings in the train with the strong link of Thy love. And, Heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off to sidings especially those with a blind end. Oh, Lord, if it be Thy pleasure have every semaphore block along the line show the white line of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the ten commandments as a schedule time and when my train shall have pulled into the great dark station of death, may Thou, the superintendent of the universe, say with a smile, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, come up and sign the payroll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"

### AN ORPHAN

"What is an orphan?" asked the teacher. None of the children seemed to know.

"Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher. Then a hand popped up and the small boy remarked, "An orphan is a woman, who would like to get married but nobody'll have her."

I was coming home from the office today and saw a group of boys and a man standing in front of an automobile repair shop apparently very much interested about something on the ground. As I came nearer that something proved to be a very young very active, very embarrassed puppy. It was more than that! You needed to look but once to see that it was really a most excellent specimen of a young bird dog, a thoroughbred. The eyes, the ears, the sleek coat, the very spine and tail bespoke the pedigree. No wonder the boys were interested, his majesty was a prince of great dogdom. The young master, Alec, was delighted with the envy and admiration created by this royal gift of his uncle to him and he asserted his proprietary rights in this canine aristocrat by repeatedly picking him up, snuggling him to his chin and again putting him on the ground that the assembled multitude might gaze, and gazing, covet the possession of such a prize.

The man in the crowd was a plebeian as compared with the boys, an object slave to his dogship, and a philosopher without. The look in his eyes as he turned from him and bushes to gaze on canine royalty told how quickly, how surely, how unmistakably he too had seen and recognized the fine points that set off good blood from mongrel mixture. He reeked of grime and sweat while tobacco stains at his mouth corners signaled the sickening savor of his breath, in fact he removed the quid and cleared his mouth in a preliminary sort of way before he even came near enough to the young noble to stoop and lovingly, admiringly pat the little bundle of hunter's wealth.

I must confess, however, that what impressed me most was not the keen admiration of the crowd for the dog, but the aristocracy of the dog himself, rather the remark of the man to the boy as he picked up the dog to depart with him.

With one last admiring look the man said to the boy: "Take him home and keep him there, he'll never amount to nothin' if yer keep him on the street."

Royal blood, distinguished stock, descendant of a long line of aristocrats, and doomed to "nothin'" if kept on the street! It was an interesting commentary on a blooded dog and I could not help but think how even more applicable the thought is to humans.

Take those boys themselves for an illustration. Descendants of pure, white stock, fathered by a long line of good Anglo Saxon forebears, bright eyed, clean lined, sound of heart and mind, proud possessors of aristocratic American ancestors, and yet — they wouldn't "amount to nothin'" if you leave them on the street? Heavily alone wouldn't save them, what their ancestors were counts for naught if society today neglects to give them training off "the street." Is it true that the street is no place in which, or on which, to bring up a dog or a boy?

I wonder if there is any argument in such a statement for the school, the Boy Scouts, the public playground, the Camp Fire girls, the community house, the church, the library or any other of society's many efforts to find a substitute for the training of the street. — American School Board Journal.

### ARITHMETIC

Most bad hour lives ever heard it said  
That 2 and 2 makes four;  
But late at nite 2 pairs of kats  
Kan yel like ate or moar.



## THE GROWTH OF OUR SCHOOLS

That our school enrollment has not decreased in the past five years while the population has been falling off gradually, but surely is an interesting item. However, the fact that our enrollment has increased is indeed gratifying. Such is the case, it is not that the school population has increased noticeably for such is not the case. It is, however, that our high school work is being made worth the while.

As a proof of this fact our records show that six years ago there were but 45 regularly attending the upper six grades. Nineteen of these 45 were enrolled in the upper four grades, or the high schools, as then organized. Today approximately 20 are enrolled in the upper three grades or senior high school and about sixty in the seventh to ninth grades, or junior high school. Thus the upper six grades of today number about 80 as compared with 45 six years ago.

Better still is the fact that each and every pupil is carrying work best adapted to his needs. Six years ago pupils were leaving school because the work offered did not meet their individual needs and consequently was not interesting to them. Today a short period out of school is sufficient to convince the pupil that our work is worth the while.

Our improvised study plan in the junior high school is meeting with success. The school day is divided into six hours of sixty minutes each and each hour includes a five minute variation followed by a 30 minute study of the next day's lesson.

The senior high school program calls for 60 minute classes, four to five in number and one to two hours for study in rooms where no classes are being conducted. The general improvement in daily preparation is very noticeable.

The intelligence tests given at the beginning of the year show an improvement over results of last year. In fact the results of the senior tests show that practically the whole group are beyond average exceptions and these persons realizing this are working hard to overcome the handicap.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY

Our library is one of the best to be found in the public schools of Michigan. In this library we find books, books of all sorts, styles and sizes. Books of different headings—history, biographies, and to biographies, fairy tales, dramas, classics, adventure and science. Besides these we find novels for the enjoyment of those who wish to read as a pastime.

If ever a question should arise in your mind that you want answered, take a trip to our well supplied library and find your answer. You will be more satisfied in your answer than if you asked some one; for, "if you want a thing well done, do it yourself." If by chance you cannot find your answer here, you certainly will find it in the list of

encyclopaedias found in the assembly room. Each month this year we will find a few new books placed on the shelves along side the old ones. Grand Marais' high school has on hand a large sum of money to be used this year in purchasing new library books. All the people of Grand Marais are kindly asked to visit our library sometime before the end of the school year. If you come once, you'll be sure to come again.

## PICKING PINE CONES

The sewing class consisting of the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth grade girls have the last hour in the afternoon three times a week for sewing, fancy work and basket making. Seeing that Mr. Jack Frost will soon be here and probably not procuring another day of good weather, Miss McCall, our instructor, chose Thursday as the day for picking cones for our basket work later on. Everyone was to school that afternoon, each one carrying something good to eat. We started off in a southwest direction up to the old road running along the town line but upon not finding any here we were obliged to wend our way to First Creek.

We noticed some pine trees along the very steep hill near the creek and climbing up the brushy hill we began to find a few. Soon our baskets and pails were full and we scrambled down the abrupt hill only stopping long enough to find that some of the girls must be carrying that night.

We are glad to say that we have a good fire maker in our bunch for soon we stood encircling a big bonfire over which boiled our coffee. In a jiffy we were ready to eat our supper. It consisted of sandwiches, pickles, olives, cheese, baked beans, cookies cake and coffee. Everyone complimented on the good taste of everything which is truly the case in the woods. Now we were playing tag and then homeward bound with a heavy stomach and light heart.

## BYOU MEMBER

Way back when bad boys would poke fun at folks whose trousers and things were above their shoe tops, yelling "high waters" from behind buildings. But what we started to say was that it would take a real flood to cause some girls to drag their skirts in the water.

And once upon a time when girls used their knees to get down on just before going to bed. Now knees are for more or less ornamental purposes. Roll, sister, roll.

## LAY OF THE FRESHMEN

How green we are,  
How green are we—  
If you can't believe it,  
Just look and see.

—Freshmen.

It's better to be brought up on a bottle than to be brought down by one.

## LATTICE TO LET

Otis Titus used to notice  
That his giddy goddess, Lotus,  
Didn't care so much to gad as  
Seek the shadows with her Otis.

Then upspoke this Otis Titus,  
"Let us build a lattice, Lotus;  
Lotus, let us have a lattice  
Where no spying eye could spot us.  
Lotus answered: "Let us! let us,  
How a lattice would delight us!"

"When the moon had lit us, Lotus,  
In the lattice we could seat us,  
And the world could never notice  
For the lattice would delete us.  
"Clad with leaves as light as lettuce  
We would have this lattice, Lotus,  
Where the bee would come to loot us  
And the glow worm light us grotis,  
But no leering brute could loot us,  
And no Brutus could get at us,  
Lotus, let us have a lattice."

"Otis, let us," answered Lotus.  
—C. L. Elson in N. Y. Tribune.

## SMILES AND TEARS

We laugh at the lawyers,  
And say how they bleed one,  
But oh, how we love them,  
The minute we need one.  
—Profit Free Press.

We laugh at the doctor  
And call him a hiek,  
But oh, how we want one,  
The minute we're sick.  
—Hastings (Neb.) Tribune.

We weep, though, at preachers,  
For by the Lord Harry,  
By the aid of those creatures  
Deluded men marry  
—Newark (O.) Advocate.

We laugh at reporters  
And call them a bore,  
They omit to mention us—  
Great scott how we roar!  
—Nobraska City Press.

## HARKEN

Harken, bonny Blue Bird, from the south a-winging, bringing to the northern hills a promise of the Spring, put—we pass a friendly tip—a muffler on your singing; never was so dangerous a time for you to sing. Camouflage that coat of yours, do the job completely, nently to exterminate all evidence of blue; even so you'd better make your entrance most discreetly, lest some hasty people put the Blue Laws up to YOU!

Teacher—"Ethel, can you tell us the shape of the world?"

Ethel—"Yesum, it's in a pretty bad shape now."

A raisin in wine saves time.