



Passing the Hat.

After giving all they happened to have in their pocketbooks, Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Woodchuck began to pass their hats to take up the collection for the poor boy that Peter Mink had been telling them about. And all the people who had come to hear Peter's lecture began to dig down into their pockets.

"That's right!" Peter cried. "Give



Where are you going?" Mr. Rabbit asked him.

What you can! Of course, I don't expect the poor people to give as much as the rich.

That made everybody decide that he would give all he had with him, and many people wished they had brought more. Besides, no one wanted to be thought stingy, like Uncle Jerry Chuck, who had hurried away as soon as he suspected that there was going to be a collection.

When Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Woodchuck had passed their hats to every person present, their hats were filled to the brim. And they marched proudly up to the stump where Peter Mink stood.

Peter jumped down to the ground. "Keep your seats, everybody!" he called. "The next thing to be done is to count this money. And I will do that myself." So Peter picked up the two hats and started away.

"Where are you going?" Mr. Rabbit asked him.

"Just a little way into the woods," said Peter. "It's so noisy here, with all this talking, that I might make a mistake."

"We'll go with you and help you," Mr. Rabbit told him.

"Oh, you don't need to do that," said Peter Mink.

"One of those hats is mine," he remarked. "And wherever it goes, I go too." And he beckoned to Mr. Woodchuck to follow.

Well, Peter Mink didn't like that very well. You see, he had planned to go into the woods alone with the money. And nobody likes to have his plans upset. But all three went into a thicket of elderberry bushes and counted the money.

"I thought there was more," Peter said. "Maybe we dropped some of the money. You and Mr. Woodchuck had better go back and see if you can find any," he told Mr. Rabbit.

But Mr. Rabbit said that they could just as well all go back together and search along the ground as they went.

"All right!" said Peter Mink. "We'll leave these hats right here for a while."

But Mr. Rabbit said he didn't think that would be a safe thing to do. So he picked up one hatful, and told Mr. Woodchuck to carry the other.

But Peter Mink didn't like that at all. But there was nothing he could say. So they all went back together to the place where the rest of the people were still waiting. And they found no more money, either.

Mr. Rabbit jumped up on the stump where Peter had stood and talked.

"The question is," he said, "who is going to take charge of all this money?"

"I am!" said Peter Mink.

But Mr. Rabbit said he didn't think that would be a safe thing to do. So he picked up one hatful, and told Mr. Woodchuck to carry the other.

But Peter Mink didn't like that at all. But there was nothing he could say. So they all went back together to the place where the rest of the people were still waiting. And they found no more money, either.

Mr. Rabbit jumped up on the stump where Peter had stood and talked.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Of course we don't exactly know Who dug the tulips up; If we had never found the hoe We might suspect the pup. We were not there when it was done, No witnesses were nigh; The neighbor's naughty little son Has proved an alibi. But in our eager quest for clues We've gained a little light, For Tommy cleaned and shined his shoes When he came in tonight.

We don't know where the jelly went That Mother made today, Or where the jam is that she meant To cool and store away. Although we do not trust the cat As much as we could wish, We know that she would not do that For jam is not her dish. But in developing our case, As great detectives do, We find that Polly washed her face When no one told her to.

We have not yet run down the thief Who took a whole mince pie, But it is our profound belief That he is still hard by. We haven't tracked him to his lair, Or tried to trace the route He followed, when with stealthy care He bore away his loot. But we are sure that he'll be found Together with his spoil, For little Dick is hunting 'round To find the castor oil!



ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

If we were President de Valera we'd be perfectly satisfied with one term.

IN FACT, THEY'RE SLOWING DOWN

The higher rates that the railroads intend to install are not higher rates of speed.

STULTIFYING HIMSELF

Mr. Bryan insists on a single standard of morals, yet he spent the best years of his life arguing for a double standard of money.

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bright young fellow," people told one another.

Mr. Rabbit looked puzzled. "What do you suggest, then?" he asked Peter.

Peter Mink smiled. He seemed pleased, for one reason or another. "Oh, I can't squeeze through such a small hole as this," said Peter. "As you can all see, there's a small hole in it. We can put the money in there and nobody can get it out. It will be the same as in a bank."

"I know I can't get through that hole," he said. "But what about you, young fellow?" he asked Peter.

"Oh, I can't squeeze through such a small hole as this," said Peter. "As you can all see, there's a small hole in it. We can put the money in there and nobody can get it out. It will be the same as in a bank."

"But how is the poor boy ever going to get his money?" Mr. Rabbit inquired.

"Oh, he's very slim," Peter Mink said. "He can get inside the stump. Don't you worry about him!"

Everybody seemed satisfied. So they dropped the money through the hole.

And then Mr. Rabbit said: "When are you going to bring the poor boy to get the money?"

"Tomorrow night would be a good time," Peter Mink said. "Would you all like to come here tomorrow night at this same hour?"

And everybody said, "Yes!"

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Where It Started

HOCKEY.

Field hockey is an ancient game, played by primitive peoples. The earliest record of it is on an altar-pot in the Copenhagen National Museum, dated 1300 A. D., showing men playing with curved stick and

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Romance in Origin Of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING.

Spilling the Salt.

The superstition that it is bad luck to upset the salt at table is sometimes said to have originated from Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper, in which Judas Iscariot is represented as oversetting the salt-cellar. But the superstition is much older than that.

In ancient times salt was a comparatively scarce commodity; frequently it was placed on the table in one dish for all hands and just as a dinner guest of today would feel that he was "playing in hard luck" if he accidentally broke a Sevres plate, so would one of the ancients feel about accidentally overturning the salt-cellar. Besides, as the ancients regarded salt as an emblem of redemptive power, it was not unnatural that they should have looked upon the spilling of it as an evil omen.

The custom of throwing a pinch of the spilled salt over the left shoulder three times to break the "hoodoo" is clearly a pagan survival of the times when salt was one of the propitiatory offerings made to the infernal gods who sent bad luck. Da Vinci undoubtedly had in mind the ancient superstition regarding spilled salt when he introduced the overturned salt-cellar into his great picture.

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And what she got, was but a mite, for what she gave.

Then came the awakening. She found the gold that lured her to be but tinsel, and the man "like all men."

Her dreams were broken bubbles. Do men who change the souls of women and women who change the souls of men, pay the price like their victims?

See this powerful play mingling pathos and climax with laughter and action. A drama that will bring the heart of every woman and jar the mind of every man.

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Parents Problems

How can boys and girls of high school age be led to help in charitable work, especially in that made necessary by the war?

city will help. If there are charitable organizations in the place, an acquaintance with their work will also help.

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